



VOL. VIII.—No. 200.]

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE
Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY, September 11th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

SATURDAY, 12th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall at 8 p.m., Concert, admission, 3d.

SUNDAY, 13th.—Library open from 3 to 10 p.m., free. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 a.m. Organ Recitals at 4 p.m. and 8 p.m., free.

MONDAY, 14th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall at 8 p.m., Costume Recital, "Maritana."

TUESDAY, 15th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 9.45 p.m. (ladies only).

WEDNESDAY, 16th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

THURSDAY, 17th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

FRIDAY, 18th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

THE time table and illustrated syllabus for the evening classes, for the session commencing on the 28th instant, are now ready, and may be obtained at the office.

OUR picture exhibition closed on Saturday last, and has proved a thorough success. During the four weeks 60,602 visitors were delighted with the charming pictures that had been so kindly lent.

IT is with much pleasure that we announce that Mr. A. Breden, a student in our Evening Building Construction Class, has gained a silver Medal for Architectural Design in the National Competition, South Kensington. Mr. Breden has our hearty congratulations on his success in a subject in which it is admittedly very difficult to satisfy the examiners.

ON Saturday last the match resulted in a win for the Palace by 5 wickets and 14 runs. Owing to the rapid fall of the wickets of both teams, due no doubt to the state of the ground, which was sodden, almost two innings each side were got through. A. Bowman, who was in good form with the ball, took 14 wickets in the match at a cost of only 12 runs.

People's Palace, 1st Innings.—McDougall, o; G. Sheppard, 1; F. Hunter, o; A. Bowman, 3; J. Phillips, o; E. Francis, o; F. Hare, o; Bird, 3; C. Bowman, 3; Whiting, o; Williams, not out, 3; total 13.

People's Palace, 2nd Innings.—A. Bowman, 7; Hunter, 5; Phillips, 6; Hare, not out, 3; C. Bowman, o; McDougall, o; Sheppard, not out, 2; Whiting, Francis, Bird, and Williams did not bat; extras, 3; total for 5 wickets, 26.

Lambeth Unity, 1st Innings.—Murray, o; Lippold, o; Payton, o; Haviland, 7; Grouse, o; Hill, 3; Irving, o; Downs, 1; White, o; Pugh, o; Turnbull (not out), o. Total, 11.

2nd Innings.—Murray, o; Irving, 2; Pugh, 1; Hairland, o; Lippold, o; Hill, 1; Grouse, 3; Payton, o; White, 3;

Downs, 1; Turnbull (not out), o; Extras, 3. Total, 14. Bowling analysis omitted for want of space.

Match at Walthamstow, to-morrow, v. India Rubber Mills' Athletic Club. Play to commence at 3.30 sharp. The team will be selected from Messrs. A. Bowman (captain), C. Bowman, F. Hall, J. Phillips, W. Bruce, McDougall, White, J. Williams, R. Hones, W. Whiting, G. Sheppard, and

F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—Saturday last was favourable to rambling, and we greatly enjoyed our visit to Wimbledon Common and Richmond Park. — *Saturday, September 12th.*—We have received an invitation to visit Dr. Barnardo's Homes at Ilford. Mr. J. W. Godfrey, the Superintendent will do all in his power to interest us in the work of the Institution, and we are to have tea at the Village Home. Train leaves Liverpool Street at 2.45 p.m.; Bishopsgate, 2.47; Bethnal Green, 2.50; Stratford, 2.58. The members are requested to make an effort to attend. — *Saturday, September 19th.*—Waltham Cross for Waltham Abbey and Theobald's Park. Meet at Coborn Road, 2.50 p.m. — *Saturday, September 26th.*—Mrs. Guys, Buckhurst Hill.

A. MCKENZIE, Hon. Sec.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PALACE JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR.—I see that several members of the Palace are making inquiries in your columns as to the reason why there is no literary class or society among the classes and societies advertised for the coming season. As they write under the conception that they are starting a new idea, I merely wish to say that there was a literary society in the Palace Institute in the year 1888. It was a fairly flourishing body, and I frequently remember as many as thirty at the readings or lectures. This society was turned, in 1889, into a class, of which I was given the charge. There were about twenty names on the list, but an average attendance of not more than twelve, and as it was not therefore entirely self-supporting it was discouraged by the authorities and finally abandoned last year. I was quite willing to go on with it myself, as ten or twelve earnest and attentive pupils is as great a reward as I ever look for in such work.

What conclusion do I draw from these experiences for the future? I draw this—a literary class can never be made a paying concern in the East end. It must be run at a loss; for while shorthand and book-keeping repays, the love of literature is not likely to make a man, except in very rare cases, a better money-getting machine. Unless, therefore, the Palace authorities are ready to supply at least a room and a light to any literary society that might be formed, without expecting any return, I regard the venture as hopeless. And my second conclusion is that you can never expect large numbers in such a class. Any one who undertakes it must be ready to toil away for some five or ten students. He will be repaid.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

HAROLD SPENDER.

I understand that the authorities had no idea of ever making the class a "paying" one, and that they were quite willing to find a room, if a sufficient number of members could be found taking an interest in literary pursuits. They objected, however, to find a room for, say, seven students, which proved to be the average attendance, according to the registers, at a time, too, when class rooms were much needed for subjects in which a larger number of students were interested. When, however, the old buildings at the north end of the grounds are completed, we shall have more space at our disposal, and then the authorities will doubtless be willing to provide a room, if a sufficient number of *bond side* members are willing to attend such a class.—ED. P.J.]

Our Holidays at Gorleston.

AVAILING ourselves of the cheap and convenient arrangements made by the People's Palace, we left London on Saturday, the 15th August, for a fortnight's holiday at Gorleston, the pretty and rapidly-rising suburb of Great Yarmouth. We all went down by one of the General Steam Navigation Company's steamers, and had a very pleasant journey, the weather being fine throughout, with the exception of a sharp shower in the middle of the day.

On arriving at Yarmouth about 7 o'clock we hired a carriage, and the whole party went off to the comfortable quarters provided by the Palace at Gorleston, where we found dinner all ready for us, and a hearty welcome. After dinner and an evening walk round the neighbourhood and along the cliffs, in which respect Gorleston is more favoured than Yarmouth, we went to bed thoroughly tired out, but well satisfied.

Those members of the party who intended to go on the Broads commenced their week's yachting by a visit to the smart little yacht which had been bespoken by Mr. Carley, the accountant at the Palace office, who also formed one of the party. The yacht *Sunbeam*, of about four tons, with sleeping accommodation for four or five passengers, lay ready for us, and, having inspected her and seen everything ready for a sail, we got aboard and left Yarmouth for a little trip up the river; after passing through Breydon Water and the Yare under a slight wind, the yacht entered the River Waveney. In order that no misunderstanding may arise, it is best here to state that the yacht not only entered the river but the mudbank as well, and it was only after all hands had lent their aid that progress could be made. The work of pushing a vessel off mud is not one to be envied, and when the vessel is fairly in it hard labour is simply easy in comparison. However, once fairly off, we sailed merrily down past the cement works until just off St. Olave's, when, as is often the case in these waters, the wind dropped at sunset and we moored for tea. The cooking of the meal was undertaken by one of the party, and a very jolly cook he made. True, his cocoa could easily have been cut with a knife, and would have meant absolute bankruptcy for a café, but still this is merely a trifle. After tea, during which each man ate as if he had been outstaying Signor Succi, we turned back with the tide and a very little breeze, until we got on another bank and had to haul off on a tow line. Thence all was straight sailing to the mouth of the Yare and Breydon Water, where, as luck would have it, the tiderunning slack, we went again on a mud bank, and were so long in getting off that darkness came on. Then the fun began. It being necessary to moor to something, and that something being only a post, we had to get round one with no wind, tide against us, and mud all round. At length, after an hour's tacking about, and fruitless attempts on the part of one of our party with walking stick to induce the post to come near enough, we moored and hauled down sail for the night. A tent was spread over our boom and fastened tight down against the side of the boat, and with blankets and rugs wrapped round us, we all slept the sleep of the just. Up early next morning, with a fair wind, we got off the post, and, sailing through the Breydon Water, arrived at Yarmouth at about 8 o'clock, well satisfied with our experience.

Some other members of the party, with the same captain and cook, went up the river later in the day, and on this occasion an event happened which is worth chronicling. One of the bold yachtsman endeavoured to perform gymnastic feats on the plank-way, and to some extent certainly he was successful; but, when on the stern of the vessel, he apparently required some assistance, and therefore caught hold of the crutch supporting the boom, which gave way, and he gracefully somersaulted backwards into the water. It may be superfluous to mention that by the time our gymnast was dry—next morning—he was perfectly satisfied with his one experiment. However, a very pleasant trip was taken over the same course as the previous day, and grapnels were fixed off St. Olave's marshes. After tea, which all enjoyed, the sailors retired to a well earned rest. The return next morning was made under a good breeze, and we arrived at Yarmouth in good time for breakfast on shore.

On the following day, Wednesday, several other members of the party, fired by the courageous conduct and sunburnt appearance of the previous yachtsmen, went on board under the command of Captain Carley and the able catering of the cook, but owing to the damp weather they did not quite pass such an enjoyable time. However, the capabilities of the yacht were not exhausted, and after a somewhat short journey the boat was put to for the night, and with the tent spread and lamp lit a pleasant evening was spent. *Apropos* of the cook, it may be mentioned that shortly before his appointment he endeavoured to test the weight-carrying power of the water in a somewhat

novel way by walking upon it bearing a well-stocked hamper. The results were twofold; a thorough drenching for the cook and hamper, and a liberal expenditure of cash in providing "fire-water" for several boatmen who claimed to have helped in the rescue by looking on while the cook was fished out someone else.

On Thursday four members of the party who had previously gone up the River Waveney, started on a two days' trip to the Broads, the sail being hoisted at about half-past five in the morning. After a pleasant spin through Breydon Water we entered the Yare, and having the wind against us, had to tack about and did not get along as quickly as could be wished. After dinner, which was prepared in magnificent fashion by the cook, and consisted of roast beef, potatoes, and bread, with dessert, we proceeded up the river, and under a slight breeze got past the pretty town of Reedham as the moon was rising. One of the yachtsmen being gifted with a tenor voice, and the others being able to sing, we charmed the natives with a selection of ditties, sentimental and otherwise. Rain, however, fell as we proceeded and grapnels were fixed for the night at about eight o'clock. Then a stormy night came on, and we amused ourselves in the cabin by singing songs, etc. Up early next morning, after a good sleep, we raised the sail, went under a fine breeze up to Cantley, a pretty little village with a post-office (quite a rarity, by the way, in these forsaken flats). There our cook replenished his water supply from a spring belonging to "the Cottage." Thence, straight onward towards Buckenham Ferry, where we encountered half a gale and spun along at a terrific rate. The sail having been reefed we proceeded along the pretty reach past the Ferry and the Broad—too small for a boat of our draught—and about midday arrived at the entrance to Rockland Broad, one of the prettiest along the river. The tide being high we tacked about and went through the dyke leading to the Broad, which we entered just as the rain began to fall. Then the glorious view burst upon our sight—the whole expanse of water, covered almost entirely with water lilies and plants, and with its shores banked up with bulrushes, and other similar vegetation, lay before us, while ever and anon there rose to the surface of the water a number of beautiful fish.

It was a sight not to be forgotten, and the work which ensued was also of a kind to be remembered for a long time; for, sad to say, after scudding nearly the whole length of the Broad, the yacht went fast in the mud and stuck there, despite all attempts to push off. For one hour and a quarter did the then unhappy yachtsmen push, pull, haul, row, quant, and make use of every means known to humanity to induce the mud bank to give up its prey; but it was only after half hundredweights had been thrown out that the crew could get a hold on them, that success was obtained, and during the whole work the rain fell in torrents.

Once fairly off, however, nothing stopped us, and we sailed through the Broad and back to the river very comfortably. Not having had enough excitement yet we rather welcomed the near approach of a storm which overtook us just past Cantley Redhouse rather suddenly, and the sight of three men in the well of the boat, mixed up together, one holding the tiller, another the sail, and the third holding both the other men was somewhat amusing. The fourth man was afterwards discovered in the cabin buried amongst tins of meat, bread, jam, blankets, and books, and was faintly heard to exclaim, "Is it only an earthquake?" Things being righted the sail was hauled down and clewed up for a time, while tea was prepared, and after the wind had subsided a bit, we started out again with the sail reefed as far as possible. Spinning along in good style we soon reached Reedham, and passed under the swing bridge; just past the town a glorious sunset was visible, one of the party who claimed to know something of "high art" going off into raptures at the spectacle. Then we sailed merrily towards the Barney Arms, which we reached in good time, and in almost entire darkness we entered Breydon Water, three men being stationed as watchmen while the fourth steered. The kind of conversation which ensued was somewhat jerky: "To the right—No, left—Mind the post—Right hand, that's it—to the left," and so on. However, all difficulties were eventually surmounted, and the heroes of the day crawled home in a most dirty and hungry, but happy condition, to that *dernier* resort of the weary—a comfortable bed. Taken altogether, for excitement, good sailing, sight-seeing, and hard work, the two days' trip to the Broads was the best jaunt we had yet done.

On Saturday, the 22nd, a party of seven, including two ladies, went for a pleasant trip along the river as far as St. Olave's, and, according to their account, enjoyed themselves immensely. It was in evidence at any rate that they had been gathering beautiful flowers and heather from the banks, and it is stated that the day's trip was worthy of special remembrance, for the reason that no calamity, mud bank or otherwise, was

encountered, but this, perhaps, is accounted for by the fact that the writer of this article was not present.

The other members of the party staying during this week, and who had not been yachting, enjoyed themselves in various ways, some boating, others going for daily trips up the Broads in the pleasure steamers running from Yarmouth to Norwich and Wroxham, while the beautiful and picturesque country round about Gorleston attracted not a few. On Tuesday, the 18th August, Yarmouth Regatta was held, and one of the party entered for the Pier to Pier Swimming Race. If encouragement and cheers had been an essential factor in swimming, there is no doubt our man would have won, for several Palace fellows went to Yarmouth especially prepared to shout and cheer till exhaustion set in; but the weather was bad, and our swimmer did not appropriate the cup. He came in a good third, however, and did well at that. Trips to Cromer and Lowestoft occupied some part of the time, and those members who stayed only a week and left on the 22nd August, expressed themselves as thoroughly pleased and contented with their holiday.

On Sunday a quiet day was spent, some going to the grand old parish church of Yarmouth, St. Nicholas, and others to the churches and chapels of Gorleston.

On Monday morning five bold members of the party then staying at Gorleston prepared themselves for a week's yachting on the North River, and having taken on board sufficient provisions under ordinary circumstances for twice the number of people (a very proper criterion), started from Gorleston about midday. The weather, however, was so wretched and the wind so high and squally, that even the courage of the most experienced of the yachtsmen quickly departed and a return was made to Gorleston the same afternoon in time for tea. The weather, however, cleared up, and with a brighter prospect in store the yachtsmen again essayed to start, but, alas! the tide had run down very low, and even in the middle of the river there was hardly depth enough to float a jolly-boat, and so the start had to be postponed till next day. Early next morning the wind having moderated, a start was made, and after some trouble we passed successfully the two bridges off Vauxhall, which for some inscrutable reason are built just high enough, whatever tide there may be, to compel every sailing vessel to lower its masts. By means of tacking about in the narrow reaches of the River Bure we managed, despite adverse winds, to get about two miles in rather more than the same number of hours. The Clerk of the Weather being utterly deaf to prayers, invocations, and blessings, and showing no inclination to change the wind, it was thought advisable to follow the example of other yachts and lay to for a time while the cook prepared dinner. There is one disadvantage in having a dinner cooked under the noses of hungry people, and that is that the cooking is apt to get on somewhat slowly when the lid is so frequently raised to see how hot the water is, and it is best perhaps to follow Mr. Jerome's advice, never even look at the kettle when it is being heated, and always talk about something other than hot water.

Of course, just as we commenced dinner the wind changed favourably, and also, of course, by the time we were ready to start it was not quite so favourable. But we got a little further and passed the pretty village of Runham, and were proceeding towards Stokesby, when a gale came on. Just here three of our party had to face the difficulty of keeping their bodies warm through the night without shelter on one side of the river, while the yacht was fast mud-bound on the other.

There seemed much probability of the yacht sticking in the mud all night, but at last the two occupants, by efforts which can only be favourably compared to Sampson's, hauled it off, and the three refugees were soon safely on board. All through the night the gale raged, and it was not until twelve o'clock next day that any sailing could be done, the yacht being towed for an hour and a half by two of the yachtsmen on whom Fate had laid his hand. Acle, however, was reached at four o'clock, and there grapnels were fixed while we indulged in rowing, and walking through the village, which is somewhat scattered. Here the cook replenished his supply of provisions and civilisation became again an accomplished fact to the minds of the yachtsmen generally.

Off next morning towards Wroxham, and the wind being favourable, a very pleasant trip was made for some miles up the river as far as St. Benet's Abbey. At a farm on the site of this old Abbey our cook induced the proprietor to supply us with vegetables—a rather unusual courtesy, only to be attributed to our cook's genial eloquence. A return was made after tea to Acle to meet an angler who had arranged to fish off our boat. We accordingly started from Acle early on Friday morning, and hauling our jolly boat over the sluices went up the four-mile-long Muck Fleet, a very interesting channel, almost covered with lilies and aquatic plants, leading to Filby and Ormesby Broads, two very pretty lakes, not so

much visited as the other Broads and rather difficult of access from the river. Our angler having decided not to attempt fishing, we lost the pleasure of sharing in that exhilarating sport, and decided to return to the yacht, which we reached in time for tea, and next morning started for home. Notwithstanding the unfavourable and squally weather we encountered, very fair progress was made, and only two mud banks were fouled. We arrived at Runham in the evening without any serious mishap. Yarmouth looming in the distance was not an unpleasant sight, and the tea of which we partook at Gorleston was more pleasant still, while the memories which remain with us of the yachting generally will take long to fade away.

Cromer and Lowestoft Regatta occupied the time of others of our party during the week, and the varied and attractive sights in the neighbourhood of Gorleston were never too stale. It was with mixed feelings, contentment with our holiday-making and regret at leaving, that we mutually parted, each and all having spent, despite showery weather, a thoroughly enjoyable holiday.

W. A. Z.

Library News.**AUGUST REPORT.**

THE Library Report for August, 1891 compares favourably with that of the preceding month, and also with the returns of the same month in 1890, as the following statistics will show.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS.

	1891.	1890.	Difference.
Admissions	38,032	30,969	Increase 1891.
Week-days	32,504	26,571	" "
Sundays	5,528	4,898	" "
Issue of Books	6,023	5,117	Increase 1891.
Week-days	4,990	4,368	" "
Sundays	1,033	749	" "
Vols. added	8	205	Decrease 1891.
Presented	6	199	" "
Bought	2	6	" "
Days Open	29½	30	Decrease 1891.
Closed	1½	1	" "

The Library was open twenty-nine and a half days, being closed on Bank Holiday, and one half day, as, owing to the noise and dust caused by making a new entrance, no books could be issued.

The boys' room, being required for the Picture Exhibition, was open only on two Sundays during the month, and 361 books were issued on those days.

The total number of books issued was 6,384.

The following periodicals have been added:—

"Trades' Unionist."

"South Africa."

"Yachtsman."

"Darkest Russia."

And the *Jewish Standard* was withdrawn.

The classification of issues is as follows:—

CLASSIFICATION OF ISSUES.

Fiction	4,159	Medicine and Hygiene	23
Travel, Topography, Geography	248	Mathematics	25
Biography	124	Athletics, Sports, Games	109
History	170	Theology	55
Poetry	84	Essays and English Literature	71
Science	230	Mental & Moral Science	72
Technology	224	Foreign and Classics	91
Art and Music	58	Encyclopaedias, etc.	121
Law	29	Miscellaneous	130
	5,326		697
			5,326
		Total	6,023

Il Mandolinista.

THE stairs that led to Signor Lagardi's studio were long and narrow and dirty. "Perfectly detestable," Dorothy Dean had called them, and she was emphasizing this opinion now as she climbed the endless steps. "Oh," she cried, between her breath, "music hath charms, but it seems it lacks the power to run elevators. Whatever possessed the signor to choose such a place?"

Miss Dean spoke impulsively, and did not consider the injustice of her reproaches. She must have known Signor Lagardi had no choice in the selection of a studio. It had been a matter of stern necessity with him. Economy was his master, and so he had decided upon these rooms over an old music shop in an unfashionable quarter of the city. True, the ceilings were low, the light poor, and the odours most disagreeable; but the rent was cheap, and that meant everything to the signor.

Then, too, Carlo Lagardi was not a man to make a splurge. His aim was to begin at the bottom and work up to the top, if he could. Before he left his own country for this land, his mother laid her hand on his head and said: "Carlo mio, remember it is a long road to success. Be not in a hurry, but have courage and all will come right in the end. Thou art a good boy, Carlo. Be my brave good son always, that I may be proud of thee in my old age."

He took the white hand and raised it to his lips. "I will be thy good son, madre. I will go into the new country and work hard for thee; then I will come back to dear Italy, and we will live together again, thou and myself and the mandolin."

The mother drew the son close to her, his dark head resting against her snowy one. "Go, and God go with you," she said, smiling through her tears. The cathedral bells rang out for vespers and they knelt together in silent prayer.

When Dorothy had reached the landing she paused a moment to listen to a sprightly madrigal the signor was playing. Then, after a few taps at the door, to which a pleasant foreign voice responded, she entered.

Signor Lagardi stood before his music rack, his mandolin in hand. He came forward smiling.

"The signora is late for her lesson to-day." She made her excuses, which were many and diffuse, quite bewildering the little musician — this gay, abrupt, beautiful American always made his heart flutter too much for real comfort. He could not understand the new and remarkable feeling that had come over him.

Hestoodtherenosilentandsmiling,hishandsomeexpressive eyes upon her fair face. He was rather a little man, slight and muscular of build, with a dark skin and clear-cut features; his mouth, delicate and sweet as a woman's, was redeemed from weakness by a chin strong and firm; his hands were the hands of an artist, long, slender, with tapering fingers, and narrow, aristocratic nails.

When Dorothy Dean first met Signor Lagardi she quite raved about his grace, beauty, and talents. He was something new and different, so she immediately adopted him and interested herself in his behalf by procuring pupils for him and inviting him to assist at private entertainments given at her own charming home. She was passionately fond of music, and would often have him come to her house in the evening, when she would play his accompaniments for him, and he would go through piece after piece as if in a dream. Dorothy played well, with delicacy and precision, and the signor liked nothing better than a good accompaniment for his beloved mandolin. Dorothy, too, was equally delighted with her part, enjoying the exquisite harmonies our musician could draw forth from that daintiest of instruments.

Signor Lagardi, in a way, was a genius, but a genius as yet unrecognized. No one knew how really wonderful his execution was, how marvellous his expression, and how beautiful his conceptions. Few, indeed, knew that within the quiet recesses of his little room the most bewitching airs were composed, the most touching melodies were improvised. If, perchance, the little signor had been a loud and boisterous pianist, and with much blowing of trumpets had gone through the land, he would have carried everything before him. People would have flocked by the thousands to hear him, and would have sounded his praises on every side. But Signor Lagardi was only a poor obscure mandolinist, who took pupils and occasionally played in concerts. Still, he was young and of a hopeful nature, and he looked forward to the day when he could return to his mother with laurels of glory and honestly earned gold to lay at her feet. His was a simple, sweet disposition, as guileless as a child's yet with a man's courage and patience of soul.

This particular morning Miss Dean was restless. She either could not or would not learn. The strings cut her fingers, her wrists ached; and "Oh, dear, how clumsy I am. I

know I never can manage this thing. Now, if it were the piano. She looked up into his eyes, smiling at her own pettishness, and his astonishment.

He gave the mandolin which she had pushed aside a caressing touch. It grieved him that she should speak slightly of his pet. Suddenly his face brightened. "Ah, yes; the piano. If you would play the piano now and I the mandolin, and we would play together always—so—then—that would be happiness." He said this innocently enough, with no attempt at coyness, yet the girl was embarrassed. She was used to flattery, but not to sweet candour like this.

"Signor," she said, after a few seconds had passed, "will you copy that new piece for me now? There is no use of my trying to learn it here. I will practise it at home."

He bowed a courteous assent. The signor was always politeness itself. Then he went to the little table where an old violin, some sheets of music and books were scattered in artistic confusion.

While he copied the piece she occupied herself in gazing out of the window upon the busy street below. An Italian fruit vendor was going by shouting, "Ba-naa-no, Ba-naa-no," at the top of his healthy lungs. Some children were following and mimicking him in a noisy, teasing way, and Dorothy, too, found herself repeating inwardly the singsong words, "Nice-a cheap ba-naa-nos. Ten-a cent-a dozen," over and over again.

Then her attention wandered to the room. She looked at the bare floor, the plain chairs, the few pictures—mostly of the musician's native land, and one of his mother. Here her glance rested, as it had many times before, for it was a strong face. An old lady with silvery hair, crowned by a cap of snowy muslin. A distinctly grand head, with intellectual features and an expression full of gentle sadness. Dorothy drew nearer, examining it a trifle wistfully perhaps. She had never known a mother's love and care, and Signor Lagardi's devotion and reverence for his parent was both touching and enviable to her. Her thoughts wandered off into the past, when she dimly remembered her father kneeling beside a bed where lay an inanimate form, and herself but a mere baby, standing by in vague wonderment of it all. Then her father's sister came, and "Auntie" was almost a mother to her from this time on. It was only that nameless difference between the real and unreal which she would feel in spite of the affection, kindness, and care bestowed on her from infancy up by this aunt.

She turned away from the picture with a sigh to find the signor staring at her longingly. "You are in trouble?" he asked softly.

"No," she answered, "it is only that I am envying you the love of a mother."

A proud look came into his face, quickly changed to that of tender sympathy. "You have no mother, signorina? I am sorry for you."

Dorothy turned again to the little picture on the wall. "Tell me about your mother, signor. She is very beautiful and she must be very good."

"She is good and beautiful. You wish to hear about her? If the signorina will have the goodness to be seated I will tell her something of the home in Italy."

In his broken English he told her his little story, and when he had finished she reached out her hand to him.

"Thank you, Signor Lagardi. You have taught me a lesson in patience and humility. There are few women like your mother."

He looked into her eyes, his face transfigured with pride and joy.

"You love her, too," he cried. "I am so glad. She shall be our mother together."

Dorothy smiled. She was a little frightened by this man's frank simplicity.

"Yes," she said; "she shall be our mother. We will be like brother and sister together."

Brother and sister? Carlo drew a sharp breath. For the first time since he had known her it came over him like a flash that he loved this sweet girl, but not as he would love a sister.

Twenty years ago Signora Lagardi was left a young widow with two children; one, Paolo, eight years old, the other, Carlo himself, then six. They were very poor, and she kept herself and children alive by doing fine needlework. The signora came of a distinguished family. Her father was a noted politician, cold and almost harsh in nature; her mother, a brilliant, arrogant woman of the world. She was early sent away to a convent to be given the usual education, and when she came home had all possible advantages in the way of accomplishments, but the one thing she craved was lacking—human sympathy and affection. In her home, full of priceless works of art, made rich with costly decorations, true love, that

dearest of all possessions, was utterly wanting. No wonder that the young, sensitive heart went out to the first person who was kind to her.

Very soon after her return from school she committed the grievous sin of falling in love with her music master, a violinist, poor and unknown. Against the wishes of her parents she became his wife, and from that time on was treated as an outcast by the entire family. In spite of this, the few years of her married life were full of happiness and contentment. Love for her husband and babies kept her strong and cheerful, although the new life was far different from the luxurious one she had been used to in her old home. She was her husband's bright star until he died of the disease which had long been lurking in his veins.

Then the signora was left alone with two children, broken-hearted, and without money. Something must be done. So she dried her tears, and bravely went to work.

By her embroidery, which she had learned from the sisters at the convent, she managed to provide for herself and little ones; and so they lived on from day to day.

In the evenings, when it had grown dark, she would lay aside the needlework and light the candles. This was her re-creation hour when she taught the children their lessons. Then, before they went to sleep, she would sit beside the bed and tell story after story; old-fashioned tales of chivalry and romance with strong moral endings. Not until the little forms grew quiet would the tired mother seek her own bed, and then it was not to rest, but to lie awake hours, dreaming of her boys' futures. Her ambition was great, and she planned many a brilliant career for them. She also found much interest in watching the development of the little fellows' characters. Paolo, the elder, was of a serious nature, with evident religious tendencies. He was absorbed in books, and seemed to be living in another world half of the time, his severe and solemn countenance giving him a very comical appearance in contrast to his little, round, healthy body. Carlo was the direct opposite of his brother; a bright, sunny temperament, fond of play, caring little for books, and with one great passion, that of music. He would follow a street band for blocks, and then come home to pick out the catchy airs on his father's violin. His mother, realising this to be a genuine talent, wisely encouraged it, and as soon as she had saved up money enough sent him to a master.

One day he came home all excitement. He had been given a ticket to a concert that was to take place that afternoon. Signor Vigna, the celebrated mandolin player, was to be the attraction. The mother smiled at the child's enthusiasm, little dreaming that this was to be the turning point in his life. Carlo fell in love with the mandolin player and his instrument. He wished, hoped, and even prayed that he might have a mandolin of his own some day. As soon as his mother gave her consent he managed to get some work, through the assistance of his violin teacher, and in this way earned money enough in time to buy the long-looked-for treasure. In learning to play he had no trouble, for the fingering of the mandolin is the same as with the violin, the wrist movement being the only difficulty. This mere muscular agility he soon mastered, and with the help of Signor Vigna and constant practice became in the end a finished artist. It was not exactly the career his mother had planned for him; but she was proud of his great talent, and did all in her power to assist him, and when it came time for them to part, gave him her blessing without a word of complaint at the long separation before her; for she would be practically alone now, Paolo having matured his religious tastes and gone to join a brotherhood. He had not gone far; only across the river, on the other side of Florence. Still, he had gone, and she was alone. Carlo's conscience troubled him at the thought of leaving his mother, but he knew her to be strong and courageous, and it was not as if she were without friends. There were many to whom the good woman had endeared herself by her industry and earnest Christianity. Then it was she who had proposed this new venture; it was she who helped and urged him on to what she was sure meant success in the end. And so it was in this way that Carlo Lagardi came to America.

Dorothy was at the piano, while the signor stood near, turning over some sheets of music.

"We will play this, signorina," handing her selections from "Lucia di Lammermoor."

Dorothy ran her fingers lightly over the keys. She was full of the excitement music always created in her. The soft colour in her cheeks had heightened into brilliancy; her grey eyes looked almost black; her movements were all eager ness.

She was dressed in some picturesque Frenchy thing, seemingly all ribbons and lace and dainty Oriental colours. Her hair of burnished brown was waved high on her head and

ornamented with a tall comb of old silver, adding a piquant dash to the whole effect. The signor had noticed every detail of her appearance. He had the artist's eye for beauty, and the true Italian love of its perfection. Not that Dorothy was perfect; yet she was, perhaps, very near to it, and that answers just as well when one is denied the best—that is, to simple-hearted people like Carlo.

They now played the beautiful airs from "Lucia" through, and when they had finished, the sound of clapping of hands came from the adjoining library. A pretty feminine head peeped through the curtains dividing the two rooms.

"That was exquisite, Signor Lagardi. Now, won't you play that lovely Spanish thing for us, 'La Poloma'?"

Carlo answered "Yes" to the smiling young lady, and she disappeared triumphant.

"This is signorina's favourite," said Signor Lagardi, laughing a little. "They always ask for it. It is a baby piece."

Dorothy laughed too. "A baby piece for you, perhaps, signor, but to us charming. In fact, anything you play is charming."

He looked at her happily. His nature was both joyous and serious at the same time. He was unacquainted as yet with the art of flattery and meaningless polite talk which belongs distinctly to society, so her little speech delighted him.

"We should have castanets for this," he said, beginning the tune.

Afterwards Dorothy turned her bright face to him. "Now we will play my favourite," she said. And with a knowing nod he began the air Leonora sings in "Il Trovatore," "D'amor sull' ali rosee." The music of this opera is wonderfully adapted to the mandolin, and he played on from the duet between Azucena and her son, to Manrico's beautiful aria, "Ah, che la morte."

One of the many qualities which had drawn Carlo Lagardi to Dorothy was this mutual love and appreciation of music, and the perfect harmony of taste that seemed to exist between them. It pleased his inmost soul to find a congenial, sympathetic listener among America's busy and apparently frivolous people. A stranger in a strange land, he had some one, at least, who understood him and whom he could love next to his mother. Next to his mother? Not so. It is one of the saddest things in life that the parent must some day give way to the stronger attractions of the lover. It was so in a measure with Carlo. Without knowing it fully, he had already placed this girl upon as high, if not a higher, pedestal than that of his mother.

When he bade her good-by that night she was radiant. Her eyes dazzled him with their shining luminousness. She seemed to be looking beyond him, though, and thinking of other things, a sort of anticipation of joy in her face.

After her guests had all gone and she had said good-night to her aunt, Dorothy went to her room, locking herself in. Then, drawing a letter from her pocket, she read it over and over again, finally going up to a picture on her toilet table. It was a photograph of a young man in evening dress, a handsome fellow, with a fine, curly head and a manly countenance. She stood before this some minutes, a happy smile parting her lips, and the colour coming and going in her cheeks, for her lover's eyes smiled out upon her from the little piece of pasteboard, and she was dreaming sweet thoughts of the future.

In his own poor room Carlo, too, was looking at a picture. It was a miniature of his mother which he always carried with him.

"Anima mia," he said softly, bending over to kiss the kind old face, "I have found a daughter for thee."

Not long after this Dorothy went down to the studio for her usual morning lesson. Receiving no reply to her knock at the door, she pushed it gently open and stepped within. The sight that met her eyes filled her with astonishment and dismay. There, seated at the table, was the little signor, his head resting on his arms, which were flung out before him in an attitude of the utmost despair. On the floor at his side lay his mandolin, as if dropped in a moment of frenzy.

She moved towards him and touched him lightly on the shoulder. He turned his wild eyes upon her.

"Madre," he cried, in anguished tones. Then he pointed helplessly to the picture of his mother on the wall. She immediately understood him, and her whole heart went out to him in sorrow for his trouble.

"Your mother," she said, almost in a whisper. "Your mother is not—"

"Dead," he answered, in a strained, hollow voice, and his head sank on his arms again. She rested her hand on his dark head. She felt no impropriety in doing this; he seemed so young and so boyish, and so alone and in need of sympathy.

PART II.

8. ORGAN SOLO Grand March in E flat ... *Smart*
MR. B. JACKSON.

9. SONG "Love me, sweet, with all thou art" *M. V. White*
MISS JESSIE BROWNING.

10. SONG ... "The Star of Bethlehem" ... *Adams*
MR. F. W. CHEESEMAN.

It was the eve of Christmas, the snow lay deep and white,
I sat beside my window, and looked into the night.
I heard the church bells ringing, I saw the bright stars
shine,
And childhood came again to me, with all its dreams divine.
Then as I listened to the bells, and watched the skies afar,
Out of the East majestic there rose one radiant star ;
And every other star grew pale, before that heavenly glow.
It seemed to bid me follow, and I would not choose but go.

From street to street it led me, by many a mansion fair.
It shone thro' dingy casement, on many a garret bare.
From highway on to highway, thro' alleys dark and cold,
And where it shone the darkness was flooded all with gold.
Sad hearts forgot their sorrow, rough hearts grew soft and mild ;
And weary little children turn'd in their sleep and smiled.
While many a homeless wanderer uplifted patient eyes ;
Seeming to see a home at last, beyond those starry skies.

And then methought earth faded ; I rose as borne on wings,
Beyond the waste of ruined lives, the press of human things.
Above the toil and shadow, above the want of woe,
My old self and its darkness, seem'd left on earth below,
And onward, upward shone the star, until it seemed to me,
It flashed upon the golden gate and o'er the crystal sea.
And then the gates rolled backward—I stood where angels trod,
It was the Star of Bethlehem, had led me up to God.

11. ORGAN SOLO

12. SONG ... "When the Heart is Young" ... *Buck*
MISS DELVES YATES.

Oh ! merry goes the time
When the heart is young,
There's nought 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 bark
Lies tossing wild and dark,
And the star hath left hope's ark
When the heart is old.

Yet an angel from its sphere,
Tho' 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."

13. SONG ... "The Minstrel Boy" ...
MR. GABRIEL THORP.

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him.
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song," said the warrior bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword alone thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee !"

The minstrel fell, but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under ;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder !
And said "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery.
They songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

T. Moore.

14. SONG ... "The Dear Home Land" ... *Slaughter*
MISS JESSIE BROWNING.

15. ORGAN SOLO ... Finale in D Minor... ... *Guilmant*
MR. B. JACKSON.

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS AND SACRED CONCERT

To be Given on SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 13th, 1891.

Organist Mr. B. JACKSON, F.C.O. (Organist to the People's Palace).

AT 4 P.M.—VOCALIST, MISS EDITH MERTON.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. TOCCATA AND FUGUE IN D MINOR... ... Bach | 4. VOCAL SOLO "With Verdure Clad" (Creation) Haydn |
| 2. HYMN "The King of Love my Shepherd is" | 5. VARIATIONS ON AN HYMN TUNE B. Jackson |
| The King of Love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never ;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever. | |
| Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth. | |
| Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
And yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me. | |
| In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me. | |
| Thou spread'st a table in my sight ;
Thy Unction grace bestoweth ;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth ! | |
| And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never ;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever. | |
| 7. THEME IN A Hirsh | 8. VOCAL SOLO "O for the wings of a dove" } Mendelssohn
From the motet "Hear my Prayer" } |
| 3. ANDANTINO Chauvet | 9. FESTIVE MARCH Smart |

AT 8 P.M.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. SONATA IN B FLAT, NO. 4 Mendelssohn | 3. ALLEGRETTO Guilmant |
| a. Allegro con brio ; b. Andante Religiosa ; c. Allegretto ; | 4. FINALE IN D MINOR... " |
| d. Allegro Maestoso. | 5. MEDITATION Klein |
| 2. AIR "Cujus Animam" ... Rossini | 6. SELECTION from the "Messiah" ... Hallel |

The Audience is cordially invited to stand and join in singing the Hymns.

PROGRAMME OF COSTUME RECITAL OF WALLACE'S ROMANTIC OPERA

"MARITANA,"

To be given on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1891, at 8 o'clock, under the Direction of MR. CAMPBELL BISHOP
(late of Dorothy Opera Company and Crystal Palace Operas), who will be assisted by the following artistes:—

MR. WILLIAM HILLIER (Primo Tenore of the Rousbey and English Opera Companies), MISS VIOLET KRANSKI (Carl Rosa Company), MR. VICTOR ROBERTS (Royal English Opera Company), and Mlle. MARIE D'ALCOURT (Prima Donna, of J. W. Turner's Opera Company).

Conductor

MR. MASLINSKI

CASTE.

Don Cæsar MR. WILLIAM HILLIER	Lazarillo	MISS VIOLET KRANSKI
Don Josè MR. CAMPBELL BISHOP	Captain of Guard	MR. VICTOR ROBERTS
King Charles II MR. VICTOR ROBERTS	Maritana	Mlle. MARIE D'ALCOURT

ARGUMENT.

THE King of Spain is attracted by the beauty and lovely voice of Maritana, a gipsy girl. Whilst listening to her singing in one of the public squares of Madrid his passion is discovered by Don Jose, the Prime Minister, who determines to use the knowledge for his own purpose of trying to enslave the Queen, with whom he is secretly in love; his plans are unexpectedly aided by the appearance of Don Cæsar, a ruined nobleman, who, having embroiled himself in a quarrel with the Captain of the Royal Guard (through protecting a poor boy, Lazarillo, from the ill-use of a tyrannical master), wounds him fatally, in a duel, and is sentenced to death.—Don Jose determines to wed Maritana to Don Cæsar; in order that, as his widow, the Countess of Garofa, she may obtain access to the Court, and thus complete her fascination of the King.—Accordingly he insists on the marriage taking place in the Prison an hour before the time fixed for Don Cæsar's execution, and Maritana is closely veiled to prevent any recognition of her features.—Don Jose now receives a pardon from the King for Don Cæsar, but, not suiting his plans to produce it, he conceals the document, and allows preparations to go on for Don Cæsar's death.—Whilst the soldiers commissioned to despatch Don Cæsar are—at his request—drinking a farewell cup with him, Lazarillo (who is permitted to be with Don Cæsar in prison) manages to withdraw the bullets from the arquebusses, and so saves Don Cæsar from his doom.—Finding himself at liberty, he proceeds to seek for Don Jose, that he may learn the whereabouts and identity of the lady he has married.—They meet at the Palace of the Marquis of Montefiori (a sycophant of the Court in the power of Don Jose), during a reception. To mislead Don Cæsar, and further his own plans, Don Jose introduces the elderly Marchioness of Montefiori as the Bride, and Don Cæsar—on her unveiling—horriified to behold her wrinkled face, willingly consents to accept the offer of relinquishing his wife, and quitting Madrid for ever, on payment of a handsome annuity. Just as he is signing the document, however, Maritana is heard singing a strain of "The harp in the air," in the outer saloon, and recognizing her voice as that of his bride, he endeavours to find and claim her, till forced off the scene by Don Jose and the soldiers. In Act 3 Maritana is discovered, surrounded by wealth and splendour, richly dressed and decked with jewels, which, too late, she discovers to have no charm for her lonely heart.—Don Jose now introduces the King as her husband, who vainly tries to conquer her aversion for him by vows of devotion. At this moment Don Cæsar—having climbed the balcony—enters from the window. Maritana is bidden by the King to depart into an inner chamber, but soon returning finds the King departed and Don Cæsar alone. Mutual explanations follow, and they discover they are the pair so strangely wedded in the prison. Maritana, fearing for her husband's safety if discovered by the King, implores him to go to the Queen and ask her intercession for the King's pardon.—This Don Cæsar does whilst Maritana and Lazarillo implore the Virgin's protection over him. The King and Don Cæsar return almost simultaneously, and his Majesty, hearing from Don Cæsar that he has slain the wily tempter, Don Jose, just as he was proffering his vows of love to the Queen, in gratitude for the vindication of his honour, conquers his passion for Maritana, and rewards Don Cæsar by making him Governor of Valencia.

[NOTE.—Mr. Bishop will give as much of the music of the Opera as is complete in itself without chorus.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A square in Madrid. People following MARITANA, who is singing. The KING, dressed in black, is amongst them; he wears a dark mantle.

ROMANZA—MARITANA.

It was a knight of princely mien
One blue and golden day,
Came riding thro' the forest green
That round his castle lay;
And there heard he a gipsy maid
Her songs of love reveal.
Like a spirit of light
She enchanted the knight,
'Twas a King!
'Twas the King of Castille!

ARIA—MARITANA.

I hear it again,
'Tis the harp in the air;
It hangs on the walls
Of the old Moorish halls;

Tho' none know its minstrel,
Or how it came there.

Listen! listen!

'Tis the harp in the air!

It tells of the days that are faded and gone;

It tells of the brave,
Of the lovely and fair,

Of a warrior's grave,
Of a maiden's despair;

There! there!

List, pilgrim, list!—'tis the harp in the air!

There! there!

DUETTO—MARITANA and DON JOSE.

Mar. Of fairy wand had I the power,

Some palace bright my home should be,

By marble fount, in orange bow'r

Dancing to music's melody.

Those lovely eyes, those ruby lips,

Might win a brighter home for thee

Than crystal hall, where fairy trips

Lightly to echo's minstrelsy.

Mar. Of fairy wand

Had I command,

At moonlit hour,

In silken bower,

To music's note,
On air I'd float,
In golden sheen,
And jewels gay,
Of pleasure queen—
I'd laugh and sing,
And dance and play.

Don. J. Those sparkling eyes
Are brighter prize
Than gems that glow
On kingly brow.
Of those avail,
Ere yet they fade,
For joy will quail,
When times o'er shade :
Then laugh while love
And beauty aid.

Mar. He thinks as others oft have done,
My wild fantastic thoughts are vain,
Are visions all now here, now gone,
Like dreams that rise and fade again?

Don. J. Thus woman's heart is ever bought
If gold but gleam within her eyes ;
So by the flame the moth is caught,
Burneth its giddy wing and dies.

RECIPI.—DON JOSE.

Think of the splendour—the glory—
The bright career which waiteth thy future steps,
One round of triumph !
Of fairy wand, &c., &c.]

CONCERTED PIECE.

DON CÆSAR, DON JOSE, THE CAPTAIN, and LAZARILLO.

Cap. See, the culprit, quick, arrest him.

Don. C. Stay! one word, ere you molest him.

Noble captain, brave sir, hear me.

Stay thy rage, or learn to fear me.

Cap. Why my orders disobey you ?

Laz. Mercy! Mercy!

Don. C. List, I pray you.

If a mere child's poor entreaty

Fail to move that heart of thine ;

If his voice excite no pity,

Brother soldier, list to mine.

Cap. Come, your duty quickly seek,

Pray'r and tears won't make me civil.

Don. C. Oh, if 'twere not Holy Week

Him I'd soon send to the devil ;

Gallant Captain !

Cap. Loose my cloak.

Don. C. Rage consumes me ! I shall choke.

Know sir, who I am ;

Count de Garofa,

Don Cæsar de Bazan ;

Who, in the presence of his monarch,

Covered hath a right to appear. [Putting on hat.]

You have insulted me beyond all bearing,

Redress I seek.

Hence to the devil with the Holy Week,

Thus I chastise thy daring.

A challenge, vengeance !

A challenge, forward.

ENSEMBLE.

Don. C. Oh ! you soon shall bite the dust,

Honour's debt is quickly staid :

Cap. Oh ! that by a cut and thrust,

Dunning creditors were paid !

Cap. Come, you will not prove the first

Braggart whom this blade hath staid.

Only with a single thrust

Your account is quickly paid.

Laz. Oh ! forbear, indeed you must,

Be this frightful quarrel staid,

If for me your life were lost,

Evermore would grief upbraid.

Don. J. Don't forget before you thrust,

Holy Week who dares invade,

Be his quarrel e'er so just,

By the halter will be paid.

Cho. See this combat, all now must,

Blow for blow and blade to blade,

Happy he who falls the first,

Conquest by the hangman paid.

DUETTO—MARITANA and DON JOSE.

Don. J. In turn, what say you,

Shall I tell your fortune ?

Mar. With all my heart.

Don. J. Attend, I pray you

It is indeed your fortune.

I now impart

To you I promise rank,—carriage

A splendid equipage, and speedy marriage !

Mar. Marriage !

Oh ! joy, all, all my heart desires

Gladly I hear the stars decree

Only I fear this golden hope

Is far too bright for me.

You seem amazed. Indeed

I tell but what's decreed,

As you shall see.

Mar. Decreed by whom ?

Don. J. By me !

By thee ?

Mar. { And more than that within { my } hand

Almost a sceptre, high command

A princely heart—a palace home—

The mirror'd hall, the glittering dome.

FINALE.

DON CÆSAR, DON JOSE, LAZARILLO, ALCADE and MARITANA.

Don. C. Farewell my gallant Captain !

I told you how 'twould be.

You'll not forget brave Captain

The lesson due to me.

Laz. The Alcade and the soldiers

You they seek, I fear.

Don. C. Then I another journey

Must take, that's pretty clear.

ENSEMBLE.

Alc. Stay ! in the name of the King

I you arrest, sir ; stay ;

Your sword at once resign,

And now the laws obey.

Don. J. Sir, the laws obey ;

Your sword at once resign.

Don. C. Well, in the name of the King

Since you arrest, I stay ;

My sword I thus resign,

And now the laws obey.

Cho. Why, in the name of the King

A noble Count thus stay ?

We Don Cæsar defend,

If he the word but say.

Don C. All must die of something some day,
'Tis a debt we all must pay.
Alc. Away ! cease this folly and away !
He with life must surely pay.
Cho. Stay ! stay !
Don C. No !—I obey.
Away, &c.
[They march him out. MARITANA, &c. exeunt L. and back.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Interior of a Prison. DON CÆSAR is discovered asleep on a couch, LAZARILLO near him. Chimes of clock heard.

ARIA—LAZARILLO.

Laz. Alas ! those chimes so sweetly pealing,
Gently dulcet to the ear,
Sound like pity's voice revealing,
To the dying, "Death is near !"
Still he slumbers—how serenely !
Not a sigh disturbs his rest ;
Oh ! that angels now might waft him
To the mansions of the blest.
Yes, yes ! those chimes so softly swelling,
As from some holy sphere
Sound like hymns of spirits telling,
To the dying, Peace is here !
Come, abide with us in heaven,
Here no grief can reach thy breast ;
Come, approving angels wait thee
In the mansions of the blest.

ARIA—DON CÆSAR.

Don C. Hither as I came, one poor old man,
With silver hairs, and tear drops in his eyes,
Wept that my life was wasted to a span,
And mercy importun'd with bitter cries.

Laz. Thy father ?

Don C. Frantic were his looks, that poor old man,
With silver hairs, grief's accent on his tongue,
Lost in despair, before the guard he ran,
And held a document, at least, so long—

Laz. His sad petition, thee to guard from ill ?

Don C. It was, alas ! an unpaid tailor's bill !
Ha, ha, ha, ha, this one eternal dun,
Torment of earth, I shall at least outrun.

TRIO.

Don C. Turn on, Old Time, thine hour-glass.
The sand of life, why stay ?
Quick ! let the gold-grain'd moments pass ;
'Tis they all debts must pay.

Of what avail are grief and tears,
Since life which came must go ?

And brief the longest tide of years,
As waves that ebb and flow.

Laz. Stay, fleeting Time, thine hour-glass,
The tide of life, oh stay,
Nor let the golden moments pass
Like worthless sand away.

For him, oh ! be there many years,
Apart from ev'ry woe ;
The blue serene which heaven wears,
When waves scarce ebb and flow.

Enter DON JOSE.

Don J. Despite old Time, thine hour-glass,
Turn quickly as it may,
His sand of life not yet shall pass,
If he my wish obey.
Of life there are full happy years,
If well the die we throw,
For May-day smiles and autumn tears
Are waves that ebb and flow. [LAZARILLO exit.]

SONG—DON CÆSAR.

Yes, let me like a soldier fall
Upon some open plain ;
This breast expanding for the ball
To blot out ev'ry stain.
Brave, manly hearts confer my doom,
That gentler ones may tell,
How e'er forgot, unknown my tomb,
I like a soldier fell !

I only ask of that proud race
Which ends its blaze in me,
To die the last, and not disgrace
Its ancient chivalry.
Tho' o'er my clay no banner wave,
Nor trumpet requiem swell,
Enough, they murmur o'er my grave,
He like a soldier fell !

BALLAD—"In Happy Moments"—DON JOSE.

(The words of this song are omitted, the Assignees of the late Mr. Alfred Bunn claiming copyright therein.)

Concerted Piece.

SOLO—DON CÆSAR.

Don C. Health to the lady, the lovely bride :
Length of years to her be given,
Like this brightly sparkling nectar,
Radiant with the light of heaven !

ENSEMBLE.

Laz. Health to the lady, the lovely bride !
Life on her each bliss bestow,
Like this cup of rosy nectar,
May her hours with joy o'erflow !

[During this chorus LAZARILLO withdraws the bullets from the arquebusses.]

ENSEMBLE.

Don C. By this hand, so soft and trembling,
By those looks so sunny bright :
'Neath that cruel veil dissembling
Youth and beauty hide their light !

Mar. Like the mist upon the mountain,
So this veil obscures my sight,
From this bosom palpitating,
Closing every beam of light.

Don J. Hark ! the organ, softly pealing,
Calleth to the nuptial rite ?
Time is flying—quick, be stirring,
You must wed and die to-night !

Don C. and Mar. Lo ! the organ, sweetly pealing,
Calleth to the hallowed rite.
Ah ! what mystery ? no escaping !
I must wed, and die to-night !

Don C. Mar. Laz. I must be a bride to-night !
Yes, the organ, hope inspiring,
Calling to the nuptial rite ;
Like a spirit seems to murmur,

No, he shall not die to-night !

[Clock chimes quarter past six as all exeunt, SOLDIERS taking their arquebusses.]

SCENE II.—A magnificent Saloon in the Palace of the MARQUIS MONTEFIORI, brilliantly illuminated.

RECITATIVE—THE KING OF SPAIN.

Hear me, gentle Maritana,
By the magic of thy beauty,
Hear me swear, too, fair Gitana,
This fond heart beats but for thee.
A captive 'neath thy chains delighted.
Tho' its doom be dark and heavy,
By a smile of thine required,
It would not, if it could, be free.

ARIA.

A mariner in his barque,
When o'er him dim clouds hover,
With rapture through tempest dark,
Beholds one star above ;
Sweet hope then his bosom swells,
His every care seems over,
A smile, as from Heaven tells,
Of home, of delight, of love.

CAVATINA—DON CÆSAR

There is a flower that bloometh,
When autumn leaves are shed.
With the silent moon it weepeth,
The spring and summer fled.
The early frost of winter,
Scarce one tint hath overcast,
Oh, pluck it ere it wither
Tis the memory of the past.

It wasted perfume o'er us.
Of sweet tho' sad regret ;
For the true friends gone before us,
Whom none would e'er forget.
Let no heart brave its power,
By guilty thoughts o'ercast,
For then a poison-flower,
Is—the memory of the past.

FINALE—CONCERTED PIECE.

DON CÆSAR, DON JOSE, ALCADE, and MARITANA, &c.

Don C. What mystery
Must now control ?

It maddens—
It distracts my soul !

With mystery
Their steps control ;

Their meeting
Would distract my soul.

Mar. What mystery
Why thus control,

What horror
Now awaits my soul ?

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A magnificent apartment, richly decorated with tapestry, mirrors, a portrait of the Virgin, &c. At back a corridor which overlooks the gardens of distant palace. Moonlight. MARITANA discovered surveying the apartment.

[MUSIC.]

RECITATIVE—MARITANA.

How dreary to my heart is this gay chamber !
Those crystal mirrors and those marble walls
Add to my gloom, while sweetly sad remembrance
The joyful hours of liberty recalls.
My lonely form reflected as I pass
Seems like a spectre on my steps to wait,
Enquiring from the gold enwreathed glass,
Can mighty grandeur be thus desolate ?

[ARIA—"Scenes that are brightest." The words of this song are also omitted, the Assignees of the late Mr. Alfred Bunn claiming copyright therein.]

ARIA.—DON JOSE.

So ! my courage still regaining,
Banner waving, trumpet sounding,
Nobly daring, my gauge maintaining.
So the wounded knight untiring,
Forward ! heart of chivalry
On his gallant steed rebounding,
At his lady's feet expiring,
Dies for love or victory !

DUETTO.

Don C. Surely, as thou art Don Cesar,
Yes, I am King of Spain.

Ha, ha ! Yes, yes.

I'm King of Spain !

Insolent ! thou King of Spain ?

I can't my mirth restrain.

Ha, ha, ha, ha !

The King of Spain !

Surely, as thou art Don Cesar,

Yes, yes, &c.

The King of Spain !

The King of Spain !

&c., &c.

Don C. You marvel, signor, at this hour

We, unattended, here are seen,

So near a pretty woman's door,

That woman, too, is not the Queen !

But Kings, you know, like other men,

Sometimes a little thus give way.

Kings are but mortals, Don Cesar,

Of course, you'll not your King betray.

Of course,

Of course.

Don C. Don Cesar, now I remember well,

A witty, brawling, mad-brained sot !

Beneath his sword it was that fell

The Captain of our Guard, was't not ?

Be kind enough to make it clear,
If shot, as ordered, t'other day,
And, being dead, how came you here ?
Of course, we shall not you betray.
Of course,
Of course,

Dread sire, your memory is short.
What forget we ?

A most important thing,
Don Cesar at eight o'clock received
The pardon of the King !
The night of his condemnation
He received the pardon of the King

Unhappy fate !
The pardon arrived at eight,
And I was shot at seven !

You to denounce me were too late,
You see I am forgiven !

'Twere useless longer to retain
A title not mine own.

No, no !
Then, then, you are not King of Spain ?
As you suspect, I —

Then, sir, you are not King of Spain
No, I my dignity forego.

Enter MARITANA.

DUETTO.

Mar. A stranger here !

Is it thus we greet ?

That voice, that voice !

Once more we meet.

'Tis the Zingara !

Yes, Maritana.

O Maritana, wildwood flower,
Did they but give thee a prouder name

To place thee in a kingly bower,

And deck thee with a gilded shame.

No ! Maritana—tho' in this bower,

Lips, the most pure, shall never blame

A captive in a stranger's power,

She'll perish ere she yield to shame !

But who art thou my conduct thus to scan ?

I am thy husband, Don Cesar de Bazan.

My husband ?

Thy husband !

Yes, yes, I am the man.

He is the man !

Thine for ever is this faithful heart.

Yes, yes, thy husband never more to part.

But how to prove it ? Dost thou remember ?

Those words which at the altar thou saidst to me ?

Yes, yes, I'll prove it ! I said remember,

"The rest of my existence I devote to thee !"

Both Yes, yes, oh joy ! { 'tis he !

My husband !

Thy husband !

Mine !

Thine !

This heart with bliss o'erflowing,

Like the nectar bubbling wine,

In the light of heaven glowing,

Thrills with ecstasy divine.

ORISON.

Mar. and Laz. Sainted Mother, guide his footsteps,

Guide them at a moment sure,

Let the wicked heart then perish,

And the good remain secure ;

Sainted Mother, oh ! befriend him,

And thy

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