



VOL. III.—No. 66.]

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 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. Ramblers.—General Meeting, at 8.30. Literary Society.—Lecture by Mr. Stanley Cooper, at 8. Photographic Club.—Usual Meeting, 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 Tower of London. Football Club.—First XI., at Wanstead. Harriers.—Ten Miles' Handicap. Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 5 till 7.
- SUNDAY.—Organ Recitals at 12.30 and 4. Library.—Open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Shorthand Society.—Usual Meeting, at 8. Sketching Club.—Usual Meeting, at 8. 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.

Notes of the Week.

THIS week begins with Valentine's Day. The Feast of St. Valentine, like so many others, seems rapidly falling into neglect. The good old-fashioned lace paper missives, with their verses and pretty posies, are hardly looked at, and although the new-fashioned valentines contain silver thimbles, needle cases, penknives, and all sorts of pretty things, they are sent to children rather than to girls as love tokens. It is a pleasing old custom, and, like others of which we have spoken, it belongs to Roman and Pagan times. There was a great festival held at Rome in the middle of February. Among other ceremonies observed, the names of young women were put into a box, and drawn by the youths at random. When the Christian religion prevailed, the people preserved most of their old feasts and customs, which were gradually incorporated with the Church, and turned into religious observances. Thus St. Valentine was a priest who was martyred in the third century, and had no more to do with the customs that afterwards were associated with his day, than any of the four other saints also celebrated on the 14th of February.

CHAUCER says that the birds sing the praises of St. Valentine because they pair about this time. And Lydgate, the poet of the fifteenth century, has pleasant rhymes about lovers making their choice on this day. They not only chose their Valentines, but they drew lots for them. In choosing a Valentine it was customary to make a present. Where the lads and girls drew lots they were obliged for a certain number of days to dance and walk about in couples as the lots fell. Another kind of getting a Valentine by lot was to take the first girl you met on leaving the house on St. Valentine's morning. Gay says—

I early rose just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chased the stars away:
A field I went amid the morning dew
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do);
Thee first I spied, and the first swain we see,
In spite of Fortune shall our true love be.

ON Valentine's Eve the girls used to dream of their lovers: to ensure dreaming truly they pinned bay leaves to their pillows, and ate up an egg boiled hard, shell and all. There were, however, different customs in every part of the country. In Kent the girls used to steal from the boys a rude figure, called a "holly boy," which they would burn: and the boys would steal from the girls, and burn, another called the "ivy girl." In the West of England three unmarried young men would go out early in the morning, and catch with nets an owl and two sparrows. If they managed to bring the birds uninjured to the village inn before the women of the house were out of bed, they were rewarded with three cups of purl. In Hertfordshire the children used to gather together, and go in the morning to the house of the most important person in the village, who gave them wreaths and ribbons. Then they dressed themselves up, and marched round, singing—

Good morrow to you, Valentine;
Curl your locks as I do mine;
Two before and three behind,
Good morrow to you, Valentine.

Alas! all these customs are now gone or going. And as for the Valentines in the shop windows—go, look, and shudder.

I HAVE mentioned the word "purl." I wonder how many can tell us what kind of fancy drink was this, of which our grandfathers were so fond. It was beer, in which wormwood

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, FEBRUARY 17th,

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30 AND 4 O'CLOCK.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

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| 1. Motett "Deus Tibi" | Mozart. |
| 2. "Ave Maria" (by request) | Gounod. |
| 3. Offertoire in G (by request) | Wely. |
| 4. Impromptu | |
| 5. Andante Grazioso | Smart. |
| 6. (a) Air, "He shall feed His flock" (by request) | Handel. |
| (b) Overture, "Messiah" | Handel. |

AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

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| 1. Grand Chorus in E flat (by request) | Guilmart. |
| 2. Largo in G (by request) | Handel. |
| 3. Funeral March (by request) | Chopin. |
| 4. "Ave Maria" (by request) | Henselt. |
| 5. Impromptu | |
| 6. Wedding March | Mendelssohn. |

or other aromatic herbs had been soaked: it was generally served hot, I believe. In these days of temperance a great many allusions in our literature threaten to become forgotten, or at least obscure. For instance, this word "purl." Now, there used to be a club, consisting chiefly of some tradesmen round Covent Garden, who met every morning before breakfast to begin the day with a glass of early purl. Then there were such compounds as dog's-nose, bishop, the various kinds of punch, shrub, hipsy, currant gin, cherry brandy, elderberry wine, mulled ale, spiced ale, possets made in various crafty ways, cider cup, mead, perry, ginger wine, cowslip wine, and a hundred other drinks, all of which our ancestors loved greatly and imbibed freely, and sang their praises in much spirited verse. No doubt we are gainers by their loss, but it is as well to remember something of the different ways in which they quenched that great thirst of theirs.

Of drinks which are not intoxicating, they had also a very goodly supply. They used to make of camomile or feverfew, a drink which was taken in spring and autumn: but, indeed, their medicinal drinks were innumerable. For an ordinary beverage they made a kind of tea out of the leaves of the sage, which threatened at one time to become the national daily drink, such as tea now is: another drink which at one time rivalled coffee, and survived almost to the memory of man, was saloop, made of the dried and roasted root of an orchid.

THERE has been a "racket" about the Sunday issue of the *New York Herald*. For my own part I get along very well without any Sunday paper, and I thank, bless, and continually praise that Statesman—I do not know his name—who abolished the Sunday post. But it might have been remembered before the Archbishop of Canterbury wrote to the papers on the subject, that we have already the *Observer*, and one or two other Sunday papers. Also a Sunday paper is prepared and printed, not on a Sunday, but the day before. Further, the Monday papers are prepared and printed on the Sunday. Therefore, unless it can be shown that the *New York Herald* people are deprived of their one day's holiday in the week, we are making a great fuss about nothing. Perhaps in the United States, where the power of the capitalist is much greater, and his hand much heavier than here, where there is no Saturday half-holiday, and no Bank holiday, the printers may have to work for seven days in the week; but I very much question whether this would be endured by the English printer. It is only in the service of the omnibus and tram companies—generous and benevolent as they are—that the men are worked the whole week through with one day in a fortnight, and deduction of pay if they take it.

THE introduction of the holiday for working men belongs to this century, and in the history of labour to be written by our grandchildren, the honour and glory of the invention must be ascribed to Great Britain. It used to be said that any attempt at legislation, so as to restrict the power of capital, would be attended by the most dreadful misfortunes. Very good. First of all it was enacted that children should only work in the factory so many hours a day: then, that these hours should not be taken from the night. The first result was that children were taken from the factory and put down the coal mine, where they had to work for sixteen hours a day. Then this was stopped. Was the trade of the country ruined thereby? Not at all. Then the workmen began to combine: wages went up: hours went down: next the Saturday half-holiday was granted and became universal: lastly, the Bank holiday was enacted. It seems to me that not only is no harm done, but that all the good in the world may be done by regulating the power of the employer, limiting the hours of labour, watching the work of children and women, enforcing sanitary regulations, and even governing wages, though these must always remain liable to change as the markets vary. It is not the object of Government to enable a few men to become rich rapidly, but to promote the welfare and comfort of the people at large, and if there are any just principles to be arrived at between employer and employed, to insist upon the observance of these principles. For instance, industry in the future will take the form, I believe, of co-operative factories, in which capitalists will embark their money and be contented with a reasonable rate of interest. In other words, if a man produces anything which can be sold, and is sold, he should be paid in proportion to the price and profit obtained by what he has made. Speaking as a working man, and one who produces, in a humble way, a commodity which is sold, namely, the thing called a novel, this is what I myself with my friends are trying to get in our own market. But, indeed, there can be no denial of the general principle, and it is only the practical application which is difficult.

I REJOICE to hear that the Palace Parliament is once more in full swing. May I again most earnestly invite all speakers to get up the facts—and all the facts—for themselves before they venture to speak? Especially is this requisite in burning questions. Say, for instance, that the Irish question is before the House. Think of the authority that speaker would possess who had taken the trouble to master the facts, so far as they can be mastered,—who would avoid the Party cries,—which are all dishonest and misleading: who would ascertain what has been done for Ireland by successive Governments: and what remains to be done, so that she shall have no more cause for complaint than Kent or Surrey: and would study the possible effect upon the Empire of separation: who would ask why leaders of public opinion insisted upon one thing two years ago, passionately and with all the ardour and vehemence of their nature: and now, as passionately declare the opposite. Party, conducted in this blind spirit, makes mere sheep of us all. Shall we wander up and down the street bleating as our Party Leaders command us? Not so. Let us master the facts, and arrive at an independent conviction, and continue on the side of that conviction, whatever Party Leaders may command. To me it is a most melancholy and humiliating thing, to see a great party—the whole half of the British people—commanded to shout one day that black is white, and the next that black is blue. It is not enough to say that statesmen may change their opinions. There are some subjects on which a change of front means either contemptible intellectual weakness or partisan unscrupulousness. Let us each acquire and hold firmly to our own opinions, so long as they are based on facts. Let every Member of the Palace Parliament abstain from speech, till he has got such an array of facts as will give him authority to speak.

THE existence of these Parliaments has much to be commended. They teach the power of debate, and develop the gift of oratory: they make young men ready to stand up manfully for their cause: the power acquired in these debates may come in very usefully later on in matters of real importance. Moreover, they help people to discern between the mouthy spouter, who wants nothing but to advance himself and the man of power and knowledge. Nothing comes out more readily in a debate than real knowledge, apart from phrases and idle declamation. All these are positive gains, and should, in the long run, lead to a much better representation of the nation in the House of Commons. The dangers are, that the mere spouter, the rhetorician, will be developed, until he becomes as great a nuisance here as he is in the United States. But in his own Parliament, such a spouter should be very soon found out and made to take a back place.

DURING all the excitement produced by the recent White-chapel murders I looked in vain for the revival of the story of the "Monster." Now that the excitement has in great part died away, one may, perhaps, be permitted to tell that story. It is exactly a hundred years old. It was in the autumn of the year 1789 that a report began to be spread abroad to the effect that many ladies in the neighbourhood of St. James's Street and Piccadilly had been accosted, some times after dark, and sometimes in broad daylight, by a man who stabbed them either in the face, or the arms, or elsewhere while he was talking to them. Sometimes he offered them a bouquet to smell, or asked a question, or in some other way engaged their attention and thus avoided their suspicions. These reports spread, and a terror almost as great as we have seen in our own day prevailed over the whole of the West End. I do not know how long this state of terror prevailed. The Monster, however, as he was called, pursued his course with impunity for some months. Two young ladies, however, whom he attacked and wounded in January, 1790, saw him and identified him in the following June. The assault was committed as the girls, who lived in St. James's Street, were returning home from looking at the grand people going to a Royal ball at St. James's Palace. The prisoner, with a knife, cut one of them across the head and the other on the hip. The arrest of the Monster caused a great feeling of relief. His name was Renwick Williams. There can be no doubt of his guilt, and when he found that he had escaped hanging he practically admitted it. Oddly enough, his master, an artificial flower maker, gave him an excellent character. He was sentenced to six years' imprisonment in Newgate. What became of him afterwards no one knows. Nor in the simple narrative of his trial is any reason offered for these outrages.

THERE is a very funny story about Mr. Spurgeon, which has appeared in one or two of the papers. He fell downstairs,

and hurt his leg, so that he could not appear in his pulpit. Therefore he telegraphed to his Church a text, namely, Matthew vi. 34, which is, "Take no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." But the telegraph clerk made a mistake, and substituted v. for vi., in consequence of which Mr. Spurgeon's flock were admonished to "Swear not at all." The worthy flock! how they must have stared at each other, and asked with tears, what sinful brother had brought this rebuke upon their heads!

THERE has been a meeting held at Hampstead for the opening of the Subscription Library to the general public, free, on Sunday evening. A good deal of opposition was threatened. The clergy were, for the most part, against it: one good clergyman preached against it: and a stormy discussion was expected. There proved, however, to be no opposition: and—which is the only reason why the fact is mentioned here—one of the arguments which carried most weight, was the orderly and crowded gathering which every Sunday assembles in the Library of the People's Palace to read in comfort and peace. Sunday readers—your example is bearing fruit in places and in ways which you do not expect. That you will continue to set so admirable an example: and that the Library will continue to prove a holy and blessed place for a Sunday evening, is the earnest hope of—

THE EDITOR.

Society and Club Notes.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

The day—the last Saturday as ever was—was healthy, and the sky was clear: but there was a nipping, eager air about that set shivering the devoted party of Ramblers, who, with rosy cheeks and noses blue, had gathered together for their weekly sojourn outside the Temple Station on the Thames Embankment. And it was breezy!—so much so in fact, that it wanted but a slight stretch of the imagination to fancy oneself by the bounding billows of the broad Atlantic: so mighty and so yeasty were the waves. It must be confessed that the Embankment—although gracious enough when the skylark comes—is not exactly the beau ideal of a rendezvous when the spring is young: for although the *plane*-trees are beautiful in their buddings, and the shrublets look cheerfully cold, yet is there a plentiful lack of houses of call—so congenial on a gusty day: although, of course, the Strand and streets adjacent thereto abound with coffee-taverns and comfort-giving hostleries. Therefore, did I rejoice when, after nearly ten minutes of respectable frigidity, the rosy Rout put in an appearance, and gave the signal—in that seductive manner so peculiarly his own—to fall in, right forward, quick march to *The People* newspaper office in Milford Lane. Quick march?—'twas quicker: for before one could say Will Moody or J. D. Robertson, we had "covered" St. Clement Danes, and sighted the P. office in the twinkling of an optic. And now,—as Astley, Ducrow, and half-a-dozen others are each reported to have said,—"I'll cut the dialogue, and come to the hosses." There is, perhaps, a greater amount of interest attached to a printing-office than the average Briton supposes; but then, of course, there are printing-offices and printing-offices. That which produces *The People* is certainly one of the finest specimens of its kind: being roomy and clean—hear it, ye gods!—and possessing one of the loftiest and, architecturally, most pleasing composing rooms in England. In fact, I caught myself wondering whether the comps.—with that rare and peculiar humour so characteristic of their class—ever yielded to the ball-room suggestiveness about them, and indulged in sundry gyrations and cap. S's to the musical accompaniment of the "shooting-stick" and "chase." Subsequent enquiry elicited the information that the room in question was originally built for dancing purposes: so our marvelling to some extent abated. Not very much, however; for thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Madge, junior, and for the time he spared us so good humouredly, we—the uninitiated in things printing—were shown wonders that would astonish Gutenberg himself, could that respectable old printer but revisit the glimpses of to-day. Oddly enough we began the end of our inspection first—a piece of topsey-turveydom worthy of the Savoy: for we started with the publishing department, and ended with the composing and printing rooms; which really didn't matter. The engine-room with its huge machinery,—kept scrupulously clean,—the "dispensing chamber," wherein the papers are distributed to divers juvenile and corduroy'd Mercurys; and sundry other apartments, were severally inspected: until that weighty announcement, the "Sub-Editor's Room," started the pretty wit of those who remembered mine own particular sanctum at Mile End—soon alas! to be vacated! The Editor's Room—that *sanctum sanctorum*—was, from a more removed ground, regarded with becoming and deferential awe: the great man himself, it was supposed, being encaged therein. So moved we quietly, fearful of his mighty wrath, upstairs to the room where the busy type-setter "'lifts' along, thinking of nothing at all," and producing line after line, column after column, and page after page of the popular Sunday paper. Then the wonder of those

who were wholly unacquainted with the Caxtonian art increased tenfold, for a kind-hearted gentleman—whose name, as reporters say, did not transpire—set up some type for the general edification: thus illustrating the atom theory to perfection. The stereotyping room was next examined; and the process of casting from the type having been explained, we descended to the regions below, each having been presented, as a *souvenir*, with a fragment of what suggested Nile mummy, but which is technically known as "mould." The last scene of all that ended this eventful visit was the printing department: where we had the satisfaction of seeing the next day's edition—or part of it—printed off, and receiving copies of the same. It was all very wonderful, instructive, and interesting; and when, as we were quitting the place, friend Rout suggested that our heartiest thanks be accorded Mr. Madge—and emulated Arthur Pharagas Roberts by putting it "to the vote."—there was a very cordial acquiescence, and the motion was carried *nem. con.*

On Friday next, February 15th, a General Meeting will be held in the old School-buildings at 8.30 p.m. Agenda—Election of Auditors and other business.—On Saturday next, February 16th, we visit the Tower of London. Members are requested to meet outside the Tower Gates at 2.30 p.m.—The Club Subscription List for the Constable Fund will close on Saturday next.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

Speaker—Mr. WALTER MARSHALL.

Tuesday, February 5th.—A rather thinly attended House, many prominent "M.P.'s" on both sides being absent. Notwithstanding this, the House was at various times in a very excited state. Questions respecting the London Police, Irish Police, and Merchandise Marks Act, were answered by the Government. Some Members will persist in asking absurd questions! Amongst the notices for following sitting, was one asking the Government whether it was intended to clothe the imprisoned Irish M.P.'s in the uniform of the Mediæval Court jester. The majority of Members on both sides will doubtless agree in characterising such questions as unworthy of the House and the interrogators.—The Leader of the Opposition (Mr. Hawkins) opened fire on the Government Crofters' Bill, and sat down satisfied he had smashed it. The Premier (Mr. Ive) returned to the defence with much warmth, but was subjected to a merciless and telling criticism by the "M.P." for South Paddington (Mr. Callard); the Member for E. Belfast (Mr. Billing) having spoken against the Bill, the House divided, when it was found that fortunately for the House a "Ministerial Crisis" had been averted by one vote. The proceedings of the House terminated with a *furor*, there being quite an explosion of pent-up wrath. It is a great pity that some people will lose their temper; but I am glad to be able to say that any bitter feeling which exists is kept within the walls of Room 12.

Order of the Day for 19th inst.:—Adjourned Debate upon the Second Reading of Civil List Bill.

JNO. H. MAYNARD, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

On Tuesday, 5th, we had our usual practice, Members turning up very fairly. On Friday 8th, Members did not attend as well as might have been expected, considering that the weather was just favourable for sparring. Members are reminded that their February subscriptions were due on the 1st inst. There are also a few Members whose January subscriptions are still unpaid, and the Secretaries will be glad to receive these and February subs. as soon as possible. Every Monday a run out from the Gymnasium takes place, generally under the guidance of Mr. T. A. Sinders, who will be happy to meet any who desire to take part in it. We shall be glad if all who have not yet settled for their tickets for the Display on the 2nd ult., will do so at their earliest convenience, as we wish to close our accounts. Fresh Members enrolled any Tuesday or Friday.

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

ELOCUTION CLASS.

The Open Night Recitals of this Class will take place in Lecture Hall on Thursday, 21st inst., at 8 p.m., when the Closet Scene from "Hamlet," and Recitations, etc., will be given. Tickets (each admitting two) can be had free, on application at the General Offices; at the Sub-Editor's; or from the Secretary on Thursday, first (14th), in Elocution Class; and on Monday next, 18th, in Shakespearian Class.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

The Members of the above Club will hold their first Cinderella Dance on Friday, March 8th, at the Bromley Vestry Hall. Tickets, 2s. 6d. single, 4s. double, to be obtained from the Secretary at the Social-rooms on Wednesday, the 13th and 20th insts., between 9 and 10 p.m.; and from Mr. Marshall, or from the Secretary by post. As not more than eighty tickets will be issued, an early application is necessary. Stewards will please meet on Wednesday, the 13th inst., at 9 p.m.

ARTHUR WM. CLEWS, Hon. Sec.,
61, Tredegar Road, Bow, E.

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

On Saturday last this most successful Club held their second Cinderella Dance at the Assembly Rooms, Cottage Grove, Bow, when between eighty and ninety members and their friends assembled together and spent a most enjoyable evening, the only hitch in the proceedings being the Secretary's unavoidable late arrival with the programmes. As he did not put in an appearance at the time specified to commence operations, it was wisely decided to set the ball rolling in his absence, and accordingly, at 7.30 p.m., Mr. E. O. Robbs, who was acting as M.C., requested the company to take their partners for the quadrille, the band struck up, and the "first set" was gone through. After a short interval had elapsed, a vase was announced, and this was barely over when the truant Secretary arrived, looking troubled, careworn, and anxious, rather shaky in his pedal extremities, and full of enquiries, which being answered satisfactorily, he personally distributed the programmes, and apologising to the company individually for the unavoidable delay. Then taking the initiative, a polka was indulged in, and everything went along right merrily. Several encores were given during the evening, the programme being brought to a successful conclusion about a quarter to midnight, everyone regretting the necessity to draw such an enjoyable evening to a close. Prior to the dance, about twenty Members ran over the Ten Miles' Course, in anticipation of the Handicap which takes place next Saturday, for which event six prizes are offered, including Medal to the competitor doing the fastest time, not being a prize-winner. A Medal will also be given by Mr. P. M. Albrecht to the fastest novice not taking a prize. The race will be started at 3.45 p.m. punctually, and as the daylight gets bad about 5 o'clock, we hope that competitors will endeavour to be punctual. After the race the usual Tea and Smoker will be held, when the prizes will be presented.—The North of the Thames Inter-Club Race takes place on Saturday, the 23rd, from the "King's Arms Hotel," Wood Green. For the trains, which Members of the team are requested to catch, see Saturday's issue of the *Sporting Life*. The following is the team selected to do battle for the Club, and who we hope to see occupy a very prominent position at the finish:—Messrs. E. C. Tibbs (Captain), 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. Crawley, E. Taylor, and H. Swain, nine of whom will be selected on the day. Silver Medals will be given by the Club in addition to the prizes offered to the first six Members counting for the Club, and Bronze Medals to the remainder completing the distance, Mr. W. Matthews, of the Spartan Harriers, offering a Medal to the first man home if the Club get placed.

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

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

FIRST ELEVEN v. BEDFORD ROVERS.—This match was played last Saturday at Wanstead, and, after a pleasant and well-contested game, resulted in a victory for the 'Monts by six goals to one. During the first half, although having the wind against them, the 'Monts succeeded in scoring two goals, kicked by Jacobson and Shaw. On crossing over, with the wind in their favour, the 'Monts had matters their own way, scoring four more goals in quick succession. These were obtained by Winch, Hendry, one off an opponent's back, and the other from a scrimmage in front of goal. The following played well for the 'Monts:—The right full-back, centre half-back, and the right wing forwards. For the Rovers the back division played a good game. Team:—W. Jesseman (goal); Styles, Hart (backs); Munro, Wenn, Hawkins (half-backs); Hendry, Shaw, Jacobson, Sherrell, Winch (forwards).—Match next Saturday at Wanstead v. Anchor; team from following:—Edmunds, Hart, Wenn, Cattle, Cowlin, Shaw, Horseman, D. Jesseman, Hawkins, Butterwick, Tranter, Witham, Winch.—To-morrow, Valentine's Day, the above Club hold their first Annual Ball at the Beaumont Hall, Mile End, E. Tickets (single, 1s. 6d.; double, 2s. 9d.), can still be obtained at the Office, or at the Secretaries' Room.

T. MORETON, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The subjects for the March Exhibition are as follows:—

Design	For the Cover of Club Rule Card, in one colour.
Figure	"Then a Soldier, Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard, Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel, Seeking the bubble reputation, Even in the cannon's mouth."
Landscape	A Shady Nook.
Marine	Showery.
	Study from Nature.
	T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.
	C. WALTER FLEETWOOD, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director—Staff-Sergeant H. H. BURDETT.

Members will please remember that the Gymnasium is not opened until 5 p.m. on Saturdays.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, ESQ., M.A.

On Friday last the above Society had an evening with "Macbeth," under the guidance of Mr. Spender, who has done so much for the Society. The method in which the study was conducted was excellent, the Members having different parts assigned to them—Mr. Spender and Mr. Ring sharing Macbeth, Messrs. Hawkins and Cayzer Lady Macbeth, and Mr. W. White and Mr. Knight (Sub-Ed.) Macduff. A most interesting evening was spent, every Member present heartily enjoying, and, we hope, profiting by the instruction afforded. The next Shakespearean play set down by Mr. Spender for our study is "Hamlet," on Friday evening, the 1st of March. All Members and friends are invited.—On Friday evening next, the 15th inst., Mr. Stanley Cooper will give a Dissolving View Entertainment and Lecture in the Lecture Hall at 8 o'clock; admission free. Palace Members are heartily invited to be present at this instructive and most interesting Lecture.—The Society will give its first Social Dance on Friday, the 22nd February. Admission free—by ticket to be obtained of either of the undersigned. An excellent programme has been provided. Full particulars in next week's Journal.—A letter has been received from Mr. W. White, resigning his position on the Committee. A General Meeting, for the election of fresh Committeeman and Vice-Chairman, will take place on Friday, the 1st prox., at 8 o'clock.—New Members enrolled every Friday evening; subscription, 1s. per year.—Don't forget the Lecture and Dissolving Views for Friday next.—All communications promptly answered by

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

The Smoking Concerts will be continued on Thursday next, in Room 12, at 8.30; tickets, admitting Member and friends, to be had from H. W. Byard, C. A. Bowman, and from the Secretary.

NOTICE.—A General Meeting of this Club will be held on Thursday week, February 21st, at 8.30; important business. All intending Members are requested to attend. The Secretary will be pleased to answer any inquiries.

T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

The next meeting of the Club will be held on Friday, the 15th inst., at 8 o'clock (Room 12, Old School-buildings), when Charles W. Hastings, Esq., Editor of *The Amateur Photographer*, has kindly promised to read a paper on "The Work of Photographic Societies." All Members of the Palace (male and female) interested in the art, are invited to attend the meeting.

WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec.
ALEXANDER ALBU, Assist. 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.
Last Friday the following ladies and gentlemen were elected to form a Committee:—Miss Philbrick, Mrs. Murray, Mr. Monk, and Mr. Course.—Our Social Concert was held on Saturday last, and the following ladies and gentlemen sang some capital songs, viz., The Misses Litoun, Reynolds, and Waller, Messrs. Orton Bradley, Chatterton, Laundry, Lytton, Monk, Smith, and W. Thomas. The Misses Marks and Larter also gave us some excellent recitations. We must particularly thank Miss Reynolds for the able manner in which she presided at the piano.—There will be no rehearsal on Friday next. Tuesday rehearsal as usual in No. 2 Room of the Old Schools at 7.30 p.m.

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.

MEMBERS' SATURDAY CONCERTS.

The Concerts will be discontinued until further notice.

WALTER MARSHALL,
Hon. Sec. Club Representatives.

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

The Concert, which took place last Thursday, was well attended. The Members who assisted were Miss Nay, who has considerably improved since we last heard her, Miss Job, Mr. Thomas, who has a good voice, and is an acquisition to these concerts, Mr. Laundry, who is too well known to need criticism, and Mr. Fosh. Mrs. Bernard Whishaw regrets that she will be unable to read her paper next Thursday, but will do so early in March.—On Thursday, February 21st, Lady Brooke (the Ranée of Sarawak), the Countess Valdo Gleichen, and other friends, have kindly promised to assist, when it is hoped that all Members will endeavour to be present, as a most enjoyable evening is anticipated.

M. MELLISH.

TECHNICAL SCHOOLS' ATHLETIC CLUB.

1ST TEAM v. INVICTA.—Played at Wanstead on Saturday week, and, after a evenly contested game, resulted in a win for Schools by one disputed goal. During the first half of the game, although the wind was very strong against us, the back division of the Schools kept the ball well up forward. Team:—Bohr (goal); Phillips, Yawley (backs); Palmer, Courtney, Clement (half-backs); Blackwell, McCardle, Sawden, Baines, White (forwards).

2ND TEAM v. JUNIORS SECTION 1ST TEAM.—Played at Wanstead on Saturday week, and ended in a win for Schools by 1 goal to nil, Bursey playing a good game at back. Team:—Robb (goal); Bursey, Birkett (backs); Bosworth, Langdon (Capt.), Hill (half-backs); Allen, Finnis, Howard, Paterson, Edmunds (forwards).

On Saturday, the 9th, as previously announced, a team of the teachers of the Schools played against one of the boys, resulting in defeat for the former of two goals to nil: thus proving that although masters of science, they are not exactly masters of football. For the teachers, Messrs. Smith, Grimes and Montgomery played well, while Phillips, Courtney (Capt.), and McCardle (Hon. Sec.), did good service for the boys. Within a quarter of an hour of half time, Sawden passed the ball to Baines who shot a goal. At the commencement of the game, the boys had a strong wind with them, and succeeded in scoring two goals. In the second half, the teachers fully expected to have the game to themselves, but Phillips, one of the backs of the school team, tackled their forwards with perfect ease. After the game the teachers kindly provided a tea, during which Mr. Laurie proposed the health of the victorious team, which was responded to by F. McCardle. After the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," the party broke up.

F. MCCARDLE, Hon. Sec.

People's Palace Junior Section.

BEAUMONT AMATEURS CRICKET CLUB.

On Wednesday last, February 6th, the above Club held their first meeting. Mr. T. G. Carter (Capt. of P.P.C.C.) took the chair, and conducted the proceedings in a praiseworthy manner. The rules, after a short discussion, were formed. Then came the business of electing the Captain, for which office Mr. Frith was elected, Mr. Gurr being elected as Vice-Captain. Messrs. Lester, Pocknell, Jagers, and Sanderson, were elected as Committeemen.

E. P. SHAPLAND, Hon. Sec.

FOOTBALL CLUB.

On Saturday last, the Juniors journeyed to Wanstead to be defeated by their opponents (the St. Paul's Juniors). The Saints set the ball rolling, and made a determined onslaught for our goal, but, by the fine play of Gurr and Paxton, were soon checked. The Juniors then took their turn, but failed to score. The Saints once more gained our ground and succeeded in scoring (half-time). The Saints again took possession of our ground and scored two goals to nil; the Juniors then showed some life, and succeeded in obtaining a goal, two to one; the Saints again obtained a goal, and here the game stood. Many thanks are due to Mr. Carter for his kind assistance as umpire.

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

JUNIOR RAMBLING CLUB.

The above Club is now forming. All Members and intending Members are requested to attend the meetings on Wednesday evenings at 8.30 in Technical Schools.

B. LOLOSKY, Hon. Sec.

THE GAME OF GOLF.

Far and Sure! Amateurs at Golf vary in their methods in a manner which brings tears to one's eyes; not so the professional. Certainly there are degrees of variation, but the type all through is fairly uniform. One man may swing a bit longer, another shorter; or one may have a short grip of the club, another long; but these are only trifling details, the type remains the same. All professionals have a sure hypothesis of action. They are unconscious of it, no doubt; but when striking a ball they put every ounce of weight into the stroke. This can only be done by letting the ball have it all from the swing of the club, produced with consummate ease by swinging the body, with an easy right shoulder, at the same moment as the left toe rises from the ground. There is no force required. Mind the maxim—to rise and swing at the same period of time. Try it. The weight of the club will propel the ball far enough; the powerful force is not required. All the advice, however, which I have hitherto given, must be duly pondered and practised, for in future I must seek "fresh fields and pastures new" in relation to the subject of golf, as the preliminaries, however useful, are not very interesting in print. One feels, too, that the true secret of success lies in being ever at it. Like billiards, or any other game where much skill is required, practice can alone give confidence. The business man will naturally reply, "Well off, these fellows who have the time to practice." I don't think there is so much in this as being endowed by Providence with a temperament that is satisfied playing golf and doing nothing more, except in the evening's talking, and that excitedly and enthusiastically about the matches of the past day. I know one fellow who is getting in years now, and who has as much per annum in hundreds as he has years, and who can do absolutely without occupation. He can do it elegantly, too. I have known lots of fellows similarly situated who have tried this game but failed, I mean the game of having so much per annum, left by kind injudicious fathers. It is a very dangerous game. All the other fellows that I knew, who did not take to golf or hunting, or at least something, took to liquor; and this game—I suppose we are all pretty sound upon it—is not worth the candle. I was amused at two of these worthies who met in — Street the other day, and I was much amused by the conversation. They had not met for years. "Well, old man, how are you?" (This is the man who had been round the whole globe, but had not found satisfaction till he had taken to golf.) "Oh! pretty well. How are you?" "First-rate; but I had a frightful bother with myself for two years after I left my business. I am all right now, though. I have taken to preaching, and I like it exceedingly." The human mind must have something to go out upon. Business, in which is included the highest ethereal principle of duty, is first—that is to say, a decent business; and if it pays well, the excitement of gain often takes the place of the reflex of satisfaction on the mind of a higher principle, and there is something in the still and quiet conscience. It puts one in mind of *l'enfant terrible* when asleep. The tumult and noise is all there—latent and quiet. But I must leave till again a description of the blessed individual, whom we all must envy, that is satisfied to play golf from "early morn till dewy eve" all the year round and is happy. He can only be found, like good smoked "haddies," on the East coast of Scotland; and as I have been there lately, I saw him in all his pristine glory.

THE STROLLER.

Panegyric to an Organ.—King of Instruments! giving forth a mystic heavenly ladder of sounds! Uttering the one speech, whose eloquence is understood in Heaven as in earth! Now calm as the breath of even; then crashing like Heaven's artillery! Now soaring on the crested wave of a billowy flood; then sinking to the depths of ocean profundity! Like the tempest, the earthquake, the fire; then as the "Still Small Voice." Presenting an offering of grand harmonies to the Omnipotent, more acceptable than sacrificial flame! Now as the throbbings and sighs of an anxious heart; then the beautiful soothing melody as of angel voice! Now stirring the dormant spirit into activity; then lulling to rest the soul disturbed by the Babel of earth! Combining varied voices, as if all nations and languages were sounding the praise of Jehovah! Now as the trump of the Archangel summoning to judgment; then as the gentle voice saying, "Enter into rest." Re-echoing, like the united utterance of all animate and inanimate creation, through the universe in one ever-increasing psalm of triumph to Him before whom countless myriads of saints and angels sing for ever and ever.—E. A. PRICE.

Bells.—The parish church of Burghfield, in Berkshire, has got a new peal of bells, but, although more musical, the new bells will not be so interesting as the old. The three bells were cast at different times, the tenor bearing the inscription, "Samuel Knight made mee 1689." The second bell gave a poetical account of its origin:—"Samuell Knight made me the ledare of this peal to bee, George Glover, Peter Salter, 1703." The treble was inscribed with the injunction to "Fear God, honour the King, 1779." The old bells became so cracked that if they were not "wild," in the Tennysonian sense, their music did not soothe the villagers' breasts.

Independence of Solitude.—It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN
On WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13th, at Eight o'clock.

VOCALISTS:
Miss KATE PERCY DOUGLAS, Miss MARIE CURRAN,
Mr. BERNARD BERESFORD, Mr. AVON D. SAXON.

ORGANIST:
Mr. STOCKS HAMMOND, B.A., F.S.A., Organist of St. Barnabas', Bradford.
Musical Director—Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

1. SONG ... "To-morrow will be Friday" ... Molloy.
Mr. AVON D. SAXON.

The sun was setting, and vespers done,
From chapel the monks came one by one,
And down they went thro' the garden trim,
In cassock and cowl to the river brim:

So, down they sat by the river's brim,
And fished till the light was growing dim;

So, back they went to the convent gate,
Abbot and monks disconsolate,

2. SONG ... "Sognai" ... Miss MARIE CURRAN.

Sognai chea Lisannito m'era
Sognai che il labbro io le baciai
E mi rapia quel bacio il cor

3. SONG "Herzens Frühling" ("Springtime in the heart") F. von Wicked.
Miss KATE PERCY DOUGLAS.

4. ORGAN SOLO ... Grand March—"Commemoration" ... Scotson Clark.
Mr. STOCKS HAMMOND.

5. SONG ... "My Sweetheart when a Boy" ... Morgan.
Mr. BERNARD BERESFORD.

Tho' many gentle hearts I've known,
And many a pretty face,

6. SONG ... "Kathleen Mavourneen" ... Crouch.
Miss MARIE CURRAN.

Kathleen Mavourneen, the grey dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;

7. SONG ... "So do I love thee" ... Van Lennep.
Mr. AVON D. SAXON.

The summer days are coming on the earth,
The birds sing songs of joy from tree to tree;

So surely as the birds have paired in spring,
So surely as the flowers bloom each year;

8. ORGAN SOLOS ... (a) Melodie in F ... Rubinstein.
(b) Theme (varied) ... E. Batiste.
Mr. STOCKS HAMMOND.

9. SONG ... "Our World" ... H. M. Van Lennep.
Miss KATE PERCY DOUGLAS.

Ah, love, how soon the shadows fell upon the paths we lov'd so well,
That day we saw the sunset die, and bade the world our last good-bye.

10. SONG ... "Love's Request" ... Reichardt.
Mr. BERNARD BERESFORD.

Now the day is slowly waning,
Evening breezes softly, softly moan;

11. ORGAN SOLO—Allegro Vivace and Minuet ... Handel.
(From Organ Concerto in B flat)
Mr. STOCKS HAMMOND.

12. SONG ... "Best of All" ... Moir.
Miss MARIE CURRAN.

'Tis all the world to have thee near, and more than death to be without thee,
My heart is sad when I'm alone, yet still I do not doubt thee;

13. SONG ... "When twilight comes" ... Anton Sklezki.
Mr. AVON D. SAXON.

When twilight comes with shadows drear,
I dream of thee, dear one,

14. SONG ... "Relics" ... Logé.
Miss KATE PERCY DOUGLAS.

They lie in secret laid away, in yon old cabinet,
The relics of this yesterday, my heart, my heart remembers yet.

Palace and Institute Notes.

THE Lantern Lecture on Paris and the Paris Trip, given by Mr. Robert Mitchell in the Queen's Hall, on Monday night, proved extremely interesting.

THE following list will show intending trippists the existing vacancies. As these vacancies will probably soon be filled up, Members and Students, who wish to take part in the excursions, are requested to send their names to Mr. A. E. Were without delay.

Table with 3 columns: Date range, Vacancies, and Notes. Includes entries for June 1st to June 8th, June 8th to June 15th, etc.

I SHOULD be glad if those gentlemen who have sent me letters respecting the resignation of Mr. Alfred Hollins, would kindly await Sir Edmund Currie's return from southern France, and lay the matter before him.

I AM also anxious that the "Constable Fund," which has had a fitful career in my columns during the past three or four weeks, should come to an end—so far as I am concerned—next week.

Table with 2 columns: Amount already acknowledged and S.A./F.A./Miss E. Stone/Photographic Club/B.A. amounts.

A very attractive "open night" is announced, I see, for to-morrow (Thursday) week. Our old friend Munro—of truant disposition, good my lords!—is to appear in the closet scene from "Hamlet."

THE Dramatic Club, I have reason to believe, is still existent, and in active rehearsal—so enquirers please note. I hear that yet another version—or rather perversion—of Goethe's threadbare masterpiece will probably be produced

by the Club some time in April. It is being written by Mr. Hartley Knight—who promises an entirely original treatment of the subject—the music to be composed and arranged by Mr. Orton Bradley, and will possibly be called "Faust—after Gertie."

"DOUBT"—a new shilling novel by Mr. J. Stanley Little, published by Spencer Blackett—is just to hand. It is a pleasing study of country social life, the interest of which is centred on the unfounded suspicions—or "Doubt"—of the narrator.

SIR EDMUND CURRIE left London on Tuesday morning for a short and well-earned holiday in the South of France. Mr. Shaw—still far from well—returned to his Palace duties this week.

THE heavy downfall of snow on Sunday last proved excellent fare to the Technical School-boys, who during the dinner-hour the day following met, some four hundred strong, for a battle royal.

Mr. George R. Sims, whose stirring poems are so popular with young reciters, was born on September 2nd, 1847. He wrote his first article when he was at school at Eastbourne. It appeared in the school magazine, and contained such cutting remarks about certain grievances, that the author was forthwith invited to visit the head master.

Smuggling.—Here is another good smuggling story, says the Pall Mall Gazette, from the Belgian Frontier. A newly-married couple were returning to Germany after a tour to Brussels.

An Intelligent Gorilla.—According to a letter recently received from the South-West Coast of Africa, Mr. J. J. Jones, a trader at Ngove (a country situated immediately south of Camma and the River Fernand Vaz), has for some time had in his possession a young female gorilla whose docility and tractability are most remarkable.

"To Call Her Mine."

BY
WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued).

"FIND work, then. In this country, if you don't work, you won't get any money. Do you think you are the more likely to get money out of me by calling names?"

"Well, you see, uncle, I think I shall find a way to get some money out of you."

"Not one penny—not one penny, David, will you get! There was a world of determination in Mr. Leighan when it came to refusing money."

"It's natural that you should say so to begin with." His manner had now quite changed. He began by being confused, hesitating, and shame-faced; he was now assured, and even braggart. "I expected as much. You would rather see your nephew starve than give him a penny. You've robbed him of his land; you've driven him out of his house; and when he comes back in rags, you tell him he may go and starve."

"Words don't hurt, David," his uncle replied quietly. "I am too old to be moved by any words. Now, if you have nothing more to say, go."

David sat doggedly. He had always been dogged and obstinate. His uncle looked at him curiously, as if studying his character.

"David," he said presently, "you were a bad boy at school, where they ought to have flogged it out of you. You were a bad son to your father, who ought to have cut you off with a shilling. You were a bad farmer when you got your farm: you were a drunkard, a betting-man, and a sporting-man. If I hadn't taken your land, a stranger would have had it. Now it's kept in the family. Years ago I thought to give you a lesson, and if you reformed, to give it back to you in my will. I now perceive that you are one of those who never reform. I have left it—elsewhere."

"Go on," said David, "I like to hear you talk."

"The old house at Berry—your old house—is turned into two cottages. One of those cottages is empty. If you mean to stay in the parish, you can live in it, if you like, rent free, for a time—that is, until you get into work again, or I find a tenant. If you choose to earn money, you can: there are always jobs to be done by a handy man. If you will not work, you must starve. Now that is all I will do for you. When you are tired of Challacombe, you can go away again. That is my last word, nephew."

He turned away, and began to busy himself again among his papers.

"After the accident, and the loss of those papers, you were senseless for three days. And after that you got paralysis. Why, what was all this, but a judgment on you for your conduct to your own flesh and blood?"

"Rubbish!"

David said no more. Those best acquainted with him would have understood from the expression of his face that his mind was laboriously grappling with a subject not yet clear to him. He was, in fact, just beginning to be aware of a very foxy game which he might play with his uncle, though as yet he only dimly saw the rules of that game. It was a new game, too, quite one of his own invention, and one which would at the same time greatly please and stimulate his uncle, whom he meant to be his adversary. He said nothing more, but he sat doggedly, and tried to work out the rules of that game.

Presently Mary came home from church, and, with her, George Sidcote and myself. We found David sitting with his uncle, but the old man was reading the paper, and David was sitting silent, thinking slowly.

"Mary," said David, "you don't remember me, I suppose?"

"You are my cousin David. Of course I remember you, David; though you are altered a good deal." She gave him her hand. "All the people are talking about your return."

Then George and I shook hands with him cheerfully and brotherly.

"Why, David," said George, "we must rig you out a little better than this. Come home with Will and me."

David turned sullenly to his uncle.

"I've got one thing more to say. All of you may hear what that is. He offers me a labourer's cottage to live in, and a labourer's work to do, and a labourer's wage for pay, on my own lands—my own that he stole, this old man here, sitting, struck by a judgment, in his chair. The next time I come here—you may all take notice and bear witness—the question shall not be how little I may be offered, but how much I shall take."

So far had he got in this understanding of the game that was to be played.

"How much," he repeated with a chuckle, "how much I shall take."

"Dear me," said his uncle. "This is very interesting! And how are you, Will? when did you come down? and how is your writing business? Take David away, George; I am afraid you'll find him very tedious—very tedious indeed."

CHAPTER IX.—AT SIDCOTE.

We took David away with us; but the old man was right: he was insufferably tedious. To begin with, his mind seemed absorbed; he answered our questions shortly, and showed no curiosity or interest in us, and pretended no pleasure at seeing us again; he was lumpish and moody. In fact, though at the time one could not know, he was laboriously arranging in his mind the revenge which he was about to take upon his uncle; and he was not one of those men who can think of more than one thing at a time.

"Mother," said George, "I've brought David Leighan to dinner. He came home last night."

The old lady gave him her hand, without the least appearance of surprise that David had returned in so tattered a condition. To be sure, Joseph Exon's kindly offices had made a difference, yet he looked rough and ragged still; his wanderings had clearly ended in failure.

"You are welcome, David," she said. "You will tell us after dinner some of your adventures. I hope you are come to settle again among your own people."

"My own people," he said, "have been so kind, that I am likely to settle among them."

"I will take David upstairs, Mother," said George, "for a few moments; then we shall be ready."

Everything at Sidcote looked as if it had always been exactly the same and had never changed. In winter, with the snow lying on the Tors and the lanes knee-deep in mud, Sidcote looked as if it was always winter. In the summer, with the old, old garden ablaze with flowers, and the green apples turning red or yellow on the old branches, it seemed as if it must be always summer. In the parlour, where Mrs. Sidcote sat, the Bible before her, it seemed as if the dear old lady must have been always old and silver-haired, certainly she must always have been gentle and gracious. A farmer's daughter, a farmer's wife, and a farmer's mother—can such be a gentlewoman? It is borne in upon me, my brothers, more and more, and the longer I live, that gentleness does not consist in gentle blood. Some noble Lords there are of whom one has heard—but the thing may be false—that they are mere ruffians, devourers, and trampers upon virtue and fair honour; some noble Ladies it is whispered—but, indeed, I know them not—are mere seekers of pleasure, selfish, frivolous, and heartless. Whereas, certainly in all ranks of life, there are those who naturally follow the things which make for unselfishness, sweetness, sacrifice, and well-doing. Mrs. Sidcote was one of these. A little pleasant-voiced and pleasant-looking dame—now sixty years old or thereabouts, who will, I make no manner of doubt, live to be ninety-five at least.

The window of her room looks upon the garden, which is, as I have said, ancient, and full of old trees and old-fashioned flowers, set and planted in antique fashion. The house is old, too—built of stone, with low rooms—two storeyed, and thatched. Between the house and the road is the farmyard, so that one cannot get to the garden-gate without taking observation of George's pigs and poultry.

When they came downstairs, David presented a little more of his old appearance. There remained a certain slouching manner which suggested the tramp, and the sidelong look, half of suspicion, half of design, which is also common to the tramp; but, as yet, we knew nothing of his past life and adventures. George had fitted him with a clean shirt and collar—it is only at such times that one recognises the great civilising influence of the white collar—a necktie, socks—actually he had not worn socks, he casually told George, for five years—a pair of boots, somewhat too large for him, because George's size of boot was proportionate to his length of limb; and a pocket handkerchief. The pocket handkerchief is even a greater civilising influence than the collar. It is not in sight, and yet, if one has a pocket handkerchief one must necessarily—cannot choose—but to live up to it. But a change of clothes does not immediately produce a change of manners; it takes time for the collar and the handkerchief to work; David looked moody and resentful.

When he was dressed he sat down to dinner.

Then it was that we made a very painful discovery. Our friend, we found, had entirely forgotten the simplest rules of manners, the very simplest. It was clear that he must have gone down very low indeed in the social scale in order to get

at those habits which he now exhibited. Were they acquired in the Pacific, or in Australia, or in America, where, as we afterwards learned, David had spent his years of exile? I think in none of these places, because, though there are plenty of unsuccessful Englishmen everywhere, it is not reported that they make haste to throw off the manners of decent folk. He lost his manners because he had lost his self-respect; which is a very different thing from losing your money. Let us refrain from details, and observe only in general terms that he helped himself to food with fingers as well as with fork. After all, fingers came before forks, which is the reason forks have four prongs. It shall suffice to mention that, the principal dish being a pair of roast fowls, he munched the bones and threw them on the floor; that he helped himself, with a wolfish haste, as if there was not enough to go round, and every man must grab what he could; and, like a savage or a wild beast, he looked about him jealously while he was eating, as if someone might snatch his food from him. During the operation of taking his food he said nothing, nor did he reply if he was addressed; and he ate enough for six men; and he drank as if he would never get tired of George's cider, which is an excellent beverage, but deceptive if you are so ill-advised as to think it has no strength.

The old lady began to question him; but David either did not hear, being wholly engrossed with his feeding, or else was too sulky and bearish to reply. Therefore she ceased to try; and we all sat looking on with pallid cheeks and ruined appetites, pretending not to notice that our guest had become a savage. Can one ever forget the way in which that delicate currant-and-raspberry pie—in London, they call it "tart"—was, with its accompaniment of cream, dainty, rural, and poetical, mercilessly wolfed by this greedy Orson? As soon as possible, Mrs. Sidcote, who usually sat and talked a while after dinner, withdrew, and left us to battle with our guest.

After dinner, George produced a bottle of port.

"There is not much left," he said with a sigh. "My father's cellar is nearly finished; but it will last my time. We will drink the last bottle together, Will, on my last day in Sidcote."

At all events, we drank very little of that bottle, for David clutched the decanter, poured out a tumbler full, drank it off, and then another tumbler. Now, two tumblers full of port, after a quart or so of cider, is a good allowance for any man. When David had taken his second tumbler, he made as if he would say something. Perhaps he had it in his mind to say something gracious, for his lips moved, but no voice was heard. Then he got up and reeled to the sofa, on which he threw himself like a log, and was asleep in a moment. He was like an animal filled with food, who must sleep it off. It was remarkable that he lay in the attitude most affected by the sleeping tramp—namely, on his face. You will generally find the tramp who rests by the wayside, sleeping with his face on his arms. Perhaps because this position affords more rest in a short time than any other; perhaps because it saves the shoulders from the hardness of the ground. David, therefore, lay in this attitude, and breathed heavily.

"We have not had much of the bottle, have we, old man?" said George. "Never mind; let us go into the garden and have a pipe in the shade."

We took chairs with us, and sat in the old-fashioned garden of Sidcote, under a gnarled and ancient apple-tree.

"Our David," I said, "was always inclined to be loutish. He has been developing and cultivating that gift for six years—with a pleasing result."

"There is something on his mind," said George. "Perhaps he will tell us what it is; perhaps not. David was never particularly open about himself. Strange that he should begin by looking for his uncle's grave! Why did he think that he was dead?"

"He believed what he hoped no doubt."

"In the evening, Harry Rabjahns tells me, he had a kind of fit—a hysterical fit of laughing and crying—in the inn."

"That was perhaps because he had learned that his uncle was still alive." This was indeed the case, though not in the sense I intended.

"And this morning, the first day of his return, he begins with a row with his uncle. Well, there is going to be mischief at Gratnor."

"Why, what mischief can there be?"

"I don't know. David went away cursing his uncle. After six years he comes back cursing him again. When a man broods over a wrong for six years, mischief does generally follow. First of all, the old man will do nothing for him. Do you understand that? There was a stolid obstinacy in his eyes while he listened to David. Nothing is to be got out of him. What will David do?"

"He will go away again, I suppose; unless he takes farm work."

"David is as obstinate as his uncle. And he is not altogether a fool, although he did take to drink and ruined himself. And there will be mischief."

"George, old man, I return to my old thought. If you and Mary marry without old Dan's consent, her fortune goes to David. Does David know?"

"I should think not."

"To which of the two would the old man prefer to hand over that money?"

"To Mary, certainly."

"So I think. Then don't you see that some good may come out of the business after all?"

"It may come, but too late to save Sidcote. He means to have Sidcote: my days here are numbered. Well, it is a pity, after five hundred years"—he looked around at the inheritance about to pass away from him—only a farm of three hundred acres, but his father's and his great-great-grandfather's—and he was silent for a moment. "As for work, what would I grudge if I could keep the old place! But I know that over at Gratnor there sits, watching and waiting his chance, the man who means to have my land, and will have it before the end of the year."

"Patience, George. Anything may happen."

"He is a crafty and a dangerous man, Will. We can say here what we cannot say in Mary's presence. He is more crafty and more dangerous now that he is paralysed and cannot get about among his fields than he was in the old days. He cannot get at me by the same arts as he employed for David. He cannot persuade me to drink, and to sign agreements and borrow money when I am drunk. But the bad times have done for me what drink did for David."

So we talked away the afternoon in a rather gloomy spirit. Life is no more free from sharks in the country than in the town; there are in Arcadia, as well as in London, vultures, beasts, and birds of prey, who sit and watch their chance to rend the helpless.

"And so," he said, summing up, "I shall have to part with the old family place, and begin the world again; go out as David went out, and return, perhaps, as he returned."

"No, George; some things are possible, but not probable. That you should come back as David has come back is not possible."

At that moment the man of whom we spoke came slowly out of the house, rubbing his eyes.

"When you are among the blacks," he said, "you never get enough to eat. And as for their drink, especially the stuff they call orora, it is enough to make a dog sick."

"Then you have been among the blacks, David?" It was the first hint he had given of his adventures.

He lighted his pipe and began to smoke it lazily, leaning against the porch. Then he talked, with intervals of puffing at the pipe.

"Six years ago," he said, "six years it was come October the twentieth, that I left Challacombe with fifty pounds for all the money I had in the world. Yes—fifty pounds, instead of Berry Down that I'd begun with. Who'd got the land?" He pointed in the direction of Gratnor with a gesture which was meant for hatred and unforgiveness. "Ha! after I went away it seems that he had an ugly accident. No one knows the cause of that accident." He grinned, as if he was pleased to think of it. "Quite a judgment—quite. A clear judgment I call it. Where did I go first, now? I took passage at Falmouth for New York, and there I stayed; it's a fine town for them as have got money, full of bars and drinking-saloons, and—and—all sorts of pretty things. So I stayed there till all the money was gone—what's the good of fifty pounds? Better enjoy it, and have done with it. I made it last a good bit—two months and more. Then I looked about for work. Well; it's a terrible hard place when you've got no money, and as for work, the Irish get all there is. By that I'd made a few friends, and we thought we'd go westwards. There was a dozen or more of us, and we moved on together, sometimes getting odd jobs, sometimes legging it, and sometimes taking the cars. When there was no work, and I don't know that any of them were anxious—not to say anxious—to get work, we tramped around among the farms, and sometimes among the houses where the women are left all alone, and the men go off to town. It isn't easy for a woman to say 'No' when a dozen men come to the door and there isn't another man within a mile. Sometimes we would go to a saloon and play monty. Sometimes we would do a trade. My pals were a clever lot, and I often wonder why they took me with them. A clever lot they were. But the band got broken up by degrees. One got shot for kissing a farmer's wife; and another got hanged for stealing a horse; and another got his two legs amputated after a row over the cards."

(To be Continued.)

Calendar of the Week.

February 14th.—Day of St. Valentine. In the NOTES OF THE WEEK will be found a few of the customs observed on this day.

On this day formerly began the great Fair or Market of King's Lynn, granted by charter of King Henry VIII., but no doubt one had previously been held when the town was Lynn Episcopi—Bishop's Lynn—before it was called Lynn Regis or King's Lynn. It was the great market of the Fen country, unless that of Stourbridge near Cambridge was greater. But that was held in the autumn.

February 15th.—The only event of this day is the death of Bishop Atterbury. Perhaps some of us have forgotten this Bishop. A good many Bishops have died since his lamented decease, which took place in the year 1732. He was a scholar and a Latin poet: he was Bishop of Rochester, and after Queen Anne's death he was tried on a charge of high treason, for plotting for the return of the Stuarts. He was found guilty of high treason and banished. He died in Paris. He was also the friend of Pope, Bolingbroke, and the great writers of the Queen Anne period.

February 16th.—On this day, 1754, died the physician who introduced the practice of inoculating for small pox: in order to prove its efficacy he caused seven criminals to be inoculated. The practice was continued until it was superseded by vaccination. Those who foolishly break the law as regards vaccination, can have no knowledge whatever of the terrible ravages which the small pox formerly committed everywhere. It was the most awful scourge during the whole of the last century. Every other face was riddled with its marks, and it left its traces in worse things than pock marks. It was the terror especially of beautiful girls, whose beauty it destroyed for ever. Some of them even died of grief at beholding their changed faces in the glass. Let us not forget, therefore, the name of Richard Mead, M.D.

Lindley Murray, the grammarian and author of "Murray's English Grammar," died this day in the year 1826. Hardly any grammar ever had so great a vogue, or lived for so long a time. I believe, however, that his book is no longer used.

February 17th.—On this day died the greatest artist that modern times have produced—Michael Angelo Buonarroti. He was born in 1474, and he died in 1563, eighty-nine years of age, and a hard worker to the end—painter, sculptor, architect and poet. He was as great in his life as he was in his works. His is a history which inspires one with hope for the human race, if universal man can ever be raised to the heights which individual men have reached.

February 18th.—This is a week of deaths. Martin Luther died this day, 1546, aged 63. The great work of Luther's life was the establishment of the principle of free thought—the right of private judgment. Who can exaggerate the importance of this great step in liberty? Always—always—without cessation, without weariness, are the opponents of freedom attacking this Magna Charta of human liberty. Of all the rights which have been wrested from King, Baron, and Priest, this is the most precious. Let us guard it and defend it with all the resolution that we can command.

February 19th.—This is the birthday of the King of Holland, who now lies sick unto death. It is hoped that no evil will follow his death: but Holland is a very little country, and very rich: it has a splendid port in Rotterdam: it has a very valuable colony in Java: and it has a great and powerful neighbour. The Dutch are our old rivals, and for a short time were our enemies: but I believe the old animosities have completely died out.

February 20th.—St. Mildred. When King Egbert had caused his two nephews to be slaughtered, his conscience, as often happened to kings after these little family disturbances, began to make him very uneasy. One day, being more remorseful than usual, he saw a bright light dart from the heavens towards the graves of the two unfortunate boys. Wherefore he perceived that there was nothing for it but to build a convent. This he did, and lived happy ever after. The moral is, that if you were rich enough to build a convent, you could murder all your relations if you pleased. The convent was built at Minster, in

Kent,—there is still a very beautiful church there,—and Mildred was the first Abbess. Her bones being afterwards moved to Canterbury worked many miracles, until her fame was lost in the growing splendour of St. Thomas à Beckett. Two churches in London are dedicated to her,—St. Mildred, Bread Street, and St. Mildred in the Poultry.

On this day died a man whose name should not be forgotten, for he has been the means of saving many thousands of lives. Henry Taylor died at North Shields, on February 20th, 1823, aged 86. It was he who caused the lighting of the coast between Shields and London. Before his time there was no more dangerous voyage than that of the colliers from the North to the Port of London.

Letters to the Editor.

2ND XI. v. POLYTECHNIC "C."

SIR,—In your issue of last week, there appears under the above heading a somewhat fanciful and imaginative description of the composition of the Poly. "C" team, which defeated Beaumont on the 2nd inst. It is stated to have been "an extra strong team . . . a slight mixture of their first and second elevens, with the intention of giving Palace 2nd a good licking, which, however, did not come off." Perhaps the simplest answer to this statement will be the result of our first three matches last week. Our first team met and beat Upton Excelsior, by 1 to love; our 2nd beat Tottenham College, 5 to love; and the 3rd, or "C" team, played Beaumont 2nd. The "C" team, far from having any first or second team men in their ranks, were actually without the services of one of their best men, and, in addition to that, played one of the worst games I have seen them play this season, on 2nd inst. Now I just wonder what Mr. Moreton would have thought of them, had they played in anything like form, and had Styles (or Stiles) of the Woodville, not saved the goals he did on Saturday—a county team at least.

The game, by-the-bye, is described as being a fast one throughout. I daresay the Beaumont found it warm, but our goal-keeper, who did an incredible number of laps round the posts, in a vain endeavour to keep warm, is still on gruel diet for his cold. Thanking you in anticipation for publishing this, I am, yours truly,

G. W. MORLEY, Captain "C" Team.

FOOTBALL CLUB.

DEAR SIR,—I should be much obliged to you if you will kindly insert the following. Last Saturday week I journeyed down to Wanstead, as I had been selected (and also asked by the Sec.) to play against the Polytechnic. I arrived on the ground fifteen minutes before the Poly. fellows came down, and felt greatly annoyed when I found that another Member and myself were not wanted, as they were going to play three Non-Members and four Members who had not been selected to play. I think it was a shabby way to treat two Members, after luring them down to Wanstead, to put them off because some old cronies had unexpectedly turned up.—I am, sir, yours respectfully,

G. A. H., a Member B.F.C.

Striking Coincidences.—Mr. H. Rider Haggard has been called in question in some quarters, on account of very striking coincidences between the plot of "She" and another romance published upwards of half-a-century ago. What, however, will critics on the anatomy of plagiarism say to the following story, which is told of Frank Stockton and G. C. Eggleston, both of them transatlantic writers of good repute and high standing. Some time ago Mr. Eggleston hit upon a theme for a story. It was suggested by a purely personal mental experience, and fascinated him at once by its obvious adaptability to fanciful treatment. But the more he thought over it, the deeper became his conviction that only Frank Stockton could do justice to the subject. "That theme," said Mr. Eggleston to his brother, when the latter urged him to write the story, "requires the Stocktonian touch." Meeting Stockton at the club, Eggleston described the plot in outline, and found an interested listener. "Capital!" exclaimed Stockton. "That is really a strong thing." Then, after a reflective moment, "How would you treat that idea?" Eggleston now gave so much of the detail as had occurred to him in considering the theme. "Fine!" ejaculated Stockton, "a very good idea—so good that I have already used it." "What do you mean?" asked Eggleston. "I mean," said Stockton, "that I have written that story, and that by this time it is in type." A further comparison of notes revealed the fact that the story which Eggleston had thought out, and the story which Stockton had already written were, even to the details, astonishingly identical.

The Largest Library is the Bibliothèque Nationale, in Paris, founded by Louis XIV. It contains 1,400,000 volumes, 300,000 pamphlets, 175,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps and charts, and 150,000 coins and medals. The collection of engravings exceeds 1,300,000, contained in some 10,000 volumes. The portraits number 100,000.

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