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[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE  
Club, Class and General Gossip.

## COMING EVENTS.

- FRIDAY, 3rd.—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, People's Palace Military Band. Admission, 1d. and 3d.
- SATURDAY, 4th.—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, People's Palace Military Band, at 8. Admission, 3d.
- SUNDAY, 5th.—Library open from 3 to 10. Organ Recitals at 12.30, 4, and 8 p.m. Admission, free.
- MONDAY, 6th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Distribution of Prizes, at 8.30, to Students of Plumbing Classes. Admission, free. New term for Day and Evening Classes commences. Girls' Gymnasium in Queen's Hall, 6.30 to 10.
- TUESDAY, 7th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Lecture for Farriers, at 8, in Lecture Hall.
- WEDNESDAY, 8th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Organ Recital and Concert at 8. Admission, 2d., Students, 1d.
- THURSDAY, 9th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
- FRIDAY 10th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.

THE Spring Term for Evening Classes commences on Monday next, 6th April.—During the building of the new gymnasium at the north end of the Technical Schools, the following temporary arrangements have been made for men on Tuesdays and Fridays, and for young women on Thursdays in the Queen's Hall. The junior sections will meet on Saturdays in the Lecture Hall.—The new time tables are now ready. A special course of lectures will commence on Tuesday, May 5th, on the "Strength of Building Materials and Structures," by Mr. Albert Granville.—Mr. F. C. Forth will also commence a course on "Waterworks and Water Supply," on Fridays, commencing May 29th. Syllabus of either lecture may be obtained in the office.—Our arrangements for the Easter holidays have so far been a great success.—On Good Friday, we had a magnificent rendering of Handel's "Messiah," by our Choral Society and Orchestra, and Mr. Bradley, our popular musical director, must begin to feel proud of our musical societies. The vocalists were enthusiastically received, and even would-be "critics" were pleased. The largest number came through the turnstiles on one evening that ever attended a concert in the Queen's Hall, so much so that the new buildings for the winter garden were used as a promenade during the concert. The concert on Saturday also was well attended. But the most popular Bank Holiday ever arranged at the P. P. was certainly the appearance on Monday of Miss Eleanor Clausen's Orchestra of Ladies, "The Pompadour Band." The Queen's Hall could have been filled if it had been twice the size.

THE Swimming Bath was also opened on Monday morning, and although the weather was exceedingly cold, a good number availed themselves of a "dip."

ON Monday next, April 6th, the Distribution of Prizes awarded by the Worshipful Company of Plumbers to the students of the People's Palace Plumbing Classes, will be made by W. H. Bishop, Esq., Master of the Plumbers' Company. Sir John Henry Johnson, Master of the Drapers' Company, will preside, and will be supported by several members of both companies, and also by Mr. G. Taylor, Mr. Webb, Mr. Tilmas, and other members of the trade. The meeting will commence at 8.30. Admission free.

THERE will not be any concert in the Queen's Hall on Monday next.

THE Day Technical School will re-open on Monday next, at 9 o'clock.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—*Conductor*—Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.—The new quarter begins on April 7th. Mr. Bradley has arranged a very attractive programme for the Session. The "Ancient Mariner," the "Hymn of Praise," Haydn's "Spring," the "Woman of Samaria," and an opera are the works to be practised. Our next Social will probably be held on April 25th. Our performance of the "Messiah" was in every way a success, and was highly appreciated by an audience which filled the hall to its utmost capacity. The dates of our next concerts are not definitely fixed. Voices wanted in all parts. Those with good voices, and who can read music well from either notation, are invited to join as early in the quarter as possible, so as to be qualified to take part in our next concert.

J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.  
J. G. COCKBURN, Hon. Sec.

A COURSE of free lectures, under the auspices of the Worshipful Company of Farriers, on the Art and Practice of Horse Shoeing, will be delivered in the Lecture Hall, by Professor Wm. Pritchard, M.R.C.V.S., on the following evenings:—April 7, Bones, Cartilages, Ligaments and Tendons of the Horse's Foot; Chairman, Sidney Smith, Esq. (Ex-Master of the Worshipful Company of Farriers.) April 16, Vascular and Sensitive portions of Foot; Chairman, Hyman Montagu, Esq., F.S.A. (Warden of the Worshipful Company of Farriers.) April 28, The Horse's Hoof; Chairman, Geo. Burt, Esq., J.P., (Ex-Sheriff.) May 7, The Preparation of the Foot for the Shoe; Chairman, F. C. Bayard, Esq., LL.M. (Warden of the Worshipful Company of Farriers.) May 19, The various kinds of Shoes and their Uses, and the application of the Shoe to the Foot; Chairman, Geo. Burt, Esq., J.P. (Ex-Sheriff.) Each lecture to commence at 8 o'clock p.m.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GIRLS' GYMNASIUM CLUB.—Our social gathering is postponed until Friday next, 10th April, when it is hoped that all members will endeavour to be present, as an especially enjoyable evening is looked forward to. On the 15th of this month we are to have another dance in the Lecture Hall; tickets to admit gentlemen friends will be distributed to members only next Thursday evening in the gymnasium.

ANNIE A. HEINEMANN, Captain.  
REBECCA JOSEPHS, Vice-Captain.

SUNDAY, March 29th—Attendance at the Library, 1,259; Organ Recitals, 2,558; total, 3,817.

P.P. CRICKET CLUB.—At an adjourned meeting of the members of this club held on Wednesday, the 25th ult., Nathaniel L. Cohen, Esq., in the chair, a provisional committee was formed to hold office until 30 members are enrolled, when a permanent committee and officers will be appointed for the ensuing season. It was resolved "That after the above number of members have joined, candidates for admission shall be considered in order of priority." It was also decided that in addition to playing members, honorary members be invited at a small minimum subscription. The news that a suitable ground at Walthamstow has been secured through the generosity of the Drapers' Company was received with general satisfaction. We were also informed that negotiations are pending with the railway company for reduced return fares, and Mr. Osborn was asked to obtain the use of the Queen's Hall for a benefit concert for the club.

## Census "Curiosities."

FROM some amusing Census Stories relating to the Census of 1881, given in *Home Words* for April, I quote the following:—

"I have called for the Census paper," says Mr. Enumerator; "is it filled up?" "Filled up! Ah, both sides of it; but I ain't put all down what I'm 'spected to." "Why not?" "Why not! Becos you left such a bit of paper to do it on. Call yourn a Liberal Government? And then begrudge 'em a bit of writing paper when it's to write about your business and not theirs!"

"Well, well, where is the paper? Let me see it," says Mr. Enumerator, and it is handed to him, filled in on both sides, every available inch of space being covered with written characters, each as large as one's thumb-nail; and, after all, including only certain superfluous particulars concerning the head of the family and an incomplete return as regarded the wife, as follows:—"John Taylor, married, aged fifty-two, eighteen of next February, being born in the year 1829, French polisher by trade, and knows something about the jobbing carpentering, and can turn his hand to rockin'-horse makin'. Worked for many years at Mr. —, Curtain Road, Shoreditch, who can certify as to character on application. Was born in Hare and Hounds Court, this side of Hare and Hounds publichouse, Little William Street. Mary Taylor, married, female, and wife to the above, aged 49; goes out by the day when she can get it, or washes at home. Mangling done, which, being out of employ, is turned by Joseph Ezekial Taylor, her son, born in the parish of Blackfriars Road, and —." At this point the interesting record, driven through lack of space to the extreme corner of the paper, abruptly terminated.

The enumerator hands back the paper with some little impatience of tone and manner. "What do you think I want with all this rigmarole?" he asks. "The Government do not desire to know anything respecting your wife going out by the day. If she is a washerwoman, or a laundress, why not say so, and done with it? As for yourself, you are by trade a French polisher. Set yourself down as such, my friend, and save ink and paper. Here's another sheet, and I'll help you to fill it in."

But at this John Taylor fired up wrathfully. "I ain't going to be bullied by you, and done out of my two other okkipsations besides French polishing. Never you mind about wasting ink. I'll stand to that, if you'll find paper. There's the mother to finish, and nine of 'em—boys and gals—to go down yet." "You are only allowed one form, I tell you, and you will find that ample, if you will only be guided by me. I'll take the responsibility of it being all right."

But it cost at least a further ten minutes of Mr. Enumerator's valuable time to convince John Taylor that he was not being shabbily treated, and that it was not all a dodge on the part of the official to stint him of paper so that he could not possibly make a full and correct return, and then be down on him for the penalty mentioned in the schedule. He would not affix his name to the document until he had called down a lodger to bear witness that he had been prevented by the enumerator from going into the thing in a complete and workmanlike manner.

In some cases even the rich and educated are very silly. One rich old lady was so determined in opposing "the inquisitorial process," as she called it, that she not only refused to fill the Census paper, but bolted and barred her doors against the enumerator! Sometimes very odd names are discovered. One read thus:—"Albertina Regina Victoria Gotha Boul." She certainly ought to have married an agricultural labourer who gave his name: "Prince Albert Daniel Gamon."

## Across the Herring Pond, Forty Years Ago and Now.

RATHER more than fifty years have elapsed since the first steamboat crossed the Atlantic, or to speak more correctly, since the feasibility of abandoning the fine sailing packets and clippers for steamers was demonstrated, as far as long voyages were concerned. Public interest was deeply stirred when, in 1837, it was learned that two steam vessels were on the stocks, building for the American service. These were the "Sirius," at London, and the "Great Western," at Bristol. It was these vessels that made the first race; the former in eighteen and a half, and the latter in fourteen and a half days. The steam ships at first carried none but cabin passengers; and, for ten years after the inauguration of the first steam line, emigrants had no choice but to cross in clippers. Several attempts were made to establish regular lines, but none succeeded until 1840 when the British and North American Royal Steam-Packet Company was organised. The chief promoter was Mr. Samuel Cunard, of Halifax, whose name has since become a household

word on both sides of the Atlantic. Although the passengers, says a writer in this month's *Scribner*, had the run of the entire ship, their accommodations were little, if any, better than those provided in the clippers. The saloon and state rooms were all in the extreme after-part of the vessel, and there were no such things as comfortable smoking rooms on deck, libraries, sitting rooms, electric lights and bells, and automatic windows to port-holes; and there were no baths to be obtained except through the kind offices of the boatswain or his mate, who vigorously applied the hose on such passengers as came dressed for the occasion when the decks were being washed in the early morning. "State-room" was much more of a misnomer than now. On the most unpretentious modern steamship there is room enough in the chambers to put a small trunk, and even other articles of convenience to the traveller; and one may dress, if he takes reasonable care, without knocking his knuckles and elbows against the wall or the edges of his berth. Nowadays, too, the state-room is large enough to accommodate three or four persons, while some are arranged to hold six and even eight. The pioneer steamship had chambers so narrow that there was just room enough for a stool to stand between the edge of the two-foot-wide berth and the wall—mere closets. Indeed, the two great improvements in the liners of to-day over those of forty years ago are speed and space.

It is not possible to give an exact comparison between the traffic now and when the passenger steamships first began to run between Europe and America, but the Cunard, beginning in 1840, had only four regular vessels. Now there are twelve principal steamship lines who have regular sailings days each week, and some have sailings twice and thrice a week: on these lines there are eighty-four steamers which carry saloon and steerage passengers.

It is in the matter of speed, however, that the greatest change has taken place. Against the fourteen days and a half of the early period the time-records of to-day seem almost incredible. The fastest time is that of the "City of Paris"—five days, nineteen hours, and eighteen minutes. This, of course, was accomplished under specially favourable circumstances, but the fast ships of several lines now make a seven days' journey from port to port; these lines are the Cunard, Inman, White Star, North-German Lloyd, Hamburg-American, French, Guion, and Anchor. Their vessels are well-fitted, the passengers find every convenience at hand, and barring extremely bad weather, the traveller may imagine that he is confined but a few days to a first-rate hotel on land.

As for the fare, there is always enough and in great variety. On a recent departure a steamer's larder was stocked as follows:—Fresh beef, 20,000 lbs.; fresh pork, 500 lbs.; veal, 500 lbs.; mutton, 3,500 lbs.; lamb, 450 lbs.; sausage, 200 lbs.; liver, 230 lbs.; corned beef, 2,900 lbs.; salt pork, 2,200 lbs.; bacon, 479 lbs.; hams, 500 lbs.; tongues, 8 dozen; sweetbreads, 200; assorted fish, 2,200 lbs.; oysters, 5,000; clams, 5,000; crabs, 500; green turtle, 200 lbs.; turkeys, 50; geese, 50; fowls, 248; chickens, 150; squabs, 300; snipe, 500; quail, 500; ducklings, 216; wild game, 108 pairs; butter, 1,500 lbs.; eggs, 1,200; condensed milk, 400 quarts; fresh milk, 1,000 quarts; ice cream, 400 quarts; apples, 12 barrels; pears, 10 boxes; melons, 160; oranges, 16 boxes; peaches, 10 crates; bananas, 10 bunches; huckleberries, 100 quarts; gooseberries, 100 quarts; cherries, 250 quarts; currants, 100 lbs.; lemons, 14 cases; pine-apples, 100; plums, 150 quarts; strawberries, 250 quarts; flour, 125 barrels; potatoes, 140 barrels; lettuce, 72 dozen; asparagus, 30 dozen; green peas, beans, tomatoes, 15 crates each; brussels sprouts, 10 baskets; biscuits and cakes in large variety, and a quantity of pickles, sauces, spices, extracts, paté de foie gras, truffles, caviare, canned and dried and fresh vegetables, and general groceries in the most generous quantity.

The steerage passenger is equally well catered for. A young man who crossed in the steerage last year described his experience thus:—At breakfast we usually had oatmeal porridge and molasses, with coffee in plenty, and rolls and butter. This was varied by hash instead of porridge on some days, or perhaps an Irish stew; but fresh baked rolls and butter were always in abundance. There was always soup at dinner, and some boiled beef, pork, or fish, with potatoes and bread. Supper did not amount to much, but there was plenty of plain, good stuff to eat. Roast beef and plum duff were served at Sunday's dinner.

All captains of passenger steamships are scrupulously attentive to the needs of their steerage passengers. Not a day passes that they do not make a personal inspection of this department, and they are always approachable in the event of complaints arising on the part of the poorest travellers.

The foregoing only touches the fringe of the subject, but the article in question is well worth reading *in extenso*.

## Gleanings—Grave and Gay.

THE dearest purchase Quaritch, the antiquarian bookseller and the prince of bibliophiles, ever made was the Psalter, printed by Faust and Schaeffer in 1409, for which he gave £4,950, and this he still possesses. He has had five copies of the famous Mazarin Bible, printed in 1455, the cheapest purchase being at £59, and the dearest £3,980. At the Sunderland sale he spent £33,000, and at the Hamilton sale nearly £40,000. Books on early American history, which formerly were bought for a few shillings, are now in demand at hundreds of pounds sterling. Books with woodcuts by old Italian masters still fetch high prices.

It is claimed that the radio micrometer, invented by Mr. Boys, is so sensitive that it is influenced by the heat of a candle nearly two miles away, and yet, when turned toward the brightest stars, it is not perceptibly influenced by their heat. Still, every demonstration of science goes to prove these stars blazing suns like our own, but so immensely removed from the earth as to show no signs of heat under the most powerful tests that can be applied. The immensity of the universe is taught by such illustrations, and yet it is impossible to convey an adequate idea thereof.

BISHOP BARRY, in a recent article on "The Social and Religious Outlook," has described very distinctly the part which the drink shops have played in undermining the efforts of the clergy in many cases. Referring to the "leakage and wreckage" continually going on among members of the Church, he draws attention to those who are greatly responsible for the bad conditions under which many good men are working to save the masses. He exhorts those in high places, who consider God Almighty has sent them to rule, but whose attention is solely engrossed in preserving their game and their ground-rents, to give their attention to the deplorable state of things which still exists to such a great extent in this country. In a certain district, where there were 120 public-houses, few of the people could escape temptation, for these places were planted at the corners of the courts where, into thirty or forty cottages, the people crowded together. "Through drink alone," Dr. Barry asserts, "one-half of the younger people were consigned to industrial schools, reformatories, or prisons," at the time to which he calls attention.

THE following extract from the current *Edinburgh Review* will be of interest to our readers: "For the three years 1880-2, the mortality of different occupations has been estimated on the last census returns. If we take the mortality of all males as represented by 1,000, we find the clergy so long-lived, so much above the average, as to be represented by the figure 556. The farmers are close after them; even the mental strain caused by the weather, the seasons, and free trade, cannot shake their healthiness; they stand at 631. At the opposite end of the scale come the brewers, with no less than 1,361, the inn-keepers with 1,521, the butchers with 1,170. It is not difficult, in the two former cases, to account for the high mortality. The danger arising from a tempting proximity to stimulants (which spreads even to coopers) is shown by the number who die of alcoholism, or those various affections of the liver under which such deaths are often classed to avoid hurting the feelings of relations. When ten ordinary men, from twenty-five to sixty-five years of age, die from alcoholism, no fewer than twenty-five brewers and fifty-five publicans are killed by it, and the deaths from liver disease among the latter are six times as numerous as the average. It is a melancholy fact that the mortality of grocers has risen since the right of dealing in wines and spirits was extended to them. In the case of butchers, diseases arising out of drink are again prevalent."

AN instance of splendid heroism has just occurred on the Devonshire coast. Two Brixham trawlers, the "Dazzler" and the "Susan Patey," came into collision off Start Point, late on a Tuesday night, the accident resulting in the loss of five lives. Whilst the "Dazzler" was going down head first, the crew were in the act of casting adrift the boat, from which, however, they were swept away by the rush of water aft. Mugford, the third hand on board, immediately seized the life-buoy, and while the men were all struggling in the sea, Harris, the skipper, said loud enough to reach Mugford, "Whatever will my poor wife and children do if I am drowned?" Mugford immediately exclaimed, "Here, skipper, take this life-buoy" (releasing himself from it, and pushing it towards Harris), "I have no one but myself to support, and if I am lost nobody else will suffer."

Harris, however, was as anxious to save his companion's life as his own, and putting one of his arms around the buoy, he said, "Jack, put your arm round like this, and it will keep us both up; anyhow, we will both share the same fate." Mugford acted on the advice of his skipper, and the buoy sustained both men in the water until they were picked up by the crew of the trawler "Hilda" (who had witnessed the collision from a distance) and taken to Brixham.

THE enterprise of our American friends is simply boundless. A gentleman residing in Bedford recently received a letter from an old Bedfordian who is now practising as a physician in Chicago, asking him to arrange for the purchase of Bunyan's cottage at Elstow, for transference to the World's Fair at Chicago. This, of course, was impossible, but the gentleman who received the letter has recommended that models of the cottage and Elstow Church should be made for the fair, and probably this will be done.

THE New Hôtel Métropole, at Brighton, has been provided, according to Sir George Chubb, with between 800 and 900 locks. Each is said to be different, but a single "master key," as it is called, opens the whole number. There are also, it appears, several sets of sub-master keys. Thus, the manager or proprietor of a hotel can have access to every room in the building; but each tenant can get into his own room, while the officials can each have "master keys" to the particular set of rooms of which they have charge.

THE total number of persons employed on a typical Japanese newspaper is as follows: One political director, one chief editor, five assistant-editors, four proof-readers, one shorthand writer, twelve reporters or news gatherers, three or four compositors, each with several assistants, twelve men in the press room, and minor employés, including distributors, making a total of 150 persons. The reporters are the weak point, for the editor frankly tells you that if they cannot find news they are compelled to bring home fiction, as they are paid by results, and even then they do not often earn more than £2 a month. They therefore deliberately invent a large part of their news. So untrustworthy, indeed, is the reporter that an assistant editor is always sent when anybody of importance desires or is invited to be interviewed. Much enterprise is shown in collecting full accounts of anything that occurs in Japan, but the trail of the untrustworthy reporter is over it all, and this greatly reduces its interest and influence.

SOME people survive in spite of their habits. One old man of 97 all his life drank quantities of neat gin, and smoked the strongest and rankest tobacco; while the Rev. W. Davis, who died in 1790 at 105, and who ought to have known better, for the last 35 years of his life never took exercise, and began the day on hot buttered rolls, and ended it with a supper of hot roast meat with plenty of wine. Even a woman's tongue can be survived to a great age, for John Wakes, a centenarian, had had no less than ten wives. John Ross, again, and his wife are said to have celebrated their 148th wedding day, but this must be received with caution.

A GENTLEMAN who recently visited Mr. Edison's great laboratory, at Menlo Park, and whose son was about to enter upon business life, asked the Professor to give him a motto for his boy, so that he might remember it as a guide and stimulus in after life. Mr. Edison laughed a little at the novel request, and then said: "Well, I'll give him this—tell him never to look at the clock!" Which means this—that the man who succeeds to-day is not the man who does just what he has contracted to do and no more, but the man who throws his heart into his work, feels a genuine interest in it, and does not grumble if he has to work ten minutes after office hours.

A GOOD story is told of Jowett, the eminent Oxford scholar. His study windows look into the "Broad" at Oxford; and, as everybody knows, he is always at work among his books. Coming with his party—chiefly American tourists—under these windows, the local guide began: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is Balliol College, one of the very oldest in the university, and famous for the herediton of its scholars. The 'ead of Balliol College is called the master. The present master of Balliol is the celebrated Professor Benjamin Jowett, Regius Professor of Greek. Those are Professor Benjamin Jowett's study windows; and there"—here the man stooped down, took up a handful of gravel and threw it up against the panes, bringing the poor professor to the window—"ladies and gentlemen, is Professor Benjamin Jowett himself."

## The Heathen Chinese.

It is but natural that nations situated far apart should have but few characteristics in common, yet although by the majority the Chinese are regarded as the very antithesis of ourselves in everything, few of us recognise in its totality how great the contrast really is. The foreign resident in China has this contrast continually forced upon his attention, but nowhere does it stand out more plainly than in the capital of that vast empire. There, in what has rightly been designated the most unique of all the great cities which dot the continent of Asia; there, where the Chinese of all classes can be studied to the greatest advantage; there, hard by the throne from which a boy of eighteen governs four hundred millions of human beings, in public and in private, and in the commoner actions of everyday life, strange and startling anomalies are ever springing into view.

To record all the points in which the Chinese differs from us would be impossible in a small space, and all that will be here attempted will be to paint in rough outline the picture of Chinese anomalies.

On meeting a friend, a Chinaman shakes hands with himself, the custom being to clasp the hands in front of the breast and execute a semi-circular sweep up and down whilst making the deep bow which forms part of the salutation. To knock at the door, or to take off his hat on entering a stranger's house, would be a serious breach of etiquette, as would also the accepting of the seat offered him without prolonged protestation as to his unworthiness to occupy so honourable a place. The address on a Chinese visiting card is always on the back, and the card itself is a large sheet of paper, some six or eight inches by three or four, usually of a red colour with the name stamped vertically in large black letters. If the visitor be in mourning, his card will be of a light brown colour and the name in blue. On a letter the address would begin with the name of the country, followed by that of the province, district, town, and street, and ending with that of the addressee. A Chinese book, as everyone knows, should be commenced at the last page, and read downwards and from right to left. The leaves are made of a kind of semi-transparent "flimsy," and punctuation, when this is made use of, also affords an example of a characteristic anomaly; commas are placed in a position which we should describe as upside down, whilst the "full" stop is an exact miniature of the figure accompanying the definition of a circle in Euclid's elements. The outside of the book, like the inside, does not fail to prove different from what we find in the West. It is coverless, except for a thin sheet of brown paper stitched on the back and front; one cover, or rather case, being only provided for each five or six volumes, so that if, as is frequently the case, a Chinese novel consists of twenty-five or thirty volumes, or an encyclopaedia of 1,000 or 1,500, the number of *fas* (cases) may be easily ascertained. These cases are made of cardboard covered with blue cloth, and are closed by small pegs attached to short pieces of tape and fitting into loops prepared for them in the cloth on the side of the case.

The Chinese pen resembles a camel-hair paint-brush with a rather thick handle, and is held perfectly upright when in use. The ink, as if entertaining an aversion to resembling that of the "Western barbarian," is solid, of the kind known to us as Indian ink, and is prepared for use by being rubbed with a little water on a stone slab. An attempt to write on Chinese paper with a steel pen would speedily end in blots and rents: the tissue paper of the Celestial must only be painted on with the appropriate brush and half-liquid ink. Plain paper does not suit the elegant ideas of the inhabitants of this happy land, so each sheet exhibits in outline, with more or less of shading, a coloured design of a group of flowers, a landscape, a scene from a novel, a moral quotation from the classics, etc., all of which are to be entirely disregarded when writing your letter, the parallel vertical columns of black written characters being easily visible amid this irrelevant decoration. The same idea is followed on the front of the envelope. No postage stamps are used, for the simple reason that they do not exist; the letter is paid for just as we pay for a parcel, with this exception, that the more the Chinese pays for the carriage of his letter, the sooner will the courier bearing it reach his destination.

The Chinese language has, properly speaking, no alphabet; the nearest approach thereto being 214 Radicals, of which each character, or word, contains one. Theoretically, every word consists of two portions, the Radical giving the clue to the meaning and the Phonetic (of which there are several thousands) to the sound; but this no longer holds good in the majority of cases. The character itself differs from ours both in its shape and in its more artistic appearance; the sight of inscriptions on rocks in romantic places (and there is not a romantic place in China without its appropriate inscription) giving rise to exactly the opposite feeling to that arising in our minds on beholding an

atrocious puffing of a pill or recommendation of a soap defiling the beautiful countenance of Nature.

We need but mention the outward appearance of a Chinaman to cause numberless anomalies to spring to the reader's recollection. There is the fact that the Chinese wears a tail on his head, and no hair, or hardly any, either there or on his face; the head being habitually shaved and neither moustache nor beard allowed to grow before the age of forty. There is also the fact that, besides the small facial angle incident to his lower stage of civilisation, his "almond" eyes slant upwards from his nose, the latter seldom having a bridge worth speaking of; while his hair is always black and his eyes black or brown, a Chinese "blonde" being almost unknown. A Chinaman's finger-nails, too, are frequently some inches in length, and protected by thimbles specially manufactured for the purpose; this is a sign of rank, the length of nail effectually preventing manual labour. Though it is not correct to say that in China the men wear petticoats and the women, trousers, if by this it is meant that Chinese men present the appearance of English women, and *vice versa*, yet it is true that each sex wears both species of garments, the trouser being bound tight round the ankle, and the "petticoat"—a long-sleeved cloak—usually reaching somewhat below the knee, though that worn on ceremonial occasions is long enough to cover the feet. Linen is conspicuous by its absence, the whitest part of the Chinese costume being as a rule the part of the sock visible above the shoe. The difference between the black English leather boot and the gaily-coloured and embroidered Chinese cloth shoe is too well-known to need emphasising. A boot-black in China would starve for want of employment, the thick sole of the cloth shoe being whitened instead of blackened. When he carries a watch, the Chinaman is not so selfish as to keep the whole benefit of it to himself; so the fob in which it is carried has a round hole, through which the watch (always worn with the face outwards) may be seen by any passer-by when not covered by the outer tunic. Chinese hats are of various shapes, but none of them resembles the English head-covering. The ordinary black skull-cap is without a brim, and has a red knob on the top. The summer hat is also brimless, but much larger than the one just referred to, and resembles a huge broad-mouthed extinguisher, with a red tassel hanging from the apex. The winter hat is lower in the crown, but has a very broad brim turned up all round; while official hats indicate the various ranks of the wearers by "buttons" of seven different colours and materials, accompanied by an occasional peacock's feather symbolic of the highest grades. "Men and women," we read, "oftener go bareheaded than covered, warding off the sun by means of a fan. Labourers shelter themselves from rain under an umbrella-hat and a grotesque thatch-work of leaves neatly sewn upon a coarse network. . . . If they were not worn on the head such hats would be called trays, so unlike are they to the English article of that name."

Contemplation of a Chinese house impresses one with the idea that the builder had commenced its construction on the European model, and then, noticing the resemblance, had changed his mind and proceeded on a different plan. For a distance of three feet from the ground the building consists of a fairly substantial stone wall, but above this, as a rule, there is nothing to support the roof but perpendicular wooden poles, the intermediate spaces being filled by a framework covered with paper serving as wall and window in one. The impression that the creation of an anomaly was premeditated becomes stronger, moreover, on learning that treasure is habitually deposited in the roof-tree, instead of, as with us, in the foundation-stone. The roof itself presents a further contrast in being more ornamental and picturesque than ours both in shape and material; and in putting on the tiles the workmen begin at the ridge pole and finish as they come down to the eaves, so as not to walk over the tiles and crack them; an arrangement, however, which makes the structure less wind-and-rain-proof than it would otherwise be. Chimneys are certainly the exception rather than the rule. Chinese houses have seldom more than the one storey, and consequently no staircases, whilst the garden, instead of being at the front or back, is in the middle, *i.e.*, the house forms a sort of hollow square, the rooms being built on its sides facing the central courtyard. The interior usually presents a somewhat bare aspect. Very little furniture is used, whilst a large space is always occupied by the *Kang*, or stove-bed. The latter furnishes us with a curious anomaly; rather than sleep in a bed, like an ordinary human being, the Celestial prefers to take his rest on a hot oven! for the *Kang* is, in fact, nothing more than a brick platform, under which, in winter, a charcoal fire is kept burning night and day.

Perhaps one of the objects which would be considered least likely to present any anomaly in appearance or construction is a Chinese street, *i.e.*, taking the word merely to mean the piece of ground between two rows of houses. Yet, besides

neither macadamised nor "made" in any way, the Chinese thoroughfare is the exact reverse of ours in shape, the middle part, consisting mostly of the accumulated rubbish of ages cast forth from the doors on either side being considerably higher than the two *trottoirs* intervening between it and the houses, so that if in the rainy season a vehicle should slip or be pushed off the central portion, the occupants run considerable risk of being smothered or drowned in the mud and water which always accumulate at that period. The general appearance, also, of these thoroughfares is totally unlike anything to be found in the West. The signboards of the shops stand on their ends or hang from the eaves. The fronts are all open (being closed by shutters secured by upright bars at night) and show the counters in close proximity to the street. The traffic consists of a curious medley of carts, wheelbarrows, sedan-chairs, and strings of camels, horses, mules, and donkeys. Wheelbarrows are used for carrying both passengers and goods. Hogs are transported in hampers on the shoulders of coolies, and small pigs are put into baskets carried in slings, while fish, frisking and jumping in shallow tubs, are hawked from door to door.

If desirous of obtaining satisfaction from one with whom he has quarrelled, the Chinaman does not betake himself to the police court; he adopts quite another plan. If a river or canal is handy, he forthwith jumps in and drowns himself; but if Nature has not been obliging enough to provide these conveniences, his enemy's well will serve the same purpose: will, in fact, have the additionally satisfactory result of putting him to the trouble of borrowing or buying his drinking-water if he does not wish to risk his life by using his own. In default of easy access to a well, the gentleman anxious to protest his innocence may still attain his object by disembowelling himself on his oppressor's doorstep. Whatever be the means adopted, the issue is equally satisfactory; for not only does the guilty forthwith meet with his reward in this world, but the wronged one "sees him and goes one better" by having first say in the next! We can only presume that the judges who sit in the Chinese heavenly places must be as anomalous as their more material counterparts if they do not feel insulted at such a reflection on their impartiality.

In China a mother never kisses her child, kissing being an unknown institution in the Celestial Empire. To christen a son after his father seems to us natural enough, but "we find in Mencius that the curious fancy of the Chinese which leads them when giving a name to a son to avoid the name of the father or of any ancestor, was in existence in China three centuries before Christ." In saying his lesson in school, the pupil must turn his back upon the master. Neither gas nor the electric light is used, and a candlestick is, literally, stuck into the candle, being made with a long spike in place of a socket, which is pressed into the candle and keeps it in an upright position.

In this country, too, the labourer has no Sabbath, and to profess three religions at the same time is not deemed inconsistent. Chinese ladies compress their feet instead of their waists, and wear red silk pictured shoes, usually about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches long; on their heads, moreover, flowers take the place of a bonnet, whilst gloves are utterly unknown. A portrait hanging on a wall must be referred to in different terms according as it represents the "pleased countenance" of a living person or the "shadow" of a departed one. Devils are, of course, white. Criminals, so far from having their heads shaved whilst in confinement, must let their hair grow until they are released. A murderer, when convicted, must beg to be executed: cannot, indeed, be taken to the block or the other substitutes for our scaffold, until he has confessed his guilt and made this ghastly request.

A Chinaman seldom takes violent exercise, or, indeed, recreation of any kind, but if he indulges in a game of shuttlecock he uses his feet instead of a racquet. The well-known chopsticks take the place of knife, fork, and spoon at his meals, his food and drink differing from ours both in respect of what is taken and the time at which he partakes of it. The question, "Have you had your dinner?" is not, as might be expected, preliminary to an invitation to dine with the interrogator, but is simply one of the commonest ways of saying, "How do you do?" To present a man with a coffin during his lifetime would to us appear a strange proceeding, yet to do so in China is a great and much-valued compliment. Though it is not true that only the men fan themselves and the women smoke, yet both customs are common to both sexes. A Chinese tobacco-pipe is remarkable for its long stem, large mouth-piece, and exceedingly small bowl; these being perhaps the only points, besides the fact of its being constructed of brass, wood, and jade, on which it could differ from ours.

The information that young ladies are hardly ever educated would doubtless shock the sages of Girton, yet this is the case notwithstanding. Women, however, do not

appear on the stage, their parts being taken by men in disguise. Unless circumstances forbid, a theatre is always built facing a temple, or *vice versa*. The dissimilarity between a Chinese temple and an English church, needs only to be named to call to mind innumerable anomalies both of structure and function. If an overworked official applies for leave of absence, he must expressly state that he wishes to go home on business; to suggest that he is in need of rest or recreation would be quite out of order. A mandarin is not expected to have any friendships or intimacies outside of his *yamen*, or office, and he cannot encourage visitors within its precincts without laying himself open to a charge of favouritism or corruption. If the inhabitants of a district wish to show their appreciation of an official's administration and testify to his probity, the most effective way in which they can do so is to wait upon him at one of the city gates as he makes his farewell exit, and beg the gift of his official boots, which are thenceforward reverently preserved in some temple as public property. Ability to feel the pulse is considered the true criterion of medical proficiency. A diagram of the arrangement of the principal organs in the human body would be ridiculed by the merest tyro in medical study in the West; Chinese ignorance of anatomy being a natural consequence of their horror of dissection, which in its turn is caused by the belief that a maimed body in this world will be a maimed one also in the next. All houses do, or should face the south, and then they will have nothing to fear from the dread influence of *feng shui*—an exacting and wide-spread system of geomantic laws as indispensable to the Chinese as the rite of infant baptism is to the English.

An old maid or bachelor is a rare phenomenon—a result probably of the care taken by parents to betroth their children in infancy. The sacredness of a man's signature amongst us will cause the statement that signatures in China are of no importance, and frequently forged, to be received with surprise; yet this is unfortunately the case, and a case, moreover, which finds a parallel in the further fact that clever lying occupies the position of a fine art, and is not considered mean or disgraceful. The Press, which holds so important a position nearly all over the world, can hardly be said to exist in China. The *Peking Gazette*, however, has appeared for the last 1,300 years, and is the oldest newspaper in the world, but it fulfils our ideas of such an organ only to a very limited extent. Waste paper must not be consigned to what we should consider its natural receptacle—the waste-paper basket; it must be scrupulously burned, for to throw it on the ground would be an unpardonable desecration of the written character.

"You had better ask for manners than money," said a finely-dressed gentleman to a beggar-boy, who had asked for alms. "I asked for what I thought you had the most of," was the boy's reply.

"O CHARLEV," said a little fellow to another, "we are going to have a cupola on our house!" "Pooh! that nothing," rejoined the other, "p's going to get a mortgage on ours."

AFTER a long period of wet weather, when the Chinese have prayed vainly for relief, they put the gods out in the rain to see how they like it.

A MAN with a modest appetite dined at a hotel; after eating the whole of a young pig, he was asked if he would have some pudding. He said he didn't care much about pudding, but if they had another little hog he would be thankful for it.

AN attorney, on being called to account for having acted unprofessionally in taking less than the usual fees from his client, pleaded that he had taken all the man had; he was thereupon honourably acquitted.

REV. Mr. Parker, who for many years preached at the floating Episcopal church in New York, was one day asked by an acquaintance, "Mr. Parker, is your church High or Low church?" "That, sir, depends entirely upon the tide," was the neat response.

BROWN, while looking at a skeleton of a donkey, made a very natural quotation: "Ah," said he, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

In a hotel in Washington, they have a room which is lighted only by the key-hole of another room.

"RECOLLECT, sir," said a hotel-keeper to a gentleman who was about leaving his house without paying his reckoning, "recollect, sir, if you lose your purse, you didn't pull it out here."

A WITNESS in court, being asked his profession, said that he was a shoemaker, but that he kept a wine and liquor store, besides. "Then, I suppose," said the counsel, "you are what may be called a sherry-cobbler?"

A PRINTER out West, whose office is half a mile from any other building, and who hangs his sign on the limb of a tree, advertised for an apprentice. He says, "A boy from the country preferred."

A WESTERN girl likes to make bread because it cleans her hands so beautifully.

AFTER the clergyman had united a pair, not long ago, an awful silence ensued, which was broken by an impatient youth, who exclaimed: "Don't be so *unspeakably* happy!"



## Ashes—Life—Failure.

"Your remembrances are like unto ashes."—JOB xiii. 12.

THE complete frailty of human existence is seen at its extremity at the bedside of death. Here stand lost hopes, the ghosts of vanished pleasures, the dreams of fleeting resolutions—all seem to say that even love and hope have failed and are no more. Death, with its shadow of decay, is creeping darkly over the wearied face; dust to dust is sounding in the ears; ashes to ashes is already written on the heart.

Yes, life, with its power and its glory, is then "like unto ashes," and the body is indeed a "body of clay." This is the same lot for fool and for wise, for rich and for poor, for the mighty ones and those of low estate. It is said that the complete exhaustion of her body was the chief trial of Queen Louisa of Prussia when dying. The perishableness of earthly greatness had deeply impressed her in days of health, and now on her death-bed she realized the bitter truth of it. "I am Queen," she said, "but I cannot move an arm."

Another truth suggested is the evanescence of human memory: your remembrances are like unto ashes—they fade, they die; that which seems at the moment ineradicable is slowly, but gradually, rubbed out and lost. Men's actions live a moment; the very proverbial "nine days' wonder" shows the fleeting character of the mightiest of human deeds. Man dies, and his memory is forgotten; the moss and lichen colour the churchyard stone:

"His place in all the nomp that fills  
The circuit of the summer hills  
Is that his grave is green."

But the remembrances of which the text speaks are those caused by wrong modes of thought and wrong ways of living. The ashes of a misspent life—these are the lot of only too many. The fruit of the irresolute character that harbours the smouldering fire of a double purpose, or a confused way of life, must ever be the dead ashes of a wasted existence. When the aims of such a life have failed, when failure is apparent as its reward, then the remembrances of its futility are the torment of the conscience-stricken soul.

Demosthenes, the orator of Greece, is an example of perseverance which achieved great worldly success. In spite of natural difficulties and want of what is usually meant by "genius," his hard work made him one of the world's greatest orators. But silver and gold, and the incense of men's praise, was sweeter to him than truth and righteous dealing. For the love of money he bartered his conscience and changed his opinions. He finally had to flee from his country in disgrace, and ended his life by taking poison, as a coward fearing punishment.

Wolsey's well-known words at the close of his ambitious life were the bitter, but true judgment of one whose remembrances were "like unto ashes":—"If I had served God as diligently as I have served the king, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs; this is my just reward."

Sometimes the sting of such remembrance incites to further and better endeavours; the ragged end of life is given to better and nobler pursuits, to more earnest ideas, to larger hopes; but what fire can come from deadened ashes? what strength from hopeless weakness? Such endeavours, beginning and ending in themselves, only seem to increase the bitterness of remembrance and the utter reality of failure. They prove the pain that wastes, the conscience that pricks, the heart that is broken; but the abortive attempt to clear the house of life is followed by a natural Nemesis—"seven other spirits" walk in, and the last state is worse than the first.

The higher the pinnacle on which such a one stands, the greater the fall: if his name be written on the earth in letters of fame, the remembrance of his career is a warning of the possibilities of human failure. Byron, whose voice in the literature of Europe was one of the strongest for half a century, has been truly written of in the following lines:—

"Who vaguely pined for worthier lot  
Than to be blink'd at like the sun,  
But found it not;  
Who blindly fought his way from birth,  
Nor learned, till 'twas too late to heed,  
Not all the noblest songs are worth  
One noble deed."

—Alfred Austin.

There is one way, however, and only one way, by which the ashes of remembrance may become the living coals of a renewed life. The redeemed are they who have known something of this transformation. The dead self has been the priceless stepping-stone to higher things.

Be transformed in the renewing of your mind, and become a new creature in Christ Jesus. The corruption of human nature finds its transformation in the crucible of the grace of God. The splendour of the shining diamond has been

crystallized from the dead, lightless lump of coke; the aluminium with its silver brilliance was once but common clay.

And as with "the spiritual body" of the soul, so with the material substance of the flesh. He shall change our vile bodies. The brightness of the heavenly life is the reflection of the likeness of the Redeemer. Ashes are ashes, and dust is dust; but corruption shall put on incorruption. The glorious body of the Saviour will transform the dead ashes of humanity into a living temple of life and light.

"O Father! grant Thy love Divine  
To make these mystic temples Thine!  
When wasting age and wearing strife  
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,  
When darkness gathers over all,  
And the last tottering pillars fall,  
Take the poor dust Thy mercy warms  
And mould it into heavenly forms!"  
—O. Wendell Holmes.

## If We Could Know.

If we could know

The glorious heaven of which we oftentimes dream,  
Its azure skies, its river's crystal flow  
Between the banks of verdure, flower-besprent,  
Could of God's city catch one golden gleam,  
No longer here could we be half content.

If we could see

The throngs of glorious ones upon that shore,  
White-robed and crowned with immortality—  
If we could see Christ's face all glorified,  
Divine with love! Ah! if the open door,  
Revealed but that, our souls were satisfied!

If we could hear

The full rich music as those souls rejoice,  
The angel harps, the hallelujahs clear,  
The new song writ in cadence not unknown!  
What were earth's triumphs, could we hear God's voice  
Blessing us softly, "Child, dear child, well done!"

If we could feel

The thrill of soul, the happiness intense,  
As God's own hand sets on each brow His seal,  
In bliss ecstatic, bending at the throne,  
Should we regret the loss of earth or earthly sense,  
Or crave the baubles we once wished our own?

If we could be

One little moment on the other side,  
Perchance would change our prayer, "Long, long life give me,  
And may earth's blessings ever on me fall,"  
To "Father, let me now with Thee abide!  
This earth is nothing, but Thy heaven is all!"

If this be so,

God shows not heaven that we may be content  
Amid the shade and shine each life must know.  
While in His plan we hold appointed place  
Some earthly comforts are from heaven lent,  
To symbol good and draw us unto grace.

And knowing this,

Our loved and lost are only gone before;  
We cannot weep that theirs is perfect bliss.  
They wait to welcome us with palm and song,  
And outstretched hands that waft us to their shore,  
The verge of that bright heaven for which we long.

THERE must be something beyond man in this world. Even on attaining to his highest possibilities, he is like a bird beating against his cage. There is something beyond, O deathless soul, like a sea-shell moaning for the bosom of the ocean, to which you belong.—*Chapin.*

IT is a vain thought to flee from the work that God appoints us, for the sake of finding a greater blessing to our own souls, as if we would choose for ourselves where we shall find the fulness of the Divine Presence, instead of seeking it where alone it is to be found, in loving obedience.—*George Eliot.*

IN this world, full often, our joys are only the tender shadows which our sorrows cast.—*Becher.*

THINGS taken from the pinions of one goose are used to spread the opinions of another.

MEN are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they speak.—*Colton.*

THE wild force of genius has often been fated by Nature to be finally overcome by quiet strength. The volcano sends up its red bolt with terrific force, as if it would strike the stars, but the calm, resistless hand of gravitation seizes it and brings it to the earth.—*Bayne.*

## Goin' Somewhere.

HE had been to town-meeting, had once voyaged a hundred miles on a steamboat, and had a brother who had made the overland trip to California.

She had been to quiltings, funerals, and a circus or two; and she knew a woman who thought nothing of setting out on a railroad journey where she had to wait fifteen minutes at a junction, and change cars at a depôt.

So I found them—a cosy-looking old couple, sitting up very straight in their seats, and trying to act like old railroad travellers. A shadow of anxiety suddenly crossed her face: she became uneasy, and directly she asked—

"Philetus, I act'ly b'leeve we've went and taken the wrong train!"

"It can't be, nohow," he replied, seeming a little startled. "Didn't I ask the conductor, and he said we was right?"

"Yaas, he did: but look out of the window, and make sure. He might have been lyin' to us."

The old man looked out of the window at the flitting fences, the galloping telegraph poles, and the unfamiliar fields, as if expecting to catch sight of some landmark, and forgetting for a moment that he was a thousand miles from home.

"I guess we're all right, Mary," he said, as he drew in his head.

"Ask somebody—ask that man there," she whispered.

"This is the train for Chicago, hain't it?" inquired the old man, of the passenger in the next seat behind.

"This is the train," replied the man.

"There! didn't I say so?" clucked the old gent.

"It may be—it may be!" she replied, dubiously; "but if we are carried wrong, it won't be my fault. I say that we are wrong, and when we've been led into some pirate's cave, and butchered for our money, ye'll wish ye had heeded my words!"

He looked out of the window again, opened his mouth as if to make some inquiry of a boy sitting on the fence, and then leaned back in his seat, and sighed heavily. She shut her teeth together, as if saying that she could stand it if he could, and the train sped along for several miles. He finally said:—

"Looks like rain, over thar in the west. I hope the boys have got them oats in."

That makes me think of the umbereller!" diving her hands among the parcels at their feet.

She hunted around two or three minutes, growing red in the face, and then straightened up and hoarsely whispered,

"It's gone!"

"W—what?" he gasped.

"That umbereller!"

"No!"

"Gone, hide and hair!" so she went on, "that sky-blue umbereller, which I've had ever since Martha died!"

He searched around, but it was not to be found.

"Waal, that's queer," he mused, as he straightened up.

"Queer! not a bit. I've talked to ye, and talked to ye, but it does no good. Ye come from a heedless family; and ye'd forget to put on yer boots, 'f I didn't tell ye to."

"None of the Harrisons was ever in the poorhouse," he replied, in a cutting tone.

"Philetus! Philetus H. Harrison!" she continued, laying her hand on his arm, "don't you dare twit me of that again! I've lived with ye nigh on to forty years, and waited on ye when ye had bites, and the toothache, and the colic, and when ye fell and broke yer leg: but don't push me up to the wall!"

He looked out of the window, feeling that she had the advantage of him, and she wiped her eyes, settled her glasses on her nose, and used up the next fifteen minutes in thinking of the past. Feeling thirsty, she reached down among the bundles, searched around, and her face was as pale as death as she straightened back and whispered,—

"And that's gone, too!"

"What now?" he asked.

"It's been stole!" she exclaimed, looking around the car, as if expecting to see some one with the bottle to his lips.

"Fust the umbereller—then the bottle!" she gasped.

"I couldn't have left it, could I?"

"Don't ask me! That bottle has been in our family twenty years, ever since mother died; and now it's gone! Land only knows what I'll do for a camfire bottle when we git home, if we ever do!"

"I'll buy one."

"Yes, I know ye are always ready to buy; and if it wasn't for me to restrain ye, the money'd fly like feathers in the wind."

"Waal, I didn't have to mortgage my farm," he replied, giving her a knowing look.

"Twitting agin? It isn't enough that you've lost a good umbereller and a camfire bottle; but you must twit me o' this and that."

Her nose grew red and tears came to her eyes; but, as he was looking out of the window, she said nothing further. Ten or fifteen minutes passed; and, growing restless, he called out to a man across the aisle,—

"What's the sile around here?"

"Philetus! Philetus H. Harrison! stop your noise!" she whispered, poking him with her elbow.

"I just ask a question," he replied, resuming his old position.

"What'd your brother Joab tell ye, the last thing afore we left hum?" she asked. "Didn't he say somebody'd swindle ye on the string game, the confidence game, or some other game? Didn't he warn ye agin rascals?"

"I haint seen no rascals."

"Of course ye havn't, 'cause yer blind! I know that that man is a villun; and if they don't arrest him for murder afore we leave this train, I'll miss my guess. I can read human natur' like a book."

There was another period of silence, broken by her saying,

"I wish I knew that this was the train for Chicago."

"Course it is."

"How do you know?"

"Cause it is."

"Waal, I know it hain't; but if you are contented to rush along to destruction, I shan't say a word. Only when yer throat is being cut, don't call out that I didn't warn ye!"

The peanut boy came along, and the old man reached down for his wallet.

"Philetus, ye shan't squander that money after peanuts!" she exclaimed, using the one hand to catch his arm, and the other to wave the boy on.

"Didn't I earn it?"

"Yaas, you sold two cows to get money to go on this visit; but it's half gone now, and the land only knows how we'll get home!"

The boy passed on and the flag of truce was hung out for another brief time. She recommenced hostilities by remarking,—

"I wish I hadn't cum."

He looked up, and then out of the window.

"I know what ye want to say," she hissed; "but it's a blessed good thing for you that I did come! If ye'd come alone, ye'd have been murdered and gashed and scalped, and sunk into the river afore now!"

"Pooh!"

"Yes, pooh, 'f ye want to, but I know!"

He leaned back; she settled herself anew; and by-and-by, He nodded—

She nodded—

And, in sleep, their gray heads touched; and his arm found its way along the back of the seat, and his hand rested on her shoulder.

It was only their way.

## Some Time.

SOME time, when all life's lessons have been learned,  
And suns and stars forevermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,  
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,  
Will flash before us a mid life's dark night,  
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;  
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,  
And what most seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,  
God's plans go on as best for you and me—  
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,  
Because His wisdom to the end could see;  
And e'en as prudent parents disallow  
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,  
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now  
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath  
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,  
And that sometimes the sable pall of death  
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send;  
If we could push ajar the gates of life,  
And stand within, and all God's working see,  
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,  
And for each mystery find there a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!  
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold;  
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart—  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold;  
And, if, through patient toil, we reach the land  
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,  
Where we shall clearly know and understand,  
I think that we shall say, "God knew the best."

## PROGRAMME OF CONCERT,

On FRIDAY, APRIL 3rd, 1891, at 8 o'clock.

## THE PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

CONDUCTOR—MR. A. ROBINSON (late Prince of Wales's 3rd Dragoon Guards).

VOCALIST—MISS BESSIE WHITE.

ACCOMPANIST—MISS FLORENCE PHILLIPS.

Musical Director to the People's Palace

MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

1. MARCH ... "Copenhagen" ... *Kapp*  
 2. OVERTURE ... "Guy Manering" ... *Bishop*  
 3. SONG ... "Only you" ... *Lloyd*

MISS BESSIE WHITE.

## I.

Tenderly the winds are breathing  
 O'er the flow'rets at my feet,  
 O'er the hill and de l soft wreathing,  
 Telling such a tale so sweet ;  
 Gently little leaves caressing  
 In the swaying boughs above,  
 Shyly little rose leaves pressing  
 As they blush with kiss of love.

What are the soft winds sighing  
 Over the fragrant leaf ?  
 What is their low replying  
 Like song of my love to me ?  
 "I love you, love," they say,  
 With love so fond and true ;  
 I love you, love, all else above  
 You, love, only you.

## II.

When the night wind calmly slumbers  
 In the vale and leafy grove,  
 Echoing words in dulcet numbers,  
 Tell the olden tale of love ;  
 Lull the brook to sweet surrender,  
 Till it sinks to dreamy rest,  
 Giving back, in notes so tender,  
 Night bird's song from far-off west.

What are the echoes calling  
 Over the hill and dell,  
 Like music softly falling,  
 In tones I love so well !  
 "I love you, love," they say,  
 With love so fond and true,  
 I love you, love, all else above,  
 "You, love, only you."

4. FANTASIA "Reminiscences of England" ... *Godfrey*  
 5. SONG ... "Parais à ta Fenêtre" ... *Gregg*

MISS BESSIE WHITE.

La nature est endormie,  
 Le zéphyr caresse l'eau  
 Me repoudras tu ma mie ?  
 Ouvriras tu ton rideau ?  
 Au ciel bleu la lune brille,  
 Comme un grand disque argenté,  
 Le rossignol gait son trille  
 Et chante sa liberté.

Ah ! Parais à ta fenêtre,  
 Qu'un doux regard de tes beaux yeux  
 En mon ame fenètre,  
 Et m'ent'ouvre les cieus !  
 Ah ! Parais à ta fenêtre  
 Viens ! me montrer les cieus  
 Dans un regard de tes beaux yeux.

Sous ton balcon je soupire,  
 Bientôt paraître le jour,  
 Par piticé donne un sourire  
 A celui qui meurt d'amour,  
 Daigne ecoater ma prière,  
 N'attends pas que le soleil  
 Jete ses flots de lumière  
 Pour te rafraîr un sommeil.  
 Ah ! Parais à ta fenêtre, &c.

L'oiseux s'endornt sous son Aêc  
 Après a voir gazouillé,  
 Mais quand l'aurore l'appelle  
 Soudain il est éveillé  
 Tandis que toi paresseuse  
 L'amour est là qui t'attend,  
 Pourquoi le laisser moqueu-e  
 A la porte tremblant ?  
 Ah ! Parais à ta fenêtre, &c.

6. VALSE ... "Soldaten Lieder" ... *Gung't*  
 7. FANTASIA ... "Reminiscences of Verdi" ... *Godfrey*  
 8. SONG ... "The Cuckoo" ... *Lawson*

MISS BESSIE WHITE.

Spring has turned to summer,  
 (Mother says to me)—  
 "Yet I hear the cuckoo,"  
 In the apple-tree.  
 It came first when the blossoms  
 Blanched the boughs like snow,  
 And now the trees have fruited,  
 'Tis strange it does not go.  
 Every morn I hear,  
 Loud the note and clear—"cuckoo."  
 Mute it is all day,  
 But sings at eve away—"cuckoo."

Mother, don't be angry,  
 But 'tis not a bird  
 Cuckooing in summer,  
 Jamie 'twas you heard.  
 Oh, I love him dearly,  
 And he loves me so,  
 That is why the cuckoo  
 Stays, and will not go.  
 Don't be angry, dear,  
 If sometimes you hear—"cuckoo."  
 Don't be angry, pray,  
 Lest you find some day  
 I've flown away, away with cuckoo.

9. MARCH ... "Brabant" ... *Steenbrugen*

ADMISSION—ONE PENNY &amp; THREPPENCE.

## PROGRAMME OF CONCERT,

On SATURDAY, APRIL 4th, 1891, at 8 o'clock.

## THE PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

CONDUCTOR—MR. A. ROBINSON, late Bandmaster 3rd (Prince of Wales's) Dragoon Guards.

VOCALISTS—MADAME ADELAIDE MULLEN. MR. HENRY BEAUMONT.

ACCOMPANIST—MISS FLORENCE PHILLIPS.

Musical Director to the People's Palace

MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

1. MARCH ... "Dynastie et Patrie" ...  
 2. OVERTURE ... "Italiana in Algeri" ... *Rossini*  
 3. SONG ... "Wert thou mine" ("Bonnie Wee Thing") ... *Stella*  
 4. FANTASIA ... "Reminiscences of Scotland" ... *Godfrey*  
 5. SONG ... "When the Heart is Young" ... *Dudley Buck*  
 MADAME ADELAIDE MULLEN.

Oh ! merry goes the time  
 When the heart is young,  
 There's naught too high to climb  
 When the heart is young ;  
 A spirit of delight  
 Scatters roses in her flight,  
 And there's magic in the night  
 When the heart is young.

But weary go the feet  
 When the heart is old,  
 Time cometh not so sweet  
 When the heart is old ;  
 From all that smiled and shone  
 There is something lost and gone,  
 And our friends are few or none,  
 When the heart is old.

Oh ! sparkling are the skies  
 When the heart is young ;  
 There's bliss in beauty's eyes  
 When the heart is young.  
 The golden break of day  
 Brings gladness in its ray,  
 And ev'ry month is May,  
 When the heart is young.

But the sun is setting fast  
 When the heart is old,  
 And the sky is overcast  
 When the heart is old ;  
 Life's worn and weary barque  
 Lies tossing wild and dark,  
 And the star hath left hope's ark  
 When the heart is old.

Yet an angel from his sphere,  
 Though the heart be old,  
 Whispers comfort in our ear,  
 Though the heart be old ;  
 Saying, "Age from out the tomb  
 Shall immortal youth assume,  
 And spring eternal bloom,  
 Where no heart is old."

6. VALSE ... "Morgenblätter" ... *Strauss*  
 7. DUET ... "What will you do, love?" ... *Lever*  
 MADAME ADELAIDE MULLEN & MR. HENRY BEAUMONT.

"What will you do, love, when I am going  
 With white sail flowing the sea beyond ?  
 What will you do, love, when waves divide us  
 And friends may chide us for being fond ?"  
 "Tho' waves divide us, and friends be chiding,  
 In faith abiding I'll still be true,  
 And I'll pray for thee on the stormy ocean,  
 In deep devotion :—That's what I'll do."

What would you do, love, when home returning,  
 With hopes high burning, and wealth for you,  
 If my barque which bounded o'er foreign ground  
 Should be lost near home, Ah ! what would you do ?"  
 "So thou wert spared I'd bless the morrow,  
 In want and sorrow, that left me you,  
 And I'd we come thee from the stormy lillow,  
 This heart thy pillow :—That's what I'd do."

8. FANTASIA "Reminiscences of Balfe" ... *Godfrey*  
 9. ROMANCE "Alice, where art thou?" ... *Ascher*  
 MR. HENRY BEAUMONT.

The birds sleeping gently, sweet Lyra gleameth bright,  
 Her rays tinge the forest, and all seemeth glad to-night,  
 The winds sighing by me, cooling my fever'd brow,  
 The stream flows as ever, yet Alice where art thou ?  
 One year back this even, and thou wert by my side,  
 Vowing to love me, Alice, what'er might betide.

The silver rain falling just as it falleth now,  
 And all things slept gently, Oh, 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 forest, I'm looking heavenward now,  
 Oh, there amid the starshine, Alice, I know art thou.

10. SONG ... "I couldn't, could I?" ... *Rosk*  
 MADAME ADELAIDE MULLEN.

It was in the month of May, and I really lost my way,  
 As I picked the sweet wild flowers in the wood,  
 So to find the path I tried, and then sat me down and cried,  
 As a desolate young maiden always should.  
 And I'm sure I never knew that young Allan was in view,  
 Till he came and asked what trouble ailed me so.  
 With such sympathy he sighed as he said he'd be my guide,  
 That I couldn't, could I ? very well say "No."

And so shady were the trees, and so pleasant was the breeze,  
 And so tender were the tones of Allan's voice,  
 That in quite a little while I began again to smile,  
 And the sunshine made my happy heart rejoice ;  
 But when we reached the brook, once more with fear I shook,  
 For the stepping-stones were slippery, you know ;  
 So to quiet my alarms he just took me in his arms,  
 And I couldn't, could I ? very well say "No."

As we crossed the silver stream, it was almost like a dream,  
 And I think that Allan wasn't quite awake,  
 For I really had to frown before he'd set me down,  
 And I almost think a kiss he tried to take ;  
 But this I know full well, that the tale he had to tell  
 With its magic set my burning cheeks aglow ;  
 And when he said he'd die if his suit I should deny,  
 Why, I couldn't, could I ? very well say "No."

11. MARCH ... *A. Robinson*

ADMISSION, THREPPENCE.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT & ORGAN RECITAL

On WEDNESDAY, 8th APRIL, 1891, at 8 o'clock.

ORGANIST—MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O., Organist to the People's Palace.  
 SOLO VIOLIN—MISS ALICE MAUD LIEBMANN, Child Violinist (of Her Majesty's Theatre), age 10 years.  
 VOCALISTS—MISS MARY REEVE ISSEL. MR. FRANK BOOR.

1. ORGAN SOLO Prelude and Fugue in D major ... *Bach*  
 Mr. B. JACKSON.
2. SONG ... "The Sailor's Grave" *Sir Arthur Sullivan*  
 Mr. FRANK BOOR.  
 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 did not 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 gallants fleet 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'lt bound,  
 To rise and shine in Heaven.
3. ORGAN SOLOS a. Meditation; b. Capriccio ... *Klein*  
 Mr. B. JACKSON.
4. SONG ... "When the tide comes in" ... *Barnaby*  
 Miss MARY REEVE ISSEL.  
 He sailed away at break of day  
 The skies were blue and fair,  
 He kiss'd his bonnie 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,  
 Remembring Donald's words;  
 "O God!" he cried, and none beside  
 Knew the grief my heart within,  
 "O give me back my bonnie lad,  
 When the tide comes flowing in."  
 Across the strand far up the land,  
 The fence 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, the flowing tide  
 comes in.
5. VIOLIN SOLO ... Concerto No. 7 ... *De Bériol*  
 Miss ALICE MAUD LIEBMANN.
6. ORGAN SOLO ... Offertoire in G ... *Webby*  
 Mr. B. JACKSON.
7. SONG ... "The Anchor's Weighed" ... *Braham*  
 Mr. FRANK BOOR.  
 The tear fell gently from her eye,  
 When last we parted on the shore,  
 My bosom heaved with many a sigh  
 To think I ne'er might see her more.  
 "Dear youth," she cried, "and canst thou haste away,  
 My heart will break, a little moment stay,  
 Alas, I cannot, I cannot part from thee,  
 The anchor's weighed, farewell, remember me."

- "Weep not, my love," I trembling said,  
 Doubt not a constant heart like mine,  
 I ne'er can meet another maid  
 Whose charms can fix that heart like thine."  
 "Go then," she cried, "but let thy constant mind,  
 Oft think of her you leave in tears behind."  
 "Dear maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be,  
 The anchor's weighed, farewell, remember me."
8. ORGAN SOLO Theme in A (varied) ... *Hird*  
 Mr. B. JACKSON.
  9. SONG ... "The Lost Chord" ... *Sullivan*  
 Miss MARY REEVE ISSEL.  
 Seated one day at the organ,  
 I was weary, and ill at ease;  
 And my fingers wandered idly  
 Over the noisy keys.  
 I know not what I was playing,  
 Or what I was dreaming then;  
 But I struck one chord of music  
 Like the sound of a great Amen.  
 It flooded the crimson twilight  
 Like the close of an angel's psalm,  
 And it lay on my fevered spirit  
 With a touch of infinite calm.  
 It quieted pain and sorrow,  
 Like love overcoming strife.  
 It seemed the harmonious echo  
 From our discordant life.  
 It linked of perplexed meanings  
 Into one perfect peace,  
 And trembled away into silence,  
 As if it were loth to cease.  
 I have sought, but I seek it vainly,  
 That one lost chord divine,  
 Which came from the soul of the organ  
 And enter'd into mine.  
 It may be that Death's bright angel  
 Will speak in that chord again.  
 It may be that only in Heaven  
 I shall hear that grand Amen.
  10. ORGAN SOLO Grand Solemn March ... *Smart*  
 Mr. B. JACKSON.
  11. SONG ... "Yes! let me like a soldier fall" ... *Walker*  
 Mr. FRANK BOOR.
  12. VIOLIN SOLO ... Romance *Alice Maud Liebmann*  
 Miss ALICE MAUD LIEBMANN.
  13. SONG ... "Children's Dreams" ... *Cowen*  
 Miss MARY REEVE ISSEL.  
 When the dusk steals over the city,  
 And the children fall asleep,  
 When the mothers watch in the silence,  
 And guard o'er their slumbers keep;  
 There is one who knows of their vigil,  
 Who hears as their prayers ascend;  
 And the tender smiles of the children  
 Are the dreams that the angels send.  
 When the morning breaks o'er the city,  
 And the little children wake;  
 When hushed is their joyous laughter  
 As their lisping plea they make;  
 There is one who heeds them, and listens,  
 To whom every word is dear,  
 For the faltering prayers of the children  
 Are the first the angels hear.  
 When the heart with its grief is heavy,  
 And the eyes can no longer weep;  
 When we walk with footsteps weary  
 Where the shadows gather deep;  
 There is one who sees all our sorrow,  
 Who teaches our hearts to pray  
 That the simple faith of the children  
 May be ours on our life-long way!
  14. ORGAN SOLO ... Finale in D major ... *Lemmens*  
 Mr. B. JACKSON.

ADMISSION, TWO-PENCE. STUDENTS, ONE PENNY.

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS,

In the QUEEN'S HALL, on SUNDAY, APRIL 5th, 1891.

Organist ... .. Mr. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.

- AT 12.30.
1. PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN G MAJOR ... .. *Mendelssohn*
  2. ANDANTE PASTORALE ... .. *Richmond*
  3. GRAND CHOEUR ... .. *Klein*
  4. AIR ... "With verdure clad" (Creation) ... *Haydn*
  5. SELECTION from the "Woman of Samaria" ... *Bennett*
  6. COMMUNION ... .. *Guilmant*
  7. MARCH IN B FLAT ... .. *Silva*
- AT 4.30. VOCALIST—MR. WILLIAM ALLEN.
1. OVERTURE ... .. *Morandi*
  2. VOCAL SOLO ... "O Lord have mercy" ... *Pergolesi*  
 MR. WILLIAM ALLEN.
  3. QUASI PASTORALE IN G ... .. *Smart*
  4. HYMN ... "All people that on earth do dwell" ... *Smart*
  5. MARCH IN E FLAT ... .. *Smart*
  6. VOCAL SOLO (Recit. & Air) "Arm, arm ye brave" ...  
 MR. WILLIAM ALLEN.
  7. LARGHETTO ... .. *Merkel*
  8. HYMN ... "Abide with me" ... ..
  9. PRELUDE IN D MINOR ... .. *Mendelssohn*
- AT 8.30.
1. FANTASIA IN C MINOR ... .. *Berens*
  2. PRAYER ... "Temple ouvre toi" ... .. *Gounod*
  3. CHORUS ... "The heavens are telling" (Creation) ... *Haydn*
  4. MELODIE RELIGIEUSE ... .. *Chauvët*
  5. TOCCATA AND FUGUE ... .. *Bach*
  6. CANTABILE (Symphonie No. 4.) ... .. *Widor*
  7. MARCH SOLOELLE ... .. *Lemaigre*

ADMISSION FREE.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES

Awarded by the Worshipful Company of Plumbers to the Students of the People's Palace Technical Schools Plumbing Classes, will be made by W. H. BISHOP, ESQ. (Master of the Plumbers' Company),

On MONDAY, the 6th of APRIL, 1891.

The Chair will be taken at 8.30 o'clock by  
 Sir JOHN HENRY JOHNSON,  
 Master of the Drapers' Company.

The "Passing" of the Kangaroo.

It is (says Birge Harrison in *Scribner's Magazine* for April) safe to say that never in any other country in the world, has any animal been so widely disseminated or so numerous as was the kangaroo in primeval Australia.  
 But a hundred years of civilization have wrought a change. The great marsupial has entirely disappeared from the most settled parts of the country, and in many of the wilder parts has become as rare an apparition to-day as is the American bison on the plains of Montana. Indeed, one humorous gentleman whom I met in Melbourne professed to regard the kangaroo as an entirely mythical animal, deserving only to be classed with the sea-serpent, the dragon, and the "bunyip" of the black fellow, whose awful voice is heard in the dead silence of the midnight forest, but whose form has never yet been seen of man. Without taking this proposition too seriously, one would not go far wrong in accepting its general tenor as indicating fairly well the true state of the case; for it is quite certain that the kangaroo has so nearly disappeared from most of its old haunts as to have already taken on some of that legendary interest which belongs to things of other days. To be found at all in the year of grace 1890, they must be sought for

LIST OF SUCCESSFUL STUDENTS.

SESSION 1888-9.

WILLIAM CUE. W. KETTLE.  
 CHARLES J. ESMOND. W. G. SHAPLEY.  
 FREDERICK H. DAY

SESSION 1889-90.

H. HERBERT COLLETT. JOSEPH JOHNSON.  
 A. GREGORY. H. T. SMITH.  
 J. H. HENDERSON. R. SWINDLEY.  
 ALBERT HILLS. C. A. THOMAS,  
 HARRY WOODS.

Past and Present Members of the Plumbing Classes, or any men engaged in the Trade, are invited.

ADMISSION FREE.

diligently, and the sportsman who goes to Australia to-day with the expectation of finding kangaroos behind every bush, will stand a very fair chance of disappointment.  
 For this state of affairs the kangaroo has only to thank his abnormal appetite. It must be admitted that from a settler's standpoint they were a little better than a noxious pest, and their extermination was a consummation much to be desired. In some parts of Victoria they formerly outnumbered the sheep as two to one, and old shepherds relate that it was not an uncommon thing to see the sheep and kangaroos feeding together on the plains; as many as two or three thousand kangaroos frequently accompanying a flock of a thousand sheep. Thus, it will be seen that a "station," which in 1850 could barely graze five thousand sheep, can now be made to carry forty thousand without any danger of overstocking. Hence the very natural desire of the squatters to rid the country of so formidable a competitor.  
 If the colonization of Australia continues at the same rapid pace at which it is now proceeding, it is hardly too much to say that, fifty years from date, the kangaroo will only be known as a domestic pet, or preserved like the deer in the park at Windsor. Their places will then be taken by the deer and foxes, which have, during the past few years, increased so enormously as to indicate that transportation to the southern hemisphere has augmented their vitality and increased their procreative energy.

# PEOPLE'S PALACE, EAST LONDON.

## DRAPERS' COMPANY'S INSTITUTE.

In connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, the City and 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 THE SPRING TERM,**  
 Commencing APRIL 6th, and ending JULY 3rd, 1891.

The Winter Session for the Technical, Science and Art Classes will commence on September 28th next.

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 on 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 must 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.

### Musical Classes.

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

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Singing (Sol-fa Notation)	Mr. W. Harding Bonner	Thursday	8.30-9.30	1 6
Solo Singing	Miss Delves-Yates	Tuesday	6.0-10.0	4 15
Choral Society	Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.	Thursday	7.30-10.0	1 6
Pianoforte	Mr. Hamilton & Mrs. Spencer	Friday	8.0-10.0	9 0
" (Advanced)	Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.	M. T. Th. & F.	4.0-10.0	9 0
Orchestral Society	Mr. W. R. Cave	Thursday	6.0-9.0	15 0
Violin	Under the direction of Mr. W. R. Cave, assisted by Mr. G. Mellish	Tu. and Fri.	8.0-10.0	2 0
Viola and Violoncello	"	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
"	"	Tuesday	6.0-10.0	7 6

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

### General Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Arithmetic—Elementary	Mr. A. Sarril, A.K.C.	Monday	7.30-9.30	2 6
" Intermediate	"	"	7.30-9.30	2 6
" Advanced	"	"	7.30-9.30	2 6
Book-keeping—Advanced	"	Thursday	6.0-7.0	4 0
" Journalising	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Beginners	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Advanced	"	"	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	6.30-9.45	12 0
C.—For Excise and Customs Officers, and Female and Lower Division Clerks	"	Tuesday	5.30-9.45	14 0
Shorthand (Pitman's)	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Elem.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Advan.	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Report.	"	"	9.0-10.0	5 0
French—Elem. 1st Stage	Mons. E. Pointin	Monday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Elem. 2nd Stage	"	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Intermediate	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Advanced A	"	Monday	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Advanced B	"	Friday	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Conversational	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
German—Advanced	Herr Dittel	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Beginners	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Intermediate	"	"	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
b Type Writing	Mr. Kilburne	"	6.0-10.0	10 6

b In this subject the Students are taught individually, each lesson being of twenty minutes' duration.

### Special Lectures.

A Course of Six Lectures on "Water Works and Water Supply," will be given by Mr. F. C. Forth, Associate in Engineering, R. C. Sc. I., on Friday evenings, 8.45 to 9.45, commencing May 29th.

Eight Lectures will also be given by Mr. Albert Grenville, on "Building Materials and Structures," commencing Tuesday, 5th May, at 8 o'clock. Fee for either Course—5s. Students of the Science and Trade Classes admitted at half the above fee.

### Special Classes for Women only.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Dressmaking	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	5.30-7.0	5 0
Millinery	"	Friday	7.30-9.0	5 0
Cookery	Miss Newall	Tuesday	7.30-9.0	5 0
" Girls' Junior Section	Mrs. Sharman	Thursday	6.0-7.30	1 6
" Demonstrative Lecture	"	"	7.30-8.30	2 6
" Practical Plain	"	"	8.30-10.0	5 0
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mrs. Thomas	Friday	8.0-9.30	3 0

For Term ending July 3rd, 1891. \* Single Lecture, 3d. † Single Lecture, 6d.

STUDENTS' SOCIAL ROOMS.—Students have the privilege of using the Social Rooms, containing the leading daily and weekly papers, between 5 and 10 p.m.

STUDENTS' LIBRARY.—There is a Circulating Library for the use of Students, which will be open on Monday and Thursday evenings, from 7.30 to 9.

REFRESHMENTS.—Refreshments may be obtained at reasonable prices in the Social Rooms from 5 to 10.

LAVATORIES AND CLOAK ROOMS.—For the convenience of Students, there are Cloak Rooms and Lavatories, the latter being supplied with hot and cold water.

BOOKSTALL.—Text-books, Drawing Paper, Pencils, and other requisites for the classes may be obtained at the Bookstall in the ground floor corridor.

CLUBS.—Ramling, Cycling, Cricket, Lawn Tennis are in full swing, and it is hoped Rowing, Football, Swimming and Harriers will soon be in good working order, now that the Governors have secured a large Recreation Ground for the use of our Members at Higham Hill, Walthamstow.

### ART CLASSES.

Art Master ... MR. ARTHUR LEGGE.  
 Assistant Art Master and Teacher of Modelling ... MR. H. BATEMAN.  
 Teacher of Wood Carving ... MR. T. J. FERRIN.  
 Teacher of Repousse and Art Metal Work ... MR. G. DANIELS.

### OPENING OF NEW BUILDINGS.

The new buildings of the Art School being now complete the arrangements for the Art Classes, until the close of the Session, have been revised as follows, viz., on Saturday afternoons a class will be held for Oil and Water Colour Painting, Painting from Copies, from Objects of Still Life, Flowers, &c. Hours, 2 to 4.30 p.m. Fee, 5s. per term of 12 weeks.

### TUESDAY AND THURSDAY DAY CLASSES.

Hours, 2 to 4.30. Fee, 10s. 6d., or, for 2s. 6d. extra, attendance can also be made at the Saturday afternoon Class.

### THE EVENING CLASSES.

will be continued, as stated in the Syllabus, up to the date of the Science and Art Department Examinations. Subsequently, until July 3rd, Evening Classes will be held on two evenings a week, viz., Tuesdays and Thursdays. Hours, 7.30 to 9.30. Fee, 5s., which will be reduced to 2s. 6d. for Students who have attended the Classes during the preceding Session.

### THE WOOD CARVING AND REPOUSSE CLASSES.

will be continued up to the end of the Session in July. Fees, 5s. and 6s. respectively. Classes are now held in the following subjects until after the respective Science and Art and City and Guilds Examinations, in April and May next, and will recommence on Monday, Sept. 28th.

### SCIENCE CLASSES.

Animal Physiology, Applied Mechanics, Building Construction, Chemistry: Inorganic and Organic, Theoretical and Practical, and Special Laboratory Work; Practical, Plane, and Solid Geometry, Machine Construction and Drawing, Mathematics (Stages I. and II.), Magnetism and Electricity, Sound, Light, and Heat, Steam and the Steam Engine, Theoretical Mechanics.

### TRADE CLASSES.

Cabinet Making and Designing, Carpentry and Joinery, Brickwork and Masonry, Electrical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Photography, Plumbing, Printing (Letterpress), Tailors' Cutting, Sign Writing, Graining, &c.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Chief Instructor ... MR. H. H. BURDETT.  
 (Late Chief Instructor Harrow School Gymnasium.)  
 Assistant Instructor ... MR. C. WRIGHT.  
 Pianist for Musical Drill ... MISS N. CONNOR, G.S.M.

During the building of the large and commodious Gymnasium at the north end of the Technical Schools, which will be one of the best equipped in London, the following temporary arrangements have been made:—

### MENS' GYMNASIUM.

Evenings ... TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS.  
 HOURS.—The Gymnasium is open from 6.30 until 10. The time from 6.30 till 8 is allotted for the free or voluntary practice of such Students as may choose to attend. An Instructor is present during this time to supervise and give advice or assistance to any Student when desired. The time from 8 till 10 is apportioned to instruction and teaching of classes as follows:—8 till 9. The following subjects are taught during this hour:—Sword exercise, musical drill, comprising dumb-bells, bar-bells, Indian clubs and free movements. This hour is also set apart for the individual instruction of such Students as desire to learn fencing and single-sticks. This class is held in the Fencing Gallery, 9 till 10. Gymnastics in classes are taught during this hour each evening, comprising exercises on the horizontal bar, parallel bars, vaulting horse, bridge, slanting and horizontal ladders, climbing rope, flying rings, trapeze, &c., &c. In these classes all Students are classified and selected in accordance with their physical capacities and abilities, and great care is exercised in selecting exercises to suit the powers of each individual.

FEES.—The Fees are 2s. per term and 6d. for hire of locker, in which to put flannels, belt, slippers, &c. For individual instruction in fencing and single-sticks an additional charge of 5s. is made.

BOXING.—There is a Boxing Club formed in connection with, and consisting of Students of the Gymnasium, the fees for which are arranged by the members of the Club. The hours and nights of practice are the same as for the other classes in the Gymnasium.

### GIRLS' GYMNASIUM.

THURSDAY. Hours, 6.30 till 10.  
 6.30 till 8 is allotted for free or voluntary practice of all members who choose to attend. 7 till 8.—During this hour the Fencing Class is held for the individual instruction of such ladies as may desire it. Foils, masks, gauntlets, and all requisites are furnished free of cost for the use of this class. 8 till 10.—These hours are devoted to instruction in the following subjects:—Musical Drill, comprising Bar-bells, Dumb-bells, and Indian Club Exercises, Free Movements, Running Maze, and Gymnastics. Fee 2s. per Term; 6d. per locker.

The exercises are so arranged as to equally suit the physical capabilities of weak and strong, and whilst avoiding the injurious straining of the delicate, the powers of the strongest are tested to the utmost limit.

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