

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]

THE PALACE JOURNAL will be sent post free as soon as published to any address in the United Kingdom for 6/- a year, or 1/6 a quarter. Subscriptions must be prepaid.

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.
Cycling Club.—Leave Palace at 7 o'clock for Woodford.
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.—Adjourned General Meeting, at 8.15.
Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.
Chess Club.—Match with Metropolitan Board of Works' Club, at 7.
Photographic Club.—Paper by Mr. Gamble, 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.—Usual practice, at 7.
Football Club.—First XI, at Wanstead; Second XI, at Romford.
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.
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 17th,

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30 AND 4 O'CLOCK.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

1. Sonata in A Mendelssohn.
2. Air, "In Native worth" Haydn.
3. Offertoire Guilmant.
4. Andante in F Smart.
5. Prelude in C A. Hollins.
6. Chorus, "Let all the angels" Handel.

AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

1. Cornelius March Mendelssohn.
2. Air, "Angels ever bright and fair" (by request) Handel.
3. Sacred Song, "Nazareth" (by request) Gounod.
4. "Communion" (by request) Grison.
5. Introductory Voluntary in A F. Turner.
6. Introduction and Allegro in D Guilmant.

Notes of the Week.

THE City of London is going to spend £200,000 this year. It is a large sum of money, and it is interesting to learn how it is made up. First of all there is a trifle of nearly £30,000 for unusual expenditure, erection of necessary buildings, and so forth. Police and justice cost £35,000—what a frightful expenditure is caused every year by rogues! Civic government—which includes another Court of Justice—costs £46,000. Pensions run away with £14,000; education, library, museum, and art galleries cost £16,000; charitable donations, £4,500; and the maintenance of West Ham Park and Epping Forest costs £5,000. This seems on the whole a very satisfactory account. No one will grudge the money spent on most of the items. And we must all agree that to keep up the dignity of the Corporation of this great City a very large sum is required.

FOR my own part, I find the City Corporation such an excellent thing that I desire its preservation above all things. But the dignity and state of the Lord Mayor should represent the whole of London, not a little bit of it. Why can we not preserve what exists, and enlarge it. Would it be absolutely impossible to extend the Wards? For instance, Portsoken Ward might include the whole of East London south of Whitechapel and the Mile End Road: Bishopsgate should include Bethnal Green, Hackney and Ford: and so on, the Wards being extended, in all directions, four miles north, twenty miles east and west, and ten miles south. We should then have a Lord Mayor representing a City, the like of which does not exist in the whole world. But, to abolish an old thing because it has grown old is the folly of ignorance which is always impatient; we might as well pull down the lovely little old church of Bow because it will no longer hold half the population of that over-grown village.

THE Navy is to be increased by seventy new ships, which will all be built in the next five years. As the present fleet will be diminished by at least twenty ships—worn out, sunk, and wrecked—in the same time it is not such an enormous increase after all. The proposed addition of about 3,000 men only shows that the increase is not to be so very great. It is not generally known that there is considerable difficulty about manning the fleet, the reason being chiefly the absurd restrictions as to entrance, and certain obsolete rules of over strictness in active duty. These rules will have to be overhauled before the navy is as popular as the army as a profession for a young man. From the point of view of pay there is little to be desired, though even the pay might be improved; and as regards work and food, there is not anywhere in the world a service or a trade where a man is better fed, better clothed, better cared for, and more lightly worked. Let this be remembered by those who are troubled by the difficulty of finding work for their boys.

FOR my own part I have never been able to understand why a young fellow, healthy and strong, need be troubled about his maintenance, or complain of no work, when the Army, in all its branches—Engineers, Artillery, Cavalry, Infantry, and Commissariat,—or the Navy, whether as combatant or "landsmen," *i.e.*, carpenter, engineer, etc., is open to him. Easy work, good food, a roving life, and at the end a pension: surely these ought to be inducements enough. As for the fighting, that is of the whole of a soldier's or sailor's life, the part which most he loves. I have talked with many soldiers, both officers and men, and I have found but one opinion: they all love campaigning and the fierce joy of battle, more than anything

else in the world. As for the hardship of war—the occasional short commons, the long marches, and the open-air sleeping—they are not minded in the least. There is something in the feeling that one is in camp, that outside the camp there is the enemy longing to kill you, that safety depends on every man doing his duty steadily and bravely, which stiffens the nerves, and fires the blood of every soldier.

THIS being undeniable, why do not the Authorities come to our end of London to pick up the thousands who must be ready and willing to join the forces? Among the many grievances and neglects of the East End, not the least should be the fact that there is not a single regiment of Her Majesty's forces to show our lads what marching with the colours may mean; and I have never once seen in this immense city of two millions a Recruiting Sergeant. Yet we hear continually of brave lads coming up from the country who cannot find work to do. My friends, go West,—go to St. Martin's, Trafalgar Square, and have done with this terrible search after that which seems impossible to be found. Plenty, good clothes, and light work are waiting for you, in return for what? No greater loss of individual freedom than you have to encounter if you stay at home, in service of manufacturer or shop; nay, less, for all is by rule and the same for all, and of sweating, private bullying, and turning out of place there is none.

A VERY odd story comes from Crewe. Five years ago the employers started a Pension Fund, to be created by the stoppage out of wages of a very small sum every week. The men, five thousand in number, have now resolved that they will no longer save up for their old age. They prefer that their old age should take care of itself. This would be a very melancholy thing to consider if it were not for the memory of the enormous trouble that had to be taken in order to persuade the wealthier people to insure their lives. Now, after endless trouble, there is no professional or middle-class man who does not insure his life. So, in course of time there will be no working man who will not insure his old age. That five thousand mechanical engineers, the most intelligent, the best taught of all working men, should refuse any longer to contribute to their own comfort when they are old, shows the prevalence of the most reckless, the most wicked disregard of the ordinary principles of prudence.

It is over a year ago since I tried to point out in these columns with what ease a young man who chose to remain unmarried till the age of twenty-seven, could provide a small and comfortable pension for his old age. I have not heard that the idea has "caught on." It was then argued that, as old age or death is as certain as to-morrow's sun, and as it is equally certain that old age will bring with it inability to work, the wise young man will take advantage of the offers made by the State, to insure himself against want. Now, the State says this, "Give me a certain sum of money, and I will give you a pension to begin whenever you please." In fact, a very small sum will buy a pension of £1 a year, to begin at fifty-five or at sixty. And any young man who has the courage and the prudence, may, before he is seven-and-twenty years of age, buy as much as will give him ten shillings a week when he arrives at sixty years of age.

IN order to impress upon young fellows a reality of old age and what it is like when there is no money, I should like to take a party over the nearest workhouse. Here are the old men who spent, while they were young, all their money. Some of them earned good money and were excellent workmen. Talk to them—you will find that they were highly respectable men: that they were sober, honest, and industrious, as much as any of us: but they saved nothing. Others, again, saved something, but spent it all when bad times came. Now, had they saved in the way opened to them by the State, they would now be occupying their own rooms in comfort and freedom. In the workhouse there is, it is true, comfort, of a kind. The rooms are warm: the clothes are warm: the beds are warm. But there are as many rules as in a prison—everything is compulsory: there is no freedom. In the nature of things, this must be so. And all huddled together: no privacy: no sitting quietly by your own fire; no doing what you please at your own time. I can think of nothing more doleful than old age in a workhouse. It is slavery. And it can so easily be avoided: only a little resolution to get into the habit of putting by week after week a small sum, which a young man can easily spare: only the determination to put off marriage till the old age is assured.

THE whole question of pensions wants to be thoroughly overhauled and gone into. Not in the half-hearted way in which the House considered the subject last year, but as a whole and on principle. My own conviction is that every man who has earned his own livelihood, no matter in what capacity, is entitled to a pension, that is to say, to be kept by the State when he is no longer able to work. He should be kept, moreover, not in a barrack, but in his own room, if not in his own cottage. There comes in the difficulty of the idle and the incompetent. Are they to have the same pensions as the skilful and the industrious? Certainly not; and I think the whole difficulty would be met by a simple small tax upon wages, salaries, and pay of every kind. For instance, take a tax of threepence in the pound. A man earning £60 a year from seventeen to twenty, £100 a year from twenty to sixty, would contribute to the Treasury during this period a sum of £70 in direct payments. But then a good many men would die or emigrate during that period, so that the amount available for his pension would be a great deal more. Again, a man in the professional class earning, say £300 a year from twenty-two to thirty, £500 a year from thirty to forty, and £1,000 a year from forty to sixty, would have contributed during the same period the sum of £350 nearly. And a very rich man, say a manufacturer making £20,000 a year from thirty to sixty, would contribute the sum of £2,500. I think that such a fund would place at the disposal of the State enough to give every man in the country a pension on reaching the age of sixty. Practically it would mean the readjustment of the Poor Rates: it would sweep out of the workhouse all the old people, and it would leave us only widows, orphans, and sick people to maintain.

As regards the vicious, the drunkards, and the idle, it would be necessary to give them an allowance on a very reduced scale—say, a shilling a day. Observe that this plan would clear the army, navy, and the civil service of the great pension lists which now swell the yearly grant. The retired pay, half-pay, and pensions in the Army amount to nearly £3,000,000 a year in the army, to £2,000,000 in the navy, and I think about £1,000,000 to the Civil Service and Miscellaneous. All persons who now belong to these Lists would then receive these pensions in the usual manner at the age of sixty, or on becoming incapacitated. There would be, I suppose, three grades of pensions; but there would be no large pensions. I propose the subject for consideration. Next week I will show you how successive Governments have for fifty years dealt with a certain Pension Trust committed to their charge.

THERE certainly is no form of annoyance more annoying than the run-away ring. Every allowance should be made for the exasperation of a man or a woman under such a provocation, especially when it is repeated. Therefore one is not altogether without sympathy towards the Hammersmith surgeon, who caught a child in the very act, and punished her by making her take a powder. The evidence did not seem to show what kind of powder it was, whether grey powder, or James's powder, or rhubarb powder, or quinine, or any other kind of powder, or how it was administered. The usual medicine of jam was not, one fears, adopted, nor was the child given half an apple afterwards to take away the taste. The child, in fact, appears to have run home with the taste of that powder still in her mouth. Her father, as stated to the magistrate, refused the half-sovereign which the angry practitioner offered, and demanded a much larger sum in order to square the little affair. In the end he got nothing, but the surgeon had to pay a fine of forty shillings. It is safe to prophecy that his bell will not be pulled again by this little girl.

It is, in fact, pleasant to take the law into your own hands, but it generally brings the police court down upon one. Some years ago, for instance, a case was brought before a certain worthy magistrate, in which a woman who let lodgings was charged with a very singular assault. She had a lodger who had contracted the very unpleasant habit of getting in arrears with his rent. Finding that he would not pay, she resolved on what must be considered an extreme step, even under the very great provocation. In fact—I trust that no landlady of lodgings will read this—she, with the assistance of her servant, laid between the sheets a large supply of stinging-nettles, the result of which was that her lodger passed a most disagreeable night, a prey to repentance and rage, and that she herself appeared in the morning at the Police Court. I forget the sentence, but the case caused a thrill of horror through all the lodgers in the land, and at the end of the week the bills were paid with universal readiness and most wonderful unanimity.

EDITOR.

Palace and Institute Notes.

I PRINT below a letter from Mrs. Constable, and I am sorry that it reached me too late for insertion in the last issue of the *Journal*.

To the Sub-Editor of the *People's Palace Journal*.

SIR,—I hardly know how best to express my deep sense of gratitude for the kindness shown to me by the Members of the People's Palace and friends, who have so kindly contributed to the "Constable Fund." It has indeed been a real comfort to me to learn of the respect in which my late son, Walter Shaw Constable, was held by those Members and friends, who have subscribed to the "Constable Fund." May I here be permitted to tender my true gratitude for the generosity they have shown, and if my words are but few, I can only repeat that I am truly grateful. The magnificent sum of £10 to 10s. which I have received, will be the means of giving me a start in a little business, which I earnestly trust will turn out successful.

To Sir Edmund Currie, Mr. Shaw, and to Mr. Marshall, may I again express my gratitude for their genuine sympathy shown me in the loss of my poor son.

To you, Mr. Sub-Editor, I cannot conclude this letter without assuring you that I am deeply grateful for the large interest you have taken in starting this fund, as I feel in my heart that it is through your efforts, and the very nice language you wrote in the *Palace Journal*, that the fund was so successful.

Believe me, I shall never forget the kindness I have received from everyone in connection with the People's Palace.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

PHEBE ELIZA CONSTABLE.

I CAN the more consistently publish this letter in my own column, in view of the fact that the Sub-Editor to whom Mrs. Constable is so grateful, is the late Sub-Editor, Mr. Knight, and not myself. I think I may assure Mrs. Constable of the cordial good-will and sympathy of the Members with her in her hour of trial, and of their wish that the amount they have been able to collect were ten times as much as it is.

I THINK many of our Institute Members scarcely realise the amount of influence for good which they may wield by taking stock, so to speak, in the welfare of the Palace, and personally and individually devoting themselves, as far as possible, toward maintaining its good character. There is a very overworked French phrase, which expresses a kind of fellowship pride—Institute patriotism, let us call it,—that seems becoming rarer in the land. An Institute like this is just the place in which to revive and sustain this spirit, if Members will recognise that the maximum amount of benefit can only be obtained from their association by unselfish individual devotion to the general good. The least departure from good manners, either on the part of a member (which, of course, I do not believe to be a possibility), or of a visitor, should be regarded as a personal affront, through their Institute, to all the Members individually.

THE foregoing lecture has been extracted from me by the remarks of a correspondent, who recently heard talking among some portion of the audience below the galleries during a concert. No such piece of ill-manners must be allowed to occur again, for the credit of the East End. The East End had for long borne an unaccountably bad name, when the People's Palace opened, and straightway West-Enders, who came to visit it, were astounded by the good behaviour of the thousands who resorted to the Institution. It was a lesson for audiences at their own end of the town. The East End must maintain its reputation, and should certainly never allow itself to fall behind the West End in the simple and elementary matter of good breeding.

THE opportunities for the cheapest and most profitable week's holiday ever heard of, are disappearing one by one, and to-day the vacancies for the Paris Trip are as below:—

July 27th to August 3rd	Two Vacancies.
August 17th to August 24th	One Vacancy.
September 7th to September 14th	Three Vacancies.
September 14th to September 21st	Eight "

Those Members who understand the danger of delay will apply immediately to Mr. Were, at the Technical Schools' Offices, and fill these vacancies.

I UNDERSTAND that arrangements have also been made to extend the opportunity of visiting Paris on these pleasant terms to thirty-two of the lady Members, who will leave London in four parties of eight each week in August, commencing on the third of that month. Miss Adam will take the names, and those ladies who have already given their undertaking to go, are requested to call upon Mr. Were, on Monday evening next, to pay their half-sovereign deposit.

Sub-Editor.

A Stranger's View of America.

THAT popular writer, widely known by his assumed name of Max O'Rell, whose entertaining books on England as it presents itself to a Frenchman's eyes, have been in such great demand, has recently completed a similar book on America, after a six months' tour in the United States. This is exactly the sort of book from which we in England can get an accurate idea of what impressions a visitor receives on his arrival in America, fresh from the Old World life of the Eastern hemisphere.

"America to-day numbers sixty millions of inhabitants—colonels, for the most part," is Max O'Rell's first sentence in parody of Carlyle's famous utterance. And it is very true that even in democratic America there is a great hankering and scrambling for distinctive titles of any kind. The wonderful development of the country he likens to a fairy tale, and he was greatly astonished at the magic rapidity with which cities spring up in desert places, and railways drive away through thick and thin for thousands of miles over waste territory. But there were things which he did not admire. New York is miserably paved, and the postal arrangements would never be tolerated a day in London.

"At the corner of each block is a small letter-box. I you have newspapers or extra large letters to post you place them on the box, and trust to the honesty of the passers-by. If it begins to rain, so much the worse. If you want postage-stamps, you must go to the chemist's and buy pills or some application for making the hair grow, and take the opportunity of buying some stamps from him. Post-offices are rare."

Nor was Max O'Rell convinced that any particularly good moral effect was produced upon what we should call the lower classes by the consciousness of one man being, as the Irishman said (and the bull has its own meaning in America), as good as another—and better. The higher classes are, of course, as cultivated as the higher classes in our own country, but the lower orders take a positive pride and delight in insulting those in better circumstances, and the tyranny of the conductors on the railway-trains must be seen to be believed. As for the servants, they demean themselves like reduced noblemen and duchesses. At the hotels the meals are served at certain fixed hours, and the weary traveller arriving hungry and worn-out after the stipulated time, must wait until it is the hour for the next repast. No earthly persuasion will induce the management to cook him a chop or a steak in the meantime. Everywhere you are at the mercy of the servants; there is no remedy, no appeal. To quote Max O'Rell:—

"I never quarrel with my servants when they leave me," a *spirituelle* Boston lady one day said to me.

"She had, in my eyes, one fault in not sufficiently admiring the democratic institutions of America. I detected some satire directed against the greatest Republic in the world."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because the greater part of them leave me to go and marry some ranchman out West; and one day when their husbands are senators, they may give entertainments and be useful to me at Washington!"

Our author considers that the taste of the American ladies in dress is objectionably loud, not to say obtrusively gaudy. Americans, he says, cultivate "an insane luxury." Everybody wears diamonds. When Jonathan covers his wife with brilliants, he reasons thus: "If I am lucky in my speculations, I give pleasure to my wife without any trouble; if I lose, it is so much saved from the wreck." At a ball, at which Max O'Rell was present, at New York, there were at least £2,000 worth of roses, covering the walls of the rooms. At some times of the year, an orchid costs five dollars (about a guinea) in New York. "Nothing is cheap in America, except oysters, and English and French books, which have been translated into American!"

With all its splendour and size, Max O'Rell concludes that, after all, the United States is much behind our own little island in the matter of the individual freedom of the Americans talk so much of. "They are," he says, "at the mercy of all who serve them, in public as well as in private life. This sort of tyranny is insupportable. To break off the yoke of the upper classes is very well, but I don't think the yoke of the lower classes is preferable. John Bull commands all those he pays; Jonathan obeys them. The English are in the habit of always making themselves comfortable, but especially in the places where they have to pay. Nothing exasperates them so much as the thousand and one little tyrannies calling themselves regulations, red tape, restrictions, and so on. If you want to do as you like, go to England!"

"To Call Her Mine."

BY
WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued).

"THIS way, uncle. Oh, I have found the way to convince even you. In a day or two I shall come with another paper out of the box—one of those which are no use to anybody—and you shall buy that of me on the same terms. If you don't, I shall begin to burn the coupons. When we have got through all the worthless papers we shall get to the coupons, and then I shall begin to sell them to you as fast as you like to buy them, uncle—that is to say, if we can agree upon the price. And I promise you that, before you have bought them back, you will be sorry that you ever foreclosed on Berry Down. It will be the dearest bit of land you ever got hold of. Uncle Daniel, I think that before I've done you will acknowledge that we are more than quits. I've seen a bit of the world since I saw you last, and I've learned a thing or two."

Daniel groaned.
"Uncle, before you give me that ten pounds, tell me who the devil you was able to send your own ghost after me every night."

"What do you mean?"
"I say, how did you haunt me every night? Why did you command me to come home? What did you do it for?"

"What did I do it for?"
"After all, I'm come, and what is the consequence? Mischievous to you, money to me; that's what has come of it. Mischievous to you, money to me." The jingle pleased David so much that he kept on repeating it, "Mischievous to you, money to me."

"Oh! I don't know—I don't know what this man means," the old man cried in distress. "What does he mean with his haunting and his ghost and his orders? Nephew, I am getting tired of this. Show me the paper if you have it with you, and I will tell you what I will do. Put it into my hands."

"Well, I don't mind doing that. If you tear it up I shall want the ten pounds just the same. It doesn't matter to me if you tear up all the papers. Now," he unfolded the brown paper packet, "what do you think of this?" He took out a paper somewhat discoloured by damp, "What is this? 'The last Will and Testament of Daniel Leighan.'" He placed it in his uncle's hands.

"This is a precious document, truly," said Daniel, "a valuable document. Why, man, I've made another will since."

"I don't care how many wills you have made. I don't care whether it is valuable to you or not. To me it is ten pounds. Ten pounds, uncle. Tear it up or burn it, just which you like. But ten pounds."

"If I give it to you, how do I know that you will give me back my coupons?"

"Why, you had better not even think of my giving you back your coupons. When did you ever give anything to anybody? Do you think I shall return your generosity by giving you anything? No, I shall sell you those coupons one by one. You shall see your thousands melt away every day, just as you are getting them back into your hands. You took my land away at a single blow. I shall take your money from you bit by bit, little by little, like pulling out your teeth one by one!"

"You are a devil, David. You were only a fool when you went away. You have come back a devil."

"Who made me, then? You! Come, don't let us talk any more. There is your paper. Give me my ten pounds and I will go. To-morrow or next day, just as I please, I shall come back."

Daniel Leighan's hands trembled, and he hesitated. But he did not doubt his nephew's words. He knew that the box had been somehow recovered, and that his papers were in David's reach, if not in his power.

He opened his desk, and took out of it one of those little round boxes which are made for bottles of marking ink. A sovereign just fits into those boxes. He kept one in his desk filled with sovereigns. Mary went over to Moreton once a month to get the money for him. He held this box tightly in his left hand, and began very slowly to count out ten pounds.

"Here, David," he said, with a heavy sigh; "here is the money. Heaven knows it is hard enough in these times to make ten pounds, and harder to give them away. The Lord send you a better heart, David."

"Thank you, uncle: the same to you, I'm sure. If we both had better hearts, uncle, what fools we should look—eh!"

"If you had read this will, David, you would have found yourself put down for something good. Well—so far, I forgive

you. But don't tempt me too much, or you may find my real last will and testament a very different thing. You are my nephew, David—my only nephew—and I've got a good deal to leave—a good deal to leave, David."

"As for my inheritance, uncle, I am going to take it out of you bit by bit—a little to-day and a little to-morrow. I shall enjoy it better that way. I think that's all. Oh, no! You may be thinking to charge me with unlawful possession of your property. If you do, the whole of the papers will go into the fire. Remember that! And now, uncle, I think I've done a good morning's work, and I'll go away and have some beer and a pipe. Take care not to talk about this little matter to anyone, or it will be the worse for you—mind, not to Mary or to George, or anybody. If you breathe a word, all the papers go into the fire."

CHAPTER XII.—THE SECOND DREAM.

WHEN Mary came in about one o'clock to clear the table and lay the cloth for dinner she found her uncle in a very surprising condition. He was in tears—actually in tears. He had been weeping. How long ago was it since Daniel Leighan had been seen to weep? The misfortunes of his neighbours passed over him, so to speak, and left him dry-eyed; as for himself, he had met with no misfortunes in his life except the loss of his box of papers and the paralysis of his lower limbs. This is a grievous thing to endure, but a man—an old man—does not weep because one of the afflictions of age falls upon him.

Yet Daniel's eyes were wet with tears, and his papers lay untouched upon the table, and he had turned his head unto his pillows as Ahab turned his unto the wall.

"Why, uncle," cried Mary, "whatever is the matter?"
"I wish I was dead, Mary! I wish I was dead and buried, and that it was all over."

"Why, uncle? Are you ill?"
"No; I would rather be ill. I could bear any pain, I think, better than this—"

"Then what is it? You are trembling. Will you take a glass of wine?"

"No—I can't afford it. I can't afford any luxury now, Mary. You will have to watch over every penny for the future."

"What has happened, then?"
"I am a miserable man. I have been miserable for six years, thinking over my papers; but I always hoped to find them. And now—"

"Now, uncle?"
"Now they are found—that is all. They are found, and I had never really lost them till they were found."

"Where were they, after all?"
"I cannot tell you, Mary. I only heard to-day—by post—by a letter—not by word of mouth—that they are found. And they are in the hands of a—of a villain; a villain, Mary, who will rob me of I know not what, before I get them back. Don't ask me any more, don't tell anyone what I have said; I must have told someone, or I should have died. Don't speak to me about it; I must think—I must think! Oh! never in all my life before did I have to think so hard."

He could eat no dinner; this morning's business had taken away all desire for food. After dinner he refused his brandy-and-water, on the ground that he could no longer afford brandy-and-water. He also made pathetic allusions to the workhouse.

"Come, uncle," said Mary, "you will make yourself ill if you fret. You have said for six years that you had lost this money, and now you find that you really have lost it—if you have—and you cry over it as if it was a new thing! Nonsense about the workhouse; you are as rich as you were yesterday. Take your brandy-and-water. Here—I will mix it for you."

He took it with many groans and sighs.

"Mary," he said, "David has been here again. He says it is all a Judgment."

"All what, uncle?"
"All the trouble that has fallen upon me—the fall from the pony, the loss of the papers, the very paralysis: he says it is a Judgment for my taking his land. Do you think that it is a Judgment, Mary? Perhaps I was hard upon the boy; but one couldn't stand by and see a beautiful piece of property going to rack and ruin without stepping in to secure it. If I hadn't lent him the money on mortgage, another would; if I hadn't sold him up, another would—and it is all in the family; that's what David ought to think, and not to come here swearing and threatening. In the family still; and who knows whether I shan't leave it to him? I must leave it to someone, I suppose. If it is a Judgment, Mary—" he paused for a word of comfort.

"Well, uncle," said she, "we are taught that we bring our sufferings upon ourselves; and to be sure, if everybody was good, there would be a great deal less suffering in the world. Nobody can deny that."

"But not such a lot of Judgment, Mary. All this fuss because David had to sell his farm and I bought it? I can't believe that. Why don't other people get Judgments, then?"

"Patience, uncle. Think—whatever happens now about that money, that it was lost six years ago."

"Ah! you keep on saying that. You don't understand what it is to have the thing you had despaired of recovering dangled before your eyes and then taken away again. What does a woman understand about property? David laughed. There's something come over David. He is just as slow as ever in his speech and in his ways. But he's grown clever. No one could have guessed that David could go on as he went on here this morning."

"What has David to do with it, uncle?"
"With the property? Nothing, Mary, nothing," he replied hastily. "Don't think that he has anything to do with it." He groaned heavily, remembering how much, how very much, David had to do with it.

"Can I do anything? Can George do anything?"
"George would like to see me wronged. It is an envious world, and when a man gets forward a bit—"

"Uncle! it is not true that George would like to see you wronged."

"Then there is one thing he could do. It seems a big thing, but it is really a little thing. If George would do it, I would—I would—I would—no: because I should only lose the money another way."

"You mean you would give your consent, uncle?"
"No—no: I can't do that. I couldn't yesterday; much less to-day, Mary."

"Well, what is this thing that George could do for you?"
"A villain has got my property, Mary. George might go and take it from him. If I had the use of my limbs, I'd dog and watch that villain. I would find out where he had put the property. I would tear it out of his hands if I could get it no other way. Old as I am, I would tear it from his clutches."

"George can hardly do that for you, uncle. Especially when you refuse your consent to our marriage, and are going to drive him out of Sidcote as you drove David out of Berry."

Mr. Leighan shook his head impatiently.

"It's business, girl; it's business. How can I help it?"
"Well, then, uncle, if you are in real trouble, send for George and tell him, and let him advise you."

"George—advise—me? Mary, my dear, when I begin to want advice of any man, send for the doctor and order my coffin. I might use George's arms and legs; but my own head is enough for me, thank you."

He said no more, but took his pipe, and began to smoke it.
"There is another way," he said. "But I doubt whether you have sufficient affection for your uncle to try that way."

"Is it something that I could do? Of course I will do it if I can."

"Will you? It's this, girl. Hush! don't tell anybody. It's this: David has got a secret that I want to find out. How he got hold of the secret I don't know, and so I can't tell you. Somebody has told him this secret. Now," his voice sank to a whisper, "David was always very fond of you, Mary; and he is that sort of man as a woman can do what she pleases with him. Pretend to let him make love to you—pretend that you are in love with him. Wheedle the secret out of him, and then tell me what it is."

"And what would George say while I was playing this wicked part? Uncle, if you have such thoughts as that, you may expect another Judgment."

He groaned, and went on with his pipe. Then he took a second glass of brandy-and-water, because he was a good deal shaken and agitated. Then he finished his pipe in silence, laid it down, and dropped asleep.

But his slumber was uneasy, probably by reason of his agitation in the morning; his head rolled about, he moaned in his sleep, and his fingers fidgetted restlessly. At four o'clock he woke up with a start and a scream, glaring about him with terror-stricken eyes, just as he had done once before.

"Help!" he cried. "Help! He will murder me. Oh! villain, I know you now! I will remember—I will remember!" Here the terror went suddenly out of his eyes, and he looked about him in bewilderment.

"Mary! I remembered once more. Oh! I saw so clear—so clear!—and now I have forgotten again. This is the second time that I have seen in my dream the man who took my papers and my gold—the second time! Mary, if it comes

again, I shall go mad. Oh! to be so near, and to have the villain in my grasp—and to let him go again! Mary, Mary—the loss of the money, and the dream, and your cousin David—all together—will drive me mad!"

CHAPTER XIII.—THE CANVAS BAG.

THIS was truly an auspicious evening for me to present myself with my newly-recovered bag. However, ignorant of the morning storm, I walked along, thinking how I would give the old man an agreeable surprise.

His room, when I called, about eight o'clock, was gloomy and dark, the windows closed and the blinds half down, though outside the sun was only just setting. Mr. Leighan was sitting still and rigid, brooding, I suppose, over David's terrible threats. His sharp face was paler, and his steel-blue eyes were keener and brighter than usual. He was thinking how he should meet this danger, and how he could persuade, or bribe, or terrify David into submission and surrender of the papers. And there appeared no way.

"What do you want?" he cried sharply. "What do you come here for? I am in no mood for idle prating!"

"I am come on your business, Mr. Leighan; if you call that idle prating."

"My business? I don't remember that I ever had any business with you, Mr. Will Nethercote. I only have business with people who have money."

"True, and I have none for you to get hold of; neither land nor money, that is very true. Yet I am come on your business."

"Tell it, then—and leave me. Young man," he said, pitifully, "I am old now, and I am in grievous trouble, and I cannot see my way out of it. Don't mind if I am a little impatient."

"I won't mind, Mr. Leighan. Meantime, I have come to please you."

"You can't. Nothing can please me now, unless you can make me young and strong, and able to throttle a villain: that would please me."

"I cannot do that. Yet I am sure that I shall please you."
"Go on, then. Go on."

Then I began with the solemnity with which one leads up to a dramatic situation.

"Six years ago, Mr. Leighan, you said that you had been robbed of a bag with twenty pounds in it."

"A bundle of papers and a bag with twenty sovereigns. I did. Good Heavens! one man comes in the morning about the papers, and another in the evening about the money. Go on—go on; I can bear it all."

"There is nothing to bear, I assure you, Mr. Leighan," I said, a little nettled. "Come, it is all very well to be impatient, but there are bounds—"

"Go on; let me get it over."
"Was that bag of yours a brown canvas bag with your initials—D. L.—on it?"

"I thought so," he replied, strangely. "So you, too, are in the plot, are you? And you are come to tell me that I shall have the bag back without the money, are you? You in the plot? What have I ever done to you?"

"I have not the least idea what you mean. Who is in a plot? What plot?"
"George, I suppose, will appear next with another piece of the conspiracy. You are all in a tale."

"I think I had better finish what I have to say as quickly as possible. You are in a strange mood to-night, Mr. Leighan, with your plots and conspiracies—a very strange mood! Is this your bag?"

I produced it and gave it to him.
"Yes; it is the bag I lost. I never lost but one bag, so that this must be the one. As I said—the bag without the money. Well, I don't care. I have had greater misfortunes—much greater. You have come to tell me that the bag was put into your hands."

"Not at all. I found the bag; I found it on the top of Hamil Down, hidden beside the Grey Wether Stone."

"Very likely," he tossed the bag aside. "Why not there as well as any other place, when the money was once out of it?"

"But suppose the money was not taken out of it."
He laughed incredulously.

"In short, Mr. Leighan, the money was not taken out of the bag. It was hidden away at the foot of the Grey Wether Stone, where I found it by the accident of poking my stick into the place where it lay. I heard the clink of the money, and I pulled it out; and here, Mr. Leighan, are your twenty sovereigns."

I took them from my pocket, and laid them on the table in a little pile, his long, lean fingers closed over them, and he transferred them swiftly to his pocket without taking his eyes off my face, as if he feared that I might pounce upon the money.

"And what, young man, do you ask for your honesty in bringing me back my money?"

"Nothing."

"You might have kept it. I should have been none the wiser. You are rich, I suppose, or you would have kept it. Many young men would have kept it. Can I offer you a pound—yes, a pound!—for your honesty?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Leighan. I do not want a reward for common honesty. Besides, you must thank George Sidcote, not me. It was George who discovered that it was your money."

"As you please, as you please. In London you are so rich, I suppose, with your writing, that you can afford to throw away a pound well earned. As you please."

"Nobody ever believed that you were robbed, Mr. Leighan," I went on. "But the finding of the money seems to show that you really were robbed while you were insensible. Perhaps we shall find the papers, too, some day."

"Perhaps we shall," he said. "If they are in the hands of rogues and villains, I shall be much the better for it."

"At any rate, it shows that you did not give the money to anybody."

"Give the money! Will, you are a fool. Did you ever know me give money to anybody?"

"Certainly I never did."

"Well, then, enough said about my robbery. It is strange, too; both on the same day—I knew not, then, what he meant. "Both on the same day—and after six long years. What can this mean?"

I can readily understand, now, and by the light of all that we have learned, my extreme dulness in having such a clue and not being able to follow it up without hesitation. It was, of course, not the act of a common thief to steal a bag of gold and hide it away. And I had seen with my own eyes a man search for and find among the fallen stones of Grimspound a mysterious box, which he carried away stealthily. Yet I failed to connect David's box with Daniel's papers. To be sure, he had, so to speak, thrown me off the scent by speaking of his uncle's accident as having happened after his own departure. And I thought of the papers as in a bundle, not as in a box; and besides, I had formed a strong theory as to the contents of the box.

Yet, if there was one man in the place who owed Dan Leighan a grudge it was his nephew. That should have been remembered. But again, that David should find his uncle lying senseless in the road and should rob him and go on his way without attempting to give him the least help was not to be thought of. It was incredible.

It is, I believe, a fact that novelists cannot invent any situation so wild and incredible but that real life will furnish one to rival and surpass it. In the same way there is nothing in baseness, in cruelty, in selfishness, in revenge, that can be called impossible. For this is exactly what David had done. The box which I saw him take from the fallen wall of Grimspound contained his uncle's bundle of papers; and the trouble that was hanging over this poor old man was the torture prepared for him, and already hanging over his head, of being slowly pillaged, and forced day by day to consent to new extortion.

"It seems as if the papers were stolen—now, doesn't it?" said Mr. Leighan. "I suppose you all thought I was drunk, and put them somewhere, and then fell off the pony? Yes; I've known all along that you thought that. Well, I was not drunk; I was as sober that night as I am to-night. I used to wonder who the robber was. Now I don't care to inquire; it is enough for me that I have been robbed and that I am going to be robbed again."

"Why again, Mr. Leighan?"

"Never mind why. Will," he said eagerly, "tell me—I never did any harm to you: you've never had any land to mortgage—tell me, do you know nothing of the papers? When you found this bag did you hear nothing about the papers?"

"I heard the wind singing in my ears, but it said nothing about any papers."

"Are you sure that you know nothing?" He peered into my face as if to read there some evidence of knowledge.

"I know nothing. How should I?"

"Well, it matters little; I am not concerned with the robber, but with the man who has them now. I must deal with him: and, there, you cannot help me, unless—no—no—I cannot ask it: you would not help me."

(To be continued.)

Society and Club Notes.

[Club announcements should reach Mr. Arthur G. Morrison, the Sub-Editor, if possible, early on Monday morning. Those which arrive later are liable to crowding out. Monday evening is the very latest time for their receipt with any probability of publication in the following issue.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

Speaker—MR. WALTER MARSHALL.

Tuesday, March 5th.—The M.P.'s were glad to note the Speaker's recovery from his accident, and gave him a hearty reception.—Questions and Notices of Questions first engaged the attention of the House, the Chief Secretary for Ireland again being to the fore with his smart replies. The gravity and anxiety shown by the Hon. Member for Strand whilst interrogating the Ministry as to our Navy and its lack of guns, was greatly marked.—In view of the Coercion Debate, the myrmidons of the Opposition invaded the Government benches and distributed handbills with deep black mourning borders, evidently having some reference to the death of Pigott.—Mr. W. H. Taylor (Strand) resumed the Debate upon the Repeal of the Coercion Act, driving his points home with considerable gesture.—The Premier (Mr. Ive) followed with an oration of twenty minutes, and Mr. Hawkins (E. Manchester) replied.—Mr. Billing (E. Belfast) moved and carried the adjournment of the Debate, which had been again a very creditable one. I trust that all M.P.'s will endeavour to attend the sittings regularly during the next few weeks, as it is desirable that the full strength of the Society should vote on the great question before the house.—Order of the day, Tuesday next:—Ireland blocks the way," adjourned debate, at 8 p.m. sharp.—All Palace Members invited.

JNO. H. MAYNARD, Hon Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, Esq., M.A.

At the productive evening on Friday last, an essay, entitled "The Objects of a Literary Society," by Lux, was read in the New Music-room. "A Diary for the day after to-morrow," by Gwyddell, was read, and criticised by Messrs. W. White, Hawkins, and Harring. Mr. Whittick read a capital paper on "The Shortness of Life," which was criticised by Messrs. Cayzer, Hawkins, Harrington, and W. White.—All Palace Members (ladies and gentlemen) are invited to our meeting next Friday, when Mr. Spender will preside at our second reading of "Hamlet." Will those ladies who took part kindly favour us by attending?—Members are reminded that their Annual Subscription will shortly fall due.—The Adjourned General Meeting will be held on Friday next at 8 o'clock. All information given by

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

All Members of the Palace are welcome to our Smoking Concert in Room 12, on Thursday next, at 8.30. The Secretary will attend in the Secretaries' Room on Monday next between 8.30 and 9 to receive subscriptions. Members wishing to obtain the Club Cap will oblige by sending their order to the Secretary with size. Terms for the season, 3s.—The Secretary will be pleased to receive donations for the testimonial to our late Sub-Editor, Mr. Knight, who did so much in letting the world know our doings.

T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

The next meeting of the Club will take place on Friday, the 15th inst., at 8 o'clock, in Room 12 (Old School-buildings), when Mr. Gamble will read a Paper on the "Preparation of Isochromatic Plates."—The report of the meeting last week was unfortunately crowded out.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

President—SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.

Manager—MR. LAUNDY. } Stage Manager—MR. JOHN GIBSON.
Property Master—MR. JOHN HARGRAVES.

Rehearsal of "Married Life," Wednesday, in Bath-room, at 8 p.m.

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

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

BEAUMONT FIRST ELEVEN v. R.A.N.C.O.F.C.—The above teams met to play the return fixture at Wanstead. Hart, winning the toss, elected to play with the wind. The Royal Artillery starting the ball soon worked it in our quarters, but Hart, getting possession, returned it, and Jesseman made a clipping run the whole length of the field, passed it to Jacobson, who in return centred it, and the first goal was registered by Sherrell. The R.A. re-starting soon made a determined assault on our goal, and after a series of shots the score was equalised by Lennox. At the call of half-time the game stood one goal each. The 'Monts now had to face the wind and sun, and soon had to act on the defensive; the R.A. strove hard to score, and made several attempts at goal, but failed to get the ball past the 'Monts' custodian. At last the 'Monts broke away on the left, Jesseman and Sherrell making a good combined run, the latter sending in a hot shot was able to register goal number two. This was again equalised by Lennox. From this to the finish each side strove hard to gain the winning point, but without success, the game ending in a draw, two goals each, kicked by Lennox for the R.A. and Sherrell for the 'Monts. The following played well for their respective sides:—Lennox, Higgins, Simpson, for the Non.-Coms., and Hart, Shaw, Sherrell, Jesseman for the 'Monts. Team:—Jesseman (goal); Shaw, Hart (backs); Morgan, Cowlin, Cattle (half-backs); Jesseman, Sherrell, Jacobson (forwards). Umpires—Sergt.-Major Spence and Mr. Winch.—SECOND ELEVEN v. ST. MARY'S F.C.—Played at Wanstead, and resulted in a victory for the Saints by five goals to nil, of which four were kicked in the second half. The play of Hawkins and Butterwicke deserve praise.—Next Saturday at Romford v. Romford 2nd. Team:—Witham, Hart, Shaw, Wenn, Morgan, Cattle, Jesseman, Horseman, Jacobson, Cowlin, Hawkins, Stapleton.—After the matches the Members of the B.F.C. entertained the Non-Commissioned Officers and the members of the St. Mary's, who chose to stop at a Tea and Smoking Concert. About thirty-six sat down, and after the meal enjoyed, under the Chairmanship of Mr. J. Munro, with Sergeant Simpson in the Vice-Chair, some very excellent songs, among which that of our Vice-Captain, F. Hart, entitled "Donovan," Bombadier Millward's "Those Girls at the School," Mr. Raeburn's "Solomon Moses," Bombadier Higgins's "On Guard," Mr. Shaw's "Kildare," Sergeant Simpson's "Balaclava," and many more were much applauded. There were also some admirable recitations, and a most pleasant evening was brought to a close with "Auld Lang Syne" just before ten, to enable the Non-Coms. to get back to head-quarters, which I hope they reached in good time.

T. MORETON, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

President—SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.

Conductor—ORTON BRADLEY, Esq., M.A.

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

Our Concert, in aid of the West Ham Hospital, will take place on Saturday next, at the Town Hall, Stratford. Members must please be at the Town Hall by 7.30 p.m. Trams run from Mile End to the Town Hall every five minutes, and arrive twenty-five minutes from the Palace. Members residing in North London can come by the North London Railway, via Victoria Park to Stratford Bridge.—Those lady members who have not received their badges, can obtain them at the next rehearsal from the Secretary, price 2s. each.—Rehearsals as usual, Friday at 8 p.m., Tuesday at 7.30 p.m., and 8.45 p.m.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last the Members held their Tea and Social Evening in the Ladies' Room. The tables were carefully arranged, and everything looked very cheerful, and about forty sat down to tea. I am pleased to chronicle the success of the *Soirée Dansante*, which followed after the tables had been removed. Before very long a large number, some of whom were unable to come earlier, assembled, and the room was very full. The dances went off right merrily, several encores being demanded, particularly in the case of the favourite, the "Ramblers Quadrille," and altogether we may consider the evening to have been very successful. Everybody appeared to thoroughly enjoy the evening. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the ladies and gentlemen who were so kind as to preside at the piano.—On Monday last at 2.15, through the kind invitation of Mr. F. Parker, Honorary Secretary Polytechnic Rambling Club, a portion of the Members joined them in their visit to the Metropolitan Fire Brigade Station in Southwark Bridge Road.—No communication is yet to hand respecting the ramble on Saturday, March 16th. Members are requested to look on Notice-boards in the Ladies' Social-room, the Gymnasium, and the Billiard-room. After the ramble a Smoking Concert will be held in the Swimming Bath at 8 o'clock, to which ladies will be admitted. No smoking allowed until nine o'clock. Members of the Palace please note.—There are a few vacancies for ladies, and the subscription is 2s. a year. All information may be obtained by leaving a note at the General Office addressed to the Secretaries.

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

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

The Concert on Thursday evening was varied by a dramatic selection—the Cottage Scene from "The Lady of Lyons"—which was remarkably well played by Miss Marks, Miss Risley, and Mr. Munro. It is to be hoped that the Dramatic Club will again render help. Their efforts are thoroughly well appreciated. The musical portion of the programme included songs by Miss Job, Messrs. Thomas Bowman and Mellish, while Miss Arnold, Miss Risley, and Mr. Bowman gave very excellent recitations. Miss Risley, in "Caudle's Visit to Greenwich Fair," was very acceptable, as was Mr. Bowman in his ever-fresh "redressed" story of "Bill Adams." Ladies and gentlemen wishing to assist at future Concerts should kindly address—Mrs. Mellish, 107, Antill Road, Bow, E.

M. MELLISH.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

The above Club commenced its second season, in most favourable circumstances, on Saturday last. Our destination was Woodford, and although the roads were somewhat heavy, the ride was thoroughly enjoyed by all taking part in it. After tea we journeyed to the "Forest Gate Hotel," to join the Beaumont Harriers at their Smoking Concert. The undermentioned Members made their first score towards the attendance medal:—Messrs. Kennard, Glover, Jesseman, L. Nathan, Moyle, Slater, E. Ransley, Stephens, Peel, Green, J. Dawson, Wilson, Raggett, a Visitor, and

JAMES BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription:—Members of the Palace, 1s. per annum; Non-Members of the Palace, 3s. per annum. Club nights, Tuesday and Saturday, at 7 p.m., in the East Ante-room; entrance through the Library.—On Friday next a match will be played in our rooms against the Metropolitan Board of Works; play to commence at 7 p.m. punctually; on this match depends our chance of winning in the Metropolitan Junior Cup Competition. The score of the leading clubs is:—

Great Western Railway	6 out of 7
Metropolitan Board of Works	5 " 6
East London	5 " 6

so that the winner of this match will tie with the G.W.R. All those competing in the Club Tourneys are requested to play their remaining games.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

People's Palace Junior Section.

JUNIOR HARRIERS CLUB.

A flat race took place on Wednesday, the 6th inst., to the Bank and back, from Palace, and after some smart work the following boys made their appearance in the order given:—G. Green, 30 min.; J. Fayers, 30 min. 2 secs.; J. Dodd, 30 min. 15 secs. The specified time was 30 min., which is considered very good run.

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

JUNIOR RAMBLING CLUB.

Although the weather was very fine on Saturday last the attendance at the British Museum was rather poor.—All Members are requested to meet next Saturday at the Palace Entrance Gate at 3 o'clock precisely.

B. LOLOSKY, Hon. Sec.
F. THORPE, Assist. Hon. Sec.

(NOTICE.—The conclusion of the article on "Thames Street," is unavoidably held over till next week.—Ed. Palace Journal.)

"As for the talk about modest merit being neglected" says Washington Irving, "it is too often a cant by which indolent and irresolute men seek to lay their want of success at the door of the public. Modest merit is, however, too apt to be inactive, or negligent, or uninstructed merit. Well-matured and well-disciplined talent is always sure of a market; provided it exerts itself; but it must not cower at home and expect to be sought for. There is a good deal of cant, too, about the success of forward and impudent men, while men of retiring worth are passed over with neglect. But it usually happens that those forward men have that valuable quality of promptness and activity, without which worth is a mere inoperative property."

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN ON ST. PATRICK'S EVE,

SATURDAY, MARCH 16th, 1889, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

MR. SEXTON'S CHOIR BOYS

(12 IN NUMBER),

SOLO BOYS { MASTER WARWICK MAJOR, MASTER BENJAMIN STRACHAN,

ASSISTED BY MISS LUCIE JOHNSTONE, CONTRALTO.

MR. W. SEXTON, TENOR. MR. R. FOWLES, BASS. (Westminster Abbey.) (Paris and London Concerts.)

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

1. DUET ... "Lily of the Vale" ... Pinski.

CHOIR BOYS. Fair flow'r that haunts the woodland glade And lov'st to rest beneath the shade, How could a blossom fairer be, Or fraught with purer fragrant...

2. SONG ... "Simon the Cellarer" ... Hatton.

MR. R. FOWLES. Old Simon the Cellarer keeps a rare store, Of Malmsey and Malvoisie, And Cyprus, and who can say how many more? For a chary old soul is he...

3. SONG ... "Orpheus with his Lute" ... Sir A. Sullivan.

MASTER B. STRACHAN. Orpheus with his lute made trees And the mountain tops that freeze Bow themselves, when he did sing, To his music plants and flowers...

4. TRIO ... "Hark to the Rolling Drum" ... Bishop.

CHOIR BOYS. Hark to the rolling drum, The war cry echoes round, Firm let the ranks be found, Prepare, prepare, they come, they come!

5. OLD ENGLISH SONG ... "Sally in our Alley" ... Carey.

MR. SEXTON. Of all the girls that are so smart There's none like pretty Sally, She is the darling of my heart, And lives in our alley...

6. TRIO ... "Lift thine eyes to the Mountains" ... Mendelssohn.

CHOIR BOYS. Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains whence cometh help, thy help cometh from the Lord, the maker of heaven and earth...

7. IRISH SONG ... "Kathleen Mavourneen" ... Crouch.

MISS LUCIE JOHNSTONE. Kathleen Mavourneen, the grey dawn is breaking, The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill; The lark from her light wing the bright dew in shaking...

8. SONG ... "A Boy's best friend is his Mother" ... Skilly.

MASTER W. BEASLEY. While plodding on our way, the toilsome road of life, How few the friends that daily there we meet; Not many will stand by in trouble or in strife, With counsel and affection ever sweet...

9. DUET ... "In sorrow and in want" ... Dr. Bridge.

CHOIR BOYS. In sorrow and in want, amid the winter wild, The Mother Maid in Bethlehem's inn brought forth her firstborn child; Be glad, ye humble souls, sing songs upon your way, With heart and voice rejoice, rejoice, your Lord is born to-day...

Low lies Thy cradled head, Thou blessed child divine, The wreath of thorns must twine around that tender brow of Thine, But love, and life, and home, through These are dearer far, And lives of mortal men may be as pure as angels are; Then join their angel lay with heart and voice, Rejoice, rejoice, your Lord is born to-day.

10. TRIO ... "Heaven" ... Smart.

CHOIR BOYS. Something brighter, purer far, Than the cares which eath doth mar; Up in yonder heaven obtains, up in heaven Where eternal rapture reigns, There no grief intruding dwells, There no erring thought rebels, There no passion lurks to mar, All is brighter, purer far...

11. IRISH SONG ... "Father O'Flynn" ... Molloy.

MR. R. FOWLES. Of priests we can offer a charming variety, Far renown'd for larnin' and piety, Still, I'd advance ye widout impropriety, Father O'Flynn, as the flower of them all. Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn, Slainte, and slainte and slainte agin. Pow'rfullest preacher, and tinker teacher, And kindest creature in ould Donegal...

12. SONG ... "The Lost Chord" ... Sir A. Sullivan.

CHOIR BOYS. Seated one day at the organ, I was weary and ill at ease, And my fingers wander'd idly over the noisy keys; I know not what I was playing, or what I was dreaming then, But I struck one chord of music like the sound of a great Amen...

13. CAROL ... "The Boy's Dream" ... J. Stainer.

CHOIR BOYS. Last night as I was laid and slept, When all my prayers were said; While still my guardian angel kept His watch above my head; I heard his sweet voice caroling, Full softly in my ear, A song for Christian boys to sing For Christian men to hear...

Then told we with a joyful cry, The tidings of Christ's birth; Gave glory unto God on high, And peace to men on earth. Like Him be true, like Him be pure, Like Him be full of love; Seek not thine own, and so secure, Thine own that is above; Thine own that is above Christmas-tide draws nigh, And still when Christmas-tide draws nigh, Sing thou of Jesus' birth; All glory be to God on high, And peace to men on earth.

14. CAROL ... "Emmanuel" ... Sergison.

CHOIR BOYS. Joy fills our inmost hearts to-day, The Royal Child is born, And angel hosts in glad array His advent keep this morn. Rejoice, rejoice th' incarnate Word Has come on earth to dwell; No sweeter sound than this is heard, Emmanuel, Emmanuel, Emmanuel. Low at the cradle throne we bend, We wonder and adore, And think no bliss can ours transcend, No rapture sweet before, Rejoice, etc.

15. IRISH SONG ... "The Minstrel Boy" ... Moore.

MISS LUCIE JOHNSTONE. The minstrel boy to the war is 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."

16. SONG ... "Cherry Ripe" ... Horn.

MASTER B. STRACHAN. Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe, I cry, Full and fair ones come and buy; If so be you ask me where They do grow, I answer there Where my Julia's lips do smile, There's the land of Cherry Isle. Cherry ripe, &c. There plantations fully show All the year where cherries grow, Cherry ripe, &c.

17. IRISH BALLAD ... "I'm sitting by the stile, Mary" ... Crouch.

MR. W. SEXTON. I'm sitting by the stile, Mary, where we sat side by side, On a bright May morning long ago, when first you were my bride; The corn was springing fresh and green, and the lark sang loud and high, And the red was on your lip, Mary, and the love light in your eye. The place is little changed, Mary, the day is bright as then, The lark's loud song is in my ear, and the corn is green again; But I miss the soft clasp of your hand, and your breath warm on my cheek, And I still keep list'ning to the words you never more can speak. I'm very lonely now, Mary, for the poor make no new friends; But O they love the better stile the few our Father sends; And you were all I had, Mary, my blessing and my pride, There's nothing left to care for now since my poor Mary died. I'm bidding you a long farewell, my Mary, kind and true, But I'll not forget you, darling, in the land I'm going to; They say there's bread and work for all, and the sun shines always there, But I'll ne'er forget Old Ireland were it fifty times as fair.

18. DUET ... "Come o'er the moonlit Sea" ... Devereaux.

CHOIR BOYS. Come o'er the moonlit sea, the waves are brightly glowing, The winds have sunk to their ev'ning rest, and the tide is gently flowing; Yes, I'll roam o'er the moonlit sea, for the waves are brightly glowing, The winds are sunk to their ev'ning rest, and the tide is gently flowing. Thy barque is in the bay, love, and it only waits for me, Its sails will throw their shadows o'er the sea. I'll come o'er the moonlit sea, the waves are brightly glowing, The winds have sunk to their ev'ning rest, and the tide is gently flowing. All is still save the echoed song, of Italia's dark-eyed daughters, Or the distant sound of the boatmen's oar, as it dips in the sparkling waters; Tho' bright the morn may beam love, along the smiling sea, Oh dearer still are moonlit waves to me. Oh come o'er the moonlit sea, the waves are brightly glowing, The winds have sunk to their ev'ning rest, and the tide is gently flowing.

Calendar of the Week.

March 14th.—On this day, 1555, died the real founder of the Russell family, the great Earl of Bedford. He was a simple country gentleman of Dorsetshire, with a very slender estate in that very poor county. The elder branch of the family had resided at a place called Kingston Russell from time immemorial. This young Russell was so fortunate as to find favour successively with Henry VIII., with Edward VI., and with Queen Mary. The plunder of the monasteries was the foundation of his fortune. He it was who acquired the Manor of Chenies, one of the most beautiful places in the country. Those who wish to visit it may remark that it is only five or six miles from the station of Rickmansworth. The Russell family have never produced any other man capable of comparison with their founder. Mostly, they have been of mediocre intellect, but successful in keeping and extending their wealth.

Admiral Byng was shot on this day, 1756, for not doing his best with his fleet for the relief of Port Mahon.

This is the birthday of the King of Italy. He is to-day forty-five years of age.

March 15th.—On this day Julius Cæsar was assassinated B.C. 44, and two or three excellent people died. Among them are Dr. Mayerne, physician to James I.; Earl St. Vincent; Liston, the actor; and Mezzofanti, the great linguist. You have probably forgotten, or never heard of, Dr. Mayerne. Here is something to remember him by. He turned his attention, in his old age, to cookery, and he invented a pie called the "City of London Pie." Will any one try it?

"Take eight marrow bones: eighteen sparrows: one pound of potatoes: $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of eringoes: two ounces of lettuce stalks: forty chesnuts: $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of dates: a peck of oysters: $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of preserved citron: three artichokes: twelve eggs: two sliced lemons: a handful of pickled barberries: $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. whole pepper: $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. sliced nutmeg: $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. whole cinnamon: $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. whole cloves: $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. mace: and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of currants. Liquor, when it is baked, with white wine, butter and sugar."

That is something like a pie.

Mezzofanti could read, speak, and write no fewer than seventy languages. He was a Cardinal of the Roman Church, and died in 1849, aged seventy-five.

March 16th.—On this day died, 1619, the great actor Burbage. He it was who played the principal parts in all Shakespeare's plays.

March 17th.—Day of St. Patrick.

No one knows to what country St. Patrick belonged. He was of noble family, and was carried off by pirates at the age of sixteen. They sold him in Ireland, and he was employed in the mountains of Sleamish, County Antrim, as a swineherd. He learned the Irish language, and when he escaped from captivity, and had been successively ordained deacon, priest, and bishop, he went back to the country to preach the Christian faith. How he succeeded, and how he worked miracles and drove snakes out of Ireland, may be told by an Irishman.

On this day, it used to be believed, Noah entered the Ark.

Ebenezer Elliott, who wrote the "Corn Law Rhymes," was born on this day, 1781.

March 18th.—Day of Edward, King and Martyr.

Young King Edward, who succeeded his father, Edgar, at the age of thirteen, was murdered by order, and in the presence of his stepmother Elfrida, in order that her own son Ethelred might succeed. It was a foul murder, but the reason of the poor boy being made a saint has never been apparent to the modern historian.

Laurence Sterne, author of "Tristram Shandy," died on this day, 1768.

March 19th.—Good Bishop Ken died, 1711.

March 20th.—Day of St. Cuthbert.

He is the northern saint: he was born near a small monastery on the Tweed, known as Muilros—Melrose: he was at first a shepherd lad, but was taken into the monastery and rose to be its prior. He was then transferred to another monastery on Holy Island, or Lindisfarn. He exchanged this for a solitary cell in Farne, where he died on this day, 687. A wonderful story was told of his body remaining uncorrupted, when it was

exhumed eleven years after his death. In the year 1104 it was again exhumed and found perfect: in 1540 it was once more exhumed and pronounced still fresh. No miracle was ever better authenticated. In the year 1827 it was exhumed again, and one hopes, for the last time; it was then found that the body—a mere skeleton—had been swathed up so as to appear entire, and that plaster balls had been put into the eye-sockets so as to present an appearance of plumpness in that part. It is not known when this imposition was perpetrated.

Henry IV., Sir Isaac Newton, and the first Lord Mansfield all died on this day.

Letters to the Editor.

Re PARIS TRIP.

SIR,—The idea in this week's Journal seems to me to be a good one, but, for all we know to the contrary, we are already acquainted. I noticed some weeks back, in the Sub-Ed.'s notes, that the names of intending trippists would be published in the Journal with their selected dates the following week. They have not appeared yet. I think if this were done it would help toward the end desired by "Gwyddel," and yours faithfully,

MARSTON.

[The list in question will be published in the Journal as soon as it is complete, i.e., when all vacancies have been filled.—Ed. *Palace Journal.*]

THE "LOISETTIAN" MEMORY SYSTEM.

SIR,—I should be glad to hear from any of our Members who have joined Professor Loissette's Memory Classes, with a view to affording one another mutual help and assistance in studying the system.

I may say that every student binds himself not to disclose particulars of the system in any shape or form, so that I cannot answer any questions as to what it is, or how it is worked. Neither am I acquainted with any other system, so that I cannot form any comparisons between the "Loissettian" system and others. Thanking you in advance for the insertion of this note, I am Sir, yours obediently,

J. M. TAYLOR.

EVENING CLASSES.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to the Evening Classes now held at the Palace, I beg to suggest that an addition be made thereto by the formation of a class for the study of the Law.

I write this letter merely to open the subject, and shall be pleased to hear others express their opinions.—Truly yours,

W. G.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

SIR,—In reply to the letter signed X.Y.Z., which appeared in last week's *Palace Journal*, the Committee of the B.F.C. beg to state that they, with the writer, join in grief at the appearance of the last few weekly letters of complaint. At the same time they consider that he has laid himself open to contradiction in one or two cases, namely:—He mentions "that the First Eleven team did not put in an appearance and the Second Eleven played four short." First, we might say that both the original matches were scratched, and that the Second Eleven match complained of was, therefore, not an ordinary fixture, but merely a scratch match arranged to suit the convenience of a few Members, who, for reasons best known to themselves, failed to put in an appearance. In reference to the assorted teams, as an explanation we can only say that it is the misfortune of some of our Members to be unable to play on two consecutive Saturdays, and as the number of football players in the Palace is very limited, the Committee have to make the best of its present contingent. We consider that your correspondent is not doing the Club the service as he says he wishes to do it but harm.

Signed (on behalf of the Committee),

THOMAS W. MORETON.

The first team of the Technical School Athletic Club played a very evenly contested game of football with the Invicta Football Club at Homerton last Saturday, but sustained defeat by five goals to three. Bohr kept goal, McCordle and Trawley were backs, Courtney, Clement and Sawden half backs, while the forwards consisted of White, Loudon, English, Wright and Palmer. On the same day the third team succeeded, although playing four short, in making a draw with the South Grove Club.

F. MCCARDLE, Hon. Sec.

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