

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. III.—No. 68.]

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 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.
Literary Society.—Usual Meeting, at 8.15.
Choral Society.—Rehearsal, 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 Wholesale Co-operative Society's Premises, Leman Street.
Football Club.—First XI, at East Ham.
Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 5 till 7.
Choral Society.—Committee Meeting, at 5.
Harriers (Junior Section).—Run out, at 4.15.
- 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.
Dramatic Club.—Rehearsal, at 8.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, MARCH 3rd,

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30 AND 4 O'CLOCK.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

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| 1. Gloria from 12th Mass | Mozart. |
| 2. Andante in F | Bennett. |
| 3. Toccata in F | Bach. |
| 4. Air, "Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets" | Mendelssohn. |
| 5. Impromptu | Salomé. |
| 6. Grand Chorus in A | Salomé. |

AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

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| 1. Kyrie Eleison, from 12th Mass (by request) | Mozart. |
| 2. Canzone | Widor. |
| 3. Anthem, "O taste and see" | Goss. |
| 4. (a) Melody | Grieg. |
| (b) Funeral March | Grieg. |
| 5. Impromptu | Handel. |
| 6. (a) Air, "But thou did'st not leave" | Handel. |
| (b) Chorus, "Fix'd in His everlasting seat" | Handel. |

Notes of the Week.

SINCE last week, when I ventured upon the opinion that the Union of Canada with the United States of America would probably, in the long run, be a benefit to Great Britain, a practical illustration of Canadian opinion has been furnished by a Debate in the Canadian House of Commons on a proposal, which practically meant Union. The proposal was defeated, but that was doubtless expected; it was put forth as a feeler. The opinion of all Canadians engaged in business is reported to be in favour of Union: that of the professional men and the upper class is said to be dead against it. Commercial considerations will, one may safely prophecy, carry the day, and unless it can be proved that the material interests of Canada will not be advanced from the change, Union will follow. Let us hope that if Union does follow it will be Union complete. To be left with the Island of Newfoundland, and the constant danger of quarrel with France and the States over the Fishery Question, would be a far worse position than we hold at the present moment.

THE *New York Herald* informs us, that during the last twenty years, there has been in the States an average of 17,300 divorces every year. There must be something wrong about these figures, which on a rough calculation means, that for every thousand marriages, 1.7 are dissolved every year. But it must be remembered that the several States make their own laws each for itself, and while divorce is obtained with the greatest ease in some States, in others it is as difficult as in this country; in the State of Indiana, for instance, one marriage out of ten is dissolved by divorce. Any relaxation of the bonds of marriage should be watched and guarded with the greatest jealousy, in the interests of women and of children in the first instance, and of the family tie in the next. If a man is able lightly to shake off the responsibilities of a husband and a father, the tie of wedlock will be entered upon with even greater carelessness than at present, and the sense of duty will always be confronted with the temptation of divorce. This little revelation of social morals in the United States, however, is another illustration of the fact, which some of us are too ready to ignore, that everything in that country is not better managed than at home.

A PROPOSAL is made to tax advertisements on walls. Considering the horrible, monstrous, and hideous way in which every available bit of wall space—whether on the temporary hoarding, the railway stations, the sides of houses—is used for flaming pictures and glaring announcements, which should strike the eye as with the blow of some weapon were not the eye hardened by practice, it would be a most blessed relief if we could make this form of poster too costly to be indulged in. Who, I wonder, is ever tempted to a theatre, by the sight of some horrible picture, all in red and yellow, of a dreadful murder, or of a young lady clasping one hand to her heart, and crying, "Oh! Daddy, Daddy—my heart is breaking!" To begin with, the picture is dreadful; and in the second, we all know very well, that although the young lady's lover is being handcuffed on a charge of killing a whole ship's crew, he will in the last act be restored to her arms, his innocence established, and the villain, now grinning in the back-ground, led unwillingly to a front place, very conspicuously laughing on the wrong side of his mouth?

IN the winter it is difficult for the Ramblers to find convenient places within an easy march for their Saturday ramble. Now here is a suggestion. London is not only a

very large place, covering a most creditable area, but it is also full of very interesting places; there are many more, in fact, than the ordinary wanderer about the streets know anything of. I therefore offer a suggestion—for winter wear—between the months of November and April, when the afternoons are cold, the weather is treacherous, and the evenings are long, why not ramble in London itself? Of course we all know the commoner sights of the town—St. Paul's, the Monument, the Tower, Westminster, the Houses of Parliament, and so forth; but there are many other places equally interesting and of extreme antiquity. I propose to submit a few of these places to the attention of the Ramblers, and if the subjects please them, to continue them until their patience, and mine, is exhausted. This day I begin with Christ's Hospital, and the Grey Friars. Next week we will take a walk down Thames Street. The week after we will go over to Southwark. After that we will consider.

THE Houses of Parliament have met once more. I wish that the papers would enter into a combination not to report the debates at all. They might in their place give us the results condensed. "Sixteen members argued that two and two make five; twenty that two and two make three. The House adjourned at ten minutes to twelve." While these words are penned, I receive the report of Monday's duel between Mr. John Morley and Mr. Balfour. Not an argument, not a fact, which has not been used over and over again. Think of the insignificance into which the most determined talkers would immediately drop, and think of the space which would be gained by the papers for matters really concerning the national welfare! At present the whole of the *Times*—that vast sheet, the greatest paper in the world, is completely filled with the debates in the House, and the Parnell Commission.

THE annual wrangle also compels another warning. My friends, in these days of excitement, avoid, and refuse to argue with, any man who only reads one paper. Remember that there never yet was a Cause, a Party, a Religion, of which a large number of men were adherents, which had not a great deal to be said for it. Let him whom the *Pall Mall Gazette* or the *Daily News* influences, read the *Saturday Review*, the *Spectator*, or the *St. James's Gazette*, and vice versa. Let him understand not only what can be said by one party, but also what can be said by the other. If, in the long run, he finds himself unable to use hard language about his opponents, it will be so much real gain.

At last they are going to enlarge the British *Campo Santo*—the burial place of our great men—by adding another Chapel—a monumental Chapel—to Westminster Abbey. At the present moment the Abbey is so crammed with monuments, that there is no room for one more: to be sure, room might be made by removing the monuments of many obscure persons, but this is an invidious task. The Chapel is to be erected on the site of the houses of the Little Cloister. Nothing is more important for the maintenance of the spirit and pride of a nation than the memory of her great men. For my own part, I should like to see a monumental Cathedral, or Chapel, or Pantheon, in every great centre. East London, for instance, should have one, and a good beginning might be made with the Founders of St. Katherine's Hospital—of which we have been robbed: with those who have established our Hospitals: with those who have lost their lives among our poor: and with those who have promoted our industries. Samuel Gurney belongs to East London: the Earl of Leicester had a house at Wanstead, where he entertained Queen Elizabeth, and where Sir Philip Sidney wrote for the royal entertainment a dramatic interlude: if Waltham Abbey can be held to belong to East London, King Harold should be in that Pantheon: also Rowland Hill of Tottenham: Judge Michael Foster, who lived there: Charles Lamb, who lies buried at Edmonton: Isaac Taylor, who lived at Ongar: Pepys, who lived at Epping: Hackney, again, can boast of a shoal of worthies, especially Matthew Henry, the great Nonconformist divine: and in Whitechapel, the great financier, N. M. Rothschild, lies buried. I think we should have no difficulty in finding a very respectable collection of great men, with which to adorn an East London Pantheon.

THERE is likely to be trouble in Hungary over a very odd kind of grievance. The Hungarians do not like the word of command to be given in German. As there are more than twenty languages talked in the Austrian Empire, one at least must be selected as that in which the word of command shall be given to the common Army. It seems childish to those who

cannot understand the intense race feeling of these little States like Hungary, Bohemia, or Croatia, which can never have any independent future of their own. We can see something of this among the Welsh, and even among the Scotch. But fancy the Welsh lashing themselves into a rage, because the word of command in the Welsh Fusiliers—where everybody who joins, officer or private, has to stand on a stool and eat a leek publicly, root and leaves and all—is given in English!

THE oldest clergyman in England—perhaps the oldest in the world—died last week, aged one hundred years all but a week. It seems a pity that he did not complete the century: now, his soul must have the sense of a lost honour—a glory dangled in view, snatched away when almost within reach. Old people grow proud of their age as soon as they have outlived all the rest: until then they try to make themselves out younger than they really are. When, however, they stand alone, they begin to exaggerate their age, and would have us believe that they are at least a hundred if not long past it. The late Sir George Cornwall Lewis was always collecting statistics and facts regarding centenarians, of whose existence he was sceptical. He was once canvassing a borough which he represented in Parliament, when he came upon a voter, who told him pompously that he could not in conscience vote for him, and proceeded to explain why. "Never mind, my dear sir," interrupted Sir George, "do you happen to know anybody a hundred years old?"

I HAVE never myself seen anyone quite a hundred years old. I once saw and conversed with that good man, Sir Moses Montefiore, when he was just ninety: he was a tall and very handsome old gentleman, who might have passed for seventy. I also once saw an old lady in a Norfolk almshouse, who was ninety-eight. She sat in great pride in a large arm-chair, propped up by pillows. Her face was covered with ten thousand wrinkles: her eyes were sunken: her hand trembled: though it was a hot day in August, she had a fire burning. She was so weak, so half-alive, that one felt extreme old age to be a vanity. With her latest spark, however, she was conscious of admiration and curiosity. She liked visitors to be brought to her room and to gaze upon her. That was four years ago, and I fear that the dear old lady has joined her sisters in the quiet and beautiful churchyard close by the almshouse.

BUT think of what a man of a hundred,—not a rustic,—but a scholar and an observer, could tell of the changes of a hundred years. The Rev. Bartholomew Edwards was born in the year 1789, when the French Revolution broke out. Up to the age of twenty-six he lived in a continual strain of war and war's alarms: he has since seen so great a Revolution in manners, opinions and customs, over the whole world, as had never been dreamed even by the most advanced champions of Revolution. We who are living in the midst of this Revolution, happily so far bloodless, are hardly conscious of the changes going on all around us. The transfer of power from an oligarchy to a democracy is but one of the changes: the democracy itself has changed and is changing. It is becoming less destructive and more constructive. The old cry was to pull down: a new cry is rising everywhere to adapt and reform, but not to destroy. For instance, the Red Republican formerly wanted to destroy Capital: his successor, on the other hand, wishes to use Capital,—with justice and equity to both sides. The study of these changes and these tendencies may be carried a long way, and I tender it as one which is well worthy of consideration by my readers.

EDITOR.

How a Woman won a Fortune.—Some time ago a wealthy man died in Brussels leaving nearly his entire fortune to a young woman who was entirely unacquainted with him. The *American Art Printer* explains that this is how it came to pass:—He was a very eccentric man, and set out, like Diogenes, in search of an honest man. His tub was an omnibus, and his lantern a small coin. In the omnibus he took his seat every day near the conductor, and always showed himself very obliging in passing up the money of passengers and returning the change, but to the latter he always managed to add a franc or half franc. Then he would watch those to whom it came. They would count it carefully, notice the extra coin, and invariably slip it into their pockets. No one thought of the poor conductor, whose meagre salary of three francs a day could ill support such a loss. But at last a young woman passed hers back with, "Conductor, you have given me half a franc too much." Diogenes, delighted, followed her home, made enquiries, and, as the answers were satisfactory, made his will in her favour, though he never gave her a warning that her half a franc was going to bring her half a million.

Palace and Institute Notes.

THE name of Mr. Samuel L. Hasluck is now sufficiently well-known at the Palace to guarantee, whenever he announces an "open night," an eminently respectable entertainment. Such being the case, it was hardly a matter of wonderment that the Lecture Hall, on Thursday evening last, was filled to repletion with an expectant and critical audience. Many-tongued Rumour had it that Shakespeare was to be staged and elocuted in a fashion that would put the Lyceum "Macbeth" into the far background: and gratify the groundlings in a manner quite unprecedented. Though this was just a *lettle* overdrawn, there yet remained, after every allowance for exaggeration had been made, much cause for general congratulation.

MR. HAVARD commenced proceedings with Rae-Brown's "Kissing Cup's Race," and he will not be offended, I am sure, when I tell him to be wise in time, and avoid all recitals that demand the voice of a Stentor—which Mr. Havard scarcely possesses. He can be very effective in selections of a quieter nature. The same advice is, with the best intention, tendered to Miss Wayland, who followed with "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and who was nearly inaudible to those unfortunates at the back of the "house." Mr. Hopwood, whom I do not remember to have seen before, scored the first success of the evening in a musical sketch, by Lynn, entitled "Our Folks." This selection, which embraced a number of character-sketches, was rendered very cleverly indeed, and pleased the audience immensely. Miss Auerbach, however, was not too happy in her recital—probably owing to an unwise selection: for she once played Bertha, the blind girl, capitally! "The Warriors of the Sea" was recited very creditably by Mr. Steward, another new-comer; who was followed by the self-possessed Mr. Savage, with "My First and Last Appearance,"—that extremely diverting yarn about Duncan, the beam, and the bandit. He went through it very successfully. Miss Larter then proceeded to freeze our young blood with "The Suicide"; after which the "stage" was cleared for the attraction of the evening: "Hamlet." Act III. sc. iv. Enter Queen and Polonius. Queen: evidently a gay young thing, with rosy cheeks, and much indecision of character. Polonius: a fussy old fishmonger, who is eternally harping on his daughter. They confab and concoct: and at cue of shouts without, Poly.—good old Poly.—hides him behind the arras. Enter Hamlet: picturesque—in customary suit of solemn black. Eccentric individual, who puts an antic disposition on and puzzles 'em mightily. He bullies the aforesaid gay young thing, who shrieks aloud, and thus alarms the already 'arrased Poly. Whereupon Hamlet, thinking 'tis his uncle-father, furiously whips him out his rapier and goes for Poly's bread-basket. Murder most foul—as in the best it is! Hamlet, alone with the giddy Gertrude, teaches that young idea how to shoot; tells her how her first lord by a forged process of his death has been rankly abused; and descants upon the merits of the family portraits. Enter Ghost—the original Pepper!—with the front of Jove himself: who gives off six lines of blank-verse and "hovers" around. Amazement on Hamlet's mother sits; who, frivolous though she be, sagely suggests the sprinkling of cool patience upon her son's distemper. Exeunt Pepper. Hamlet himself again: more philosophy: more lecturing, and—curtain. Sanely speaking, this selection was all that could be desired, and I would congratulate, not only the poor players, but Mr. Hasluck himself—for giving us this first instalment of high class work. Mr. H. has promised that this first shall not be the last—Munro, look to it.

I MUST confess that I was agreeably surprised at the excellent fashion in which Munro, as Hamlet, got through his work. His enunciation was most distinct; his bearing and appearance decidedly picturesque. As the much-abused Queen, Miss Farrow, regally attired and well "made-up," played carefully and well, and caught the bubble reputation very deservedly. Havard's few lines were given off in good style, as were also those of the Ghost. The excitement having abated somewhat, Mr. Hargrave came timidly forth with "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell" (that eccentric composition of Gilbert's which *Punch* once thought too cannibalistic for his readers' tastes, and declined accordingly!) Hargrave is *always* good in pieces of this kind; and if he takes my advice he'll ever stick to humorous recitals. Miss Rosengarde and Mr. Leeding gave, the one a melancholy, the other a lengthy recital; and then the curtain—what a curtain!—"rose" on Hartley Knight's little sketch "Is Marriage a Failure?" This has been done several times here; but certainly never better than on this particular occasion. Miss Elstob was as good as before; and I feel much inclined to retract all the hard things I formerly said of Mr. Reeve's performance: so much improved was he. A pleasing little ditty, written by Mr. John A. Firth and composed by Miss C. Pilcher, was dropped into the sketch, and, being well sung by Miss Elstob, proved very successful. Kind friends in front loudly demanded the author; but he, poor little man, very discreetly remained invisible.

OUR mutual friend, Walter Marshall, has, I hear, met with an accident, and expects to be confined to his room for a week or so.

I hope it is nothing very serious: for Marshall, who has worked hard for the Palace Institute, can ill be spared just now. I wonder if recognition, in his case, will ever come!

I HAVE reason to believe that the Literary Society's Dance, on Friday last, was very successful. I am asked to state that on the coming Friday, the play of "Hamlet" will be read at 8 p.m. Horace will *not* read Ophelia.

As the accompanying list will show, a few vacancies are still remaining for those who mean tripping to Paris with the Palace parties this season. Intending visitors had better hurry up, and give in their names to Mons. Eiffel Were, Technical Schools Office:—

June 1st to June 8th	One Vacancy.
June 15th to June 22nd	Five Vacancies.
August 17th to August 24th	One Vacancy.
August 31st to September 7th	One "
September 7th to September 14th	Eight Vacancies.
September 14th to September 21st	Ten "

THE Ramblers, I see, have decided that the Annual Four Days' Walking Tour, at Easter, shall be to breezy Brighton. A little bird,—one, I presume, familiar with the intended Rout(e),—tells me that the party are again to go *via* Merstham. Should this be the case, our good friend Mr. Fisher will very probably receive a visit. I very much question if Merstham has even yet recovered from the raid made upon it last year; it certainly hasn't forgotten our visit. If the journey comes to pass, it is to be hoped that the elements will prove more propitious this year. How it did rain, to be sure, during that Good Friday afternoon; and how delightfully soft were the highways and fields!

THE March number of that sound little monthly, *The Young Man*, is just to hand. It is as readable as ever, and contains, among its other attractions, a capital article on "Male Flirts," by the author of "How to be Happy Though Married."

THE "Constable Fund" is now closed. This is the result:—

Amount already acknowledged	£9 11 11
A Friend	0 10 0
A Friend	0 5 0
Miss Johnson	0 3 0
		10 9 11
		0 0 1
Total	£10 10 0

As,—as I have said above,—Walter Marshall is down with an accident, he could not, of course, leave his room; so his brother Henry and myself called upon Mrs. Constable last night and paid over to her the sum of £8 10s., which was duly receipted. The remaining £2 (given by the Military Band) has been handed over to the distressed lady direct—although acknowledged and totalled in the General Fund. Mrs. Constable, whom we found in anything but good health, is very grateful to those kind friends who have thus helped to alleviate her distress; and she hopes to send a few lines for next week's Journal, expressing her gratitude.

SERGEANT BURDETT is doing good work with the lads of the Junior Section. I dropped into the Gymnasium last night and was astonished to find so much efficiency and discipline after such a brief existence. As this Junior Section is to be the backbone of the future Institute, it is certainly encouraging to find such excellent form among the youngsters so soon. Nor must the senior leaders be forgotten in connection with the Sergeant's work: for so far he has found them indefatigable as auxiliaries, and ever ready to come up to the scratch. 'Tis meet it should be so.

My connection with *The Palace Journal* ceases with the present issue: and I would take the opportunity of thanking, with all my heart, those many kind friends at the Palace who have done so much to make my stay pleasant and memorable. It has been my aim to work not only for, but with the Institute side of the Palace: to give that side not an undue but a rightful prominence. Whether I have been successful or not, I will leave those, who know me best, to determine; I can but honestly say that I have *tried* to be. During my sixteen months' not uneventful career here, I have come in contact with many genial friends, from whom I shall part with,—well, something very like real regret. Nobody at the Palace has had a better opportunity of feeling, as it were, the pulse of the Institute than myself: I say it without bombast, and I mean it. To know the Members as I have known them: to move among and work with their clubs and societies as I have tried to do, is to possess a knowledge of them which but confirms the genuineness of their recent sympathy. For the innumerable courtesies I have received in the past, and for the kindly wishes on my approaching departure, I can only extend my warmest thanks.

HARTLEY J. R. W. KNIGHT,
Sub-Ed.

Society and Club Notes.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

I have a yarn to spin, O!
 (Spin us your yarn, O!)
 It's told with a laugh,
 And a wee bit o' chaff—
 For it tells of a Rambling crew, O!
 'Tis the yarn of a rosy Rout—always gay,
 Who, many a time, has wander'd away,
 To ferret and find for his company true—
 (With ye merriest Moodie of all ye crew)—
 Some places of general interest!
 Heyday! heyday!
 (Spectant are we! happy is he!)
 I've spun it before; so I'll spin it once more—
 This yarn of a Saturday ramble!

The Mansion House Station is really a delightfully cool and pleasant retreat; for invisible punkahs abound, and the playful zephyrs of the East are thereabouts peculiarly exhilarating. 'Twas a happy thought, then, to gather there on Saturday last, when the weather was excellent sport, as Sam Weller would say: "for them as is well wropped up"; but it is questionable whether even the Mansion House Station was grateful or comforting to those blithe-some Ramblers who were not so well protected, but who, nevertheless, lingered on beyond the advertised time for departure, in the hope of picking up any stray specimens of frail mortality. Nobody else, however, turning up, the devoted few, regretfully perhaps, left the aforesaid zephyrs to take care of themselves, descended to the sewer, and took train for Kensington. Of the wonderful scenery through which we passed, and the surprising adventures we encountered *en route*, I will say nothing: but will rather refer the curious to the vivid verbal descriptions of M. Eiffel Wéré, who accompanied us—as, in truth, I feel weary of recounting our deeds of derring-do. South Kensington having been reached, we at once made, as friskily as lambskins, towards the site of the defunct Cremorne, where, as we could see from the windows of the Museum, the Imperial Institute is struggling into existence. It was already late when we arrived here: but we "did" the exhibits as conscientiously as time would permit, and examined with no little eagerness the marvellous inventions of Arkwright, Stephenson, and Watt, and the other specimens of human ingenuity with which the place abounds. Indeed, as the Morell—beg pardon, moral McKenzie rightly put it, we found the Museum "just the sort of place to take the conceit out of us" when we remembered our own unworthiness.

To attempt to describe on paper the many wonders we here beheld would fill many columns of *The Palace Journal*, and would bore the reader into the bargain. As, however, this part of the Museum closed at 4 o'clock, we soon had to retrace our steps without having seen the upper rooms at all. The greater treat was yet to come. So we reached the street, and crossing the road made for the building opposite. What we had just beheld paled into insignificance before this new storehouse of treasures. The magnificent building itself, its marble columns, its frescoes, and its mosaics were surprises for us all: not one of us having beheld them before. Finding newer delights in each apartment, the party soon became disbanded, and we wandered at our own sweet will, lost in admiration. The room containing the Forster collection was particularly interesting: for herein were found not only the original manuscripts of "David Copperfield," "Edwin Drood," "Martin Chuzzlewit," etc., and several letters from the same pen, but also a portrait of the great master himself, taken at the age of forty-seven. Why the compositors were not driven distracted by Dickens' peculiar orthography was the marvel, as we examined it, of us all. In the same room are many letters and papers written by Carlyle, Byron, Johnson, etc.; on the wall is the famous picture of Macready as "Werner"; whilst a chair which once belonged to dear old Goldsmith is close at hand.

The pictures, the sculptures, the *objets d'art*, the bewildering corridors, stairs, rooms, halls, etc., were fairly overwhelming: and fatigue, very naturally, soon overtook us. So, satiated with much splendour, we passed from the stuffiness peculiar to museums, into the keen cold air of the street outside, and sauntered, a weary few, towards the famous Oratory. Whether its unfinished frontage suggested a familiar institution at Mile End, I know not: but Rout the ready, who has ever an eye to business, at once proposed an examination of the interior, which we, galled and jaded though we were, eagerly agreed to. Fortunately, no service was being performed, so we were enabled, with bated breath and whispering humbleness, to gaze upon the beauties around. Though we were quiet and well-behaved enough, we did not escape the odium of an irate Irish lady who, as we were leaving, very charitably regretted her inability to bundle us out without ceremony—though what we had done to deserve such pious treatment was not quite clear. The good dame, however, was probably mollified at our departure; and within a few minutes afterwards we had re-entered the sewer and were training merrily towards Mile End.

On Saturday next, March 2nd, we visit, by special permission, the Co-operative Wholesale Society's New Premises in Leman Street. Members are requested to meet at Aldgate Station, close by Houndsditch, at 3.15 p.m., when all those Members who did not obtain their *admission tickets* on Monday last, can do so at the above Station. SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Committee have decided that the Annual Four Days' Walking Tour during the Easter

Holidays, shall be to Brighton, and Members wishing to take part in this tour, are requested to send in their names to either of the undersigned. The Third *Soirée Dansante* will be held on Saturday, March 9th, and March 16th. A Smoking Concert is being arranged. For further particulars see next week's Journal.

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

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, at the Town Hall, Stratford. All Members who can be present at that Concert will oblige by letting the Secretary have their names as soon as possible.—The Committee will please meet on Saturday next, at 5 p.m. sharp.—Rehearsals as usual, Friday at 8 p.m., in the Lecture Hall; Tuesday, at 7.40 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 PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

The fortnightly meeting of the Club will take place in Room 12, Old School-buildings, on Friday evening, March 1st, at 8 o'clock prompt. The subject of the evening will be a paper to be read by Mr. Hawkins on "The Wet-Plate Process." All Members of the Palace (male and female) interested are invited to attend.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, Esq., M.A.

Our first Social Dance took place on Friday last in the Ladies' Social-rooms, when about 120 ladies and gentlemen were present, engaged in tripping the light fantastic. Unfortunately the space was rather limited, and there was a little crowding, but not nearly so much as might have been expected from the large number present. We must apologise for the alteration in the programme, which was unavoidable, and we take this opportunity of thanking Miss Hattlesley and other ladies and gentlemen for so kindly presiding at the piano during the evening. Messrs. Rosenways, Harry and Roland, were M.C.'s, and it is needless to comment on the manner in which they performed their duties. The subject for our study next Friday evening is "Hamlet"; to commence at 8.15 p.m., in Room 12, Male Members Social-rooms. Members of the Palace, ladies or gentlemen, are invited to be present.—A productive evening will be held on Friday, 8th March, and Members are earnestly requested to send original Essays and Stories of any description to be read on that evening. New Members enrolled every Friday. Subscription, 1s. per annum. All information given by

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

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB v. PHOENIX 2ND.—This contest was played last Saturday at Wanstead, and after a fast and pleasant game of an hour-and-a-half's duration, resulting in a draw, each side scoring a goal: the Phoenix winning the toss, elected to have whatever accrued from having the wind in their favour. D. Jesseman kicked off for the 'Monts., who, with a rather strong breeze against them, soon had to act on the defensive, but were, however, able to keep the 'Nixs from scoring. Through a corner falling to the 'Monts, a splendid shot was put in by W. Cantle, from which J. Cowlin registered the first goal obtained. Re-starting, the Phoenix forwards played with renewed energy, several corners falling to them; but they were unable to score. The right wing were very noticeable, on several occasions breaking away in good style, through whom the 'Nixs managed to equalise matters. The second half of the game was very evenly contested, each side striving hard to gain the winning point, but were unable, on account of the back divisions of both teams playing so well. The Phoenix had some hard luck in front of goal, the shooting being very erratic. The following played well for their respective sides:—Backs and right wing forwards for the Phoenix, and Hart, Cowlin, and D. and W. Jesseman for the Beaumonts. Team:—Sub. (goal), Hart, Wenn (backs); Munro, Cowlin, Cantle (half-backs); Winch, Horseman, D. Jesseman, W. Jesseman, Sherrell (forwards).—Match next Saturday, v. London, Tilbury and Southend Railway.—Team from following:—Dowding, Sherrell, Hawkins, Witham, Helbing, Cowlin, W. Jesseman, Cox, Horseman, Stapleton, Butterwick, Edmunds, Winch. T. MORETON, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

Speaker—MR. WALTER MARSHALL.

Tuesday, February 19th.—The time for commencing business is 8 p.m. The Speaker is always unable to take the chair until a half-hour after that time, owing to the late arrival of "M.P.'s"; this is a hint for the laggards. Notices of a number of questions to the Government were given, most of them on the unhappy land which blocks the way. Mr. Goldhill (Whitechapel) gave notice of a resolution for the "Better Housing of the Poor."—The debate on the Civil List Bill was then re-opened by Mr. Benney, and continued by Mr. Hawkins (E. Manchester), Mr. Billing (E. Belfast), Mr. Taylor (Strand), and the Premier (Mr. Ive). The Bill was rejected by quite a respectable majority, the exultant Opposition giving the first genuine cheer of the Session, the Members of the Cabinet smiling the while, they knowing the weakness of their opponents in another direction. The promoter of the Bill retired to solace himself in another game of "cannon off the cushion."—Questions and Notices of Questions to the Government take up too great a part of the time of the House, and as they only interest, with some exceptions, the front bench Members, I appeal to the rank and file of the "M.P.'s" on both sides, to join together, and take measures to reduce or abolish them. It is not at all fair that private Members should be debarred from taking part in the debates, owing to some half-dozen Members making a point of occupying the time of the House with questions week after week.—Suggestions for a Social Evening are invited by the Committee.

Order of the day for Tuesday next:—Adjourned Debate upon the Repeal of Coercion Act, to be opened by Mr. W. H. Taylor (Strand).

JNO. H. MAYNARD, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

Members are reminded of the Dance which will be held at the Bromley Vestry Hall on Friday week, March 8th, at 7.30. Its success is already beyond question. A first-class Band has been engaged, and special new music will be performed. A feature of the evening will be the Lawn Tennis Quadrilles. A few tickets may still be had from the Secretary, at the Social-rooms, on Wednesday and Friday evenings, from 9 till 10, or by post. Single, 2s. 6d.; double, 4s.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

An Extraordinary General Meeting of this Club was held on Friday last at 8.30 p.m., Mr. Hartley Knight occupying the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read and confirmed, the Secretary was called upon to produce a balance-sheet. As, however, the Secretary was not then prepared to produce the document in question, and asked for a little further delay, it was proposed and carried that such time be granted, and the balance-sheet be produced at the next General Meeting. A charge of negligence on the Secretary's part was then made, which, after a lengthy discussion, the Chairman ruled had never existed. The want of a Business-Manager to the Club having been long felt, it was decided to create that office, and Mr. Laundry was unanimously elected. The nomination of a Property-Master then took place, the election lighting upon Mr. Hargrave. It was then decided that the sympathy of the Club be conveyed to their respected patron, J. L. Toole, Esq., who has again encountered a painful bereavement. It transpired that the Secretary had that very day sent a letter of condolence to the afflicted gentleman; and a vote of thanks was accorded Mr. Reeve for so kindly anticipating the wishes of the Club. It was then proposed that a Sub-Committee be appointed for the careful revision of the Club Rules, etc., the following lady and gentlemen being nominated for that purpose: Miss Marks, Messrs. A. Reeve, Laundry, Hargrave, and Selby. The creation of a Vice-President followed, and Mr. Hartley Knight, amid much unanimity, was elected: the further thanks of the Club being accorded that gentleman for his past interest in the Club's welfare. A vote of thanks to the chairman closed the meeting.

Rehearsal of "Married Life" on Wednesday, at 8 p.m.

ARTHUR E. REEVE,
 Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

A very pleasant evening was spent in the Ladies' Social-room on Wednesday, when a goodly number of Members were present. Lady Brooke (the Ranée of Saravak) and the Countess Valda Gleichen, came down to take part in the Concert, and Mr. Bradley gave his kind help and encouragement to our weekly musical evening, and brought several friends. The Concert commenced with a pianoforte duet by Lady Brooke and Miss Reynolds. Lady Brooke has been kindly spending Saturday afternoons, with a view to helping Members who take part in the Thursday Concerts, with their songs. Miss Philbeck, Miss F. Reynolds, Miss Fisher, and Miss May all sang charmingly, and it was very pleasant to hear the successful result of these musical afternoons. Miss Marks gave one of her

popular recitations, "Wedding Bells," and Miss Toope, accompanied by Lady Brooke, gave much pleasure by her violin solo. The Countess Valda Gleichen sang three songs, including one with a stirring chorus, which was much appreciated. Mr. Evans gave three excellent recitations, and Mr. Bradley concluded the Concert with some of his delightful songs.

L. A. ADAM.

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

On Tuesday, 19th, we had a good attendance of Members, and some very fair sparring. On Friday, 22nd, we had more Members turn up than we have had for some weeks past, and besides the pleasure of receiving from some of them the amount of their subscriptions due, we had the additional pleasure of enrolling some more promising new Members. The attendance was so large that we had four couples sparring at the same time. If this continues, we shall be obliged to seek a larger room. There are even now a few Members who have apparently forgotten that subscriptions are necessary to keep up a Club, and these few are reminded that the Secretaries are always willing to receive their subscriptions when due, or even before they are due if the Members would prefer it. Any Palace Member who is desirous of joining our Club should communicate with the Secretaries, whose well-known persuasive powers will soon settle the question.

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

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 CRICKET CLUB.

The Smoking Concerts will be continued on Thursday next, in Room 12, at 8.30. All Members cordially invited. The Secretary will be pleased to receive the names of intending Members; there are but few vacancies. Terms of Membership, 3s. for the Season.

T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

We are holding our meetings as usual on Monday evenings, in the Technical Schools, Room 1, 8 to 9.30 p.m. Many of the Members can now write over eighty words per minute.—Will fast writers kindly turn up, as we wish to establish a special fast section? Information given to intending Members any Monday evening. Lady Stenographers are invited to join our Society. Entrance fee, 1s.; subscription, 6d per quarter.

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

People's Palace Junior Section.

JUNIOR RAMBLING CLUB.

A Meeting of this Club will take place on Wednesday, 27th, at 8.30 p.m. Members and intending Members are requested to attend.

B. LOLOSKY, Hon. Sec.

JUNIOR HARRIERS CLUB.

Members are requested to turn up on Saturday at Lake Farm, Wanstead, by 4.15 p.m. the latest, for run out. Subscriptions due on March 2nd.

JOHN S. FAYERS, Hon. Sec.
 E. GRIFFITHS, Assist. Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT CRICKET CLUB.

Members are reminded that Practice will commence on Saturday next.

E. P. SHAPLAND, Hon. Sec.

FOOTBALL CLUB.

JUNIORS v. ST. PAUL'S (Junior).—Played at Wanstead, resulted in a victory for the Saints, by three goals to one.

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

[Several CLUB NOTES crowded out.]

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN

ON WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27th, 1889, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

VOCALISTS:

MRS. STOCKWELL, MISS SUSETTA FENN,
MR. SINCLAIR DUNN, MR. WILBERFORCE FRANKLIN.
HARP—MISS MARY CHATTERTON.

PIANOFORTE—

MISS KATHARINE HOVIL AND MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

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

1. PIANOFORTE DUET ... "Norwegian Dances" ... Grieg.
MISS KATHARINE HOVIL AND MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

2. DUETTO ... "La bella Giulia"
MISS SUSETTA FENN AND MR. SINCLAIR DUNN.

3. SONG ... "Thou'rt passing hence" ... Sullivan.
MR. WILBERFORCE FRANKLIN.

4. SONG ... "Polonaise" (from Mignon) ... Thomas.
MRS. STOCKWELL.

5. PIANOFORTE SOLOS ... "Serenata" ... Mozowski.
MISS KATHARINE HOVIL.

6. ARIA ... "Let me like a Soldier fall" ... Balfe.
MR. SINCLAIR DUNN.

7. SONG ... "Esmeralda"
MISS SUSETTA FENN.

8. HARP SOLO ... "Souvenir of Wales" ... Frederick Chatterton.
MISS MARY CHATTERTON.

9. SONG ... "Pour forth the Wine" ... Hamish MacCunn.
MR. WILBERFORCE FRANKLIN.

10. SONG ... (a) "He Loves Me" ... G. W. Chadwick.
MRS. STOCKWELL.

11. HARP SOLO ... "Believe me, if all" ... John Chatterton.
MISS MARY CHATTERTON.

12. SONG ... "Love's way" ... Harvey.
MR. SINCLAIR DUNN.

13. SONG ... "Not knowing, can't say" ... Louis Diehl.
MISS SUSETTA FENN.

14. DUET ... "Barcarola" ... Gounod.
MRS. STOCKWELL AND MR. WILBERFORCE FRANKLIN.

15. SONG ... "Lullaby" ... G. W. Chadwick.
MRS. STOCKWELL.

16. SONG ... "Believe me, if all" ... John Chatterton.
MISS MARY CHATTERTON.

17. SONG ... "Love's way" ... Harvey.
MR. SINCLAIR DUNN.

18. SONG ... "Polonaise" (from Mignon) ... Thomas.
MRS. STOCKWELL.

19. SONG ... "Serenata" ... Mozowski.
MISS KATHARINE HOVIL.

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MISS MARY CHATTERTON.

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MISS SUSETTA FENN.

58. HARP SOLO ... "Souvenir of Wales" ... Frederick Chatterton.
MISS MARY CHATTERTON.

59. SONG ... "Pour forth the Wine" ... Hamish MacCunn.
MR. WILBERFORCE FRANKLIN.

60. SONG ... (a) "He Loves Me" ... G. W. Chadwick.
MRS. STOCKWELL.

Speak of devotion's fiery breath,
Friendship and love more strong than death,
And high resolve and manly faith
That walks in open ways.
Look as thou didst long years ago,
And read my heart with thine,
That love and truth may freely flow,
And bless the ruby wine.

10. SONG ... (a) "He Loves Me" ... G. W. Chadwick.
MRS. STOCKWELL.

Over and over with ceaseless motion
The waves come rolling over the ocean,
Then break on the sand.
Waves, bright waves, can you never discover
What has become of my absent lover,
So far from land.
Ever and ever the ships are passing,
But only the ship I love is missing
My true love at sea.
Ah! no matter what skies are above him,
He only knows how truly I love him,
And he loves me.

(b) "Lullaby" ... G. W. Chadwick.

Lullaby baby,
Lullaby baby must sleep;
Now when the daylight dies,
Closed be the little eyes,
Rest till the sun arise,
Sleep, baby, sleep.
Peaceful shall rest thy head,
Noiseless shall be the tread
Round our dear darling's bed;
Lullaby baby,
Lullaby baby must sleep.

11. HARP SOLO ... "Believe me, if all" ... John Chatterton.
MISS MARY CHATTERTON.

12. SONG ... "Love's way" ... Harvey.
MR. SINCLAIR DUNN.

My love came not in the time of love,
When roses richly glow,
And the woods are a realm for the pleading dove,
And the tremulous poppies blow,
When the winter her raiment of sables wore,
And the sun shed a sickly flame,
And the sigh of the wave was a sullen roar,
'Twas then that my love she came,
My love sped not in the time of grief,
When the red on the rose is pale,
And the wind in its wrath with the ling'ring leaf,
Doth over the woodland wail,
When the earth was ablaze with emerald wheat,
And azure the sky above,
When the hyacinth smiled and the May was sweet,
'Twas then that she sped, my love.
O spring with thy working in flow'r and tree,
Thy melody of mirth and tear,
O summer with all that is fair to see,
And all that is soft to hear,
O autumn has mourner for summer's flight,
O winter so darkly drear,
Bring ye blossoms I reckon not, or bring ye blight,
If only my love return.

13. SONG ... "Not knowing, can't say" ... Louis Diehl.
MISS SUSETTA FENN.

Do you love me, little maid,
Thus he sang, and thus they played,
Do you love me best, said he,
Will you give yourself to me?
Then she nestled in her place,
Kissed the bonnie bearded face;
'Yes!' she cried, 'I love you best,
Better than I love the rest.'
And that is always the way you see,
With little maidens of two or three.
'Will you love me, little maid,
In the sunshine and the shade?'
Thus the lover asked the lass,
'Mid the moonlit meadow grass;
'Will you give your heart to me,
If I give my heart to thee?'
Then the lassie whisper'd low,
'Just at present, I don't know,'
And that is always the way I fear,
With little maidens in their sixteenth year.
'Shan't you marry now?' she said;
Time had silver'd o'er each head;
You should woo and win a wife,
Just to cheer your lonely life;
But he saw the time of day,
Shook his head and answered, 'Nay,'
Might have done it years ago,
But the maiden 'didn't know.'
And this is always the end I'm told,
When maidens are half a century old.

14. DUET ... "Barcarola" ... Gounod.
MRS. STOCKWELL AND MR. WILBERFORCE FRANKLIN.

Evening around is falling,
All with the day is sleeping,
Gondolas light are calling
Come to the open sea.
Silence the ocean steeping
Come rosy love sail there with me,
My love come sail with me,
Night is its mantle flinging,
Earth in the gloom lies darkling,
Ah! now a gleam up springing
Like an enchantment—see!
Stars in the moonshine sparkling,
Come my love sail there with me,
Come love and sail with me,
In our loved waves confiding,
Peace on our hearts bestowing,
Only the soft breeze blowing,
Only the stars and sea.
Safe o'er the waters gliding,
Come love and sail with me,
Come love and sail with me.

"To Call Her Mine."

BY
WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued).

If man's fingers were longer, like those of the monkey with the prehensile tail, one of our ancestors might have found and fished out the coins in no time, and spent them recklessly in Kentish cobs, or the home-grown crab. Perhaps the flat stone might be moved? No; the hands which propped up the Grey Wether were mighty hands; perhaps the same which threw that apron full of boulders over the face of Hayne Down. The flat stone was immovable, perhaps with the stick I could at least feel the coins? Yes, I made them rattle. The position now became that of Tantalus. Who ever heard before of a buried treasure only twelve inches deep which could be felt, but not dragged out? Why, it was not only a buried treasure, but, perhaps, a vast treasure; a collection of priceless coins, antique, unique, throwing light upon dark places in history; giving personality and life to what had been before but a name or a string of names, the portraits and effigies of long-forgotten emperors and kings. I would have that treasure somehow. Many plans suggested themselves: sticky stuff on the end of a twig to which the coins might adhere, lazy tongs, common tongs, pincers—I would go back to Sidcote and lug up a sackful of instruments; I would go to Moreton Hampstead and borrow another sackful of surgical instruments; I would even get a couple of stone-masons and saw that stone through. I would have that treasure.

One would not be without a conscience, but it sometimes sadly interferes with the pilgrim when paths of pleasantness open out before him; and here the voice of conscience said in her cold and unsympathetic way: "There is no rood of English ground but has its Seigneur. The Lord of the Manor in which stands Hamil Down is the Prince of Wales. After all your trouble you will have to take the treasure to H.R.H." "I'll be hanged if I do," was the reply of the natural man. "You'll be conveyed to the peninsular of Purbeck marble if you don't," said conscience again.

It is no use arguing with a conscience which is at once persistent and sensitive. I, therefore, grumpily stuck the stick once more into the recess and poked about again. The coins rattled merrily. Never in my whole life have I so ardently desired to touch, to handle, to examine, to possess an unknown and unseen treasure.

Now, when I took out the stick again, a bit of yellow leather showed for a moment just hooked up by the ferrule as far as the light penetrated. The sight of the leather inspired me with faint hope. Again I poked about, but for some time in vain, until I hit upon a most ingenious and crafty contrivance. Like all really great things, it was also perfectly simple. In fact, I reversed the stick and fished with the handle, to such good purpose that in a very few moments I had the leather thong in my fingers and hauled it out.

The thong tied up the mouth of a small brown canvas bag, very much like that which is used by moderns in sending and fetching money from a bank. Did the Druids—did the ancient inhabitants of Grimspond—use canvas bags for their banks? Or perhaps the Romans, from whom we have borrowed many things, invented the canvas bag for the convenience of bank clerks. It had an ancient and a musty smell, not unexpected in a bag, perhaps, as old as King Cymbeline or Queen Boduque. And the coins were within. Now for the treasure. Yet it must go to H.R.H., even if it should prove to be—what? As the sailor said when he found the bottle, "Rum, I hope; sherry, I think"; so I: "Roman, I hope, mediæval, I think; modern, by George!" Yes, the coins were modern; they were not Roman, or Saxon, or Norman, or early English; they were not even rose nobles, marks, moldores, or doubloons; they were simply sovereigns, twenty in number, and two of them quite new, bearing the date of 1879. The date of the bag, therefore, could not be later than that year. It might have been dropped in the day before yesterday. Perhaps, however, there were more. No: the firm point of the stick struck against the hard stone all round the narrow recess, but there were no more coins. The bag was a modern bank bag, and the treasure was a collection of twenty coins all the same—namely, that Victorian gold piece which is now so scarce and so highly prized in country districts, known as the sovereign. It was possible, indeed, that the Druids, who are supposed to have known so much, may have had a prophetic mint, and turned out these coins in anticipation of later times; but no: the theory seemed untenable.

Twenty sovereigns in a bag—a bank bag—a modern brown canvas bag. Who could have climbed up Hamil Down in order to hide twenty pounds in a little hole like this? Was it some philosopher careless of filthy lucre? No; in this country such a thinker exists no longer. Even the Socialists would divide equally amongst themselves—one man "laying low" to rob his neighbour of his share—and not throw away this creature of good red gold. Had it been placed there by someone as a voluntary offering and gift to the unknown God of Fortune in order to avert his wrath by some man over-prosperous, as the rich king of old threw his ring into the sea? That might have been before the year 1879; since that time there has been nobody prosperous. Could it have been hidden there by a thief? But if thieves steal a bag of money, it is the bag, and not the money, that they hide away. The money they take to a ken or a den, where their fraternity meet to enjoy the fruits of industry. No thief, certainly, concealed the bag in this place. It must, therefore, have been put there and hidden away by somebody for some secret purpose of his own. But what purpose? Who could possibly have brought a bag of twenty pounds to this wild spot, so distant from any place of human resort, and yet exposed to such an accident of discovery? Perhaps it was a magpie; in which case it only remained to find the maid. Only six years ago; perhaps less. Twenty pounds is a large sum to put away. Assuredly there was no one at all in the neighbourhood of Hamil Down by whom twenty pounds could be "put away" without "feeling it," as is poetically and beautifully said. Twenty pounds! I kept counting the money, turning it over from hand to hand, looking again at the dates on the coins, and trying to think how this money came here and why it could have been left here.

Finally, I put the gold into the bag, tied it up again, and put it in my own pocket. Then I walked on, my beautiful literary meditations quite interrupted, and turned from a peaceful stream into a muddy and angry whirlpool. One does not like to be faced with a conundrum which cannot be solved, and yet will not be quiet, but keeps presenting itself. In the fable of the king who was chased by the gadfly, it is cunningly figured how a man went mad by trying to solve an enigma of which he could not find the answer, but which would never cease to trouble him.

Thinking of this curious "cache," I went on walking mechanically, till I found myself at the other side of the broad upland down. The sun by this time, which was eleven o'clock, was blazing hot, and I thought with yearning of rest and a pipe in the shade. The nearest shade accessible was across the shallow valley at my feet, and under the rocks of Hooknor opposite. Not quite half-way across, I saw the long grey line which I knew to be part of the enclosure of Grimspond, on the lower slope of Hamil Down. Beyond Grimspond the ground began to rise with a gentle ascent to Hooknor, where I proposed to rest. The way down which I plunged is encumbered with quagmires, and is steep and rocky; a hillside where adds hiss—I never for my own part heard this creature hiss, or clap its hands, or do anything except get out of the way as quickly as it could—and where rabbits also spring up at your feet and scud away as if they had heard of rabbit-pie. Presently, however, I found myself within the ancient and honourable city of Grimspond, which has been in ruins for sixty generations of human beings. Sixty generations! It seems a great many. We, who are the heirs of all the ages, possess, as may be reckoned, so many ancestors of that period that they may be set down by the figure one, followed by eighteen naughts, which is about a hundred million times the whole population of the globe at that time. The difference is caused by the marriage of cousins.

Dartmoor has many of these ancient enclosures and sacred circles, with avenues of stones, menhirs, dolmens, pierced stones, and other holy apparatus of a long-forgotten cult. Grimspond, which is the largest of them, is a great oblong, surrounded by what was once a strong wall, formed by rolling the boulders down the hill, and piling them one above the other. The wall is now thrown over. Outside the wall was once a broad ditch or fosse, which is now nearly filled up. Within the wall are a dozen small circles formed of stones laid side by side. They are the foundations of houses, like those of Kes Tor. The largest circle was doubtless the Royal Palace, or perhaps the sacred building of the priest, where he sat in solitary grandeur when he was not conducting some beautiful and awe-inspiring human sacrifice. The small circles were the habitations of the nobility and gentry of Grimspond. The common sort had to make their huts without any circles, because the stones were all used up. The Grimsponders had no enemies, because on this island everybody spoke the same language and they were all cousins. But man's chief happiness is war and fighting; therefore, they pretended to be at feud with all the other tribes, and so went foraging and

driving the cattle, and attacked and were attacked, and had their great generals and their valiant captains—to every tribe its Achilles and Diomedes, and Nestor and Ulysses—just as their successors. All this fully accounts for Grimspound, and makes that place deeply interesting. At the same time, if any gentleman has a little pocket theory of his own about the origin and history of the place, we shall be pleased to hear him. The late ingenious Mr. James Fergusson, for instance, wrote a whole book to prove that Grimspound and its brother stone cities were all built the day before yesterday. This may be true; but, as above stated, the absence of the oldest inhabitant prevented him from proving his case.

When I had walked across the length and breadth of Grimspound, and visited the spring just outside the wall—no doubt the scene of many a sanguinary fight, the besiegers trying to keep the besieged from getting at the water—and when I had drunk of the water which looks so brown as it trickles through the little pools among the peat, I walked slowly up the hill of Hooknor and found my shady place beside the rocks and sat down and filled my pipe, still agitated with the abominable mystery and enigma of the canvas bag: yet thinking I could devote my mind uninterruptedly to its consideration and to the tobacco. But it was a day of mysteries.

Before I tell you what followed, please to bear in mind that, though one talks of valleys and the tops of hills, the Tor of Hooknor is a very low elevation, and is certainly not the fourth part of a mile from Grimspound; next, that the enclosure lies on the upland slope of the opposite hill, though low down. Therefore, to one upon Hooknor it is spread out like a map—the map of an island, in which the outer wall represents the seacoast, and the stone circles, lakes or mountains, according to the fancy of the observer. Thirdly, that the air was so clear and bright, so free from vapour or haze, that every blade of grass and every twig of heather on the opposite hill seemed visible from where I sat; and, lastly, that I am gifted with very long sight, inasmuch that when I take a book of small print I am faint, in order to get the full flavour of it, to set it up at one end of the room and to read it from the other. If you understand all this, you will perfectly understand what followed.

At the same time I was perfectly in the view of anyone in Grimspound, had there been anyone there.

There was no one within sight or hearing; there was not a sight or sound of human life to be seen, looking from Hooknor at the great massive hill of Hamil Down; neither up nor down the valley, from this place, could be seen a village, a clearing, a farm, or any trace of man. Thus I fell to thinking again about that bag. How on earth did it get into such a queer place? Such a thing no more got into such a place by accident than the wondrous order of the Cosmos is arrived at by accident; it could not have been dropped out of anybody's pocket by accident—the figuration and situation of the recess forbade that. It could not, again, have been deposited very recently, considering the mouldiness of the bag. I thought of putting it back and watching. But in order to watch one must hide, and there is no place in Hamil Down for even a dwarf to hide. Besides, if it had been left there five or six years before, the hiding-place might now be forgotten. And, again, one would have to watch continuously, and the top of Hamil would be bleak in winter and cold at night; and there would be difficulties about grub.

While I was thinking, a figure, which I began dimly to perceive through the nebulous veil of thought, was working his way slowly down the hillside opposite by nearly the same way as I had myself picked among the boulders. He came plodding along with the heavy step and rolling shoulders of one who walks much over ploughed fields and heavy land—George Sidcote had acquired that walk since his narrowed circumstances made him a hind as well as a master. This man looked neither to right nor left. Therefore he was not only a countryman, but one who knew the moor, and was indifferent as rustics seem—but they are not in reality—to its beauty and its wildness. As he came lower, I observed that he walked with hanging head, as if oppressed with thought; and presently, though his face remained hidden, I recognised him. By his mop of red hair, by his great beard, by his rolling shoulders, this could be no other than David Leighan. What on earth was David wanting on Hamil Down, and whither was he going? It was our returned prodigal, and the suspicion occurred to me immediately that not only was the prodigal impenitent, but that he was "up" to something. It might have been a suspicion as unjust and unkind as it was baseless, but it certainly crossed my mind. Where was he going, and why?

It thus became apparent that he was making for Grimspound. For if he had been going to Challacomb he would

have kept higher up; and if he had been going to Vitifer or to Post Bridge, he would have kept on for a quarter of a mile before striking the path; but he made straight down the hill, just as I had done. Was David also among the archaeologists? Was he going to verify on the spot a theory on their purpose and construction—first conceived, perhaps, among the blacks?

Whatever he was in search of, he had a purpose in his mind. His face, which I could now make out plainly under the shade of his felt hat, was set with a purpose. Your naturally slow man, when he has a definite purpose in his mind, shows it more intelligibly than the swift-minded man, who jumps from one idea to another. He was going to Grimspound—perhaps the purpose marked in his face was only a determination to sit down and take a pipe among the ruins. In that case he might take it kindly if I were to shout an invitation to join me. But no. When he should see me it would be time enough to shout.

In the corner of Grimspound, nearest to Hamil Down, there are lying piled one above the other three or four stones a good deal bigger than those which form the greater part of the wall. They lie in such a way—I presently ascertained the fact by investigation—that there is formed a little cave, dry, quite protected from rain, dark, and long, its back formed by the lower part of a round boulder, while one side, sloping floor, and sloping roof are formed by these flat boulders. David, I observed (though I knew nothing then about this little cave—I dare say there are many others like it in the enclosure) made straight for the spot without doubt or hesitation. He had, therefore, come all the way from Manaton to look for something in Grimspound. This was interesting, and I watched with some curiosity, though I ought, no doubt, to have sung out. It must be something he had brought home with him—something valuable. He was not, perhaps, so poor as he seemed to be. When one comes to think of it, a man must have some possessions; it is almost impossible to travel about for six years and to amass nothing: one must have luggage of some kind when one crosses the ocean all the way from Australia to England.

He stopped at this convenient hiding-place. Then he looked around him quickly, as if to assure himself that no one was present to observe him—I wonder he did not see me. Then he stooped down, reached within some cavity hidden to me, and drew out something.

It was in a big blue bag. I could plainly see that the blue bag, like my canvas bag, was weather-stained. He laid the bag upon a stone, and proceeded to draw out its contents, consisting of a single box. It was a box about two feet long and eighteen inches wide, and two or three inches deep. It was a tin box. What had David got in his box? I might have walked down the hill and asked him that question, but one was naturally somewhat ashamed to confess to looking on at what was intended for a profound secret. Let him take his box and carry it back to his cottage. I made up my mind on the spot, and nothing that followed in the least degree caused me to waver in that conviction—indeed, I heard very little of what had happened for sometime afterwards—that the box had been brought home by David; and I was quite certain that it contained things which he had gathered during his travels. What things? Well, they have coral, pearls, shells, feathers, all kinds of beautiful things in the islands of the Pacific. We shall soon find out what they were.

Good. David was not, then, quite a pauper. It is always pleasant to find that the returned exile has not done altogether so badly for himself. Let him keep his secret, and reveal it in his own good time.

David was so anxious to keep the secret that he actually took off his jacket—the sailor's blue jacket—wrapped it round the bag, and tied it up securely with string. Then, without looking about him any more, he turned and walked back as slowly and deliberately as he had come, carrying the treasure under his arm. As soon as his figure had surmounted the brow of the hill and had disappeared, I got up and sought the hiding-place in the wall of Grimspound. It really was a place into which nobody would think of looking for anything. The top stone sloped downwards over the mouth, so as almost to hide it. In this cluster of four great stones no one would have dreamed of finding or of looking for anything. David's hiding-place was well chosen.

Then I followed, walking slowly, so that I might not catch him up on his way home with his tin box full of queer things from the Southern Seas.

The extraordinary coincidence, which I did not in the least suspect, was that on the very same morning that David went to recover the box I should light upon the bag. You will understand presently what a remarkable coincidence that was.

(To be continued.)

Her Mother's Secret.

By HARTLEY KNIGHT.

Continued from page 918.

THREE hours afterwards, Bella, more composed, was trying to drown her sorrow in her household cares. He must never know the truth, she thought, never know the secret that stood between her and happiness. And yet the prospect of life alone, living on year by year in a ceaseless monotony, was too awful to calmly contemplate. She must tell him. Yet he perhaps would despise her for the part she had played: for the deception she had maintained. He could not, surely, condemn her: their old love would—

What was that? A knock: a stealthy, feeble knock at the door. Bella heard it, notwithstanding her dismal reverie, and hearing, grew crimson with shame. On this day of all others, too! It was hard, hard! But she would plead—would ask that this visit might be the last, and throw herself on his mercy.

She did not move—she could not. But she kept her eyes fixed upon the door in a sort of horrible fascination. Presently the handle turned and the door, quietly yielding, showed the figure of a man.

"Is the coast clear?" he asked in a whisper. "May I come in?"

The young woman, still dumb and motionless, replied not; so the visitor, without further parley, came into the room, shutting the door very quietly behind him.

A cunning man this, surely. A tall, gaunt man, with a sunken, hairless face, a creeping, crafty manner, and the voice of adulation. A dirty man, too, for his clothes were ragged and muddy, with the elbows and wristbands of his coat shiny, as with a long service of bar-leaving. A man, perhaps, of fifty or so—with an air smacking of Pentonville.

He advanced clumsily and came to where Bella sat, so still, upon the couch. Whether it was a reaction from the morning's sorrow, or whether a repugnance for the loathsome creature before her, I know not, but she sprang to her feet, and spread out her hands as if to keep him away.

"How dare you!" she exclaimed indignantly. "How dare you presume this much. Is it not sufficient that your coming haunts me, and makes my life—as it made my mother's before me—a misery, that you dare to offer me such an insult?"

The man, with a strange, incomprehensible smile, took a seat on a stool at her feet.

"Well, well, no offence," he said apologetically. "You needn't despise me. . . I only wanted to sit down."

"What do you want—why do you come here still? I thought—you told me—I should never see you again. Is this your promise? Have I not told you that your visits are known: that I am suspected. Oh, shame—shame! What more do you want?"

"This much," said the man quickly, rubbing his hands, "I want to go away and settle down—perhaps in France—perhaps in the States. But I don't go till I have the necessary—you hear: till I get my discharge from you. That's what I want!"

"I shall give you nothing more. For years you have lived upon my mother and me, and I will endure it no longer. I gave you, on your last visit, as much of my own as I could give you. More than this I refuse to do. My husband's money is his own."

"If you send me empty away," said the man, quoting, perhaps unconsciously, the Psalms, "I shall make it my duty to see this husband of yours, and shall tell him all."

This was his last resource, and he knew its importance. It was well she should be occasionally reminded that he held the trump card. Alas! she knew it too well; and the man, watching, saw her hesitate. She was lost: he had gained his point: she was at his feet again.

"Tell my husband?—you must not: you would not dare!" She spoke in a hard, convulsive tone: her whole body quivering with a strange excitement. Then she drew forth her purse. "How much do you want?"

"Say five down—the rest to follow in two days. A hundred will set me up nicely!"

"A hundred pounds," said Bella, aghast. "Are you mad? I don't possess so much in all the world!"

"No; but your husband does," the fellow said, rising, and seizing her hand. "Come, its no use wrangling with me. Give me what you have and let me go—!"

"Stay!"

It was Harry's voice that rang through the room: Harry himself that stood upon the threshold. Bella turned with outstretched arms, and fell sobbing on his shoulder.

"What does this mean," Harry asked. "Who is this man, Bella? Come, darling, speak: I have heard much—tell me the remainder." But Bella could only sob convulsively.

"Now, sir," said the young man, sharply, turning to the cringing creature before him. "Who and what are you; and what is it that you are so anxious to conceal from me—this lady's husband?"

"Why this—" began the fellow abruptly, when Bella, breaking from her husband's arms, interposed. "No, no," she said excitedly, "He must not know. Harry, dear," and she turned to that amazed man, "if you love me, I beseech you not to learn more!"

"My wife," said Harry firmly, taking her to him again, "I must and will know everything. Who is this fellow?"

"This fellow, as you are pleased to term him, will answer for himself. . . . That girl there is my daughter—do you hear—my daughter!"

"Your daughter! Bella!—speak—is this true?"

"True!" repeated the man, with emphasis. "I should think it was. You thought her mother a widow, didn't you?"

"I did, indeed," began Harry, "I—"

"Yes; of course. Trust a woman to fool the devil. Well, I've been working all these years, and now I want a little relaxation." He did not add that, during his retirement he had been the guest of Her Majesty. "So naturally enough I go to the bosom of my family for consolation, and I must say, the bosom wasn't over glad to see me again.—But that's like the world. After a time the old lady pegs out: then I seek comfort from my only child."

"Yes: with menaces and threats," interposed Harry, who saw through the man plainly enough. "You live on her bounty, and you make her life wretched because she feared to tell me of your miserable existence."

"I don't want to waste words with you. It's the girl I want and will have. Where she is there will I be.—She is my daughter!"

"She is my wife!" He had forgotten that apparently: but he knew now that he had played his last card and had—lost. This young man who held his daughter with so much love and tenderness was evidently no fool, and was not to be trifled with. He would make one last desperate resolve.

"If you think to get rid of me so easily you are mistaken. Turn me adrift, and the world shall know that you have married a convict's daughter!"

A feeble shaft—feebly thrown, and it missed its mark. "You may do your worst," said Harry quietly. "And now," and he threw open the door, "take yourself off, and never show yourself here again. If you do—by Heaven!—father or no father you shall remember it. You have heard me—go!"

And the man went. Crept out like a beaten cur, vanished, and was never seen alive again. Three years afterwards the body of a man was picked up in the Seine: taken to the Morgue, and subsequently identified as the father of Harry Milner's wife.

Husband and wife were alone together: the clouds had gone. Harry was the first to speak. "My own life," said he, sadly, "how can you ever forgive me!—how can I forgive myself! That I could ever have thought that you were—! Oh, dear one, pardon me!"

"Harry"—and the little golden head nestled closer to his breast. "Harry, dear, the fault was mine—and yet not mine. It was my mother's secret when you—married me: and before she died she made me swear never to tell you the truth: the tale that had embittered her whole life. My father was convicted many years ago, and served his sentence. Then he preyed upon us both; and it was for your sake, my husband, that we supplied him with money and kept his shameful story secret."

"My darling!" And when Uncle Bob came that evening fresh from the Antipodes and saw his nephew and his charming little wife, he said to himself, said he: "Harry is a very lucky fellow; and as for that little minx, she is without doubt the happiest wife in the world." And Uncle Bob was right: for Bella certainly was.

Mrs. Simpson? Well, that excellent lady duly carried out her resolve, and left her bondage that very night—not without completely spoiling the last dinner she ever cooked for that family. Whither she went I know not—nor care; but Bella and Harry many years afterwards read in the papers the conviction, for spoon-stealing, of a lady named Simpson: an announcement which brought to them the remembrance of a day long ago, when their own young lives had been so nearly wrecked.

Calendar of the Week.

February 28th.—On this day, in the year 1736, the first proposal was made in the House of Commons to stay the fearful growth of intemperance by laying a duty upon spirits. Gin at this time was so cheap, that there were actually shops which invited the people to get drunk for a penny, and dead drunk for twopence, with clean straw for nothing. Hogarth's terrible picture of Gin Lane is hardly an exaggeration of the dreadful effects of the inordinate drinking which was then the curse of the working classes.

March 1st.—Day of St. David.

St. David, the Patron Saint of the Welsh, was the son of Xantus, Prince of Cardigan. He was Archbishop of Caerleon. He was also uncle to the famous King Arthur. His remains lay in Glastonbury Abbey, where they were supposed to work miracles. Why Welshmen wear the leek on this day is not known, though a good many reasons have been assigned for the practice. On this day is kept in London the anniversary of the most Honourable and Loyal Society of Ancient Britons. At Jesus College, Oxford, the great silver punch-bowl, containing ten gallons, used to be filled on the day of St. David with a delectable drink called "Swig," a mixture of sherry and warm beer, spiced, sugared, and furnished with toasted bread cut up small. Another popular form of "Swig" was to make it of brandy and beer instead of sherry and beer; then it was called "Brown Betty." I fear that both "Swig" and "Brown Betty" are now forgotten, and the big punch-bowl doubtless stands in its cupboard neglected.

March 2nd.—Day of St. Chad. This saint was the first Bishop of Lichfield.

On this day, 1791, John Wesley died full of years and of honour, the founder of the greatest of all the Protestant Sects. The Wesleyans in Great Britain and Ireland are by no means a feeble folk, but America, where they are called Methodists, is the great stronghold of the cause. There they number twenty millions, and should they agree to vote solid, as they sometimes propose to do, especially in the cause of temperance, they would be the greatest power in the country.

On this day, Pope Leo XIII. was born in the year 1810. He is, therefore, seventy-nine years of age.

March 3rd.—This is the day of two saints celebrated in Spain, but little known outside that country. Wherefore I withhold their names, but mention a curious custom connected with them. When hailstorms threaten, the clergy and people make a procession, and sing the praises of these two, in return for which they believe that the storm will be driven away.

March 4th.—On this day, 1583, died a good man, whose name is still, after three hundred years, cherished in the North of England: his name is Bernard Gilpin. He narrowly escaped being burned in the reign of Queen Mary. He was rector of a country parish in Durham: he founded and taught in a grammar school, preached on the hills to the wild dalesmen, thundered against abuses, and wore himself out with incessant labour.

On this day, 1775, died a laborious writer named John Timbs. His books are full of curious and useful information, especially those on London. His labours were rewarded by an old age of poverty spent in an alms-house.

March 5th.—St. Piran's Day. Shrove Tuesday.

The day before Lent, and therefore naturally a day of feasting before the long fast commences. Those who no longer observe Lent, still maintain the memory of the fast by observing this day. It used to be a public holiday. The London prentices left their shops and made merry: all over the country there were games, wrestling, running, leaping, and cock-fighting; and until fifty years ago, when the custom was finally abandoned at Heston, the last place where it was kept up, there was throwing at cocks.

Saint Piran, whose festival was kept on the 5th of March, was the patron saint of the Cornish tin-miners. They are said still to observe the day, though they have forgotten the saint.

March 6th.—Ash Wednesday.

This day is so called because it was formerly the custom to sprinkle the heads of the people with ashes made from the branches of palms consecrated the year before. It is the first day of the great Christian Fast. Abstinence from flesh has always been accounted a mark of holiness in the East; whence comes the custom of

fasting. The Mohammedans, in their Fast of Ramadan, eat nothing between sunrise and sunset. The Buddhists observe protracted fasts, and many of them live entirely on a vegetable diet. The Essenes, a well-known sect, of Syria, used to fast, and live on beans, bread and water. There can be no doubt that in hot climates, and among people who do not use vegetables, to abstain from flesh meat wholly or occasionally is most beneficial. The Crusaders, for instance, when they gained possession of the Holy Land, brought with them the habit of eating great quantities of meat. The result was, in the second or third generation, they became infected with leprosy, scurvy, and similar disorders. Excess in eating is, indeed, as fruitful a source of disease as excess in drink, though less is thought about it, and to be a glutton is not considered so great a disgrace as to be a drunkard. One cannot walk along a street without meeting persons in plenty in whose faces it is clearly written that Lenten fare would be the best thing in the world for them.

Grey Friars and the Blue Coat School.

IN the early years of the reign of Henry III., four Italian monks of the *Fratres Minores*, or Grey Friars, came to London and started a small convent of their order. They had neither money nor lands, but depended on the charity of the citizens, and the holiness of their lives began very soon to attract gifts and benefactions. Where we moderns give money to Hospitals, Technical Schools, and People's Palaces, our ancestors gave money to monasteries. Before the close of the thirteenth century, one worthy citizen had given the Grey Friars a piece of land near Newgate—there was a City gate then, not only the name of one: another built them a hall: one Mayor of London gave them a chapel: another a nave: the Chapter House, their infirmary, their dormitory, their refectory, and their water conduit had all been given them by citizens. In the next century, being now a most flourishing community, they proceeded to pull down their modest church, and built one of the most splendid churches in London, rivalling in magnificence the Cathedral of St. Paul's, and surpassing it in the richness of their shrines. Margaret of France, wife of King Edward I., gave them the choir: John of Britany, Earl of Richmond, gave them the nave, which was three hundred feet long, the columns and the pavement being all of marble. In the following century the Library was built for them by the executors of Sir Richard Whittington. The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were for the Grey Friars a period of the greatest prosperity and honour. Their church was the finest in London: their possessions were large: the robe of London russet which they wore was held in the greatest honour: they claimed the right of sanctuary: and in their church was buried four queens and six hundred and sixty noblemen and ladies of the highest rank.

On the suppression of the monasteries they were turned out; that was in November, 1539, but the place was not destroyed. At first it became a receptacle for merchandise captured from the French at sea, and the splendid carved work of the tombs, screens, and choir was covered up and hidden by casks of wine. On the death of King Henry VIII. the church was dismantled, and the nave cut off and let out to a schoolmaster, while the marble tombs and carvings were all sold to some one who gave £5 for the lot. One wonders what he did with them and what he got for them.

Five years later King Edward founded three Hospitals,—St. Thomas's, Bridewell, and Christ's. The third, which he intended for destitute children, he established on the site of the Old Grey Friars' Monastery. On Christmas Day, 1552, the children of Christ's Hospital stood in line in Cheapside, while the Lord Mayor and Aldermen rode to St. Paul's. There was 340 of them dressed all in a livery of russet: but the following year they assumed the blue and yellow dress of apprentices, which they still wear.

In the Great Fire of London, the famous old church was destroyed: the present church is one of those built by Sir Christopher Wren. Of the old buildings nothing remains except some fragments in the cloisters. There are now 1,400 boys and girls on the roll, and the income of the College is £50,000. The buildings are nearly all modern, but many ancient customs still survive in the school. The Great Hall, the Dormitories, the Cloisters, and the Infirmary, are all well worth seeing. But let those who visit the Blue Coats, not forget the Grey Friars who preceded them.

Scene: COUNTRY FAIR.

Showman—Walk up! walk up! A man with ivory hair!
Rustic (after the show)—'E ain't got no ivory 'air. He says I've hoary 'air. (Exit disgusted.)

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35, FINSBURY SQUARE.

For the Relief of the Ruptured Poor throughout the Kingdom.

ESTABLISHED 1807.

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

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N.B.—Funds are much needed.

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