



VOL. III.—No. 67.]

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 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.—General Meeting, at 8.30.
Elocution Class.—"Open Night," at 8.
- FRIDAY.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.;
Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
Literary Society.—First Social Dance, at 8.30.
Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.
Dramatic Club.—Extraordinary General Meeting, at 8 sharp.
- 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 South Kensington Museum.
Football Club.—First XI., at Wood Green.
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.
Ramblers.—Committee Meeting, at 8.30.
Gymnasium.—Meeting of Leaders, at 8.30.
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.

IT has been a week of snow and ice and rain and sleet, winter kindly showing us once more before the east winds of spring begin what an English winter may be; and, as usual, the authorities have not distinguished themselves by prompt action. One thing on which New York justly prides itself is the ease and rapidity with which a snowstorm is swept off the streets. We have in this country fewer snowstorms, but they come every winter with a regularity that leaves nothing to be desired: they always find us unprepared: and they always leave us grumbling. The administration of our streets is a disgrace to the greatest city in the world.

VALENTINE'S DAY for the first time in the memory of man has fallen flat. It was almost entirely forgotten. The postman arrived not five minutes late, when he used to be an hour after time, on Valentine morning; the shops expecting this lamentable result put forth feebly half-a-dozen laced-edged papers instead of the gallant array that used to be made, filling the whole of the window and covering all the counter. For a long while the girls, I believe, have ceased to expect valentines, but this year even the children forgot to look for them. In fact, Christmas cards, New Year cards, and Easter eggs have killed the good old custom. Is it actually dead and buried, or only pretending to be dead? I fear the former. In that case—farewell St. Valentine!

It is reported that an addition is to be made to the strength of the marines. Of all the branches of our army, there is none that has done better service, seen more service, and been worse treated than the Regiment of Marines. Its existence dates back to the year 1664, when 1,200 soldiers were enrolled as a regiment to fight at sea: twenty years later the Third Regiment of the Line was called the Marine Regiment: but it was not until the year 1698 that two regiments of marines were formed. During the many wars of the last century, the force was greatly increased, until in 1759 they were 18,000 strong. In the year 1815, at the close of the great war, when we had 100,000 sailors and more than a million of soldiers, chiefly foreign, in our pay, the number of marines was 31,400, with 3,000 supernumeraries. They now number about 12,000, including the Marine Artillery of 1,500. The head-quarters of the latter, which is considered to be as fine a regiment as any in the service, is at Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth, a place which I should advise every visitor to that ancient town to inspect. He will find the most comfortable and well-appointed barracks possible, with the best and smartest sailor-soldiers the world has to show. The period of service for the marines is still eight years. I would that we had a hundred thousand of this corps. As an instance of their treatment by the authorities, it is only within the last six years that the officers of marines have been allowed equal rank with those of the other branches. The officers of the Marine Artillery pass through Woolwich in the same way as the Royal Artillery and Engineers.

It is said that the Americans have secured permission to excavate at Delphi for the sum of 80,000 dollars or £16,000. And cheap at the price if they were allowed to take home everything they should find. But that is not so. Everybody who digs in Greece must give what he finds to the Greek Government; all he can send home are casts and perhaps duplicates. Delphi should prove a rich field for excavation, if a hundredth part of its wealth has been buried in the ruins. The ceremony of receiving an oracle was

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, FEBRUARY 24th,

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30 AND 4 O'CLOCK.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

1. Sonata, No. 1 Mendelssohn.
2. Song, "The Chorister" (by request) Sullivan.
3. Toccata and Fugue in D minor Bach.
4. Benediction Nuptiale Saint Saëns.
5. Song, "The Children's Home" (by request) Cowen.
6. Impromptu Haydn.
7. Chorus, "The Heavens are telling" Haydn.

AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

1. Fugue in A minor Bach.
2. Song, "The Lost Chord" (by request) Sullivan.
3. Motett, "Hear my Prayer" (by request) Mendelssohn.
4. Reverie A. Hollins.
5. Song, "The Better Land" (by request) Cowen.
6. Grand Offertoire in D Batiste.

costly as well as awe-inspiring. First, you brought rich presents to Apollo, in whose honour the Temple was dedicated. Then, the priestess, named Pythia, after bathing in the waters of the fountain Castalis, seated herself upon a tripod, or three-legged stool, which was placed over a cavity in the ground. It was supposed that the vapours which came out of this hole, being breathed by the priestess, threw her into the condition of mental excitement, requisite for the reception of the inspiration of the God Apollo, and the delivery of the oracle. She was only consulted during one month in the year, so that for the rest of the year the six priests, who assisted her and offered sacrifices, must have had an easy and a comfortable time. The oracle continued for about fifteen hundred years. It was finally silenced by Theodosius in the fourth century. Hundreds of costly statues were carried away from Delphi by the Emperor Nero. Those who excavate here will probably find the foundations and plan of the Temple, and perhaps some broken capitals and columns, and it may be, inscribed stones. The Pythian games were held here every fifth year.

ANOTHER invention! This time we are promised a type-setting machine, which is going to revolutionize the printing world. Compositors need not be very much alarmed: the machine is as yet only proved possible. Mark Twain, who was credited with the invention, writes a characteristic letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* (Saturday, February 16th), from which we venture to extract it:—"You do me quite too much honour! I did not invent that type-setting machine. In my letter to my English friend I did speak of it as 'my' machine, and, of course, that is what misled him. When I own part of a piece of property I always speak of it as 'mine.' This is merely for grandeur. I ignore the other proprietors. On the same principle, I always speak of America as my country. It is a misleading expression. Some think I own it all, others think I invented it. These are errors, but they do no particular harm, and I allow them to pass. But in the case of this machine it doesn't seem quite fair to let it pass. Mr. J. W. Paige invented it, and has spent eighteen tedious years upon it. It was promising to place him at the head of the world's procession of inventors, when all of a sudden I seem to step in and claim his miracle as my performance! Indeed you would not like that yourself; nobody would. No, no, I must beg you to take back that great compliment which you have paid me: it is not deserved. I have built this machine at my private expense, and have been three formidable years at it. I do claim a good deal of credit for that—I don't know any particular reason why, yet I do—but I stop there.—MARK TWAIN, *Hartford, U.S., January 28.*"

THE evictions on Mr. Gladstone's estate are awkward facts just at this particular juncture. But people seem to forget that evictions are going on in every country all over the world, wherever houses are built or land is owned. There must be evictions. Rent goes with property. If you have no property, you must pay rent: if you have no money to pay your rent, out you go. The event should cause us to speak in more measured terms concerning certain events on a neighbouring island. How many of us, for instance, live in our own houses? And how many of us venture to refuse payment of the rent? Nay, when the day comes when we must go, how many of us barricade the doors and defy the law? Let us ponder over these things.

THE County Council of London has made an excellent beginning. They were elected to carry out useful and necessary work for the City and the suburbs. They begin by assuming that they were created for the purpose of furthering Party interests. What, in the name of wonder, has Radical or Conservative to do with our streets and our houses, our drains, our rates, our trade, or our schools? The creation of offices by good Radicals for good Radicals with highly comfortable salaries—is not £1,500 for a Vice-Chairman a very snug income?—seems to plain people another departure in quite a right direction—in fact, in the old direction. Perhaps when the party in power have voted themselves a thousand a year all round, we may begin to regret the dear old Metropolitan Board of Works and the virtuous architects.

THE Rev. Dr. Parker has been having a few talks with working men. He appears to be prepared to restore Paradise to the world by presenting the working man with a pill and a sweetmeat. He wants to abolish both the public-house—that is the pill—and the workhouse—that is the sweetmeat. By all means. But how are those working men, who do not intend to become total abstainers, to get their beer? And how are the helpless old people to be maintained? We cannot, my friends, make people sober and thrifty by Acts of

Parliament, Laws, or Abolition of anything. Moreover, let us remember that we have, in the course of a longish history, achieved many most important liberties, especially in the direction of individual freedom. Now, if we are to be all made teetotallers by Act of Parliament, a worse and more intolerable tyranny will be laid upon us than was ever attempted by Church or King. A Free State means a free individual. Temperance, even teetotal temperance, by all means, for those who desire it. Those who like to take their beer—let us hope in moderation—must, however, be enabled to do so. Those who prefer to abstain, may also do so. Individual freedom of choice in this as in religion and political thought, is a thing that we must most carefully watch over and preserve.

Do we quite understand the present condition of things as regards criminals which exists between this country and the United States? It must be remembered that the question is one of far greater importance than between two countries speaking different languages. Canada is the great refuge for all the thieves, defaulters, and forgers who escape across the frontier. The States are the asylum where all the murderers and the dynamiters carry on their plots and conspiracies against this country with impunity. We cannot give up to the States their criminals unless they give up ours. Why will they not? This is what an American paper says:—"Nothing but the habitual spirit of truckling to the Irish dynamite contingent can account for the continued failure of the Senate to ratify the extradition treaty with Great Britain. The United States wants to break up the thieves' refuge, which all descriptions of embezzlers, defaulters, boodlers, and faithless officials find in Canada, and Great Britain seeks to redeem this country from the reproach of being the asylum for the protection of such criminals as are guilty of 'malicious injuries to persons or property by the use of explosives, or malicious injuries and obstructions to railways, whereby the life of any person shall be in danger, if such injuries constitute a crime according to the laws of both the high contracting parties, or according to the laws of that political division of either country in which the offence shall have been committed, and of that political division of either country in which the offender shall be arrested.' As a matter of fact, the time may not be far distant when we may desire to ask of Great Britain, France, Germany, or some other country, the extradition of just the sort of criminals included under this proposed section of the new extradition treaty. If any of the leading spirits in the Haymarket massacre had escaped to Europe, what would we have thought of the civilized law that gave them sanctuary from the hand of American justice? In hesitating to ratify the extradition treaty, the Senate of the United States is catering to an influence that has lost the respect of every honest American citizen."

THE Canadian Parliament, it is said, is going to be taken round the United States in order that the Canadians may see the greatness of the country from which they steadily hold aloof. In fact there is growing up in the States a strong feeling that Canada should join them; there are many reasons for this desire. First of all, the vast country of Canada, though now thinly populated, is proved to be able to hold and to maintain a population of indefinite extent—perhaps as large as can be maintained in the States themselves; next, this country is already rapidly developing: thirdly, it is inhabited by a people orderly, quiet, and law-abiding: lastly, by dividing Canada, if it joins the Union, into half-a-dozen new States, the United States would stave off for a time one great danger,—the preponderancy of the negroes in the South which yearly threatened more and more,—and would put a spoke in the wheel of the Irish element which all Americans hate, because, as in the case of the recent Presidential Election, it is always bringing them to shame and confusion. On the other hand, in the French and Catholic Province of Quebec, the Yankees would have a tough nut to crack.

If the Canadians choose to join with their neighbours, what could we say? I am inclined to think that in the long run it would be a good thing both for the United States and for ourselves, because it would contribute an element of honest friendly feeling towards Great Britain, which has been hitherto conspicuously absent from the proceedings of the House of Representatives and of the Senate. Moreover, Canada seems destined to play to the United States something of the part played by Scotland to England: she is poor in gold, but she is rich in brains. The Canadians of Ontario, in education, culture, refinement, and intellect, are second to no nation in the world.

EDITOR.

A Song of Spring.

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

God's Love has broken winter's chain,
The Earth is Paradise again.
A smile of sun, a kiss of show'rs
Stars nature's firmament with flowers:
After this waiting, what relief
To scent the spring: the robin thief
Chirps champion on the holly bough,
Let's sing! the winter's over now,
And lovers lead beloved ones home.

The snowdrop's come!

Have you forgotten? Love, last year
Our spring-time smiled without a tear!
That night when we went out and kist
The roses folded up in mist!
That day you pulled the branches down
And made for me a leafy crown!
To you, sweetheart, when sun had set
I gave closed daisies, Margaret!
'Tis spring again! Love's hour has come.

The snowdrop's home.

Have you not felt as yet? You will,
That wild reaction, and the thrill
Of nature's resurrection-day,
That comes as prelude to our May!
The May we've sworn to love, whose birth
Sends carols round the weary earth.
I have forgiven all; can you,
Who sent me winter thyme and rue,
Forget love's birthday? Spring is home.

The snowdrop's come!

Let's turn the year's sad leaf: forget
It's tear-stained pages, Margaret.
The chequered chronicle of time
That died in sorrow, born in rhyme.
Love's epitaph! 'twas I alone
Carved on a monument of stone:
"Look round! Eternity means love,
There's no decay! In eaves above
The swallows gather winging home.

The snowdrop's come!"

Scene: OUTSIDE A CHURCH.

Priest (sympathetically)—I know you're poor, and can't always make both ends meet.

Pat—Make both ends meet! Faith, I don't have meat at one end above once a month.

This is the Irish carman, who persuaded a passenger to ride on his broken-down car, because, he said, they would go faster with a spring-tied.

Self-Restraint.—For want of self-restraint many men are engaged all their lives in fighting with difficulties of their own making, and rendering success impossible by their own cross-grained ungentleness; whilst others, it may be, much less gifted, make their way, and achieve success by simple patience, equanimity, and self-control.

The Biggest Cavern is the Mammoth Cave, in Edmondson County, Kentucky. It is near Green River, about six miles from Cave City, and twenty-eight from Bowling Green. The cave consists of a succession of irregular chambers, some of which are large, situated on different levels. Some of these are traversed by the navigable branches of the subterranean Echo River. Blind fish are found in its waters.

The World's Censure.—Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they cannot harm you, unless you are wanting in character; and, if true, they show a man his weak points, and forewarn him against failure and trouble.

Threads of Gold.—Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favourite temptations; these are the little threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.

War.—Leigh Hunt says: "I firmly believe that war, or the sending thousands of our fellow-creatures to cut one another to bits, often for what they have no concern in, nor understand, will one day be reckoned far more absurd than if people were to settle an argument over the dinner table with their knives—a logic, indeed, which was once fashionable in some places during the 'good old times.'"

Palace and Institute Notes.

MR. A. WERE sends me the accompanying list of Paris Trip vacancies, corrected "up to date." Mr. Mitchell's lecture has given a wonderful impetus to these excursions: and the vacancies are few and far between.

June 1st to June 8th	Three Vacancies.
June 8th to June 15th	Full.
June 15th to June 22nd	Six Vacancies.
June 22nd to June 29th	Three "
June 29th to July 6th	Full.
July 6th to July 13th	Full.
July 13th to July 20th	Full.
July 20th to July 27th	Full.
July 27th to August 3rd	Full.
August 3rd to August 10th	Full.
August 10th to August 17th	Full.
August 17th to August 24th	Two Vacancies.
August 24th to August 31st	Full.
August 31st to September 7th	Three Vacancies.
September 7th to September 14th	Nine "
September 14th to September 21st	Ten "

THE "Constable Fund" closes with this present issue. When we consider that the deceased was known to the majority of Members only in name, the amount collected is, I think, very satisfactory. I must now ask Mr. Walter Marshall to be kind enough to hand over the sum total to Mrs. Constable, who, perhaps, would like to send a slight acknowledgment in time for next Wednesday's Journal? This is the result:—

	£	s.	d.
Amount already acknowledged	0	11	5
Collected by the Rambler's Club	1	18	0
Ditto Boxing Club	1	1	0
"Poet Anon"	0	1	6
Total	9	11	11

MR. HASLUCK's next "Open Night" entertainment will take place to-morrow (Thursday) night, probably in the Lecture Hall. The "Hamlet" contingent, I hear, is in very good form: so the result should be happy!

SPEAKING of "Hamlet" reminds me that on Friday week the Literary Society, under Mr. Spender, B.A., are to read and digest that tale of woe. Additional lustre will be shed upon the scene by the classical presence of Horace, who promises to make a captivating Ophelia. Palace Members (including ladies) are warmly invited. The Club hold their First Social Dance on Friday night: admission by ticket only.

SIR EDMUND CURRIE will be at the Palace on Monday, 11th March.

SUB-ED.

Letter to the Editor.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

SIR,—In answer to Mr. Morley's letter which appeared in your last week's edition, he seems to doubt the accuracy of our report with the Poly. (c team) F.C. v. our Second. I should like to inform him that two of the Members of the so-called team played against our First at Wimbledon for their Second a short time back. Their Second team on that occasion, on their own ground, were undoubtedly far inferior to the so-called Third, which represented the Poly. at Wanstead last Saturday week. He refers to Mr. Styles, who is a Member of the Club, saving some goals; no doubt he played well, but he does not mention the subs. picked off the field, who played as good a game as any Member of their team. Hoping you will insert this short answer, I remain, yours truly,

A MEMBER OF THE 2ND ELEVEN.

IN A MUSIC SHOP.

Young lady—I want a copy of "The Stolen Rope."
Clerk—I don't know the song.
Young lady—Why, it goes—tum, tumtity, tumty tum—(Hums the air).
Clerk—Ah! you mean "The Lost Chord."
Young lady—Oh, yes; that's it.

Society and Club Notes.

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.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

Speaker—Mr. WALTER MARSHALL.

Tuesday, February 12th.—Taking the sitting as a whole, it may be classed as a "Point of Order" evening. The Speaker having taken the chair, a veritable April shower of questions for next sitting fell upon the Government; the Irish Secretary (Mr. W. H. Brown), coming in for an undue share, doubtless occasioned through the appreciation by the opposition of the Chief Secretary's smart and cutting replies to all who dare to tread on his coat tail. Then arose the points of order,—quibbling ones of course,—the eloquent M.P. recently evicted from the Cabinet being in the van of opposition to his late friends, and contrived, with the assistance of one or two additional obstructionists, to waste half of the sitting. I regret to say the Leader of the Opposition connived or rather assisted in the obstruction; it was an affecting sight to see him and the Ex-Secretary for Ireland—to quote A. Ward,—"affeshuntilly bilin' sope together, aboozing and embarrassing the Government." To prevent the House being again bored in such a manner, let me advise the Premier to give his late colleague a Government sinecure as a bribe and preventative of "Points of Order." The actual Debate of the sitting was necessarily very short, Mr. Masters (Midlothian) moving the second Reading of the Civil List Bill, in a rather poor and hurried speech than is his wont; the reason of this, I suspect, was that the Hon. Member was engaged for a game "50 up" in an adjoining room. Financial Reform and Billiards! What a contrast! Mr. Ring (S. Kensington), opened the ball of criticism of the Bill, and the adjournment was then agreed to on the proposition of Mr. J. W. Norton (Banbury). Will all M.P.s read the Notes on Parliament by the Editor, in Number 66 of Journal, and act up to them. By so doing they and the Society will profit thereby; let Members also cease quibbling.

Order of the day, Tuesday next:—Debate on the Second Reading of Repeal of Coercion Act—to be opened by Mr. Ivo (Premier).

JNO. H. MAYNARD, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

A most enjoyable Smoking Concert was held last Friday in connection with this Club.

NOTICE.—A General Meeting will be held on Thursday next, in Room 12, at 8.30. All intending Members are requested to attend.—Important business.

T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

This Society met last Wednesday in the Technical Schools. Mr. Laurie read a paper, on "Dust": describing the microscopic organisms known as bacteria which float in the air, and the methods employed in studying their nature. The paper was illustrated by Lantern Slides. This Society meets again on the second Wednesday in March, when Mr. Eartick will probably lecture on the manufacture of sugar. Members of the Palace and of the Classes will be admitted to this lecture.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director—Staff-Sergeant H. H. BURDETT.

A meeting of the Leaders will be held on Monday next, the 25th inst., at 8.30 p.m.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

The Club held their usual meeting on Friday, February 15th. One of our Vice-Presidents, Mr. C. W. Hastings, occupied the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting having been carried, our Secretary read the Report of the last Representative Meeting; great indignation having been felt on account of the omission of particulars relating to the Club in the Calendar. The Question box was handed round, and several important questions were discussed. Mr. Butler was duly elected a Member. Our Chairman then read a Paper, giving advice to Photographic Societies, which was greatly appreciated by all Members; a discussion followed, whereupon the following gentlemen took part: Messrs. Albu, Barrett, Butler, Downing, Hillery, and Hawkins. A hearty

vote of thanks to Mr. C. W. Hastings was accorded.—The next meeting of the Club takes place in Room XII, Old School-buildings, on Friday evening, March 1st, at 8 o'clock. Mr. Hawkins will read a Paper on the Wet Plate Process.—All Members of the Club or Class who wish to exhibit in the Exhibition to be held at the Crystal Palace, must communicate with the Secretary.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—ORTON BRADLEY, Esq., M.A.

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

We intend giving a Concert on behalf of the West Ham Hospital on Saturday, the 16th of March next. All Members who can be present at that Concert must please let the Secretary have their names as soon as possible.—Rehearsals as usual, Friday at 8 p.m. in the Lecture Hall; Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. for the Ladies' Choir, and 8.45 p.m. for the Male Voice Choir, in No. 2 Room of the 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.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, Esq., M.A.

In the Lecture Hall on Friday last, Mr. Stanley Cooper gave us a Dissolving View Entertainment and Lecture, entitled "A Visit to Shakespeare's County."—The first Social Dance will be held on Friday evening next, the 22nd inst., in the Ladies' Social-room, commencing at 8.30 o'clock; a capital programme has been provided. M.C.'s, Messrs. Marshall and Rosenoway. Tickets (free) can be obtained on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings, by applying to the Hon. Secs. in the Club Representatives' Rooms between 8 and 9 o'clock.—On Friday week we study "Hamlet," under the guidance of Mr. Spender. All Palace Members invited.—New Members enrolled every Friday evening. Subscription, 1s. per annum. For all information apply to

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

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription:—Members of the Palace, 1s. per annum; Non-Members of the Palace, 3s. per annum.—Members meet for practice in the East Ante-room on Tuesdays and Saturdays from 7 p.m.; entrance through the Library.—On Tuesday last a match in the Junior Metropolitan Cup Competition was played against the St. Martin's-le-Grand Club. The result was that we sustained our first loss in this Competition. The full score is as follows:—

Wins.	East London.	St. Martin's.	Wins.
1	Smith, E. J.	..	Clark
1	Cudmore	..	Simkins
0	Bacon	..	Parsons
0	Graves	..	McFarlane
0	Haslam	..	Keep
0	Gooding	..	Rogers
1	Hopwood	..	McCarthy
0	Evans	..	Benny
3			5

A match will be played at the Palace on Saturday, the 23rd inst., against the North London Club. Visitors are invited.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

The Concert on Thursday commenced with a pianoforte solo by Miss Larter, who afterwards contributed another solo, both of which were well rendered. Miss Litoun, who was suffering with a cold, gave "The Lost Chord," and "Two Spoons"; Miss Musto sang "The Continong," and "Tit for Tat"; Miss Baskerville sang, "Then You'll Remember Me"; Miss Marks, who is always welcome, gave two Recitations—a Comic Sketch, and "The Handsome Man."—On Thursday next, February 21st, Lady Brooke (the Ranée of Sarawak), the Countess Valdo Gleichen, and other friends, have kindly consented to take part in the Concert. It is hoped that all Members will endeavour to be present, as a programme of unusual attraction will be provided.—There has been a misunderstanding in respect to singing comic songs at these concerts. Comic songs will be most acceptable if gentlemen would only use their discretion in the choice of songs, as, on more than one occasion, the comic (?) songs chosen and sang have scarcely been of the character that should have been sung before ladies. But if any gentlemen will be so good as to bring a really good comic song to sing at any of these concerts, they will form an interesting feature in the evening's programme.

M. MELLISH.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

On Thursday last, St. Valentine's Day, the Members of the above Club held their first Annual Ball at the Beaumont Hall, Mile End, E. About seventy Members were present, and the dancing was kept up with much vigour for a considerable time, the football section proving themselves to be quite as agile in the ball-room as in the field. One of the features of the evening was the Beaumont F.C. Quadrille, which was deservedly encored. The Valentine Dance (substituted for the Leap Year Dance) proved to be extremely pleasing, as it afforded the ladies an opportunity of choosing their own "valentines." Mr. W. H. Milton's well-known band was all that could be desired. Mr. Henry Rosenoway and Charles Butterwick ably assisted as M.C.'s, and Messrs. J. Munro, W. A. Cattle, D. Jesseman, and H. Shaw, worked as Stewards.—B.F.C. v. CEDARS.—This match was played in anything but pleasant weather last Saturday, and ended in a victory for the Cedars by three goals to one. It was a most amusing game, the ground being covered with miniature lakes.—Team:—Moreton (goal); Cattle, Munro (backs); Edmunds, Stapleton, Butterwick, and two subs. (forwards).—Match next Saturday, v. Noel Park, at Wood Green. Team from following:—Dowding, Shaw, Hart, Wenn, Cowlin, Munro, Jesseman, Horseman, Winch, Sherrell, Butterwick, and Cattle.

T. MORETON, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

A party of sixteen Ramblers visited the Tower of London on Saturday last, and were conducted round by a special Warden. We were shown the Traitors' Gate, by which state prisoners entered the Tower; the Bloody Tower, the traditional scene of the murder of the Royal children, the two sons of Edward IV., 1483; the Wakefield Tower, where the Yorkists were imprisoned after Margaret's victory at Wakefield, 1460; the Jewel Tower, the Regalia, Crown Jewels, Maces, Sceptres, etc., etc. We also inspected the Dungeons in which the prisoners were confined, and the well that supplied them with water; the Tower from which the Crown Jewels were stolen by Colonel Blood, and St. Peter's Chapel. We afterwards ascended a circular staircase to the Beauchamp Tower, and examined the inscriptions and devices on the walls, made by the prisoners formerly incarcerated there. The White Tower, a magnificent specimen of Norman architecture, designed by Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, on the first floor of which is St. John's Chapel in a splendid state of preservation was also inspected. A visit to the Armoury closed our ramble.

On Monday, February 25th, a Committee Meeting will be held in No. 8 Room, Old School-buildings, at 8.30 p.m. precisely; and also on the same evening Membership Tickets will be issued. Ladies are particularly reminded that there are still a few vacancies, and any information required will be most gladly given by either of the undersigned.—On Saturday next, February 23rd, we visit the South Kensington Museum. Members are requested to meet at Mansion House Station at 2.30 p.m.—The Hon. Secretaries will be at the Palace on Monday next, February 25th, from 8.30 p.m. till 9.30 p.m. to issue the admission tickets to those Members wishing to take part in the visit to the Wholesale Co-operative Society's Premises on Saturday, March 2nd.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

The attendance has not been very good lately owing, perhaps, to the unpropitious state of the elements; but we hope, now that the weather appears more settled, that Members will turn up as often as possible.—There are still several Members who have not yet paid their January subscriptions, and we trust they will do so as early as possible.—We wish to take this opportunity of expressing our sincere regret at the approaching departure of our Sub-Editor, Mr. Knight. In our official capacity we have been brought into close connection with him, and no one could have done more than he has in imparting any information, or rendering any service in his power that would benefit us, and, through us, benefit the Club at large. In leaving us Mr. Knight takes with him our hearty wishes for his future prosperity in life.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

Important Notice.—We, the undersigned, being a majority of the Committee, call an Extraordinary General Meeting of the above Club, on Friday, 22nd inst., at 8 p.m. sharp.

(Signed) ARTHUR LYTTON,
M. LARTER,
J. W. HARGRAVE, } Committee.
GEO. HAVARD,
J. RISLEY, }

People's Palace Junior Section.

BEAUMONT CRICKET CLUB.

A Committee meeting was held on Wednesday last, when the Rules of the Club were revised.

E. P. SHAPLAND, Hon. Sec.

FOOTBALL CLUB.

Saturday last was evidently not a suitable day for footballers, as only five of our team put in an appearance. It was the same with our opponents, only three turning up. Next Saturday will bring us to the last match of the season. All Members are, therefore, requested to be present.

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

THE GAME OF GOLF.—(Continued.)

Reader, did you ever have fourteen days of hard mental work and no golf? This is hard enough, but more especially if you have been accustomed to a few holes per diem; then the hard lines are all the harder. On the other hand, the period of abstinence is worth doing again, in order to have the felicity of the after-dinner pipe and that night's sleep. You look back with horror on that night or two when you would not go to sleep, when the brain would persist in squaring that sum in your ledger, or perhaps finishing that picture, or the article for the next month's *Nineteenth Century*. You got up, you remember, and smoked, and read a novel; which was certainly as good a thing as you could do. This way you managed to put in from 3 to 5 a.m. (the worst time), and then, of course, when you had to get up and hurry for the train you used violent language to the servant when the knock came to the door. On another occasion you were recommended by your doctor hot water—which, by the way, to use sporting parlance, is a very good tip; and even chloral or bromide, or, by yourself, a whiskey and potass—which, by the way, are very bad tips. But, by comparison, you lie down after two rounds—not having had any golf, I repeat, for a fortnight. Your work has been well done; your case, or whatever it may be, over; and you compare your present state with the past. You hug the luxury of even thinking of going to sleep. You are too mentally contented to carry out any train of thought; and as for the morrow, it can go to Jericho!

But to business. As promised, I propose to partly discuss this week the gentleman who by nature is mercifully endowed with a temperament which is satisfied to allow him to play golf and do nothing more—except feel happy. As I before hinted, the blessing of being in such a position is to most men a handicap, not an advantage. The much-respected but sadly-neglected Dr. Watts,—who wrote the hymns, you know, said something about Mephistopheles finding something for idle hands to do; and if he only direct him to the golf links it would be all right. This, however, would never do, as it would put him into such a state of physical fitness that his moral development would increase in an immense ratio.

But to the man. You don't get him typically on the West Coast. I only know one, and even he takes only half a day, and does it more for the pleasure of the work than anything else. The two days in the year on which he is not there are Glasgow Cattle Show and the Derby. You find the typical man at St. Andrew's. Here, of course, golf is the tone and sinew of the place; it is the head-quarters of golfers, as Newmarket to the racing man, or Melton Mowbray to the fox hunter. The club-house is the beau ideal of what such a house should be. It is large and comfortable in every detail. There are two billiard-rooms, dressing-rooms, card-rooms, and lots of accommodation for boxes. The general-room is a spacious apartment with a grand window, having an extensive view of the Links from the same. All that a man may have to eat or drink is of the best, and to a West-Coast man astonishingly moderate in price. It is a capital head-quarters for friends who may be "gluttons o' gow," as I once heard a St. Andrew's professional put it. Here he finds lots of idle men all the year round, with nothing to do but play golf. A half-crown is the usual sum that goes on; neither more nor less. It adds a zest to the game, makes the man imagine he is working for something, and also that he is earning it by the sweat of his brow. It also pays the gin and ginger. Our friend is generally a man who begins the game about middle life. It would never work were he a good player at the start. He must have something to struggle for. He must have the pons Asinorum to cross. Your first-class player could never settle down, and be so contented. He is generally in business or abroad, and longs for the day when he will settle down, like old Bunkerjohn, and play golf all day. This pleases him, the anticipation; and even in golf, like lore, or even wine, the anticipation is greater than the reality, and perhaps gives greater satisfaction. No, our friend who lives on golf must have the daily effort of attempting to reach the goal of perfection. He must arise each morning—like the inveterate gambler at Monte Carlo, who has the monomania of gambling on the brain—and vow once more to begin the difficult and never-ending struggle of solving the problem. This he knows can only be solved by daily practice, and on he goes, from day to day, pursuing his pleasant task, breathing a pure air, strengthening his whole physical system, and trying his temper, perhaps training it. If so, good. The exercise ground is the very best. Those who succumb to the newcomer. But 'tis well for the veteran to

Walk sober off before a sprightlier age
Comes tilting on, and shoves you from the stage.

THE STROLLER.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN

On WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20th, at Eight o'clock.

VOCALISTS:

Mlle. MARIE DE LIDO, MME. OSBORNE WILLIAMS,
MR. J. SPENSER, MR. GABRIEL THORP.
ORGANIST—MR. ALFRED HOLLINS, Organist to the People's Palace.
MUSICAL DIRECTOR—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

1. ORGAN SOLO—Grand Offertoire
MR. ALFRED HOLLINS. *Batiste.*

2. SONG
MME. OSBORNE WILLIAMS. *Cowen.*
There are tears of little children,
Who weep, and know not why;
There are tears let fall by the old folk,
Dreaming of days gone by.
There are tears in the eyes of lovers,
Who, dumb and despairing part,
But those are the best and truest,
That come from the very heart.
There are tears of joy and gladness,
When two, parted, meet again;
There are tears that are shed in secret,
Wrung from the soul in pain.
There are tears of pity, priceless
As gems in the crown of a king;
For the eyes are the flowing fountains,
The heart is the hidden spring.
Father, when Thy bright angels
Look down from on high, and see
The frailty of these, Thy children,
Who look not up to Thee.
When the angel that recordeth
Shall write in the book of years,
Remember, O Lord, our sorrows,
And count unto us our tears.

3. SONG
MR. GABRIEL THORP. *Theo. Marzials.*

The air was dreamy with flow'rs, the room was lovely with light,
The soft waltz tunes were floating afar in the warm June night;
And she danc'd with one and the other, she was far too lovely to care,
And she never look'd as she pass'd him by, alone in the window there.
Ah! never to know it never, never to know, ah! never breaking,
Never to know the window one moment, she gaz'd afar in the night,
She came to the heart that's aching all for our sake and almost breaking,
So he never mov'd from the shadow, so he found no word to speak,
And he never saw, as she turn'd away, the tear on her young bright cheek.
Ah! never to know, etc., etc.
The long, long years are over, the great seas roll between,
They have utterly past asunder from all that might have been;
Did he hear that was another's, did they say that he was dead,
Oh! what did it matter, for saddest of all was one little word unsaid!
Ah! never to know, etc., etc.

4. ORGAN SOLO—Dance from "Sylvia"
MR. ALFRED HOLLINS. *Delibes.*

5. RECIT. E CAVATINA "La notte è scesa e sola io son"
Mlle. MARIE DE LIDO. *G. Bizet.*
La notte è scesa e sola io son
Sola in fra quest' ombra ov' il silenzio regna
Io vacillo! ahime e fugge il conno a voi!
Ma egli là il cor illuderei non suole!
Siccome un di caduto il sole
Nell' ombra ove a tutte dispar,
Ei sea la mia notte vegliando
In pace alfin poss'io sognar,
Ei veglia presso a me
Ticcome undi, ercomme undi
E lui lo potei ravvisar!
E lui rencorata son io!
S' appago l' immenso desio
Ei sol per ove sapea tornar
Oh! gioir!
Sapea tornar egli è la presso a me.
Ah! Siccome un di caduto il sole,
Nell' ombra ove a tutte dispar,
Ei sta la mia notte vegliando,
In pace alfin poss'io sognar
Ei veglia presso a me siccome un di.
Posar poss'io alfin poss'io sognar
Ei veglia presso a me.
Ah! si siccome un di è dato a me sognar.

6. SONG
MR. J. SPENSER. *Shield.*

I have heard the mavis singing his love song to the morn,
I have watched the dew-drop clinging to the rose just newly born;
But a sweeter song has cheered me at the evening's gentle close,
And I've seen an eye still brighter than the dew-drop on the rose.
'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary, and thine artless winning smile,
That has made this world an Eden, bonny Mary of Argyll.
Though thy voice may lose its sweetness, and thine eye its brightness too;
Though thy step may lack its fleetness, and thy hair its sunny hue;
Still to me wilt thou be dearer, than all the world can own.
I have loved thee for thy beauty, but not for that alone.
I have watched thy heart, dear Mary, and its goodness was the wile
That has made thee mine for ever: bonny Mary of Argyll.

7. ORGAN SOLO—"Improvisation"
MR. ALFRED HOLLINS. *Smart.*

8. SONG
MME. OSBORNE WILLIAMS.
Oh! the lady of the Lea, fair and young and gay was she,
Beautiful exceedingly, the lady of the Lea.
Many a wooer sought her hand, for she had gold and she had land,
Everything at her command, the lady of the Lea.
Oh! the lady of the Lea, fair and young and gay was she,
Fanciful exceedingly, the lady of the Lea.
When she held, in bow'r or hall, banquet high or festival,
On every side her glance would fall, sparkling merrily.
But when asked if she would wed, she would toss her dainty head,
Saying, laughingly, instead, "sirs, we would be free,
Time enough, I trow," quoth she, "when we're tired of liberty;
For the present we would be, the lady of the Lea."
To her bow'r at length there came a youthful knight of noble name,
Hand and heart in hope and claim, and in love fell she.

Still she puts his suit aside, so he left her in her pride,
And, broken hearted, droop'd and died, the lady of the Lea!
Oh! the lady of the Lea, fair and young as fair could be,
Cold within the tomb lies she, sleeping peacefully!

9. SONG
"The Minstrel Boy" *Moore.*

Mr. GABRIEL THORP.
The Minstrel Boy to the war has gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song," said the warrior bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"
The Minstrel fell! but the foe's man's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd he ne'er spoke again
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery,
Thy songs were made for the pure and free—
They shall never sound in slavery."

10. SONG
"The Parting Hour" *Ernest Birch.*

Mlle. DE LIDO.
To-night the dew will kiss the rose,
The song-bird shelter on the tree,
The silent stream that lonely flows,
Will find its refuge in the sea!
There's not a bird, a leaf, a flower,
Alone to-night will sink to sleep,
Only for us the parting hour;
Your eyes and mine alone will weep!
Was ever weary hour like this
Heart—oh my heart!
And must we part—
How can we part like this?
To-night the rose will fold the dew,
Distilled upon her scented breast,
The lost ones sleeping 'neath the yew,
They are at peace—they are at rest!
There's not one soul in pain, or heart
To-night that may not dream—and yet
We two alone must part—must part—
We two must wander and forget;
Without a whisper or a kiss.
My heart! My heart!
How can we part.
How can we part like this?

11. ORGAN SOLO—March in B flat
MR. ALFRED HOLLINS. *Silas.*

12. SONG
MR. J. SPENSER. *Blumenthal.*

Loud roared the tempest, fast fell the sleet,
A little child angel passed down the street,
With trailing pinions and weary feet;
The moon was hidden, no stars were bright,
So she could not shelter in heaven that night,
For the angels' ladders are rays of light.
She beat her wings at each window pane,
And pleaded for shelter, but all in vain;
"Listen," they said, "to the pelting rain."
She sobbed as the laughter and mirth grew higher,
"Give me rest and shelter beside your fire,
And I will give you your hearts' desire."
The dreamer sat watching his embers' gleam,
While his heart was floating down Hope's bright stream;
So he wove her wailing into his dream.
The worker toiled on, for his time was brief;
The mourner sat nursing her own pale grief;
They heard not the promise that brought relief.
But fiercer the tempest rose than before,
When the angel paused at a humble door,
And asked for shelter and rest once more.
A weary woman, pale, worn, and thin,
With the brand upon her of want and sin,
Heard the child angel, and took her in.
Took her in gently, and did her best,
To dry her pinions, and made her rest
Upon her breast.
When the eastern morning grew bright and red,
At the first sunbeam the angel fled,
Having kissed the woman, and left her—dead.

13. SONG
"A Dream of Love" *Gilbert Byass.*

Mlle. MARIE DE LIDO.
Oft and oft in days long vanished,
By the river we would roam,
And our hearts were fill'd with rapture,
Dreaming of the hours to come!
Like the sound of sweetest music,
Seem'd your every word to me;
Ah, who could guess the future
Dream that bliss was not to be?
Oh, my darling, years may vanish,
Time pass far too slowly o'er;
Yet the past it cannot banish,
Love, I'll love thee,
I'll love thee evermore.
Then arose a cloud between us,
How and why, I do not know,
Only this, that I was faithful,
And I thought that you were so.
Day by day the cloud grew darker,
Love that had been, liv'd no more?
Links once sweet, were snap'd for ever,
Darling, love was past and o'er.
O, my darling, years may vanish,
Time pass far too slowly o'er;
Yet the past it cannot banish,
Love, I'll love thee,
I'll love thee for evermore.

14. SONG
"A Warrior Bold" *Stephen Adams.*

In days of old, when knights were bold, and barons held their sway,
A warrior bold, with spurs of gold, sang merrily his lay.
"My love is young and fair, my love has golden hair,
And eyes so blue, and love so true, none can with her compare;
So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die!"
So this brave knight in armour bright, went gallantly to fray,
He fought the fight, but ere the night, his soul has pass'd away.
Yet ere he died, he bravely cried, "I've kept the bow I swore!
So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love—for love I die."

"To Call Her Mine."

BY
WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued).

"THE odd thing was"—here David looked inexpressible things—"that all the men had done something, except me. That was curious now. You wouldn't expect in this country if you met a gang of tramps that they'd all done something, would you? All but me. They were anxious to know what I'd done. I told them what I ought to have done, and they agreed with me. Some of them were for my going home at once and doing it. Well, it might have been a year, and it might have been a dozen years, before those of us who were left found ourselves at San Francisco, where we parted company. I couldn't settle down very well—I don't know why. If a man begins wandering he keeps on wandering, I suppose. How can a man settle down who's got no land of his own to settle on? So I—I moved on, after a bit. It was a pity to part when one had made friends, but there—it couldn't be helped."

He stopped at this point, to collect himself, I suppose. Or perhaps to consider what portions of his autobiography would be best repressed. We looked at each other in amazement. By his own statement—it was not a confession: there was no sense of shame about the man—by his own unblushing statement he had, only a few weeks after leaving England, where he had once been a substantial yeoman, the companion and equal of respected, honourable men, willingly consorted with a gang of roughs, who had all "done something," and gone with them tramping along the roads of the States! How can a man fall so quickly?

"Well," David resumed, "I was bound to move on some-where. Presently, I heard of a ship that was going to the Pacific, and I went aboard as carpenter, and we sailed about. It wasn't a lucky ship, and she was wrecked one night in a storm, and all hands lost—except me. At least, I suppose so, because I never saw nor heard of any of them afterwards. I was thrown ashore on an island called, as I learned afterwards, New Ireland, and the people were going to spear me and eat me, when a German saved my life. Baron Sergius something, his name was. He could talk their language, and they worshipped him. I stayed there—perhaps a year—there's no way of telling how the time goes. Then a ship came, and took me off. The baron was left behind, and I dare say he's eaten by this time. This ship was unlucky too: the captain set fire to her one night, and we had to take to the boats, where they were all starved to death, except the mate and me—"

"Good Lord!" cried George, "here are adventures enough for a volume; and he reels them off as if they were quite common occurrences!"

"They picked us up, and brought us to Sydney; we had bad weather on the way, and were like to have foundered—"

"Do you always bring disaster to every vessel that you go aboard of?" I asked.

"But we got in safe and—and—well, that's all; I came home."

"And what are you going to do, now you are come home, David?"

"I will tell you, George, in a day or two. The old man says he will do nothing for me—we'll see to that presently. He's turned the old farmhouse at Berry into two cottages, and the buildings are falling to pieces. Says I can take up my quarters in one of the cottages, if I like: that's liberal, isn't it? And I am to earn my living how I can: that's generous, isn't it?"

"Try conciliation, David."

"No, Will, I think I know a better plan than conciliation." This was all that David told us. We saw, indeed, very little of him after this day. He took what we gave him without a word of thanks, and he did not pretend the least interest in either of us, or our doings, or our welfare. Yet he had known both of us all his life, and he was but five or six years older. A strange return! Knowing now all that I know, I am certain that he was dazed and confounded, first at finding his uncle alive, and next at the reception he met with. He was thinking of these things and of that new plan of his, yet imperfect, by which he could wreak revenge upon his uncle. This made him appear duller and more stupid than was his nature.

We sat waiting for more experiences, but none came. How, for instance, one would have been pleased to enquire, came an honest Devonshire man to consort with a gang of fellows who had all "done something," and were roving and tramping

about the country ready to do something else? Before David lost his land he used to drink, but not with rogues and tramps. Yet now he confessed without any shame to having been their companion—a tramp and a vagabond himself, and the associate of rogues. By what process does a man descend so low in the short space of two or three weeks as to join such a company? I looked curiously at his face, it was weather-beaten and bronzed, but there was no further revelation in the lowering and moody look.

"I dare say," he went on, "that you were surprised when I came to look for his grave?"

"It is not usual," I said, "to ask for the graves of living men."

"I was so certain that he was dead," he explained, "that I never thought to ask. Quite certain I was; why,"—here he stopped abruptly,—"I was so certain that I was going to ask what it was he died of. Yes; I wanted to know how he was killed."

"You said someone told you that he was dead. Who was that?"

"I will tell you now, not that you will believe me; but it is true. He told me himself that he was dead."

"I do not say, David, that this is impossible, because men may do anything. Permit me to remark, however, that you were in America, and your uncle was in England. That must have made it difficult for your uncle to talk with you."

"That is so," he replied. "What I mean is, that every night—it began after I'd been in New York and got through all my money—every night, after I went to sleep, his cursed ghost used to come and sit on my bed. 'David,' he said, 'I'm dead.' A lot more he said that you don't want to hear. 'David, come home quick,' he said. 'David, I'll never leave you in peace until you do come home,' he said. Every night, mind you. Not once now and again, but every night. That's the reason why I came home. The ghost has left off coming, now."

"This is truly wonderful."

"What did he do it for?" asked David angrily. "He'd got my land. Well, as for—as for—what happened, my score wasn't paid off by that—"

"What did happen?"

"Never mind. He'd got my land still; and I was a tramp. What did he want to get by it?"

"You don't mean, David, that your uncle deliberately haunted you every night? No one ever heard of a living man's ghost haunting another living man. A dead man's ghost may haunt a living man, perhaps, though I am not prepared to back that statement with any experiences of my own. Perhaps, too, a living man's ghost may haunt a dead man; that would be only fair. Turn and turn about, you see. But for a live uncle to haunt a live nephew—no, David, no."

"He is crafty enough for anything. I don't care who done it," said David, "it was done. Every night it was done. And that's why I came home again. And since he's fetched me home on a fool's errand, he's got to keep me."

"But it wasn't his fault that the ghost came. Man alive! he wanted his own ghost for himself. Consider, he couldn't go on without it!"

"He brought me home, and he's got to keep me," said David, doggedly. Then he put on his hat and slowly slouched away.

"He is going to drink at the inn," said George. "I am glad he had the grace not to get drunk here. Will, there is something uncanny about the man. Why should he have this horrible, haunting dream every night?"

"Remorse for a crime which he wished he had committed, perhaps. An odd combination, but possible. If he had murdered his uncle he might have been haunted in this way. Wishes he had murdered him, you see. Imagination supplies the rest."

"My opinion, Will, is that, in the band of pals tramping across the North American Continent, the exception spoken of by David, did not exist. They had all, every one, without exception, 'done something.' And now, lad, we'll walk over to Gratnor, and have tea with Mary."

CHAPTER X.—GRIMSPOND.

ON the next day, Monday, a very singular and inexplicable thing happened—nay, two singular things—the full meaning of which I did not comprehend until accident—old-fashioned people would call it Providence—put the solution into my hands.

There is one place near Challacombe which those love most who know it best. Especially is it desirable when the air is still, and the sun burns in the valley, and in the narrow lanes around the slopes and outer fringe of the great moor.

For my own part, it is like a holy place of pilgrimage, whither one goes time after time, and never tires of it, for refreshment of the soul and the eye. I left Sidcote at eight, before the morning freshness was quite gone from the air, though the sun at the end of July has then already been up for four hours, and followed the road which leads through Heytree Gate past Heytree Farm on the left, and the coppice on the right, where there was a solitary chaff-singer all by himself on the top of a tree. The road leads to Widdicombe-on-the-Moor—the last place on these islands where the Devil appeared visibly, having much wrath, before he sent the lightning upon the church and killed many of the congregation. After Heytree, the road runs for the best part of a mile over the open down where Mr. Leighan met his accident, until one comes to Hewedstone Gate, where there is another farmhouse, and where he who would stand upon the place of which I speak, must turn to the right and follow the stream, which soon grows narrower until it becomes a trickling rill falling down a steep hillside, and the rill becomes a thread of water, and the hill grows steeper, and the thread disappears and becomes a green line leading to still greener quags, higher and higher up the hills. It is an immense great hog's back of a hill, three miles long from end to end, the ridge at the top is not steep and narrow, but half a mile broad at least, covered with heath and heather and whortleberry bushes. There is no path across Hamil Down, but this flat plain is the most glorious place in the world—even better than the long ridge of Malvern—to walk along on a warm summer day. The turf, before you reach the top, is dry and spongy to the tread; it is covered with the little yellow flowers of the tormentilla; here and there is gorse with its splendid yellow, and among the gorse you may find the pretty pink blossoms of the dodder, if you look for it. If you climb higher the wind begins to whistle in your ears, which is the first sign of being upon a mountain side. You may sit on Primrose Hill all the year round, and the wind will never convert your ear into an Eolian harp; but climb the side of Helvellyn or walk over the Sty Head Pass, and before you have gone very far the old familiar ringing whistle begins, though the air below seemed still and the breeze had dropped. When you have reached the top, turn to the right and walk to King's Tor, the northern point of Hamil Down, and then sit down. There was a barrow here once, and at some unknown time it was opened, and now lies exposed and desecrated. Within is the round grave, cased with stones brought up the hill from below and ranged in a cuplike shape, in which they laid the body of the great illustrious and never-to-be-forgotten King. I will show you presently the place where he died, from which they brought him in long procession—the men and women alike long-haired, fair-skinned, and ruddy-cheeked—all mourning and lamenting. I know not the tunes of the hymns they sang, but I fear there was sacrifice at the grave-side, and that the soul of that king was accompanied by many indignant souls of those who were slain to bear him company. It was a long time ago, however, and the thing itself wants confirmation; wherefore, let us shed no tears. They have laid open the grave, and taken away the torquils, bracelets, and crown of the king. Then, if there were any bones of him, they left them uncovered, so that the rains fell upon them, and the frosts tore them apart, and now there is but a little dust, which you cannot distinguish from the earth which lies around the grave. It is a high place, however, and beside it are boulders, where one can sit and look around. On the north-east is Ease Down, with its long slopes and the granite pile upon its highest point; and below Ease Down, Manaton Tor; above the church, and below Manaton, a spur runs out between the valleys, and there are Latchell Tor, Nymphenhole, and the Ridge. Below Nymphenhole stands Gratnor, where Mary is at this moment. I know it well, and I can fancy that I see her making a fruit pie for dinner and a cake for tea. I am sure that she has a white apron on—one of the long things up to the throat—her sleeves are rolled up, and she stands before the board with the rolling-pin and the pastry, taking great pains with the cake, because we are going to Gratnor to have tea with her, and after tea we shall walk along the ridge and talk. Poor Mary! must she give up Challacombe and Sidcote, and go far afield with George in search of kinder fortune?

Beyond Manaton Tor you look down upon the rocky sides of Lustleigh Cleeve: turning your head to the east and south-east there rises before you a glorious pile of hills, one beyond the other. I say not that they are mountains, but I want no fairer hills. There is Hayne Down, with its boulders thrown down the front as if they were pebbles shaken from a young giant maiden's apron—this is, I believe, the scientific and geological explanation of their origin; there is Hound Tor, with its granite castle; behind it Hey Tor, with its two great black pyramids; on the right of Hey Tor there are Rippin Tor and Honeybag. Six miles away, hidden among the hills and

woods, is Widdicombe Church, the cathedral of the moor. Turn to the west, and eight miles away you can see Kes Tor, where still stand the foundations of the houses built by those who placed the boulders in a circle, and filled them in with turf, and then, with branches and a larch pole and more turf, made the place weather-tight and snug. With no chimney, and a cheerful fire of crackling sticks and plenty of smoke they made themselves truly comfortable on winter nights, though somewhat red and inflamed about the eyes in the morning. South of Kes Tor there stretches the open moor, bounded by more tors in every direction. We are among the everlasting hills. A thousand years in their sight is but as yesterday. As these tors stand now, the grass climbing slowly over the rocks, so they stood a thousand years ago—the grass a few inches lower down, the rocks the same, the slopes the same. Overhead a hawk poised, just as one sees now; the rabbits ran about the heather, just as they do now; and as now, the shifting shadows coursed across the slopes, and the curves of the hillsides changed continually as the sun like a giant rejoiced to run his course. We come and go, and are no more seen; but the hills remain. I suppose that after millions of years they too will disappear, with the light of the sun, and the sweet air, and the green herbs, and flowers, and all the creatures; and then there will be darkness and death for all creation. But the Hand which started the myriads of worlds and set them steadfast in their orbits can re-create them and make a newer and a better world, of which this is but a shadow.

There was not a soul upon Hamil Down except myself. There never is, except sometimes about this season when the whortleberries are ripe, or when a shepherd comes in search of his Dartmoor flocks, or a wayfarer crosses from Challacombe over the hill, instead of coming round the road; or when one comes this way who knows the moor, and is not afraid of being belated, and ventures to make a short cut from Post Bridge—built of three flat slabs of stone by the nameless king who was buried on this tor—by way of Vitifer to Challacombe or Moreton Hampstead.

I had the whole of the great flat ridge to myself, as I left King's Tor and walked briskly southwards, avoiding the green quagmires which lie here and there, a pitfall to the many. Half-way along this upland plain there stands an upright stone. It is not a cross; nor is it, so far as one can judge, a tombstone. It is simply an upright stone of grey granite, six feet high. Beside it lies a small flat stone; it is called the Grey Wether. Who put it up, and why it was put up, not the oldest inhabitant can tell. Indeed, the oldest inhabitant, who was the last survivor in Grimspond, died there about two thousand years ago, and there has been no oldest inhabitant since then.

I stood beside the Grey Wether Stone, making these and other admirable reflections. I am not quite certain whether I really did make them; but when one is a writer of leading articles, it is easy to fall into a literary way of thinking, and to shape one's thoughts into an effective line. However, I was shaken out of my meditations by a very singular accident. I had stood on the same spot dozens of times before this: any day the same accident might have happened. Yet it did not. The accident waited, as accidents always do, until it might produce a coincidence. No one can explain coincidences; yet they happen continually—to every one of us who is on watch—one or two every day.

What happened was this. Between the upright stone and the flat stone, the edges of the latter being irregular, there is, at a certain place, an aperture or recess.

I carried with me a stick on which I was leaning. Now, by this kind of chance which we call accident, in changing my position I stuck the point of the stick into the aperture—a thing of which one would have been hardly conscious but for an unmistakable clicking which followed, as of coins. Is there anything in the world which more excites and stimulates the blood than the discovery of hidden treasure? In ancient countries there are men who go about for ever haunted with the idea of finding hidden treasure—in Italy, in Syria, in Greece, in Asia Minor—wherever ancient civilizations have passed away, leaving drachmas, or shekels, in buried pots, waiting for the lucky finder. One shudders to think of the eagerness with which I fell upon this imaginary horde. No doubt, I hastened to conjecture, it was an ancient treasure which I was about to discover: a pile of Roman coins with the head of some almost forgotten Emperor upon them; a heap of early Saxon coins—angels, marks, doubloons, rose nobles at the very least. The opening, I found, was too small for a man's hand—perhaps a small six-and-a-quarter might have got in. If Mary were here—but Mary's hand is six-and-a-half, as becomes the hand of the capable housewife.

(To be continued.)

Her Mother's Secret.

BY
HARTLEY KNIGHT.

SHE was the dearest and most affectionate little creature on earth, Harry thought, and as good and true as she was certainly pretty. As she poured out the coffee and buttered his morning roll, the young husband—as he glanced at her slight form looking so wonderfully neat in her morning dress—softly thanked the gods for giving him for a wife such an incomparable creature.

They had been married exactly six months, and had not yet had their first quarrel. Indeed, Harry caught himself wondering whether there possibly could be such a thing as a domestic disagreement. His life, he felt sure, was destined to be one long round of peaceful happiness; unbroken by discord of any kind; and free from those trammels which are supposed to encircle the marriage state. And truly so it promised to be; but then the blossom wanes and dies before the wintry blast!

Presently, laying aside the morning paper, Harry drew forth his watch.

"Bella," said he.

"Yes, dear," answered that lady, looking up with a frank smile.

"Have you not forgotten something this morning?"

The sunny face deepened reflectively, and the laughing eyes grew suddenly grave, as Bella tried to remember what that something was.

"Forgotten something?" she repeated slowly. "I cannot remember what it is, dear!" And she looked so prettily perplexed that the young husband burst out laughing.

"The letter-box," prompted he.

"Oh!"

Bella, hastily, rose from the table. "How stupid of me," she exclaimed demurely, taking from her pocket, with a show of matronly importance, a little bunch of keys, "I am sure I deserve a scolding for such terrible negligence!"

"You do, indeed," said Harry, half-rising in his chair to inflict the chastisement. But Bella was too quick for him; so he settled down again to coffee and comfort.

But only for a brief space, for his wife re-entered almost immediately, bringing with her a small bundle of letters.

"What a pile, I declare!" she said, as she cut the string that bound them. "And all for you, dear; not one for me, I declare. Stay! Here is one!" She glanced at the post-mark. "From Kitty Wallis, I declare!"

Harry took the letters and leisurely proceeded to master their contents, and for a time silence reigned supreme in the cosy little breakfast-room. Presently, however, when Bella was half-way through her letter, an exclamation from her husband arrested her attention.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, without looking up.

"Why, a letter from Uncle Bob," said Harry. "Dear old Uncle Bob, whom you've never seen. He has been in London a week already, after an absence from England of nineteen years. He is coming to Chislehurst this very day; and we must give him a warm reception. He was my mother's best-loved brother, dear, and was, I believe, the 'scapegrace of the family!'"

"Good gracious," said Bella, in dismay, as with a woman's forethought, she thought of her unpreparedness to receive a visitor, "Good gracious, Harry, wherever shall we put him?"

"Put him!" said Harry, enthusiastically, but with a woful want of consideration, "put him! Why, anywhere, to be sure! He shall be our honoured guest,—the stray lamb, you know, and all that,—and must have a thoroughly English welcome!"

It was all very fine, Bella thought, to evade the question in this airy way—so characteristic of men!—but the difficulty would have to be faced somehow. So with the weight of the coming visitor resting upon her conscience, she left her consort to finish his breakfast alone, and departed to take counsel with her chief domestic.

Two servants only were kept at Gossamer Lodge. One of these was a young woman, who had been "recommended," and who, fairly well, acted up to her expectations; but the other was a more elderly personage, who had been secured through the medium of the advertising columns, and who possessed, according to the unimpeachable testimony of her last employer, all the virtues that a mortal, outside a saint, might be expected to possess. If the truth must be told, Bella,—the young and the inexperienced, stood rather in awe of this inestimable treasure: a not uncommon state of affairs when a timid young lady embarks for the first time

upon the troubled sea of house-keeping. Now, this particular woman was in stature short—not to say stumpy; with a round red face strongly suggestive of acute and chronic indigestion.

Bella but seldom visited the culinary regions, and whenever she did, was unfeignedly glad to retreat again. On the present occasion, however, being agitated with the unexpected arrival of Uncle Bob, she descended with more than ordinary precipitation and, bursting into the kitchen without any warning, caught the excellent Simpson in the act of refreshing herself with a glass of Harry's own particular brandy. People do not, as a rule, like to be thus detected; and Mrs. Simpson, hardened as she was with years of personal conflict with innumerable mistresses, actually turned a deeper red, and looked particularly sheepish about the eyes. The next moment, however, she was herself again, and had turned on her mistress with the most exasperating impudence.

"What do you mean a-coming sneaking down on honest people in that way for, I should like to know. I suppose you think that I'm not to be trusted. . . . Oh, I see how you looked at the bottle; and I wish as how you suffered as I do. Then you'd know the value of a spoonful now and then!"

Bella, feeling as David Copperfield felt in the presence of the respectable Littimer: extremely young—submitted to this outburst in the meekest possible manner. Presently, however, when she thought her domestic had quite exhausted herself, she ventured to broach the coming of the visitor. Mrs. Simpson at once became a personification of injured virtue. She wasn't a-going to cook for no Australian uncles: with their black servants—as wore rings in their noses—a-prying about her kitchen all day. She had been engaged to cook for two in the family, and as sure as her Christian name was 'Liza, she would see her mistress further first before she would countenance this addition to the family.

At length, with a beating heart, Bella stalked indignantly from the kitchen, leaving her dependent mistress of the situation. As she re-entered the breakfast room, Harry saw at once that something was wrong, and rightly guessed the cause. Now, from the first he had been adverse to Mrs. Simpson, and had raised strong objections to her engagement: but Bella's arguments had prevailed, and the woman had entered their service. His first dislike to her had grown into a positive hatred, and he had only been waiting for a chance to dismiss her. That chance, he felt, had come: and the opportunity must not be missed. So drying his wife's tears, he braced himself for the coming ordeal, and gave a vigorous pull at the bell. He would not have his domestic peace threatened in this manner.

The interesting Simpson—perhaps anticipating the summons—herself appeared in response, and stood before her master with folded arms and defiant brow.

"So, madame," began Harry, sternly, "I hear that you have been particularly impertinent to your mistress here: have presumed to address her—and not for the first time—in terms of disrespect."

"Ah!" muttered the interesting female, with a curl of the lip. "You've heard that, have you?"

"Now as I cannot allow my wife to be made the object of your remarks, you will be good enough to quit our service this day month!"

Mrs. Simpson had evidently come prepared for the worst, for she gave a long, low, peculiarly irritating kind of laugh.

"Lor' bless your young 'art," she said, patronisingly, "don't you fret now. Why, I'll leave you this 'ere blessed day!"

"That I do not desire," said Harry, quickly, thinking of his coming guest. "I . . . am sorry to have to take this step at all"—which was scarcely true—"but your conduct has been a matter of reproach so long that—"

"Look here, young man," the kitchen oracle interrupted, "you just listen to me. I was born before you, and I knows what's what. You think me pretty soft, perhaps, don't you—and perhaps I may be: but I don't pertend to be a hangel—I don't; nor a creature as can look a honest person in the face without blushing."

Harry, not greatly heeding the woman's remarks, glanced curiously at his wife, who stood at the window watching a couple of twittering sparrows in the garden outside.

"Pretty goings on," the irate lady, now in a great heat, continued, "pretty goings on I must say! The master out all day and nobody about, and everything that perfectly 'eavenly that he never suspects nothing. And she kisses him, poor fool—and he kisses her and goes away to business: and she all the while a play-acting like a piece at the 'Delphi!"

Harry was puzzled to grasp the woman's meaning, and, looking at Bella for an explanation, saw how deathly white she had become.

"What do you mean, woman?" he exclaimed. "Have you gone mad?"

"Mad? Oh, yes,—certainly! Mad!" Mrs. Simpson went on, "I'm mad, of course. P'raps there's others as is mad too: and pretty cunning with it. P'raps they're mad enough to throw dust in their husband's eyes; and, p'raps, they has gentlemen visitors a-sneakin' in the back way: as are not honest enough to come in through the front door. P'raps they hides in the back garden till the husband's a gone—mad? Oh—yes!"

A fearful suspicion swept like wildfire through Harry's brain. Did this woman infer that . . . Bella—his wife—was—? Great heavens! no! A thousand times no! It was an invention of the devil—the she-devil beside him.

"Tell me," he said, quickly, "tell me what you mean—what your devil's tongue insinuates. Tell me, or by Heaven, woman as you are you shall suffer for it!" And he looked so genuinely fierce and determined that the miserable creature, whom he held as in a vice, trembled and quailed beneath his glance. But she was not beaten yet.

"What do I mean?" she said, with a hard forced laugh. "What do I mean by a man sneaking about the house when your back's turned—what do I mean, did you say? I mean nothing: I don't! Oh! dear no! Ask her." And she jerked her thumb in the direction of her mistress, who stood like a statue before the window. Alas! the sparrows outside were fighting now!

But Harry—at the moment—did no such thing. Maddened as he was with jealousy and suspicion, he yet retained sufficient mastery to bundle the woman out of the room. He shut the door close upon her and turned to his wife. "Bella," said he in a low tone, "you have heard what that woman has said—what insinuation she has made. What does it mean?"

No answer.
"Speak—I—implore you. Is it—can it—be true? Consider what she has said—what she infers. Who is it that comes here in my absence . . . Come, tell me?"

Still no answer.
"Bella—my darling, would you drive me mad. I cannot—will not believe it . . . How can I believe that you are false—?"

"Oh, Harry!"
It rang out like a low moan of agony: as the fair young wife sunk into a chair burying her face in her hands.

"What can I believe—what may I not believe? Why won't you speak. Come . . . who is this man?" And he took her hand in his in a tender, reassuring way that caused her tears to flow afresh.

"Harry, dear—do not ask me, for I cannot—dare not tell you. It is too terrible! Oh, merciful heavens, I thought to have kept this shame from him!"

The young man, lost in a maze of love and jealousy, paced the room with a demeanour like that of one distracted . . . What should he think—what could he think. How could he believe her false to him—she whom he almost worshipped . . . And yet she had said—had almost confessed that—No, no, he would not believe it! "Bella," he said sadly, "speak, I entreat you. Let me know the worst. I can bear this suspense no longer."

"Harry!"—and the beautiful, tearful eyes met his in supplication—"ask me nothing of this—this wretched man . . . But think not that of me. I am true to you I swear. To-morrow, perhaps, I may tell you!"

"To-morrow," re-echoed Harry, wildly, "to-morrow may be too late—to-morrow may never come. I insist upon knowing the whole truth now!"

But all in vain: for Bella, although her whole frame seemed racked with emotion, would tell him nothing.

"To-morrow," she at length reiterated.
"Then that to-morrow shall never come." He was hard and stern now, and would be resolute. "Since you will not confess . . . this . . . this intrigue, it is better that you and I should part.—You, whom an hour ago I thought bound to me in the strongest love that ever bound man to woman!" Hard, cruel words, which he remembered for many a long day afterwards. "I must leave you now—for the city; but to-night I shall return to welcome our guest. He must know nothing of the real truth—only that we have agreed to part. 'Tis better so!"

Once more he glanced at that sweet, white face, half hoping that she would relent and confess the truth. But she stirred not: only the hard dry lips moved convulsively, forming, he thought, the word "to-morrow." Then he turned on his heel and left the room; and Bella, bursting into a bitter grief, fell in a dead swoon to the ground.

(To be concluded next week.)

Calendar of the Week.

February 21st.—Battle of Guzerat, 1849. This brilliant victory, gained by Lord Gough, was the last in the long war with the Sikhs. It began in December, 1845, and ended in March, 1849, after this victory of Guzerat, which broke the spirit of the enemy. Sir Charles Napier, Lord Hardinge, and Lord Gough conducted the war. Since that time there has been no trouble with the Sikhs. The grandson of the late Runjeet Singh, Duleep Singh, after living in England on terms of the greatest friendship with us, has now proclaimed himself a rebel, and goes about Europe boasting of the great insurrection he is going to raise the day after to-morrow, without fail.

February 22nd.—The French Revolution of 1848 broke out on this day. Everybody knows what happened. The king ran away in disguise, and landed in England under the name of Mr. Smith. A Republic was proclaimed, which did no great things, and was finally dissolved in 1851 by Napoleon the Third. Since the outbreak of the Great Revolution, the French have had a change of Government regularly every fifteen, eighteen, or twenty years: in 1814, when the Bourbons came back: in 1830, when Charles IX. had to retire: in 1848, in order to get rid of Louis Philippe: in 1870, to get rid of the Bonapartes. It is now 1889, and people are beginning, so to speak, to look at the clock. What will come after this Republic?

George Washington was born on this day. It is almost time that among the many biographies constantly appearing, some one will write one of this illustrious man. The Americans, of course, have plenty, but they are under the necessity of making him god-like in his greatness. About this greatness there can be no doubt; but it is difficult to make an attractive picture of a man whose dignity and wisdom were accompanied by a cold manner, and who had so few weaknesses.

February 23rd.—Sir Joshua Reynolds died, 1792, in his seventieth year.

The poet Keats died in the year 1821, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. There is no other instance on record of a poet achieving so much and producing such truly splendid work as Keats in so short a time, and at so early an age. Those who desire to know how much can be accomplished in so short a life, should read not only his poems, but also Lord Houghton's Life of the Poet. He died at Rome of consumption.

February 24th.—St. Matthias, Apostle. It is not known with certainty where and how this Apostle suffered martyrdom. It is, however, generally believed, that he died on the cross about the year A.D. 61.

February 25th.—The great architect, Christopher Wren, died on this day, 1725, aged ninety. He was the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, of Greenwich Hospital, Chelsea Hospital, the Theatre at Oxford, Trinity College Library, Emmanuel College, Cambridge, the Monument in London, and fifty City churches. The City churches, including St. Paul's, cost £1,030,131 in all, of which St. Paul's took £736,752, while the Monument cost £8,856.

February 26th.—Tom Moore, the poet, most tuneful of Irishmen, died this day, 1852. Another Tom, D'Urfey by name, also died on this day. Tom D'Urfey was a poet of Charles the Second's time, and a very good writer of songs, which can no longer be read. He wrote many plays as well.

February 27th.—In the Roman Calendar there are eight saints of this day: three of them are somewhat interesting. The first, St. Thalilaus, lived as a hermit on a mountain side for sixty years, of which ten were passed in a wooden cage, and the whole were employed in weeping incessantly over his sins. Many saints lived, like Simeon Stylites, on the top of a pillar, but I have heard of no other saint in a cage. The second, St. Galmier, was a locksmith of Lyons, who gave everything to the poor, became a very popular saint indeed, and worked miracles after his death, until the Huguenots came and dispersed his relics. The third, St. Alnott, was a real English saint, bailiff, at first, to another saint, who also became a hermit, and was killed by robbers—one knows not why, because a hermit's cell could have afforded little plunder. His relics worked miracles at Stow near Weldon, in Northamptonshire!

By the end of February, the days get out so far that the sun sets at 5.36 and rises at 6.49. It is an excellent month for the observation of the stars. On the last day of the month hare hunting ends. With what joy must hare, partridge, and pheasant welcome the month of February.

Medical, Scientific, and Musical Conversazione.

A GRAND CONVERSAZIONE was held on Tuesday evening last, the 19th instant, at THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY'S Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, a large and distinguished company of ladies and gentlemen being present. The entertainment was exceptionally interesting and instructive, the main object being to acquaint the leading members of the Medical Faculty and representatives of the Press with the Company's endless resources and perfect appliances and arrangements for the treatment and cure of disease. The chief methods which they employ for this purpose are applications of Continuous and Induced Statical and Electric Currents, Massage Manipulations, Swedish Mechanical Exercises, Chemical Inhalation, etc.

The guests were received in the Grand Saloon by Mrs. C. B. HARNESS (wife of the Chairman of the Company), and the Conversazione opened at eight p.m. with a choice selection of vocal and instrumental music. Shortly before nine o'clock, Mr. HARNESS delivered a short address of welcome to the guests present, and gave an interesting and descriptive account of the rapid growth of the Company, and its future intentions, and the remarkable manner in which the Electropathic and other Methods of Treatment had met with public favour and become so deservedly popular. He explained how, through lack of opportunity, the majority of Medical Men found it impossible to satisfactorily study the curative powers of Electricity. There was no hospital in the United Kingdom where this valuable branch of science was properly carried out, and, consequently, the Faculty were unable to gain that practical experience and thorough knowledge of the subject which was absolutely necessary to obtain a satisfactory result. Individual doctors were totally unable to carry out Electrical Treatment, except on a very limited scale. It required proper organization with an Institution like THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY'S

where every possible appliance and method of application had been perfected and adopted under the care of a thoroughly efficient staff, whose duties were solely devoted to this purpose. Physicians could confidently send such cases as they considered suitable for Electrical, Mechanical, or other Methods of Cure, to the Company's Electropathic and Zander Institute. Many of them had seen for themselves the thoroughly efficient manner in which the entire establishment was conducted, and Mr. HARNESS informed his hearers that the Company's staff consisted of experienced, practical, and skilful operators, under the direct control of himself and his colleague, Dr. R. VIGOREUX, the Chief Consulting Physician of the celebrated Salpêtrière Hospital in Paris. He said that he was also most ably assisted in his daily work by Professor LOREAU, who was undoubtedly one of the highest Medical, Electrical, and Anatomical authorities in the world, having been, for many years, Chief Préparateur at the Salpêtrière Hospital, as well as Préparateur d'Anatomie to other Hospitals in Paris. Mr. HARNESS said he was very glad to see so many eminent Medical Men present, as it gave him an opportunity of assuring them that his earnest wish was to work in harmony with, and not against them. His objects were in common with theirs, viz.: to relieve suffering humanity. The Company had thrown open their entire premises for the personal inspection of the Faculty, and he hoped as many of them as possible would favour him with an early visit. He concluded his speech by thanking the ladies and gentlemen present for the interest they had taken in the subjects, and said he hoped they would spend a very profitable and enjoyable evening.

After Dr. VIGOREUX, Professor LOREAU, and Dr. LEESON, had made a few congratulatory remarks, the guests were conducted through the extensive building, and shown the Improved Electrical Appliances, Zander Mechanical Exercise Machine (in motion), and many other objects of interest. A sumptuous "cold collation" was served in the Reception Hall by Messrs. Spiers and Pond, and the entertainment concluded with a most successful vocal and instrumental concert, the distinguished artistes being much applauded by an appreciative audience.

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