

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. IV.—No. 80.]

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 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, May 23rd.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
Ladies' Social Club.—Concert, at 8.
Cycling Club.—Run over Ten Mile Course.
- FRIDAY, May 24th.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
Ladies' Gymnasium.—Finals of Competitions, at 7.30.
Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 8 to 10.
Cricket Club.—Committee Meeting, at 8.30.
Boxing Club.—General Meeting, at 9.
Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.
Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.
- SATURDAY, May 25th.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.
Minstrel Troupe.—Rehearsal, at 7.
Chess Club.—Simultaneous Chess playing, and usual practice, at 7.
Ramblers.—Theydon Bois.
Cricket Club.—Match with R.A. Non-Commissioned Officers, at Woolwich.
Cricket Club (Junior Section).—Match with St. Paul's Junior C.C., at Wanstead.
Judge and Jury Trial, at 7.30.
Fire Brigade.—Competition, at 4 p.m.
- SUNDAY, May 26th.—Organ Recitals at 12.30 and 4.
Library.—Open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY, May 27th.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
Shorthand Society.—Usual meeting, at 8.
Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.
Ramblers.—Committee Meeting, at 8.30.
- TUESDAY, May 28th.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.
Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 8 till 10.
Parliament.—Usual sitting, at 8.
- WEDNESDAY, May 29th.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
Dramatic Society.—Rehearsal, at 8; General Meeting, at 9.30.
Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.
Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, MAY 26th, 1889.

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30 AND 4 O'CLOCK.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

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|--------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|--------------|
| 1. Prelude and Fugue in D | ... | ... | ... | Bach. |
| 2. Andante from Violin Concerto | ... | ... | ... | Mendelssohn. |
| 3. Offertoire in G | ... | ... | ... | Wely. |
| 4. Sacred Song, "The King of Love" | ... | ... | ... | Gounod. |
| 5. Impromptu | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| 6. Chorus, "The Heavens are telling" | ... | ... | ... | Handel. |

AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

- | | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|--------------|
| 1. Sonata, No. 1 | ... | ... | ... | Mendelssohn. |
| 2. Church Melody | ... | ... | ... | Stradella. |
| 3. Credo, from 1st Mass | ... | ... | ... | Haydn. |
| 4. Allegretto in E Flat (by desire) | ... | ... | ... | Hardebeck. |
| 5. Impromptu | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| 6. Largo | ... | ... | ... | Handel. |
| 7. Grand Chorus in A | ... | ... | ... | Salome. |

Notes of the Week.

THE two Members for Northampton have, as usual, brought forward their little Bills and, as usual, they have been defeated. The Perpetual Pensions business is amusing, because there is so much behind it, otherwise it would be hardly worth notice. As for what it pretends to be, it is an attack upon the old practice of endowing persons or their descendants for ever with charges upon the country for, or without, services rendered. Now it is, of course, absurd that the illegitimate son of a king should be thus loaded with honours undeserved instead of the burden of shame which meaner illegitimates have got to bear. Also, it is ridiculous that a man should be honoured for anything he has done—however splendid—with a pension which should never cease. On the other hand, the absurdity granted,—and also the injustice,—there remains the fact, that a thing has been created which can be bought, and sold, and bequeathed. Now when anything can be bought and sold, it is property, and must not be confiscated any more than the coat, my friend, upon your back, or the umbrella which you carry. It remains, therefore, if the injustice, or the absurdity, of the thing becomes intolerable, to buy up that property for what it is worth, and then the whole question then is—how much shall be given for it?

If we concede that it is wrong to grant a Perpetual Pension even for the most brilliant services, we must grant in its place a sum which, if invested in the Funds or elsewhere, is equivalent to a Perpetual Pension. In other words, we shall pay our own debts instead of increasing the debts of our grandchildren with them. But the Perpetual Pension remains. Here is a parallel case. I have saved a thousand pounds: I am going to invest this money in the 2½ per cents.: this will produce nearly £30 a year: I am going to endow my daughter with that amount. If she does not spend it, she will pass it on to her daughter: and so on. In other words, I effect a Perpetual Pension, which I give to my children and my grandchildren for ever: they will have done nothing for it: they only reap the harvest of my prudence. How does this differ from the case of a great Admiral, who saves his country by a wonderful victory, and is rewarded with a Perpetual Pension of £2,000 a year? Future Parliaments, perhaps, will give him such a sum of money as, invested, will produce £2,000 a year. There is very little difference, except that we do not increase by giving the money down the burdens of posterity. As for all the existing Pensions together, if every person in the United Kingdom gave a farthing a year each, the whole of the Perpetual Pensions would be paid by that farthing. Abolish them, and we, with posterity, are richer by an annual farthing.

As for what is behind, I take it that it is this. The same line of argument which proves that it is absurd to give a Perpetual Pension, may be used to prove that it is absurd to grant a Perpetual Title. What services are possible, so great and splendid that not only the man who has performed them, but also all his heirs for ever, shall be separated from the rest of the world by a title, rank, and privilege? Wherefore, after one of the Members for Northampton brings forward his Bill against Perpetual Pensions, the other comes along with his against Perpetual Titles, with equal logic and more wit.

THE whole system of hereditary titles is absurd. That may be granted if only for the simple reason that hereditary genius can never be depended upon. Nothing is more certain than the fact that hereditary genius has a trick of lying dormant for many generations; that it may then suddenly and unexpectedly break out again. How many Cecils were

distinguished in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries? Another awkward fact is, that genius does not seem to recognise descent at all. From what noble families, let us ask, have all the poets, artists, novelists of the age, descended? If men could be bred like bulldogs or racehorses, there would be some sense in a House of Lords. But they cannot. Why not, then, sweep it away, and at once? Well—will not this reason suffice? The system of election produces the House of Commons, and a very mixed lot they are: the system of inheritance produces the House of Lords: and a very mixed lot they are, too. But those who sit there by inheritance are *not a more mixed lot than the Commons*, who sit by election. They tackle their work, at all events, with less talk and nonsense: in point of intellect and ability they are about equal to their neighbours in the other House: and to prevent the grumbling of outsiders they are always being recruited from the trade and wealth of the country. So little does the House of Lords itself believe in the hereditary principle, that a lord has never yet been created from the ranks of science, philosophy, literature, or art. He is always raised to the Peerage from the services, from the law, from the House of Commons, or from successful trade. The country assumes, in short, that from wealth, education, and rank, as good a chance of legislative ability is possible as from election.

THEN, again, for another reason, how do we know that when we have abolished the House of Lords we are going to get anything in its place so good? It is quite conceivable that we might get something a great deal worse—salaried professional politicians, for example, whose only desire would be to retain office—and salary—at any price. Mr. Labouchere suggests making an Upper House by election from County Councils. M—yes. And the London County Council has begun by making a comfortable little post of £2,000 a year for a Deputy-Chairman. Two thousand pounds, my friends! 'Tis a large salary. The wicked Cobbett said he would do all the duties of the Crown for eight hundred a year. Two thousand pounds a year! All that to a disinterested, single-hearted, friend of the people! Really, I think I would rather stick to the House of Lords, than trust myself to the County Councils.

ON Saturday last the Dean of Westminster took a party from the Palace, consisting of Sir Edmund Currie, five-and-twenty Ramblers, and two or three privileged persons, of whom the undersigned was one, over Westminster Abbey. I have not been present at many of the Ramblers' outings, but I cannot imagine anything more delightful or more instructive than to be taken round the Abbey by the Dean. He made History live again for us: he made us actually see the Kings and Queens who are buried in that sacred pile: he made us understand, for the first time, how the long annals of the country which we read are centred in the Abbey. I have never seen any body of young people more impressed or more attentive, than were my young friends the Ramblers on this visit. As for those whose grey beards should have made them familiar with the things to be seen in the Abbey, they were as much instructed and delighted as their youngsters and, therefore, their betters. When the Hon. Secretary of the Club spoke a few words of thanks for his brother members, there was not one who did not echo cordially what he said. I wish that all the members of the Palace had been there to see.

THE Abbey is a kind of shrine for King Edward the Confessor. The king built a great Church here in which he was buried. After his death, his memory becoming more and more revered by the people, King Henry III. began to rebuild the Church, and beautified and enriched the shrine. Then the kings of England began to be buried round the tomb of Edward the Confessor: Henry III., Edward I., Edward III., Richard II., Henry V., all lie round that tomb. Henry IV. is not buried in the Abbey. He died here,—in the Jerusalem Chamber,—but he could not bear the thought of being buried near the unfortunate king whom he had deposed and perhaps murdered, so he was buried in Canterbury. The ghost of Richard II. frightened him. As for Henry V., they built for him, east of Edward the Confessor's tomb, a chantry, carved richly and wonderfully, and above his tomb they hung up the helmet, shield, and saddle which he wore at Agincourt. At the back of this chantry is King Henry VII.'s chapel, the most perfect specimen of Tudor architecture that exists, hung with the banners of the Knights of the Bath.

THERE is only one Westminster Abbey in the country, but there are many cathedrals, beautiful, ancient, and dignified. Why have we none for East London? More than one of the Ramblers expressed this thought. Why is there no place in our great City which we can adorn with monuments to those who have done well for us and for mankind? Why is there no church where we can go to hear the service of the Church of England worthily performed? At present I know of four places only in all London—St. Paul's, Westminster, the Temple Church, and Lincoln's Inn Chapel—where the service is given solemnly, beautifully, and worthily. We had our Cathedral once: it was close beside the Tower, and was called St. Katherine's Hospital. But they destroyed that ancient and venerable church, and they robbed us of the great income which belonged to us.

HERE is a proof that St. Katherine's was always regarded as peculiarly the property of East London. On this week,—Rogation week,—in the last year of Queen Mary's reign, 335 years ago, there were two great processions organised for Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. One of them marched, accompanied by the citizens of London, to St. Giles's, Holborn, and to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, where service was held. The other began its march in the Tower; went from its gates round Tower Hill to St. Katherine's Precincts, where they were joined by the people from—the City? "No; from Poplar, Stepney, Bow, Limehouse, and Ratcliffe—from the East End. St. Katherine's, you see, was their place. Now when we get our own Cathedral, whether we regain our lost revenues or not, let us call the place St. Katherine's, and let us attach to the Church a College for brothers and sisters, one of a larger and more stately kind than belonged to the old St. Katherine's. The brothers and sisters shall be men and women who have lived honourable and industrious lives, and to become a brother and sister of our Abbey shall be an honourable termination to a useful career.

THE *Saturday Review*, always trustworthy and read-worthy on subjects of law, calls attention to a case which concerns a great many. It is a case in which the decision is most unfortunate to the interests of all working men. One Member was employed at Paddington to shunt trucks: he was taken on by a contractor, but his real employers were the G.W.R. The trucks were drawn by a horse, and the horse ought to have had a boy to hitch on or off at a moment's notice: but the contractor refused to supply boys. Member in vain asked for one, pointing out the great dangers to which he was exposed. He complained on the very day of the accident by which he was knocked down, and injured seriously. He sued the Company: he won his case with damages; the Company, being a rich body, appealed. Now, considering the vexation, the anxiety, and the expense of carrying on such a case, a Company which appeals ought in justice to have the damages doubled if it loses. The Company lost. They appealed to the Lords, still on the principle of being rich and their opponent poor. This time the Company won. The Lords have ruled that the Company did not employ Member, and that he was not obliged to work without a boy: he might have refused to work at all. Indeed! Then, if he refused to work, what about the children at home? A more mischievous doctrine was never upheld. Why, there are thousands and thousands of men and women who work daily under ineffectual protest,—who work at trades unwholesome, for wages inefficient, and for excessive hours; yet they work because they must: because they must. Member worked without a boy, knowing that he would some day be run over and perhaps killed, because he must: he had no choice. When all the Trade Unions are merged into one immense Trade Union, it will not be the wages alone that will be determined, but the cases of such unfortunate men as Member.

Do the Blue Books reach the Library of the Palace? If they do they should be regarded as most precious documents, containing information to be entirely relied upon from sources beyond suspicion. Some of the newspapers sometimes quote them or indorse their information, but not always with wisdom or sufficiency. For instance, a very instructive chapter has just been added to the History of Emigration, especially emigration to tropical countries. Twenty years ago, about a thousand of our people were induced, by free grants of land, to emigrate to Brazil, where they settled in the southern or cooler part of the country, and began to cultivate the soil. Out of the whole thousand only a hundred survive, the rest having long since come home again in despair. They can

produce anything they want, but there are no roads, and they live in a pathless forest. Again, ten years ago, there were 450 British Colonists in Caranea Bay, also on the Southern coast of Brazil: there are now only three. It is simply wicked to persuade British agriculturists to go to a country where they can with difficulty work in the open air. Germans succeed better: there are many thousands of Germans scattered along the sea-board of Brazil. Italians also do well: but they get on in the towns. In the country it is impossible for white men to compete with blacks. In considering emigration to South America, it must also be remembered that this Continent is almost wholly Roman Catholic, and that the Anglo-Saxon, if he settles there, must make up his mind that his children will be merged into the Spanish or the Portuguese type, not the English. Considering the enormous Colonies of our own, and the chance of usefulness always open to any Government which understands what Colonies mean, and what emigration might mean properly directed, it is devoutly to be hoped that there will be no more emigration to Brazil.

EDITOR.

Palace and Institute Notes.

I WAS unwillingly called away from the Palace last Friday evening, and so missed seeing our Photographic Club's very excellent Exhibition—I call it very excellent, although I haven't seen it, because I have it on unquestionable testimony that it *was* a very excellent Exhibition. The Photographic Club appears to have observed that very important rule, that before one can begin to play at any art or science, one must have worked very hard and long at learning it. This is a rule that all our Clubs—our Literary, Sketching, and other Clubs—must never forget.

It is good to note the interest still taken in the Palace and all its doings by some of our old Members (fancy our speaking of old Members, and the Institute so young!) who have left the district, and, in some cases, the country. This week we print, in another column, a letter from an old member of the Tennis Club, who is now in Colombo, and still has his *Palace Journal* regularly every week.

I CONTINUE to receive, month by month, *The Young Man*, a magazine whose sound and healthy tone should commend itself largely to the part of the community to which it is more particularly addressed. There is much in *The Young Man* which would interest and be of service to our Members, among whom it is probably well known.

THERE is to be a meeting of the No. 1 party of Paris Trippers (the party whose period of tripping extends from June 1st to June 8th) on Thursday (to-morrow) evening, at 8.30 o'clock, in the Old-buildings, at which Mr. Stursberg, the Assistant Hon. Secretary, will take the chair. The sooner the remaining parties follow the excellent example already set them by one or two the better.

LET the hearts of the dilatory rejoice, and let their dilatoriness be banished for ever. Two of the members who had booked for Paris now find it impossible to get away at the right time, and there are two, actually two chances now available (unless they have been snapped up while this is in the press) for male members hitherto left out in the cold. Lucky the two, who out of the inevitable rush, catch the eye of Mr. Were, and have their names inscribed upon his register! One vacancy is for the week ending August 24th, and the other for that ending September 21st.

BUT the ladies are still fortunate, and have no less than eleven chances remaining as below:—

August 17th to August 24th Five vacancies.
August 24th to August 31st Six ..

Mr. Were wishes it to be known that subscriptions in this matter can only be received on Friday evenings.

IN reply to all sorts of questions about the Exhibition, Mr. Were wishes me to remind Members that there are published in London every day, at the small price of one penny, certain newspapers, such as the *Daily Telegraph*, *Standard*, *Daily News*, *Daily Chronicle*, *Globe*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, and *St. James's Gazette*, in which a great deal more information about the Paris Exhibition of 1889 than he, or the Editor, or Sub-Editor of the *Palace Journal* has the time, or is able to give. Nevertheless, Mr. Were is still willing to sell his shilling Paris guides. SUB-EDITOR.

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 AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

On Friday next, the 24th inst., a General Meeting will be held. The usual practice will take place up to 9 o'clock, when the meeting will commence. We hope every Member will turn up, as there is down for discussion a suggestion that the Club should be opened one night a week during the summer for private practice.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

On Friday, the 17th, the Members and their friends gathered in the Lecture Hall to inspect the prints which were sent in for competition for the *Amateur Photographer* Silver and Bronze Medals. There were thirty prints entered for competition, and we leave those who saw the work to judge. Mr. Hastings, the Editor of the *Amateur Photographer*, was kind enough to read a lecture on Boston, U.S.A., illustrating same with dissolving views. The slides (also the lecture) have been sent to Great Britain by the Boston Camera Club, and have already been shown at thirty provincial clubs. Our Members intend this season to work out a series of slides, showing how East London is fed by water, and if a success, of which we have little doubt, we shall send the United States our work, and show them what we, the Members of the People's Palace Photographic Club, can produce. At the finish of the lecture a very hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Vice-President Hastings for his kind assistance. The result of the competition has not yet been announced.

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

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The subjects for May are as under:—

Figure	Afternoon Tea.
Animal	Study of a Dog.
Landscape	Cloud Land.
Marine	A Rocky Shore.
Design	Birthday Card.
Still Life	A Study.

In addition to the above Design, we wish all the Members to contribute a Design for the Club Card. It must be executed in one colour and be sent in with the other exhibits illustrating the above subjects on Monday, 17th of June. A resolution was passed on Friday last at the General Meeting, that all members taking prizes, are to contribute a sketch to the Club (Sketches will be framed at the Club expense) for the purpose of decorating the walls of the Club-room, and to be placed on exhibition whenever the Club think fit. All the Members wishing to send in pictures illustrating the Sketching Club's Competition subjects must pay a fee of one shilling, and when the pictures are accepted for exhibition by the Committee, an additional fee of four shillings will be charged. The monies thus collected will be used to meet the expense attached to the competition. The regulation frame for the sketches to be sent in to the "Club's Competition," may be obtained of Mr. J. Adams, 75, Roman Road, E., frame maker to the Club.

C. WALTER FLEETWOOD, Hon. Sec.

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription to Members of the Palace, 1s. per annum; Non-Members of the Palace, 3s. per annum. Meeting nights, Tuesday and Saturday, from 7 p.m., in the East ante-room; entrance through Library. For further information, apply to the Hon. Sec.—On Saturday next, the 25th inst., Mr. H. Cudmore will play ten games simultaneously against Members of the Third, Fourth, and Lower Classes; play will begin punctually at 7 o'clock, and it is necessary that those who take part should be in their places a few minutes earlier. There are a few vacancies to be filled up.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TENNIS CLUB.

A General Meeting of the above Club will be held on Thursday, the 30th inst., in the Social-rooms, at 8.30 p.m., to elect a Committee and an Assistant Secretary.—There are a few vacancies in the Club. New Members must be introduced by an existing Member. Subscriptions, 5s. for the season; entrance fee, 1s.

ARTHUR W. CLEWS, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

Seventeen Members turned out for the run to Cheshunt. The roads were in capital condition, and the run was greatly enjoyed. After tea a rambling party was made up, and a visit paid to Old Temple Bar. At 9 o'clock the homeward journey was commenced. Members are particularly requested to ride at the regulation distance of six yards, and in single file. Not until a serious accident occurs will some Members see the folly of riding in a crowd. The Road Committee have been very lax of late, and I hope for the future they will use their authority to prevent this carelessness of a few of the Members. The Committee have fixed on a tour through Kent for Whitsun, calling at Chatham, Canterbury, and Herne Bay. Members intending to take part in this are required to deposit one shilling with the Secretary, by Saturday, the 25th inst.; the same to be returned to all Members who start on the tour, but will be forfeited by those Members who give in their names but do not start. The deposit is necessary, so that accommodation may be arranged previous to starting.—The run next Thursday will be over the ten-mile course.

JAMES H. BURLEY,
13, Carisbrooke Road, Walthamstow.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last twenty Ramblers, accompanied by Sir E. H. Currie, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Besant, visited Westminster Abbey, and were shown round by the Very Rev. Granville Bradley, Dean.

We entered by the West Door, and passed several monuments and statues on either side, erected in honour of departed statesmen, warriors, naval officers and others.

We met the Dean in the central transept, and he conducted us into the Jerusalem Chamber, formerly the drawing room of the Lord Abbot, and where Henry IV. (who thought he had leprosy) died. The walls are hung with picture tapestry, and there is a very fine old fire-place. The Dean here gave us a most interesting lecture on the historical connections of the Abbey and the claim it has to the careful study of the Englishmen of to-day, illustrating from ground-plans how the building has grown to its present magnificent condition. With this very useful introduction we left the chamber, and at once obtained a splendid view, well-showing the magnitude of the building. Following our esteemed guide, we passed the grave of Sir Isaac Newton, and made our way towards Henry VII.'s Chapel.

A flight of steps led us in front of the Communion Table, where Coronation is celebrated. The flooring here consists of broken monuments brought from Rome, and formed in circles.

Continuing on from tomb to tomb, and chapel to chapel, we passed through the gates of brass to the shrine of Edward the Confessor, near to which the effigy of Henry V. lies headless, and on the opposite of the coffin is the Coronation Chair.

On entering Henry VII.'s Chapel, one is astonished by the pomp of architecture, the beauty of sculpture, and the heraldic devices on the windows. Along the sides of the chapel are lofty stalls of the Knights of the Bath, richly carved, of oak. Above are their helmets, crests and banners, with their names inscribed thereon.

In the midst of this grand mausoleum stands the sepulchre of its founder: his effigy, with that of his queen, on a sumptuous tomb, and the whole surrounded by a superbly wrought brazen railing. Two small chapels on either side contain the haughty Elizabeth and the lovely and unfortunate Mary. The Abbey is, indeed, the empire of death.

Having seen Poets' Corner, we retraced our steps to the West Door, and thanked the Dean for his kindness in making everything so deeply interesting.

Old Swan Pier was the rendezvous for another party of thirteen Ramblers on Saturday last, who from choice elected to take a trip by boat to Kew. The weather looked somewhat threatening, and we were informed, by a supposed meteorological authority, that a storm was imminent. But no! we were agreeably disappointed, and save for a want of confidence in the Captain of the boat (between London Bridge and Chelsea), on the part of one of our Members, the journey was accomplished in the best of spirits, the sun evidently wishing to redeem its character after its very shabby treatment of the Ramblers at Swanley. A most comfortable and enjoyable tea was provided at the Boat-house, to which ample justice was done, and the party having been meanwhile increased to the number of thirty, we aided digestion by taking that very charming walk from Kew to Richmond, along the banks of the silvery Thames, and taking train at the latter place arrived at Aldgate, convinced that the Kew ramble was one of the most successful this season.

On Saturday next, May 25th, we ramble to Theydon Bois. Members are requested to meet at Coborn Road Station (on the platform), at 4.10 p.m. Tea at "Rigg's Retreat." Take excursion tickets to Loughton. Leader, Mr. H. Rosenwary.—On Monday next, May 27th, a Committee Meeting will be held in the Old School-buildings, at 8.30 p.m. sharp, when Members of the Palace can obtain Membership tickets.

A Boating Trip is being arranged to take place on Saturday, June 15th. We shall leave Lea Bridge about 2.30, and row to Enfield Lock, where, if practicable, we shall have a pic-nic in the Forest. Members wishing to take part in this trip, are requested to notify the same to the Secretary, as the number is limited.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

Speaker—MR. WALTER MARSHALL.

Tuesday, May 14th.—The number of M.P.'s attending improved, but the Government supporters were still far too few, evidently caring little for the fate of their *confères*, who hold the honourable and remunerative Cabinet offices. Mr. Whittick (Maidstone) opened fire on the Home Rule Bill in the style so much admired by Members. The Liberal Unionist Party, Mr. Billings (E. Belfast), then moved an elaborate amendment, and supported it by a lengthy speech. The Premier having replied, the Debate was adjourned on the proposition of Mr. Ring (Kensington).—An Outing is suggested to be organised, in conjunction with our sister indoor Society, the Literary, which is an offspring of the Parliament. The joint Committees will, no doubt, make such arrangements as to ensure its success.—Orders of the day for Tuesday, May 28th: Wind up of the Session, Election of Auditors, etc.

JOHN H. MAYNARD, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE.

Vice-Superintendent—MR. J. E. SHAW.
Instructing Engineer—MR. R. STOCKWELL, M.F.B.

BRIGADE NOTICES.—Wednesday, May 22nd, Drill at 10 p.m., in the Gymnasium; Saturday, May 25th, Competition for the offices of Engineer and Sub-Engineer, at 4 p.m.; Sir Edmund Hay Currie will be present.

A. W. J. LAUNDY, Captain.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—ORTON BRADLEY, Esq., M.A.
Mr. A. W. J. LAUNDY, Hon. Sec.; Mr. J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.

Rehearsal as usual on Friday, at 8 p.m., in the Lecture Hall. We shall give a performance on June the 8th, at the opening of the Exhibition, and it is hoped that all will be able to attend. We still have vacancies, but are particularly in want of Tenors.

THE SCARLET DOMINO MINSTREL TROUPE.

Vice-President—ORTON BRADLEY, Esq.
Musical Director—A. W. J. LAUNDY. Stage Manager—A. E. REEVE.

Full dress rehearsal on Saturday, at 7 p.m., in East-room, Basement of Queen's Hall. A portion of the Troupe will give a performance at St. Anne's Hall, Thornburn Square, Southwark, on Tuesday next, the 28th May. All Members taking part in the performance will please meet at Cannon Street Station on the above date, at 7.15 p.m. punctually.

A. E. SELBY, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

LADIES' GYMNASIUM.

Director—SERGT. H. H. BURDETT.

The Finals of the Gymnastic and Calisthenic Competitions will take place on Friday, the 24th, at 7.30 p.m., in place of Thursday. The Gymnasium will be opened on Thursday evening for rehearsing before the Finals. The Annual Display will take place Friday, the 31st.

SELINA HALES, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Manager—MR. A. W. J. LAUNDY. Stage Manager—MR. JOHN GIBSON.
Property Master—MR. JOHN HARGRAVES.

Rehearsal of Tableaux Vivants at 8 p.m. this evening (Wednesday). At 9.30 p.m. the rehearsal will be discontinued, and a General Meeting of the Society will be held.

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

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

Miss Reynolds' Concert last Thursday was again a great treat to all who love music, and she had a very appreciative audience. Grateful as we are to artists and friends who so kindly help us with these entertainments, it is even more gratifying to find that such a really enjoyable concert can be provided by members of the Palace. We must all feel proud to have a pianist like Miss Reynolds, and listen with pleasure to the excellent singing of Misses Florence Reynolds, Rogers, Philbrick, Jay, and Fisher. Mr. and Miss Ludbrook, Mr. Stroud, Miss Caton, and Miss Scott, also kindly gave their assistance. Mr. Stroud's violin solos, and the trio with violin, viola, and pianoforte, performed by Mr. and Miss Ludbrook and Miss Reynolds, were much appreciated.

The Concert next Thursday will be given by Miss Larter.
L. A. ADAM.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

P.P.C.C. v. ST. LUKE'S.

The above match was played in delightful weather last Saturday at Beckton Road, Plaistow, and time alone robbed the Palace team of a victory, the result being a draw greatly in favour of the P.P.C.C. Carter, winning the toss, sent the Palace team to bat. A Bowman and Sharman opened, and by steady play the score was taken to 15, when a good ball from Glover upset Bowman's off stump: 1 for 15. Carter joined Sharman, a good stand was made, and despite several bowling changes the score was taken to 37, when Sharman failed to cover his off stump: 2 for 37. Goldberg, the next man, after making 2, was badly run out: 3 for 39. Hones was bowled at 46, Byard at the same score, and at 53 Knight was well caught in the "country": 6 for 53. At 58 C. Bowman was caught at cover-point: 7 for 58. Hunter joined his Captain, only to see his excellent innings close, with the exception of a difficult chance at mid-wicket; Carter's innings was free from fault: 8 for 69. Ettridge and Hunter knocked the bowling all over the field, a rather dubious lbw at 88 against Hunter was given out, the innings closing for 88, Mr. "Extra" being the chief scorer with 25. With but little more than an hour to time, the St. Luke's started batting, and lost 8 wickets for 42, leaving the result a draw decidedly in favour of the Palace. Scores and bowling analysis:—

PEOPLE'S PALACE.		ST. LUKE'S.	
A. Bowman b Glover	8	Crittenden c Hunter b Goldberg	9
H. Sharman b Arnold	10	Bolton b Goldberg	0
T. G. Carter (Capt.) b Arnold	20	Harsent c A. Bowman b Goldberg	7
L. Goldberg run out	2	Glover c A. Bowman b Knight	0
R. Hones b Arnold	2	Reynolds c Goldberg b Knight	0
H. W. Byard b Arnold	0	Arnold c A. Bowman b Byard	7
F. Knight c Turner b Glover	2	Hills b Goldberg	0
C. A. Bowman c Arnold b Glover	0	Turner not out	11
F. A. Hunter lbw, b Arnold	10	Davis c Sharman b Byard	2
J. Ettridge not out	9	Rankin not out	0
		McNicol did not bat	0
Extras	25	Extras	10
Total	88	Total for 8 wkts.	46

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wkts.
L. Goldberg	9	1	20	4
F. Knight	7	1	11	2
H. W. Byard	3	1	4	2
R. Hones	2	1	1	0

The P.P.C.C. played one short.

Next Saturday (should the Clerk of the Weather behave himself), we shall make our way over the water to South Woolwich, and undoubtedly play our best match of the season against the R.A. Non-commissioned Officers on their ground at Woolwich Common; play to start at two o'clock sharp. Members are requested to be on the ground at 1.45. The following will endeavour to uphold the credit of the Palace Club:—H. W. Byard, A. Bowman, C. A. Bowman, F. Knight, H. Sharman, S. A. Asser, R. Hone, G. Patterson, J. Fox, J. Cowlin, L. Goldberg, T. G. Carter (Capt.). Reserves:—G. Sheppard, J. Ettridge, W. Dormer. Take return tickets from either Fenchurch Street or Liverpool Street to South Woolwich. Fixture cards are now ready.—A Committee Meeting will be held on Friday next, at 8.30. T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

JUDGE AND JURY TRIAL.

The above trial was partly heard on Saturday evening last, and was attended by a very good gathering, ladies being particularly noticeable. The Judges and Counsel, upon entering, caused quite a sensation with their court-like appearance; wigs were worn, and appeared to become all parties admirably. The Judges were Messrs. Marshall and Clews, who acquitted themselves in quite a judge-like manner. The Jury were then sworn in by Mr. Mendoza, who is to be congratulated upon the manner in which he acted as usher. Mr. Hawkins (Counsel for Plaintiff) then opened, in an able speech, the case for his client, and urged upon their Lordships and Jury the justice of his action. The Plaintiff (Mr. Ring) was then placed in the box, and expressed the damage he had sustained through the libellous letter written by the defendant (Mr. Taylor), but under the heavy fire of cross-examination of Mr. Ive, his case seemed hopeless. He was followed by Mr. Mauritius Ring, and then Mr. Goldhill, the Plaintiff's principal witness, who evoked much laughter during his examination, and finished by being committed for Contempt of Court. Mr. Myers followed next, after which the case for the Plaintiff concluded. Mr. London (Counsel for Defendant) then opened the defence, and such applause as greeted the love verses, written in two letters by the Plaintiff, is rarely heard in a High Court of Justice. Mr. London then examined, in an admirable manner, the Defendant, Mr. Taylor, whose evidence tended to substantiate the facts of the case as brought forward by his Counsel. The case was then adjourned until Saturday next, at 7.30 p.m., in Room 2, when we hope to see a gathering equally as large. A. L. LONDON.

People's Palace Junior Section.

JUNIOR BEAUMONT CRICKET CLUB.

At a meeting held on the 15th inst., Sir Edmund Hay Currie announced that E. P. Shepland, the former Secretary, had retired. A Secretary, Assistant Secretary, and two Committeemen were elected. Secretary, T. J. Sanderson; Assistant, J. E. Pocknell; Committeemen, F. J. Harvey and W. J. Winyard.—On Saturday last we went to Lake's Farm, Wanstead, to play the Latimer C.C. Our opponents winning the toss, put us in to bat. Our Captain and Jagers started batting, and put together 17 before the latter was bowled. Branch, Gurr, and Jagers played well, while our Skipper carried his bat throughout, making a fine score of 58 not out. Result: a victory for Beaumonts by an innings and 63 runs. Scores:—

BEAUMONT.		LATIMER.	
W. G. Frith (Capt.) not out ..	58	Gurr	8
Jagers	11	Winyard	2
Branch	7	Young	0
Pocknell	2	Newport	0
Harvey	3	Extras	13
Lester	0		
Webb	1	Total	105

First innings.		Second innings.	
A. Leftwick	2	Waud	0
Waud	0	Lakeman	3
Lakeman	3	Coverley	2
Coverley	1	Hiron	3
Hiron	7	Wempster	0
Wempster	1	F. Latilla	0
F. Latilla	3	J. Latilla	0
J. Latilla	0	J. Leftwick	3
J. Leftwick	2	C. Bell	2
C. Bell	0	Wicks	4
Wicks	3	Extras	1
Extras	1		
Total	23	Total	19

Gurr bowled exceedingly well, taking 7 wickets in first innings, and Lester 2. As will be noticed, our longest, Newport, only let one bye pass.—Team for Saturday next against St. Paul's Junior C.C., at Lake's Farm, Wanstead, wickets pitched at 3.30 p.m.:—W. G. Frith (Capt.), J. Gurr, T. J. Sanderson, F. Byford, J. Pocknell, F. Harvey, T. Turpin, H. Jagers, H. Branch, A. Newport, A. Handley. Reserves: F. Webb, W. Winyard, F. S. Young.

T. J. SANDERSON, Hon. Sec.
J. E. POCKNELL, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE JUNIOR SWIMMING CLUB.

Heats of a race open to all Members of the above Club took place on Friday evening last, 17th inst., and was witnessed by Sir Edmund Hay Currie and some other gentlemen, the result being as follows:—First Heat: H. Gardner, first; E. Seabright, second. Second Heat: F. J. Harvey, first; F. Webb, second. Third Heat: J. S. Fayers, first; T. Sanderson, second. Starter—Mr. Lowther.

Sing hey! the merry May-time! it has come again at last,
Our ulster coats have vanished for the winter winds are past;
Some have gone (I mean the ulsters) to an old, kind-hearted friend,
Who has got a quaint collection, and some current coin to lend.
Sing hey, the merry May-time! you're as welcome as can be,
With your thing-um-bobs a-growing on the gay and festive lea,
With your sweetly-scented daffodils on every budding hedge,
And your balmy winds that sometimes set our aching teeth on edge.
I love to hear the heatherbells make all the welkin ring,
And watch the giddy cauliflower flitting on the wing.
The odour of the what's-it's-name pervades the ambient air,
And young cuckoos are growing up without a mother's care.
Upon a thousand meadows all the lambskins are at play,
Much more active than a plumber who can charge so much per day.
Oh! would I were a child again, but for a single hour,
And, oh, that Heaven might vouchsafe a genial summer shower,
That I might paddle in the mud with other young galoots,
And risk a parent's anger with a ruined pair of boots.
But, lack-a-day, that cannot be, Old Time will not retire,
For even such a favourite chum as T. G. C., Esquire.

T. G. CARTER.

NEVER lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament. Welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him earnestly with your eyes. It is a charming draught, a cup of blessing.

Maiwa's Revenge.

OR
THE WAR OF THE LITTLE HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

(Printed by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans.)

CHAPTER II.—(Continued).

THIS trail I followed boldly; for such wind as there was blew straight down the mountain side, that is, from the direction in which the buffalo had gone, to me. About a mile further on the forest began to get dense, and the nature of the trail showed me that I must be close to my game. Another two hundred yards and the bush was so thick that, had it not been for the trail, we could scarcely have got through it. As it was, Gobo, who carried my eight-bore rifle (for I had the '570-express in my hand), and the other two men whom I had taken with me, showed the very strongest dislike to going any further, pointing out that there was 'no room to run away.' I told them that they need not come unless they liked, but that I was certainly going on; and then, growing ashamed, they came.

"Another fifty yards, and the trail opened into a little glade. I knelt down and peeped and peered, but no buffalo could I see. Evidently the herd had broken up here—I knew that from the spoor—and penetrated the opposite bush in little troops. I crossed the glade, and choosing one line of spoor, followed it for some sixty yards, when it became clear to me that I was surrounded by buffalo; and yet so dense was the cover that I could not see any. A few yards to my left I could hear one rubbing his horns against a tree, while from my right came an occasional low throaty grunt which told me that I was uncomfortably near an old bull. I crept on towards him with my heart in my mouth, as gently as though I were walking upon eggs for a bet, lifting every little bit of wood in my path, and placing it behind me lest it should crack and warn the game. Behind me in single file came my three retainers, and I don't know which of them looked the most frightened. Presently Gobo touched my leg; I glanced round, and saw him pointing slantwise towards the left. I lifted my head a little and peeped over a mass of creepers; beyond the creepers was a dense bush of sharp-pointed aloes, of that kind of which the leaves project laterally, and on the other side of the aloes, not fifteen paces from us, I made out the horns, neck, and the ridge of the back of a tremendous old bull. I took my eight-bore, and getting on to my knee prepared to shoot him through the neck, taking my chance of cutting his spine. I had already covered him as well as the aloe leaves would allow, when he gave a kind of sigh and lay down.

"I looked round in dismay. What was to be done now? I could not see to shoot him lying down, even if my bullet would have pierced the intervening aloes—which was doubtful—and if I stood up he would either run away or charge me. I reflected, and came to the conclusion that the only thing to do was to lie down also; for I did not fancy wandering after other buffalo in that dense bush. If a buffalo lies down, it is clear that he must get up again some time, so it was only a case of patience—'fighting the fight of sit down,' as the Zulus say.

"Accordingly I sat down and lighted a pipe, thinking that the smell of it might reach the buffalo and make him get up. But the wind was the wrong way, and it did not; so when it was done I lit another. Afterwards I had cause to regret that pipe.

"Well, we squatted like this for between half and three quarters of an hour, till at length I began to grow heartily sick of the performance. It was about as dull a business as the last hour of a comic opera. I could hear buffalo snorting and moving all round, and see the red-beaked tic birds flying up off their backs with a kind of hiss something like that of an English missel thrush, but I could not see a single buffalo. As for my old bull, I think he must have slept the sleep of the just, for he never even stirred.

Just as I was making up my mind that something must be done to save the situation, my attention was attracted by a curious grinding noise. At first I thought that it must be a buffalo chewing the cud, but was obliged to abandon the idea because the noise was too loud. I shifted myself round and stared through the cracks in the bush, in the direction whence the sound seemed to come, and once I thought that I saw something gray moving about fifty yards off, but could not make certain. Although the grinding noise still continued I could see nothing more, so I gave up thinking about it, and once again turned my attention to the buffalo. Presently,

however, something happened. Suddenly from about forty yards away there came a tremendous snorting sound, more like that made by an engine getting an heavy train under weigh than anything else in the world.

"By Jove," I thought turning round in the direction from which the grinding sound had come, "that must be a rhinoceros, and he has got our wind." For, as you fellows know, there is no mistaking the sound made by a rhinoceros when he gets wind of you.

"Another second, and there was a most tremendous crashing noise. Before I could think what to do, before I could even get up, the bush behind me seemed to burst asunder, and there appeared not eight yards from us, the great horn and wicked twinkling eye of a huge charging rhinoceros. He had winded us or my pipe, I do not know which, and, after the fashion of these brutes, had charged up the scent. I could not rise, I could not even get the gun up, I had no time. All that I was able to do was to roll over as far out of the monster's path as the bush would allow. Another second and he was over me, his great bulk towering above me like a mountain, and, upon my word, I could not get his smell out of my nostrils for a week. Circumstances impressed it on my memory, at least I suppose so. His hot breath blew upon my face, one of his front feet just missed my head, and his hind one actually trod upon the loose part of my trousers and pinched a little bit of my skin. I saw him pass over me lying as I was upon my back, and next second I saw something else. My men were a little behind me, and therefore straight in the path of the rhinoceros. One of them flung himself backwards into the bush, and thus avoided him. The second with a wild yell sprang to his feet, and bounded like an india-rubber ball right into the aloe bush, landing well among the spikes. But the third, it was my friend Gobo, could not by any means get away. He managed to gain his feet, and that was all. The rhinoceros was charging with his head low; his great horn passed between Gobo's legs, and feeling something on his nose, he jerked it up. Away went Gobo high into the air. He turned a complete somersault at the apex of the curve, and as he did so, I caught sight of his face. It was gray with terror, and his mouth was wide open. Down he came, right on to the great brute's back, and that broke his fall. But luckily for him the rhinoceros never turned. He crashed straight through the aloe bush, only missing the man who had jumped into it by about a yard.

"Then followed a complication. The sleeping buffalo on the further side of the bush, hearing the noise, sprang to his feet, and for a second, not knowing what to do, stood still. At that instant the huge rhinoceros blundered right on to him, and getting his horn beneath his stomach gave him such a fearful dig that the buffalo was turned over on to his back, while his assailant went a most amazing cropper over his carcase. In another moment, however, he was up, and wheeling round to the left, crashed through the bush down-hill towards the open country.

"Instantly the whole place became alive with alarming sounds. In every direction troops of snorting buffalo charged through the forest, wild with fright, while the injured bull on the further side of the bush began to bellow like a mad thing. I lay quite still for a moment, devoutly praying that none of the flying buffalo would come my way. Then when the danger lessened I got on to my feet, shook myself and looked round. One of my boys, he who had thrown himself backward into the bush, was already half way up a tree—if heaven had been at the top of it he could not have climbed quicker. Gobo was lying close to me, groaning vigorously, but, as I suspected quite unhurt; while from the aloe bush into which No. 3 had bounded like a tennis ball, came a succession of the most piercing yells.

"I looked, and saw that the unfortunate fellow was in a very tight place. A great spike of aloe had run through the back of his skin waist-belt, though without piercing his flesh, in such a fashion that it was impossible for him to move, while within six feet of him the injured buffalo bull, thinking, no doubt, that he was the aggressor, bellowed and ramped to get at him, tearing at the thick aloes with his great horns. That no time was to be lost, if I wished to save the man's life, was very clear. So seizing my eight-bore, which was fortunately uninjured, I took a pace to the left, for the rhinoceros had enlarged the hole in the bush, and aimed at the point of the buffalo's shoulder, since on account of the position I could not get a fair side shot for the heart. As I did so I saw that the rhinoceros had given the bull a tremendous wound in the stomach, and that the shock of the encounter had put his left hind-leg out of joint at the hip. I fired, and the bullet striking the shoulder broke it, and knocked the buffalo down. I knew that he could not get up any more, because he was now injured for and aft, so notwithstanding his terrific bellows I scrambled round to where he was.

There he lay glaring furiously and tearing up the soil with his horns. Stepping up to within two yards of him I aimed at the vertebra of his neck and fired. The bullet struck true, and with a thud he dropped his great head upon the ground, groaned and died.

"This little matter having been attended to, I, with the assistance of Gobo, who had now found his feet, went on to extricate our unfortunate companion from the aloe bush. This was a thorny task, but at last he was dragged forth uninjured, though in a very pious and prayerful frame of mind. His 'spirit had certainly looked that way,' he said, or he would now have been dead. As I never like to interfere with true piety, I did not venture to suggest that his spirit had deigned to make use of my eight-bore in his interest.

"Having despatched this boy back to the camp to tell the bearers to come and cut the buffalo up, I bethought me that I owed that rhinoceros a grudge which I should love to repay. So without saying a word of what was in my mind to Gobo, who was now more than ever convinced that Fate walked about loose in Wambe's country, I just followed on his spoor. He had crashed through the bush till he reached the little glade. Then moderating his pace somewhat, he had followed the glade down its entire length, and once more turned to the right through the forest, shaping his course for the open land that lies between the edge of the bush and the river. Having followed him for a mile or so further, I found myself quite on the open. I took out my glasses and searched the plain. About a mile ahead was something brown—as I thought, the rhinoceros. I advanced another quarter of a mile and looked once more—it was not the rhinoceros, but a big ant-heap. This was puzzling, but I did not like to give it up, because I knew from his spoor that he must be somewhere ahead. But as the wind was blowing straight from me towards the line that he had followed, and as a rhinoceros can smell you for about a mile, it would not, I felt, be safe to follow his trail any further; so I made a détour of a mile and more, till I was nearly opposite the ant-heap, and then once more searched the plain. It was no good, I could see nothing of him, and was about to give it up and start after some oryx I saw on the sky line, when suddenly at a distance of about three hundred yards from the ant-heap, and on its further side, I saw my rhino stand up in a patch of grass.

"Heavens! I thought to myself, 'he's off again;' but no, after standing staring for a minute or two he once more lay down.

"Now I found myself in a quandary. As you know, a rhinoceros is a very short-sighted brute, indeed his sight is as bad as his scent is good. Of this fact he is perfectly aware, but he always makes the most of his natural gifts. For instance, when he lies down he invariably does so with his head down wind. Thus, if any enemy crosses his wind he will still be able to escape, or attack him; and if, on the other hand, the danger approaches up wind he will at least have a chance of seeing it. Otherwise one might, by walking delicately, actually kick him up like a partridge, if only the advance was made up wind.

"Well, the point was, how on earth should I get within shot of this rhinoceros. After much deliberation I determined to try a side advance, thinking that in this way I might get a shoulder shot. Accordingly we started in a crouching attitude, I first, Gobo holding on to my coat tails, and the other boy on to Gobo's moocha. I always adopt this plan when stalking big game, for if you follow any other system the bearers will get out of line. We got to within three hundred yards right enough, and then the real difficulties began. The grass had been so closely eaten off by game that there was scarcely any cover. Consequently it was necessary to go on to our hands and knees, which in my case involved laying down the eight-bore at every step and then lifting it up again. However, I wriggled along somehow, and if it had not been for Gobo and his friend no doubt everything would have gone well. But as you have, I dare say, observed, a native out stalking is always of that mind which is supposed to actuate an ostrich—so long as his head is hidden, he seems to think that nothing else can be seen. So it was in this instance, Gobo and the other boy crept along on their hands and toes with their heads well down, but, though unfortunately I did not notice it till too late, bearing the fundamental portions of their frames high in the air. Now, all animals are as suspicious of this end of mankind as they are of his face, and of this fact I soon had a proof. Just when we had got within about two hundred yards, and I was congratulating myself that I had not had this long crawl, with the sun beating on the back of my neck like a furnace, all for nothing, I heard the hissing note of the rhinoceros birds, and up flew four or five of them from the brute's back, where they had been

comfortably employed in catching tics. Now this performance on the part of the birds is to a rhinoceros what the word 'cave' is to a schoolboy—it puts him on the *qui vive* at once. Before the birds were well in the air I saw the grass stir.

"Down you go," I whispered to the boys, and as I did so, the rhinoceros got up and glared suspiciously around. But he could see nothing; indeed, if we had been standing up, I doubt if he would have seen us at that distance; so he merely gave two or three sniffs, and then lay down, his head still down wind, the birds once more settling on his back.

"But it was clear to me that he was sleeping with one eye open, and generally in a suspicious and unchristian frame of mind, and that it was useless to proceed further on that stalk, so we quietly withdrew to consider the position and study the ground. The results were not satisfactory. There was absolutely no cover about except the ant-heap, which was some three hundred yards from the rhinoceros upon his up-wind side. I knew that if I tried to stalk him in front I should fail, and so I should if I attempted to do so from the farther side—he or the birds would see me; so I came to a conclusion: I would go to the ant-heap, which would give him my wind, and instead of stalking him, I would let him stalk me. It was a bold step, and one which I should never advise a hunter to take, but somehow I felt as though rhino and I must play the hand out.

"I explained my intentions to the men, who both held up their arms in horror. Their fears for my safety were a little mitigated, however, when I told them that I did not expect them to come with me.

"Gobo breathed a prayer that I might not meet Fate walking about, and the other one sincerely trusted that my spirit might look my way when the rhinoceros charged, and then they both departed to a place of safety.

"Taking my eight-bore, and half-a-dozen spare cartridges in my pocket, I made a détour, and reaching the ant-heap in safety lay down. For a moment the wind had dropped, but presently a gentle puff of air passed over me, and blew on towards the rhinoceros. By the way, I wonder what it is that smells so strong about a man? Is it his body or his breath? I have never been able to make out, but I saw somewhere the other day that in the duck decoys the man who is working the ducks holds a little piece of burning turf before his mouth, and that if he does this they cannot smell him, which looks as though it were the breath. Well, whatever it was about me that attracted his attention, the rhinoceros soon smelt me, for within half a minute after the puff of wind had passed he was on his legs, and turning round to get his head up-wind. There he stood for a few seconds and sniffed, and then he began to move, first of all at a trot, then, as the scent grew stronger, at a furious gallop. On he came snorting like a runaway engine, with his tail stuck straight up in the air; if he had seen me lie down there he could not have made a better line. It was rather nervous work, I can tell you, lying there waiting for his onslaught, for he looked like a mountain of flesh. I determined, however, not to fire till I could plainly see his eye, for I think that rule always gives one the right distance for big game; so I rested my rifle on the ant-heap and waited for him, kneeling. At last, when he was about forty yards away, I saw that the time had come, and aiming straight for the middle of the chest I pulled.

"Thud went the heavy bullet, and with a tremendous snort over rolled the rhinoceros beneath its shock, just like a short rabbit. But if I had thought that he was done for I was mistaken, for in another second he was up again, and coming at me as hard as ever, only with his head held low. I waited till he was within ten yards, in the hope that he would expose his chest, but he would do nothing of the sort; so I just had to fire at his head with the left barrel, and take my chance. Well, as luck would have it, of course the animal put its horn in the way of the bullet, which cut clean through it about three inches above the root and then glanced off into space.

"After that things got rather serious. My gun was empty and the rhinoceros was rapidly arriving, so rapidly indeed that I came to the conclusion that I had better make way for him. Accordingly I jumped to my feet and ran to the right as hard as I could go. As I did so he arrived full tilt, knocked my friendly ant-heap flat, and for the third time that day went a most magnificent cropper. This gave me a few seconds' start, and I ran down-wind—my word, I did run! Unfortunately, however, my modest retreat was observed, and the rhinoceros, as soon as he got his legs again, set to work to run after me.

(To be continued.)

["Maiwa's Revenge" began in last week's PALACE JOURNAL; back numbers can be had at the Office.]

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN

ON SATURDAY, MAY 25th, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

THE Westminster Abbey Quintette.

MR. W. SEXTON, MR. G. T. CARTER, MR. T. W. HANSON, MR. E. J. BELL, MR. CHARLES ACKERMAN, ACCOMPANIST - MR. CHARLES IMHOF.

Musical Director to the People's Palace, Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

- 1. GLEE "All Hail thou lovely Queen of Night" Martin. WESTMINSTER ABBEY QUINTETTE. 2. BASS SONG "Hybias the Cretan" J. W. Elliot. MR. CHARLES ACKERMAN. 3. PART SONG "Queen of the Valley" Callcott. WESTMINSTER ABBEY QUARTETTE. 4. SONG "Good Night, Beloved" Pinsuti. MR. T. W. HANSON. 5. GLEE "By Celia's Arbour" Horsly. WESTMINSTER ABBEY QUINTETTE. 6. SONG "I'm a Roamer" Mendelssohn. MR. E. J. BELL. 7. SONG "Pilgrim of Love" Bishop. MR. G. T. CARTER.

- 8. CHINESE MARCH Otto. 9. DUET "Excelsior" Balfe. MESSRS. G. T. CARTER AND E. J. BELL. 10. OLD ENGLISH SONG (by request) "Sally in our Alley" Carey. MR. W. SEXTON. 11. GLEE "O Thou whose Beams" Goss. WESTMINSTER ABBEY QUINTETTE. 12. SONG "Speed on, my Bark" Leslie. MR. CHARLES ACKERMAN. 13. GLEE "Image of the Rose" Reichardt. WESTMINSTER ABBEY QUINTETTE. 14. SONG "The Last Watch" Pinsuti. MR. T. W. HANSON. 15. PART SONG "When Evening's Twilight" Hatton. WESTMINSTER ABBEY QUINTETTE.

Calendar of the Week.

May 23rd.—Execution of Savonarola, 1498. There are many lives of this great orator and reformer. The best account of the time in which he lived and of his influence will be found in George Eliot's Novel of Romola. Battle of Ramillies, one of Marlborough's glorious victories, out of which nothing came but glory—that priceless treasure which so seldom makes anybody any the richer. However, it assisted the fortunate general to a dukedom, and a perpetual pension. The first duke was the son of a country gentleman, who had a small estate in Somersetshire. He left no sons, and the present duke, descended from his daughter, is by male descent a Spencer. On this day, 1805, Napoleon crowned himself with the iron Crown of Lombardy. This very ancient and curious crown is kept in the Cathedral of Monza, a little town five or six miles from Milan. In order to see it, a fee of five francs must be paid. A priest, accompanied by a choir boy with an incense pot, then proceeds to the high altar, at the back of which the crown is kept. If any people are in the church, they all crowd round and kneel while the crown is brought forth. It is a veritable coronet, a circle of gold two inches or two inches and a half broad, set very clumsily with large rubies, emeralds, and sapphires. It belongs apparently to the sixth or seventh century. Within the crown is a thin band of polished iron, which is believed to be a nail from the Holy Cross. This is the reason why the people are on their knees. May 24th.—Copernicus, the astronomer, died this day, 1543. Linnæus, the great botanist, was born this day, in 1707. The Queen was born to-day, 1819. Vivat Regina! May 25th.—Corpus Christi Day. St. Adhelm, first Bishop of Sherborne, 709. This saint accomplished a quite unique miracle: he actually converted a sunbeam into a clothes peg: it was at Rome, where the sun is stronger than in this island. He had also a curious fancy for saying his prayers, while standing up to his neck in a pond of water. There is no longer a Bishop of Sherborne, but there is a most beautiful church there, and at the back of the church an old school, the buildings so disposed as to produce the effect of a great monastery. On this day, 1720, the Plague broke out at Marseilles. This was the last occasion of the appearance of this fearful scourge in Europe. Fifty thousand people died of it. On this day the Worshipful Company of Skinners used to walk in procession from their hall on Dowgate Hill to St. Antholin's Church, there to hear service. May 26th.—Rogation Sunday. The three days following were called Rogation Days, from the Latin rogare, to ask. There were formerly held special litanies or supplications on these days for deliverance from earthquakes, fires, wild beasts, and other calamities. Processions used to be made and services held during these days. In the last year of Queen Mary's reign, there were solemn processions during this week, to St. Giles's, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and Westminster. A great procession was made also in the Liberties and Precinct of St. Katharine's Hospital, by the people of Limehouse, Bow, Stratford, Ratcliffe, and Poplar. This fact I have noted elsewhere, because it proves that the Hospital was then regarded as peculiarly the property of East London. Samuel Pepys died this day, 1703. His diary, written in cipher, was deposited in the Library of Magdalen College, Cambridge, where it was discovered and read about forty years ago. It is full of delightful reading, and gives the best picture of the times of Charles the Second that we possess. May 27th.—Died the Venerable Bede, 735. His library is still preserved in the Cathedral Library, Durham. It occupies one small compartment in the great Library. It is curious to look at the books written in parchment and bound in old leather, and to think that those were sufficient to confer upon a man the reputation of a great scholar. Truly for his age, Bede was indeed a great scholar. Dante was born on this day, 1265. Calvin died, 1564.

May 28th.—Tom Moore born, 1765. Humphry Davy died, 1829. May 29th.—This day was long—that is until the last twenty or thirty years—associated with the memory of King Charles II. It was his birthday. And on this day, 1660, being then thirty years of age, he made his solemn entry into London amidst the tumultuous rejoicings of the whole people, who were sick to death of the sour rule of Cromwell. A service was appointed to be held on this day in memory of the event, and though the death of this worthless king was received with no tears from the people, who had wept with joy to welcome his return, the service was continued down to the year 1859, when it was read for the last time.

Letter to the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—You may be surprised to hear that the "P.P.J." travels as far as this, but having been once in a slight way connected with the Palace I get the Journal sent out pretty regularly, and was greatly interested in an account of life in the tropics, which appeared in your issue of April 3rd; but my first few months' experience is rather different from the one you give. I wonder how people care to stay here and endure the oppressive and unhealthy heat which we are subject to, and for myself, I yearn for the refreshing atmosphere, etc., of Old England. With such heat as we get here, I think one is quite justified in liking to lounge about in a "long-sleever," and as regards the animals of the creeping species, it may interest you to know, I have only seen one centipede and two scorpions since I have been here (seven months), and only wish I could say the same of mosquitoes, but suppose I must be one of those unfortunates you refer to who never get used to them. So what with the heat, mosquitoes, prickly heat (of which your description was just perfect), etc., you will no doubt form some idea why I yearn for the fresh and invigorating breezes of Old England.—Yours truly, H. H. HEINEMANN, (An old Member of the P.P. Tennis Club). Colombo, Ceylon. April 29, 1889.

How to Prove that the Earth Turns.

IT has puzzled the heads of a good many youngsters to know the earth turns round. A German educational journal published in Frankfort gives the following directions for proving that the earth "does move":—"Take a good-sized bowl, fill it nearly full of water, and place it upon the floor of a room which is not disposed to shaking or jarring from the street. Sprinkle over the surface of the water a coating of lycopodium powder—a white substance which is sometimes used for the purposes of the toilet, and which can be obtained at almost any apothecary's. Then, upon the surface of this coating of powder, make, with powdered charcoal, a straight black line, say an inch or two in length. Having made this little black mark with the charcoal powder on the surface of the contents of the bowl, lay down upon the floor, close to the bowl, a stick or some other straight object, so that it will be exactly parallel with the mark. If the line happens to be parallel with a crack in the floor, or with any stationary object in the room, this will serve as well. Leave the bowl undisturbed for a few hours, and then observe the position of the black mark with reference to the object that it was parallel with. It will be found to have moved about, and to have moved from east to west—that is to say, in the direction opposite to that of the movement of the earth on its axis. The earth in simply revolving has carried the water and everything else in the bowl around with it, but the powder on the surface has been left behind a little. The line will always be found to have moved from east to west, which is perfectly good proof that everything else has moved the other way."

The peculiar characteristic of the stock-whip is the extraordinary influence which its sound appears to possess over cattle. Upon the extensive Australian stations or runs of the settlers in the interior, the undomesticated cattle are allowed to roam at large in a wild state for months continuously, being occasionally collected together, rarely oftener than three times a year. On proceeding for this purpose towards the camping grounds of the cattle, spots where the animals instinctively assemble for shelter or otherwise, the stockman will crack his whip when perhaps a mile or a mile and a half off, at which distance it can be distinctly heard. At the first sound the herd raise their heads and listen, and on the second or third crack reaching their ears, they in a body start.

Stage Gags.

ON the stage the low comedian sometimes delights to make his associates laugh, or, as he calls it, "break them up" in serious scenes. In so doing he has a great advantage, for a smile on the face of the comedian is rarely out of place, while it is almost sure to be incongruous on the countenance of the portrayer of more serious feelings. In "gags" and interpolated remarks the low comedian revels. He often spends hours thinking up something he can "spring" on the leading man. In the play of "Conscience," the doctor was called upon to tell a certain actor how, on the previous night, he had seen him walking in his sleep. "Are you sure it was I?" asked the actor. "Yes," replied the doctor; "the moon was full—" "Doctor," interrupted the comedian, speaking with an air of impressiveness, "are you sure the moon was the only thing that was full last night?" The audience shrieked, the manager groaned, and the authors, who happened to be in front, tore their hair. Sometimes a low comedian does funny things, as when, in "Jane Eyre," the actor who plays the servant has to bring to Rochester a card on a salver. One impersonator of the faithful but eccentric Jacob carefully gummed the card to the tray. Rochester tried repeatedly to pick it up, and,

finally, amid shouts of laughter, had to take up the tray and read the name. Even the first of tragedians are not always free from the intrusive observations of their supporters. Edwin Booth was playing "Hamlet" just after the stealing of the body of A. T. Stewart, and when he came to the church-yard scene, and asked the gravedigger, "Whose skull is that?" he was told in a whisper, "A. T. Stewart's, and I claim the reward." The tragedian had to walk up the stage before he could recover himself sufficiently to continue the scene. When any eating or drinking has to be done upon the stage, the low comedian, if not sharply looked after, is apt to play tricks with the viands. In "Henry V.," when the leek had to be eaten, a real onion was substituted one night for the apple which generally did duty for the stronger and more fragrant vegetable. Then real tears fell from the eyes of the unfortunate eater. The same thing was done with an actor, as "Colonel Sellers," in the turnip dinner scene. If there was anything which he abominated more than another in the way of vegetables it was a turnip. He always had a peeled apple or two on which to exercise his powerful appetite, but an unfeeling wretch stole his apples, and the actor had to munch the turnips with all the pretended gusto that the play calls for.

HE who has no enemies has no friends—that he can rely upon.

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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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