

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. III.—No. 65.]

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]

Coming Events.

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- THURSDAY.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.;
Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
Ladies' Social Club.—Concert, at 8.
Literary Society.—Committee Meeting, 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.
Ramblers.—General Meeting, at 8.30.
Literary Society.—Shakespeare Night, at 8.
Choral Society.—Rehearsals, 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.
Chess Club.—Contest, at 7.
Ramblers.—To *The People* Office.
Football Club.—First XI., at Wanstead; Second XI.,
at Stratford.
Junior Section Football Club.—At Wanstead, v.
St. Paul's Junior 1st XI.
Harriers.—Run over Ten Miles' Course.
Harriers (Junior Section).—Run out at 6.
Choral Society.—Social Concert in Lecture Hall, at 8.
Technical School Football Club v. School-Masters,
at Wanstead.
- 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.
Beaumont Sketching Club.—Monthly Exhibition.
Popular Entertainment in Lecture Hall, at 8.
Admission 2d.
- 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 at 7.30 and 8.45.
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 10th,

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30 AND 4 O'CLOCK.

—o—
ORGANIST - - - Mr. ALFRED HOLLINS
(Organist to the People's Palace).

—o—
ADMISSION FREE. ALL ARE WELCOME.

Notes of the Week.

—o—

THE suicide of the Crown Prince of Austria is one of those unexpected and dramatic events which make the whole world ring because the hero is a Prince. For the heir-apparent to commit suicide is, I believe, a thing wholly unparalleled in history. One or two monarchs, under extraordinary pressure, have done so,—Nero, for instance, when he heard the tramp of the horsemen who were going to drag him to Rome, the late King of Bavaria, and a recent sovereign of Abyssinia,—but never the heir to a throne. Yet to a plain man, content to be a second-class passenger in life, or even to travel third, the fact of being born to a throne might well induce a wise man to wonder whether suicide is permissible under certain circumstances. Prince Rudolph had got through the preliminary stages very creditably. He could talk the whole of the fourteen languages spoken in his father's realm—this alone must be a pleasant task for a young prince to master: he could drill troops, and knew how to talk about army matters: he had mastered the science of court ceremonial: and then he blew out his own brains. What for? No one knows—no one ever will know. The worst of it is, that he seems to have been one of the most amiable and intellectual princes who ever had a chance of reigning. The historian has often noted the melancholy fate which always seems to attend those princes who promise the best. The elder brother of Henry VIII. of England: the elder brother of Charles the First: the elder son of Louis XIV. of France—these were cases in point—given a prince, clever, liberal, sensible, and courteous, and he seems doomed to an early death. Consider, again, as a case in point, the young French Prince Imperial: a firm friend of Great Britain, brave, intelligent, liberal. Certainly, by this time he would have been back and on his father's throne. Farewell, Rudolph of Hapsburg, Rudolph the Unlucky! One knows not what thy burden was, but 'tis pity thou hadst not more philosophy to bear it yet a little while—to shift it from shoulder to shoulder—to sit down with it—to lean it against the wall—or to sleep a little and forget it!

—o—

THE luckless Prince belonged to the great House of Hapsburg. It would take many volumes to write their history. The family, briefly, claims to trace its history in unbroken line to the seventh century, when they were Lords of the Castle of Hapsburg in Switzerland. There is no doubt that in the tenth century they were already a powerful House of Germany. There were two great branches, from one of which came the Dukes of Lorraine, and the present House of Austria; the other, which died out in Germany in the fifteenth century, is continued in this country to the present day in the family of Feilding, to which the great novelist belonged. The family have been for many generations remarkable for the Austrian lip—a thick upper lip. Marie Antoinette belonged to the Austrian Imperial House, and Marie Louise, second wife of Napoleon.

—o—

HAPSBURG, Romanoff, Hohenzollern, Guelf, Bourbon—these are the five great families of the world. They are all, except one, Germans, and they are all cousins: first, second, and third cousins—every kind of cousin. It has been the mission of Germany to do many useful things for the world, but it is certainly remarkable that she should have given to the world very nearly all the reigning families. They form a caste, which, unless the world agrees to abolish the institution of a sovereign, will become in every generation more and more separate from the rest of the world. It is remarkable, too, that the family of kings and princes does not increase. There are, it is true, a great many members of the Russian

Royal Family, which seems an exception, and these are mostly allowed to merge with the people. In our own Royal Family none of the branches have lived long. George II. had a family of half-a-dozen—where are the lives that should have sprung from them? George III. had brothers—where are their descendants? He also had a numerous family, represented now only by the Queen and her family, by the ex-king of Hanover, and by the Duke of Cambridge. And where are all the Bourbons? They are represented now by the two branches only of Orleans and of Spain.

I LAST week quoted some of the superstitions about Candlemas Day. There are two more I omitted. One is to the effect that if the wind is in the east that day, it will remain so until April. Another proverb says—

If Candlemas Day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight;
If Candlemas Day be clouds and rain,
Winter is gone and will not come again.

These prophecies, like the oracles of old, are always capable of a double interpretation. For instance, Candlemas Day this year began by being fair and bright. Therefore, winter will have another flight: it ended with clouds and rain—sleet and snow—therefore, winter is gone, and will not come again. The trade of weather prophet seems, on the whole, safer than that of sporting prophet. But, perhaps, there is not so much money in it.

THE customs and superstitions of Candlemas would fill pages to enumerate. Some of them were very curious, and survived to within a few years. Both superstition and hard customs are a survival of the old pagan times. The month of February was sacred to the infernal deities, and because Pluto carried off Prosperine on this day, and Ceres looked for her with a lighted torch, at the beginning of this month the people marched in procession through the streets with lighted torches. The Christian Church, not being able to abolish the custom, transferred the honour paid to Ceres into honour paid to the Virgin. Candles blessed on this day would keep off thunder and lightning: the Christmas log must be burned on this night and then extinguished, and kept till the next year: in the North of England they used to dress up a sheaf of oats in woman's apparel, and lay it in a basket by the fire with a club beside it. If in the morning there was an impression of the club on the ashes, it was the sign of a prosperous year. In Dorsetshire they used to light a large candle, and sit round it drinking and singing till the candle went out: and until the end of the last century they used to light up Ripon Cathedral, in Yorkshire, with an immense number of candles.

WE spoke last week about military service and its effect upon character. For my own part, I am very strongly in favour of some kind of service—military, naval, or anything—in which young men are forced to think and feel for the company, the regiment, the army—instead of for themselves alone. I am quite sure that the habit of cheerful obedience, especially when it is accompanied by the knowledge that it will be duly followed by responsible command, is the very best thing for young men. Why, the first thing that the Roman Catholic Church demands is obedience. With an obedient, unquestioning army, a cause can achieve anything, while the men, for their part, have lost their selfishness. But although I think thus, I recommend everybody to read an article in this week's Spectator, which takes, on the whole, the opposite view. The writer thinks that men drilled in masses lose "spring": he points to the great number of soldiers who go into hospital every year: he thinks that the drilled man is not stronger than the undrilled: he shows that one danger resulting from universal drill will be the growth of a feeling that all resistance is mutiny. If such a feeling should become general, farewell to liberty! Yet, all deductions made, drill, training, obedience, and suppression of self, seem very great things to have achieved. As for the conscription which Lord Wolseley desires, we shall have it, I believe: it will be forced upon us: but we shall not have it until the nation is convinced that we must have it. Germans endure it because they must. It is a condition of their national existence. When we are convinced that it is also a condition of our own existence, we, too, will consent to it.

I HAVE been told that the Palace Choral Society conferred the greatest pleasure possible upon a certain club of work-girls not a hundred miles away, by singing to them. For this kindness the work-girls beg me in this public manner to express their thanks. Gentle reader, observe that our dreams of the Palace are gradually becoming realized; we have

begun to give our own concerts, not to pay people to sing for us, nor to listen while the Kyrle Society or some other sings for us: we sing for ourselves. We also have our own dances and soirées; we have started our art clubs; we are also beginning to do our own acting. The Editor of the Journal is waiting anxiously for the time when we shall write the whole of our Journal for ourselves. Here we hang fire terribly. I think that the Members of the Literary Club fear criticism and are sensitive about rejection. Let them take courage. Never a writer yet succeeded who had not been rejected a hundred times.

I COULD tell a story of a young man being rejected with scorn and contempt by almost every editor in the country, who yet got on and is now accepted. His MSS. were flung in his face, sometimes with thanks, sometimes without a word. But he persevered. Nay, he even found out as he went along, that the editors were right: he was rejected because he was not good enough. Writing, though it looks so easy, is a most difficult art. That is to say, it is easy enough to write in a newspaper's reporting or paragraph style: but to write pleasantly, effectively, gracefully, is clearly most difficult, or there would be more pleasant writers. Let us begin to write our Journal for ourselves.

THEY are raising a fund for the poor wretches who are starving in China by thousands. The suffering is most dreadful, and very wide-spread. Suppose we were to raise a hundred thousand pounds—what would it do? It would keep as many people alive for a fortnight. There are disasters which even the City benevolence is unable to alleviate. But by all means raise the fund, and keep those poor people alive. About twenty-five years ago, to tell a little story, there was great distress among the poor Jews of Jerusalem. Sir Moses Montefiore raised, or gave, the sum of thirty thousand pounds, which he took out to the country himself and distributed with his own hands. In a week after this gift had been made, the money had been eaten up, and the people were starving again. This is the difficulty of all such funds. The money is eaten up, and nothing remains. As regards the Chinese, it is the fate of mankind to learn through suffering. Famines can be averted just as agues, plagues, and fevers can be prevented by obedience to laws, which have got to be found out. All nations, races, tribes, and families must learn these laws for themselves.

IF we are to keep well, to prolong life, and to ward off diseases, we must obey certain laws, some of which we have learned, and the Chinese have not. For instance, the house, the street, the body itself, must be kept clean: food must be wholesome and plentiful: work must not be too long, nor carried on under insanitary conditions: one must be temperate: we must be as much as possible in the open air. Then the earth must be drained or irrigated: marshes must be changed into dry land: rivers must be kept within their banks: vegetation must be checked: grain must be stored: communication with other countries must be kept open: men must be always searching for new secrets, and applying them to the improvement and the further security of life: and so forth. A Mansion House Fund, to find the means of teaching the laws of life, would be worth any number of funds for the immediate relief of distress. Yet we go on relieving distress, and we shall go on because one cannot see a fellow creature starve, even though we know that the sufferer is enduring pains brought on by his own ignorance, laziness or folly.

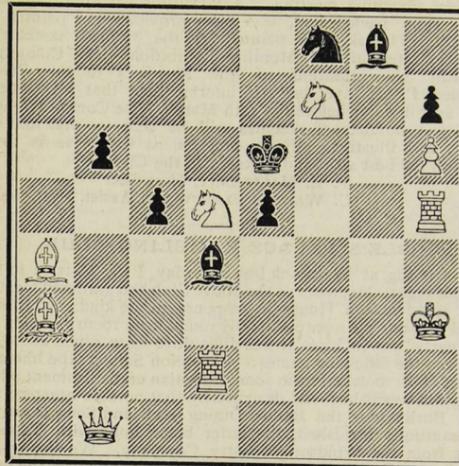
A CERTAIN young gentleman—C. G. his initials—has had one of the jolliest, merriest, and most enjoyable evenings that can be possibly imagined. He first bought and loaded a revolver. He then spent the evening at various bars. When a man has been drinking all the evening, the real fun to be got out of a loaded revolver fairly begins. He next called a cab, and got into it with a lady. But the lady, perhaps, unable to see where the joke came in, quickly stopped the cab and got down. Then this lively young gentleman poked the pistol through the trap of the cab, and asked the driver if he would mind being popped at. The driver—a dull, stupid, fellow—it seemed had a foolish objection to join in the game, but took him on to a hotel. Here he ordered things, but was unable to pay, and threatened the waiters and police with his revolver. At last they got him to the station, and in the morning the magistrate fined him fifteen pounds. For such a really thorough burst as this, fifteen pounds seems quite a trifling sum to pay. No doubt the gallant youth is saving his money for another of the same kind.

EDITOR.

Our Chess Column.

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

PROBLEM No. 9. By W. GLEAVE.
Black 8 pieces.



White 9 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.
Solutions and criticisms are invited.

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

GAME NO. 8.—IRREGULAR OPENING.

- WHITE. (Major Hanham.) 1. P to K3 2. Kt to KB3 3. Kt to B3 4. P to Q2 5. Kt takes P 6. B to Q2 7. B to Q3 8. Kt takes Kt (d) 9. Castles 10. Kt to K2 11. P to QB4 12. P takes P (b) 13. B to B2 14. K to Rsq 15. B to B3 16. Kt takes B 17. B to Kt3 18. R to Ksq 19. P to Kt3 20. K to Kt2 21. Kt to K2 22. Kt to Q4 23. R to Rsq 24. Q to Kt3sq 25. R to Qsq 26. R to Q2 27. Q to Ksq 28. Q to Qsq 29. R to R5 (e) 30. R takes QP 31. R takes B 32. K to Bsq 33. K to K2 (f) Resigns.
- BLACK. (Capt. Mackenzie.) 1. P to QB4 2. P to K3 3. Kt to KB3 4. P takes P 5. B to Kt5 6. Castles 7. Kt to B3 8. KtP takes Kt 9. P to Q4 10. B to Q3 11. P to K4 12. P to K5 13. B takes P (ch) (c) 14. B to K1 15. B takes B 16. P takes P 17. B to R3 (d) 18. B to Q6 19. Q to Q2 20. KR to Qsq 21. P to Kt1 22. QR to Ktsq 23. R to Kt3 24. Kt to Kt5 25. R to KB3 26. Q to Q3 27. Kt to K4 28. P to Kt5 29. Kt to B6 30. R to R3 (l) 31. R to R7 (ch) 32. R to R8 (ch) 33. P takes R (ch)

NOTES. (a) This capture strengthens Black's centre too much. (b) Kt to Kt3 would have prevented Black's contemplated sacrifice. Should he then have continued with 12—P to K5, 13, R to K2 could have been played. (c) A well-known sacrifice. If K takes B, it would be followed up with 14—Kt to Kt3, ch, 15, K to Kt3, Q to Kt4, &c. (d) Better than Kt to Kt5, which would be met by 18, P to KRt3, when the QP could not be defended. (e) R to R4 would have delayed the advance of the Knight temporarily. (f) K to Kt2 might have drawn the game.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 6.

- WHITE. 1. B to Kt3 2. Q to R6, and mates next move.
- BLACK. 1. K to B4
- WHITE. 1. B to Kt3 2. Q to Q7 (ch), and mates next move.
- BLACK. 1. K to Q4

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 6A.

- WHITE. 1. Q to Rsq 2. Q takes B (ch), and mates next move.
- BLACK. 1. K moves 1. B to B2, or P to Q7 1. Any other move

CORRECT SOLUTIONS received from F. Havill, T. G. Dixon, E. J. Smith, J. Kistruck, Inion, W. Gleave, G. J. Powell, W. V. Evans, D. Norton, and J. Graves. W. GLEAVE.—Problems received with thanks.

Results of Examinations

IN CONNECTION WITH THE LONDON SOCIETY FOR THE EXTENSION OF UNIVERSITY TEACHING, Held at the People's Palace, December, 1888.

"THE BODY AND HEALTH."—MICHAELMAS, 1888.

- BROOKES, DAVID *JOHNSON, EMMA *COPPERTON, JOHN C. TANNER, EDITH CLARK, EMMA TAYLOR, SAMUEL GEORGE *JENKINS, HENRY *THOMAS, ERNEST THOMPSON, DRURY F.

Examiner's Report.

"I have been exceedingly pleased with the papers sent in by this centre, as evidenced by the high marks obtained, and the large proportion of Candidates deserving of distinction. The answers to the questions were concise, and, as a rule, were to the point; the Candidate confining himself to the work before him. Judging of the Examination as a whole, I should say only Candidates who felt tolerably sure of success had presented themselves, and that these had paid considerable attention to the class examinations by the Lecturer; for not only did the Candidates answer the questions, on the whole, with more than average correctness, but they all had an excellent method in arranging the material of the answer, so that the facts were clearly and prominently brought before the Examiner. The result of the Examination shows careful teaching on the part of the Lecturer, and an evident desire on the part of the Candidates to avail themselves of the training afforded them on the part of the Society, by close attention to the subject of the Lectures, by study at home, and also by practice in examination work."

(Signed.) CHARLES HENRY RALFE, M.A., M.D. (Cantab), F.R.C.P. (Lond).

"THE SUN."

- *WILSON, HENRY FAITHFUL, CHARLES COAN, THOMAS LOW, FREDERICK

"One paper is most excellent, I could not expect an appreciably better paper. The others are very nearly equal in merit. If there is a fault, it is perhaps a little confusion in the answers, as though a little too much had been attempted in the Lectures."

(Signed.) H. H. TURNER, M.A., Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

Those marked with an asterisk are recommended for distinction by the Lecturer, on the result of the weekly work, and by the Examiner for special merit in the Examination.

Copies of the above reports have been sent to the Students of the latter course; but not having the addresses of the Students in the course on "Physiology," we are unable to send to them. The certificates are expected in a few days, and will be sent on.

People's Palace Junior Section. FOOTBALL CLUB.

The contest between the J. S. F. C. and the Technical Schools Second Eleven took place last Saturday at Wanstead, and resulted in a defeat for the Juniors by one goal to nil. The Juniors, however, had the best of the game, showing up in good form.—On Saturday next a match will be played at Wanstead, Juniors v. St. Paul's Junior First Eleven. Kick off at 3 sharp.

H. GARDNER, Hon. Sec. E. P. SHAPLAND, Assist. Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT AMATEURS CRICKET CLUB.

A meeting of the intending Members of the above Club will be held to-night (Wednesday) at 8.30, in the Technical Schools. An Assistant Secretary is to be elected; and important business to be transacted.

E. P. SHAPLAND, Hon. Sec.

HARRIERS.

A run was made to "The Rabbits," Ilford, on Saturday evening last, and, notwithstanding an unexpected "blizzard," was hugely enjoyed.—Run out on Saturday next at 6 o'clock. All lads wishing to join should be in the Exhibition-buildings at 5.30 p.m. on Saturday.

JOHN S. FAYERS, } Hon. Secs. E. GRIFFITHS, }

Society and Club Notes.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

The usual meeting of the Club was held on Friday last. Mr. Beckett was voted to the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting having been passed, Mr. C. Wulcko was duly elected as Member, and Mr. E. C. Butler was proposed. Mr. W. J. Downing then read a very interesting paper on "Photography by flash-light," fully explaining and demonstrating various methods, and exhibiting an apparatus of his own manufacture. Mr. Downing was ably assisted by Mr. J. W. Hart, who was kind enough to come down and explain his patent flash lamp, much to the interest of all present. A negative was taken of a group of Members by these lamps, which proved satisfactory. Votes of thanks were accorded by Messrs. Beckett, Downing, and Hart.—The next meeting will take place on Friday, February 15th, on which occasion C. W. Hastings, Esq. (Editor of the *Amateur Photographer*), has kindly promised to read a paper on "Work of Photographic Societies." All Members interested in this work are invited to attend.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

Speaker—Mr. WALTER MARSHALL.

Tuesday, January 29th.—Private Members night. One hon. member, evidently not a friend of the "Unemployed," was anxious to know from the Government whether it was a fact that the London Police were armed with defective bludgeons, and gave notice of a question on the subject. The hon. member for London (Mr. London) then rose and moved—"That in the opinion of this House the time has now arrived when Museums, Art Galleries, and Libraries should be opened on Sundays." He explained his views in a creditable speech, and was complimented in quite a paternal style by the Premier. Only three Members opposed the resolution, others abstaining or supporting by swallowing previous opinions on the subject; the member for London, therefore, had all his own way, and gained his point without a division.—We are now in for a series of Scotch Debates, as a sort of preliminary to the grand Irish nights which will follow shortly; all Palace politicians are invited to join, and reject or pass the measures which the Premier states will prevent the Green Isle from blocking the way any longer.—Will the gentleman who kindly borrowed, without leave, the Whip books of the Tory Party from the book-case, in the Secretaries' Room, on Monday, 28th ult., return them at once, otherwise he will be publicly denounced?—Order of the day for Tuesday, 12th inst.—Adjourned Debate on the Second Reading of Crofters' Bill.
JNO. H. MAYNARD, Hon. Sec. and Clerk of the House.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

SECOND ELEVEN v. POLYTECHNIC.—This match was played in boisterous weather last Saturday at Wanstead. It was a very fast game from start to finish, and resulted in a victory for the Poly. by one goal to nil. The visitors brought an extra strong team—nothing like the third eleven we played on their ground, which suggests a slight mixture of their first and second eleven—with the intention of giving the Palace Second a good licking, which, however, did not come off. Their forwards played a very good game—notably the right wing—as also their backs. The Mont's forwards were very much out of form, no combination or passing being noticed among them. Their backs worked hard, especially the right wing. Dowding, in goal, played up well, saving several very nasty shots.—Match for First Eleven next Saturday at Wanstead v. Bedford Rovers. Team:—Hart, Jesseman, Munro, Jacobson, Sherrell, Cox, Shaw, Cowlin, Wenn, Jones, and Watson.—Match for Second Eleven v. Beaumont at Stratford. Team:—Edmunds, Moreton, Algar, Hawkins, Cantle, Helbing, Witham, Horseman, Winch, and Butterwick.—N.B.—Tickets (single, 1s. 6d.; double, 2s. 6d.), for the forthcoming Dance at the Beaumont Hall on St. Valentine's Day, can be obtained any evening at the Secretaries' Room.
T. MORETON, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

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.

Most of the readers of these columns are aware that by the death of Mr. W. Shaw Constable the Institute has been deprived of one of its Hon. Secretaries, and his mother of a son who was her chief support. It is with the object of following the example so well set by other Clubs, that we take this opportunity of appealing to Members, in order that their sympathy with the afflicted may be expressed not only in empty words but also in a tangible form. The Hon. Sec.

will be pleased to receive subscriptions (however small) to the "Sketching Club Contribution" to the Fund, which is being raised on behalf of the mother of the deceased Secretary. Letters, containing stamps, etc., may be addressed to the Hon. Sec., Beaumont Sketching Club, People's Palace. The attendance at the "Time Sketching" steadily increases, and we hope that all Members will avail themselves of the opportunity to acquire rapidity in drawing and colour. A Quart Pot (the glossy surface of which reflected the surrounding colours) gave some difficulty to the Members present at our last sketching meeting. A "Doulton" China Jug, with old gold satin background, was also provided and painted by the Club. The sketches painted at the "Time Sketching" will be exhibited at the Monthly Exhibition.—The Committee again call the attention of the Members to the Reeves and Sons' Prize, and beg to inform them that all sketches must be sent in on or before the 11th March. The Committee hope that a great number of sketches will be sent in, and that the Members will illustrate all the subjects, as the prize is to be awarded to the best all-round sketched in the Club.
T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.
C. WALTER FLEETWOOD, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On arriving at Walbrook last Saturday, I was startled to find that about eighty Members of the above Club had gathered together to visit the Mansion House in response to the kind invitation of the Lord Mayor. We were conducted round from room to room, but as the party was so large it was difficult to learn much about the rooms save the following names:—Reception Saloon; the immense Egyptian Hall, so called from some Egyptian embellishment which has long since vanished, and designed by that notable amateur, the Earl of Burlington; the Bailey Dining Hall and Song Room, all most beautifully furnished, the latter being hung with Tapestry pictures from the Windsor Tapestry Company. We also visited the Justice Hall. Half the party having left for home, the other half went to Mr. Evans, Bow Lane, to tea, and after the tables were cleared spent a pleasant evening. An impromptu concert, consisting of songs and recitations, was soon arranged, those taking part affording much satisfaction. A vote of thanks was passed to our host for the use of the piano, and at 9 o'clock we left for home.—On Friday last about one hundred Members were present at the second *Soirée Dansante*, which was held in No. 2 Room, and everything connected therewith was voted a grand success, especially the Rambler's Quadrille. Just before the Members joined in "Auld Lang Syne," a vote of thanks was accorded Miss Moody for her kindness in again presiding at the piano; and also to the Stewards for the able manner in which they had carried out their arduous duties.—On Saturday next we visit *The People* office. Members are requested to meet outside the Temple Station, on the Victoria Embankment, at 2.45 p.m. Tea at Mr. Evans's dining rooms in Bow Lane.—The subscription list for the Shaw Constable Fund is now open, and the Secretaries will be most happy to receive any amount from the Members, however small.—On Friday, February 15th a General Meeting will be held.
H. ROUT, } Hon. Secs.
W. H. MOODY, }

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—Mr. W. R. CAVE.

W. STOCK, Secretary. F. C. SAVAGE, } Librarians.
—ENSUM, }

This Society meets on Tuesday evenings, from 8 till 10 o'clock, and on Saturday evenings from 5 till 7 for rehearsal.—We have vacancies for Oboes, Bassoons, Horns, Euphoniums, and Trombones, and the Secretary would be pleased to receive the names of gentlemen playing the above instruments who would care to become Members. The music is provided for rehearsal free of charge.—The fee for the Society is 2s. 6d. per quarter.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

We met as usual on Monday last, and had a fairly successful evening. We meet weekly at 8 p.m., not 8.15, in the Technical Schools, Room 1. We shall be pleased to see fast writers turn up to our meeting, with a few, where they can have separate practice, eighty per minute and above. Lady phonographers invited to join our Society; entrance fee, 1s.; subscriptions, 6d. per quarter. For further information apply to
G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.
H. A. GOLD, Hon. Librarian.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

It has been decided to hold Shakespearean Evenings on alternate Fridays. The subject for Friday next will be "Macbeth." As all Members will have an opportunity of reading and discussing the play under the able tuition of Mr. Spender, who has kindly consented to attend, there is no doubt it will prove both interesting and profitable.—A Lecture will be given on the following Friday, February 15th, by Stanley Cooper, Esq., entitled, "A Visit to Shakespeare's County."—A Committee Meeting will be held next Thursday, at 8.30, in the Club-room.
C. J. WHITE, } Hon. Secs.
B. SEARLE CAYZER, }

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

Although the afternoon of Saturday last was cold and boisterous, a large muster of Members of this Club turned out for a spin under the guidance of the Hon. Sec., who took them over a good variety of country. During the run hilly and flat land, ploughed fields and meadows, hedges and ditches, fences and stiles, were alternately negotiated, a distance of about six miles being covered, finishing up with a good sharp run across Wanstead Flats, all arriving home pretty well together, and expressing themselves as having had a most enjoyable outing. After the run a Committee Meeting was held, when the following team was finally selected to represent the Club in the forthcoming North of the Thames Meet (which we may here state takes place on the 23rd inst.):—Messrs. E. C. Tibbs (Capt.), J. R. Deeley, J. P. Leggett, E. J. Crowe, E. R. Poynter, H. Rhodes, E. J. Taylor, J. Bowling, H. Johnson, P. H. Holland, E. Bates, T. B. Northmore, J. H. Crowley, E. Taylor, H. Swain, V. Dawson, H. J. Soane. A question also arose as to the advisability of holding an outlying run, but as there was no available date, this necessarily fell through. We would also remind Members of the fact that there will be a run over the North of the Thames Course on Saturday next, starting from the "King's Arms," Wood Green, at 3.45 p.m. The fixture for Saturday next is a run over the Ten Miles' Course, on which date entries close for the Ten Miles' Handicap, which takes place on the 16th inst., when we hope that every Member will enter, as six valuable prizes will be given, including a medal for the fastest time.—We would ask Members to remind their friends not to forget our second Cinderella Dance, which takes place on Saturday next at the Assembly Rooms, Cottage Grove, Bow, commencing at 7.15 p.m. The tickets have gone very well, and we anticipate a great success.
J. R. DEELEY, Hon. Sec.
E. J. CROWE, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

On Friday, 1st February, we held our usual meeting, and had a very good attendance. The publicity afforded us by our Display has brought us many more Members, and Secretaries will be happy to enrol those anxious to learn how to take care of themselves.—Yesterday, Tuesday, the Boxing Competitions at the Orion Gymnasium commenced, and will be concluded on Friday. Members of our Club may learn something by attending. Members are also advised to turn up to practice as often as possible, with a view to a future Open Competition of our own. We hope shortly to be in a position to add one or two very needed articles to our practice-room, including blinds for the windows. All information gladly given by the Hon. Secs.
I. H. PROOFS, } Hon. Secs.
ROBERT M. B. LAING, }

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

The following is a complete list of office bearers for the ensuing season:—*President*: Sir Edmund Hay Currie; *Vice-Presidents*: Captain S. Beaumont, The Hon. C. W. Fremantle, C.B., Lieut.-General Thomas Greenaway, Sir J. R. Jennings, Sir F. Young, The Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, M.P., E. S. Norris, Esq., M.P., J. E. K. Studd, Esq., Albert Spicer, Esq., N. L. Cohen, Esq., Rev. H. Jones, M.A., Rev. E. Hoskyns, M.A., Rev. J. W. P. Jay, M.A., F. J. Dellow, Esq., L.S.B., T. D. Edwardes, Esq., D. E. Ratcliff, Esq., R. P. Barrow, Esq., Dr. W. G. Grace, E. Flower, Esq.; *Captain*: Mr. T. G. Carter; *Vice-Captain*: Mr. A. Bowman; *Treasurer*: Spencer Charrington, Esq., M.P.; *Committeemen*: Mr. S. A. Asser, Mr. H. W. Byard, Mr. C. A. Bowman, Mr. R. Hones, Mr. W. Goodwin, Mr. Henry Marshall; *Hon. Sec.*: Mr. T. G. Carter.—A good list of matches have been arranged for two teams, and it is to be hoped our teams will prove as successful as last season. The Secretary will be pleased to answer enquiries about the Club, and receive names of intending Members.—Those who braved the elements to attend the "Smoker" on Friday last, were well repaid for their trouble; there was no scarcity of performers, so that a very enjoyable evening was spent. It was about 8.30 p.m. when Mr. Seabright opened with a good comic song, gaining an encore, after which "Keep a-moving" was the order of the night. Messrs. Arnold, Hersant and Fosh, were all there as usual, and were each highly appreciated. The following gentlemen also kindly assisted:—Messrs. Stevenson, Munro, Algar, Wadsworth, Gorton, Ironmonger, Asser, Dumble, Morris; Messrs. Fosh and Alvarez presided at the piano; Mr. T. G. Carter was in the chair.—The next "Smoker" will take place on Thursday, February 14th, at 8.30; tickets to be had from Messrs. Bowman, Byard, and from the Secretary.
T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

A very good programme was provided at last Thursday's concert, the only drawback being the scarcity of visitors, many of whom were attending the rival concert in another room. Miss Reynolds opened the concert with an excellently rendered pianoforte selection, which was followed by songs from Misses Litoun, Fisher, F. Reynolds, and Mrs. Mellish and Mrs. Hall (of Birmingham); the following gentlemen also assisting with songs:—Messrs. Laundy, Rosenwary, Thomas, and Mellish, all of whom, with the ladies before mentioned, sang well, and were in consequence favourably received.—On Thursday, February 14th, a paper will be read by Mrs. Bernhard Whishaw, entitled "The Story of an Old Essex Mansion," written by the lady herself, in addition to the usual vocal and instrumental concert, when it is hoped that all Members will make an effort to be present.
M. MELLISH.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

The undersigned will attend in the Secretaries' Room this evening (Wednesday) from 8.30 till 9.30, to receive subscriptions and nominations.
JAMES HY. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

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

A Social Concert will be held on Saturday next in the Lecture Hall, at 8 p.m. Members of the Society will be admitted on the production of their vouchers, but they may obtain a ticket for a friend at the Friday rehearsal. On Friday next, according to Rule 6, a Member will be elected from each part, to sit together as a Committee when called upon to do so. It is therefore desirable that all Members should be present.—Rehearsals as usual. Friday at 8 p.m., in the Lecture Hall; Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. for the Ladies' Choir, and at 8.45 p.m. for the Male Voice Choir, in No. 2 Room of the old Schools.

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.

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription:—To Members of the Palace, 1s. per annum; Non-Members of the Palace, 3s. per annum.—The East ante-room is at the disposal of Members every evening from 7 p.m.; entrance through the Library. Club meeting nights Tuesday and Saturday.—On 31st ult., our match team visited the Polytechnic to play the match in the Junior Metropolitan Cup Competition. The victory was ours by five games to three. This makes the fifth match won in this Competition. There are only two more to play, and now that we are so near the goal, it would be a great pity to let the prize slip through our fingers.—The full score of the match is as follows:—

Wins.	East London.	Polytechnic.	Wins.
0	Smith, E. J. ..	Grainger ..	1
1	Cudmore	Codd	0
0	Graves	Walsh	1
1	Bacon	Holmes	0
0	Haslam	Dicker	1
1	Evans	Dow	0
1	Gooding	Jones	0
1	Hopwood	Bates	0
5			3

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

MEMBERS' SOCIAL COMMITTEE.

At the Representatives' Meeting on Monday night, it was agreed, "That all notices of Club Meetings be sent to the Hon. Sec., who will arrange Rooms." The above rule, if followed, will save confusion and inconvenience to Secretaries and Club Members.—Representatives not possessing badges can obtain the same on Thursday or Friday in the Secretaries' Room.—Sub-Committee for the Members' Saturday Concerts meet on Thursday, at 8 p.m.—Sub-Committee for framing Rules for the Social-rooms attend on Friday, 8.30 p.m.
WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

MEMBERS' SATURDAY CONCERTS.

Despite the unfavourable weather, there was a very fair attendance at the concert last Saturday. A good programme was got through, thanks to the Members who gave their services.—Next Saturday, 8 p.m., smoking-concert in Music-room; lady Members not admitted.
WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN

ON WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6th, 1889, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

VOCALISTS:

MISS MONTAGU CONYERS,
MISS CLARA MYERS,
MR. J. A. BOVETT,
MR. WILBERFORCE FRANKLIN.

Organist - - - - MR. ALFRED HOLLINS,
Organist to the People's Palace.

Violinists - MR. S. ZEFF AND MR. W. HENLEY,
Pupils of Mr. W. JACKSON.

Musical Director - MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

1. ORGAN SOLO—OVERTURE—"Semele" Handl.
MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.
2. SONG "Oh, oh, hear the wild winds blow" Tito Mattei.
MR. WILBERFORCE FRANKLIN.
Dark are the clouds that now shadow the sea,
And my brave bark is flying before the fierce gale;
Her heart seems to throb at the waves on her lee,
And scorns the wild gusts, that are rending each sail.
Oh, oh, hear the wild winds blow,
Oh, oh, swifter she will go;
Santa Maria, on bended knee
Lowly I kneel, have mercy on me;
Quell the fierce wind and calm the wild sea.
Hear it blow!
On, on, my bark, dash through the foam,
Laugh at the wind, we're nearly home.
Oh, those bright eyes awaiting me there,
Go on, my bark, the Storm King we'll dare.
In the dark night as I pace the lone deck,
And watch the storm rise that my brave bark may wreck,
The spirit of love seems to guide me and say—
"In danger and storm to the Virgin you'll pray."
Oh, oh, should the wild wind blow,
Oh, oh, should the tempest grow.
Santa Maria, on bended knee
Humbly I pray, have mercy on me;
Quell this fierce storm and calm the wild sea.
Hear it blow!
On, on, my bark, dash through the foam,
Fear not the wind that brings us home;
Oh, those bright eyes awaiting me there,
On, on, the storm and wild wind we'll dare.
3. DUET FOR TWO VIOLINS ... "Norma" H. Farmer.
MR. S. ZEFF AND MR. W. HENLEY.
4. RECIT. AND AIR... "With Verdure Clad" (Creation) Haydn.
MISS MONTAGU CONYERS.
RECIT.—Gabriel
And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind whose seed is in itself upon the earth; and it was so.
AIR.
With verdure clad the fields appear,
Delightful to the ravish'd sense;
By flowers sweet and gay
Enhanced is the charming sight.
Here fragrant herbs their odours shed;
Here shoots the healing plant;
With copious fruit the expanded boughs are hung;
In leafy arches twine the shady groves;
O'er leafy hills majestic forest wave.
5. ORGAN SOLO—GRACEFUL DANCE Sullivan.
(from incidental Music to Henry VIII.)
MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.
6. SONG "Where'er you walk" (Semele) Handel.
MR. J. A. BOVETT.
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade;
Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
And all things flourish where'er you turn your eyes.
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade.
7. SONG "Because I love thee" Ernest Ford.
MISS CLARA MYERS.
Because I love thee I can wait
Through many days and lonely years,
Dost thou not know that even fate
Must sometimes yield to loving tears?
Dost thou not know this heart of mine,
Will never falter, never tire,
Till touched thyself with love divine,
Thou shalt be mine, my heart's desire?
Because I love thee I can smile
When all my soul is wrung with pain;
A lifetime is a little while,
Would that my sorrow were thy gain.
What shall I do,—depart or stay?
I wait that I may know thy will;
It matters not what far-off way
I take, for I must love thee still.
8. SONG "Fond heart, farewell" Hope Temple.
MR. WILBERFORCE FRANKLIN.
Farewell, farewell, could I but prove
The depth and passion of my love,
Fire your pure heart and soul divine,
With half the pangs that torture mine.
In this wild hour words, thoughts all fail,
Only your heavenly charms prevail
Holding me bound as by a spell;
Good-bye, fond heart, farewell.

Farewell, farewell, were I but sure
Your love would with your life endure;
Would sunshine then my soul possess?
Would my heart weep for you the less?
Ah! no, lift up your sweet pale face,
Fold me once more in your embrace,
Passionate grief would still rebel.
Good-bye, fond heart, farewell.

9. ORGAN SOLO—IMPROVISATION
MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.
10. SONG "Swiss Echo" Eckert.
MISS MONTAGU CONYERS.
My Switzer love no more I see,
While day by day my flocks I tend;
Tho' to him my thoughts I bend,
Perhaps he thinks no more of me.
In other lands now roaming,
One more fair may charm him there.
Yet no,—I will not wrong him,
For ah! he loves but me.
La! la!
Oh! light my hopeful heart will be,
When I once more behold him near me;
His soft voice alone can cheer me,
Yes, he is all in life to me.
Ere spring again be blooming,
May fate guide him to my side.
No more with doubts I'll wrong him,
For ah! he loves but me.
La! la!
11. VIOLIN SOLO "National Melodies" Jarvis.
MR. S. ZEFF.
12. SONG "Tom Bowling" Dibdin.
MR. J. A. BOVETT.
Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below, he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.
Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair.
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah! many's the time and oft;
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom has gone aloft.
Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus death, who kings and tarts despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed,
For though his body's under hatches
His soul has gone aloft.
13. ORGAN SOLO—TOCCATA Widor.
MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.
14. SONG "The Lark now leaves his wat'ry nest" J. L. Hatton.
MISS CLARA MYERS.
The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings;
He takes this window for the east,
And to implore your light he sings:
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes!
The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes.
But still the lover wonders what they are,
Who looks for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake, etc.
15. SONG "Hybrias, the Cretan" J. W. Elliott.
MR. WILBERFORCE FRANKLIN.
My wealth's a burly spear and brand,
And a right good shield of hides untann'd
Which on my arm I buckle;
With these I plough, I reap, I sow,
With these I make the sweet vintage flow,
And all around me trundle.
But your wights that take no pride to wield
A massy spear and well-made shield;
Nor joy to draw the sword,
Oh, I bring those heartless, hapless drones,
Down in a trice in suppliant tones,
To call me king and lord.
16. SONG "Dream on" Klein.
MISS MONTAGU CONYERS.
Dream on! dream on! nor wake too soon
To find thy vision fled,
To see thy fairest hopes perchance
Lie numbered with the dead.
To feel the pain of trust betrayed—
Of love repaid by scorn;
To find the brightness fading out
Of life while yet 'tis morn.
Dream on! dream on! 'tis better far
To slumber in belief,
That rest will never be disturbed
By hand of care or grief.
That tears will never dim the face
Where smiles are radiant now,
Or sorrow fray itself a place
Upon thy fair young brow.
Dream on! dream on! one day thou'll wake
Upon a happier shore,
When all the restless ebb and flow
Of time and tide are o'er;
No shade of sorrow, grief or pain
Falls on its golden strand,
For joy and peace alone will find
A home in that bright land.

"To Call Her Mine."

BY
WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued).

"HOW did he do it, then?" he asked impatiently, banging the table with his fist. "Tell me that? How did he do it?" Then he pulled himself together, and became natural again.

"About his legs, now. What's the matter with Dan Leighan's legs?"

"Why, after his accident they began to fail him, and now he's paralysed, and never leaves his room, unless he's wheeled out of a fine morning. But hearty in appetite, and as for his head, it is as clear as ever, so they tell me. For my part, Joseph and me never had no doings with Mr. Leighan, and we don't want none."

"What was his accident?"

"He fell from his pony coming home at night. Some say he was in drink; but then he was always a sober man, and I don't believe he was in drink, though perhaps he may have had a fit; because how else could he fall at all, and how should he fall so hard, right upon his head? Mr. George Sidcott it was that found him lying in the road. He was insensible for three days. When he came to, he couldn't remember nor tell anybody how the accident happened; but he said he'd been robbed, though his pocket was full of money, and his watch and chain hadn't been taken. Papers they were, he said, that he was robbed of. But there's many thinks he must have put those papers somewhere, and forgotten, because of the knock on his head."

"Oh!" the stranger rubbed his hands. "I'm better now," he said; "I am much better. Out in Australia I caught a fever, and it gives me a shock now and again. Much better now. So—old Dan Leighan fell from his pony—he had an accident, and fell—from his pony—on his head—and was senseless for three days—and was robbed of papers? Now, who could have robbed him of papers. Were they valuable papers?"

"Well, that I cannot say. You've had your brandy, and it's an expensive drink for the likes of you, my man. You'd best pay for it and go. It's a good five mile to Bovey."

"Ay, I'll pay for it and go. He lost papers, and he was insensible for three days, and he can't remember—ho! ho! He can't remember—ho! ho! ho!"

Did you ever see a man in a hysterical fit? It is pretty bad to look at a woman laughing and crying with uncontrolled and uncontrollable passion, but it is far worse to see a man. This strong, ragged man, seized with a hysterical fit, rolled about upon the bench laughing and crying. Then he stood up to laugh, rolling his shoulders and crying at the same time; but his laugh was not mirthful, and his crying was a scream, and he staggered as he laughed. Then he steadied himself with one hand on the table; he caught at another man's shoulder with the other hand; and all the time, while the villagers looked on open-mouthed, he laughed and cried, and laughed again, without reason apparent, without restraint, without mirth, without grief, while the tears coursed down his cheeks. Some of the men held him by force; but they could not stop the strong sobbing or hiccupping laugh, or the shaking of his limbs. At last, the fit spent, he lay back on the settle, propped against the corner, exhausted, but outwardly calm and composed again.

"Are you better now?" asked the landlady.

"I've been ill," he said, "and something shook me. Seems as if I've had a kind of a fit, and talked foolish, likely. What did I say? What did I talk about?"

"You were asking after Mr. Leighan. Who are you? What do you want to know about Mr. Leighan? You asked after his health and his accident. And then you had a fit of hysterics. I never saw a man—nor a woman neither—in such hysterics. You'd best go home and get to bed. Where are you going to sleep? where are you going to?"

"Where's your husband, Mrs. Exon? Where's Joseph?" he asked, unexpectedly.

Mrs. Exon started and gasped.

"Joseph's gone to Bovey with the cart. He ought to have been home an hour ago. But who are you?"

"William Shears," he turned to one of the men, "you don't seem to remember me?"

"Why, no," William replied, with a jump, because it is terrifying to be recognised by a stranger who has fits and talks about live men's ghosts. "No; I can't rightly say I do."

"Grandfather Derges," he applied to the oldest inhabitant, who is generally found to have just outlived his memory, though if you had asked him a week or two ago, he could have told the most wonderful things. "Grandfather Derges, don't you remember me?"

"No; I don't. Seems as if I be old enough to remember everybody. But my memory isn't what it was. No; I don't remember you. Yet, I should say, now, as you might belong to these parts, because you seem to know my name."

That did, indeed, seem a logical conclusion. Grandfather Derges, therefore, had not outlived his reasoning faculties. Why, of course, the stranger might belong to these parts. How else could he know Joseph Exon and William Shears and Grandfather Derges?

"I remember you, grandfather, when you used to cane the boys in church."

"Ay, ay," said the old man; "so I did, so I did. Did I ever cane you, Master? You must have a wonderful memory, now, to remember that."

"Don't you remember me, William Clampit?" he asked a third man.

"No; I don't," replied William, shortly, as if he did not wish to tax his memory about a man so ragged.

Then they all gazed upon him with the earnestness of Mr. Pickwick's turnkeys taking their prisoner's portrait. Here was a man that knew them all, and none of them knew him. He had come from Lord knows where—he said Australia; he had talked the most wonderful stuff about dead people and live people; he had drunk neat brandy enough to make him drunk; and he had had a fit, such a fit as nobody had ever seen before. Now he was quiet and in his right senses, and he knew everybody in the room, except the strangers from Newton Abbot.

"I've been away a good many years," he said, "and I've come back pretty well as poor as when I left, and a sight more ragged. I didn't think that a beard and rags would alter me so that nobody should know me. Why, Mrs. Exon, does a man leave the parish every week for Australia that I should be so soon forgotten?"

He did not speak in the least like one of themselves. His manner of speech was not refined, it is true; but there are nuances, so to speak, which differentiate the talk of the masters from the talk of the rustics. He spoke like one of the masters. So in France, the *ouvrier* recognises the *bourgeois* by his speech, disguise him as you may.

"I have come back without anything, except a little money in my pocket. Now, Mrs. Exon, give me some bread and cheese for supper; I've had no dinner. Being ill, you see, and shaken more than a bit, I didn't want my dinner. Then I'll have a pipe, and you shall tell me the news and all that has happened. Perhaps, by that time, you will find out who I am."

When he had eaten his bread and cheese, he called for more brandy, this time with water, and began to smoke, showing no trace at all of his late fit. He talked about the parish, and showed that he knew everybody in it; he asked who had married, and who were dead; he inquired into the position and prospects of all the farms; he showed the most intimate acquaintance with everybody, and the greatest interest in the affairs of all the families. Yet no one could remember who he was.

About half-past nine the door was opened again. This time to admit Harry Rabjahns, the blacksmith, who had been finishing the choir practice with a little conversation, and was now thirsty.

He stepped in—a big strong man, with broad shoulders and a brown beard. His eyes fell upon the stranger.

"Good Lord!" he cried, "it's Mr. David Leighan come back again, and him in rags!"

"So it is—it's Mr. David," cried Mrs. Exon, clapping her hands. "To think that none of us knew him at first sight! And that you should come to my house, of all the houses in the parish, first, and me not to know you!—oh, Mr. David!—me not to know you! and you in this condition! But you'll soon change all that; and I'll make up the bed for you—and your uncle and Miss Mary will be downright glad to see you. Mr. David! To think of my not knowing Mr. David!"

CHAPTER VIII.—A QUIET SUNDAY MORNING.

I SUPPOSE there is no place in the world more quiet than Challacombe on Sunday morning. All the men, all the boys, and all the girls, with some of the wives, are at church; and none but those who have babies are left at home. The very creatures in the meadows seem to know that it is Sunday, and lie restfully in their pastures. The quietest place in the whole parish I take to be Gratnor, because it lies off any of

the lanes which lead to Moreton, Widdicombe, or Bovey Tracy. The farm occupies the Ridge, a name which applies to both summit and slopes of a long, projecting spur which runs eastward, narrow and steep, between the valley of the Becky and the valley of the Bovey. Standing on Hayne Down, over against the Ridge, one can see how the ground breaks down, with hill after hill, each lower than the other, until the Ridge itself abruptly falls into the lower Combe at Riddy Rock, where the waters meet. First, there is East Down; then, Manaton Tor; next, Latchell; and, lastly, Nymphenhole or Oddy Tor, with Gratnor Farm beyond these Tors, its fields and meadows showing among the trees like a clearance in some great primeval forest. No path—save the narrow and winding Water Lane, which leads either to the clam across the Bovey, and so to Lustleigh Cleeve, or else to Horsham Steps, and so to Foxworthy and North Bovey—passes near Gratnor. It is quiet enough every day in the week; but then there are the sounds of labour, the ringing of the blacksmith's anvil, the wheels of a cart in the lane, the woodman's axe in the coppice, the voice of the ploughman in the field—all the year round some voice or sound of work; but on Sunday there is nothing except the quiet clucking of the hens and the self-satisfied quomp of the ducks, and the song of the birds from the woods of Latchell and Nymphenhole.

I suppose that there was somebody left in the house—otherwise how should the Sunday roast and pudding be ready in time?—but when Mary had laid out the Bible and Prayer Book for her uncle to read the service of the day, with the weekly paper for him to take after the service, and had adjusted his cushions and left him, there was no sign or sound about the place of human creature. As for locking up houses, or shutting doors for fear of thieves, Challacombe was like the realm of England under good King Alfred, when, as we know, gold crowns, and torquils, and bracelets, and the most precious carved horns, used to be hung out to ornament the hedges by ostentatious Thanes, and the casual tramp only sighed when he saw them, and at the worst, sinfully envied their possessor, and wished that he had been born seven hundred years later, when he might have consigned them safely with the nearest fence.

Mr. Leighan read the morning service—Litany, Lessons, Chants, Psalms, Commandments, and the prayer for the Church militant here upon earth—quite through without omitting one single petition. He did this every Sunday as punctiliously as the captain of a Bombay liner. The claims and calls of religious duty satisfied, he lay back in his chair and gently closed his eyes, surrendering his whole mind to the blissful prospect of speedily foreclosing on Sidcote. The end of the year, he knew full well, and had made it all out clear on paper, would make an end of George, and put himself in as owner of that farm as well as all the others. Truly, in the matter of land, he was as insatiable as King Picrocholo. So pleasing was the imaginary possession of these acres, that he forgot the weekly newspaper, and continued to picture himself as the owner of Sidcote—alas! that he could no longer ride about the fields—until he dropped into a gentle slumber.

It was exactly twelve o'clock, when he was suddenly startled by a man's step. He knew the step, somehow, but could not at the moment remember to whom it belonged. The man, whoever he was, knew his way about the place, because he came from the back, and walked straight, treading heavily, to the room where Mr. Leighan was sitting, and opened the door. It was David coming to call upon his uncle on his return. There was some improvement in his appearance. Joseph Exon had lent him certain garments in place of those he had worn the day before; the canvas trousers, for instance, had gone, and the terrible felt hat with the hole in the crown. His dress was now of a nondescript and incongruous kind, the sailor's jacket ill-assorting with the rustic corduroy trousers and waistcoat. He had no collar, and the red handkerchief was gone: his head and hair had been trimmed a bit, and he was washed. Yet, in spite of his improved dress, he preserved the air of one who belongs to the lower depths. It is quite terrible to observe with what alacrity most men sink. It is as if a lower level was natural for most of us. I saw the other day in a workhouse a man who had been—is still, I suppose—a clergyman of the Church of England. They employed him in attending to the engine fires: he stoked with zeal, no doubt with far greater zeal than he had ever shown in his pastoral duties, and he wore the workhouse uniform as if he liked it, and was at home in it. David, who had been a person of consideration and a gentleman as gentlemen are reckoned at Challacombe, was now at his ease in the garb and appearance of a day-labourer. Had it not been for that spectre which haunted him every night he would have been contented to end his days in Australia as a labourer paid by the job.

He threw open the door and stood confronting the man whom he had last seen dead, as he thought, killed by his own hand. He tried to face him brazenly, but broke down and stood before him with hanging head and guilty eyes.

"So," said Daniel Leighan, "it is David, come back again. We thought you were dead."

"You hoped I was dead: say it out," said David, with rosy voice.

"Dead or alive, it makes no difference to me. Stay: you were in my debt when you went away. Have you come to settle that long outstanding account?"

David stepped into the room, and shut the door behind him.

"You have got something to say to me first," he said, still in a rosy and husky voice. "Have it out now, and get it over. Something you've kept dark, eh?"

"What do you mean?"

"Outside, they knew nothing about it. That was well done. No occasion to make a family scandal—and me gone away and all—was there? Come, let us have it out, old man. Who robbed me of my land?"

His words were defiant, but his eyes were uneasy and suspicious.

"Say, rather, who fooled away his inheritance with drink and neglect?"

"Robbed me, I say!"

"If I had not bought your land, some one else would. If you've come home in this disposition, David, you had better go away again as soon as you please. Don't waste my time with foolish talk."

"David's gone," you said. "When he comes back, we'll have it out. We won't have a family scandal." Well, I am back. I thought you were dead."

"I am not dead, as you see."

"Well, go on. Say what you've got to say. I'll sit and listen. Come; I owe you so much. Pay it out, then."

"David," said his uncle, quietly, "drink has evidently driven you off your head. Family scandal? What was there to hide? Good Heavens! do you suppose that the whole of your life, with its profligacy and drunkenness, was not known to all the country-side? Why, your history is one long scandal. Things to hide? Why the whole parish were so ashamed of you that it rejoiced when you went away."

David heard this speech with a kind of stupefaction.

"Nephew David," his uncle went on, "you may be sure that it was not my interest, considering that your land became mine, to hide anything to your discredit. It is a censorious world, but the worst of them can't blame my conduct towards you."

It is, indeed, a censorious world, but it is remarkable how every man persuades himself that the fishiest of his doings cannot be handled severely even by the most censorious of his fellows. In this matter of David, now, they said very cruel things, indeed, about Daniel's conduct; and it was not true that the parish rejoiced when David went away. Nor were they ashamed of him. Not at all; they knew him for a good-natured, easy-going young fellow, who gave freely when he had anything to give, drank freely, spent freely, and was only parsimonious in the matter of work; certainly, he stinted himself in that particular, which made his uncle's crafty plans the easier to carry through.

"The law protected you, David, and you had the full benefit of law. When you borrowed the money of me, little by little, and when you gave me a mortgage on your land, the law stepped in to prevent any undue advantage. It protected you. What I did was by permission of the law. Your case was decided in a London court. I could not sell you up, and I was ordered to give you a term of six months, in which to pay principal or interest; failing that, I was permitted to foreclose without your having power of redemption. That is the law. You did not pay either interest or principal, and the land became mine. If you have any quarrel it is with the law of this land, not with me." Mr. Leighan made this statement in dry judicial tones, which would have done credit to a Judge in Chancery. "And that," he concluded, "is all I have to say to you, David. What are you staring like a stuck pig for?"

"Oh, Lord!" cried David, "is it possible? What does he mean? Come, old man, don't bottle up. You can't do anything to me now, and I might do a great deal for you; I might, if you didn't bottle up and bear malice. Come—you and me know—let's have it out."

"What do we two know? All I know is that you have been away for six years, that you come back in rags, that you had a fit of some kind last night up at Joseph Exon's, and that you drank brandy-and-water until you were well-nigh drunk. Have you got any account to give of yourself?"

"Don't bottle up," David said feebly. "There's nobody here but you and me. I'll own up. And then I can help you as nobody else can—if you don't bottle up. If you do—but why should you? What's the good? There's nobody here but you and me. What the devil is the good of pretending that there's nothing? Did you ever forgive anybody in your life? Do you think I believe you are going to forgive me—you of all men in the world?"

"Lord knows what this man means! David," he said impatiently, "leave off this nonsense about hiding and pretending and inferring. One would think you had been murdering somebody!"

David sat down staring with the blankest astonishment. He had by this time succeeded in impressing upon his brain the fixed conviction that his uncle kept his murderous assault a secret out of regard for the family name; and he came prepared to be submissive, to express contrition, and to offer, in return for the secret being still kept, to give back to his uncle the long-lost box full of papers. And now, this conviction destroyed, he knew not what to think or what to say.

The one thing which would have appeared to him impossible had happened—which is, in fact, the thing that always does happen. Nothing is really certain except the impossible. As for what is only unexpected—which the French proverb says is certain—that naturally happens every day, and we only notice it when it is something disagreeable. For instance: There is a boy in a quiet country town; quite an unknown and obscure boy; born to be at best a small solicitor or a general practitioner in his native place. Behold! after a few years, this humble boy has become a popular novelist, a leader at the Bar, a great medical specialist, the best actor in the world, the best poet, the best dramatist of his time; or it may be, the most accomplished villain, impostor, cheat, and ruffian. These are impossible things, and they are always happening. Happily, the impossible generally comes by degrees, which is merciful, because else we should all lose our reason in contemplation of the coming impossibilities. Ghosts are among the things impossible, which is at once the strongest argument for their existence, and the reason why their sudden appearance always produces staggers. No ghost in the world, or out of it, could have caused David Leighan such astonishment as the conduct of his uncle.

"It can't be!" he said, "it can't be! Uncle, you are playing some deep game with me; though what game, seeing how useful I can be to you, if I like, I can't understand. You are like a cat with a mouse. You are old, but you are foxy; you've got a game of your own to play, and you think you'll play that game low down. Come," he made one more effort to ascertain if the impossible really had happened; "come! it's like a game of bluff, aint it? But let's drop it, and play with the cards on the table. See now—here's my hand—I heard last night that you were alive and hearty, though I had every reason to think you were dead. I was quite sure you were dead—I knew you were dead. You know why I knew. Every night I was assured by yourself that you were dead. Come now! Well—when I heard that you were alive and hearty, I said to myself, 'To-morrow I'll go and have it out with him when all the people are at church and there's nobody to listen'; because they told me you could not remember—you know what."

"Couldn't remember? I'd have you to know, Sir, that my memory is as good as ever it was. Couldn't remember?"

"Oh!" said David, "then you do remember everything?"

"Of course I do."

"Then, uncle, have it out."

"What the devil do you mean?"

"Let us talk open. I've never forgotten it. I have said to myself over and over again, 'I'm sorry I done it.' I wished I hadn't done it, especially at night when your ghost came—whoever heard of a live man's ghost?"

"The man's stark staring mad!" cried Daniel.

"Come, now. Either say 'David, I forgive you, because there was not much harm done after all. I'll forgive you if you'll help me, in the way that only you can help me,' or else say, 'David, I'll bear malice all the days of my life.' Then we shall know where we are."

"I don't understand one word you say. Stay!" A thought suddenly struck him. "Stay! the last time I set eyes on you, it was on the morning that you left Challacombe, and on the same day that I met with my accident. The last time I set eyes on you was in this room. You cursed and swore at me. You went on your knees, and prayed the Lord in a most disrespectful manner to revenge you, as you put it. Do you wish me to forgive those idle words? Man alive! you might as well ask me to forgive the last night's thunder. Reproach yourself as much as you please—I'm glad you've got such a

tender conscience—but don't think I'm going out of my way to bear malice because you got into a temper six years ago."

"Then you do remember, uncle?" he said, with a sigh of infinite satisfaction. The impossible had really happened. "Well, I thought you would remember, and bear malice. It was the last you saw of me, you see—and the last I saw of you."

"Yes, it was the last I saw of you."

David laughed, not the hysterical laugh of last night, but a low laugh of sweet satisfaction and secret enjoyment.

"Well, uncle, since you don't bear malice—Lord, I thought you'd be flying in my face!—there's no harm done, is there? And now we can be friends again, I suppose. And if it comes to foxiness, perhaps it will be my turn to play fox."

"Play away, David; play away."

"I've come home, you see." David planted his feet more firmly, and leaned forward, one hand on each knee—"I've come home."

"In rags."

"In poverty and rags. I've got nothing but two or three pounds. When they are gone, perhaps before, I shall want more money. The world is everywhere full of rogues—quite full of rogues, besides land-thieves, like yourself, and there isn't enough work to go round. Mostly they live like you—by plundering and robbing."

(To be Continued.)

Palace and Institute Notes.

PARIS AND THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—A Popular Lecture, accompanied by numerous dissolving views, and illustrative of the proposed excursions to the Exhibition during the coming season, will be delivered by Mr. Robert Mitchell, on Monday next, the 11th inst., in the Queen's Hall. The Choir of the Technical Day Schools, under the direction of Mr. Orton Bradley, will supplement the entertainment. After the Lecture, Mr. A. E. Were (the Hon. Sec. of the Paris Trip), will be prepared to answer enquiries in the adjoining Technical Schools' Office.

ON Wednesday, January 30th, a meeting of the Students of the Chemistry Classes was held, with a view to forming a Chemical Society among the Members of the Classes and the Palace. It was decided that the Society meet once a month, on Wednesday evenings, to hear papers read by Members, or attend lectures by distinguished Chemists invited to the Palace by the Society; that Mr. Laurie act as Secretary; and that the entrance subscription be one shilling. Those wishing to join the Society, should communicate with Mr. Laurie.

ON Friday, February 1st, thanks to the kind invitation of Messrs. Crispin and Son, the Advanced Chemistry Boys visited their Copper Smelting Works, in Stratford, and saw the whole process of preparing copper regulus.

THE Workmen's and Apprentices' Exhibition will be opened on Saturday, June 8th. Forms of application for space should be obtained at once from the Technical Schools Offices.

THE "CONSTABLE FUND" is "rounding apace." Several Clubs have now taken up the matter in real earnest—as the CLUB NOTES will tell; so that next Wednesday's Journal should show the strongest subscription list yet returned. Might I ask Members not to be afraid of sending even the smallest amount: every little helps—and every little will be thankfully received. Thus far have we gone—

Amount already	Ladies' (Wednesday)
acknowledged ... £3 12 6	Social Dance—first
N. L. Cohen, Esq. ... 0 10 0	instalment ... £0 4 6
J. C. W. ... 0 3 6	A. L. L. ... 0 1 0
T. E. H. ... 0 2 6	Gwyddel ... 0 1 0
J. S. G. ... 0 1 0	Trifle ... 0 0 3

I would also invite all outside readers—benevolently disposed—to contribute a trifle towards a fund which, I do assure them, is thoroughly well deserving. Copies of this Journal are weekly sent unto the States, the Colonies, and the Kingdom generally: and if this should catch the eye of those generously inclined, and they would care, by sending a "mickle" to help to build up a "muckle"—why, I am sure Mrs. Constable would very gratefully receive the same.

Sub-Ed.

Calendar of the Week.

February 7th.—On this day, in the year 1812, was born Charles Dickens, at what was then a suburban village called Landport, close to Portsmouth. His father was a pay clerk in the Dockyard. Two years later he was ordered to Chatham, where the family lived until Charles was nine years of age. Then misfortunes fell upon the elder Dickens. He lost his post: he fell into debt, and he was confined in the Marshalsea Prison. Young Dickens was at first a clerk in a solicitor's office, but gave up the law for journalism, and became a reporter on the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*. He was no more than five-and-twenty when he wrote *Pickwick*, and became at a single bound the first and most popular novelist in the country. The record of his life and early struggles is full of encouragement to an ambitious young man.

February 8th.—Another novelist was born on this day—Julius Verne. We have all read his delightful and extravagant books. May he live long and prosper!

February 9th.—This day is sacred to the patron saint of toothache. That is to say St. Apollonia, whose day it is, cures, not causes, toothache. She was an old lady of Alexandria: in a time of persecution she suffered all her teeth to be beaten out rather than pronounce certain words of idolatry. Therefore, she now cures toothache.

There was another martyr on this day, Dr. Rowland Taylor, Vicar of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, burnt in that place in the year 1555, for refusing to allow the Mass to be said in his church. The story of his martyrdom is one of the most pathetic of any on record.

February 10th.—On this day the Queen was married: it is forty-nine years since that day. The generation which rallied round the young Queen, whose virtue has saved and revived loyalty,—which in the last forty years had been fast decaying,—has itself nearly past away, and there are not too many living who were grown men and women on the Queen's wedding day.

February 11th.—A poet, not quite forgotten, though never very popular, William Shenstone by name, died on this day, 1763, in his forty-ninth year. He wrote pastoral odes, elegies, epilogues, and ballads. His best remembered poem is *The Schoolmistress*. His best known lines are the often quoted—

Who'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an Inn.

And most of us remember the verses—

My banks they are furnished with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep:
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.

I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow:
My fountains all bordered with moss,
Where the harebells and violets grow.

February 12th.—On this day, 1775, Fonthill Abbey, one of the most magnificent houses in Great Britain, was burnt down. The loss was at least £30,000. Its owner, Beckford, heard the news without the least emotion, and ordered it to be rebuilt in a more magnificent style than before. The whole history of Fonthill is interesting. It belonged to the Giffards after the Conquest: it passed through various great families—those of Mandeville, Mauduit, Modyn, Hungerford, Mervyn, Collington, and Beckford. The Mervyns built the first great house here. This would probably be about the beginning of the sixteenth century. Before that time there were few great houses in the country, but castles only. This house was burned down in 1650. The Collingtons built another, which was destroyed, I have said, in 1755. Alderman Beckford had it rebuilt and furnished at a cost of £240,000, but his son, the author of "Vathek," disliked it, and had it pulled down and rebuilt it on another site for another quarter of a million. In 1822, the house and all its treasures were sold by auction. Immediately afterwards the tower fell down. Mr. Beckford had a wall built all round his park: it was twelve feet high, and six inches in circuit: here he would allow no hunting, shooting, trapping, or sport of any kind. The creatures in the place were absolutely safe. The same thing, it will be remembered, was done, by Waterton, the naturalist.

February 13th.—Eve of St. Valentine. At Swaffham, in Norfolk, it used to be the custom to send valentines on this evening. Perhaps the custom is still maintained.

This is the birthday of Lord Randolph Churchill, who was born forty years ago. There is plenty of time before him still. It was curious to note how long people were before they took Lord Randolph seriously. Long after he had made speeches most remarkable for their solid worth, clearness of ideas, and eloquence, he was continued to be regarded, and depicted, as the little cock sparrow of Conservatism.

Letter to the Editor.

FOOTBALL CLUB.

DEAR SIR,—I should be much obliged to you if you would kindly insert the following:—Last Saturday the Beaumont Football Club were to play the Glengall Rovers at Millwall, and being selected to play, I went; but upon arriving I was somewhat surprised and greatly annoyed to find only one Member of the B.F.C. there, namely, Mr. Witham. We waited until four o'clock, but nobody came. Seeing Mr. Moreton, the Secretary of our Club, the same evening, I asked for an explanation, and he informed me that the match was scratched because he could not get up an eleven. This is very possible, but what we (I am writing for Mr. Witham and myself) object to is, that every Member was informed in due time of this with the exception of us, and so were saved being put to unnecessary inconvenience and expense. Had due notice been given to us, we should not have been debarred from playing elsewhere. We maintain every Member of the Club is on an equal footing, and we therefore decidedly object to being singled out, and consider we were as much entitled to an intimation as any other Member. I beg to reiterate, I shall be much obliged if you would find space for this notice, not only because it gives publicity to a grievance, but because it will tend, in a great measure, to avoid a repetition of the same.—I am, yours respectfully,

C. JACOBSON,
A Member of the B.F.C.

Mr. Hollins, in resigning his position as Organist of the People's Palace, begs to thank his many friends at the East End for the kind attention and warm appreciation which they have manifested during his recitals. He will always remember with the greatest pleasure the time he has spent as Organist to the Palace. During the few Sundays that remain, Mr. Hollins would be glad if any friend, wishing to have pieces repeated from former programmes, would kindly make it known by letter addressed to him at the Palace.

FOR THE P.P. ATHLETES.—Scene: Ground prepared for a race.

First Visitor (seeing some confusion at the start)—I say, there'll be a hitch in this race, eh?

Second Visitor (with Palace sympathies)—Oh, no! If there is, it doesn't matter. Nearly all our Members are *scratch* men!

Anecdotes of Herbert Spencer.—The lady novelist who writes under the name of John Law in the *British Weekly* gives a few personal recollections of the philosopher. "Mr. Spencer ran away from his uncle's house because he abhorred dead languages, and has abhorred dead languages ever since. Mr. Spencer has not written any of his works; he has always dictated his thoughts to an amanuensis. I once, one Christmas, witnessed the philosopher kiss, or rather attempt to kiss, a lady. It was on a Christmas Day, after dinner, and we were all sitting in the billiard-room. He did it quite openly, quite philosophically, in fact. He produced a small sprig of mistletoe out of his pocket, and held it above her head. I did not see what happened, I was so much astonished. He had known her from the time she was a baby until that Christmas; and I believe he knows her still, that is to say, I understand she has forgiven him. I have not seen Mr. Spencer since he lost his health, but I hear that he suffers from mental depression, and that he is so weak he can only talk to friends for a few minutes. . . . Once Mr. Spencer took me out for a walk. As the little boy said of his grandmother, 'Her thoughts were too high for me, and my thoughts were too low for her, so we never said nothing.' Our walk took place in silence. But before we went indoors Mr. Spencer stood still, looking very serious, and said, 'You have a bad habit of wrinkling your forehead. If you place three or four strips of sticking-plaster across it when you go to bed you will be cured of this trick. You can put them on at night, and take them off when you get up.' Mr. Spencer used to be very fond of children before he lost his health; and they liked him, and were not afraid of him. I remember how surprised I was to hear the youngsters chaffing him—I who had found a temporary salvation in his 'First Principles'—a book which pointed out to me the high-water mark of human intellect. Mr. Spencer snubs young men, but he is very kind to young women."

Extract from "The Auckland Weekly News."

September 29, 1888.

THE MISSING LINEMAN.

ROTORUA, Monday.

The painful suspense under which the residents of Rotorua were labouring during the past week was rather unexpectedly put an end to on Saturday evening by the appearance of the lost lineman on horseback, all sound and well. The news spread quickly, and in less than five minutes crowds gathered from all quarters, expecting to see nothing but a bag of bones. But Mr. Bussey looked remarkably well, considering the many hardships he must have endured. He appears to have taken a most erratic course, having followed the line of road to the Waitapu Valley. Night coming on, he struck off towards the plains on the Galatea track, leaving which he made for Tauhara. Thinking he was not altogether right, he doubled back and came on the volcanic ash fields, passing Rerewhakaaitu, and coming out behind the Hachaenga block. Retracing his steps, he again came on to the Galatea track, and was discovered on Saturday by two Maoris of the search party coming along the road from Kakarama towards home. It was his sixth day out; and having lost all his provisions on the morning of the second day, with the exception of a tin of Van Houten's Cocoa, it might naturally be expected that his condition must have been terrible. But no; he was in wonderfully good form. From his own statements, the comfort and sustaining powers of this cocoa are great; in fact, it saved his life. He described the continual crossing of volcanic ash fissures as something frightful. It took him over an hour to get down one and up the other side. How he should have pursued such a course in trying to follow the telegraph line is beyond comprehension, and is best known to himself; but having taken such a road accounts for the long unsuccessful search, as no one could have dreamt of a lineman following such an out-of-the-way course.—[Own Correspondent.]

The Stanley Show.

THE experiment of holding the Stanley Show at the Crystal Palace has now been tried, and we believe the verdict, generally speaking, is favourable. The Show as an exhibition was beyond all praise. As a spectacle it was decidedly impressive, and the general public must have been greatly struck with the magnitude of cycling as a trade, and *ergo* as a pastime and sport, to a far greater degree than could have been possible by the scattered exhibits in the galleries and rooms of the Aquarium. The continuous stretch of cycles from end to end of the unique and magnificent building was a sight not readily to be forgotten. From a business point of view our enquiries amongst exhibitors lead us to believe that the Show of 1889 was even more successful than its predecessors, and that the dire predictions of the doubtful did not come to pass. As we foresaw when we first mooted the idea of holding the Show at the Crystal Palace, the buyers followed the Show and came in hundreds, whilst the regular clientele of the Palace brought the daily attendance up to many thousands, the attendance on the first Saturday alone being 17,000, and it is only fair to suppose that with this large number of persons, the majority of whom move in a good sphere of life, eventual purchases of cycles will be the outcome of their visit to the Show. One prominent maker told us that on the first Friday and Saturday of the exhibition his orders exceeded in quantity those taken during the whole of last year's exhibition. Another was so satisfied with business, that he expressed a desire for the Show to continue another week, and although one or two of the smaller exhibitors perhaps scarcely realised their expectations, the general verdict was that as a business affair it has been decidedly successful.—*The Cyclist*.

We certainly consider the Claviger Company's display was the most complete, embracing, as it did, machines with every improvement and of unsurpassed finish, ranging from a small price to any price to suit every class; and our East End Clubs will do well to make inquiries regarding this firm's specialities.

IMPORTANT TO ALL WORKING MEN AND WOMEN.

ALLCOCK'S
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Will be found to be an invaluable as well as inexpensive remedy for

COLDS,
COUGHS,
ASTHMA,
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The Rev. MARK GUY PEARSE, says:—"Dear Sir,—I think it only right that I should tell you of how much use I find ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in my family and amongst those to whom I have recommended them. We are never without them, and find them a very breast-plate against Colds and Coughs. Yours ever faithfully, M. GUY PEARSE, 11, Bedford Place, Russell Square, London, Dec. 10, 1888."

Sold in various sizes from 1/1½ to 22/6. A great saving is effected in purchasing the larger sizes. The 1/9, 4/6, and 22/6 are put up in Tin Cases, and are very handy for Families and Travellers.

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Are the best preventatives of all the evils arising from exposure to weather. An immediate relief in

PAINS IN BACK,
PAINS IN SIDE,
SCIATICA,
IN RUPTURES

They are a very good substitute for the uncomfortable Truss.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, Special Correspondent to the *Daily Telegraph*, says:—"And in particular a couple of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS clapped on—one on the chest and another between the shoulder blades—soon set me right again," referring to an attack he had of bronchitis and asthma on his way to "The Land of the Golden Fleece," and the above remarks are contained in his letter to the *London Daily Telegraph*, published August 14, 1885.

CAUTION.—Insist on having the genuine. The guarantee is the words "THOS. ALLCOCK & CO. POROUS PLASTER" on the Stamp.

THE ROYAL MATERNITY CHARITY, 31, FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON.

FOR DELIVERING POOR MARRIED WOMEN AT THEIR OWN HABITATIONS BY SKILLED AND TRAINED MIDWIVES.
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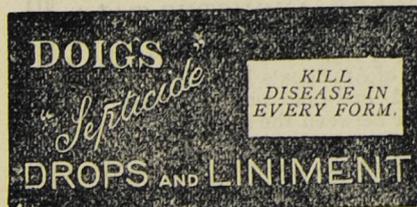
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