

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. V.—No. 117.] WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1890. [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. VOLUME IV. is now ready, neatly bound in cloth, 4/6. Covers for binding, 1/6.

NOTICE.

By payment of an additional fee of sixpence per quarter, Students will have the privilege of attending the Concerts and Entertainments arranged expressly for them in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evenings.

AN EFFICIENT COOKERY SCHOOL is now available; Evening Lessons on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays; Day Lessons, Monday and Thursday afternoons. Full particulars at the Schools Office.

Coming Events.

THURSDAY, Feb. 6th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

FRIDAY, Feb. 7th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

SATURDAY, Feb. 8th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Rambler's Club.—To St. Paul's Cathedral, at 2.15.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 5.—Junior Chess and Draughts Club, at 8.—Technical Schools' Harriers.—Run.—Technical Schools' Ramblers.—To Epping Forest with Harriers.—Chess Club Practice, at 7.—Popular Entertainment in Queen's Hall, at 8.

SUNDAY, Feb. 9th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY, Feb. 10th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

TUESDAY, Feb. 11th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Chess Club Practice, at 7.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 12th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Junior Chess and Draughts Club, at 8.—Wandering Dodo Amateur Minstrels, in Queen's Hall, at 8.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, FEBRUARY 9th, 1890,
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, AT 12.30 AND 8 O'CLOCK.

ORGANIST—MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.,
Organist to the People's Palace.

At 4 o'clock, Organ Recital and Sacred Songs.

ADMISSION FREE.

Notes of the Week.

FEBRUARY has begun. The month was introduced into the Calendar about 2,500 years ago, by His Majesty King Numa Pompilius, of Rome, but I am sorry that I do not know what it was called before that date. Our ancestors, the early English, called it Sprout-kale, because the cabbage begins to shoot during this month. It was also called the Sun-month, because the sun in this month begins to show a little power. If it be a rainy or a snowy month all the better for the rest of the year, according to the proverb.

THE first of February is St. Bridget's Day. This saint was the foundress of Irish nunneries. The daughter of an Irish prince, she became a nun in the sixth century. St. Bride's Church, in Fleet Street, is named after her, or, perhaps after a holy well in its churchyard, called St. Bride's Well. Bride Well Palace, as we knew, stood close beside this church. Bridewell Prison still stands there, as apprentices sometimes discover to their cost.

FEBRUARY the second sees the end of the Christmas and New Year Festivities. At least it did so formerly. In these degenerate days it is a month and more since we have seen the end of the Christmas festivities. This is Candlemas, the Day of the Purification. The word February means the month of Purification; and it was an old Pagan custom for the people to be purified in this month. On Candlemas Day there used to be held the blessing of the candles,—perhaps it is still observed. Now, note a prophecy:—

If Candlemas day be dry and fair,
The half of winter's to come and mair:
If Candlemas day be wet and foul,
The half of winter's gone at Yule.

THE career of Sir William Gull gives another and a very encouraging illustration of the ease with which a poor lad may in this country rise to honour and wealth—or at least to honour, which is far above wealth. We have all read the story. He was an East Londoner, his father a barge owner on the River Lea. He was sent to the Blue Coat School, that noble nurse of genius. After leaving school, the Treasurer of Guy's Hospital offered him a piece of work at the Hospital—making a catalogue, I believe. Then he looked about him, and nothing would serve but he must become a physician, and a physician he became. We all know how he saved the Prince of Wales' life seventeen years ago: he advanced the science of medicine: he made many discoveries: and he died full of years and of honour. I wonder how many great future physicians are now running about the streets of East London.

THIS is, indeed, the greatest country in the world for a poor boy to rise to greatness. In America there is only one line open. If you desire real consideration and distinction you must make money. Here we may have distinction without money. Nobody asks whether Prof. Huxley, Prof. Tyndal, Sir William Gull, Mr. Robert Browning the poet, Thackeray the novelist, or any other great leader, is rich or not. We are contented to honour the leader. In the States they want dollars. Again, here there are so many open doors, so many paths. In the States there are no such splendid endowments as Christ's Hospital: there are no such technical schools as the People's Palace: there are simply no ladders of connection between the wealthy and the poor. Consider, if Sir William Gull had chosen to become, say, a clergyman, he would have stayed at school

till he joined the senior boys and became a "Grecian." He would then have had a scholarship from his school, and would have gone to Cambridge, where he would have gained another scholarship. His University career would cost him nothing. His abilities would secure him a good degree, and he would then have gained a fellowship. After this he could do what he pleased. Perhaps he would have remained at Cambridge, and become a teacher and a professor: perhaps he would have taken holy orders and settled down into a college living: perhaps he would have gone to some great town and worked in a parish. In any case such a man would have become a bishop. And note that his way would have been smoothed for him all along by the endowments of his school and college. Therefore, though I am a great advocate for emigration, I would advise all ambitious and clever lads to try their luck at home. The way to the higher levels is a beaten path for those who dare to climb. And I always remember the saying—in answer to the objection that competition is crowding every avenue—"there is always plenty of room at the top."

I USED to think—when I was young and ignorant—that all young fellows were ardently ambitious to get on, and always anxiously learning something that would help them on. I am now a greybeard, and I know better. I have learned that in every rank and level of life there is a small proportion only—a very small proportion—of young men who are ambitious. The rest are contented to sit down when they have learned what they must learn: that is to say, when they have acquired the smallest amount of book learning or of handicraft skill which will enable them to earn their daily bread. For instance, the average doctor learns at the hospital just enough to carry him through life as a general practitioner. He learns symptoms and the usual remedies, and as he is a man of average intelligence, he seldom makes mistakes, and rubs along. But he cannot operate: he does not follow the development of science; and he does not advance the art of healing. This is the unambitious professional man. The clergyman who is unambitious, never improves, or tries to improve, in the art of preaching: he never studies, after he is ordained, the foundations of his Faith: he follows, but he does not lead, in the stream of thought. So also the average cabinet-maker is soon contented with the skill which he has attained. Again, the House of Lords opens a magnificent career to any one who is born a peer. How many peers take advantage of that opening? There are about 600 peers: take away the newly-made peers and the law lords, who are all active and anxious to justify their elevation and how many are there who do any work? Not twenty. This is the proportion of ambitious men out of so many. Twenty in six hundred: about three per cent. The rest are quiet country gentlemen. Then go to the other end of society, and consider the clerk. How many young clerks are there who learn anything that will be useful to them? Three per cent., I should say, of the whole. That is perhaps a very fair percentage. What I want to point out is, that take us all round, in every profession and every trade, there are not more than three per cent. who are at once ambitious to get on, and with courage strong enough to learn and practice what will enable them to get on.

I SHOULD like to point—without the least political leaning—to the columns of this week's *Spectator*, called "News of the Week." Three out of six of these columns—perhaps the best summary of the week that is produced—are devoted to the political speeches of the week. These have not been of the slightest novelty or importance, but they have produced more than the usual charges, backwards and forwards, of falsehood and misrepresentation. Is it quite impossible to address a political audience without lying? It really would seem so in democratic countries. For my own part, I am perfectly certain that democratic audiences would far rather hear plain unvarnished truth—and that in the long run far more is gained by sticking to truths than by falsifying.

THERE are three ways of lying. They are all illustrated by the *Spectator* in these three columns. The first is to state the thing which is not true and never happened; this is elementary, but very, very common. The second is to suppress those facts which, if told truly, would show the thing in a very different and even a damaging character. The third is to exaggerate the facts, and to distort them so as to

produce an unreal and false effect. It is disheartening to the friends of popular government to find that all these methods are daily practised by the men who aspire to be their leaders.

Do you want to know what foreigners may think of us? Then read a certain paper in the *Fortnightly Review*, in which a Mussulman is supposed to be writing on England. There is so much truth in it, that your complacency and self conceit and confidence will sustain a very rude shock indeed, and you will ask yourselves certain very important questions, the answers to which it will do you good to set down carefully and to contemplate seriously.

THE EDITOR.

Palace Notes.

FROM Miss James's report on the Library, for last month, I quote the following interesting extracts:—
The number of persons admitted through the turnstiles during the month, was 36,582, as against 30,651 in December, 1889, an increase of 5,931 on the previous month. The number admitted on Sundays was 5,089, and the average of attendances per day, 1,180. The new readers registered during the month, numbered 332, and the number of books issued during the month, 6,437, as against the previous month's increase of 778. The average issue of books per week was 1,453, which shows an increase of 195 against December. Issue of books on Sundays averaged 922, not including books taken out in Boys' Room, but the falling off of 89 as against December, is accounted for by the fact that there were only four Sundays in this month, and five in December, 1889. The number of books presented this month amounts to seventy-one vols.; the following were among the donors:—Mr. Charles Stewart, Messrs. Relfe & Son, Portsmouth Free Library, St. Helen's Free Library, nine French books by Miss Sieveking, and nine volumes of works by Spanish authors and others, beautifully bound, presented by Mr. E. M. Borrajo, of the Guildhall Library, Mr. Jocelyn Fisher, Mr. E. M. Wakefield, Mrs. Ashburner, and Captain Ashby.

STILL there are to be dances. In addition to the Calico Dress Dance, of which readers may hear something by reading in the Club column, the Military Band are to have a dance among themselves on Saturday, the 15th inst.

I MUST direct attention to the notice in the Club column as to the formation of the "People's Palace Clubs' Union." This is a most important step, and should receive the attention of the moving minds of all our clubs.

ANYONE interested in the working of our great organization, should read Sir Edmund Currie's article in this month's *Nineteenth Century* review. What has been done, and what Sir Edmund considers should still be done, are very fully set forth.

SUB-EDITOR.

PEOPLE'S PALACE STAFF FIRE BRIGADE.—The first supper of this body took place last Wednesday, at 10 p.m. We regret that at the last moment a detailed report of the proceedings has been mislaid, but the affair passed off most successfully, and the brigade spent a very enjoyable evening.

Answers to Correspondents.

P. POLLY CHATTERTON.—You are very sarcastic, and rightly so, at the expense of the noisy talkers, and we should have liked to have inserted your letter, but were unable to break through our invariable rule, of never printing a letter without knowing ourselves the real name of its writer.

T. NORTON LONGMAN.—Subscriptions received, with thanks.

F. A. HUNTER.—We cannot understand the mistake. The letter box is cleared regularly. Perhaps the paper was not properly inserted.

Society and Club Notes.

[Club announcements should reach the Sub-Editor, if possible, early on Monday morning. Monday evening is the very latest time for their receipt with any probability of publication in the following issue.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE CLUBS' UNION.

A meeting of Secretaries and Committee of Clubs connected with the People's Palace was held last Monday, at the invitation of Sir Edmund Hay Currie, to devise what steps should be taken to bring the clubs into closer contact with one another, and to create a feeling of unity among the Members. It was proposed and unanimously agreed, "That a meeting of Secretaries and two delegates (three representatives from each club) be held on Monday, the 24th inst., at 8.30 p.m., for the purpose of receiving from them a detailed report of their respective clubs, such report to (a) contain the objects of the club, (b) the number of Members, (c) subscriptions paid by each, (d) general financial position, and a resumé of work done since present organisation, also any other details necessary for the purpose of presenting to the meeting the actual position of the clubs." It was also agreed that the meeting should form "The People's Palace Clubs' Union," the representatives being elected at meetings of the clubs. Future elections to take place at the Annual General Meeting of each club.

WALTER MARSHALL, Chairman of Meeting.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHESS CLUB.

Subscriptions, 3s. per annum or 1s. per quarter. Meeting nights, Tuesday and Saturday, from 7 p.m.

On Tuesday last, a match in the Junior Competition was played with Exeter Hall, which we were unfortunate enough to lose. The complete score cannot be given this week, as two of the games have to be adjudicated. The next Cup Match will be on the 11th inst., against the Great Western Railway. Members will meet under the clock, at 7.30 p.m., at the departure platform, G.W.R., Paddington. The nearest station on the Metropolitan is Praed Street. A Committee Meeting will be held in the Technical Schools, on Thursday, 13th inst.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB. THIRD SEASON.

The Secretary would be pleased to receive the names of Students who intend joining the above club. A General Meeting will be called shortly, to elect office-bearers, and for other business, of which due notice will be given.

T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

Our visit to Greenwich was evidently arranged too early in the year for many to take part in it. Arriving at 3.30 p.m., we only had half an hour for the Painted Hall and Museum, which were closed at 4 p.m., so we must arrange for another visit later on. The Members are particularly requested to attend the following rambles, and students wishing to become Members may join on application to the undersigned:—February 8th, St. Paul's Cathedral, meeting at the west door at 2.15 p.m.; February 15th, Gray's Inn Library and Hall, 2.45 p.m.; Gray's Inn Road entrance; February 22nd, Newgate, 2.45 p.m. This being a limited party, names of those wishing to take part must be handed in as early as possible. It is requested that only those who are most likely to attend shall apply, so as to avoid disappointing others who could go; if necessary, a ballot will be taken. A General Meeting will be held on Thursday, the 13th inst., at 8.30 p.m.

A. MCKENZIE, } Hon Secs.
W. POCKETT, }

PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

Last Saturday we had the pleasure of playing a selection of music in St. George's Hall, Langham Place, and to-night we perform in the Queen's Hall at the Gymnastic Display. We again beg to draw the attention of Members and students to our first dance, which will take place on Saturday, February 15th. Admission by tickets only, which can be obtained from the Secretaries any practice night.

W. SPILLER, Hon. Sec.
P. SHELLEY, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—Mr. ORTON BRADLEY.

We shall meet for practice on Friday as usual, in No. 10 room, and on Tuesday, in the Queen's Hall, with the Orchestra, at 8 o'clock. We shall perform "Samson" on the 19th instant, after which we shall commence, at once, to rehearse the "Messiah" for performance on Good Friday.

A. W. COURSE, Hon. Sec.
J. H. THOMAS, Hon. Librarian.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director.—MR. H. H. BURDETT.

A Dance was held in the Exhibition Buildings, on Saturday, the 25th inst., in connection with the ladies' and men's gymnasia. A very enjoyable evening was spent by all those who were present. Thanks being deservedly due to the M.C.'s, Messrs. Rosenways and W. Marshall; also to the stewards, Messrs. Pugh, Chapman, Hulls and Nelson. Next display in Queen's Hall, on Feb. 5th.

F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

STUDENTS' SOCIAL DANCES.

Many enquiries have been made, as to the Calico Dance, to be held on Tuesday, April 8th. As they mostly relate to dress, I shall be glad to show a series of books, containing plates, to any student next Monday, from 8 to 9 p.m., in the Social-room.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB.

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! To the ladies of the People's Palace. Mr. H. Bright, the Vice-Captain of the Cycling Club, will attend, with tickets, on the 7th inst., and Monday, the 10th inst., in the Students' Social-rooms. As he has only one dozen tickets left to dispose of, the first who come will be the first served. Bromley Vestry Hall is noted for having the finest floor for dancing in London; and the price of a ticket is only eighteen pence. The Stanley Show this year was larger than ever. I noticed that E. Ransley had three splendid racers built to his order, and from all appearances he will make things hum this season. I wish him every success. Mr. H. Ransley, whose advertisement appears on the cover of this journal, has purchased all the show machines from Messrs. Brooks of Birmingham, and Gorton of Coventry, with which he intends to open his new premises opposite the "Eastern Hotel." His fellow club mates should look him up before ordering a new machine. In the *Journal* of 22nd ult., I noted that a toll of one penny was charged on all bicycles passing over Temple Mills. My friend, Mr. Richards of South Hackney, seeing that note, called the attention of Mr. G. B. Holmes, C.C., and a prominent member of the Hackney Local Board, to the subject. Mr. Holmes has taken up the question by Notice of Motion to the Vestry, and it will come on for hearing next Friday evening. Let us trust this imposition may be abolished before the riding season commences. On Friday, 14th inst., the City of London hold their Second Smoking Concert at the "Champion Hotel," Aldersgate Street, E.C. A table for the Palace Club will be engaged. Those members intending to be present kindly drop a post-card to the Secretary. On Saturday, 15th inst., the Unity hold a Lantern Social at the "King's Arms," Bishopsgate Churchyard, at 7.30 p.m., further particulars next week. Students of the Palace wishing to become Members of this Club can obtain all information from Mr. H. Bright, of 68, Lichfield Road, Bow, or of J. H. Burley, Hope Lodge, Walthamstow.

J. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL HARRIERS' CLUB.

The monthly sports of the above club took place on Saturday, February 1st, 1890, and included running, walking, jumping, etc. The weather being very wet, and the grass marshy, the times were not of the best. The following Members distinguished themselves: Running: Lloyd, H. B. Howard, Parish and Moxhay. Walking: Moxhay, Howard and Pledge. Hopping: Howard and Lloyd. Long Jump: H. B. Howard and Lloyd. Three Legged Race: Moxhay and Parish, Lloyd and Howard. Throwing the Football: Parish. Next Saturday there will be an excursion to the forest with the Rambling Club. Meet at Coborn Road Station at 10.10 a.m. Members will do well to take some refreshments with them as the walk will be a long one.

H. B. HOWARD, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOL RAMBLER'S CLUB.

Seven-and-forty of our Members turned up on Saturday last to visit the testing works of Messrs. Kirkaldy and Son. This number beats the record. Mr. Low and Mr. Forth added much to the pleasure and interest of our trip by their company. Mr. Kirkaldy has devoted the last twenty-eight years to the sole study of tests of all descriptions, for iron, steel, wood, leather, or any other material that may have been brought to him. Theorists may expatiate on the strength of any material from its atomic structure; professors may reason and calculate it from complicated formulae; patentees may make assertions, but Mr. Kirkaldy heeds not their opinions. He stands by his machine, and says, "Facts, not opinions, gentlemen, is my motto." On arriving at the works, I had to tell Mr. H. Kirkaldy that nearly twice as many had come than I had given him reason to expect, at which he expressed himself pleased, but added, when he saw them crowding round the door, that his neighbours would think he had advertised for a junior clerk. The first thing we saw was the well-known drawing by Mr.

Kirkaldy, of s.s. *Persia*, built by Robert Napier and Son. This drawing is the only mechanical drawing of that description which has ever been hung at the Royal Academy—so true is every detail, and so perfect every shadow. Next we entered a room, in the centre of which stood a large testing machine; the first and only machine in the world able to test a bar of iron, say five inches square, taking about one million pounds, or 450 tons to break it, and a piece of string taking but a few pounds. It is very surprising that the same machine will test both equally well. It has often been questioned, but "facts are stubborn things," we witnessed four tests, and the following is a memo. of the results:—

Result of Experiments to ascertain the Tensile Strength of four strips of Iron, witnessed by the P.P.T.S. Ramblers, Feb. 1st, 1890, at Messrs. David Kirkaldy & Sons, Testing Works, 99, Southwark Street, London.

Test No.	Description.	Original.		Fractured.		Ultimate Stress.		Stress per sq. inch of Fractured Area.		Extension in 10 inches.		Appearance of Fracture.	
		Size.	Area.	Area.	Diff. Area.	Total.	Per square inch of Original.	lbs.	Per cent.	Inches.	Per cent.	Fibrous.	Per cent.
1	Iron Strips. 15" x 2" x 3/8"	2.00 x .38	.760	.591	.169	39,260	51,657	23.1	66,430	21.4	100	—	—
2	16" x 2" x 7/16"	1.75 x .35	.612	.476	.136	32,685	53,407	23.8	68,666	12.2	93	7	7
3	15" B x 1 1/4 sq.	1.48 x 1.48	2.190	1.782	.408	106,670	48,708	21.7	59,860	14.6	92	8	8
4	16" B x 1 1/4 sq.	1.49 x 1.52	2.265	1.796	.469	112,210	49,540	22.1	62,478	16.3	95	5	5

The machine is about 20 feet long; at one end is a large hydraulic ram, at the other a compounding of levers and steel yards, accurately floated or balanced. On the steel yards the actual measurement of pressure is taken. The boys were intensely interested in watching the iron as the testing pressure was put on, and each moment added increased excitement, until all of a sudden it was snapped in two with a loud report. The next shop was the machine shop, here they were preparing samples for testing. A tire of a locomotive wheel is cut up into lengths of about 9 inches, sawn in two lengthways, and each piece turned to a given area without straightening it, and then tested. Thus the rim and the flange are

tested separately. In like manner the whole tire is treated. Often the sample, if tested at the manufacturer's, is straightened out, forged down to 1 inch square, and then tested, which of course is most unfair. Next, we visited the museum; here were large columns and girders of wood, iron, and stone lying on the ground, crushed and broken in the testing. Chains of 2 1/2 inch diameter were broken, and the links pulled into each other, rendering the whole rigid as a solid bar. We were much interested in seeing a column from the Tay Bridge. One on seeing it wonders how the bridge stood any time if the column we saw was a fair sample of all the other work and material. The metal was very thick on one side and thin on the other; beside this, it was of inferior quality, spongy, and the blow-holes were filled in with putty to conceal them. Fortunately for us, Southwark Bridge, over which we had passed, was not built by the same engineer. After examining the cases containing some thousands of various tests, and having spent two hours in receiving real practical instruction from facts, which to us was a great treat, we departed with many thanks to Mr. Kirkaldy and his son, for the extreme attention and kindness which they had shown us. Owing to the interest Mr. Forth has taken, and the benefits he has been instrumental in securing for our club, the Committee have elected him an honorary Member. Next Saturday we shall have much pleasure in accepting the invitation from the Harriers for a few days' ramble in Epping Forest. Members will meet at Coborn Road Station (Grove Road end), at 10.10 a.m. There will be no extra charge, but every one must take a good substantial lunch. We return the compliment paid to us by the Harriers, by asking them to join us in our excursion to the G.E.R. Locomotive Works, Stratford, on February 22nd. New Members, J. Hickman, George Amor, J. Coggeshall, James Burnham, Charles Davison, Herbert Price, Arthur Catrill, Clement East, Samuel Davis.

A. W. B.

People's Palace Junior Section.

JUNIOR HARRIERS.

The 1st Annual Meeting of the above club was held on Saturday last, the 1st inst., when the following officers were elected.—J. Pocknell, Captain; A. Brockington, Vice-Captain; Messrs. Harvey, Byford, Handley, and Evans, Committee; J. Fayers, Hon. Sec., and E. Griffiths, Assist. Hon. Sec. The report of the Secretary as to the club, during the past year, was read, and approved by the Members.

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

N.B.—Run out on Wednesday, the 5th, at 8.30 o'clock, and on Saturday, the 8th, at 6.30 o'clock, the former from the Palace, and latter from Lake's Farm, Wanstead; any one wishing to join, may give his name to the Secretary.

PEOPLE'S PALACE JUNIOR RAMBLERS.

Last Saturday, February 1st, we had a very pleasant ramble over the Tower of London. We were conducted over a greater portion by a befeater. Arriving at the Traitor's Gate, we were told how the prisoners were brought from the Thames to the Tower by water, through the two large gates which we were shown. Passing on to the Jewel House, we were left in charge of a lady, who gave us a description of the different objects in the case, the crown at the top being the coronation crown of our Queen Victoria, weighing 2 1/2 lbs.—the crown once stolen by General Blood, a model of the White Tower, Annie Boleyn's crown, a model of the Koh-i-noor, a large sceptre, found behind one of the walls at Windsor Castle, and a lot of other valuable things pertaining to history. The contents of the case are worth £3,000,000. The recesses round the walls by the case last mentioned were formerly used as prisons, Henry VI. being found murdered in one of them. We next visited the Chapel of St. Peter. A large brass plate on the left of the door gives a list of the people executed on Tower Hill, and under the carpet which we walked on, are tombs of many notable men and women. Passing over the vaults, a description was given us of many historical events connected with them; Guy Fawkes was imprisoned in one, Bishop Fisher in another, and Sir Walter Raleigh in a third. We were then taken through a room where thousands of guns belonging to different regiments stationed at the Tower were stacked in racks, and large oak boxes full of military outfits and weapons, etc. After looking round the armouries for a short time, we left, having spent a pleasant hour and a quarter.

HENRY JAMES GARDNER, Acting Hon Sec.
C. SEABOURNE, Assist. Sec.

Class Notes.

Miss U. Dovey, one of our Civil Service Students, has been successful at her first attempt in obtaining the 20th place at the recent examination for Female Sorters. She gained 517 marks, being only eighty marks below the highest, Mr. J. Genese has passed the examination for Boy Copyists. We congratulate these two students upon their success, which we hope their fellow students will endeavour to imitate.

Life at the Bottom of the Sea.

SO recently as twenty years ago, it was generally supposed that the extreme depths of the ocean were destitute of animal life. Since then it has over and over again been practically demonstrated that neither the absolute darkness nor the low temperature, nor the immense pressure in those mysterious abysses, has been sufficient to prevent life from flourishing there as luxuriantly as elsewhere. Fish, molluscs, worms, sponges, polypi, and microscopic organisms are as numerous and varied in the deep waters as in the shallow ones, and even more so. Of a single order only as many as 739 families and 4,318 species have been discovered in the depths of the Pacific Ocean alone. The explorations of H.M.S. *Challenger*, 1872-76, and of the German frigate *Gazelle*, 1874-76, introduced us to an entirely new world; and in this new world no class of the aborigines is more interesting and curious than the decapods—that sub-class of crustaceans which includes the lobsters, the crayfish, and the crabs. Members of the sub-class are found in every sea, and at all depths between high-water mark and the lowest valleys of the Atlantic.

None of these deep-sea decapods has a much better right to the title of queer fish than the slim-legged lobster, which lives at depths ranging from 3,000 to 8,400 feet below the surface. The animal is furnished with extraordinarily long and slender antennæ or feelers, three or even four times the length of its body. Its legs, which are about half as long as the antennæ and nearly as slender, bear at their lower ends tufts of fine bristles. Perched upon his thin, stilt-like legs, the animal sweeps with his antennæ a very considerable area, and thus receives early notice of the approach of danger.

A kindred curiosity is the hard-bodied lobster, a decapod whose feelers are unusually short, but whose first pair of legs—those which bear the great claws—are monstrously long. This individual, no doubt, lives at the bottom of some narrow rocky cleft, or buries himself in the mud where his enemies cannot reach him, and, brandishing his long pincers above him, waits until his luckless prey comes within his grasp. He resides at a depth of 3,000 feet; but he is, comparatively speaking, only a shallow-water decapod, for his kinsman, a certain hermit-crab, who rejoices in the name *Pagurus Abyssorum*, haunts depths of 18,000 feet, or about three miles and a half, and seems to thrive and be happy with a pressure of some three and a half tons of water per square inch on his back.

Like other hermit crabs, this creature enshrines the soft rearmost end of his body in the discarded shell of a mollusc, and guards the entrance with his claws and feelers. He carries his borrowed shell with him wherever he goes, his body meanwhile adapting itself to the shape of its home until in time it can no longer be withdrawn, even by exterior force, without breaking. The hermit crab of the deep sea also resembles the majority of hermit crabs who live at higher levels, in generally having a companion or hanger-on in the shape of a parasitic anemone. The fondness of the anemone for the society of the hermit crab is well-known. The late Dr. R. Ball has narrated a curious example of it. He placed an anemone, attached to the dead shell of a great whelk, in a glass aquarium. The shell had probably been just deserted by a hermit crab. In a short time the anemone left the shell and fastened itself to the side of the tank, thence moving over to a large stone in the centre of the aquarium. After the lapse of several weeks a hermit crab was dropped into the tank. The crab made himself comfortable in a crevice, and scarcely was he established there ere the anemone went to him, and planted itself on the top of his shell.

That the anemone should do this whenever it has an opportunity is very extraordinary, for, by throwing in its lot with the crab, it exchanges a life of quiet for a life of perpetual worry. The crab moves and drags himself whither he will, regardless of the tender creature that lives on the roof of his abode; and it is hard to see what advantages the anemone gains in return for the rough treatment to which it is hourly exposed by the motions of its patron. But the secret of the alliance probably lies in the fact that to the anemone locomotion is difficult and laborious, and that after fastening itself to the shell of such a restless individual as the hermit crab, it finds that it is carried about without cost or exertion to see the world and to collect food. On the other hand, the crab, it may be, derives some profit from the anemone's highly strung nervous system, which, possibly, by the agitation which the approach of an enemy causes in the parasite, warns the householder betimes that all is not as it should be. Whether this be so or not, the fact remains that hermit crab and anemone are as good friends in the deep sea as they are in the shallower waters.

None of the queer decapods described above appear to grow to any great size. Indeed, as a rule, deep-sea creatures are not very large. Yet, off the Japanese coasts, at a depth of about 2,000 feet, is found the giant crab which exceeds in size all other known decapods. Some specimens measure between the tips of the extended claws as much as 9 1/2 feet.

The amount of power possessed by this monster, when alive, was estimated to exceed that of a strong horse; and a nip from the great claw of a giant crab of slightly inferior size would, it was calculated, have easily severed an oar or a man's leg at the thigh. Like other decapods, those of the deep sea are seldom or never ambidextrous. One big claw is almost invariably much larger and more powerful than the other; but dexterity seems to be the general attribute of some species, while left-handedness is apparently preferred by others. The reasons for this have never been satisfactorily established.

The Accidents of Conversation.

"MISERY loves company," is the old saying; therefore, the shy person and the blunderer may take comfort in being reminded that many another has gone through the "agonies" of society before him. Prominent among these agonies is that of having said that which "one would rather have left unsaid." The cold chills and the shivers and the burning fever in the cheeks which follow these unhappy accidents can be remembered by us all. A remark illustrating this was made to a lady, who met an old friend who was glad to see her. "I am glad to see you so happy and prosperous, my dear," said he. "Your father's old friends had feared that you had not married quite as well as you ought to have done." The gentleman opposite, who happened to be the husband, did not seem to appreciate this remark.

The humiliating consciousness of having made a false move must accompany us in many a game besides that of chess, and perhaps it is a part of some constitutions to be always doing the wrong thing. One of the agonies is to make an elaborate apology for not having gone to your friend's, and to have her say, "Why, I thought you were there!" We are not of half so much consequence as we think we are, and, therefore, what sensitive people construe into insults are not, in nine cases out of ten, intended as such.

"Were you ever cut—cut dead?" says the heroine of a novel.

"No; I always think people are near-sighted, or thinking of themselves," was the sensible reply.

Another agony, after failing ourselves, is to see somebody else fail. "There he goes, putting his foot in it again," said a friend, observing the floundering of his brother in a conversational sea. It is terrible to hear a reader break down, a singer give up his song. It is also an agony to hear two women saying a great deal more than they mean about some prominent scandal, each led on by a volatile temperament and an easy fluency, not with the downright intention of maligning and misrepresenting a friend and acquaintance, but simply stimulated by the interest of the occasion, and each emulous to know more than the other. Would that we could—

"Ring in the nobler modes of life
With sweeter manners, purer laws."

Then no shy person would be embarrassed, no sensitive person "cut." No agonies of society would be endured if everybody were kind-hearted and well-bred. The careful chronicler of society in the days of Charles II., Old Pepps, however, describes the same agonies. He was fond of commemorating his own blunders—how, for instance, he took all the pudding sauce at a dinner, thoughtlessly, and saw everybody else looking at his plate enviously; and we have a thousand-and-one evidences that, where pleasure and luxury rule a set in which there is no tradition of good manners, there must be these occasional false moves.

WOMAN (to village postmistress): "Is there ennythin' fer me to-day? I'm set on hearin' from my darter, 'Tilda." Postmistress: "There's a postcard. 'Tilda writes she's enjin' herself an' won't be home till nex' week."

SHE RECONSIDERED.

JONES: "Mabel, will you marry me?" Mabel (in a sisterly tone of voice): "Oh, Mr. Jones, don't ask me! It pains me so to refuse you." JONES: "There, there, my dear, don't let it cause you any distress. I only did it for a wager." Mabel (in firm accents): "Yes! I will!"

STUDENTS' POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS.

PROGRAMME

OF

GYMNASTIC AND CALISTHENIC DISPLAY

BY THE

Instructors, Leaders and Students of the People's Palace Gymnasium,

Arranged by Mr. H. H. BURDETT, Director of Gymnastics, assisted by Messrs. C. WRIGHT and M. ROONEY, Assistant Instructors, People's Palace Gymnasium,

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL,

On Wednesday, February 5th, 1890, at 8 p.m.

MUSIC BY THE PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND,

Conductor, Mr. A. ROBINSON (Late Prince of Wales's 3rd Dragoon Guards).

- I. BOUT OF SINGLE STICKS.—Mr. C. WRIGHT v. E. NYKERK.
- II. BAR BELLS.—Arranged and conducted by H. H. BURDETT.
- III. PARALLEL BARS.—Leader, J. H. HULLS.
- IV. FREE EXERCISES.—Arranged by H. H. BURDETT, conducted by Mr. M. ROONEY.
- V. BOUT OF QUARTER-STAFF.—Mr. M. ROONEY v. J. H. HULLS.
- VI. INDIAN CLUBS BY SQUAD.—Conducted by H. H. BURDETT.
- VII. BOXING.—J. PEARCE v. W. POCKET, People's Palace Gymnasium; G. UPSON v. D. BENTLEY, People's Palace Gymnasium.
- VIII. HORIZONTAL BAR.—Leader, Mr. M. ROONEY.
- IX. DUMB BELL EXERCISE.—Conducted by H. H. BURDETT.
- X. FENCING.—H. H. BURDETT v. M. ROONEY.
- XI. HIGH VAULTING HORSE.—Leader, Mr. C. WRIGHT.
- XII. TUG OF WAR.—Teams by Leaders H. R. JONES and G. KITCHENER.
- XIII. MUSICAL RUNNING MAZE.—Led by H. H. BURDETT.

The Gymnasium is open to receive Members as follows:—

MEN'S GYMNASIUM, ages from 16 and upwards	1/6 per Quarter.
LADIES' GYMNASIUM, ages from 16 and upwards	1/- per Quarter.
JUNIOR SECTION GIRLS, ages from 13 to 16 years	6d. per Month.
JUNIOR SECTION BOYS, ages from 13 to 16 years	6d. per Month.

A London Bird Catcher at Work.

HE was a foxy-looking man—cunning and heartless and low.

Near him were the dead bodies of small birds, which apparently he had killed with as little compunction as a cat catches a sparrow, or as a fox walks off with a fine chancicleer or fat hen. Near him also were several little cages, from which feathered flutterers vainly endeavoured to escape.

Ah! the sharp, practised eye of the foxy one has detected an innocent victim swooping near the nets which were lying spread out over the grass a little distance before him. Nearer and nearer flies the unsuspecting bird. All is safe enough, surely! There are other birds fluttering in cages around the nets, and flying over or near them! Down he flies! Quick! a string is pulled; the nets rise and then fall. Ah, the bird wings his way upward just in time to escape them, and away it takes its flight in the wide vault of heaven!

Perhaps you are glad! Perhaps the foxy one is—well—not glad. But the cages and the dead birds are presumably proofs of his questionable skill. Questionable, we say, for we have none too many song birds about the "little village" of London that we can part with any in this fashion. Besides, is it not cruel that these pretty wild creatures should be caged or slaughtered so?

What is done with the dead birds? Oh, they will make a nice little stew! It struck us that these little birds lately careering so blithely through the air might probably, when plucked of their plumage, make their appearance somewhere as "larks." Who could tell the difference between, say, a chaffinch and a lark when innocent of their feathers? Not many persons, we fancy.

The foxy one was, we suppose, a London bird-catcher. At least, it was near London we saw him. He had been at the business for forty years, and numbers of "feathered songsters" must have fallen victims to him. His method of operations is soon explained. He has two large nets spread on the ground, and so arranged that when he pulls a string, which runs along the ground to some little distance, they rise and then quickly fall, enclosing the unhappy bird, should it not have been very quick in escaping.

But how are the birds attracted to these nets? Therein lies a strange and skilful trick. They are attracted by decoy birds. But how? Watch the foxy one. He pulls another string, and up starts a little bird, about or above the nets, the wings outspread, and soon again subsides. This bird is "braced" or harnessed, and a string is affixed so that it is under the control of the foxy one. The bracing of the bird is accomplished so that it is not hurt, but little "braces" are placed round its body, leaving the wings free. Though there is, it is said, no pain to the bird, yet it seems to us horribly cruel. The appearance of the bird is as though it were fluttering or flying a little over food. Others, fluttering in small cages, are placed round the nets.

So successful is the foxy one in his calling that, according to his statement, he has caught ten or twelve dozen in one day! We are inclined to regard this as an exaggeration, or at least as a very exceptional experience. Let us hope it is so. Nevertheless, the dead birds lying on the grass, and the fluttering ones in captivity testified to the bird-catcher's skill.

The prices for his spoils differ widely. A cock goldfinch would fetch half-a-crown; a hen chaffinch as little as a penny or twopenny.

These dead birds are used for food, and the feathers possibly for trimming ladies' hats and head gear. One does not wish to write too severely concerning the sex called "fair," but in our opinion the trimming of ladies' apparel with wings and feathers of birds—or at least of English song birds—cannot be excused. No lady should wear them, on pain of being regarded as both thoughtless and cruel. It is useless to argue that because the wearer did not kill the birds she is not responsible. It is pretty clear that the birds would not be killed for their feathers unless there was a market for those feathers. Ladies have simply to refuse to purchase such things, and down will, of course, go the demand and the market with it.

While by no means denouncing the habit of keeping certain birds as pets, yet there can be no excuse for the wanton and wholesale destruction of songsters, either for food or for the sake of their plumage; and it is worth while considering whether it is not better, as a rule, to keep the caging of birds to those born in captivity. At all events, we wish to enter a strong protest against this indiscriminate slaughter, and to appeal to ladies simply to refrain from wearing wild birds'

plumage. A dead wing in a hat is a poor exchange for sweet bird music on a bright spring day.

The trick of painting birds to represent what they are not is not extinct. Only the other day we saw in a newspaper that someone, described as a labourer, was charged before the Lord Mayor of London with getting no less a thing than a silver watch and chain from a lad by "the painted-bird trick."

The bird in question was described in magniloquent terms to be a "whistling popinjay," though that creature is, we believe, quite unknown to naturalists. However, the possessor wanted twelve shillings for it, and the prisoner appeared and admired it, and whispered to the youth that if he would purchase it for that price, he (the prisoner) would give him two pounds!

The lad fell a victim, but as he had not the money he gave his watch and chain, and appointed to meet the man next day and bring the money. The prisoner also promised to see the youth, and give him the two pounds at the same spot. However, next day the man did not appear, which perhaps is not to be wondered at, and the report says, "the bird proved to be a painted green linnet, absolutely worthless." Perhaps some people will think that the lad was "green" also. At all events here is an instance of the "painted-bird trick."

The same man was also proved to have been guilty of a case almost worse. A lad was induced to give up his coat and waistcoat, for, says the report, "a goldfinch mule, said to be worth 50s., but which was equally valueless." He had been arrested in the New Cut with another man, and a couple of birds painted with red ochre were found in their possession. The end of it was that the prisoner had three months' imprisonment with hard labour; and most people probably will agree with the Lord Mayor, that "it was a mean and cruel trick to rob poor lads," as had been done by the prisoner. It is satisfactory to know that he was well punished.

Easy of Hearing.

IN a recent article on conductors the following anecdote is told of Berlioz, illustrative of his extraordinary acuteness of hearing—an essential in every good conductor, but with him developed to an astounding degree. The overture to Spontini's "La Vestale" was being rehearsed. Suddenly, with a violent blow on the desk, Berlioz stopped the band.

"The two clarionets are not in tune together!" he cried out.

The two clarionetists, stupefied, stared.

Like a lion he jumped down and ran at the terrified musicians.

"Give me the *a*," he yelled. One did so; then the other.

But when the second *a* came out, "Oh, le brigand! Oh, le malfaiteur! You sit upon your ears, then! What? you are at least a sixteenth of a tone apart, and you can stand it; and you still play on!"

The appalled clarionetists were ready to sink through the floor in terror and amazement at the man who could detect the difference of a sixteenth of a tone amid the buzz of one hundred instruments.

A LADY'S paper gives the following recipe for getting rid of the smell of fresh paint in a bed-chamber or living room: "Slice a few onions, and put them in the middle of the room. After that it will be desirable to get rid of the smell of the onions. This can easily be done by putting on another coat of paint."

A COLOURED man was sent to prison for thirty days. "Thirty days!" exclaimed Sambo. "Look heah, boss, you gib me thirty days las' winter for the same 'fence, when de days was a heap shorter dan dey is now. Ain't yer gwine to 'low de usual discount ob de signs in de zodiac?" Impressed with the force of the argument, the Court amended the sentence to twenty days.

DOMESTIC (who has been catechising prospective mistress): "Well, Mrs Sharply, you have rather a bad name among the gurls in the town, but Oi think Oi'll give you a try."

A MAN compelled to wear a false nose had it stolen one day as he was taking a nap. He didn't miss it until he tried to snore. The thief was caught and thrown into gaol, but he declared that it was a great persecution to imprison a man just because he had a hooked nose.

Legends of the Province House.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

III.

LADY ELEANORE'S MANTLE.

MINE excellent friend, the landlord of the Province House, was pleased, the other evening, to invite Mr. Tiffany and myself to an oyster supper. This slight mark of respect and gratitude, as he handsomely observed, was far less than the ingenious tale-teller, and I, the humble note-taker of his narratives, had fairly earned, by the public notice which our joint lucubrations had attracted to his establishment. Many a cigar had been smoked within his premises—many a glass of wine, or more potent aqua vitæ, had been quaffed—many a dinner had been eaten by curious strangers, who, save for the fortunate conjunction of Mr. Tiffany and me, would never have ventured through that darksome avenue, which gives access to the historic precincts of the Province House. In short, if any credit be due to the courteous assurances of Mr. Thomas Waite, we had brought his forgotten mansion almost as effectually into public view as if we had thrown down the vulgar range of shoe-shops and dry-goods stores, which hides its aristocratic front from Washington Street. It may be unadvisable, however, to speak too loudly of the increased custom of the house, lest Mr. Waite should find it difficult to renew the lease on so favourable terms as heretofore.

Being thus welcomed as benefactors, neither Mr. Tiffany nor myself felt any scruple in doing full justice to the good things that were set before us. If the feast were less magnificent than those same panelled walls had witnessed, in a by-gone century—if mine host presided with somewhat less of state, than might have befitted a successor of the royal Governors—if the guests made a less imposing show than the bewigged, and powdered, and embroidered dignitaries, who erst banqueted at the gubernatorial table, and now sleep within their armorial tombs on Copp's Hill, or round King's Chapel—yet never, I may boldly say, did a more comfortable little party assemble in the Province House, from Queen Anne's days to the Revolution. The occasion was rendered more interesting by the presence of a venerable personage, whose own actual reminiscences went back to the epoch of Gage and Howe, and even supplied him with a doubtful anecdote or two of Hutchinson. He was one of that small, and now all but extinguished class, whose attachment to royalty, and to the colonial institutions and customs that were connected with it, had never yielded to the democratic heresies of after-times. The young queen of Britain has not a more loyal subject in her realm—perhaps not one who would kneel before her throne with such reverential love—as this old grandsire, whose head has whitened beneath the mild sway of the Republic, which still, in his mellow moments, he terms a usurpation. Yet prejudices so obstinate have not made him an ungentle or impracticable companion. If the truth must be told, the life of the aged loyalist has been of such a scrambling and unsettled character—he has had so little choice of friends, and been so often destitute of any—that I doubt whether he would refuse a cup of kindness with either Oliver Cromwell or John Hancock; to say nothing of any democrat now upon the stage. In another paper of this series, I may perhaps give the reader a closer glimpse of his portrait.

Our host, in due season, uncorked a bottle of Madeira, of such exquisite perfume and admirable flavour, that he surely must have discovered it in an ancient bin, down deep beneath the deepest cellar, where some jolly old butler stored away the Governor's choicest wine, and forgot to reveal the secret on his deathbed. Peace to his red-nosed ghost, and a libation to his memory! This precious liquor was imbibed by Mr. Tiffany with peculiar zest; and after sipping the third glass, it was his pleasure to give us one of the oddest legends which he had yet raked from the storehouse, where he keeps such matters. With some suitable adornments from my own fancy, it ran pretty much as follows.

Not long after Colonel Shute had assumed the government of Massachusetts Bay, now nearly a hundred and twenty years ago, a young lady of rank and fortune arrived from England, to claim his protection as her guardian. He was her distant relative, but the nearest who had survived the gradual extinction of her family; so that no more eligible shelter could be found for the rich and high-born Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe, than within the Province House of a transatlantic colony. The consort of Governor Shute, moreover, had been as a mother to her

childhood, and was now anxious to receive her, in the hope that a beautiful young woman would be exposed to infinitely less peril from the primitive society of New England, than amid the artifices and corruptions of a court. If either the Governor or his lady had especially consulted their own comfort, they would probably have sought to devolve the responsibility on other hands; since with some noble and splendid traits of character, Lady Eleanore was remarkable for a harsh, unyielding pride, a haughty consciousness of her hereditary and personal advantages, which made her almost incapable of control. Judging from many traditional anecdotes, this peculiar temper was hardly less than a monomania; or, if the acts which it inspired were those of a sane person, it seemed due from Providence that pride so sinful should be followed by as severe a retribution. That tinge of the marvellous, which is thrown over so many of these half-forgotten legends, has probably imparted an additional wildness to the strange story of Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe.

The ship in which she came passenger had arrived at Newport, whence Lady Eleanore was conveyed to Boston in the Governor's coach, attended by a small escort of gentlemen on horseback. The ponderous equipage, with its four black horses, attracted much notice as it rumbled through Cornhill, surrounded by the prancing steeds of half a dozen cavaliers, with swords dangling to their stirrups and pistols at their holsters. Through the large glass windows of the coach, as it rolled along, the people could discern the figure of Lady Eleanore, strangely combining an almost queenly stateliness with the grace and beauty of a maiden in her teens. A singular tale had gone abroad among the ladies of the province, that their fair rival was indebted for much of the irresistible charm of her appearance to a certain article of dress—an embroidered mantle—which had been wrought by the most skilful artist in London, and possessed even magical properties of adornment. On the present occasion, however, she owed nothing to the witchery of dress, being clad in a riding-habit of velvet, which would have appeared stiff and ungraceful on any other form.

The coachman reined in his four black steeds, and the whole cavalcade came to a pause in front of the contorted iron balustrade that fenced the Province House from the public street. It was an awkward coincidence that the bell of the Old South Church was just then tolling for a funeral; so that, instead of a glad some peal with which it was customary to announce the arrival of distinguished strangers, Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe was ushered by a doleful clang, as if calamity had come embodied in her beautiful person.

"A very great disrespect!" exclaimed Captain Langford, an English officer, who had recently brought dispatches to Governor Shute. "The funeral should have been deferred, lest Lady Eleanore's spirits be affected by such a dismal welcome."

"With your pardon, sir," replied Doctor Clark, physician, and a famous champion of the popular party, "whatever the heralds may pretend, a dead beggar must have precedence of a living queen. King Death confers high privileges."

These remarks were interchanged while the speakers waited a passage through the crowd, which had gathered on each side of the gateway, leaving an open avenue to the portal of the Province House. A black slave in livery now leaped from behind the coach, and threw open the door; while at the same moment Governor Shute descended the flight of steps from his mansion, to assist Lady Eleanore in alighting. But the Governor's stately approach was anticipated in a manner that excited general astonishment. A pale young man, with his black hair all in disorder, rushed from the throng, and prostrated himself beside the coach, thus offering his person as a footstool for Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe to tread upon. She held back an instant; yet with an expression as if doubting whether the young man were worthy to bear the weight of her footstep, rather than dissatisfied to receive such awful reverence from a fellow-mortals.

"Up, sir," said the Governor, sternly, at the same time lifting his cane over the intruder. "What means the Bedlamite by this freak?"

"Nay," answered Lady Eleanore, playfully, but with more scorn than pity in her tone, "your excellency shall not strike him. When men seek only to be trampled upon, it were a pity to deny them a favour so easily granted—and so well deserved!"

Then, though as lightly as a sunbeam on a cloud, she placed her foot upon the cowering form, and extended her hand to meet that of the Governor. There was a brief interval, during which Lady Eleanore retained this attitude; and never, surely, was there an apter emblem of aristocracy and hereditary pride, trampling on human sympathies and

the kindred of nature, than these two figures presented at that moment. Yet the spectators were so smitten with her beauty, and so essential did pride seem to the existence of such a creature, that they gave a simultaneous acclamation of applause.

"Who is this insolent young fellow?" inquired Captain Langford, who still remained beside Dr. Clarke. "If he be in his senses, his impertinence demands the bastinado. If mad, Lady Eleanore should be secured from further inconvenience by his confinement."

"His name is Jervase Helwyse," answered the Doctor—"a youth of no birth or fortune, or other advantages, save the mind and soul that nature gave him; and being secretary to our colonial agent in London, it was his misfortune to meet this Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe. He loved her—and her scorn has driven him mad."

"He was mad so to aspire," observed the English officer.

"It may be so," said Doctor Clarke, frowning as he spoke. "But I tell you, sir, I could well nigh doubt the justice of the heaven above us, if no signal humiliation overtake this lady, who now treads so haughtily into yonder mansion. She seeks to place herself above the sympathies of our common nature, which envelopes all human souls. See, if that nature do not assert its claim over her in some mode that shall bring her level with the lowest!"

"Never!" cried Captain Langford, indignantly—"neither in life, nor when they lay her with her ancestors."

"Not many days afterwards the Governor gave a ball in honour of Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe. The principal gentry of the colony received invitations, which were distributed to their residences, far and near, by messengers on horseback, bearing missives sealed with all the formality of official dispatches. In obedience to the summons, there was a general gathering of rank, wealth and beauty; and the wide door of the Province House had seldom given admittance to more numerous and honourable guests than on the evening of Lady Eleanore's ball. Without much extravagance of eulogy, the spectacle might even be termed splendid; for, according to the fashion of the times, the ladies shone in rich silks and satins, outspread over wide-projecting hoops; and the gentlemen glittered in gold embroidery, laid unsparingly upon the purple, or scarlet, or sky-blue velvet, which was the material of their coats and waistcoats. The latter article of dress was of great importance, since it enveloped the wearer's body nearly to the knees, and was perhaps bedizened with the amount of his whole year's income, in golden flowers and foliage. The altered taste of the present day—a taste symbolic of a deep change in the whole system of society—would look upon almost any of those gorgeous figures as ridiculous; although that evening the guests sought their reflections in the pier-glasses, and rejoiced to catch their own glitter amid the glittering crowd. What a pity that one of the stately mirrors has not preserved a picture of the scene, which, by the very traits that were so transitory, might have taught us much that would be worth knowing and remembering!

Would, at least, that either painter or mirror could convey to us some faint idea of a garment, already noticed in this legend—the Lady Eleanore's embroidered mantle—which the gossips whispered was invested with magic properties, so as to lend a new and untried grace to her figure each time that she put it on! Idle fancy as it is, this mysterious mantle has thrown an awe around my image of her, partly from its fable virtues, and partly because it was the handiwork of a dying woman, and, perchance, owed the fantastic grace of its conception to the delirium of approaching death.

After the ceremonial greetings had been paid, Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe stood apart from the mob of guests, insulating herself within a small and distinguished circle, to whom she accorded a more cordial favour than to the general throng. The waxen torches threw their radiance vividly over the scene, bringing out its brilliant points in strong relief; but she gazed carelessly, and with now and then an expression of weariness or scorn, tempered with such feminine grace, that her auditors scarcely perceived the moral deformity of which it was the utterance. She beheld the spectacle not with vulgar ridicule, as disdaining to be pleased with the provincial mockery of a court festival but with the deeper scorn of one whose spirit held itself too high to participate in the enjoyment of other human souls. Whether or no the recollections of those who saw her that evening were influenced by the strange events with which she was subsequently connected, so it was that her figure ever after recurred to them as marked by something wild and unnatural; although, at the time, the general whisper was of her exceeding beauty, and of the indescribable charm which her mantle threw around her. Some close observers, indeed, detected a feverish flush and alternate paleness of countenance, with a corresponding

flow and revulsion of spirits, and once or twice a painful and helpless betrayal of lassitude, as if she were on the point of sinking to the ground. Then, with a nervous shudder, she seemed to arouse her energies, and threw some bright and playful, yet half-wicked sarcasm into the conversation. There was so strange a characteristic in her manners and sentiments, that it astonished every right-minded listener; till, looking in her face, a lurking and incomprehensible glance and smile perplexed them with doubts both as to her seriousness and sanity. Gradually, Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe's circle grew smaller, till only four gentlemen remained in it. These were Captain Langford, the English officer before mentioned; a Virginian planter, who had come to Massachusetts on some political errand; a young episcopal clergyman, the grandson of a British earl; and lastly, the private secretary of Governor Shute, whose obsequiousness had won a sort of tolerance from Lady Eleanore.

At different periods of the evening the liveried servants of the Province House passed among the guests, bearing huge trays of refreshments, and French and Spanish wines. Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe, who refused to wet her beautiful lips even with a bubble of Champagne, had sunk back into a large damask chair, apparently overworn, with the excitement of the scene, or its tedium; and while, for an instant, she was unconscious of voices, laughter, and music, a young man stole forward, and knelt down at her feet. He bore a salver in his hand, on which was a chased silver goblet, filled to the brim with wine, which he offered as reverentially as to a crowned queen, or rather with the awful devotion of a priest doing sacrifice to his idol. Conscious that some one touched her robe, Lady Eleanore started, and unclosed her eyes upon the pale wild features and dishevelled hair of Jervase Helwyse.

"Why do you haunt me thus?" said she, in a languid tone, but with a kindlier feeling than she ordinarily permitted herself to express. "They tell me that I have done you harm."

"Heaven knows if that be so," replied the young man, solemnly. "But, Lady Eleanore, in requital of that harm, if such there be, and for your own earthly and heavenly welfare, I pray you to take one sip of this holy wine, and then to pass the goblet round among the guests; and this shall be a symbol that you have not sought to withdraw yourself from the chain of human sympathies—which whoso would shake off, must keep company with fallen angels."

"Where has this mad fellow stolen that sacramental vessel?" exclaimed the episcopal clergyman.

This question drew the notice of the guests to the silver cup, which was recognised as appertaining to the communion plate of the Old South Church; and, for aught that could be known, it was brimming over with the consecrated wine.

"Perhaps it is poisoned," half-whispered the Governor's secretary.

"Pour it down the villain's throat!" cried the Virginian, fiercely.

"Turn him out of the house!" cried Captain Langford, seizing Jervase Helwyse so roughly by the shoulder, that the sacramental cup was overturned, and its contents sprinkled upon Lady Eleanore's mantle. "Whether knave, fool, or Bedlamite, it is intolerable that the fellow should go at large."

"Pray, gentlemen, do my poor admirer no harm," said Lady Eleanore, with a faint and weary smile. "Take him out of my sight, if such be your pleasure; for I can find in my heart to do nothing but laugh at him—whereas, in all decency and conscience, it would become me to weep for the mischief I have wrought!"

"But while the bystanders were attempting to lead away the unfortunate young man, he broke from them, and with a wild, impassioned earnestness, offered a new and equally strange petition to Lady Eleanore. It was no other than that she should throw off the mantle, which, while he pressed the silver cup of wine upon her, she had drawn more closely around her form, so as almost to shroud herself within it.

"Cast it from you!" exclaimed Jervase Helwyse, clasping his hands in an agony of entreaty. "It may not yet be too late! Give the accursed garment to the flames!"

But Lady Eleanore, with a laugh of scorn, drew the rich folds of the embroidered mantle over her head, in such a fashion as to give a completely new aspect to her beautiful face, which—half-hidden, half-revealed—seemed to belong to some being of mysterious character and purposes.

"Farewell, Jervase Helwyse!" said she. "Keep my image in your remembrance as you behold it now."

"Alas, lady!" he replied in a tone no longer wild, but sad as a funeral bell. "We must meet shortly, when your face may wear another aspect—and that shall be the image that must abide within me."

(To be continued.)

MESSRS.
C. C. & T. MOORE
Respectfully announce the dates
of their old established
Periodical Sales
OF
ESTATES

AND HOUSE PROPERTY.

(Held for 55 years), which are appointed to take place at the Auction Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, on the 2nd and 4th Thursdays of the Month, as follows:

Feb. .. — 27	Aug. .. 14, —
Mar. .. 13, 27	Sept. .. 11, 25
April .. 10, 24	Oct. .. 9, 23
May .. 8, 22	Nov. .. 13, 27
June .. 12, 26	Dec. .. 11, —
July .. 10, 24	

Special attention given to Rent Collecting and the entire management of house property. Insurances effected.

Auction and Survey Offices:
144, MILE END RD., E.

W. PALMER,
Electrician,
130, BURDETT ROAD,
MILE END, E.

Students supplied with all parts of Electrical Fittings.

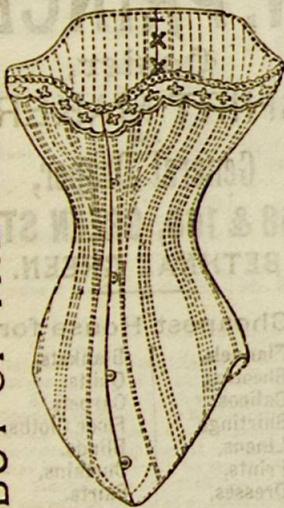
G. SEADEN,
Cannington Cycle Works,
155, BANK BUILDINGS,
BARKING ROAD,
CANNING TOWN, E.

Machines Sold on the Hire Purchase System, from 2/6 per week.

Repairs on the Shortest Notice.

CORSETS.

BUY OF THE MAKER.



C. J. RUSSELL,
512, Mile End Rd.,
AND 164a, ROMAN ROAD.

ROGERS' "NURSERY" HAIR LOTION



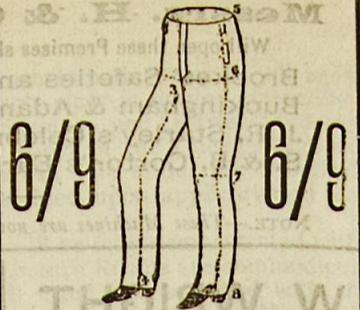
Destroys all Nits and Parasites in children's heads, and immediately allays the irritation. Perfectly harmless.

Prepared only by W. ROGERS, Chemist, Ben Jonson Road, Stepney, E. Bottles 7d. and 1s. Of all Chemists and Perfumers. Special Bottles, post free from observation, 15 Stamps.

THE
SCOTTISH
Sanitary Laundry,
131,
MILE END ROAD.
Specialité
Shirt and Collar Dressing.

TROUSERS

Made to Measure.



Usual Retail Price, 10/6

F. HANSING,
179 & 181, Cable Street
49, Green St., Bethnal Green,
2-6, New Kent Road, S.E.
9, Deptford Bridge, S.E.

CHARLES PAINE,
Glass Manufacturer,
39 & 41, WHITEHORSE ST.,
601, COMMERCIAL ROAD, LONDON, E.,

Has the honour of supplying this popular resort; also the principal palaces of amusement in London, suburbs and provinces.

C. C. TAYLOR & SON,
10 & 12, MILE END RD., E.

SALES BY AUCTION of Every Description of Property.
VALUATIONS & SURVEYS FOR ALL PURPOSES.
RENTS COLLECTED AND HOUSE PROPERTY MANAGED.

Insurances Effected in the Phoenix Fire, London and General Plate Glass, British Empire Mutual Life, and the Accident Insurance Companies.

T. J. RIX,
Practical Watch Maker,
MANUFACTURING
JEWELLER OPTICIAN,
ETC., ETC.

480, Bethnal Green Road, E.
Repairs, Plating & Gilding
done for the Trade on the Premises.
ESTABLISHED 1862.
Closed on Thursdays at Five o'clock.

GROYER'S (J. V. ROCKLEY,
Proprietor)

150, The Grove, } Connected by { 26, Woodgrange Rd.,
STRATFORD, } Telephone { FOREST GATE.

PIANOS ON EASY TERMS.

No Deposit or Security required, and no charge for Carriage or First Year's Tuning.

E. RICHARDSON,
622,
MILE END RD.,
Baker & Pastrycook.

Bride Cakes made to order.
Whole Meal and Vienna Bread.
FAMILIES WAITED ON DAILY.

GIVEN AWAY!
Your Rubber Stamp.

NAME in FULL or MONOGRAM, mounted, post free for three stamps, to CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN BOND'S GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK WORKS, 75, Southgate-road, London, N. EBONITE INK; NO HEATING; each containing a Voucher; 6 or 12 stamps. Nickel Pencil Case, with Pen, Pencil and your Rubber Name in Full, 7 stamps.

THE ROYAL MAKER.

DORSET HOUSE. Est. 1850.

H. TURTLE,
244, MILE END ROAD,
(Opposite Globe Road.)

FRESH BUTTERS.
The Best Fresh 1/6
The Best Brittany 1/4
Paris Fresh 1/2
(Usually sold as Brittany.)

SALT BUTTERS.
The Very Best Dorset 1/4
Good Mild or Salt 1/2
An excellent Butter 1/0
Pure Irish 0/10
N.B.—All our Butters are warranted absolutely pure.

For Good and Cheap
BOOTS
TRY
J. SMITH,
213, Salmon's Lane,
LIMEHOUSE.

Good Ladies' Button or Lace Boots from 2/11; Gentleman's Lace or Side Spring Boots. 4/11. Dress Boots or Shoes at equally Low Prices. Note the Address.

WILLIAM FOX & SONS,

Family Chemists,

109 & 111, BETHNAL GREEN ROAD,
AND
72, BRIDPORT PLACE, HOXTON:

All Prescriptions, Family Recipes, and Hospital Letters dispensed with accuracy and at Low Prices.

Elastic Stockings, Enemas, Chest Protectors, Trusses, and all Surgical Appliances.

INDIARUBBER STAMPS.

Best and cheapest in the World. For marking linen, or stamping books, papers, etc., invaluable. Two letter Monogram, 1s.; three letter, 2s.; name in full, 1s. 4d.; three line Address, 2s. 6d. Round, oval, or square Business Stamp, from 4s.; Nickel Silver Pen and Pencil and Rubber Stamp, 2s. 6d. Postage, 2d. extra. Agents wanted. E. E. IRETON & CO., 92, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

MILE END AUCTION MART
330 & 332, MILE END ROAD.

Messrs. W. UPTON & CO.

Sell by Auction every Tuesday Evening, at 7, a quantity of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE and EFFECTS.

Freehold and Leasehold Houses and Land sold by auction and privately
RENTS COLLECTED

TEETH !!
A Complete Set, ONE GUINEA.
A Single Tooth, 2/6.

Burdett Road Dental Surgery,
41, BURDETT ROAD.