

THE PALACE JOURNAL
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[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE
Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY, 16th January.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

SATURDAY, 17th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—In the Queen's Hall, Re-opening of the Organ, Vocal and Instrumental Concert, at 8.

SUNDAY, 18th.—Library open from 3 to 10.—Organ Recitals at 12.30, 4, and 8.

MONDAY, 19th.—Library open from 10 to 5, and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—People's Popular Lectures: Lecture by Mr. H. Cunynghame on "Popular Education," to be followed by the "Modoc Minstrels."

TUESDAY, 20th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

WEDNESDAY, 21st.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—In the Queen's Hall, at 8, a Ballad Concert.

THURSDAY, 22nd.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

In order to clear off a certain amount of matter standing in type for some time past, I have this week omitted my notes of what is going on in the Technical World. In this connection I may mention that I hope in the very near future to commence the promised series of chatty sketches of the World's Technical Institutes; for it is only speaking by the book to say that social and educational centres of the kind in question are springing up all over the habitable globe. At all events, China possesses a Polytechnic as also does Japan, while in the U.S.A. the movement has received a very marked impetus of late. Arrangements are also in progress for occasionally illustrating the *Journal*.

A WOMEN'S Handicrafts Exhibition will be held at the Westminster Town Hall, on January 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th, inclusive. The object is to encourage the most novel, beautiful, profitable, and commercially important forms of women's work in the British Isles, the Colonies, and British India. The promoters do not aim at exhibiting specimens of work that is peculiarly that of women—such as the plain and fancy needlework of the ordinary kind—but at opening up new fields for those who are dependent for a livelihood upon their own exertions. A detailed prospectus of classes, prizes, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary, Handicrafts Exhibition, *Woman*, 26, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

MOST of the daily and local newspapers gave very good reports of the Student's Conversazione on the 5th. This fixture appears to have given general satisfaction.

THE concert by the Welsh Choir on Saturday last proved a great success, but some of our friends were very unreasonable in their repeated demands for "encores." During the interval, a capital display by Messrs. Hall and Millett (Poly. boys, by-the-bye) with Indian clubs were given. Master H. Stone, a little boy of 7, one of Mr. Hall's youngest pupils, assisted in swinging the clubs.

"SECRETS will out" is an old proverb, and in this case we are not at all ashamed of the "secret." The entire staff of the Palace intend making a presentation to Sir Edmund Hay Currie on the 31st inst.; the students, Old Boys' Club, and Junior Section will also

each present their former "chief" with a testimonial, so that we are anticipating a treat on this night, when we shall try to show Sir Edmund how much we appreciate all he did for the East-End. It is proposed to have the usual dinner (time and place not yet arranged), and Mr. Walter Besant has promised to preside. Further information may be had of Mr. Osborn.

THE Classes have commenced the second term of the session with a good swing. To-night Mr. Low commences his course of lectures on Machine Design. Fee for the course, 1/6 only.

NOTES on "The Chemistry of Building Materials," by A. J. Evans, M.A., B.Sc., F.C.S., Drapers' Company's Institute, People's Palace, and Albert Grenville, Teacher of Building Construction, Drapers' Company's Institute, People's Palace, may be had at the Bookstall; price 6d.

THE Organ case is now complete, and we hope in a short time to give our readers a photo of it in the *Journal*. On Saturday next, we are anticipating a "big" night for the re-opening of the organ.—By-the-bye, are all our members taking the *Journal*?—I am afraid not.

ST. JOHN AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION.—Past students will be glad to learn that the certificates are now ready, and can be had upon application at the office.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—There is no doubt the weather is made responsible for a great deal, perhaps more than is fair, but there can be little question that it was in a great measure responsible for the smallness of the number who availed themselves on Saturday of the facilities offered by the proprietors of the Doré Gallery. However, a party of nine visited the celebrated collection, which has been aptly called the "Home of Sacred Art." Of course, the chief interest centres around the wonderful pictures that illustrate two of the most important points in our Saviour's history. One cannot help being interested in the remarkable contrast between the triumphal entrance into Jerusalem, amid shouting crowds and waving palms, and the terrible pathos of the other scene as Christ, surrounded now only by scowling faces and ominous threats, leaves the Judgment Hall of Pilate. One is inclined to wonder, too, where those disciples, who look so proud and important in the first picture, can have disappeared. It is a wonderful collection of faces that the painter has grouped around the Judgment Hall, but they are lost in the solitary grandeur of that central figure, who stands there, impassive it is true, but with an agony on His face, born of the knowledge that the greatest offering given by heaven to man has been rejected. It is useless, however, endeavouring to describe, in this limited space, the many beauties of art that crowd this gallery. We cannot, however, pass by without a reference to two other conceptions which occupy the opposite end of the hall to those we have already described. The "Vale of Tears" is an allegorical picture, but "Moses before Pharaoh" is realism full of a weird ghastly horror, which, however, irresistibly attracts the attention. Agonised mothers bending over their dead little ones whom they have brought to the steps of Pharaoh's palace, while Moses stands by, pitying, it is true, but with an awful grimness in his unrelenting sternness.—We must not forget, either, the latest addition made to this wonderful collection by the picture called "The Market Place at Nazareth," by Edwin Long, R.A., or the various other pictures of smaller design by Doré himself, all of which contribute in no small degree to the visitors enjoyment. We shall undoubtedly make arrangements for another visit to this Gallery at an early date.—January 17th, Charrington's Brewery; meet outside at 2.45 p.m.—A. MCKENZIE, W. POCKETT, Hon Secs.

On Thursday next, January 22nd, our Civil Service classes tutor, Mr. G. J. Michell, B.A., Lond., will commence a series of lectures on "Our Railways," in Class-room 7, at 7.30 p.m. The lectures will be illustrated by railway maps, and by views of some of the places mentioned. The lecturer will give the reason of the commercial importance of each place, and will narrate many of the events that have made the names of so many places famous in English history. It is hoped the lectures will be of interest to all students of geography and history. Admission will be free to all students of the Civil Service classes; to others a charge of 2s. per term will be made.

The Joint Committee of the City and Guilds of London Institute and the Tylers' and Bricklayers' Company announce a Practical Examination in Bricklaying, to be held in the months of June, July, or August, 1891, of candidates resident within the Metropolitan area, limited to thirty in number; but no candidate will be admitted unless he declares himself an operative bricklayer, or intending so to be. No limitation of age will be fixed, but each candidate must have passed the Paper Examination of the Institute, when, if desirous to become a candidate for the Practical Examination, he will, on application, be supplied with the regulations thereof. Certificates will be issued to the best candidates in this examination. Applications to be addressed to the City and Guilds of London Institute, Gresham College, Gresham Street, E.C.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB.—Last Saturday a party of the P.P.C.C. were seen gliding on their way to Broxbourne over the frozen surface of the Lea.—All the tickets for the Cinderella are disposed of. Procrastinators, please note.—To-night (Friday) all cyclists should be present at the "Bodega," St. Mary Axe, the occasion being the Annual Smoker and Prize Distribution of the Eastern Counties Road Club. The witty editor of the *Cyclist* takes the chair, supported by the poetical editor of the *Cycle Record*.—The Unity Smoker was a success, and a good gathering took place, in spite of the demon fog.—The Cycling Club will hold a Social Dance at the Palace. Particulars will appear in the *Journal* shortly.—A party is being organised to visit the Stanley Show on Saturday, January 24th. Those members who wish to join the same should communicate with the General Hon. Secretary.—The first General Meeting of the season 1891 was held last evening, particulars of which will appear next week.—The tickets for the third Cinderella dance at the Bromley Vestry Hall, on February 7th, are now ready. As fifty are already bespoke, friends requiring any must not delay.—The financial Secretary asks me to remind members that subscriptions fell due on January 1st, 1891.—"Cycling possesses another phase, even more enticing and instructive than those mentioned, and which is dealt with elsewhere. We refer to touring. For various reasons this is not within the power of all, but those who have the opportunity should not neglect it. To go where one lists, through the length and breadth of the land, independent of railways and time tables; to wander here and loiter there; to mingle with unsophisticated peasants in out-of-the-way districts; to listen to their quaint legends, mark their strange customs, and sympathise with their sorrows. These are pleasures true and genuine, calculated to educate, to elevate, and expand the mind, and to supply an unending store of subjects for future thought and meditation."—*McCreedy*.
AJAX.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY, Conductor, Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.—Practices are held as usual on Tuesday and Friday, at 8 o'clock. The works in rehearsal are Barnett's "Ancient Mariner," and Handel's "Samson," this last for an early performance.—At the meeting last Friday, Mr. Cockburn was elected Secretary in the place of Mr. Fernley, who has resigned. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Fernley, for the excellent manner in which he had discharged the duties of his office.
J. G. COCKBURN, Hon. Secretary.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GIRLS' GYMNASIUM CLUB.—Last Friday, the 9th, we held our Social Evening, postponed from the previous week, when the many counter-attractions decided us to defer our meeting until after the festive holidays. In spite of the severe weather, many members attended, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The songs rendered by Mr. Burdett and Mr. Howard afforded especial pleasure, and with some amusing games, etc., the evening terminated all too soon.—Miss James, an honorary member, is kindly arranging for us to visit Newgate Gaol on the occasion of our next ramble. We much appreciate her kindness, and are eagerly looking forward to this interesting event. On Wednesday, the 28th, we are going to have a dance in the Lecture Hall. Only our own members will be admitted, each having a ticket to admit a gentleman friend. Should this, our first dance, prove successful, there will probably be others during the season. Members are reminded that their club tickets must be renewed at the end of the month, or at latest on the occasion of our next Social, Friday, February 6th. Any new member will be gladly welcomed.
ANNIE A. HEINEMANN, Captain; REBECCA JOSEPHS, Vice-Captain.

Examination Results.

EVENING CLASSES.—Result of Class Examination in Machine Drawing, held 16th December, 1890.—*Advanced Class*.—*First Class* (in order of merit). Mc Connell, W.; Frindell, C.; Reeve, R.; Kitchen, F. G.; Parrott, G.; Harborne, G.—*Second Class* (in order of merit). Campling, G. P.; Munden, S.; Towndrow, E. J.; Harvey, J.; Maycock, C. R.; Royan, W. M.; Young, H.; Spyers, J.; Bineham, A.; Jordan, J.; Mayhew, H. B.; Huard, T.; Pattman, R. No failures.—*Elementary Class*.—*First Class* (in order of merit). Broome, E. R.; Bradley, W. J.; Dodd, J. A.; Harris, F. W.; Kerr, E. I.; Small, C. G.; Tidswell, H. F.; Clark, T. W.; Fox, T. H.; Lumpner, T.; Boulding, L. H.; Carr, W. H.; Lewis, J.; Usherwood, T. S.; Aust, H. A.; Bowles, J.; Toope, R.; Wallbank, J. C.; Zieschang, R.; Behenna, R. T.; Dunn, J.; Scotland, E.; Frame, W. A.; Pemberton, H. N.; Breden, F. C.; Bryant, G.; Hughes, F.; Bayley, M. W.; Warren, T. J.; Chant, W. G.; Deare, J. J. W.; Lyons, E.; Munden, C.; Brown, G. R. H.; Honeybourne, W.; Mercer, D.; Trowbridge, H. E.; Kratz, C. W.; Nelson, H.; Platt, J.; Willis, A.—*Second Class* (in order of merit). Williams, J. H.; Blacklock, W. J.; Grist, N. H.; Powell, J.; Cameron, G.; Mackenzie, E.; Weatherdon, R.; Dickson, R.; Limond, P.; Smith, S.; Duffy, T.; Mayhew, R.; Cole, A. H.; Craigie, A. H.; Robb, J.; Alexander, H. C.; Flower, J. S.; Coghlan, J.; Rickard, B. Six failures. D. A. L.

RESULTS of Class Examinations in Steam and the Steam Engine, and Applied Mechanics, held December 18th, 1890.—Steam and the Steam-Engine. *First Class* (in order of merit). Reeve, R.; Iron, W. L.; Ansell, C. T.; Eve, H. A.; Appleyard, W. H. S.; Carnegie, F.—*Second Class* (in order of merit). Boulding, L.; Sheppard, H. H.; Bye, T.; Baines, H.; Bowles, J.; Robb, J. Two failures.—Applied Mechanics. *First Class* (in order of merit). Nicholls, J. S.; Baines, H.; Sherring, A. E.; Broome, E. R.—*Second Class* (in order of merit). Marsh, H. H.; Appleyard, W. H.; Ford, F. G.; Reeve, R.; Lyons, E.; Sheppard, H. H.; Ansell, C. T.; Tebbot, W. S.; Bowles, J. Three failures. F. G. C.

Ladies' Column.

AN Exhibition of Women's Handicrafts will be held in Westminster Town Hall on January 26th, 27th, 28th and 29th. Those who can go should not fail to do so.

There are not many women in the ranks of French journalism, but *Woman* gives an interesting account this week of a notable lady, Madame Séverine.

Strange to say, nearly all the women occupied in London journalism are either Irish or Scotch. Only one or two English-women are to be found in the profession.

Sir Edward Guinness, founder of our Winter Garden, has lately been raised to the Peerage.

Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg have just given a ball, which was a brilliant success. Those interested in gorgeous costumes will find detailed accounts in every one of the ladies' papers. Three ladies have been judiciously helping Mr. Phillips to distribute help amongst the Irish peasants. One of these ladies, at her own expense, took over a French fancy basket-maker, and he is now teaching the trade to the peasants, who are said to take most kindly to it.

The late dispute at the Post Office, grounded partly on the fear that women clerks will eventually oust the men, is not without considerable interest, and goes to prove that until men insist that women employed in the same capacity as themselves receive the same salary, nothing can be done to make the fear groundless; as long as women are employed at a lower rate than men for identically the same work, so long will the Government and other employers engage their services. If men would recognise this important fact, and thus protect themselves, there would be no fear of women ousting them from their present posts.

The rage for penetrating Darkest Africa is on the increase; an American lady will shortly start with a phonograph, I hear.

The Darkest England controversy continues, and the subscription list increases, but we regret to hear that Commissioner Smith has left the force on account of the money difficulty. Truly money is the root of all evil.

Two ladies were present at the birthday dinner given by the *Daily Graphic*.

German Universities still inexorably close their doors on women, but sometimes they slip in to lectures unobserved by the professors in Leipsic.

Mrs. Shaw, the lady *siffleuse*, has made a great hit in Russia. She was presented with a magnificent bracelet quite recently from an appreciative audience.

Hockey appears to be taken up by women. A match played a short time ago was noticed by us, and now *Woman* gives an account of the same with rules.

M. S. R. J.

Gleanings—Grave and Gay.

THE possibility of the coming of the time when a universal language shall be adopted by all nations, and the question, What shall that language be? are problems that have often been curiously discussed. We have never, however, seen such positive opinions expressed on the immediate future of languages as those just put forward by M. de Candolle, a Swiss scientist of high repute, who has carefully collated facts bearing on the subject. His conclusions are thus summarized in an English review.

M. DE CANDOLLE, one of the representative men of science in Geneva, gives a chapter of curious interest on the question, "Which of the modern languages will necessarily be dominant in the twentieth century?" He answers the question without hesitation in favour of the English. He shows scientific impartiality in this reply, for French is his native language, and French is the present dominant language of both learning and diplomacy in Europe. Through all the middle ages, and down to nearly a hundred years after the Reformation, Latin was the dominant language of the learned world. But what of the future? A common language, a representative speech, not only for science and literature, as heretofore, but now also for society, diplomacy, court life, and still more for travel and commercial intercourse, is not only desirable, but unavoidable. It necessarily comes of itself, and English is evidently thus coming into play as superseding the French, and not only pervading Europe, but compassing the world—a sort of international, not to say unifying, language in not a few of the most important relations and interests of modern civilisation. What may be called the evidence of the subject is obvious enough, and has produced a general, though vague, anticipation of M. de Candolle's opinion. Anglican colonisation—in Africa, in the Antilles, in North America, in Australia, in New Zealand, etc.—is spreading, as we all know, the English language over immense and permanent fields, such as no other people of Europe can command. British domination without colonisation, as in India (where it controls about two hundred and forty millions of subjects), is extending the knowledge of English more slowly, indeed, but still on a vast scale. British and American commerce is rendering it more or less familiar in hundreds of foreign mercantile communities. British and American travel is rendering it necessary on nearly all the highways of Continental Europe—so necessary, indeed, that it is now taught as a qualification for business in the common schools of all the leading nations of Western Europe, except Spain and Portugal, and is used in all their chief hotels and mercantile houses.

ON such evidence as this, intelligent observers have long supposed the predestined prevalence of English; but M. de Candolle is not content with this vague, general proof. He is noted in the scientific world for his habit of rigorous induction and his careful use of statistics, and it is by these that his discussion of the subject has chiefly been interesting to us. I wish here to produce the outline, at least, of his tabulated evidence, as available and valuable to intelligent readers, not only on this but on other questions. He goes backward somewhat for his statistics, thereby making them sure, and dates from 1870. He gives the numerical prevalence at that date of the English, German, and French languages—the only tongues that can contest the question. Here are his well-authenticated figures, given in millions:—English: in England, 31; in United States, 40; in Canada, etc. (Dominion), 4; in Australia, New Zealand, etc., 2; total, 77. German: in Germany and Austria, 60; in Switzerland, 2; total 62. French: in France, 36½; in Belgium, 2½; in Switzerland, 1½; in Algeria and other colonies, 1; total, 40½.

M. DE CANDOLLE next estimates, from the past increase of the populations using respectively these languages, their future increase. The population of England doubles in fifty years; it will be, therefore, in a century (in 1970) 124. In the United States, Canada, and Australia, etc., it doubles every twenty-five years—736. Probable total of the English language in 1970—860. In Germany the population of the north doubles itself in from fifty to sixty years; that of the south in 167 years. Taking 105 years as the mean, it will probably be in 1970—124. In the countries which use the French language the population doubles in about 140 years. It will therefore probably be in 1970—69½. Thus the three principal languages which can pretend to any rivalry for the distinction we are considering will advance in 100 years (from 1870 to 1970) as follows: The English from 77,000,000 to 860,000,000; the German from 62,000,000 to 124,000,000; the French from 40,500,000 to 69,500,000.

THE total Jewish population in England is estimated at about 70,000. Of these 50,000 are in London—30,000 in the Whitechapel district, 10,000 in the other parts of East London, and 10,000 in the western and north-western districts. The latter comprise the wealthiest and most cultivated of the Hebrew community. There

are in London forty synagogues in all—eleven United synagogues, two Spanish and Portuguese congregations, four Independent Orthodox synagogues, twenty-two Federated synagogues, acknowledging the orthodox ecclesiastical authorities, and one Reformed synagogue under Professor Marks, of which a description of the tenets and worship, will be found in the *Sunday at Home* for 1888. The Reformed synagogue in London has an organ, as has one in Bradford and another in Manchester. In the Orthodox synagogues English is not used, except in special prayers—as for the Royal Family—and in the sermon. As the national census does not now give religious statistics, the estimate of the Jewish population is taken from the records of deaths and burials, births and marriages, checked by the amount of consumption of Passover cakes and the attendance at synagogues on the Day of Atonement, when all respectable adult Jews, if at no other time, make appearance.

To follow up the subject, in the *Archives Judaïques*, published in Paris, we find an estimate of the number of Jews throughout the world, which is computed at 6,300,000. Of this number no fewer than 5,400,000 are in Europe; in Asia and Australia, 300,000; in Africa, chiefly on the coasts of the Mediterranean, 350,000; in America, 250,000. Of the Jews in Europe, nearly 3,000,000 are in Russia, including 770,000 in Russian Poland. Austria has above 1,500,000, of whom nearly 690,000 are in Galicia or Austrian Poland, where they have long been treated with a liberal and tolerant spirit unknown in Russian and Prussian Poland. In Spain the Government is not intolerant, as in former times, though the popular feeling, instigated by the Romish authorities, is hostile. The richest European Jews are in France and England. Palestine, the home of the race, has only 35,000 Jews, most of them poor.

THE proprietors of *Work*, alluding to the Exhibition recently held in Regent Street, state that only in one instance did an exhibitor sign his name with an X, and the thought occurs as to how the English people compare with other nations in the matter of illiterates, a census of whom in the various countries of the world, recently published in a foreign journal, places the three Slav States of Roumania, Servia, and Russia at the head of the list, with about eighty per cent. of the population unable to read and write. Of the Latin-speaking races, Spain heads the list with sixty-three per cent., followed by Italy with forty-eight per cent., France and Belgium having about fifteen per cent. The illiterates in Hungary number forty-three per cent., in Austria thirty-nine, and in Ireland twenty-one. "In England we find thirteen per cent., Holland ten per cent., United States (white population) eight per cent., and Scotland seven per cent. unable to read and write. When we come to the purely Teutonic States we find a marked reduction in the percentage of illiterates. The highest is in Switzerland, two and five-tenths; in the whole German Empire it is but one per cent.; in Sweden, Denmark, Bavaria, Baden, and Wurtemberg there is practically no one who cannot read or write."

CURIOUS indeed are the methods employed by Choctaw Indians, in conducting a courtship and performing a marriage. When a young Choctaw of Kemper or Neshoba county sees a maiden who pleases his fancy, he watches his opportunity until he finds her alone. He then advances within a short distance and gently lets fall a pebble at her feet; he may have to do this two or three times before he attracts the maiden's attention, when, if this pebble throwing is agreeable, she soon makes it manifest; if otherwise, a scornful look and a decided "ekwah" indicates that his suit is in vain. Sometimes, instead of throwing pebbles, the suitor enters the maiden's cabin and lays his hat upon her bed. If the man's suit be acceptable, the hat is permitted to remain; but if she be unwilling to be his bride, it is instantly removed. Whichever method be employed, the rejected suitor knows that it is useless to press his suit.

WHEN a marriage is agreed upon, the time and place are fixed for the ceremony. The relatives and friends of the bride and bridegroom meet at their respective homes, and march thence to the marriage ground, halting at a short distance from one another. The brothers of the bride go across to the opposite party, and bring forward the bridegroom, who is then seated upon a blanket spread upon the ground. The sisters of the bridegroom then do likewise by going over and bringing forward the bride. She is expected to break loose and run, but, of course, is pursued, captured, and brought back to be seated by the side of the bridegroom. All the parties now cluster around the couple, the woman's relatives bring forward a bag of bread, a lingering symbol of the time when the woman had to raise the corn, the man's relatives a bag of meat, in memory of the days when the man provided the household with game. Next, presents of various sorts are showered on the couple, who all this time sit still, not even speaking a word. When the last present has been given, they arise, now man and wife, and, just as in civilised life, provisions are spread and the ceremony is rounded off with a feast.

A Strange Experience and its Sequel.

THE PROLOGUE.
CHAPTER I.

LAMPS had begun to flicker in the wintry dusk. They gleamed with a flaring and very earthy mimicry of the first earlier stars which already had orb'd clean little discs of silver above the city's numberless roofs. It was December, and though as yet slight snow had fallen with the dying year, an icy breath made the quick gusts cut like blades. The broad boulevard of lower Second Avenue gleamed quiet enough, for the hour that brings weary swarms of labouring folk home from shops and factories across to the big East districts where so many of their dingy dwellings are huddled together, had not yet arrived. But the six-o'clock whistle soon sent its loud shriek, with eerie effect, to pierce the stillness of even this drowsy quarter. And then, in what seemed a strangely brief interval, the shabby throngs began pushing their way from a few of the near side-streets.

Varied indeed were the countless forms and faces for any eye that might care to look on them with more than indifferent heed. But none the less a universal sombreness and rustiness enfolded them in one visible fellowship of toil. Some of the men, women, girls or lads wore merry and smiling visages; others told of worry and fatigue as plainly by their pallor and spareness as by the halting drag of their gait. The spacious avenue was suddenly alive with their dim swarms. Not a few, perhaps, were going hungry to boards where bread would greet them in no plenty and meat was yet more scarce. Along these same pavements, morning after morning and evening after evening, has passed for years this dreary procession, forever decimated by death yet forever swollen by fresh living recruits. It is a far more piteous parade than if mendicancy and not toil were the meaning of it; for here we may guess what bitter vetoes poverty can lay upon human struggle—how large is the doom that bows and even crushes our effort to thrive—how few of us in the mighty mill of life may get fat sacks of grist from its cruel and ceaseless wheels! Here in the early gloom of night always as now move this forlorn soldiery, with misfortune and endurance for their captains, and with uniforms cut as if by the shears of fate itself into one woeful pattern of want. They march with no colour and music; we marvel that any laughter should go with them instead, as it does go; but this breaks mostly from the lips of youth, which persist in laughing simply because they are young. As for the sighs that other lips give, we cannot hear those. But both sighs and laughter must serve for the strains of the march, and in the way of light and pomp there is nothing save the grim reverse of either. No windows are open to see this dull procession file onward; it has become so monotonously commonplace. The masses are seldom picturesque, except when they turn blood-thirsty and fling up barricades. They have never flung up barricades in Second Avenue—or in any part of New York, as yet. The politicians and the millionaires cry that such mad anarchy would be impossible in a country where all voters are equal at the polls. Perhaps the real facts of this bruited equality may be questioned. But the politicians and the millionaires say not. And they ought to know; they have studied the entire matter so closely.

But to-night, while the stream of working-folk was in full progress, an occurrence took place which indeed caused a picturesque consternation among its journeying pairs and groups. From the doorway of a small basement-house not hundreds of yards beyond the transverse route of Clinton-Place, an old woman, stout and of decent dress, like a well-to-do servant emerged, uttering plaintive cries. The woman was evidently in a half-hysterical state. She wrung her hands for a second and then for another lifted them quite wildly to that niggard stretch of heaven supplied by all cities. Her plump face shone unduly pale in the faint light. She expressed past doubt the dismay wrought by some abrupt calamity. Words were spoken by her in a pell-mell, distraught style, and those of the homeward crowd who paused in front of her, thus making of the instant a new crowd of much denser sort, heard her repeat several times with comparative clearness a certain chilling dissyllable.

This was "murder." The multitude thickened to a pressing mob in briefer interval than it takes to record that they did so. The woman's audience, thus rapidly summoned by her own mad demeanour, felt swiftly the thrill which made it one incarnate curiosity. Whisper in any frequented street a prophecy of disaster, and that latent relish for the horrible which the best and worst of us might as well own to, since it lies alert in all of us, will leap up avid for facts. Men and women were glued together before that low little stoop, in a trice. If the woman had wanted to leave it she must have used wings, now, and not feet. The narrow-fronted house behind her gleamed ordinarily high, and with no more lurid suggestion in one or two of its lighted windows than that opaque blank which drawn shades give to any gas-lit interior. The awe she had roused vanished for her immediate surroundings after a very slight lapse of minutes. A number of male figures were soon on the stoop beside her. The desperation of her language and attitude promptly underwent a change. She seemed to realise the publicity for which her cries and gestures had made her responsible. A tumult of questions assailed her, in various tones and accents:

"What's the matter?"
"What's happened?"
"What's up wid yer, annyhow?"
"Vat's de madder?"
"Are ye crazy?"
"Who's been murdered?"
"Is thieves inside there?"
"Say, ole gal, w'at d'yer mean?"
"House on fire?"
"W'at ye howlin' about?"
"Borglairs—zis house—eh?"
"Want us to 'sist yer, ma'am?"

These appeals came in a torrent. The woman had now seen what a riot of excitement her behaviour had evoked. Her arms had fallen limply, and she stared about her, with a new sort of fluttered dismay, till her eyes lighted on the face of a man who had pushed himself nearer than any of the others. It may have been that something in this man's gaze and mien struck through her bewilderment with a sense of refuge and aid. She caught his hand and drew him toward the open doorway. He yielded willingly enough to solicitation thus frantically shown. He let himself cross the threshold into the hall beyond. Then the woman dropped his hand, and dashed the heavy front door shut. The two now stood in the hall, facing each other. He who had come there with her was a man of perhaps not more than thirty years. He had a smooth-shorn face, with some strong lines in it; he looked like one who could think with both force and speed in such a crisis as the present. You would have said that he was of the people, or rather that he did not hold himself above them; but his voice and phrasing bespoke education, as he now swiftly said—

"Tell me at once, in the plainest way you can manage, just what the trouble is."

The woman sank into the one chair which the hall contained. Her observer thought at first that she was about to swoon, for her eyes closed and her head fell slightly backward against the upper carvings of the chair. But she rallied while he drew closer to her, and said in a succession of gasps which her startling tears rendered still more painful,—

"I rushed out there a few minutes ago—I guess I didn't know what I was doing any more than a baby—there's only me and the cook here besides . . . them. But I didn't think about her—she's downstairs, and I'd just come from upstairs, where they are . . ."

"They? who? Tell me who." The young man's voice was tender yet firm; he could hardly have used an inflection at once more diplomatically suave and frankly demanding. He let one hand rest upon the woman's fleshy and trembling shoulder. "Come, now; be a little brave about it," he went on. "There's no hurry—at least, I suppose not. There, there; you say something's gone wrong up-stairs. Well, that's a beginning. Now for another point or two. Is anybody hurt? Or is it worse? You said—"

"I said it—it was murder," broke in the woman, just here, with a shuddering fall at the end of her exclamatory little sentence. "And—and a double murder, too. My employer, Mr. Demotte, has killed his wife, and then killed himself. Or—or it seems to be that. I heard the two pistol-shots. I was in a room on a story above theirs."

"I see. Well? You hurried down, and you entered their room. You found them both dead?"

The tears had begun to stream from the woman's eyes. But perhaps on this account her tremors of agitation were much slighter, and her speech was more controlled. "I think he was dead. He's laying stretched right on the floor. His head is all bloody, and his eyes are shut. I guess he must be dead. He's got a pistol gripped in one hand. But she . . ." Here the woman gave a great wailing cry, and rose from the chair.

"She isn't dead, then?" queried her companion.
"Oh, no. She was breathing when I dashed out of the room. She was on the lounge, all blood-spattered like him, but worse . . . She saw me and knew me. She said 'Elizabeth,' once or twice—that's my name . . . 'Elizabeth.' Her eyes were kind of rolling. I ran out of the room to get help. I must have been thinking about Susan, the waitress. I wanted somebody near me that was real alive like I was. . . . And then, when I got down here into the hall I—I must have remembered that it was Susan's day out, and I was to set the dinner-table and—wait on it. Then I s'pose I recollected there was only cook. And cook's an old foolish thing. So there was nobody but me. I—I lost my wits, then, and darted out on the stoop. . . ." By this time 'Elizabeth, as she had named herself, was at the first step of the staircase, in the act of ascending it. "And she's up there, not dead!" came the poor creature's next dolorous cry. "Oh, may the Lord forgive me that I forgot her as I did! That lovely woman!" She essayed to mount the stairs, but soon paused, as if from severe bodily weakness, clinging heavily to the banister.

"Let me go," said the young man, who had sprung nimbly past her, and then had stopped, with his quiet, clean-cut face turned half backward. "I may as well tell you, Elizabeth, that I'm a detective by profession. This sort of horrid thing isn't as new to me as I would like it to be. I'll see to the lady, and if there's any hope of saving her I'll call you. Don't come up yet; wait till I either call you or come down."

The woman dropped into a sitting posture on the stairs as he finished this hurried bit of tidings and counsel. But some new

access of faintness, caused perhaps by the realization of her mistress's neglected agony, had overwhelmed her already strained nerves; and whether or no he had spoken as he did, she would probably have fainted, just the same, to re-seek that lair of horror from which she had but lately fled.

Meanwhile, the young man sped upstairs. He saw an open door—that of the room which faced on the street—and hurried toward it. Elizabeth's information now frightfully corroborated itself. The apartment was evidently a kind of sitting-room, prettily and modestly appointed, and lighted by two jets of gas. At the foot of a large arm-chair lay the body of a man, his head bathed in blood, and the pistol of which Elizabeth had already told clutched in one hand. The suicide, as it looked, had sought to reach the arm-chair after dealing himself death, and had fallen too soon, in ghastly failure. There seemed a sort of flutter about his lips; and yet the new-comer was barely certain if any such token of life still remained. Nor could he verify his doubts, just then; for beyond, on the lounge, gleamed another shape, that of a woman; and Elizabeth's remembered words made common compassion seek to aid the living before scrutiny did more than sweep a few glances over him already declared as dead.

The young man now sought the lounge, and bent over a face which even the hideous spots marring it could scarcely rob of its great inherent beauty. She could not have been more than twenty-three years old, at the most. Her hair was a soft dark yellow, and her features were of that fine chiselling which pallor only turns more exquisite. The wound given her was in the right temple, but her head had fallen sideways, concealing all grosser disfigurement. The white lids had dropped mercifully upon her eyes. Her delicate lips met in a line that was not a smile, and yet attested no suffering. It seemed to express a material sigh of regret, though not too deploring a one, at her own miserably violent end. And he who stood beside her soon felt confident that she would never breathe again. He stood there longer than he knew, thrilled by the mystery of a fate so untimely, and fascinated by the tragic presentment of its victim's loveliness.

A hoarse cry suddenly made him start in dismay and wheel eagerly round. And then he perceived something which seemed to stop the beating of his heart. The corpse on the floor had come to life. It had lifted itself on one arm, and was staring up at him with a mournful madness in its eyes.

The young man had never been troubled with feeble nerves, and so, in a brief while, his alarm vanished. But the presence of mind he now showed was even better than hardy courage. It flashed through his brain that this murderer and would-be suicide, who had shot himself once without mortal effect, might soon use the pistol near him in a second similar attempt. He therefore hurried toward the pistol, with an instant view of securing it. But in this achievement he did not at first succeed; for the half-prostrate creature on the floor appeared to divine his intent, and caught up the weapon with a hand that shook like a leaf in wind. That he would have sent one more of his bullets at his own skull without further hesitation, was highly probable. But the young man who had watched him and who now sprang upon him, fearless, alert, and sinewy, was quite opposed to any such summary behaviour. As a consequence there now ensued the most ghastly contest between these two, one vigorous and whole, the other wounded and wildly desperate. It seemed almost marvellous that the pistol did not go off while they were fighting for its possession. But it did not; and at last the assassin, breathing hard, surrendered. As he sank once more upon the carpet, his quivering lips just shaped these words, in faint yet audible whisper:

"My God. To live, after all!"

Meanwhile, his assailant, having possessed himself of the pistol, had thrust it into one of his pockets. A minute later he gave an exclamation of disgust, for his hands and the linen at his wrists were both dabbled with the red evidence of his recent odious conflict.

The man on the floor soon afterward appeared to have fainted again. Or had death, as we so often find in these hideous episodes, visited with unmerited mercy the most flagrant guilt?

The young man did not pause to inquire. Discovering that the door was provided with a key, it was not long before he had locked the chamber from the outside. As he reached the head of the stairs he found Elizabeth waiting at their foot, in the lower hall.

"You were wrong," he said to her when he had descended to where she was now standing, with her hands knotted tightly together and an appalled, frozen look on her face.

"Wrong?" she faltered.

"Yes. The lady is dead."

"And he?" murmured Elizabeth.

"Well, he may be dead, too, by this time. But he gave some sure signs of life when I first went in to the room. . . . Now tell me, before I begin to act—and I must soon act in good earnest—what do you think was the motive for this crime?"

"There was none—none that anybody could dream of."

"Did these two live happily together?"

"Happily! I never knew a husband to love a wife more—no nor a wife to love a husband more, either!"

"Had any quarrel ever taken place between them?"

"No; they never quarrelled. But I thought—"

"Well, keep as calm as you can. You thought what?"
"That they were having excited words together as I passed their room when I went up to mine."

"This was how long before you heard the first pistol-shot?"
"Only a few minutes."

"Did you hear any words that you can remember while you were passing that room?"

"Yes; I heard a name. It was spoken by Mr. Demotte himself. It was spoken quite loudly, as—as if in anger and surprise, both. It was the name of his dearest friend—a gentleman who has been away in Washington for a good while—several months, in fact. But lately there came a report that he was missing; no one could make out where he had gone. They wrote to Mr. Demotte about it from Washington, some days ago. He and his wife felt very bad. They talked of going on there together. They thought the world of him, but they hadn't seen him in all that time, and when the bad news came they took it very hard. They were going abroad soon, and they wanted to hear about him, on this account, before they went. I don't see what he could have had to do with this awful thing—a trusted friend like him, that they hadn't even set eyes on for months."

"What was his name?"

"Duane. Douglas Duane."

The young man started. "Douglas Duane," he repeated, as if he spoke to himself rather than to the pale, perturbed woman whom he had been questioning. "I remember. He disappeared mysteriously from his home in Washington not long ago. The papers have been full of it. He was a chemist, a scientist, or something in that line. I recollect the name perfectly. . . . Yes, of course. . . . Douglas Duane."

CHAPTER II.

GREAT crimes rarely affect great cities. Twenty odd years ago the Burdell murder in Bond Street sent a protracted shiver through New York. Men of commerce, meeting one another, postponed queries about the revival in beef or lamentations concerning the depression in molasses, to discuss the probable guilt of Mrs. Cunningham or the alleged complicity of Snodgrass. An entire number of *Frank Leslie's* was made up of illustrations that depicted every hateful detail of the lurid affair. To have your pet theory regarding this dark deed was expected of you, very much as though it were your preference with relation to the next most satisfactory mayor, or your conviction that the abolition of slavery would or would not be an outrage. The taking off of this ill-fated dentist left a deep damnation behind it that clung to the whole stunned city as if it were some pertinacious malarial vapour. An uncanny dread chilled people for months afterwards when they bolted their bedroom doors at night, and it is nearly certain that those nocturnal nomads, the rats and mice, had their midnight caperings very obstinately misunderstood during that special period.

But now a murder in New York hardly will stir more than a ripple or two of public concern. When on the day that followed Floyd Demotte's totally unexplainable atrocity, its full ghastliness and savagery had transpired, there is no doubt that the multitudinous metropolitan breakfast was consumed without the faintest decrease of appetite. Dollars were deposited in banks or drawn from them, during the next twenty-four hours, with quite the same diligence or reluctance as of old. The immense scheme of life was not interrupted or accelerated by a hair's breadth of inertia or momentum. Sugar did not go down in its market price, and Wall Street stocks, whose unlimited sensitiveness to the most absurdly foreign incidents no political economist has ever yet satisfactorily explained, continued quite unaffected in their leaps and tumbles by this deplorable event.

Floyd Demotte had not been a man of wide personal acquaintance. His Second Avenue home, in which the crime had occurred, was a part of that large real-estate property bequeathed him a year or two before his majority by his father, Wooster Demotte, an old New York merchant, whom everybody knew. But Floyd, for years previous to his marriage, had never sought social distinction. He had travelled in Europe, after quitting Columbia College, and had returned to his native city when about two-and-thirty years old, with the tastes of a book-collector, a bibliomaniac, a man for whom the last bristlingly elegant ball at Delmonico's or at Mrs. Spuytenduyvil Suydam's Knickerbocker residence offered extremely slight inducement. Like nearly all men who love the outsides of books for their shapes and finish and traditional or historic attributes, he was a poor and spiritless reader. They say of a capable librarian that if he reads he is lost. Floyd Demotte would have made (if fate had not given him through inheritance a clean income of twenty thousand dollars a year) as serviceable a librarian as the resources of our own unscholarly country could well light upon. He came back to America with no intent of marrying. His affection lay all in the rare books which he had gathered together abroad. But he did marry, nevertheless. More might descriptively be written of him in this biographic strain. But our present narrative interest must on the contrary concern itself with two men, one of whom the reader has already seen and known.

In partial way I allude to the observer of Floyd Demotte's

calamitous crime after its commission was so horribly apparent. The name of this young man was Ford Fairleigh. He had drifted into his present position as a detective under the best municipal endorsements for the reason that a near relative of his had been among the influential potentates allegiant to the sway of Inspector X—. Fairleigh had always had his own opinions about Inspector X—'s mode of administration ever since his bright, exact mind had quitted the excellent discipline of the New York College. His parents had been poor people, and had sent him, after a few years of preparatory training, to that pretty, turreted brick building on the corner of Lexington Avenue and Twenty-Third Street, which is an honour to our hazardous and faulty city government. Fairleigh left the New York College with sense enough to understand just what errors that government tolerates. But he was like a good many more quick-witted young men than our patrician classes take account of. He had abilities, and there seemed no earthly means of his putting them into operation. He did what so many of his contemporaries are doing, in this vast republican city, every new day that shines over it: he took the first chance that offered. He did not like the chance at all, but he saw no other, and by degrees he found himself dropping into methods which had before seemed most stiffly uncongenial. Meanwhile, he had made a friend, in the ferreting and spying business to which inexorable environment had so subjected him. This friend was of his own age, or nearly so. He, too, had been graduated at a free college, though one in Boston, not New York. The destinies of the two young men were similar. They were both fitted for better things than the tracking of thieves to lewd dens of refuge, the prowling vigilance needful for discovery of this or that criminal, the face-to-face meetings with grossest blackguards. But here they both were, confronted by the necessity of either thus earning their bread or of not earning it at all. Fairleigh and his friend (whose name was Hiram Payne) had often talked together over the harsh requisites of their own destinies. What they said between themselves (both, be it recalled, were young men of ample mental training) might have roused astonished comment on the part of certain self-satisfied thinkers with regard to social possibilities of advancement. The common phrase of the prosperous—of the men who have striven and won—was repeatedly discussed between Ford Fairleigh and Hiram Payne. "Oh, if he's got anything in him he'll be sure to come to the front," was this phrase, as these two young detectives (each detesting his compulsory office and each feeling that he was trained for better things) delivered it. But they constantly delivered the phrase in dejected satire to each other. They had tested a truth which even the humanitarians sometimes coldly overlook. They had discovered that thousands of able men like themselves, in the fierce rush of civilisation toward success and fortune, are inevitably and frigidly driven to the wall. They had satisfied themselves that there are a great many members of this tossing and turbulent element which we call modern society, who are forced to draw blanks in the huge, cold, throng-bet lottery, however richly they may deserve prizes there. This is a truth full of anguish to any keen and true thinker. No man who has fitly used his intelligence and guarded his probity will take on himself to assert that the oak-crown, in our wild, mad modern game, goes usually or even ordinarily to the best athlete. Or, if the umpire be one in the full purple of monopoly, he must grant that the oak-crown, when not meanly bought, is seldom awarded to either the fleetest or the strongest. And even if this be fact, the fleet and strong are legion. There lies the unspeakable pity of our nineteenth-century developments, greatly as they promise, miserably as they fulfil!

Ford Fairleigh and his friend Hiram Payne had talked this and many similar questions over between themselves again and again. They had met in a peculiar and strangely exceptional way. They were both detectives, employed by civic authorities. They were both fitted for higher modes of employment, though neither of them possessed any creative gift suggestive of really lofty end.

But it would have been interesting for some man, their superior both in mental force and worldly position, to have heard a few of their talks together. These talks might have struck for their hearer the true note of so-called modern socialism, and divested from his secure belief in the certain rise of human desert under all circumstances, the fallacious doctrine that there are none meriting ascendancy who do not by right of personal power attain it.

Ford Fairleigh, several days after the Demotte murder (that was what the current newspapers of a better class called it, leaving others of a worse class to call it "Demotte's Desperate Deed," or something equally foolish and alliterative), held a serious talk with his friend Hiram Payne.

Payne was quite the opposite in physical type from Fairleigh. He had stout limbs with a good height redeemed from clumsiness. His frame was large and firm, and the visage that overtopped it was of the wide German look, lit by a pair of blue amiable eyes. Fairleigh constantly accused him of being a sentimentalist; but he would genially resent this charge, and bring as evidence against it acts of stringent severity toward outlaws whom the hand-cuff could alone potentially address.

"I don't know what you would make out of this case I'm working now," said Fairleigh to him, one day, as they sat together. "I am afraid you would be inclined to think that Floyd Demotte's insanity was induced by some hidden infidelity on his wife's part, or a cause just as romantic."

"I've followed the case in the newspapers," replied Hiram Payne, with a touch of belligerent distaste. "And I shouldn't be inclined to do anything of the sort."

"Ah," said Fairleigh, brightening intimately, with a pleased look that his friend met by one of unpropitiated coolness. "So you see, then, what an act of mere empty madness it all was."

"Do you think it that?" returned Payne inscrutably.

"Do you?" came Fairleigh's questioning and surprising response.

Payne laughed in his mellow, reserved way. "Oh, that isn't fair," he protested. "As a detective of vast sensibility and—what is your pet word for me? . . . sentimentality?—I consider your appeal a trespass on my own preserves."

Fairleigh smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, very well," he retorted. "I'm prepared to be matter-of-fact enough, Hiram; I always am. To my thinking, coarse and commonplace as its method may be, Floyd Demotte killed his wife simply because he was riotously and furiously mad."

"You don't believe, then, that Douglas Duane had anything to do with the affair?"

"Douglas Duane! Why, man, he hadn't been in New York for months. He'd been living in Washington."

"From which city," said Payne, ruminatively, "he disappeared in the most unexplained manner."

"Yes. A few weeks before the commission of Demotte's crime."

"And nothing has ever been heard of him since his disappearance."

"Nothing."

"He is thought to be dead?"

"He is thought to be—missing."

Payne softly laughed once more, and drew out a cigar, which he proceeded serenely to light. The two friends were in a little room at their official Broadway headquarters. They had lunched together at a German restaurant in William Street, near by, a place where they could get a glass of fairly good Rhine wine and a brace of succulent sausages for a moderate expenditure of dimes. This was a possible hour of leisure with both of them. They were awaiting potential orders from closeted powers beyond. Fairleigh never smoked. He watched the smoke of his friend's cigar curl, however, in misty spirals toward the ceiling, and told himself how much better the man who wrought them would have been fitted for a less practical calling than his present one.

Breaking the silence, which had become a little onerous, Payne now said,—

"Oh, very well. Call it missing or call it dead, as you please. Meanwhile, Floyd Demotte lies in a hospital, shot through the skull, yet in a fair way of recovery."

"If he recovers," said Fairleigh, "he will be a worse madman than he was before."

"Ah," said Payne, shifting in his chair and crossing his substantial legs. "So you persist in saying that he killed his wife from sheer insanity alone?"

Fairleigh made an irritated gesture. "Hiram," he exclaimed, "you're incorrigible. You will cling to fanciful theories. I know so well just what you're trying to suggest."

"What?" inquired Payne, phlegmatically.

"Why this: that a man neither of them had seen for an age had something to do with the crime. It's true that this servant, Elizabeth, heard the name of Douglas Duane spoken irately by Demotte just before the murder occurred. But that proves nothing. Mrs. Demotte was a saint of virtue. She adored her husband. There isn't the faintest indication that she ever cared for Douglas Duane except as a friend."

"I didn't suggest that there was, Ford."

"Oh, the devil you didn't!" cried Fairleigh. You never allude to the affair that you don't imply something of that description. You make me feel it, even if you don't say it. You exhale an atmosphere of it, somehow. You ought to have written novels. I suppose you will, some day, old fellow. And then you'll make proper use of the rich imagination that's so mournfully out of place in a pursuit like ours. Come, now, I know what you're secretly brooding over."

"I don't doubt you do," was Payne's placid answer.

Fairleigh gave a kind of sarcastic nod. "Wizard," he broke forth, rising, "you think this missing Washington chemist was the lover of Floyd Demotte's wife. I'll wager you do."

"Of course I do," said Hiram Payne, smoking quietly. "So do you."

"Nonsense!" disclaimed Fairleigh, bristling. "Do you take me for a man steeped in falsehood? I tell you I think nothing of the sort. Please note that. I think nothing of the sort."

"Excuse me," said Payne, with a smile so covert and subtle that it went near exasperating his friend; "I apologise, then, Ford. I own that I was under a different belief."

"Bah!" cried Fairleigh, flinging himself annoyedly into his chair again. "You'll maintain that Douglas Duane held that picturesque position, in spite of every existing disclaimer. You always look at a case, my dear fellow, as if you expected to find a new plot in it for Gaboriau or Wilkie Collins."

(To be continued.)

A Ghost Story from the Shires.

In a quiet and pretty village in the Midlands there stands an old house, built, it is supposed, in the 13th or 14th century by the Knights of St. John. There is an old legend current about the house, that some centuries ago it belonged to a man who travelled abroad and left his wife behind him. Whilst abroad he fell in love with a foreign lady, whom he persuaded to live with him for some time. One year he returned home alone, and rejoined his lawful wife, but, after a brief interval, went abroad again, and was never again heard of. Some time after his departure his neighbours broke into the house, and found there traces of the murder of his wife.

The house was purchased about 25 years back by a gentleman, whom I will call Mr. A. The house was then in a very ruinous condition, and Mr. A. had it thoroughly repaired. Tradition states that there is an underground passage leading from the church, which is situated not far from the house, but on the other side of the road, to a wide chimney situated on the ground floor of the house. Mr. A. was not positive as to the actual existence of this passage, but he did find an opening in the chimney, which might have been the entrance to it. This opening he caused to be blocked up. He also found a passage leading from this ground-floor chimney and hollowed out in the thickness of the wall, to a similar chimney on the first floor, placed on another aspect of the house. This passage terminated in a small chamber—such as was frequently used in old days for the purpose of concealing persons or valuable property—situated in the second chimney, midway between the first and second floor. This passage and chamber were entirely built up.

Mr. A. let the house, but no one would stop in it for long. It remained vacant for eleven years. Then a farmer took it for eighteen months, but left it because he was annoyed by strange noises. The house had by this time, if not before, gained the reputation of being haunted.

For these details of the past history of the house, and for the first part of the account which follows, I am indebted to one P—, to whom I was introduced by a mutual friend in June, 1878. Mr. P. very kindly told me all that he himself and his friends had seen or heard in the house, and all that he had been able to gather from Mr. A. of its previous history. He also permitted me to question him freely on the things seen and heard by himself and others between March, 1875, and the date of my interview with him. He further gave me a plan of the house—or rather, of the first floor, wherein nearly all the incidents he narrated occurred. I made hasty notes at the time of his verbal narrative, and of his answers to my queries, and wrote out my notes in full at the close of the interview.

In March, 1875, Miss B—, an aunt of my informant, and a young lady friend, Miss C—, took the house on lease from Mr. A. For the right understanding of what follows I will attempt to describe the relative positions of the rooms on the first floor, which formed the theatre of the ghostly occurrences. At the end of a passage lighted by two windows there was a door opening into Miss C.'s bed-room: the bed was placed against the wall on the same side as the door; and on the other side of the bed, also on the same wall, was a door leading into a small dressing-room. Through the dressing-room was another and larger room, which formed Miss B.'s bed-room. One wall of this last room, it will be seen, if my description has been followed, was formed by the inner wall of the passage above described. The dressing-room was only half the breadth of either of the bedrooms, leaving a space of several feet where the two bed-rooms were divided from each other by only the thickness of a wall. But this wall, which is common to the two bed-rooms, contained the wide fire-place and chimney above mentioned, and also the secret chamber, now built up. There were two other rooms on the first floor, and corresponding rooms on the second floor.

The reputation of the house was already known to my informant and his friends, and various unaccountable noises had already been heard in it; but nothing definite had appeared, nor had Mr. P. apparently received any definite account of apparitions previously seen in the house. In July, 1875, Mr. P., who was then staying in the house, left the drawing-room (which was also on the first floor) at 12.30 a.m., some time after the ladies had retired, and was about to enter his own bed-room, which lay next to the drawing-room, on the first floor, when he saw on the landing above him, between the first and second floors, the figure of a woman. The figure was tall, dressed in what appeared to be a loose grey dressing-gown, fastened at the waist by a girdle, with very light hair falling over her shoulders. Mr. P. went half way up the stairs to the landing, and stood below the figure, watching it for fully five minutes, until it gradually faded out of sight. The apparition was visible by the light of the candle which Mr. P. carried, and by that of the full moon shining through the staircase window. The next morning he mentioned that he had seen an apparition, but refused to give any description of it.

On December 16th, of the same year, Miss C., when in bed (the bed, it will be remembered, was placed against the wall, in which the secret chamber was situated), became conscious of a presence in her room. A setter, which slept on the bed, whined, became uneasy, and finally crept under the bed, whence it

refused to stir all the night. Miss C. then heard a scream behind her bed, proceeding apparently from the secret chamber. She fell into hysterics, screamed, and brought down her maid from above, who found her seriously upset.

In July, 1876, the noises of footsteps, and the ringing of bells in the middle of the night—which had caused some annoyance before—became very much more frequent. The front door bell was frequently rung. Also a bell having two pulls, the one on the ground-floor, and the other on the first floor. These bells were rung when all the servants were in bed on the second floor, and they frequently came down downstairs in answer to the supposed summons.

At Christmas-tide, 1876, Miss B., when in bed, saw above the washing-stand (which was placed against the wall of the secret chamber) the appearance of a long low window with the blind drawn down, and a light shining through it to her. The light was strong enough to light up the various objects in the room, and in the dressing-room beyond; both doors of this last room were open, and Miss B. called to Miss C. to come and see this strange light. Miss C. replied that she again felt the strange presence behind her, and was too frightened to move. The dog, as on the previous occasion, jumped under the bed.

Next morning Miss B. asked an elderly woman and her daughter, a child of five years, who slept in the room above her, if they had seen anything out of the way. The woman had seen a light move across the room in the direction of the door. The child, at the same time, had seen a woman in a white dress, carrying a lighted candle, walk across the room, and through the door (which was, of course, shut).

In August, 1877, Miss C. being away in Scotland, had a dream which she narrated to Mr. P. She dreamed that she was in her own room, on the point of getting into bed, when she heard a knock at the passage door. She cried "Come in," but there was no answer; only the dog grew uneasy. When she was in bed, the knock was repeated; she again answered, but no one entered, and the dog grew still more uneasy. Miss C., in her dream, then opened the door, and looking down the passage, saw a woman in a grey dressing-gown, with a girdle round her waist, bearing a light, and with her back turned towards her. Her hair, which was flaxen in colour, streamed over her shoulders. Miss C., still in her dream, said, "If you have anything to tell me, speak now, and I will listen." The woman turned and said, "I will." Hereupon Miss C. woke up with a scream. Mr. P. assured us that up to this time he had never described to Miss C. or his aunt the figure which he had himself seen.

On December 15th, 1877, Miss B., Miss C., and my informant sat up the whole evening in Miss C.'s room, with a bright fire, but with no other light, waiting for ghostly visitations. At about 11.45 p.m., a noise was heard in Miss B.'s room, and Mr. P. went there to listen. The room was in total darkness. He heard a sound as of a lady walking up and down, either in the room itself or in the passage, in a long silk train. He listened for some time, and then returned, and told what he had heard to the others.

Miss B. was incredulous and went in alone. She shut the door on her, and presently returned, saying that she had seen a bright light above the bed, near the ceiling, and had heard knockings on the wall, near the secret chamber, which she accused the others of having made. They, of course, had not done so, nor had they even heard the knockings. Then Miss C. and my informant went in and closed the door. They heard the rustling of the dress, and saw a light at the corner of the bed, about three or four feet from the floor. Then Miss C. declared that she felt a presence behind her, and fainted away. Mr. P. carried her to the other room, and shortly afterwards returned himself, closing the door. He then observed the light which he had seen before more closely. It was like an ordinary candle-flame pointed like it, but rather fuller at the base, or thickest part. It was a bluish yellow; but the yellow bore a very much smaller proportion to the blue than in a candle-flame. The light was about four inches long, and danced up and down, a few inches being its maximum variation. It proceeded to the corner included between the passage-wall and the wall between the two bed-rooms, and was there rejoined by many others. Mr. P. went to the same corner, and stood about two feet from the flames. He then heard, as if proceeding from behind the wall, a man's voice and a woman's. They were talking rapidly and excitedly, but he could not catch any words. Lastly, he heard a scream and a heavy fall. Simultaneously all the lights joined into one, and illumined for a moment all the surrounding objects—which they had not in any appreciable degree, done before—and then went out altogether. Mr. P. then returned, and told what he had seen.

It was now 1.15 a.m. Miss B. went in alone to her bed-room, and closed the door. While she was absent, Miss C. and Mr. P. heard a scream, and a man's voice in the direction of the outer door of Miss C.'s room. Then they heard a heavy step, as if of a man passing through the window behind them, and on to the dressing-table below, and then on to the ground. The steps then crossed the room, passed between Miss C. and the wall, and disappeared in the fire-place. The bright light of the fire showed no person in the room except themselves. The fire-place, where the footsteps ceased, and the chimney attached to it, have nothing remarkable about them.

Miss B. shortly returned. She had not heard the voice, the scream or the footsteps; but she had been conscious of a presence in the further room. The three then talked together till 1.45 a.m., when Mr. P. left the ladies to go to his own room. In going out at the door, with his arm full of books, he had to turn completely round, with his back to the passage, in order to shut it after him. On turning round again, he found peering over his shoulder, with her flaxen hair, the face of the woman whom he had before seen on the staircase-landing. For the first time that night Mr. P. felt a little nervous and upset by this sudden apparition.

I have no personal knowledge of Mr. P. I was introduced to him, as I have already said, for the express purpose of hearing this account from his own lips, and I have never seen him since. But he is a clergyman of the English Church, and the friend of a friend of mine, and I hold it impossible to question his good faith and integrity. It is, however, of course, possible that the above narrative—in which I believe myself to have faithfully reproduced the substance of what he told me, and as far as possible the actual words which he used—is more or less coloured and exaggerated. But I do not think that even this is likely. Mr. P. appears to have been a very cool-headed and shrewd observer. I questioned him very closely on all the important points of his narrative (our interview lasted just two hours), and I found him perfectly clear and consistent. But, however that may be, for this further account of the same apparitions—an account which gives the most startling confirmation to Mr. P.'s narrative—I have testimony, if possible, still more unimpeachable. The witness of the phenomena recorded below is a friend of my own; a man whom I have known personally for some two or three years. For his veracity I can vouch; and he has as much common sense as is compatible with a belief in the Divine right of kings, and the foreign policy of the late Lord Beaconsfield.

In December, 1878, my friend H. obtained Miss B.'s permission, she and her friend having then been absent from the house for some months, to spend a night in the house in question. On the nineteenth of that month he went alone to the house, which was then tenanted only by an old housekeeper. He had provided himself with a loaded revolver, a sword (borrowed for the occasion), and the "Ethics" of Aristotle. He reached the house at 9 p.m., and having established himself, with a couple of candles, but without a fire, in what had been Miss C.'s room, set himself to read the ethics. Nothing happened until about 11.30 p.m. Then casting his eyes upwards, he saw near the ceiling, some lights similar to those described by Mr. P. The lights were fairly numerous, but concentrated on that part of the ceiling which was nearest to the party wall. They were only about an inch long, and appeared to be almost entirely blue. Notwithstanding the candles which were burning in the room, they were distinctly visible from where H. was sitting; but they themselves seemed to have little, if any, illuminating effect upon surrounding objects. They hovered close to the ceiling, the apex being only, perhaps, an inch distant. By standing on a chair, he was able to put his hand amongst them and over them. They did not burn, or even feel hot to his touch, and they remained and played about on his hand as before on the ceiling. They did not dance, as described by P., but *pulsated*, appearing to grow smaller and then to expand again, their motions resembling those of medusæ in expanding and contracting their umbrellas. H. was unable to give, even approximately, the time of this vibration, but it was slow, and he believed, with no regular period. On going into Miss B.'s room without a candle, he found similar lights there also, and clustered, as in the outer room, most thickly on the ceiling nearest to the party wall. These lights remained visible for some hours. H. was quite unable to explain the lights, but he was positive that they were not reflections of any kind: for they did not appear actually on the ceiling, but at a short distance from it, and, moreover, he never succeeded in eclipsing one of them.

At about 1.30 a.m. he went downstairs for a few minutes, taking with him the revolver, but, as it was a moonlight night and no blinds were drawn, without a candle. On his returning, as he was opening the door and about to enter the room again, he felt very cold, and experienced a peculiar sensation. He turned round and saw, apparently having just come through the passage window, and standing about four yards from him, the figure of a woman—tall, in a high-waisted dress, with fair hair, and holding a candle. The eyes were blue, the lower part of the face shadowy and indistinct. He did not notice how the hair was arranged, but it was very fair. The dress was a dull light blue, or bluish grey. To the waist was attached a rosary, or possibly, a chatelaine—at any rate, it terminated in a cross. He saw the figure by the light of the candle which it carried, aided by the light of the moon shining through the window.

Thinking, at first that it might be some one playing a trick upon him, he raised the revolver and said something of this kind, "Leave off this foolery; if you don't speak I shall fire at you, whether you are a woman or not." He waited, but as there was no sound or movement, he fired at the figure; but, still fearing it might be a hoax he fired at the lower part of the body. When the smoke cleared away, he found the figure still standing there unmoved. He then took deliberate aim at the breast (he is a good shot) and fired again. The figure remained motionless as before. He now lost his nerve, fired again at random, and without waiting to see the effect of his shot, ran back into the room. He went out again half an hour after-

wards, when he had recovered his courage, but the figure had gone. He found two of the bullets in the wall, the third could not be found. He remained in the house until 5 a.m., but nothing more was seen or heard.

I should add that H. had received from P. a description of the figure and the lights as seen by the latter; but he did not know, until I told him, that P. had seen the figure in the same spot, and at the same hour as H., just a year before.

The house, I believe, remained unoccupied for some months after the incident last narrated. During the summer months, including July, of 1879, it was occupied by a gentleman whose address I have not as yet been able to ascertain. It was purchased at Michaelmas by the gentleman who now lives in it. Till the end of 1879, and throughout December of that year, a builder, who was making some alterations in the house for the present owner, lived in it, sleeping in Miss C.'s room. He, I understand, witnessed no unusual phenomena. The present owner of the house writes to me in April of this year:—"We entered the house in January, 1880, and have lived here with short intervals, since. These intervals have included part, but not the whole, of July and December in each year. Thus in 1880 we were away all July, but our servants remained in the house; in December we were at home till the 16th, and when we left our servants remained. In 1881 we were here until the 21st July, and I returned for the last three days of the month; the servants were here throughout. In December we remained until the 14th, the servants a few days longer, and the gardener took charge, sleeping in Miss C.'s room." No member of the household during these two years appears to have seen or heard anything abnormal.—F. P.

Who does the will of the Father?

"I," says the soldier; "I fight for the right—
The right as it seems to me;

I love the ring of the battle-cry,
And the strife that sets men free.

No coward I, to leave unavenged
The wrongs that a foe has done;

No weakling I, to let fall the arms
Till the victory has been won.

I fight for the will of the mighty God;
I will fight till my life shall cease."

Yet One came to show us the Father's will,
And He was the Man of Peace.

"I," says the lover of wealth and power—
"I am the strength of the State;

I keep in their places the wretched crowd,
For I am one of the great.

I am kind—from my thousands I sometimes take
The units the poor to feed.

"I," says the servant, "because I am poor,
And shun the rich in his pride,

And never will serve him as friend serves friend,
But his pomp and his money deride.

Is he doing the right who has wealth more than I,
And is lifted myself above?"

"I," says the dogmatist—"I talk down
Impertinent modern thought;

The creed that I hold is the will of God,
And to this must each soul be brought."

"And I," says another, "in scorn laugh out
The foolish, old-fashioned creed;

The light of to-day is the light of the world,
And new thought is the book to read!"

Small hope of an ultimate joy and reward
For each does the other cherish;

But Christ said: "It is not your Father's will;
That one of these little ones perish."

"Of course I am doing the will of God,"
The keen politician cries,

"For I am a self-made leader of men,
And I live to make them wise.

The cause I espouse is the cause of right,
And everything else is wrong,

And I and my party will hate and fight
The other the whole year long."

But he is not great who exalts himself,
And men must be brothers yet;

When Jesus was teaching the will of God,
A CHILD in the midst was set.

Who does the will of the Lord in Heaven?
There is one makes no reply:

The meek, the lowly, the pure in heart,
Is afraid to answer "I."

The maker of peace lives silently,
Spending his life in love.

If others are happy through him, he sings
His praise to the God above.

He does not see that his work is good,
He knows of no triumphs won,

But his is the heart that has rest when he prays:
"Father, Thy will be done."

The Sin of the Pharisees.—MATT. V. 20.

Most of you, no doubt, have felt that this passage had no application to you, the reason being found in the prevalent conception of a Pharisee. As you have not been in the habit of making long prayers in public, or wearing garments of a particular cut, you have concluded that you could not possibly come under such a designation. If, however, that had been a complete description of the Pharisee, our Lord would never have paused in this great discourse to make this weighty utterance. The truth is that the Pharisees had played a very important part in the history of the Jewish nation. Their movement had been in many respects a very remarkable one. Commenced originally with the object of preventing the Jewish nation from again lapsing into idolatry, its members had bound themselves together, and separated themselves from the rest of the people—hence their name—in order to study carefully the law of God. With such a lofty ideal, as might be expected, the movement produced many great and good men. Hillel, a Rabbi contemporary with our Lord, was, in many respects, one of the finest men the Jewish nation produced in its later history. He was the teacher of Gamaliel, who, in turn, taught Saul of Tarsus, an illustrious succession of earnest and devoted men of God. In spite of the fact that this movement had had such an important place in Jewish history, and had produced such illustrious representatives, it had lost its power as a factor making for righteousness in the life of the nation. Why was this? Because its vitality had been crushed beneath the weight of a conservative literalism, and because it had developed a hateful spiritual pride. Hence Jesus came into collision with the Pharisees. Rule after rule He swept utterly away, in order that He might substitute for it some great principle of action. It had been said by them of old time, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy." For this rule Jesus substituted the principle of a universal brotherhood. It had been said, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Here Jesus substituted the principle of heart purity; and so in like manner with all the other rules of conduct which had been amplified and diluted by the traditions of the elders.

Again, *Jesus came into conflict with their class distinctions*. As the Jewish Rabbi walked along the streets of the Eastern City, he gathered his garments closely around him, lest perchance they should touch the "people of the earth," as he called them in his pride, who knew not the law and therefore were accursed, and so he should be defiled. By His actions our Lord broke down class prejudice, and declared the vanity of the social pretensions asserted by the Pharisees. Yet further, He came into conflict with their national distinctions. The Pharisee boasted that he was descended from Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. He regarded the Gentile world with scorn and contempt. Jesus comes teaching that God is able to raise up even of the stones of the street children unto Abraham. The whole spirit of Jesus was antithetic to Phariseism, and hence there began at the commencement of His career a conflict which lasted through His life, and only culminated in the judgment hall of Caiaphas and before the bar of Pilate.

There must, however, have been good traits in the system, or our Lord would never have spoken of a righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees. Let us consider what they were, in order that we may note their insufficiency. In the first place, *the Pharisees were orthodox*. When St. Paul was brought before the High Priest, Ananias, and the Sanhedrim, he secured his own safety by declaring himself to be a Pharisee, and by saying, "Of the hope and resurrection of the dead I am called in question." The Pharisees, who were the orthodox party, immediately came to his rescue against the Rationalists of the day. They believed, intellectually, all that it was necessary for them to assent to. They were, in a word, pillars of orthodoxy. From their case we learn that mere orthodoxy is not sufficient. A striking proof of this is to be found in the history of the early Christian Church. About the third century there lived a learned bishop at Alexandria, St. Cyril by name. His teaching with regard to the person of our Lord was so strictly in harmony with orthodox views that in many cases the propositions which he formulated have been adopted as part of the creed of Christendom. So possible, however, did he find it to divorce orthodoxy and conduct, and so immoral and sinful was the life of this great theologian, that when he died St. Theodoret, one of the holiest men of the day, wrote these words concerning him: "His death made those who survived him happy, but it grieved most probably the dead." Let us learn from his case, and from the case of the Pharisees, that mere orthodoxy is not sufficient.

In the next place, *they were respectable—eminently respectable*. If we turn to the sixteenth chapter of St. Luke we shall find there good ground for believing that the rich man in the story of Lazarus was probably a Pharisee. In the thirteenth and fourteenth verses we read the words, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon. And the Pharisees also who were covetous heard all these things and derided Him." In the nineteenth verse our Lord goes on to relate the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. From this juxtaposition we are justified in concluding that our Lord wished to teach the Pharisees the vanity and worthlessness of mere earthy position. The Pharisees united respectability with orthodoxy, and our text asserts that these are insufficient.

There is yet another element in Phariseism which went to make up its righteousness. *The Pharisees were eminently religious*.

When we turn to the eighteenth chapter of St. Luke, the oft-quoted parable of the Pharisee and the publican, and look carefully into the prayer of the Pharisee, we shall probably find in it more than we expect. He tells us there that he is not as other men are—extortioners, unjust, adulterers—or even as this publican. He fasts twice in the week, and gives tithes of all that he possesses. This is a very high standard of religiousness. Such a man living to-day would certainly be made a churchwarden, a deacon, an elder, or a circuit steward, according to the Church with which he was identified. We have, then, three very definite elements in the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees—orthodoxy, respectability, and what, for the want of a better word, I will call religiosity. And these three were insufficient.

Let us now proceed to consider why the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees fell short, and where. In the first place, their religious life, as well as their private life, was marked by a *pride fatal to true spirituality*. They were proud of their sect, and they were proud of their own personal character. This sin is a constant temptation to nineteenth century Christians, and to no Christians on the face of the earth more than to English Christians. There is a natural arrogance characteristic of the English when mixing with other nations which is little inferior in extent and hatefulness to the pride with which the Jew regarded the Gentile. Therefore, in listening to the warning contained in passage, we do well to guard carefully against personal, sectarian, and national pride. Closely allied to this vital defect was the sin of selfishness. The Pharisee had learned so to look upon himself, his party, and his people as the special care of heaven that, alike in his prayers and in his actions, he sought only for what were really selfish ends. Phariseism as a system would never have produced the true missionary spirit. The Pharisee wished for the prosperity of his own sect and the triumph of Israel over her oppressors and enemies, but never sought the Divine blessing upon all nations. It has been said he who begins to love Christianity more than Christianity will proceed to love his own Church more than Christianity, and will end by loving himself most of all. If we to-day will calmly and quietly look into the secret motives of our actions, we shall find that many of our best actions have been tainted with selfishness. If we examine our private prayers we shall find that selfish petitions have almost monopolised them. Nothing but incessant watchfulness will preserve our righteousness from this fatal taint. We have already noticed the fatal casuistry which marred the morality of the Pharisees. Equally allied with this defect was the fatal vice of formalism. The Pharisee had learned to cultivate the externals, without a close regard to the essence of religious life, and he had paid the penalty. His movement had lost all its original force and power, and had become a mere system of externals. Such, then, were the vital defects of Phariseism—pride, selfishness, and formalism.

Let us consider briefly the principles by carrying out which we shall be able to attain a righteousness exceeding theirs, and so exceeding theirs as to merit the kingdom of heaven. In this consideration let us first of all "clear our minds of cant." Many here to-day are placing their dependence as much upon a past incident in their spiritual life, which they rightly term "conversion," as the Pharisees did upon having Abraham to be their father. Had they been worthy children of Abraham they would rightly have gloried in such a descent. In like manner, if we are true to the promises we made when first we realised the love of God, we may do well to rejoice in "The happy day that fixed our choice." But as in the case of the Pharisees their descent from Abraham had become a mere fetish, so, too, in the present day, do professed Christians too often rest in the fact that they have once realised the love of God, and fail to leave the first principles to press unto perfection. Having uttered this warning against resting content with the blessing of regeneration, we must emphasise that change as the first essential of a true righteousness which shall exceed the formal religion of the Scribes and Pharisees. When this change has been experienced, our Lord gives us two great principles which must guide our actions if we would be His true followers. The first is, that we should seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, that we should be concerned in the first place for the interests of His kingdom. With how few of us is this the case! How few there are here to-day who, judged by that simple standard, fulfil God's purposes concerning them! The other great principle is, that if any man will follow Christ, he must daily take up his cross. The cross thus to be taken up does not consist in some one great heroic deed of self-denial. In many lives that may never occur, and in waiting for such an opportunity many miss the purpose of their lives. We shall each of us find our cross at that point in each day's experience where the path of inclination and pleasure is crossed by the path of duty. Each day's cross may seem but a light one; but as these little crosses are borne, so shall we find our strength suffice to carry the heavier crosses, to bear the greater burdens of the Christ-life, as our Master may see fit in His wisdom to place them upon us. If the cross be thus faithfully borne, if the kingdom of God and His righteousness be thus placed in the front in all our purposes, and if the vows we made when first we realised the greatness of God's forgiving love are made the foundation in later life for deeper purposes and wider realisations of the Divine will, then it shall be ours to attain to a righteousness exceeding that of the Scribes and Pharisees, and at the last to receive from our Lord's lips the words, "Well done!"—Rev. H. S. Lunn, M.D., in *Christian World Pulpit*.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN

ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 17TH, 1891,
AT 8 O'CLOCK.

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

RE-OPENING of the ORGAN.

VOCALISTS:

MRS. HELEN TRUST.

MISS AGNES JANSON.

MR. HIRWEN JONES.

MR. H. LANE WILSON.

SOLO VIOLIN—MR. HANS WESSELY.

ORGANIST—MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.

(Organist to the People's Palace).

PIANO—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

1. ORGAN SOLO "Toccata and Fugue" .. J. S. Bach.

MR. B. JACKSON.

2. SONG .. "The Silent Toast" .. Frederic Bevan.

MR. H. LANE WILSON.

Fill up your glasses, lads, again,

Just once again before we go;

'Tis night out on the sandy plain,

Where lurking waits for us the foe.

They're thinking of us, boys, to-night,

Away across the rolling foam;

We've given the Queen, and to-morrow's fight,

Now here's to those we love at home.

Steady, boys, steady and silent,

With a grip of a comrade's hand;

Here's to the hearts that love us,

Away in the dear old land.

Not with a cheer boys, pass it round.

In silence—not a word or a breath—

As fits those who at bugle sound

Shall stand here face to face with death.

Let hand take hand—and this shall be

The last toast that we give to-night,

Heav'n guard our lov'd ones o'er the sea,

And One above defend the right.

Steady, boys, steady and silent, etc.

3. CANZONET "My Mother bids me bind my hair" .. Haydn.

MRS. HELEN TRUST.

4. VIOLIN SOLO .. "Concerto" .. Mendelssohn.

1. Allegro, molto appassionato. 3. Allegretto non troppo.

2. Andante. 4. Allegro vivace.

MR. HANS WESSELY.

5. SONG "I attempt from Love's sickness to fly" .. Purcell.

MR. HIRWEN JONES.

I attempt from love's sickness to fly in vain,

Since I am myself my own fever and pain;

No more now, fond heart, with pride no more swell,

Thou canst not raise forces enough to rebel.

For love has more power and less mercy than fate

To make us seek ruin, and love those that hate.

6. ORGAN SOLO .. "Barcarole" .. Sterndale Bennett.

(From 4th Concerto)

MR. B. JACKSON.

7. SONG .. "When the flowing tide comes in" .. Barnby.

MISS AGNES JANSON.

He sailed away at break of day,

The skies were blue and fair,

He kiss'd his bonny hand to me

With heart as light as air;

"Mother," he cried, "go watch the tide,
As it cometh up to Lynn,
For, foul or fair, I will be there
As the flowing tide comes in."I watched the clouds that came in crowds,
Like flocks of evil birds,
My heart sank low with bitter woe,
Rememb'ring Donald's words.
"O God!" I cried, and none beside
Knew the grief my heart within,
"O give me back my bonny lad,
When the flowing tide comes in."Across the strand, far up the land,
The fierce wild waters swept;
Laid at my feet a burden sweet,
With smile as if he slept.
I could not weep, so soft his sleep,
For fear 'twould waken him,
Peace, let him rest, God knoweth best,
And the flowing tide comes in.

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

MR. H. LANE WILSON.

Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
Far renown'd for larin' and piety,
Still, I'd advance ye widout impropriety,
Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.
Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté, and slainté, and slainté again.
Pow'rfullest preacher, and tinkerest teacher,
And kindest creature in ould Donegal.Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
Famous for ever in Greek and Latinity,
Dad, and the devils and all at Divinity,
Father O'Flynn'd make hares of them all.
Come, I venture to give you my word,
Never the likes of his logic was heard,
Down from mythology, into thayology,
Troth! and conchology, if he'd the call.

Here's a health to you, etc.

Och, Father O'Flynn, you've a wonderful way wid you,
All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,
You've such a way wid you, Father a'vick,
Still for all you've so gentle a soul,
Gad you've your flock in the grandest control;
Checking the crazy ones, coaxin' onaisy ones,
Lifting the lazy ones on with the stick.

Here's a health to you, etc.

And tho' quite avoiding all foolish frivolity,
Still at the seasons of innocent jollity,
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
At comicality, Father, wid you?
Once the Bishop look'd grave at his jest,
Till this remark set him off wid the rest;
"Is it lave gaiety all to the laity?
Cannot the Clergy be Irishmen to?"

Here's a health to you, etc.

9. ORGAN SOLO "Air, with variations" .. Best.

(From collection of six pieces for Concert use).

MR. B. JACKSON.

10. SONG .. "Solveig's Lied" .. Grieg.

MRS. HELEN TRUST.

Der Winter mag scheiden, der Frühling vergeh'n,
Der Sommer mag verwelken, das Jahr verweh'n,
Du kehrest mir zurücke, gewiss, du wirst mein,
Ich hab' es versprochen, ich harre treulich dein.
Gott helfe dir, wenn du die Sonne noch siehst,
Gott segne dir wenn du zu Füßen ihm kniest,
Ich will deiner harren bis du mir nah',
Und harrest du dort oben, so treffen wir uns da!

TRANSLATION.

The Winter may pass, and the Spring may die,
The Summer may fade, and the year may fly,
But thou wilt come again, I know! and be mine,
The faithful word is spoken, and I am always thine.God keep thee ever, His sun to feel,
God bless thee when at His feet you kneel,
Here I shall wait till thou again art near,
And if thou tarry long, I shall come to thee, my dear!

11. VIOLIN SOLO .. "Faust" Fantasia .. Sarasate.

MR. HANS WESSELY.

12. SONG .. "The Sailor's Grave" .. Sullivan.

MR. HIRWEN JONES.

There is in the wide lone sea
A spot unmarked but holy,
For there the gallant and the free
In his ocean bed lies lowly.
Down, down, within the deep,
That oft to triumph call'd him,
He sleeps a calm and pleasant sleep,
With the salt waves washing o'er him.
He sleeps serene and safe
From tempest or from billow,
Where the storms that high above him chafe
Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.
The sea and him in death
They never dare to sever,
It was his home while he had breath,
'Tis now his rest for ever.
Sleep on, thou mighty dead!
A glorious tomb they've found thee;
The broad blue sky above thee spread,
The boundless waters round thee.No vulgar foot treads here;
No hand profane shall move thee;
But gallant fleets shall proudly steer,
And warriors shout above thee.
And when the last trump shall sound,
And tombs are asunder riv'n,
Like the Morning Sun from the wave thou'it bound,
To rise and shine in Heaven.

13. SWEDISH SONG "Love's Leave-taking" .. Hugo Beyer.

MISS AGNES JANSON.

No! no! I bid you stay!
Sad were you to haste away;
Sorrowful indeed the day!
If you love, you must obey!
'Tis sweet to have you here,
You, who are to me so dear!
Life would be all dreary,
Sad and very weary,
If you, dearest, were not near!

14. ORGAN SOLO .. "Fanfare" .. Lemmens.

MR. B. JACKSON.

Mr. Rootle's Economy.

"My dear Rootle," says my wife to me one day, "our kitchen needs painting." "Does it, my duck?" I replied, blandly but firmly. "Well, it must want it; for I assure you, Hester Rootle, that the accruing 'spons' do not warrant the outlay at present." I saw that she was unhappy, and knew that she would not relinquish her point. "William Henry," said she, a few days thereafter, "I have thought of an expedient by which we can have our kitchen painted." Her face lighted up as she spoke. She is a woman for expedients, is Mrs. Rootle. "You can do it yourself!" continued she, touching me with the point of her fore-finger in the region of my fourth vest button. "A pound saved," said she, still further, "is as good as a pound earned, you know." I looked with admiration on that wonderful specimen of her sex as she said this, and "allowed" (as western people say) to myself that, as an economist, she had no peer. And well I might allow it; for at the very moment were her shoulders covered by a sort of monkey-jacket made of one of my worn-out coats, and a pair of galligaskins had assumed the form of a basque, and were worn by a juvenile Rootle. "Your suggestion," says I to my wife, "is a good one; and to-morrow shall develop a new phase in my character. I will turn artist, and give the world evidence of a talent that needed but the Promethean spark of necessity to draw it out. I will procure pots and brushes, and Michael Angelo, Raphael, Salvator Rosa, and Claude Lorraine shall yield the palm to Rootle." Hester was delighted. "Mr. Rootle," said my wife in the night, as I was about settling into my solid nap, "you'd better make it pale green." "Do what?" said I, starting up, forgetting all about the painting. "The paint," replied she. I am afraid that I used some expression of spleen that was unworthy of me. I turned over to try to sleep again. "Mr. Rootle," said my wife, "don't you think the window-sills would look better some other colour?" "Any colour you please, my dear," said I; "but let us dismiss the subject from present discussion, as this is no place for a brush." I carried my point, as she had her paint, and I was allowed to sleep. But I was all night dreaming of my undertaking. No roseate hues mingled with my sleeping fancies, fraught with the odours of celestial bowers; but paint-pots were piled in pyramids about me—brush-handles, like boarding pikes, I encountered everywhere, and a villainous smell of raw paint almost suffocated me. I was up with the lark, and after breakfast went down to Chrome, the painter's, to procure my paint. That eminent professor of art mixed me two pots of the right article, of hues that were of a satisfactory shade, and I went home with anticipations of the most exalted character. "William Henry," said my wife, "you have dreadfully daubed your light trousers with the paint—strange that you should be so careless." Sure enough, on both sides I had bestowed impartial donations of the adhering colour. The trousers were new, and I had congratulated myself on their being a wonderful fit. This was a discouragement. "William Henry," said my wife, "you'd better put on an old pair." I have always boasted of my ability to compete with anybody in the particular property known as old clothes. I knew that the decayed fashion of many years hung by their allotted pegs in the closet which had been facetiously denominated "the wardrobe," and hastened to procure the garment desired. In the name of all the tribes of Israel, where were the bifurcated teguments that for years had met my view? The pegs were bare; and my first impression was, that they had taken to their own legs and walked away. "Hester," said I to my wife, on the top of the stairs, and at the top of my lungs, "where are the—the—garments?" I heard her say something about "sold," and concluded that she was trying some little trick upon me, as wives sometimes will, and was adopting the formula so much in vogue for expressing it. She came up stairs. "William Henry," said she, "I declare I sold all your old clothes only yesterday, for a beautiful pair of vases and some tin ware." I looked at her earnestly; but the evident calmness that prevailed in her own breast softened and subdued the violence in mine. "You'd better put on

this," said she, holding up an article of female apparel, the name of which I disremember, but which, when secured to my waist, as I recollect, fell to my feet. She smiled as she placed it in my hand, and I put it on. "Hester," said I to my wife, "why am I thus accoutred, liable to be more extravagant than ever?" She said she didn't know. "Because," said I, triumphantly, "I am bound to waist!" She pretended not to see the reason; and I did not explain, but went to work. "Now shall you see, wife of my soul," said I, "such work as you can find alone in the Vatican at Rome, or the Louvre at Paris, should you feel inclined to seek it. Here before this door I take my stand, and here I commence. You shall see." "William Henry," said my wife, "don't drip it over the floor." "Never fear," said I, dipping in the brush, and sopping it up against the side in the most approved form. My first aim was at the upper part of the door—a panelled door—and I applied the brush vigorously. "Hester," said I to my wife, "as the morning is rather cold, shouldn't you think it well to put on two coats?" She took the pleasantry as an unkind reflection on the disposition made of the old clothes, and didn't say anything. I worked away on that door severely, but I found, before I had half done it, a weariness in my wrist; and a cold sensation up my sleeve attracting my attention, revealed the fact that a stream of paint was stealing along the handle of the brush, up my arm. I laid down the implement, and went to procure something with which to wipe the paint off. "Mr. Rootle," screamed my wife, "look at the baby." I looked, as she held that young prodigy up to view, and was much shocked. The baby had crawled to the paint-pot, and had immersed his two hands to the elbows. Not content with this, he had laid his hands on the brush, and, when Hester saw him, he was engaged in an insane effort to get it into his mouth. The precocity of that child is most wonderful. The paint was washed off, and I commenced again. "Now," said my wife, when I had been working about two hours, with my hands cramped, my wrists and back aching, my eyes full of paint, and my face tattooed by the same like a New Zealander, "are you most done?" The "No" that I returned, I fear was not pleasant. All that forenoon I worked at that terrible task, and at about dinner time I saw it accomplished. "Hester," said I, "the work is completed; come and look, and admire." She came at my request, and I noticed a mischievous twinkle in her eye as she looked. "Why, William Henry," said she, "you've put more paint on the paper and carpet than you have anywhere else." Her criticism seemed unkind; but I looked where she had directed, and round the doors and window-frames were rays of paint like the surroundings of islands on a map, and below were large blotches of paint upon the carpet, that had assumed geometrical forms enough to have puzzled the judgment of a professor. "I confess, my dear, that in this particular I have been a little slovenly; but look at that work." "Mr. Rootle," said my wife, "if there's no better painting in what's-its-name at Rome, I don't care about seeing it." The door-bell here rang, and "accoutred as I was," without thinking of it, I rushed to see who had come, and met a whole bevy of ladies, and suffered the severe mortification of a sensitive nature under such circumstances. I here sum up the whole:

W. HENRY ROOTLE, IN ACCOUNT WITH DOMESTIC ECONOMY.	
1888. DR.	1888. CR.
To painting one room	Time and labour spent in painting
£1 0 0	£0 12 0
	Trousers spoilt in ditto
	1 12 0
	Paint
	0 8 0
	Spoiling carpet
	0 18 0
	Daubing walls
	1 0 0
	Mortification
	2 0 0
To balance	5 10 0
	£6 10 0
	£6 10 0

I throw in the dangerous experiment of the baby and the injury to health, both of which, could they be estimated by numbers, would swell the amount to an alarming figure. I came solemnly to the conclusion that it would have been better to have paid a proper person to have done the work in a proper manner. Don't you think so yourself?

POPULAR LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE.

Monday, January 19th, at 8 o'clock,

BY

MR. H. CUNYNGHAME.

THE OPINIONS OF CHARLES DICKENS

UPON THE

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN,

RESTED ON THREE FUNDAMENTAL GROUNDS.

- 1. That true education does not consist of a mere storing up of facts, but of a development of the faculties.
2. That the moral development of children's character is more important than even intellectual improvement.
3. That no education of the mind is healthy which destroys physical health.

These positions are shown in the treatment of the delicate and precocious child, Paul Dombey, in the hands of the austere Mrs. Pipchin, and in the description of "Doctor Blimber's genteel school for young gentlemen," which Paul Dombey afterwards entered ("Dombey and Son").

And they again appear in the description of the board school children and the school inspector in "Hard Times."

Selections from these novels will be read to the audience, and form a main part of the lecture.

If time allows, possibly extracts will also be read from "Oliver Twist," illustrative of the brutality of treatment of pauper children by the Parish Beadle which were sometimes common.

[The audience are requested to take their seats as near the platform as their tickets allow, because reading at this inclement season is a considerable strain upon the voice.]

To be followed by the following Entertainment by the

"MODOC" MINSTREL TROUPE,

COMMENCING AT 9 p.m.

Table listing cast members: BONES, INTERLOCUTOR, TAMBOS, H. LEWIS AND L. DUVAL, R. B. STENNARD, J. DUVAL AND G. DUVAL.

PART I.

Table listing program items: OVERTURE, OPENING CHORUS, COMIC SONG, BALLAD, COMIC SONG, BALLAD, COMIC SONG, SONG, and their respective performers.

Terminating with a New Comic Song, entitled-

"THE 2 by 15 FOR GLOUCESTER,"

By L. DUVAL and COMPANY.

STUDENTS' POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS. Under the direction of Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A., and Mr. C. E. OSBORN. Admission Twopence. Students, One Penny.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN ON WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21st, 1891, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

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

VOCALISTS:-

THE MISSES DELVES-YATES. MR. J. A. BOVETT. MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.

RECITATIONS BY MISS DE LOREZ.

Accompanist MRS. SPENCER. Pianoforte Solo MISS JULIA VALENTINE.

1. DUET .. "Una Sera d'Amore" Campagna.

The MISSES DELVES-YATES.

Guarda che bianca Luna

Guarda che notte azzurra,

Un aura non sussurra,

Non tremula uno stel.

L'usignoletto solo,

Balza di fronda in fronda,

E par che mi risponda,

Cerco la tua fedel.

2. SONG "What am I, love, without thee?" .. S. Adams.

MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.

3. PIANOFORTE SOLO "Grand March" .. Wagner-Liszt.

MISS JULIA VALENTINE.

4. SONG "The King of Love" .. Gounod.

MISS DELVES-YATES.

The King of Love my Shepherd is,

Whose goodness faileth never;

I nothing lack if I am His,

And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living waters flow,

My ransomed soul He leadeth;

And where the verdant pastures grow,

With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,

But yet in love He sought me;

And on His shoulder gently laid,

And home rejoicing brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill,

With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;

Thy rod and staff my comfort still,

Thy cross before to guide me.

And so, through all the length of days,

Thy goodness faileth never;

Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise

For ever and for ever.

5. SONG "Where'er you walk" .. Handel.

(From the Opera Semle.)

MR. J. A. BOVETT.

Where'er you walk cool gales shall fan the glade,

Trees where you sit shall crowd into a shade;

Where'er you tread the blushing flow'rs shall rise,

And all things flourish where'er you turn your eyes.

6. RECITATION Miss DE LOREZ.

MISS DE LOREZ.

7. SONG "The Arab's Bride" .. G. Marks.

MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.

8. SONG "Che farò senza Euridice" .. Gluck.

MISS LILIAN DELVES-YATES.

Recitative.

Sposa! Euridice! Consorte!

Ah! più non vive! la chiamo in van!

Misero me! la perdo e di nuorr e per sempre,

O legge! o morte! o ricordo crudel!

Non ho soccorso, non m'avauza consiglio;

Jo veggio solo (oh, fierrà vista),

Il luttuoso aspetto dell'orrido mio statò,

Laziati sorte rea! son disperato!

Aria.

Che farò senz' Euridice?

Done andrò senza il mio ben

Euridice! oh dio sispondi!

Io son pur il tuo fedel!

Ah! non m'avauza più soccorso

Più speranza nè dal mondo

Che farò senz Euridice?

Done andrò senza il mio ben?

9. SONG "Alice, Where Art Thou?" .. F. Ascher.

MR. J. A. BOVETT.

The birds sleeping gently,

Sweet Lyra gleameth bright,

Her rays tinge the forest,

And all seems glad to-night.

The winds sighing by me,

Cooling my fever'd brow;

The stream flows as ever,

Yet Alice, where are thou?

One year back this even,

And thou wert by my side,

Vowing to love me, Alice,

Whate'er might betide.

The silver rain falling,

Just as it falleth now,

And all things slept gently,

Ah! Alice, where art thou?

I've sought thee by lakelet,

I've sought thee on the hill,

And in the pleasant wild wood,

When winds blew cold and chill;

I've sought thee in the forest,

I'm looking heavenward now,

Oh! there 'mid the starshine,

Alice, I know art thou.

10. PIANOFORTE SOLO (Andante and Rondo) .. Mendelssohn.

(Capriccioso, op. 14)

MISS JULIA VALENTINE.

11. RECIT. AND ARIA "Dove Sono" (Nozze Di Figaro) Mozart.

MISS DELVES-YATES.

E Susanna non vien! sono ansiosa di saper

Come il conte accolse la proposta.

Alquanto arditò il progetto mi par,

Ad uno sposo sì vivace e geloso!

Ma che mal c'è?

Cangiando i mici vestiti con quelli di Susanna,

E i suoi cò mici, al favor della notte

O cielo! a qual unsil stato fatale io son ridotta

Da un consorte crudel!

Che dopo avermi con un misto inaudito d'infedeltà

Di gelosia, di sdegno primo amatu, indi offeso,

E alfin tradita, famini or cercar da una mia serva aita!

Dove sono i bei momenti,

Di dolcezza e di piacer,

Dove andaro i guiramenti

Di quel labbro meuzogner!

Perchè mai, se in pianti e in pene

Per me tutts si cambio.

La memoria di quel bene del mio sen non trapassò

Ah! se almen la mia constanza nel languire amando ognor.

Mi portasse una speranza di cangiar l'ingrato cor.

12. SONG "The Admiral's Broom" .. F. Bevan.

MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.

13. RECITATION Miss DE LOREZ.

MISS DE LOREZ.

14. SONG "Ora Pro Nobis" .. Piccolomini.

MISS LILIAN DELVES-YATES.

Out of the dark and dreary street;

Out of the cold and driving sleet;

Into the church the folk had gone,

Leaving the orphan child alone.

Tatter'd and so forlorn was she,

They cross'd themselves as they pass'd.

To see so frail a child in that grievous plight

On such a relentless and stormy night!

"Ora pro nobis, ora pro nobis."

Banned by the hoot of the churlish owl,

Into the lone churchyard she stole;

Over the grave where her mother lay,

Clasping her hands she knelt to pray:

"Mother! if thou in heaven can'st hear

Thine orphan breathing her mournful pray'r,

Oh, take thy child! Oh, take thy child to thyself again."

The worshippers answer'd in sweet refrain:-

"Ora pro nobis, ora pro nobis."

Into the cold and driving sleet;

Into the cold and dreary street;

Out of the church the people came,

Starting, aghast! as the sombre flame

Fell on the frail and slender form

Which knelt, unmoved by the moaning storm;

For, while they prayed, the angels had come,

And taken the soul of the orphan home.

"Ora pro nobis, ora pro nobis."

15. SONG "An Evening Song" .. Blumenthal.

MR. J. A. BOVETT.

PEOPLE'S PALACE, EAST LONDON.

DRAPERS' COMPANY'S INSTITUTE.

In connection with the Science & Art Department, South Kensington, the City & Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education, and the Society of Arts.
Head Master, Mr. D. A. LOW (Wh. Sc.), M. Inst. M.E. Secretary, Mr. C. E. OSBORN.

TIME TABLE OF EVENING CLASSES FOR SESSION 1890-91.

The Session Commenced on Monday, September 20th, 1890. The Second Term Commenced Tuesday, January 6th, 1891.

The Classes are open to both sexes without limit of age. As the number which can be admitted to each Class is limited, intending Students should book their names as soon as possible. During the Session, Concerts and Entertainments will be arranged for Students in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evenings, to which they will be admitted on payment of One Penny. The Swimming Bath will be reserved for the exclusive use of Students on certain days and evenings in each week during the summer months, and they will be admitted on payment of One Penny. The Governors will be pleased to consider the formation of Classes other than those mentioned in the Time Table, provided a sufficient number of Students offer themselves for admission. The Governors reserve the right to abandon any Class for which an insufficient number of Students enrol. Each Student on taking out his or her Class Ticket will be provided with a Pass, upon which a deposit of One Shilling must be paid; this Pass should be returned within seven days of the expiration of the Class Ticket, failing which the deposit will be forfeited and the Pass cancelled. Further particulars may be obtained on application at the office of the Institute.
The Gymnastic Classes are held temporarily in the Queen's Hall during the building of the New Gymnasium at the North End of the buildings.

Art Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Freehand & Model Draw.	Mr. Arthur Legge	Monday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Perspective Drawing...	Mr. Arthur Legge	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Drawing from th' Antique	Mr. Arthur Legge	Thursday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Decorative Designing	Mr. Bateman	Friday & Saturday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Modelling in Clay, etc.		Friday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Drawing from Life	Mr. H. Costello	Tues. & Thur.	8.0-10.0	6 0
*Etching	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Mon. & Friday	8.0-10.0	6 0
*Wood Carving	Mr. Daniels	Tues. & Thur.	8.0-10.0	6 0
*Art Metal Wk. & Engraving	Mr. Daniels	Tues. & Thur.	8.0-10.0	6 0

* Per Session. † Per Term of 12 weeks. ‡ Students of the Wood Carving Class may attend a Drawing Class in the Art School one evening per week free of charge.

Trade Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Cabinet-mkg. & Desig. Lec.	Mr. B. Dent	Thursday	8.0-10.0	10 0
" Workshop	Mr. W. Graves	Monday	8.0-10.0	15 0
*Carpentry & Joinery, Lec.	Mr. W. Graves	Friday	8.0-9.30	10 0
" Workshop	Mr. W. Graves	Tues. & Th.	8.0-10.0	10 0
*Brickwork and Masonry	Mr. A. Grenville	Monday	7.0-10.0	7 6
Lecture and Workshop	Mr. R. Chaston, foreman bricklyr.	Monday	7.0-10.0	7 6
*Electrical Engin., Lec.	Mr. W. Slingo	Thursday	8.0-10.0	6 0
Laboratory & Workshop	A.I.E.E., & Mr. A. Brooker	Tues. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	6 0
*Mech. Engineering, Lec.	Mr. D. A. Low (Wh. Sc.)	Monday	7.30-8.0	14 0
(Pre.)	M.I.M.E., Mr. D. Miller, & Mr. G. Draycott (Wh. Ex.)	Friday	7.30-8.30	10 0
" Workshop	Mr. G. Draycott	Monday & Fri.	8.0-10.0	10 0
*Photography	Mr. G. Taylor	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Plumbing, Lecture	Mr. G. Taylor	Tuesday	8.30-10.0	5 0
" Workshop	Mr. G. Taylor	Monday	8.0-10.0	18 6
*Printing (Letterpress)	Mr. E. R. Alexander	Monday	8.0-9.30	6 0
Tailor's Cutting	Mr. Umbach	Monday	8.0-9.30	6 0
*Land Surveyng. & Levelling	Mr. F. C. Forth, Assoc. R. C. Sc.	Commencg. Mar. 13, 1891	10 0	10 0
Sign Writing, Graining, &c.	Mr. Sinclair	Friday	8.0-10.0	5 0

* Per Session (ending immediately after the Examinations of the City and Guilds Institute in May, 1891).
† Per Course.
‡ Free to those taking the Workshop Classes in the same subject.

§ 12s. 6d. for both, but only Members of the Lecture Class will be allowed to join the Workshop Class in Plumbing.
¶ To persons joining the Trade Classes who are not actually engaged in the trade to which the subjects refer, double fees are charged. No one can be admitted to the Plumbing Classes unless he is engaged in the Plumbing trade.
The above fees for Workshop instruction include the use of all necessary tools and materials.

Science Classes.

Specially in preparation for the Examinations of the Science and Art Department.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Animal Physiology	Mr. A. J. Evans, M.A., B.Sc.	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
Applied Mechanics	Mr. F. G. Castle, A.I.M.E.	Thursday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Building Construction and Drawing, Elemen.	Mr. A. Grenville	"	7.30-10.0	4 0
" Advanced	"	"	7.30-10.0	4 0
Chem., Inorg. Theo., Ele.	"	Tuesday	7.15-8.15	4 0
" " " "	"	"	8.15-10.0	10 6
" " " "	Mr. D. S. Macnair, Ph. D.F.C.S.	Friday	7.15-8.15	4 0
" " " "	"	"	8.15-10.0	10 6
" " " "	Assistant—Mr. G. Pope	Monday	7.15-8.15	4 0
" " " "	"	"	8.15-10.0	7 6
" " " "	"	"	7.0-10.0	15 0
Prac. Plane & Solid Geo., Elem.	Mr. D. A. Low (Wh. Sc.) M.I.M.E.	Mon. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
Adv.	Mr. F. C. Forth	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Mach. Construct. & Draw., Elem.	Mr. F. C. Forth	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0
Adv.	"	"	8.0-10.0	4 0
Mathematics, Stage I.	Mr. E. J. Burrell	Tues. & Th.	7.45-8.45	4 0
" II.	"	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
Magnet. and Elect., Elem.	Mr. W. Slingo	Monday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Adv.	A.I.E.E., and Mr. A. Brooker	Tues. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	6 0
" " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Sound, Light, and Heat	Mr. F. C. Forth	Friday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Steam & the Steam Engine	Mr. F. G. Castle, A.I.M.E.	Thursday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Theoretical Mechanics	Mr. E. J. Burrell	Friday	8.45-9.45	4 0

Per Session (ending immediately after the Examinations of the Science and Art Department in May, 1891).
* Free to Members of any other Science, Art, or Trade Class.
† Only Members of these Classes can join the Electric Laboratory and Workshop Practice Class.

Every facility will be given to Students of Chemistry desiring special instruction, or wishing to engage in special work. Students are supplied free with apparatus and chemicals. A deposit of 2s. 6d. will be required to replace breakages.
Students desirous of joining this Class will please see Dr. Macnair before enrolling.
Apprentices under 20 years of age will be admitted to the Science, Art, and Trade Classes at half fees.

Musical Classes.

(Under the direction of Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.)

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Violin	Under the direc. of Mr. W. R. Cave, asst. by Mr. G. Mellish	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
"	"	Tuesday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Viola and Violoncello	"	Monday	6.0-10.0	7 6
"	"	Thursday	6.30-8.0	5 0
Singing (Advanced)	Mr. W. H. Bonner	"	8.0-9.0	1 6
" (Sol-fa Not.)	"	"	9.0-10.0	1 6
" (Staff Not.)	"	"	6.0-9.0	15 0
*Solo Singing	Miss Delves-Vates (Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.)	Tu. and Th.	7.30-10.0	1 6
Choral Society	Mr. Hamilton & Mrs. Spencer	Friday	8.0-10.0	1 6
*Pianoforte	Mr. O. Bradley, M.A.	M. T. Th. & F.	4.0-10.0	9 0
" (Advanced)	Mr. W. R. Cave	Thursday	7.0-10.0	15 0
Orchestral Society	"	Tu. and Fr.	8.0-10.0	2 0

Pianoforte Tuning arrangements not completed.
A class for String Quartette playing will also be held by Mr. W. R. Cave.
For Term ending 20th March, 1891.

In these subjects the Students are taught individually, each lesson being of twenty minutes' duration.
* Half this fee to Members of the Choral Society.

General Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Arithmetic (Advanced)	Mr. A. Sarll, A.K.C.	Monday	7.0-8.0	2 6
" (Commercial)	"	"	8.0-9.0	2 6
" (Elementary)	"	"	9.0-10.0	2 6
Book-keeping (Elem.)	"	Thursday	6.0-7.0	4 0
" (Advanced)	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" (Beginners)	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" (Intermediate)	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
CIVIL SERVICE—				
A.—For Telegraph Learners, Female Sorters, and Boy Copyists	Mr. G. J. Michell, B.A., Lond.	Thursday	6.30-8.45	10 0
B.—For Boy Clerks, Excise & Customs Officers (Beginners), & Female & Lower Division Clerks (Beginners).	"	Tuesday	6.30-9.30	12 0
C.—For Excise and Customs Officers, and Female and Lower Division Clerks	"	[Tuesday	7.45-9.45]	14 0
Shortband (Plumbers) Ele.	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Report	"	"	9.0-10.0	5 0
French, Beginners	Mons. E. Pointin	Monday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " " "	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " " "	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " " "	"	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " " "	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " " "	"	Friday	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " " "	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
German, Advanced	Herr Dittell	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " " "	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Elocution (Class 1)	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	6.0-7.30	5 0
" (Class 2)	"	"	8.0-10.0	5 0
Writing	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 6
*Type-Writing	Mr. Kilburne	"	6.0-10.0	10 6

For Term ending 19th December, 1890. * In this subject the Students are taught individually, each lesson being of twenty minutes' duration.

Special Classes for Women only.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Dressmaking	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	5.15-7.0	5 0
"	"	"	7.15-8.45	7 6
"	"	Thursday	4.0-5.30	5 0
"	"	Friday	5.0-6.30	5 0
"	"	"	7.0-8.30	5 0
Millinery	Miss Newall	Tuesday	5.30-7.0	5 0
"	"	"	7.30-9.0	5 0
Cookery—Penny Cookery	Mrs. Sharman	Monday	8.0-9.0	1 0
Lecture	"	Thursday	6.30-8.0	10 6
Cookery—High-class Prac.	"	"	8.0-9.30	5 0
Practical Plain	"	Saturday	3.0-4.0	7 6
Reading for Diploma	"	"	"	"
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mrs. Thomas	Friday	8.0-9.30	3 0

For Term ending March 20th, 1891.

Special Lectures.

SUBJECTS.	LECTURES.	DAYS.	HOURS.	Com-menc-ing.	Fee per Crse.
Nursing (Women)	Dr. Milne	Mon.	8.0-9.30	Jan. 19	1 6
Ambulance (Men)	"	Tu.	8.0-9.30	Feb. 23	1 6
Machine Design	Mr. D. A. Low (Wh. Sc.) M. Inst. M.E.	Fri.	9.30-10.0	Jan. 9	1 6
Univer. Exten. Lectures	(particulars shortly)				

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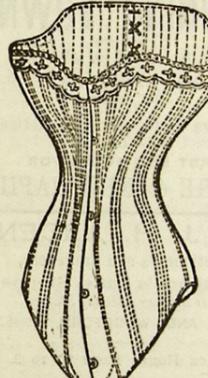
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May .. 14, 28	Dec. .. — 10
June .. 11, 25	

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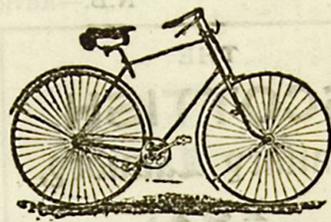
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