

THE PALACE JOURNAL

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 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.—Woodford.
Lawn Tennis Club.—Special General Meeting, at 8.30.
Cricket Club.—Smoking-concert, at 8.
- FRIDAY.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
Literary Society.—Usual Meeting, at 8.
Choral Society.—Rehearsal, 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 7.30.
Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.
Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 5 till 7.
Cycling Club.—Waltham.
Ramblers.—To Greenwich Hospital.
- 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.
Ladies' Social Club.—Concert, at 8.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, MARCH 31st,

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30 AND 4 O'CLOCK.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

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| 1. Coronation Anthem—"Ladoc, the Priest" | Handel. |
| 2. "Ave Maria" | Schubert. |
| 3. Choral, with variations, in E flat | Smart. |
| 4. "Slumber Song" (by request) | Gounod. |
| 5. Prelude (for diapasons) in C | Hopkins. |
| 6. Meditation | Klein. |
| 7. Postlude in C | Smart. |

AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

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| 1. Overture in C minor | Handel. |
| 2. Duet, "Love Divine" (Daughter of Jairus) | Stainer. |
| 3. (a) Andante in D (Baptism) | Dr. A. C. Mackenzie. |
| (b) March (Wedding) | Gounod. |
| 4. Sacred Song, "There is a green hill far away" | |
| 5. Impromptu | Bach. |
| 6. Aria (by desire) | |
| 7. March of the Priests (Athalie) (by request) | Mendelssohn. |

Notes of the Week.

A VERY curious story comes this week though the medium of the *Spectator*, concerning the Crewe Pension Fund. My readers will, perhaps, remember how, a fortnight ago, we wept together over the action of the Crewe workmen in declining any longer to support the Pension Fund. It is now explained by an anonymous writer in that paper that the workmen had very good reason to discontinue their support: viz., that if a man leaves the service of the Company before he reaches the superannuation age, he loses the whole of the savings of his whole life. For instance, suppose a man has been twenty-five years in the service of the Company, every week during that whole time he has put by something into the Pension Fund. If he is dismissed the service he loses all these savings. This, if true, is the most monstrous injustice ever perpetrated. More than that, the writer of the letter goes on to say that, the retirement age being sixty, when a man reaches the age of fifty-seven or fifty-eight, he considers his dismissal as certain, in order that he may not be able to claim his pension. This, again, if true, is a still more monstrous iniquity. One cannot, however, believe it. That the suspicion of the thing should exist is due probably to the rule that whoever leaves the service loses his savings. One perfectly understands the objection of the Crewe working-men to subscribe any longer to a Pension Fund thus administered.

THE only true and equitable working of a Pension Fund is for each week's saving to represent a certain sum, payable at the age of sixty, or a sum easily to be calculated, payable to the heirs at death should that occur before the age of sixty, or a pension to commence at sixty. For instance, a sum of five shillings saved in any week, would, at five per cent. compound interest, be worth in sixteen years ten shillings and sixpence, and at three per cent., which is all that can now be got, would be worth six shillings and sixpence. To deprive a man of this money because he leaves the service seems to me nothing but sheer robbery, and I think the working-men of Crewe are perfectly right, if the facts are correctly stated. If the employers mean justice to their men, let them hand over to every man, on his leaving the service, whether through age or through sickness, or through misconduct, the whole sum which he has saved, at compound interest, less a small proportion for working expenses.

A FORTNIGHT ago I spoke of the future of Canada, and her possible absorption into the United States. My opinion is not that of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, who argues in *Harper's Magazine* that the Canadians may desire independence—but this is doubtful: that they do not want annexation, because they believe—which is certainly the case—that they have a better Government than the States: that they cordially dislike the Presidential Election and the overturn of the Civil Service every four years: that they will probably for many a long year to come remain a part of the British Empire. If they do this for another ten years, during which the population of Canada will increase from five to twenty millions, the dream of a vast united North America will certainly prove futile, and Canada will either become a great independent nation, or continue what it is—an independent nation, whose Sovereign is also Sovereign of the British Isles.

CANADIANS themselves, writing on the same subject, have also expressed themselves with great clearness. They say that they desire no change, no break with the past. Their institutions, their public morality, their honour of their statesmen, are all superior to those of the United States. They

will remain as they are. Very good. If this is really their wish one should be very much gratified. But in considering the question of trade it is impossible to avoid the awkward fact, that the desire of the Canadian trading classes is said to be towards annexation with a view to increased profits. One thing, however, is certain. The old, blind worship of everything American, because it was American, is rapidly changing. The people, both at home and in Canada, are beginning to understand that their lot is no better, but in many respects worse in the States than at home: and that institutions, based upon an ostentatious display of freedom, lead to no greater personal liberty than our own, which are the growth of a thousand years' steady, slow, and irresistible advance.

THE history of the world is something like this. First comes the man who grabs what he can, and fights for it, killing every one who disputes his rights. Then he begins to have a little pity on the people he has dispossessed: he takes them into his service and protects them: he rules over them as by right divine: he believes himself to be of superior clay. Then he takes another step: he recognises that he has duties towards the people as well as rights over them: then he gives them a little of the power: they take more: they go on taking more: presently they take all, leaving that man the semblance of authority, and the right to call himself king, duke, or earl. The last is our present condition. The next step will be taken soon, but not just yet: not until our School Boards have learned that education means the teaching of a citizen's duties and rights, and not spelling. Every step in advance taken before its time is revolution: and revolution is followed by reaction and loss—perhaps for a hundred years.

SOUTH AMERICA is coming to the front as a place for emigration. The future of this great Continent, more than half of which is tropical, is one of the most interesting subjects for speculation. To begin with, it is wholly Roman Catholic. Unless the tide of emigration be vastly Protestant, it will remain Roman Catholic, and seems destined to become, in the next century, the greatest stronghold of that religion. It contains an immense tract of territory lying south of Brazil, which is temperate in climate, fertile, and open to all comers. The Argentine Republic alone received nearly 200,000 immigrants last year—Italians, Spanish, and French. Irish Catholics are welcomed, and the country is being opened up with astonishing rapidity. Portuguese and Spanish are the prevailing languages over the whole continent.

THE Manchester Cab Mystery seemed, at first, to have been an imitation of the sensational story which we have seen upon every bookstall. The murderer found an elderly gentleman drinking at a bar—a place where no elderly gentleman ought to be seen. They drank together all the afternoon. The prisoner, who is only eighteen years of age, poured some chloral—which he had stolen—into his victim's glass, so as to drug him. The man being stupefied, he was put into a cab with the prisoner, who easily and comfortably robbed him. Then the thief got out of the cab and walked away. But—and this the prisoner certainly had not expected—the old man died. Chloral and drink together were too much for him.

I DO not think that novelists' stories of crime are ever copied. They are too carefully studied and too complicated for the criminal, who is always, even when he is an educated man, short-sighted or stupid in some direction, otherwise he would not be such a fool as to become a criminal. Sometimes, however, the story-teller gets a shock, in finding how his imagination has acted upon people. Thus, a certain person once wrote a little story for a Christmas number. It contained, among other things, a picture representing a girl by the side of a pool. The time was night. Under the picture was written—a quotation from the story—"He loves me not: he loves me not: and I must die." A year afterwards the dead body of a girl of eighteen was found in a pool on one of the London Commons, and in her dead hand, clenched, was that page with that picture and that legend, "He loves me not: and I must die." The story-teller felt very sick for a good many days.

ANOTHER story from the same source. The novelist wrote a book, in which the heroine was tricked by a scoundrel, who persuaded her that she had gone through a legal form of marriage. Many scoundrels have done this. But some time afterwards, there came out in the papers a case of the kind, in which every detail seemed exactly copied from the book in question, so faithfully was the story reproduced in detail. Was it copied? I believe not.

HAVE many of my readers heard of James Thomson? He was a very fine and uncommon poet, and he died ten or twelve years ago. His life has just been published, and it is worth reading. He was an army schoolmaster: he left the service and came to London in order to seek his fortune: he found it—a fortune of despair, misery, drink, and early death in a hospital. It is a miserable history: but the powers of the man are truly wonderful. He is the poet of sheer despair. He could see nothing in the world but food for gloom and despair. We are born: we have to worry through life: we die: and there is an end. He had no hope, no faith, no religion. There has never been in any country a poet more gloomy. He is dead, but the life of him, and the poems which he wrote, are well worth attention and thought.

If one can manage to go a good way afield, a ramble up the river is one of the pleasantest ways of taking a half-holiday. On Saturday I took the train at twelve from Paddington to Maidenhead—if it had been later in the season a two o'clock train would have done. From Maidenhead we walked to Great Marlow, about five miles, along a splendid ridge, with a glorious park on one side. The park is that of Bishaw Abbey, a very historical place indeed. It first belonged to the Knights Templars, and came from them to the great Montacute family, who made it into a monastery. The Montacutes Earls of Salisbury were buried here: and here lie many of the Nevilles, notably the king-maker: and Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick. Here lived Anne of Cleves after her divorce, and here Princess, afterwards Queen Elizabeth, was imprisoned for three years. After Bishaw the hill breaks down steeply into the valley of the Thames, and Great Marlow is reached over a pretty bridge. From Great Marlow we walked to the south side of the river, chiefly through gardens, to a little place called Hurley, nestled in old orchards and gardens, with old-fashioned yews, very peaceful and pretty. It is of Hurley that the story is told of the sympathetic tree. Two brothers, named Kempenfelt, lived here. They planted two trees side by side, which grew and flourished. One of them was a sailor and rose to be an admiral: the other stayed at home. One day the latter, going into the garden, discovered one of the trees to be dead. "I am sure," he cried, "that I have lost my brother." That same day came the news of the loss of the *Royal George*, which went down at Spithead, as everybody knows, with all hands. You do not believe this story? Nor do I: yet it is a pretty story. As for the church at Hurley, it is so old, so very old, that it contains the ashes of Edith, Queen of Edward the Confessor. Then we walked partly along the riverside, partly through lanes to Medmenham Ferry. On the other side is the ruins of the abbey, which is famous for the orgies of a group of debauched profligates, of whom John Wilkes was one. It stands picturesquely on the river-bank. Thence we walked to Henley along a road which would be beautiful in summer.

THE season is late, but the cottage gardens were aglow with crocuses and auriculas: the yellow or Cape jessamin had not yet quite gone off: the laurestinus was flowering: in the woods the birds were chirping and singing, and from the rookery there was a mighty fuss of business, as the rooks were repairing last year's nests. Also the hedge showed the early buds just beginning to present a tinge of green. It was the first day of early spring. Such a day one loves: it comes with soft air and glimpses of sunshine between the cold north-wind of February, and the biting east of April. On such a day, ye Ramblers, be early afield, and keep afield as long as the daylight lasts, and longer.

A FREE ferry at Woolwich across the river. Very good. And in the same week the purchase of those fields which lie about Hampstead Heath. Very good indeed. Hampstead Heath is the most beautiful common which the Londoners possess, but was only saved from being built over by the most tremendous efforts: it is now double in extent, thanks to the liberal donations of rich people. Do not let us forget that, had it not been for the donations of rich people, the Heath could not have been extended. The Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Westminster, Lady Burdett Coutts, gave £3,000 each: a great many others gave £1,000 each: and so on—all in order that the crowded population of Camden Town should have a breathing place. I hope that in the summer a great many East Londoners may find their way to the Heath, and see the new possession of the people. On a fine evening in the summer, there is no more delightful place to walk upon and to breathe the fresh air at an elevation 450 feet above the level of the People's Palace. The poet of whom I spoke—James Thomson—just now has got a very pretty poem of a party of lads and girls on Hampstead Heath.

EDITOR.

Palace and Institute Notes.

I WOULD specially draw the attention of Members of the Institute to a paragraph in another column, reminding them of the expiration, on the 31st inst., of their Quarterly Tickets. These must be renewed before the 8th of next month, or the result will be a fine of sixpence in each case for reinstatement. Gymnasium lockers must be paid for at the same time.

THE Swimming-bath will now soon be opening, and it will be welcome news to the Palace swimmers, that when it does it will contain rather more than double the number of dressing-boxes it has previously been provided with.

THOSE frequenters of the Palace who have been looking regretfully forward to the loss of Mr. Hollins's services as Organist, will be pleased to encounter a disappointment. Arrangements have been made for Mr. Hollins to remain with us, and continue his fine performances upon what those competent to express an opinion call the finest organ in London.

I HAVE a letter from a correspondent, who puts in a very strong plea for the provision of a sort of newspaper and smoking-room for the general public. He points out that while the young men are thus provided for in their Institute Club-house, their fathers can find no opportunity for a quiet pipe at the People's Palace. The Trustees have been, unfortunately, unable to build everything at once, and much of the essential plan of the Palace has yet to receive its embodiment in bricks and mortar. When our splendid front, which will be an architectural feature of London, is built—and I hope we may not have to wait long for it—just the place my correspondent asks for will be arranged for: a large comfortable newspaper room, away from the library—where a nomadic attendance of newspaper-readers is apt to disturb study—in which smoking will be allowed. In the meantime I have handed my correspondent's letter to Sir Edmund Hay Currie, by whom the matter will not be forgotten.

ON Wednesday last, the Palace was the better for a visit from the "Wandering Dodo" Minstrels, an amateur body of very high calibre. They gave a most admirable and amusing entertainment: songs, comic and otherwise, clog dances, nigger dialogues, and banjo and orchestral performances, and altogether East London should be grateful (and, of course, is) to the gentlemen who so kindly gave their time and their talents for its benefit.

As a consequence of a letter which appeared in last week's *Journal*, strongly recommending the study of Agriculture among the clientage of the People's Palace, I understand the Rambling Club will receive an invitation to visit the Horticultural College at Swanley, Kent. This will be an opportunity not to be lost. I have often thought that among the thrifty, hard-headed people of the East End, many might be found, who, with proper preparation, would make creditable and successful Members of the oldest profession, pursuit, avocation, or whatever you may call it, on earth.

ALTHOUGH two Members have unavoidably been compelled to back out of the Paris trip (it is impossible to imagine anybody doing so unless he were compelled) there were instantly five more to fill their places, and now four vacancies only remain as below:—

June 1st to June 8th	One vacancy.
August 24th to August 31st	One ..
September 14th to September 21st	Two vacancies.

The ladies, I suppose, must be forgiven for impulsiveness and mutability of intention. Although nearly all their thirty-two places had been booked for this August trip, several have found the impossibility of getting away, so that for ladies and students there are:—

August 3rd to August 10th	Two vacancies.
August 10th to August 17th	Two ..
August 17th to August 24th	Seven ..
August 24th to August 31st	Six ..

THUS those ladies who have not yet booked, have the opportunity of choosing their week. Those ladies who have booked their names, but have not yet selected the week for their excursion, must face the necessity of making up their minds at once, and communicate with Mr. Were at the Technical Schools Office.

SUB-EDITOR.

Life.

WHAT art thou? Whence dost hail? We call thee Life,
But that short simple word no clue can give
To those who seek thy mystery to explore.
As clay the potter moulds, so thy deft hand
A myriad forms doth shape. Thou com'st, sweet Life,
And with angelic touch to leaf, to flower
Its beauty doth impart, and fragrance give.
In thine embrace encircled stately oaks
Aloft their heads do raise, while at their feet
With glowing faces upwards shyly glance
The tiny daisies and the buttercups.
Each silent dell with loveliest green thou clothest;
The golden cornfields gladdened are by thee;
And carolling songsters tune their merry lay,
From morn till night, 'neath thine all hallowing spell.
But when to Man, the creatures' lord we turn,
With awe and admiration we behold
Thy skilful workmanship, and spell-bound stand.
From sordid dust thou fashion'st human kind;
From lumps of clay these forms of ours dost call
With wondrous power from earth's rude elements.
Than aught beside more dear, for thee, beloved,
Their wealth the rich men give, the poor their all
If by thus doing thou wilt with them bide
One more brief day. Where first didst dwell? Above
The starry heavens? or in earth's darkest vales
Where summer's sun its jovial way scarce finds,
And things minute, innumerable creep?
Come Science, thou hast many a knot untied
And dark things brought to fullest light of day;
Come, then, and tell us what and whence is Life.
'Tis true: deep down 'neath Earth's hard crust I've dived,
And many a hidden thing to light have brought;
To other worlds I've soared, and truths long sealed
At my touch open out, but never yet
In all my rambles have I caught a glimpse
Of her whom we call Life. She, phantom like
Evades my sight, and to disclose herself
Refuseth still. From Life alone Life springs,
This much I know, beyond this all is dark,
And what, or whither come, I cannot say.
Physician, canst thou not the secret tell?
Thou striv'st within earth's tenements of clay
This heavenly visitor to keep, and fight'st
With Life's great enemy, the monster Death.
"Alas! I cannot tell, though oft I've gazed
When this strange being like a fluttering dove
On newborn babe hath rested, but in vain
Were all my watches, vain my strong desire.
I see her works, I trace her lovely form,
And oft when she with Death in combat is
I lend her aid, yet she with fleeting steps,
Than lightning's flash far quicker, speeds away;
One moment here, the next,—ah! whither gone."
Strangest of all things strange, doth no one know
Where thou wast first brought forth, or who gave birth
To thy sweet form? One Book there is, that Book
Of books doth tell how thou to earth didst come.
"From God thou springst," it says, "no hand but His
Such beauty e'er could fashion and e'en now
He thee thy power doth give, thy way doth guide."
Then, whence thou art we know, but what thy form
No human tongue can picture, for thy God
In His great love a veil hath o'er thee thrown.

W. WHITE,
P.P. Literary Society.

AFTER tiffin I crossed the river with the Shuinri Sze—Commissioner of Customs—to inspect the otter fisheries peculiar to this place. The opposite shore rises in pyramidal cliffs, separated by steep, narrow valleys, which just admit of a landing on the rocks. Attached to the rocky shore, in a small bay, sheltered somewhat from the violence of the current, the fishermen have their otter station. From the bank and overhanging the water depend small bamboos, like fishing-rods, to the extremity of each of which is attached an otter by an iron chain, fixed to leather thongs crossed round the animal's chest and immediately behind the shoulders. Some of the animals were playing in the water, swimming as far as the length of their tether would allow them; others had hung themselves across their bamboos, resting, doubled up, and looking for all the world like otter skins hung up to dry in the sun. When required for use, the fisherman, after casting his net, which is heavily loaded all round the foot, draws up its long neck to the water level, and inserts the otter through the central aperture; the otter then routs out the fish from the muddy bottom and rocky crevices, in which they hide. Fish, otter, and net are then all hauled on board together, the otter is released and rewarded, and a fresh cast is made.—"Through the Yang-Tse Gorges," by A. J. Little.

PROMISSORY NOTES.—Tuning the fiddle before the performance begins.

"To Call Her Mine."

BY
WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued).

THEN I spoke of George, and of his mortgage. If Mr. Leighan gave his consent, no money would be lost, because Mary's fortune would pay off nearly the whole of the mortgage. And, besides, he would keep Mary near him, if not with him. A great deal more I said, which need not be set down.

"Young man," he said, when I concluded, "you are a writing person, and you speak as if you were writing for the newspaper which employs you. Business you know nothing of. But, young man, sentiment must not come in the way of business."

I exclaimed that it was not sentiment, but common-sense, gratitude, and good feeling.

"As for common-sense, that belongs to business; as for gratitude, Mary has had her board and her bed, and she's done her work to earn her board and her bed—I don't see any call for gratitude there; as for good feeling, that's my business. Now, young man, George Sidcote's land is mortgaged. As he says he can no longer pay the interest, I have sent up the case to London and have got the usual order: he has six months in which to pay principal and interest. At the end of that time, because he can't and he won't pay, his land will be mine. As for what is done afterwards, I promise nothing."

"You will lose Mary, for one thing."

"I have told you that I in that case shall hire another person."

"Very well. You will have to pay Mary's fortune to her cousin David; because she will marry without your consent."

"Have the goodness, Mr. Will Nethercote, to leave me to my own affairs."

"This affair is mine, as well as yours! Do you prefer David to Mary? You must choose between them, you know: I have read the will."

"Oh! you think you have got me between the two, do you?"

"I do!"

"Then perhaps you are wrong. And now go away, and meddle no more."

Now I declare that in saying what I did say next I spoke without the least knowledge. It was a random shot.

"You think," I said, "that David does not know of his aunt's will. You hope that he will go away presently without finding out." He started and changed colour, and in his eyes I read the truth. He thought that David would never find out. "So, Mr. Leighan," I went on; "that is in your mind. He lives alone, and speaks to no one: his aunt died after he went away: it is very possible that he does not know anything about it. Good heavens! Mr. Leighan, were you actually thinking to hide the thing from him and so to rob him? Yes; to rob Mary first and David afterwards, of all this money?"

"What business is it of yours?" he asked.

"Very good; I shall tell David!"

"Oh! if I were thirty instead of seventy, I would—" he began, his eyes flashing again with all their ancient fire.

"I shall go to David Mr. Leighan. If, as I believe, he knows nothing about it, you will see how he will receive the news. Yes; you shall be between the two: you shall choose between David and Mary."

Yes; I had stumbled on the exact truth, as accidentally as I had stumbled on the canvas bag. David did not know, nor had his uncle chosen to inform him—though he was certain from his talk that he did not know—of his aunt's will, deeply as it affected him. And I am now quite certain that the old man thought that David would not find out the truth before he went away again, and so he would keep the money to himself.

"Don't tell him, Will," said the old man, changing his tone. Don't interfere between David and me; it is dangerous. You don't know what mischief you may be doing. Don't tell him. As for George and Mary, I will arrange something. They shall go on at Sidcote as tenants on easy terms—on very easy terms. But don't tell David. He is a very dangerous man. Don't tell him."

"I will not tell him anything if you will give Mary your consent."

"David will not stay here long. When he has got—oh dear!—when he has got some more money he will go away. Don't tell him."

"You have to give that money either to Mary or to David. Choose!" I repeated.

"Who are you, I should like to know," he asked with a feeble show of anger, "that you should come and interfere in family matters? What business is it of yours? Go away to London. Manage your own affairs—if you've got any. You are not my nephew!"

"That is quite true. I am George's friend, however, and Mary's friend. I am going to do my best for both. Oh! Mr. Leighan, all your life long you have been scheming and plotting to get money and land. You think that you have laid your terms so as to turn George out of his land; and the prize looks very nearly in your grasp. But David has come back; that alters the aspect of affairs. You can no longer refuse your consent and hold that money in pretended trust for a man you believed to be dead. You must hand it over to him—the whole of it. I do not know whether he cannot force you to pay him back the interest upon it since it has been in your hands. You may be quite sure that he will extort from you the uttermost farthing. Well, you have the choice. Either give your consent to Mary, or prepare to treat with David. Why, you have said yourself, business before sentiment. Here is business, indeed, before you. Trust yourself to the affection of your niece and the friendship of George, the truest man in the world; or else give yourself over to the deadly hatred of a man who desires nothing so much as to revenge himself upon you. Why, he has avowed it. He will do you—he says it openly—all the mischief he can."

"He is doing that already. And yet—don't tell him, Will—let us arrange something. George shall be my tenant. And when I die, I shall leave all my property to Mary—Foxworthy, Gratnor, Berry Down, and Sidcote. Think of that. She will be the richest woman in Challowcombe."

"No," I replied. "Choose between Mary and David."

"I must have Sidcote," he said, with a kind of moan. The poor man had certainly aged very much in a few weeks. He clutched at the arms of his chair, his face twitched convulsively, and he spoke feebly. "I have lost so much lately—I have suffered so horribly—you don't know how, young man, or you would pity me. I have been punished, perhaps, because I was too prosperous—you don't know how, and you can't guess. If I lose Sidcote now, I shall die. You don't know, young gentleman—you don't know what it is to suffer as I have suffered!"

He looked so dejected and so miserable that I pitied him, grasping and avaricious as he had always been. The ransom of his coupons, day by day, had entered into his soul, though this I knew not at the time. And now I was going to take away the only consolation left to him—the prospect of getting Sidcote and of keeping Mary's fortune.

"I must have Sidcote," he said.

"Then I shall go at once to David and tell him."

"I must have Sidcote. Do your worst!" he cried, with some appearance of his old fire and energy. "Do your worst. Tell David what you please, and leave me to deal with David. I will—" He shook his head, and pointed to the door. Very well, I would go and tell David. As the event happened, I should, perhaps, have done better to have kept silence. But one could not tell beforehand what was going to happen.

In fact, I told David that very evening.

He was sitting at his table, a large open book before him, over which he was poring intently. The window was open, for it was a hot evening and not yet sunset. A bottle of spirits stood on the table, with a tumbler and a jug of cold water, ready for drinking time, which I gathered would shortly begin.

He looked up when he heard my step outside, and shut the book hurriedly.

"What do you want here?" he asked, roughly. "Why do you come prying after me?"

"Don't be a fool, David," I replied. "If you come outside, I will tell you why I came."

He hesitated a moment and then came out. Really, I think he looked more disreputable—that is to say lower—than when he arrived in rags. A man may, perhaps, be in rags, and yet not be disreputable; he may wear them picturesquely, he may even wear them with dignity. Not that David was either picturesque or dignified on his arrival. Yet he looked better somehow than now, when he had been at home a month. Strong drink and plenty of it, the satisfying of revenge and hatred, the want of work and exercise, had already written their evil marks upon his countenance, which was bloated and evil looking.

"Upon my word, David," I said, "one would think we were old enemies instead of old friends."

"Speak up, then," he replied, his eyes suspicious and watchful, as if I was trying to get into his cottage and steal something. "Speak up; let a man know your business. If you had no business you would not come here, I take it."

"It is business that may concern you very deeply," I said, and then I told him.

"Well," he said, slowly, "I suppose you mean honest, else why should you tell me? Perhaps you've got a score against the old man, too."

"Not I, David. I am not his debtor!"

"He never told me. He might have told me a dozen times." David sat on a boulder and began to turn the thing over. "This wants thinking of, this does. So the old woman had six thousand, had she? She began with one, and Mary's mother had one—a thousand each; and my father had Berry Down, and Uncle Daniel he had Gratnor. She lived with him, and he told her what to do with her money; so in forty years she made six thousand of it; and Mary is to have it if she marries with her uncle's consent, and, if she doesn't, I'm to have it."

"That is, exactly, the state of the case."

"If Mary marries George without the old man's consent," he repeated, "he'll have to give me all that money—six thousand pounds."

"Mary will marry George with or without her uncle's consent; I can tell you that beforehand. She will marry him within a very few weeks."

"Nay," he said; "rather than give me the money he'd let her marry the blacksmith."

"Well; I have told you."

"Why," he said, "rather than give me the money he'd let her marry the Devil."

At this point I came away, for fear he might try even to get beyond that possibility; and the mess I had almost made of the whole business proves, as I said before, that there is no excuse, whatever, for the best intentions.

CHAPTER XVI.—DAVID MAKES A PROPOSAL.

"Quick, David, quick!" cried the old man, eagerly. "Let us get to work. Oh! you waste half the morning; let us get on. At this rate," he sighed, "we shall take months before I have got back the property."

"There will be no trade this morning, uncle," David replied, standing in the doorway. It was a week after I had told him the truth. He had been turning it over in his mind in the interval.

"Why not? David, if you were nearly seventy you would be anxious to get on; you would not shilly-shally over a single bit of paper. Let us get on, David. Oh! you've got all the power now, and I am in your hands. I won't grumble, David. No, take your own time, my boy; take your own time."

The poor old man was strangely altered in four or five weeks that he should thus humble himself before his nephew. But David had all the power so long as he had any of those coupons left.

"We go so slow, David; and I am so old."

David sat down with great deliberation, and as if he meant to stay a long time. But he had not with him his book of coupons.

"Surely not too slow for you, uncle. Why, you are a patient man, if ever there was one. How many years did you wait, laying your lines to catch me and my land? No one can go too slow for you if he only keeps moving in the right direction. How many years have you laid low for George Sidcote? No—no; not too slow for you."

"I'm an old man now, David. Let me have done with the business at once."

"Not too slow for me," David went on; "why, I can wait ten years. It is such a treat, you see, for me to be selling you your own property, and to watch you buying it, that I could go on for ever. I really could." I think that he spoke the truth here, for the man was implacable and pitiless, and enjoyed every day more and more the spectacle of his uncle lying at his feet begging for mercy. If any gleam of pity softened his soul, the sight of the fields which had once been his hardened it again.

"You little thought when I came home that I was going to give you so much trouble, did you, Uncle Daniel? You thought you had the whip hand over me always, didn't you? But you see—first the fall from your pony, then the loss of your papers, then the stroke, then my coming home and finding those papers—all part of the judgment!—and now there's more to follow."

"What more? Oh! David; what more?" the helpless old man only groaned.

Think of it. Outside, the splendid sun of August lay over the hills and combs, the woods and fields: the place was the most rural spot in all England, the farthest removed from the haunts of men and the vices of cities: in the next room was the most innocent girl in the world: close by was the little hamlet of Watercourt, where the people might be rude and, perhaps, unwashed, but were yet full of the simple virtues

which linger among country folk. And here, in this room, in an atmosphere of age and weakness, the fire burning in mid-summer, the windows closed, were an old man, paralysed and near his end, yet plotting and planning for the money he could never use, and a young man playing upon him a scheme of revenge worthy of the good old days when a king thought nothing of pulling out a Jew's teeth one by one until he parted with his coin.

"To-day, uncle, I have come to talk about my aunt's will."

"Then he told you? He said he would."

"Will Nethercote told me: you did not. You thought that as soon as our little business was finished I should go away, and never come back any more. You thought you would keep the money, did you? Not so, uncle; not so!"

"He told you, did he? I wish I could be even with Will for that."

"You can't, you know, because he has got no land; and so you can't lay any plots and plans for him."

"I thought you would never find it out, David," Mr. Leighan confessed, with somewhat surprising candour. "I soon found that you knew nothing about it, and that you never go about and talk; and I was pretty certain that you would never find out. Well, now you know, what difference does it make? You are no nearer the money."

"We shall see. My aunt might just as well have left it to me as to you. To be sure, I never thought she had half so much. She began with a thousand. She must have pinched and saved."

"She was a wise and a thrifty woman, and she understood, with my help, how to place her money to the best advantage. She ought to have left it all to me, because I made it for her. She always said she would. But there—you can never trust a woman in a matter of real importance. And besides, she was two years younger than me, and thought to outlive me. Well—well!"

"She left it to Mary, on the condition of her marrying with your consent; and if not, the money was to go to me. And if I was dead—and you pretended to think I was dead—the will said nothing. So you thought you could stick to the money. Uncle, you are a foxy one! You ought to be in the States, and thirty years younger. There you would find yourself at home, with plenty of opportunity. Well, I am wiser now than I was. And see now, uncle, I don't mean to go away until this question is settled. What are you going to do?"

"Why should I tell you?"

"Keep it to yourself, then. I will tell you what you thought you were going to do. I've worked it all out. First, if you let George and Mary get married before the law lets you take Sidcote, you will lose Sidcote." He began, in his slow way, to tick off his points upon his fingers. "That's first thing. After you have got Sidcote, you will be still loth to let the money go, and you will keep Mary waiting on. You think that I shall soon go. Then you will keep the money as long as you live. But suppose they were to marry without your consent, all the money comes to me—comes to me. Very well, then; comes to me. That sticks, doesn't it? You can let them marry now—and you will lose Sidcote: you can let them marry after you have got Sidcote—and you will have to pay up; if you keep on refusing your consent, you can keep the money as long as you like—unless they marry without. Then, you've got to give it to me—to me, uncle. You've had a taste of me already."

He waited a little. His uncle said nothing, but watched him from under his long, white eyebrows—not contemptuously, as on the first interview after his return, but with the respect due to the strength of the situation.

"Very well, then; you would rather give that money to Mary than to me. But you would like to get Sidcote; you hate the thought of giving it to me, you intended to keep it to yourself. Yet there is no way out of it if you want Sidcote. Perhaps you think you would give it to Mary, after you have got Sidcote. But suppose she marries before? then you would be obliged to give it all to me. See here," he put the dilemma once more as if to make it quite clear to himself, as well as to his uncle: "if you give your consent now, you lose Sidcote; if you give it after you have got Sidcote, you will have to pay Mary all her fortune; if they marry without your consent, you will have to pay me all the money. Perhaps Mary will go on all your life, waiting for consent; perhaps I shall go away; perhaps she will marry without your consent. Which would you like best?"

"Go on, David; perhaps you are going to propose something."

"I have been thinking things over, uncle. You are getting old; you may die any day! then Mary would be free. It is true that she might marry to-morrow, in which case I should be entitled to everything."

But I don't think she would be such a fool. If I were Mary I should wait. You are seventy now, and you've lost the use of your legs. You can't last very long. I should wait if I was Mary. Yes; it might be a year or two; it couldn't be longer."

His uncle heard without any emotion this argument in favour of his approaching demise—country people use plainness of speech about such matters—but he felt himself very far from dying, as masterful men always do up to the very end.

"Well, David, supposing that what you say is common-sense, what next? If Mary marries at once she is a fool, and then I have you to reckon with. There is a good bit outstanding on the old account, and I don't suppose there would be much coming to you when compound interest and all comes to be reckoned up."

"As for your outstanding accounts, we shall see when the time comes. And as for compound interest, it will be for you to pay that on my aunt's six thousand pounds."

"The interest went for the keep of Mary."

"I haven't heard that there's a word about that in the will. You've had her services as housekeeper for five years, and you've pocketed the interest. Why, I take it that you made five per cent. That's three hundred a year. There will be a beautiful day of reckoning, uncle. The sale of your coupons is nothing to it."

"You were going to make a proposal, David?"

"Not a proposal—not exactly an offer. What do you say to this, uncle? Mary won't be such a fool as to marry yet. If she doesn't, you've only got to keep on refusing your consent, and then she must either marry without, or not marry at all."

"David, it's a terrible misfortune that you are come back," his uncle interrupted.

"It is—to you. Well; she must either marry without your consent or not marry at all as long as you live. You will live a year or two longer; then you will die, and she will have the whole of it. That is so, isn't it?"

"Go on."

"Buy me off, old man."

"Always buy—always buy!"

"To be sure. You've got to buy your own property back, because I've come home. You've got to buy me out on the chance of the money coming to me. Please yourself. What do you say to buying me out at a thousand?"

"A thousand pounds?"

"Yes, Uncle Daniel; a thousand pounds. And a very moderate figure, too. Consider: if they were to get married, you'll make five thousand by the bargain, not to speak of interest. If they don't, you'll have the satisfaction of giving your nephew a thousand pounds back out of the property you've robbed him of."

"A thousand pounds!"

"That is the figure, uncle. Is it a deal?"

"I'll think of it, David. A thousand pounds! I'll think it over."

Said I not that persons with the best intentions can never be forgiven? Here were matters worse than ever: the old man's heart hardened the more; his cupidity awakened; and David with a deeper treachery in his mind to take revenge upon his uncle. And all my fault!

CHAPTER XVII.—A GLEAM OF LIGHT.

ONE has had to say so many hard things of the unfortunate David, and he appears in so singularly unattractive a light, that it is pleasant, before one parts with him altogether, to record one occasion on which he showed a gleam of a better self surviving the degradation of six years. In fact, David had not reached that lowest of all levels, that solid rock, that hard pass, which is, in fact, the Earthly Hell. Doubt not that it exists, though perhaps we look for it in vain among the rags and tatters of the direst poverty. It is not there that we shall find it. In this dismal stratum the men and women live wholly for themselves, and fight, and grab, and waste and devour, intent only on getting all that there is to be had, each for himself, of roasted meats and strong drink, and the pleasures which are symbolised by these. It is a land of Purity—of Pure Selfishness, that is—unmixed and unabashed. Perhaps David sojourned a while in that country during the mysterious period when he tramped, rambled, trampled, roamed, wandered, and vagabondised somewhere across the great continent of North America. He came out of it, I think, when he left California, after a series of adventures which would have done credit to a freebooter or a filibuster, but concerning which we had glimpses only all too short for the natural curiosity of man.

(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.]

SPECIAL NOTICE TO MEMBERS.—Members are reminded that their Quarterly Tickets absolutely expire on the 31st inst., and unless renewed before 8th April, a Registration Fee of 6d. will be charged.

Any Gymnasium Lockers not re-engaged before this date will be broken open and cleared out.

Attendance is given at the General Office every evening from six to nine p.m., for issuing and renewing tickets.

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, from 7 p.m. Members meet in the East Ante-room; entrance through the Library. On Saturday last a match was played against St. John's Institute, Brixton. It was arranged to play 10 boards but only 7 put in an appearance. The score was as follows:—

Wins.	East London.	St. John's Institute.	Wins.
½	Smith, E. J.	.. Fisher	½
1	Bacon	.. Medley	0
½	Gooding	.. Benge	½
½	Pike	.. Pearce	½
1	Banks	.. Baylis	0
1	Lane	.. Virgo	0
1	Hall	.. Mitchell	0
5½			1½

The attention of Members is called to the series of matches now being arranged between individual Members, to decide positions in match team, etc.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

Speaker—MR. WALTER MARSHALL.

Tuesday, March 19th.—Strenuous efforts had been made by each Party to whip up their supporters, the result being a very animated House, which was graced by the presence of two ladies, the first who have ever ventured to invade the legislative chamber. Questions to the Government respecting the Navy and Post Office had but a passing interest, the M.P.'s all being anxious to come to close quarters in the final struggle on the Repeal of the Coercion Act. Mr. Goldhill (Whitechapel) opened the ball, and was followed by Mr. White (Mile End). Mr. W. H. Taylor (Strand) then gave another of his law-and-order speeches, which so delight the House, and make him such a general favourite. The Institute M.P. for Midlothian (Mr. Masters) also spoke, and the two best speeches of the Debate were those of Mr. Billings (E. Belfast), and Mr. Callard (S. Paddington), the former in support of, and the latter in opposition to, the present regime. Both were listened to with marked attention, the House recognizing sound reasoning. The Irish Secretary (Mr. W. H. Brown) wound up the Debate. As the time for the division approached, there was much excitement, every other Member counting the heads of his political enemies, with a view of forecasting the result; the Whips bringing up stragglers, and the Cabinet preparing to transfer their seals of office to the Opposition,—these latter preparations, however, proving unnecessary, the Government being victorious. The Government will, no doubt, last until the end of the Session. The Premier (Mr. Ive) gave notice of a Home Rule Bill.—Order of the day, 2nd April.—Taxation of Ground Rents Bill, Mr. Billings (E. Belfast). All Institute Members invited to the Debates, and to become M.P.'s.

JNO. H. MAYNARD, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

We are meeting, as usual, on Monday evenings, in the Technical Schools, Room 1, 8 to 9.30. Next Monday, April 1st, commences a new quarter, and will be a favourable time for intending Members to join us. Advantages:—Speed practice, and at various rates. Circulating library. The latest attraction is a Phonographic game.—Entrance fee, 1s.; subs., 6d. per quarter. Members are reminded that their subs. are now due. Further information given by

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

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

Thursday last being such a wretched day, only six members braved the elements, and carried out the run to Tottenham. On Saturday, however, nineteen members enjoyed a pleasant run to Buckhurst Hill.

Present score of Club runs:—J. Burley, Kennard, J. Dawson, Moyle, Raggett, and Slater (five), Green, Peel, Stephens (four), Glover, Hurst, Kilbride (three), Giles, Gillett, Hill, Hobson, Howard, Jesseman, Prentice, Taylor, Wilson (two), K. Burley, Bailey, Lyons, Nachan, E. Ransley, H. Ransley (one).—COMING RUNS.—Thursday, Woodford; Saturday, Waltham.

JAMES BURLLEY, Hon. Sec.

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

The last Dance of the season takes place in the Social-room to-night.—Next week's Members' Concert will take place on Wednesday, the 3rd, instead of on Thursday as usual. Lady Brooke (the Rancee of Sarawak) will take part in it, and bring down some friends. Master Edwin Porter, who has a beautiful voice, has promised to sing. Other good performers will kindly assist. It is hoped that in future gentlemen of the Palace will exercise moderation when asked to join in a chorus. The singing of Miss Corry, who kindly came down to help us with our Concert last Thursday, was seriously interfered with.

L. A. ADAM.

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.

We must congratulate both the Orchestra and the Chora Society on the excellent manner in which they performed at the Town Hall, Stratford, last Saturday week. The audience, although small, was a most appreciative one. In our humble opinion there is a great future before the two Societies, if the Members will only work together as one.—Rehearsals as usual Friday at 8 p.m., in the Lecture Hall; Tuesday, at 7.30 p.m. for the Ladies' Choir, and 8.45 p.m. for the Male Voices' Choir in No. 2 Room of the Old Schools.—We shall in all probability have a Soirée next Saturday week.

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 may be seen after any rehearsal.

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

On Monday week we had another very successful run out, the route lying through Cornhill, Queen Victoria Street, and along the Embankment to Waterloo Bridge, the time occupied in running there and back from the Gymnasium being forty-five minutes,—very good running.—We wish to again draw the attention of Members to the fact, that in place of six Members sparring two rounds with the Instructor, it has been arranged that about twelve shall spar one round each, thus enabling more Members to come under the hands of the Instructor.—All questions and queries can be referred to the M.C., Mr. C. Williams, who is in charge of the room on practice nights. There are still some Members who appear to be unaware of the fact already stated, that subscriptions are usually reckoned to be rather necessary to the support of a Club, and these Members are requested to communicate with the Secretaries as early as possible with a view to paying what they owe in the shape of subscriptions.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, Esq., M.A.

A productive evening was held on Friday last, when the following were read and criticised:—A paper on "Religious Liberty," by Mr. Whittick; and a poem entitled "Death," by Mr. White.—A General Meeting also took place, when the following officers were elected vice those resigned:—Vice-Chairman, Mr. Whittick; Messrs. Treeman, Taylor, and Harrington, Committee men.—A General Meeting will be held on Friday, 5th April. Agenda:—To

revise Rules II. and X.—"As you Like it" will be studied on Friday evening next at 8 for 8.15 o'clock. We shall be glad to see those ladies and gentlemen who are interested in Shakespeare.—Members are reminded that their yearly subscriptions are now due; the Secretaries will be glad to receive them any Friday evening.—New Members enrolled every Friday. Subscription, 1s. yearly. All information given by

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

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The Reeves and Sons' Competition (prize, a box of colours, value 35s.) Sketches will be on view on the 29th and 30th March (Friday and Saturday next), from 7.30 to 9.30, Room in No. 2, old buildings. Wood-Carvings, Etchings, and Plaster Models will also be on exhibition. We offer a cordial welcome to all Members of the Palace and its classes, and hope they will pay us a visit. Tickets may be had at the Office, Technical Schools, or from Members of the Club. We are pleased to state that the Time Sketching Evenings are deservedly becoming one of the features of the Club, the attendance at the last evening, the 19th March, being the largest we have yet had. The subjects given were a Parakito, its varied plumage making a splendid study in colour, and a Ginger Jar. The next Time Sketching Evening will be held on the 2nd April (Tuesday) at 7.30 in the Photo-room, Technical Schools. It will, no doubt, please the Members to hear that a letter has been received by the Hon. Sec., informing us that a meeting of the Delegates from the Metropolitan Sketching Clubs will be held on the 17th April, to discuss the arrangements for the Annual Sketching Clubs' Competition, to be held at the Society of British Artists'. Three of the Club Committee have been invited to attend as representatives of the Club. Will the Members, who are not sending in Sketches, endeavour to illustrate at least one of the monthly subjects? We wish to remind the Members that a Prize will be awarded the Member sending in the most sketches, illustrating the monthly subjects during the year. This prize in no way interferes with the prizes awarded for the special subjects at the end of the year.

C. WALTER FLEETWOOD, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

A Special General Meeting will be held in the Social Rooms on Thursday next, the 28th inst., at 8.30 p.m., to make the necessary arrangements for the ensuing season. All old members are especially requested to attend.

ARTHUR WM. CLEWS, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

The Smoking Concerts will be continued on Thursday next. The Secretary will attend in the Secretaries' room on Thursday and Monday, between 8.30 and 9, to receive subscriptions. Terms for the season, 3s.

T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," sings the poet; and the Ramblers, on Saturday last, had the opportunity of personally testing the truth of the assertion. For they met—a blithesome band—beneath the frowning walls of Newgate Prison, intent on closely examining the stronghold so inseparably associated with the memory of Mr. Jack Sheppard. Blessed with the most conscientious of cicerones, and all attention, we made a detour of the massive building: inspecting, with keen interest, the curious chronicles of crime and infamy everywhere around us: standing on the brink of the scaffold, where so many have been done to death; and gazing, not without a shudder—at the long line of ignoble grave-flints, beneath which the remains of Wainwright, Lipski, and many others repose. We also realised what it meant to be shut in from the outer busy world: to be incarcerated in the "black-hole": to meditate mournfully in the condemned cell: and to understand, as the bright, warm sunlight flooded the unscalable walls, what was meant by the blessing of freedom. It was a sound moral lesson, too, to all of us, never to do those things which we ought not to do—a warning the more potent by reason of the majesty of the law, so plainly and so painfully felt. The visit was one of the greatest interest: and was voted extremely successful by those who participated.—On Saturday next, March 30th, we ramble to Greenwich Hospital. Members are requested to meet at the Old Swan Pier, at 2.20 p.m.—Members wishing to take part in the visit to Christ's Hospital, on Saturday, April 6th, are requested to leave their names at the General Offices by Friday next, March 29th, as only twenty-five are permitted to this ramble. The time of meeting is 2.30 p.m.

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

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27th, 1889, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

ARTISTES: MISS MONTAGU CONYERS, MISS ALICE SUTER, MR. HIRWEN JONES AND MR. ERNEST BIRCH.

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

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

1. ORGAN SOLO ... "Overture Prometheus" ... Beethoven. MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

2. VOCAL POLKA ... "Staccato" ... Müller. MISS MONTAGU CONYERS.

Vieni, vieni ognor fedel A posarti sul mio cor, E sara la vita un ciel Di delizia e puro amor, Ah! Ah! Ah!

3. SONG ... "Nazareth" ... Gounod. MR. ERNEST BIRCH (with Organ obbligato).

Tho' poor be the chamber, Come here, come and adore; Lo, the Lord of Heaven Hath to mortals given Life for evermore. Shepherds, whose flocks were folded beside you, Tell what was told by angel voices near; To you this night is born He who will guide you Thro' paths of peace to living waters clear.

4. NEW SONG ... "Angel Faces" ... Ernest Birch. MISS ALICE SUTER. (Accompanied by the Composer.)

They are crowded in the city, they are streaming ever on, All the countless pallid faces ever wearyful and wan; And I lean and watch the waters and like the river's flow, Methinks their lives lead onward to a sea they do not know.

5. ORGAN SOLO (a) Pastorale (b) Gavotte in A minor ... Whitney, Merkel. MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

6. SONG ... "My Bark is ready" ... F. Clay. MR. HIRWEN JONES.

My bark is ready, the wind is fair, And the scented breath of the summer air, Laden with perfumes from the vale, Is whispering, love, as it fills the sail.

7. SONG ... "The Friar of Orders Grey" ... Reeve. MR. ERNEST BIRCH.

AN INTERVAL OF FIVE MINUTES.

8. ORGAN SOLO "Funeral March of a Marionette" ... Gounod. MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

9. SONG ... "The Promise of Years" ... Rodney. MISS MONTAGU CONYERS.

Old time turned back the book of years, Life is but toiling, And bade, and bade me read again, Age is but pain, The page, where on the past appears, Give me oh fortune, I once to turn was fain, My childhood again.

Then roses grew, about my feet, Shall grow a child's again, That now are lost and dead, Life is but toiling, On olden paths, that were so sweet, Age is but pain, I ne'er again may tread, Give me oh fortune, Along life's way, by youth made bright, My childhood again.

10. NEW SONG ... "The Parting Hour" ... Ernest Birch. MR. HIRWEN JONES. (Accompanied by the Composer.)

To-night the dew will kiss the rose, To-night the rose will fold the dew, The song-bird warbler on the tree, Distilled upon her scented breast, The silent stream that lonely flows, The lost ones sleeping 'neath the yew, Will find its refuge in the sea! They are at peace, they are at rest!

11. ORGAN SOLO ... Grand Chorus in A ... Salomé. MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

12. QUARTET ... "In this hour of soften'd splendour" ... Pinsuti. MISS M. CONYERS, MISS SUTER, MR. HIRWEN JONES, AND MR. ERNEST BIRCH.

In this hour of soften'd splendour, See the gentle moon now paleth, When the moon, fair queen, on high, In the radiance of the dawn, Bids the stars due homage render, And in pure white robe she saileth, To their Sovereign in the sky; All her queenly glories gone.

13. SONG ... "Angus Macdonald" ... Roecel. MISS ALICE SUTER.

O sad were the homes on the mountain and glen, When Angus Macdonald marched off with his men, O sad was my heart when we sobbed our good-bye, And he marched to the battle may be to die!

14. OLD SCOTCH SONG (by desire) "M'hm" MR. ERNEST BIRCH.

When I was a laddie lang syne at the schule, The maister aye ca'd me a dunce and a fule; For somehoo his words I could ne'er understand, Save when he cried "Jimmie just haud out your hand."

Calendar of the Week.

March 28th.—Died on this day Raffaele, the great painter, 1520: Jacques Callot, the engraver, 1636: Hollar, the engraver, 1677: Peg Woffington, the actress, 1760: and the Duke of Albany, 1884.

March 29th.—On this day Raffaele was born: Captain Coram died 1751, Emanuel Swedenborg 1772, and John Keble 1866. Does anybody remember the name of Captain Coram? He founded that splendid institution, the Foundling Hospital.

More people know the name of Emanuel Swedenborg. He was an engineer and mathematician of great eminence in Sweden. In the latter part of his life he became a prophet, a seer, one who saw dreams and had revelations.

On this day, 1837, died Mrs. Fitzherbert, wife of George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. She was born in 1756, being the daughter of Mr. Walter Smythe, a Hampshire gentleman.

March 30th.—Day of the Sicilian Vespers, 1282.

This is old history. Sicily was held by the French. The Sicilians were exasperated by the behaviour of their conquerors. On Easter Monday, whether through accident or design, or through the infuriation caused by a brutal outrage of a French soldier, the people of Palermo rose all together upon the French: this rising was followed by others all over the island: about thirty thousand French were massacred and Sicily was taken from them.

March 31st.—Out of a long list of persons connected with this day may be taken the names of Beethoven, died March 31st, 1837, the great composer: John Constable, R.A., painter, died on the same day—you may see his tomb in Hampstead churchyard: and Charlotte Brontë, author of Jane Eyre, etc., who died on this day in 1855.

On this day, 1869, the Government closed Deptford Dockyard. It was a great pity. The yard was an ancient foundation connected with the most glorious history of the British Navy: it was also useful: but it was chosen—I do not know which Government was then blundering—on account of some paltry economies which, of course, were not made, only pretended.

The end of March closes the winter. Let us hope that the east wind time may be briefer and less wretched than usual. Spring in this country means east wind. The sun now rises at half-past five, and sets at half-past six; it is therefore light from half-past five till seven.

April 1st.—All Fool's Day.

William Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, was no fool certainly; yet he was born on this day. And Heber, the excellent Bishop of Calcutta, died on this day.

An April Fool is, in France, called the April fish. Nobody knows at all why this day is so celebrated.

April 2nd.—Is it worth while to record that Arthur, Prince of Wales, eldest son of Henry VII., died on this day 1502? Perhaps not. But if he had lived the course of English history might have been very different.

April 3rd.—Another Prince Arthur died. This one was murdered by King John in 1203.

John Napier of Merchiston, inventor of logarithms, died on this day, 1607; and the famous Marquis of Worcester, the author of the "Century of Inventions," in the year 1667. His inventions include secret writing: explosive projectiles: floating gardens: automaton figures: the fixing of shifting sands: a watch that never wants winding up: a key to lock all the drawers in a cabinet at once: a way to make boats sail against wind and tide: and exactly ninety-two others.

Below the Ocean.

DESPITE the fanciful pictures which some writers have drawn of the ocean-bed, its desolation, at least in its deepest parts, must be extreme. Beyond the first mile it is a vast desert of slime and ooze, upon which is constantly dripping a rain of dead carcasses from the surface, which carcasses supply the nourishment for the scanty fauna inhabiting the abyssal region—in some places more than five miles from the sunshine, and the microscope reveals that the slimy matter covering this deepest ocean-bed is very similar in composition to the ancient chalk of the cretaceous period, while mixed with it here and there are minute metallic and magnetic bodies, which have been proved to be dust from the meteorites.

At long intervals a phosphorescent light gleams from the head of some passing fish, which has strayed hither from a higher zone. But it is not until we have mounted a good deal nearer the surface that the scene changes for the better. We now meet with forests of brilliantly-coloured sponges, while the phosphorescent animals swimming about are much more numerous, and the nearer we get to the littoral zone more and more phosphorescent lights appear, till at length the scene becomes truly animated.

When only 1,200 feet separate us from the sunshine we come upon the first seaweed and kelp (1,200 feet is the deepest limit of plant life in the water): but we must rise still another 1,000 feet and more, and get as near the top as 120 feet before we find any reef-building corals.

As plants do not live in the deep sea, the deep-sea animals either prey on one another or get their food from dead organisms and plants which sink down to them. Thus Maury says: "The sea, like the snow-cloud with its flakes in a calm, is always letting fall upon its bed showers of microscopic shells." And experiment proves that a tiny shell would take about a week to fall from the surface to the deepest depths. Since sunlight does not penetrate much farther than the littoral zone, there would be beyond this perpetual darkness except for phosphorescence. Many of the animals inhabiting the continental and abyssal zones have merely rudimentary eyes. But these blind creatures have very long feelers, which help them to grope their way along the bottom. Other deep-sea animals, on the contrary, have enormous eyes, and these very likely congregate around such of their number as are phosphorescent, and may perhaps follow the moving lamps about wherever they go. And so bright is this light on many of the fish brought up by the dredge, that during the brief space the animals survive it is not difficult to read by it.

The reason why fishes and mollusks living three miles under water are able to bear a pressure of several tons, is that they have exceedingly loose tissues, which allow the water to flow equally through every interstice, and thus to equalise the weight. When the pressure is removed they perish. In the "Challenger" expeditions, sent out by the British Government, all the sharks brought up from a depth of a little less than three-quarters of a mile were dead when they got to the surface.

An Ambulance Examination, under the auspices of the St. John Ambulance Association, will take place at the Palace, on Tuesday next, April 2nd, at 7 p.m., for females only. The examiner will be Dr. Andrew Clark, M.R.C.S.

New Time Tables are being prepared for the new evening classes quarter, which will commence on Wednesday, April 24th.

Time Table of Classes.

SESSION 1888-9.

Present Quarter for Practical, General and Musical Classes ending April 18th.

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Technical Classes.

Table with columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists classes like Boot & Shoe Manufacture, Mechanical Engineering, Photography, etc.

Art and Design Classes.

Table with columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists classes like Freehand & Model Draw, Perspective Drawing, etc.

Science Classes.

Table with columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists classes like Build. Con. and Draw, Geo., Fr. Pl. and Sol., etc.

General Classes.

Table with columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists classes like Ambulance, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Grammar, etc.

Musical Classes.

Table with columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists classes like Singing, Elementary, Choral Society, etc.

Special Classes for Females only.

Table with columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists classes like Plain Needlework, Dressmaking, Millinery, etc.

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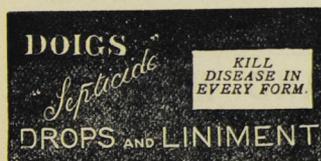
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