

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. III.—No. 71.]

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]

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

Coming Events.

- THURSDAY.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Ladies' Social Club.—Concert, at 8. Cycling Club.—Leave Palace at 7 o'clock for Tottenham (Ferry Boat).
- FRIDAY.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Literary Society.—Usual Meeting, at 8. Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.
- SATURDAY.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Ramblers (Junior Section).—To West India Dock. Concert, in Queen's Hall, at 8. Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7. Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 5 till 7. Cycling Club.—Buckhurst Hill (Roebuck).
- SUNDAY.**—Organ Recitals at 12.30 and 4. Library.—Open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Shorthand Society.—Usual Meeting, at 8. Popular Entertainment in Lecture Hall, at 8. Admission 2d. Ramblers.—Committee Meeting, at 8.30. Ladies' Gymnasium.—Instead of Tuesday.
- TUESDAY.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Conversazione to Public Elementary School Teachers. The Chairman of the London School Board will address on the Superannuation Scheme, at 8. Parliament.—Usual sitting, at 8. Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7. Choral Society.—Rehearsals, at 7.30 and 8.45. Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 8 till 10. Ramblers.—Half-Yearly General Meeting, at 8. Harriers.—Committee Meeting, at 8.
- WEDNESDAY.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Concert, in Queen's Hall, at 8. Dramatic Club.—Rehearsal, at 8.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, MARCH 24th,

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30 AND 4 O'CLOCK.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

- | | |
|--|---------|
| 1. Credo from 1st Mass | Haydn. |
| 2. Slow movement in D | Mozart. |
| 3. "Let the bright Seraphim" | Handel. |
| 4. Andante in F sharp minor | Wesley. |
| 5. Impromptu | Bamby. |
| 6. "O Lord how manifold are Thy works" | Bamby. |

AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

- | | |
|---|--------------|
| 1. 1st and 2nd movements of Sonata No. 2 | Mendelssohn. |
| 2. Air, "He was eyes unto the blind" (by request) | Handel. |
| 3. Choral Song and Fugue | Wesley. |
| 4. Berceuse | Debuck. |
| 5. Introductory Voluntary in G | Hopkins. |
| 6. Communion in A flat | Hollins. |
| 7. Introduction and Allegro | Bach. |

Notes of the Week.

A CERTAIN country paper published the other day an account of Sunday at the People's Palace. Some one sent me the description with one or two questions upon it. The article deserved no mention at all except for the illustration it afforded of a kind of falsehood which is fast becoming common in these untruthful days. It spoke first of the desolate appearance of the Palace front, of which we certainly are not proud, but then the front of the Palace has nothing to do with Sunday inside the Palace. The writer then spoke of the organ recitals, which he reduced to one, and of the Library, where he said he found a "few lads" reading "such books as the Palace Library as yet contains." On the day of which this bilious person wrote, there were two organ recitals, both very numerous attended, especially the latter: in the evening, the Library was so crowded that the Lecture Hall, taken as an overflow reading-room, was also full. And as regards the number of books, we have got at present 10,000, which, for a year and a half, with but a trifle of expenditure, is very good work indeed. Moreover, the collection is becoming gradually complete in its various branches. Nothing, of course, was said about our Exhibitions and pictures. "And this is all," said the down-crier in conclusion, "that the People's Palace has done for the people on Sunday!" Why, what does the man want? What more could it do for the people? Is there any other place in this United Kingdom where we can get two Sacred Concerts and a Free Library every Sunday?

THE various ways in which the truth may be perverted, are so many that no single and unassisted man could enumerate them. For instance, let us name a few:—There is, first, the Lie Absolute. "This man," says his enemy, "was once in prison for stealing a pig." If no pig was ever stolen by the man accused, and the man never was charged with stealing a pig, and never was in prison at all, this is a Lie Absolute. Next, there is the Suppression of the Truth. "This man," says the enemy, "was once brought up for stealing a pig." He neglects to add, being a Suppressor of the Truth, that he was triumphantly acquitted, the pig having been lying all the time in the sty. Then there is the Perversion of the Truth. "This man," says the enemy, "was once before the magistrate in a pig-stealing case." He does not say what he knows, being a Perverter, that the man was the plaintiff and not the defendant. Again there is the Imputed Falsehood. "This man," says the enemy, "cruelly tortured a fellow-creature to death." In other words, in the exercise of his duty he sentenced a prisoner to a term of captivity, subject to ordinary gaol regulation, and of this he died. The Motive Lie is another. "This man," says the enemy, "has done what he has done, solely in order to gratify his thirst for revenge, or for notoriety, or for money, as the case may be." There is also the Lie of Diminution, of which my friend's remarks on the Palace furnish so good an example. "Yes," says the enemy, "the man has painted one or two rather nice little pictures"—if he is a painter: or, "has written one or two trifling things; if he is an author: or, "has persuaded a few people that he can preach," if he is a clergyman, and so forth. Then there is the Lie of Exaggeration, as when the dispersion of a riot is called a massacre. And there is the Lie of Silence, when acts which tell against the Party are passed over without a word. All these lies are most extensively practised. I wish there was a paper that would occupy itself exclusively in picking out the plums of Falsehood of every kind which so plentifully enrich the Parliamentary pudding and the partisan pie.

I SAID something last week about Pensions, and I promised more. Mr. Colles, a barrister, has lately compiled for the

Society of Authors a statement of the administration of a certain National Trust. Every year the Government asks for a grant of £1,200 a year: this grant is called the Civil Pension List: it was instituted fifty years ago, and was intended—and has always been regarded as intended, to reward those literary, scientific, and artistic people who have deserved well of their country. The *exposé* of the way in which the money has actually been granted is most instructive. The widow of a Peer gets £300 a year: the widow of one of the greatest men of the age £75: the daughter of an ambassador gets £500 a year, while a man of the highest genius is refused the smallest grant: widows, daughters, sisters of officers killed in battle, who have got nothing whatever to do with literature, science or art, crowd the lists. One man once actually got £1,000 a year out of this slender provision of £1,200 because he had been Attorney-General for Ireland: another man got £100 a year because he had written tracts for the Cobden Club. And, as this Journal is not political, I am happy to testify to the fact that one Government is just as bad as another. It is another proof—it is always the same thing—if a Government has only a simple thousand a year to give way it will try to give it, somehow, to its own friends. Mr. Colles proposes certain radical changes, which deserve careful attention. Let us retain the Civil Pensions List by all means, provided that the Government are restricted from making these little jobs by the fierce light of publicity. For this purpose it is necessary first to define the purposes of the grant with the greatest clearness, so as to lose no loophole for jobbery, and next to insist that the names of those who apply, as well as those who receive, shall be published, and in every case, with the list of their works.

WE shall have to give up one more historical illusion. Everybody knows the story of Henry the Fifth and his stormy youth: everybody has heard of Judge Gascoyne: and everybody knows the mad Prince of Shakespeare. Well: it is all pure legend: the Prince never was wild, as we now understand that quality in youth: that is to say he was always, from boyhood upwards, so continually occupied in public affairs, that if the poor lad wanted to amuse himself he would find but a brief interval here or there. As for his early manhood being spent in riotous living, his latest biographer, the Rev. Professor Church, in his book in the series called "English Men of Action," has clearly proved that to have been wholly impossible. It is a delightful book, and I advise everybody to read it.

BAD news for shorthand writers. Instead of dictating his letters, in the near future every business man will speak them into the graphophone. The cylinder which receives the letter will then be sent by post and inserted into a corresponding machine, where it will deliver its message, and then, one hopes, be for ever dumb. Another plan will be for the clerks to take the cylinder in the office and write off the letters. I have not the least conception how this terrible machine works, but I have always foreseen a great deal of trouble from phonographs, graphophones, telephones, instantaneous photography, smokeless and noiseless gunpowder, sub-marine boats, electric torpedoes, and all the rest of the new scientific toys. As for the war inventions, I wait for some one to invent an instrument by which one man may annihilate a whole army. Then the reign of peace will be established for ever, and the smallest nation will be the equal of the greatest: the legions of the Czar, of Bismarck, and of France will sit down and turn their hands to industry, and one man, called the Soldier, may by himself represent the army of the nation, just as in Papal Rome one man represented the old Senate and was called the Senator.

LORD CARNARVON is about to introduce a Bill into the House of Lords, providing that if it shall appear that any Peer has been guilty of discreditable conduct, and if the House presents to the Queen an address praying that the writ of summons issued for such Peer be cancelled, he shall cease to be entitled to sit in the House of Lords. Very good indeed. But it ought to have been done long ago. There are, as a matter of fact, very few discreditable Peers: they are mostly a quiet and very decorous body of elderly gentlemen, some of whom have succeeded in forgetting the original shop and nurse a fixed idea that they are a Divinely-appointed and separate caste. But among them are a few very bad specimens indeed: and the sooner they are turned out the better.

NEXT comes a very curious and interesting question. A man born in the middle class—such as the first Lord Campden, who had a shop in Cheapside, the first Lord Northbrook, who was a banker: the first of the Smithsons, Duke of

Northumberland, who was a clothier—gets on so well in the world, and arrives at such a position that he and his children for ever are to be separated from the rest of us by rank, precedence, a title, and hereditary privileges. These are very important things. Anybody may sneer at a title: but a peerage includes many most valuable things. To form part of a legislative House by birth, and without the trouble of proving yourself a fit man, is a great deal by itself: to take the lead on all occasions when the country has any national show or celebration is another great thing: to be looked upon by the people as a being apart—which always happens, whatever we say about snobbery—is also a big thing: and to be desired in marriage by the richest people for the sake of a coronet is again a big thing. Therefore, a man who gets a peerage has done well for himself and his children. Now comes my question. If one man by doing so well can secure so enormous a reward, terminating only with the extinction of the family or a revolution in the British Constitution, ought it not to be distinctly understood, that when one of his successors behaves disgracefully he should in like manner extinguish the title and the hereditary rank? Had I a voice which could be heard in the House of Lords, I would put that question, and press that question, and insist upon an answer.

EDITOR.

Thames Street—(Continued).

OUR interrupted walk took us but a very little way along this ancient thoroughfare, which is as nearly as possible a mile in length.

Nearly opposite Castle Baynard Wharf is Addle Hill, where is said to have stood a palace built by King Athelstan. Between Lambeth Hill and Queenhithe have been found, by digging for sewers, portions of the ancient river wall mentioned by the historian Fitzstephen, who wrote in the reign of Henry II. The wall was found to be eight to ten feet thick, and eight feet deep, built with ragstone and flint with strong hard mortar.

The Church of St. Bennet, that is St. Benedict, built by Wren, is one of his smallest and plainest churches—in this church are held services in Welsh. Inigo Jones, the architect, was buried here, and here lie the remains of many Heralds from the neighbouring College.

Notice Trig Lane, leading to Trig Stairs. Says Cotton, in his "Virgil Travesty":—

A pair of stairs they found, not big stairs,
Just such another pair as Trig Stairs.

The other churches in Thames Street are, or were, for two or three have been wantonly and wickedly destroyed.—St. Mary, Somerset, corner of Fish Street Hill: St. Michael's, Queenhithe—the vane was in the form of a ship, and there was splendid carving here—What became of it?—St. James, Garlickhithe,—here also is good carving, and if you go when the pew-opener is there, ask her to show you she knows what behind the panel on the right hand side of the antechapel: Allhallows the Great: St. Magnus, close by London Bridge, where lie the remains of Miles Coverdale, under whose direction the first complete English version of the Bible was printed: St. Mary-at-Hill, and St. Dunstan's in the East. All the churches which remain deserve a visit. As for other points of interest in the street, let us note, as we pass, Queenhithe, or the Queen's bank—so-called after Eleanor, Queen of Henry II. Here there has always been a great market for grain, and it was a rival to Billingsgate for the sale of fish. If we go to the stairs on the east side we can see the shape of the old harbour, which is still exactly as it has always been, but it is now surrounded by vast warehouses instead of the old picturesque gabled buildings which formerly stood on the Quay. On the west side of Queenhithe stood the great town house of the Bigods and Mowbrays, Earls and Dukes of Norfolk: it was bought in 1540 by Sir Richard Gresham, the great city merchant.

Garlickhithe was simply the market where garlick was sold.

In Dowgate lived for a time Sir Francis Drake. The Steelyard was the place where the Easterling merchants, that is to say, the merchants of Hamburg and the Hauge towns, were permitted to trade.

Coldharbour Lane marks the site of a great Palace called Cold Harbour, which stood here, and was occupied by a succession of great people for two hundred years, and more. King Henry V., when Prince of Wales, is said to have lived here, but it is doubtful.

In Suffolk Lane was formerly the Merchant Taylors' School. The name of the Lane preserves the memory of the place when the Dukes of Suffolk possessed the manor. About

Palace and Institute Notes.

MOST who read this will have seen Sir Edmund Currie back from France, and in his accustomed place before now. Sir Edmund, who has had beautiful weather at Nice, has been with us since the evening of last Sunday se'nnight.

THERE is one of the Societies in connection with the Institute which may have a great future—I mean the Literary Society. I intend to make a closer acquaintance with this Society as soon as I have opportunities, and I think that every Member of the Palace who is fond of a good book (and nobody who is not deserves to be a Member) should join it. It need not be a society exclusively of aspiring authors. Everybody is the better for the study of books, whether he intends writing books himself or not. Many of our Members, I have no doubt, who know their own trades, never read except for amusement. But they will get infinitely more amusement from their reading, if it is properly and systematically directed. It is to be in a position of luxury, this, to be able to read entirely for amusement, and every man who is in such a position should be intimately acquainted with the work of all our great English writers. One wonders at people, who say they read for amusement, boring themselves and damaging their taste with slopwork novelettes, and other ephemeral emptinesses, and remaining all the while strangers to most of the really amusing and absorbing productions of the grand array of poets, novelists, dramatists, essayists, and humorists of their country, from the time of Chaucer to to-day.

OF course, Members of the Palace Institute who have literary ambition of their own, will join the Society as a matter of course. Many of the essays and other pieces of work read at the meetings might be submitted for inserting in the *Journal*. Even in case of their unsuitability (which may not always mean want of merit), they might produce a useful hint now and again from head-quarters. One word to literary beginners: don't attempt to display and exploit your abilities in your work. Forget yourself, and deal with your subject in the simplest and clearest English possible. Pour out every atom of knowledge, power, and ability which the subject needs—but no more. Somebody has unearthed and published lately in the *Athenæum*, some notes of a lecture delivered by Coleridge in 1818, in which he said:—"The great source of bad writing is a desire in the writers to be thought something more than men of sense. Language is made a sort of leap-frog. Our Poetry runs after something more than human; our Prose runs after our Poetry; and even our conversation follows in the pursuit." An evening paper remarks that these words should be inscribed in letters of gold over the desk of every young writer; to a Member of the People's Palace I would recommend the more economical expedient of pasting them in his hat. He should never forget them. Perhaps he will more easily recollect Carlyle's advice, "When you have written anything that looks particularly fine—strike it out."

SEVEN smart Members have taken my hint of last week, and filled a similar number of the vacancies then existing for the Paris Trip. Now there remain only seven chances, as particularized below, and even these may be disappearing as I write:—

September 7th to September 14th .. One Vacancy.
September 14th to September 21st .. Six vacancies.

The ladies have done better still. Last week I announced that thirty-two were to be taken, and nearly all immediately presented themselves. There remain, however, a few vacancies, as well as one or two for students, and I have no doubt that Mr. Were, at the Technical Schools' Offices, will soon have them filled.

There is an Editors' law, which is as those of the Medes—a law which has been printed, and shouted, and talked about till one would imagine that every Englishman and American had indelibly stamped on his heart, or brain, or somewhere, the words, WRITE UPON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER ONLY. I must give most of the Club Secretaries credit for a strict observance of this law, but there are some who will economise their paper at the expense of valuable time in the printing and editorial offices. It should be recollected that this gives much trouble, and may cause omissions.

SUB-EDITOR.

Laurence Poutney there is a great deal to be said, but there is not room for it here. Here lived Dr. Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood. A history of this parish has been written.

Old Swan Stairs is a very ancient landing place. I am inclined to think that it corresponds to the old dock at St. Saviour's, Southwark, the two being the ends of the former ferry, which existed before the bridge was built. If you look at the house, which is now "The Shades," you may remember that it was built by a certain Lord Mayor of London, for his own private residence, at the beginning of this century. So recently did the great merchants live within the City.

In the lanes and narrow streets leading north, are still to be found a few of the fine old houses where the merchants used to live. Alas! They are very few and fast, giving place to tall warehouses: but do not neglect these streets: there is something of interest in every one.

On Fish Street Hill is the Monument. Let us go up and look round: it is a good climb to the top, but on a fine day the view repays one. Close to Fish Street Hill was Crooked Lane, where were formerly the old fishing tackle shops handy for the anglers of London Bridge.

At Pudding Lane—where the butchers scalded hog's puddings—commenced the Great Fire of London, 1666.

Then follows Billingsgate. Our walk is in the afternoon, and I fear there is not much trade going on at that time. From time immemorial—certainly from the days of Athelstan, 940—there has been a market here. The market is now held summer and winter, at 5 a.m. The boats arrive during the night: and the fish are carried ashore in baskets and sold to fishmongers, whose carts wait in the streets close by. After the market the fish left over is sold to costermongers.

The Coal Exchange was built in 1849, and opened by Prince Albert.

In Water Lane was the Old Trinity House, built by Wren. The Custom House requires a separate paper for itself.

I hope that I have made it evident that Thames Street is really, as I said at the outset, one of the most interesting places in the whole of London. If the readers of *The Palace Journal* would like another walk, and will signify their wish, we will try another street.

Haroun Al Rashid and the Prophet.

HAROUN was moody, Haroun was sad,
And he drank a glass of wine or two:
But it only seemed to make him mad,
And the cup at the bearer's head he threw.

"Came the Vizier in: and he dodged the glass
That all too near to his turban flew:
And he bowed his head and he said "Alas!
Your Majesty seems in a pretty stew."

"And well I may," the monarch said:
"And so, my worthy friend, would you,
If you knew that you must needs be dead
And buried, perhaps, in a day or two."

"For the man who writes the almanacks—
Ez Zadkiel, a learned Jew—
Has found, amongst other distressing facts,
That the days I have left on the earth are few."

"Call up the villain," the Vizier cried,
"That he may have the reward that's due,
For having, the infidel, prophesied
A thing that is plainly quite untrue."

The Caliph waved his hand and soon
A dozen dusky eunuchs flew:
And back in a trice before Haroun
They set the horoscopic Jew.

"Now tell me, sir," says the Vizier, "since
From astral knowledge so well you knew
The term of the life of our sovereign prince,
How many years are left to you?"

"May Allah lengthen the Vizier's days!
His Highness' loss all men would rue:
Some eighty years, my planet says,
Is the number that I shall reach unto."

A single stroke of the Vizier's sword
Has severed the prophet's neck clean through:
"Now tell me, Sire, if the fellow's word
Seems, after that, in the least bit true?"

Haroun he smiled, and a purse of gold
He handed o'er to the Vizier true:
And the headless corpse, all white and cold,
The eunuchs into the gutter threw.

"To Call Her Mine."

BY
WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued).

"ANYHOW, Mr. Leighan, you've got your twenty pounds back again. That is something. Confess that you are pleased."

"Young man, if you torture a man all over with rheumatic pains, do you think he is pleased to find that they have left his little finger, while they are still like red-hot irons all over the rest of his body? That is my case."

"I am sorry to hear it. At the same time, twenty pounds, as I said before, is something."

"It's been lying idle for six years. Twenty pounds at compound interest—I don't spend my interest, I promise you—would now be six-and-twenty pounds, I've lost six pounds."

I laughed. A man who knows not the value of interest laughs easily. I expect, therefore, to go on laughing all the days of my life.

"As for the papers, there's a dead loss of one hundred and fifty pounds a year. Think of that! All these years I've waited and hoped—yes, I've prayed—actually *prayed*—though there is no form of supplication which meets my case—that I might get my papers back again. Three thousand pounds there are, among these papers, besides the certificates and things that I could replace. Nearly all Mary's fortune lost."

"No," I said. "Don't flatter yourself that you lost any of Mary's money. It was your own money. You are trustee for Mary's fortune, remember, and you will have to pay it over in full."

He winced and groaned.
"Three thousand pounds! With the interest it would now be worth nearly four thousand pounds at five per cent. And now all as good as lost!"

"Well, Mr. Leighan, I am sorry for you, very sorry, particularly as you will have to find that fortune of Mary's very soon."

"Shall I, Master Will Nethercote? I shall give Mary her fortune when I please; and not at all, unless I please. Mary has got to be obedient and submissive to me, else she won't get anything. When I give my consent to her marriage, and not till then—not till *then*—I shall have to deliver up her fortune. Good night to you, Will Nethercote."

CHAPTER XIV.—DRINK ABOUT.

DURING these days David led the life of a solitary. He sometimes went to the inn, but only to get his bottle of whisky filled, he went to the village shop on the green to buy what he wanted, and he kept wholly to himself. Except for that daily visit to Gratnor, he talked with no one.

From time to time I met him leaning over field-gates, loitering along the lanes, or sitting idly under the shade of one of our high hedges. I supposed that his loafing and wandering life had made work of any kind distasteful to him. But then he never had liked work. His face was not a pleasant one to gaze upon, and for a stranger would have been terrifying. It was now, as regards expression, such a face as one might have met on Hounslow Heath or Shepherd's Bush in the last century, with a fierce "stand-and-deliver" look upon it—dogged, sullen, and discontented—the face of a man outside social law. He was sullen and discontented because he was always brooding over his wrongs; and dogged because he was pitilessly avenging them. At this time we knew from Mary that he went nearly every day to Gratnor, but we had no suspicion of what was said or done there. My own thoughts, indeed, were wholly occupied with the fortunes of George Sidcote, and I gave small heed to this sulky hermit. Yet, had one thought about it, remembering how the man came home in rags, and now went clad in the garb of a respectable farmer, and denied himself nothing, one might have suspected something at least of the trouble which was hanging over the poor old man.

"David," I asked him, meeting him one day face to face so that he could not slip out of the way, "why do you never come over to Sidcote? Have we offended you in any way?"

"No," he replied, slowly, as if he was thinking what he ought to reply. "No; I don't know exactly that you have offended me."

"Then why not come sometimes?"

"Why not?" he repeated.

"Come over this evening and tell us what you think about doing."

"No. I don't think I can go over this evening."

"Well, then, to-morrow evening."

"No. I don't think I can go over to-morrow evening."

"Choose your own time, but come before I go back to London."

"When are you going back to London?"

"Next week."

"George will be turned out of his place before the end of the year. The old man told me so. Then he'll go too. Mary says she'll go with George. Then I shall be left alone with Uncle Dan." He laughed quietly. "I think I shall go and live at Gratnor and take care of him. We shall have happy times together, when you are all gone and I am left alone with him."

"Why, David, you wouldn't harm the poor old man now, would you?"

"Not harm him? not harm him? Did you ask him six years ago if he was going to harm me? Will he harm George Sidcote now?"

You cannot force a man to be sociable, nor can you force him to entertain thoughts of charity, forgiveness, and long-suffering. I made no more attempts to lead the man back to better ways and the old habits.

The place where David lodged was a cottage made up by partitioning off a portion of the old farm-house of Berry; the other portion, intended for another cottage, was without a tenant. The place stands among the dismantled farm-buildings, for Berry Farm is now worked with Gratnor. Around it was formerly the farmyard, but the ducks and poultry, the pigs and cows, the dogs, the farm implements, and all the litter, mess, and noise of a farm are gone now, and only the gates remain to show what formerly went on here. On the south side of the farm-yard there is a rill of clear spring water running into a basin, and behind the rill rise the steep sides of Hayne Down. It is a quiet and secluded spot, with not a habitation of any kind within half a mile, and that only on one side. There are trees all round the place, and in the night a man living here alone would here strange noises and, perhaps, bring himself to see strange sights. But David, who had got rid of one ghost, had not, I believe, yet invented another. If one were sentimental, David might be portrayed alone in the cottage, sad, amid the pale ghosts of the past; he might be depicted sitting among the shadows of his childhood, before he took to drink and evil courses, recalling the long-lost scenes of innocence, listening once more to the voice of his dead mother. All this might be easily set down, but it could not be true: David had had enough of ghosts, and was not going out of his way to look for any new ones. There is, no doubt, a luxury in conjuring up a ghost of anyone; but if you have had one with you against your will for six years, you are not likely to want another when that one is laid.

One evening, towards the end of August, we had been walking with Mary on the ridge till sunset drove us home. Then we left her at Gratnor, and walked back to Sidcote, but as the night was cool and fine, we took the longer way which lies over Hayne Down and passes through Berry farmyard. Certainly we had no intention of prying into David's private habits, but they were forced upon our notice, and a very curious insight was afforded us of how he spent his evenings. It speaks volumes for a man when we find that his idea of a cheerful evening is a song and a glass with a festive company. I was once on board ship, sitting in the smoking saloon, when someone asked what we should all like for that evening. Some spoke untruthfully: some, affectedly: some, bashfully: some, with an open-hearted candour which astonished. At last, one man, a quiet person in the corner, said, "For my part, gentlemen, give me an evening with a party of Norfolk drovers." Ever since that occasion I have ardently desired to spend an evening in such company, but I have not succeeded. If David had been there he would have replied that he should choose a company where the drink was unlimited and the songs convivial.

It was not much past eight, and twilight still. It had been a hot day, and the evening was still warm, though not oppressive. David, however, had put up the green shutter which by day hung down outside the window; and he had closed the door. But in a cottage shutter there is always a lozenge-shaped hole at the top, and through this we perceived that there was a light in the room.

"David is at home," said George. "Shall we call upon him?"

Then—it was the most surprising thing I ever heard—there was suddenly a burst of applause from the room. Hands and fists banged the table, glasses rang, heels were drummed upon the floor, and there was the bawling of loud voices, as it seemed.

"Good heavens!" said George; "David has got a party."

We stopped, naturally, to listen.

Then a song began.

It was a drinking song, roared at the top of his voice by David himself. The song was one which I had never heard before, probably of American or Australian origin. As nearly as I can remember, the following were the words which we heard. But I may be wrong, and there were, perhaps, many more. The words are so sweet and tender, and have about them so much of delicacy and refinement, that I am sorry there are no more—

Push the can about, boys,
Turn and turn about, boys,
Till the liquor's out, boys,
Let the glasses clink.
Every man is bound, boys,
To sing his song around, boys,
Till we all are drowned, boys,
In the drink.
Till we all are drowned, boys,
In the drink.

"David is obliging the company," I said. "'Tis a pleasing ditty, George."

He sang, as I have said, as loudly as he possibly could bawl it, in a voice naturally rosy; and as his musical education had been neglected, and his ear was defective, the tune was the most dismal and doleful I had ever heard. But, no doubt, he took it to be convivial and soul-inspiring.

When he had finished there was another banging of tables, hallooing, and stamping on the floor.

"Who can the company be?" asked George.

David began the song again, and repeated it half through. Then he left off suddenly and there was a dead silence.

We listened, waiting to hear more. There was a dead silence; not a sound.

"What is the matter with them all?"

"I believe they are all struck dumb," said George.

The silence was complete.

"I have it," said George. "I believe he is giving a party to himself, in his own honour. He is all alone, and is having a convivial evening. It is very queer; makes one feel uncanny, doesn't it?"

This, indeed, was actually the case. Fancy holding a convivial meeting—a friendly lead—a harmonic evening—a free-and-easy—a sing-song—all by yourself in a cottage half a mile from any other house, with the flowing bowl and glasses round, and three times three, and, no doubt, a doch and darroch to end with!

"I think, George," I said, "that David must have gone very low indeed. He could not have got much lower. There must be a depth, at some point, where a sinking man meets with the solid rock."

"Perhaps. The Lord keep us from beginning to sink. Will, do you think it possible, when that old man has taken my land, and I have gone crazy wandering about the world, and have come home in rags, that I should ever sink like David—and drag Mary with me?"

"Nay, George; it is impossible."

Then the roysterer began again, his voice being now distinctly that of a man half drunk, from which we gathered that the interval of silence had been well employed:—

Every man is bound, boys,
To sing his song around, boys;

and then we went on our way. It seemed shameful even to listen.

And all the time, every day, this man who got drunk at night alone was carrying on, slowly and ruthlessly, the most systematic revenge with the most exquisite tortures. Every day he went to Gratnor and dangled before his victim some of his property, and made him buy it back bit by bit, haggling over the bargain; letting his uncle have it one day cheap, so as to raise his spirits; and the next, at nearly its full value, so as to crush him again; and even at times, after an hour's bargain over a single coupon, he would put it in the fire and destroy it.

When David went away, the poor old man would fall to weeping—this hard, dry old man, whom nothing ever moved before, would shed tears of impotent and bitter rage. But he refused to tell Mary what was troubling him.

"I can't tell you what it is," he said. "You don't know what the consequences might be if I told you. Oh! Mary, I am a miserable old man. I wish I was dead and buried and that it was all over—I wish it was all over!"

There are many men who, when anything goes wrong with them; when Retribution—a very horrid spectre—comes with a cat-o'-nine-tails to pay them out; or when Consequence—another very ruthless spirit—brings along disease, poverty, contempt, or other disaster, never fail to wish that they were dead and buried. It is a formula expressing considerable temporary vexation, but little more. For if the well-known skeleton were to take them at their word, and to invite them to take part with him in a certain festive procession and dance, they would make the greatest haste to excuse themselves,

and to express their sincere regret at having given Madame La Mort the trouble of calling upon them. "Another time, perhaps, if Madame should be passing that way; but, indeed, there was no hurry; if Madame would be so obliging as to— Good morning, Madame. Again, a thousand pardons." Mr. Leighan, perhaps, was more sincere than most men. For he loved but one thing in the world; and this was being slowly taken from him, bit by bit.

"It is something," said Mary, "to do with David. I will go and speak to him about it."

"No, Mary, no;" he cried eagerly. "Mind your own business, child. Don't attempt to interfere. Oh! you don't know what might happen if you interfered."

"It is David, then. Very well, uncle; I shall not ask him what it is."

"I can't tell anybody, Mary; I must bear it with patience. If I resist I shall only lose the more. Mary, we've got to be very careful in the housekeeping, now—very careful."

"I am always careful, uncle."

"There was a pudding again to-day. I can't afford any more puddings for a long while—not till Christmas. And I'm sure there's waste and riot in the kitchen."

"Nonsense, uncle. You not to afford a pudding? Now, remember, you are not to be starved, and there's no waste or riot. Now, I'll mix your brandy-and-water, and you can have your pipe, and go to sleep."

CHAPTER XV.—WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS.

I TERMINATED my holiday with a meddling and a muddling. Of course, I was actuated by the best intentions. Every meddler and muddler is. Otherwise, he might be forgiven.

I was going back to town. It would be eleven months before I should get another holiday: long before that time Sidcote would be out of George's hands, and the pair would be married and gone. Was it possible to make an appeal to the old man? Could one touch him with the sense of gratitude? Could one make him feel that in his own interests he should not drive away the only living creature who stood between himself and the hired service of strangers? Could one make him see that it would be far better for him to give the money to Mary than to David?

I made my attempt—needless to say, since it was meddling and muddling, with no success—on my last evening at Challacombe, when the old man had taken his tea, and might reasonably be expected to be milder than during the press of business in the morning.

I had not seen him for three weeks. Remember, that for more than three weeks David had been pursuing his scheme of revenge. I was struck with the change that had come over him during this short period. It was that subtle change which we mean when we say that a man has "aged." In Mr. Leighan's case, his hands trembled, he looked feeble, and there was a loss of vitality in his eyes.

"What do you want?" he asked impatiently. "You are come for Mary? Well, she isn't here. You ought to know that she always goes out after tea. You will find her somewhere about—on the Ridge or down the lane, somewhere." He turned his head, and took up his pen again. I observed that he was poring over a paper of figures.

"No, Mr. Leighan; I came to see you."

"What do you want with me? Money? No; you are one of the people who don't want money. The last time you came you brought me my bag with the twenty pounds in it. That was very little good, considering; but it was something. You haven't got another bag of money, have you?"

"No; I have come to see you about George and Mary."

"Go on, then. Say what you want to say. When a man is tied to his chair, he is at the mercy of everyone who comes to waste his time."

This was encouraging. However, I spoke to him as eloquently as I could. I told him he ought to consider how Mary had been his housekeeper and his nurse for six long years, during which he had been helplessly confined to his chair. If he refused his consent to her marriage, she would go away, not only from his house, but from the parish; he would be left in the hands of strangers, who would waste and spoil his substance. I thought that would move him.

"Young man," he said, "I never asked for, or expected, any other service than what is paid for. Mary's services have been paid for. If she goes I shall find another person, who will be paid for her services."

"Nay," I replied, "you cannot possibly rate Mary's services with those of a paid housekeeper. You will very soon find the difference. However, if that is your way of looking at the matter, I can say no more."

(To be continued.)

Society and Club Notes.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

Speaker—Mr. WALTER MARSHALL.
 Tuesday, March 12th.—Much anxiety was shown by the M.P.'s to get to business. The Opposition evidently means to turn the present Cabinet out, and in view of occupying their remunerative offices with becoming dignity they are on their best behaviour. I hope they will fill them as worthily as do the present occupants. The Irish Secretary (Mr. W. H. Brown) considers it a matter of honour for proof to be furnished for any statement of his which is disputed, and in furtherance of this laudable object he read a letter from a prominent M.P. in proof of a statement made by him at the previous sitting, which had been disputed. Mr. Billing (E. Belfast) resumed the Irish Coercion Debate, opposing the repeal with a formidable array of facts. Mr. Hobson (Admiralty) followed, and Mr. London (City) proposed a negative amendment to the Bill, Mr. A. Albu seconding. The Premier (Mr. Ive) opposed, and Mr. Hawkins (E. Manchester) supported the amendment, the Debate being adjourned on the proposition of Mr. Goldhill (Whitechapel). The time of the sitting spent in Debate was the longest so spent during this Session, and is a further gratifying proof of the great improvement in the tone of the House, shown during the past few weeks.—The House went into Committee, and on the proposition of the Premier carried a resolution, asking the sanction of the Trustees to an arrangement for increasing the numerical strength of the Society.—Order of the day for Tuesday, 26th March.—Anticipated Ministerial Crisis. See Notice-board. JNO. H. MAYNARD, Hon Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

The meeting of this Society is postponed to March the 27th, when Mr. Eastick will read a paper on "Sugar Manufacture," illustrated by experiments, in the Chemists Lecture-room, Technical Schools. The lecture is open to Palace Members and Class pupils. A. P. LAURIE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

Owing to detention at the Meeting of Representatives, we were unable to hand in our report in time for the last issue. We have arranged that in future twelve Members shall spar one round with the Instructor on Fridays, in place of six Members sparring two rounds. This will enable more Members to spar with the Instructor than has hitherto been possible.—Members are reminded of the Run out, which takes place under the leadership of one of our Committee usually every Monday evening at about 8.30. The run out last Monday week was the most successful of any we have had, nearly thirty turning up.—Members' Subscriptions are always gladly received by either of the Hon. Secs., and those Members who are behind in their payments will please note accordingly. I. H. PROOPS, } Hon. Secs.
 ROBERT M. B. LAING, }

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

The fortnightly meeting was held on Friday last, Mr. W. Barrett, Hon. Sec., in the chair, when Mr. Ridgwell was proposed as a Member. A question was raised by Mr. Downing as to whether sulphate of soda would keep better in crystal than in form of a solution. A brief discussion satisfied the meeting that the former was the better. Mr. Gamble then read a paper on the "Preparation of Isochromatic Plates," with full illustrations, and was accorded a hearty vote of thanks. A vote of thanks was likewise given to our chairman. The next meeting of the Club will take place on Friday, April 5th, when Mr. Beckett will read a paper on the "Measurement of Lenses."—The Members of the Club intend to visit the Photographic Exhibition, held at the Crystal Palace, en masse, on Saturday, March 30th; fuller particulars will be duly announced. WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec.
 ALEXANDER ALBU, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director—SERGT. H. H. BURDETT.
 The Annual Gymnastic Competition for Members of the Gymnasium will be held on Thursday, 28th inst. Entries will close on the 27th. Six medals will be competed for. The Competition will consist of Exercises on the Horizontal Bar, Parallel Bars, English Vaulting Horse, and Flying Rings. Entrance fee, Sixpence. There will also be a Competition for Indian Club Swinging, in which two medals will be competed for. Entrance fee, Sixpence. ALBERT E. JACOBS, } Hon. Secs.
 F. A. HUNTER, }

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, Esq., M.A.

The remainder of "Hamlet" was read last Friday evening (Mr. Spender presiding), about 40 ladies and gentlemen being present, and a most enjoyable evening being spent. Great credit is due to Mr. Munro for his vigorous reading of Laertes.—A productive evening will be held on Friday next, and several essays are promised. A poem, entitled "Death," will be read by the author (Mr. W. White). Members are reminded that it is neither fair to themselves nor to the others, to leave all the work to those Members of the Society who are really industrious. On Friday, 29th inst., we intend to study "As You Like It."—All information given by

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

There was no ramble on Saturday last. Weary with countless peregrinations, the Saturday Ramblers bethought them of a change in the programme and—happy thought!—a blending of nicotine and harmony was the result. The Swimming-bath, nicely warmed and platformed for the occasion, was the scene of operations; and some ninety Members and friends turned up to participate in the fun. A capital programme was presented, and apparently gave every satisfaction. Several songs were well sung by the Members of the Club, whilst two visitors, Master Willie Dawson and Mr. Jeffery, who sang respectively "Cherry Ripe," and "Jarge's Jubilee," particularly deserve the thanks of those who were privileged to hear them. Recitations were given by Messrs. Hersant and Clenshaw. Votes of thanks to the Chairman (Mr. Donovan), vice-Chairman (Mr. Rees), and the pianist (Mr. Bramwell), brought, with "Auld Lang Syne," a very successful evening to a close.—Members are referred to the Notice-boards for particulars of next Saturday's ramble.—On Monday next, March 25th, a Committee Meeting will be held in No. 20 Room, Old School-Building, at 8.30 p.m. The Half-yearly General Meeting will be held in No. 2 Room, on Tuesday next, March 26th, at 8 p.m. precisely, when all Members are particularly requested to be present. AGENDA.—To receive the Committee's Report and Balance-sheet; to receive a letter from Mr. Fisher in reference to the Four Days' Tour during the Easter Holiday, and other important business.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

President—SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.
Manager—MR. LAUNDY. | *Stage Manager*—MR. JOHN GIBSON.
Property Master—MR. JOHN HARGRAVES.

Rehearsal, as usual, on Wednesday, at 8 p.m. in Bath-room.

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

TESTIMONIAL TO THE LATE SUB-EDITOR.

A meeting of the Sub-Committee of Representatives will be held on Thursday, 21st inst., at 9 p.m. Members of Committee kindly take note. H. J. HAWKINS, Hon. Sec.

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription:—Members of the Palace, 1s. per annum; Non-Members of the Palace, 3s. per annum. Club nights, Tuesday and Saturday, from 7 p.m. Members meet in the East Ante-room; entrance through the Library. The last match in the Junior Metropolitan Cup Competition was played in our room on Friday last against the Metropolitan Board of Works' Club. Our visitors were victorious by four and a half games to three and a half. To show the evenness of the contest, only three games were won outright, all the rest being drawn. This loss puts us in the third place in the competition, as the M.B.W. won the tie with the Great Western Railway for first place. The full score was as follows:—East London—Rev. F. H. Dinnis, 0; Cudmore, ½; E. J. Smith, 0; Clegg, ½; Bacon, ½; Graves, ½; Haslow, ½; Pike, 1; total, 3½. Metropolitan Board of Works—Lindsay, 1; Davies, ½; Hadden, 1; Bailey, ½; Chase, ½; Barnes, ½; Harvey, ½; Eicke, 0; total 4½. A series of matches of five games is being arranged between Members of our Club, the object being to decide the composition of our match teams for next season, as well as to improve the Members' play. I shall be glad to receive the names of all who wish to give or receive challenges. E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

The Smoking Concert, held last Thursday, was a greater success than ever, the room being crammed. Sir Edmund honoured us with a short visit. The Secretary will attend in the Secretaries' room to receive subscriptions, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, between 8.30 and 9. Terms for the season, 3s. The following is the list of Matches for the ensuing Season:—

FIRST TEAM.

| Date. | Club. | Ground. |
|--------------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|
| April 22 (Easter Monday) | Epping Bell Common | Epping. |
| May 4 .. | East Ham Amateurs | East Ham. |
| " 11 .. | North Woolwich .. | North Woolwich. |
| " 18 .. | St. Luke's .. | Barking. |
| " 25 .. | R.A.N.C. Officers .. | South Woolwich. |
| June 1 .. | City Mills .. | Stratford. |
| " 8 .. | Eton Mission .. | Leyton. |
| " 10 (Whit Monday) | Ham .. | Ham Common, Richmond. |
| " 15 .. | Polytechnic III. .. | Wimbledon. |
| " 22 .. | (Vacant) | |
| " 29 .. | East Ham Amateurs | East Ham. |
| July 6 .. | Stoney Down .. | Walthamstow. |
| " 13 .. | North Woolwich .. | North Woolwich. |
| " 20 .. | Manor Park Amateurs | Manor Park. |
| " 27 .. | Stamford Hill .. | Upper Clapton. |
| Aug. 3 .. | (Vacant) | |
| " 10 .. | Eton Mission .. | Leyton. |
| " 17 .. | Stoney Down .. | Walthamstow. |
| " 24 .. | City Mills .. | Stratford. |
| " 31 .. | Polytechnic III. .. | Wimbledon. |
| Sept. 7 .. | Stamford Hill .. | Upper Clapton. |
| " 14 .. | R.A.N.C. Officers .. | South Woolwich. |
| " 21 .. | Manor Park Amateurs | Manor Park. |
| " 28 .. | St. Luke's .. | Barking. |

SECOND TEAM.

| Date. | Club. | Ground. |
|------------|------------------------|------------------------|
| May 4 .. | St. Anthony's .. | Victoria Park. |
| " 11 .. | Robin Hood .. | Tottenham. |
| " 18 .. | Islington .. | Lake's Farm, Wanstead. |
| " 25 .. | Lambeth Poly. III. .. | Balham. |
| June 1 .. | Howell and Co. .. | Lake's Farm, Wanstead. |
| " 8 .. | Oval .. | " " |
| " 15 .. | Polytechnic V. .. | Wimbledon. |
| " 22 .. | Huntingdon United .. | Canning Town. |
| " 29 .. | Lambeth Poly. III. .. | Balham. |
| July 6 .. | All Saint's .. | Lake's Farm, Wanstead. |
| " 13 .. | Islington .. | Crouch End. |
| " 20 .. | Oval .. | Lake's Farm, Wanstead. |
| " 27 .. | Beaumont .. | Stratford. |
| Aug. 3 .. | All Saint's .. | Forest Gate. |
| " 10 .. | Beaumont .. | Stratford. |
| " 17 .. | Robin Hood .. | Tottenham. |
| " 24 .. | St. Columba's Inst. .. | Lake's Farm, Wanstead. |
| " 31 .. | Polytechnic V. .. | Wimbledon. |
| Sept. 7 .. | St. Anthony's .. | Victoria Park. |
| " 14 .. | Howell and Co. .. | Walthamstow. |
| " 21 .. | St. Columba's Inst. .. | Bushwood, Leytonstone. |
| " 28 .. | Huntingdon United .. | Canning Town. |

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The tickets for the Exhibition (Reeves and Sons' Competition) of Sketches, to be held on the 29th and 30th March, may be had on application at the Office, Technical Schools, or of the Members of the Club, or on Friday next, 22nd March, at 9.30, in the Photogram, Technical Schools.—Sketches intended for Competition must be sent in not later than the 25th March, or they cannot be included in the Competition, and Members are requested to send in Sketches for exhibition *not* illustrating the Competition subjects on or before the 27th March. There will be on exhibition Wood Carvings, Etchings, Plaster Models, and Sketches in Oil and Water Colour. Messrs. Windsor and Newton, the celebrated artists' colourmen, have sent the Hon. Sec. a very kind letter and one guinea, with the intimation that the subscription will be annual. The subjects for March are as under:—

| | | | | |
|---------------|----|----|----|-----------------|
| Figure .. | .. | .. | .. | " Dead." |
| Animal .. | .. | .. | .. | Study of a Cat. |
| Landscape .. | .. | .. | .. | Spring. |
| Marine .. | .. | .. | .. | A Calm Day. |
| Design .. | .. | .. | .. | A Wall Paper. |
| Still Life .. | .. | .. | .. | A Study. |

Will all Members kindly note that a Time Sketching Evening is held once every fortnight. The next occasion will be the 2nd April. Subjects: Landscape, Marine, and Still Life. C. WALTER FLEETWOOD, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES CROSS COUNTRY JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

On Saturday last the Members of this Club journeyed down to Walthamstow to witness the team who had been selected by the Committee to represent the B.H. do battle for the Club in the first Southern Counties Cross Country Junior Championship, and were repaid for their trouble by seeing the Club obtain third position at the finish of the event, being beaten for first place by the Falcon Harriers, and for second by their old opponents in the St. Paul's Harriers by thirty-three points, thus reducing their former victory by some twelve or fifteen points. Considering that nineteen clubs entered for the event, and of this number seventeen faced the starter, the Beaumonts may fairly shake hands with themselves on attaining the position they did, especially after considering that without exception all the competing clubs have been established longer than the B.H., some of them very many years. We cannot give a full description of the race here, but would refer readers to Monday's issue of the *Sportsman* and *Sporting Life*, where they will find a most exhaustive account, the position of not only the clubs but the men being given. Suffice it to say that the following represented the Beaumonts, and finished as according to the numbers set against their respective names, viz.—J. P. Leggett, 13; E. C. Tibbs, 21; J. H. Crawley, 27; P. H. Holland, 35; E. J. Taylor, 42; E. Taylor, 72; E. Bates, 73; H. Johnson, 94; H. Swand, 116; J. Bowling, 117; H. Rhodes, 139. E. J. Crewe also ran, but did not finish, having hurt his foot at half distance. As the first six men of each team count, it will be seen that the Club totalled 210 points as against the Falcon's 137, and the St. Paul's 177. The Cotswold Harriers, who came all the way from Cheltenham (Gloster), on purpose to compete in this event, had exceedingly hard lines, as they supplied the actual winner, and also the third man, and were only beaten for third place by one point, their total being 211. They are to be admired for their gameness.—The Five Miles' Handicap, fixed to take place next Saturday, is postponed until the 30th inst., in consequence of a number of the Members entering for the Spartan Harriers' Meeting at Tufnell Park on Saturday. We trust they will be favoured with good fortune. The entries for the Five Miles will therefore be taken up till Tuesday evening next, and we trust as this is the last race of the Cross Country Season, and takes place on its closing day, that a large entry will be received. The usual Tea and Smoking Concert will follow the event, and the Secretaries would be glad to receive the names of any gentleman who would be willing to oblige with a song or recitation on that occasion. Visitors are invited.—Runs as usual every Tuesday at 8.30., and Saturdays at 4 p.m., when visitors are always welcome.—Committee meeting Tuesday next at 8 p.m. Committeemen please note. J. R. DEELEY, Hon. Sec.
 E. J. CROWE, Assist. Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

Eighteen Members journeyed to Woodford on Saturday last. After tea a splendid ride was indulged in, the route lying through Chingford and Walthamstow to Clapton. The roads were in excellent condition, and the moonlight was so bright that our lamps, although lighted, were not needed.

Present score of Club runs:—J. Burley, J. Dawson, Kennard, Moyle, Peel, Raggett, Slater, Stephens (three), Glover, Green, Hill, Hurst, Hobson, Jessemann, Kilbride, A. Prentice (two), K. Burley, Giles, Gillett, Lyons, Nathan, E. Ransley, Taylor (one). JAMES BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

A very pleasant evening was spent last Thursday at the Club Concert, and there was a good attendance. During the evening Sir E. H. Currie paid us a visit, and we were very pleased to see him looking so well. Among those who assisted at the Concert were—Mr. A. Hopwood, who quite delighted everyone with his droll sketches, Miss Larter, Mr. Levy, Miss Carroll, and Messrs Thomas and Laundry. M. MELLISH.
 The Wednesday Dances in the Social-room will be discontinued at the end of the month. L. A. ADAM.

People's Palace Junior Section.

JUNIOR RAMBLING CLUB.

Last Saturday the Junior Rambling Club, accompanied by Messrs. Lowther, Murdoch and Burdett, visited Newgate Prison, and were shown many objects of interest, including the chapel, cells, the axe used in beheading the Cato Street Conspirators, etc. A very agreeable afternoon was spent.—Next Saturday we leave the Palace at 2.15 p.m., and meet at West India Docks at 3 o'clock, to go over H.M.S. *President*. B. LOLOSKY, Hon. Sec.
 F. THORPE, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PROGRAMME

OF

A GRAND ENTERTAINMENT

TO BE GIVEN

ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20TH, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK,

BY THE

"WANDERING DODO" AMATEUR MINSTRELS.

ORCHESTRA.

- Violins.. Messrs. GRIESBACH, EMMANUEL, CLARKE & LINES (Leader). Flute .. Mr. CHANDLER. Piccolo .. Mr. LANCASTER. Clarionets .. Messrs. DODWELL & GENGE. Cornet .. Mr. WILLIAMS. Euphonium .. Mr. LINNEY. Violincello .. Mr. COLLIS. Double Bass .. Mr. C. CORNER. Pianist .. Mr. W. E. EVANS.

HONORARY COMMITTEE.

- Chairman .. Mr. FRANK HUNT. Vice-Chairman .. Mr. FREDK. MCTIER. Stage Manager .. Mr. W. JAUQUES. Assist. Stage Manager .. Mr. A. STOCKEN. Musical Director .. Mr. J. CALVIN LINES. Chorus Master .. Mr. DICK PARGETER. Acting Manager .. Mr. F. S. MEIKLEHAM. Assist. Acting Manager .. Mr. PAUL DE CAUVILLE. Assist. Secretary .. Mr. L. AULAGNIER.

Mr. H. E. HARRISON.

Mr. C. ORPIN, Secretary, 11, Alexandra Road, Hornsey, N., To whom all Communications should be addressed.

BONES:

- Mr. E. MIDDLETON. Mr. H. E. HARRISON. Mr. F. YOUNGHUSBAND.

TAMBOURINES:

- Mr. DICK PARGETER. Mr. C. G. THORPE. Mr. J. L. BENTHALL.

- INTERLOCUTOR .. Mr. A. LIDINGTON.

PART I.

- OPENING CHORUS .. "Funiculi Funicula" THE DODOS. BALLAD .. "Love's Golden Dream" Mr. J. FERGUSON. COMIC SONG .. "Kitty with the buckles on her shoes" Mr. DICK PARGETER.

- BALLAD .. "Sleep, my love, sleep" Mr. C. FELSTEAD. COMIC SONG .. "X. N. T." Mr. H. E. HARRISON. BALLAD .. "The Old Wooden Rocker" Mr. H. I. WINTER. BALLAD .. "Little Robin, tell Kittie I'm coming" MASTER G. HICKS. COMIC SONG .. "She ain't the Girl I thought she was" Mr. C. G. THORPE. BALLAD .. "The Song that reached my heart" Mr. WALTER BUCQUET. COMIC SONG .. "The Whistling Coon" Mr. E. MIDDLETON. BALLAD .. "Nestle me close to your heart" Mr. ARTHUR CROW. FINALE .. "The American National Guard" Mr. F. H. YOUNGHUSBAND.

AN INTERVAL OF TEN MINUTES.

PART II.

- OVERTURE .. "The Pelican Lancers" (EDW. SOLOMON.) THE ORCHESTRA. TOPICAL SONG (specially arranged) "Fancies mixed with Smoke" (Words by P. W. GARROD. Music by T. SIDNEY SMITH.) Mr. H. E. HARRISON.

"DODO JUSTICE."

- Judge .. Mr. DICK PARGETER. Counsel .. Mr. MARTIN CAHILL. Clerk .. Mr. C. G. THORPE. Constable XX. .. Mr. STUART PARGETER. Prisoners, Jury, &c.

- CLOG DANCE .. Mr. TOM GENGE.

THE DODO BANJO BAND.

Messrs. BENTHALL, THORPE, VOSE, YOUNGHUSBAND, HUNTLEY BROTHERS, MILLER and LAPWORTH.

- BIG BOOT DANCE (36-inch long boots) Mr. STUART PARGETER. CORNET SOLO .. Mr. WILLIAMS. TRAGIC INTERLUDE .. Mr. DICK PARGETER. A FEW MISCELLANEOUS MOMENTS.. Messrs. MILLER & LAPWORTH.

GROTESQUE QUADRILLE.

Messrs. TOM GENGE, J. FERGUSON, F. H. YOUNGHUSBAND, and WILL JAUQUES.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

Calendar of the Week.

March 21st.—The day of St. Benedict. This saint was the Founder of the great Order of Benedictines, which spread from his Abbey of Monte Cassino, near Naples, over the whole of Western Europe. The great principles of the Order were absolute obedience, celibacy, and poverty. In course of time, however, the Order became possessed of unbounded wealth.

Cranmer was burned on this day, 1556. The High Churchmen of the present day have industriously blackened the character of this great man. It must not be forgotten, however, what he and his friends accomplished for the country,—the Bible in our own tongue for everybody to read; the foundation of freedom in thought and discussion: the abolition of confession,—that most mighty instrument in the enslaving of mankind: the destruction of the thousand-and-one superstitions which had grown up in the Church,—those things are all due to Cranmer and his friends. Had it not been for them not even a chapel for freedom of worship would be possible; not an expression of opinion on religious doctrine: not a Bible to be read. Let us remember these things, therefore, and revere the memory of Cranmer.

Robert Southey, poet, died on this day, 1843. He was not a great poet, but his life and the story of his indomitable industry are well worthy to be read.

March 22nd.—Goethe died this day, 1832, aged eighty-four years: the greatest poet and genius that Germany has yet produced.

On this day, 1312, the great and famous Order of Knights Templars was suppressed. There is no more curious and instructive story than that of this Order. It was instituted in the year 1118, in order to protect pilgrims on the road to Jerusalem. It lived therefore for 194 years. During this period the Order became enormously wealthy, so wealthy that it was a danger to France, England, and Italy, where it had vast manors and possessions. Their suppression was brought about by a close understanding between the King of France and the Pope. The Knights were on a certain day seized, imprisoned, questioned, and tortured. They were charged with heresy, blasphemy, luxury, and every kind of vice. Their Grand Master, and many of their principal officers, were burned at the stake: their property was confiscated: they were dispersed among various monasteries, and kept prisoners until death released them. As for the English Templars, who were treated in the same manner, their splendid house on the Thames, called the Temple, was left desolate for a time, until the lawyers took possession of it. The present courts and squares of the Temple preserve the original arrangement of the House, and the beautiful Church has, most happily, remained uninjured to the present day.

March 23rd.—On this day, 1801, Paul, Czar of Russia, was assassinated.

On this day also, 1829, died the great German composer Weber.

The Battle of Novara was fought. On March 23rd, 1862, was burned to the ground the stately old house called Campden House, or Queen Anne's Palace. It was built by Sir Baptist Hicks, a silk mercer in Cheapside, who amassed a great fortune, and was afterwards created first Lord Campden. It was he who built Hicks's Hall, Clerkenwell. In Campden House Queen Anne lived while still Princess Anne. Here her son, the little Duke of Gloucester, died at the age of eleven.

March 24th.—Queen Elizabeth died, 1603.

Haroun al Raschid, twenty-fifth Caliph, died in the year 809. His name signifies Aaron the Just: he was Caliph, that is to say Successor to Mohammed. He is the hero of the Arabian Nights, and his memory still survives in the mouths of the Persian story-tellers. In pious tribute to the memory of the Caliph I have transcribed for another page of the Journal, a story which is not to be found in the Arabian Nights. It was done into English by a certain learned Professor, who was afterwards murdered by the Arabs, August 15th, 1882, in the Desert of Sinai.

The American poet, Longfellow, died on this day.

March 25th.—The Annunciation, commonly called Lady Day. There were formerly 2,120 churches in England alone dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

Born on this day, 1771, was Murat, Marshal of France King of Naples, and married to Napoleon's sister. The son of a village innkeeper, he began by assuming the ecclesiastical robe, and was destined for the Church, but he ran away and enlisted in a regiment of cavalry. From a village inn to a throne was advancement enough for anybody. He was shot in Italy after the final fall of his brother-in-law.

March 26th.—Vanbrugh, architect and dramatist, died 1726. He is buried in the beautiful church of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. It was of him that the epigram was written: Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he Laid many a heavy load on thee.

March 27th.—On this day died James the First—the latter Solomon. Alas! we have heard disrespectful things of the wisdom of this Solomon the Second. There is also quite a long list of Kings, Popes, and Potentates who departed life on this day, leaving behind them no more than a name, and hardly a name. Who remembers, for instance, King Alphonso II., who died in 1350? Let us go away and meditate, until this day week, on the smallness of our great men and the vanity of ambition.

Letters to the Editor.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

SIR,—Referring to the letter signed by Mr. Thomas W. Moreton on behalf of the Committee of the above Club, and my letter of the 6th inst., I would ask Mr. Moreton and his fellow-committeemen to kindly read my letter again. I cannot for the life of me see were I have laid myself open to contradiction. I never said "that the First Eleven Team did not put in an appearance, and the Second Eleven played four short"; but "that the First Team turned up with four men short, while the Second Team did not turn up at all." These remarks I took from the Football News. Mr. Thomas W. Moreton and his Committeemen might have taken the trouble to have read my letter correctly before writing to the Journal. Again, if the original matches were scratched in a regular manner, why do the Beaumont's opponents publish such sarcastic remarks as they did in the Football News? As regards what are called the assorted teams, I am quite aware that the number of football players is very limited at the Palace, which is the greater reason why the Beaumont F.C. should not have more than one team. Why not have a thorough good first team, and if there are sufficient Members, form a reserve team, and arrange matches accordingly. By having a reserve team, you are always sure of a regular team to do battle for the Club. As stated in my first, the Beaumont Football Club (or any other Club in connection with the People's Palace), if they wish to uphold the good name of the Institute, "cannot afford to sit meekly at the feet of their neighbours and feed on crumbs of success, while others are enjoying a full feast of victory." I have no wish to do the Club any harm, my intentions are far, very far, from that.

Apologising for encroaching on your valuable space, I am, Sir, your obedient servant, X. Y. Z.

AGRICULTURE.

SIR,—May I be allowed to suggest, through the medium of your valuable paper, the formation of a Technical Class for the rudiments of Agriculture, etc., chiefly with a view to emigration parties to our Colonies and U.S. of America; but also in view of the possible changes in the land system of the United Kingdom in the near future. Arrangements might be made with one or two farmers on the Eastern fringe of London, for weekly visits of a certain number of Members of such a class, and a great deal of practice could be obtained in back gardens, and on pieces of hired land, with the advice and supervision of a practical man.

I think such a thing would be as popular, when properly known, as anything in the Institution. It would be a boon to townsmen, and give many of them a chance and a hope for the future such as nothing else would bring, for the demand for mechanics, shopmen, and clerks, is either strictly limited or nil in all parts of the world; but an agriculturalist can get a living and a chance of fortune at all times in North America, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A LONDONER.

A TRADING establishment on the Congo recently sent an order to England for a consignment of rum. And very appropriately it was added in a postscript: "Send more handcuffs."

"WHEN a man dies suddenly without having been attended by a doctor," says a popular guide to the law, "the coroner has to be called in, and an inquest held to ascertain the cause of death. But," adds the writer, "when he dies after having been attended by a doctor, then everybody knows why he died, and an inquest is not necessary."

Time Table of Classes.

SESSION 1888-9.

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

The Workshops are replete with requirements, well filled with Tools, etc. The Lectures will be fully demonstrated with Experiments, Diagrams, Dissolving Views, Specimens, Practical Demonstrations, etc.

Practical Trade Classes.

Table with columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists classes like Tailors' Cutting, Upholstery, Plumbing, Cabinet Making, etc.

Technical Classes.

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

Art and Design Classes.

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

Science Classes.

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

General Classes.

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

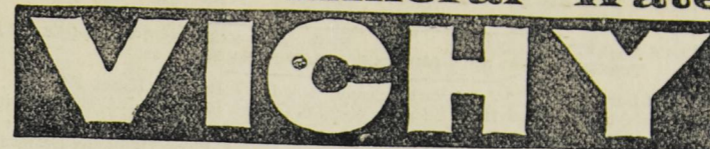
Musical Classes.

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

Special Classes for females only.

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

The Natural Mineral Waters of



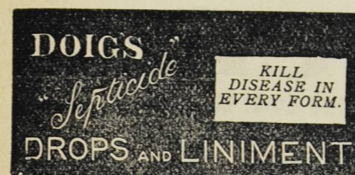
36s. per Case 50 Bottles Carriage paid.

32s. per Case 50 Half-Bottles Carriage Paid.

(STATE SPRINGS).

"CELESTINS," for Diseases of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, &c. "GRANDE-GRILLE," for Diseases of the Liver and Biliary Organs, &c. "HOPITAL," for Stomach Complaints. "HAUTERIVE," an excellent Table Water.

Sole English Branch—INGRAM & ROYLE, LONDON: 52, Farringdon St., E.C. LIVERPOOL: Finney Lane. BRISTOL: Bath Bridge. And of all Chemists. A Full Descriptive Pamphlet on application.



DOIG'S

DROPS AND LINIMENT DROPS AND LINIMENT Cure CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS & DIPHTHERIA

TO BE HAD AT ALL CHEMISTS, OR FROM ALEXANDER DOIG, 7, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, E.C.

IMPORTANT TO ALL WORKING MEN AND WOMEN.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS

Will be found to be an invaluable as well as inexpensive remedy for,

- COLDS, COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, RHEUMATISM.

The Rev. MARK GUY PEARSE, says:—"Dear Sir,—I think it only right that I should tell you of how much use I find ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in my family and amongst those to whom I have recommended them. We are never without them, and find them a very breast-plate against Colds and Coughs. Yours ever faithfully, M. GUY PEARSE, 11, Bedford Place, Russell Square, London, Dec. 10, 1888."

Sold in various sizes from 1/14 to 22/6. A great saving is effected in purchasing the larger sizes. The 1/9, 4/6, and 22/6 are put up in Tin Cases, and are very handy for Families and Travellers.



ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS

Are the best preventatives of all the evils arising from exposure to weather. An immediate relief in

- PAINS IN BACK, PAINS IN SIDE, SCIATICA, IN RUPTURES

They are a very good substitute for the uncomfortable Truss.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, Special Correspondent to the Daily Telegraph, says:—"And in particular a couple of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS clapped on—one on the chest and another between the shoulder blades—soon set me right again," referring to an attack he had of bronchitis and asthma on his way to "The Land of the Golden Fleece," and the above remarks are contained in his letter to the London Daily Telegraph, published August 14, 1885.

CAUTION.—Insist on having the genuine. The guarantee is the words "THOS. ALLCOCK & CO. POROUS PLASTER" on the Stamp.

THE ROYAL MATERNITY CHARITY,

31, FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON.

FOR DELIVERING POOR MARRIED WOMEN AT THEIR OWN HABITATIONS BY SKILLED AND TRAINED MIDWIVES.

INSTITUTED 1757.

Patron.—HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN. President—HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.G., &c. &c.
Treasurer—SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., M.P., F.R.S., &c., &c.

CONSULTING PHYSICIANS.—Dr. Robert Barnes, F.R.C.P., 15, Harley Street, W.; Dr. J. Braxton Hicks, F.R.C.P., F.R.S., 24, George Street, Hanover Square; Dr. Henry Gervis, F.R.C.P., 40, Harley Street, W.; Dr. George Roper, M.R.C.P., 19, Ovington Gardens, S.W.

DIVISIONAL PHYSICIANS.—Dr. Fancourt Barnes, M.R.C.P., 7, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, Senior Physician and Lecturer; Dr. Fred. J. Smith, M.R.C.P., F.R.C.S., 7, West Street, Finsbury Circus, Physician of the Eastern Division.

THIS INSTITUTION is the oldest and largest Lying-in-Charity in Great Britain. About 4,000 poor Women are annually relieved at the most critical period of their lives without removal from their own homes, a great boon to the poor, as no one need be reminded of the importance of a mother's presence in a poor man's family. Moreover, under this system of home-ministration none are denied for want of room; as in the words of the noble President,

"ALL LONDON IS THE CHARITY'S HOSPITAL, AND EVERY STREET A WARD."

In fact, there is no limit to the Charity's operations but the want of sufficient funds, which are much needed. Six Patients can be annually recommended for a Life Subscription of TEN GUINEAS or an Annual Subscription of ONE GUINEA, or three for a Life Subscription of FIVE GUINEAS, which costs the Charity nearly four times that amount, and the Trustees have had to sell out their funded property to meet this deficiency. The Committee, therefore, earnestly appeal for Contributions, to enable them to fully maintain the benevolent work of this Institution, which will be thankfully received by the

Treasurer—SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., M.P., 15, Lombard Street; or at the Charity's House, 31, Finsbury Square, E.C., by
J. W. LONG, Secretary.

The Celebrated "BECTIVE" Boots and Shoes.

SOLE MANUFACTURER:

JAMES BRANCH,

Wholesale Warehouse & Manufactory: 19, 21 and 23, Bethnal Green Road, opposite Shoreditch Goods Station, LONDON, E., and at St. Michael's Road, NORTHAMPTON.

Retail Boot & Leather Warehouse: 159 & 161, ROMAN ROAD, E.

A Family Trade is specially cultivated, and all Goods are recommended for their COMFORT, DURABILITY, ELEGANCE and ECONOMY.

WE CLOSE ON THURSDAYS AT 5 p.m.

See Illustrations and Articles in the 'QUEEN,' Nov. 17th, 1888.

PEOPLE'S PALACE MEMORY LESSONS.

Arrangements have been made for Members of the PEOPLE'S PALACE to receive Courses of Prof. LOISETTE'S MEMORY TRAINING LESSONS for £1 is. instead of £2 2s. (Private Lessons, £5 5s.). First Lecture next Tuesday, at 8 p.m., at 37, OXFORD STREET.

Mr. D. GREENLEAF THOMPSON (Author of "A System of Psychology," Longmans, 1884), Dr. W. A. HAMMOND (Author of "Works on the Mind") and Dr. M. L. HOLBROOK (Author of "How to Strengthen the Memory") testify that the LOISETTE system is original and of great value. Opinions of pupils who have passed Examinations and of members of the Medical, Scholastic, Clerical, etc., professions, post free from Prof. LOISETTE, 37, New Oxford Street, London.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

THE PUBLIC VERDICT IS THAT THEY ARE UNEQUALLED FOR

Simplicity, Durability, Superiority of Stitch, and Variety of Work.

PRICE FROM

£4 - 4 - 0.

Ten per cent. discount for Cash.

On Hire

AT

PER 2/6 WEEK,

With Option of Purchase.

INSTRUCTION FREE.

PRICE LISTS GRATIS.



OVER

6,750,000

OF THESE CELEBRATED

SEWING MACHINES

HAVE NOW BEEN SOLD,

AND THE

ANNUAL SALES

EXCEED

600,000.

To Avoid Deception, buy no Machine unless the Company's Trade Name—"SINGER," is upon the Arm

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Management for the United Kingdom:—39, Foster Lane, London, E.C.

Branch offices in this district:—

269, COMMERCIAL ROAD, E. 104, BARKING ROAD, VICTORIA DOCKS.

105, CHRISP STREET, POPLAR, E. 38, BROADWAY, STRATFORD. 5, EAST STREET, BARKING.
HIGH STREET, EPPING (5 doors from post office).

Printed by THOMAS POULTER & SONS, for the TRUSTEES OF THE BEAUMONT TRUST, People's Palace, Mile End, E., at their Works, The Globe Printing and Paper Works, Rupert Street, E. Office: 6, Arthur Street West, E.C.—Wednesday, March 20th, 1889.