

THE PALACE JOURNAL
PEOPLE'S PALACE MILE END. E.

VOL. IX.—No. 217.]

FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1892.

[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE.

Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY, January 8th.—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. Winter Garden open from 2 till 10 p.m.

SATURDAY, 9th.—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. In the Queen's Hall at 7.30 p.m., Musical Festival, Mendelssohn's "Elijah." Admission 3d. Winter Garden open, 2 to 10.

SUNDAY, 10th.—Library open from 3 to 10 p.m., free. Sacred Concerts and Organ Recitals at 4 p.m. and 8 p.m. Admission free.

MONDAY, 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. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., continuation of Musical Festival, Handel's "Acis and Galatea," and Macfarren's "May Day." Admission 3d. Winter Garden open from 2 till 10 p.m. Day and Evening Classes commence new term.

TUESDAY, 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. Winter Garden open from 2 till 10 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, 13th.—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. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., termination of Musical Festival, a Miscellaneous Selection of Popular Choruses, etc. Admission 3d. Winter Garden open from 2 till 10 p.m.

THURSDAY, 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. Winter Garden open from 2 till 10 p.m.

FRIDAY, 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. Winter Garden open from 2 till 10 p.m.

THE attendances at the Sacred Concert, Organ Recital, and Library on Sunday last were 3,139.

THE Evening Classes will re-commence on Monday next, the 11th inst. The decoration of the school buildings will be finished by that date and the students will assemble in what will look more like a palace than our buildings have lately done.

ON Saturday, Monday, and Wednesday we hold our first Musical Festival, which is to be an annual event. Full particulars see programmes on pages 21 to 28.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Our Social Dance was held last Saturday in the new Social-room in basement of Winter Garden, and as the members of the Choral Society joined us, a most enjoyable evening was spent, Master A. Victor acted as leader of the band, and considering that no rehearsal had taken place for the dance, he performed his duty with great credit; he was assisted by Masters Buck, Stock, and Warriner, with Miss Ramsey as pianist, whilst Mr. Stock, as M.C., did his utmost to make everyone happy, and received the thanks of a large number of members of both societies for so doing. Owing to five encores the two last dances had to be cut out. We desire to thank the authorities most sincerely for the trouble taken in securing a room, the whole place being upside down with workmen a few hours before. The electric light had a charming effect. Two pairs of ladies' gloves were left behind, and can be had on application to Mr. Stock.

Public Notice.—A new term commences on Monday next; musicians can be admitted as members. We have a good library of valuable music which is lent free for rehearsals which are held on Tuesday and Friday evenings at eight o'clock. The fee is 2s. per quarter.

WM. STOCK, Hon. Sec.
A. VICTOR, Librarian.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.—Members are requested to muster in full force at the Musical Festival on Jan. 9th, 11th, and 13th, and to do everything they can to render this festival a success. The concert at New Cross is to take place about the end of January, when we shall give "Acis and Galatea." We have vacancies in all parts. Those wishing to join the society are requested to apply to the Conductor at any practice.—Report for the quarter ending December 29th, 1891.—During the quarter just ended the

average attendance at each rehearsal was 80.5, viz., 30.4 soprano, 19.2 alto, 15.2 tenor, 15.7 bass. The largest number present at any rehearsal was 96, the smallest 47. The number on register at the end of the quarter was 142, of these 49 attended more than 18 times, their average being 20.1 out of a possible 24, whilst of the whole number only 11 attended less than 10 times.—We understand Mr. Bradley is a candidate for the Principalship of the Guildhall School of Music. We most heartily wish him success. His work at the Palace and elsewhere shows him to be a thorough musician, whilst his kindly manner, his patience, energy, and perseverance render him peculiarly qualified to fill the position to which he aspires.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—Saturday, January 9th, Burlington House, Piccadilly. Meet outside at 2.45 p.m. Arrangements have been made for our party to visit the exhibition of Roman remains, discovered at Silchester, near Reading, and the Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, Mr. W. H. St. John Hope, has kindly promised to have the exhibits explained to us.

A. MCKENZIE, Hon. Sec.

WE hope to commence on Friday next, 15th inst., a class for Laundry-work, from 7 till 9. As the class will be limited to fourteen members early application is requested. The fee for the course of twelve practical lessons will be 2s. 6d., and certificates of proficiency will be granted at the end of the course.

THE People's Palace Cycling notes are unfortunately pressed out of this week's issue, but they will appear next week.

MR. BURLEY wishes us to remind the public that the Cinderella dance will be held at the Stratford Town Hall, on the 16th January. Tickets to be obtained at the School office.

ON Saturday last, a party of Ramblers from Exeter Hall visited the Palace, and were much interested in all they saw, especially the school buildings and Queen's Hall (in which a promenade concert was being held). They also looked in at the Orchestral Society's dance which was being held in the new Social Rooms.

A Dream of Mystery.

SOME years ago I spent an evening with a friend at Wimbledon. After a cosy little dinner, we adjourned to the library to indulge in a quiet smoke. My friend's wife had gone to see a relative, and was not expected home till the next day.

We sat talking over old times and acquaintances until our conversation turned upon the singular way in which important results often evolve from circumstances apparently trivial. My friend ceased talking, and with half-closed eyes seemed lost in a reverie. Fixing his gaze suddenly upon me he remarked—

"You wouldn't perhaps credit the fact that I owe all my fortune and position to a dream. Yes, sir, to a dream!"

One night I retired as usual to rest, if rest it could be called. As a rule I never snore, but my better half declares I snored on that night worse than the grunting of a porker. I woke up under the influence of a strange dream. I imagined that I had seen an old uncle quietly walk into the room, and stop at the bedside. Looking at me anxiously, he said slowly—

"Harry, my boy! look in the escritoire and get your rights!"

Although I was now awake my uncle still seemed standing before me, and I replied half aloud, "Why that was sold with your effects years ago."

Of course I knew that it was only a dream, and I soon fell off to sleep. The same dream occurred again, and I awoke once more.

Towards morning I had the dream repeated for the third time, and awaking in a profuse perspiration, saw my uncle quietly open the door and approach the bedside. "What does it mean?" I inwardly muttered to myself. There he was (unless my eyesight deceived me) standing before me, and I distinctly heard him say—

"Get the escritoire!" I was on the eve of speaking to him, but he solemnly waved his hand and retired as silently as he had entered.

My wife was aroused by this time, and I asked her if she had seen my Uncle Baker.

My wife exclaimed, "You are surely dreaming."

"No," I said. "I saw him here a minute ago."

"Was he bringing you a plate of pork-chops," she laughingly replied.

This sudden sally of nonsense drove away the solemn impression of the apparition, and I was forced to laugh off the matter. I must confess the fact that although I looked upon this strange nocturnal visitation as only a kind of nightmare, yet I found myself peering into every broker's shop that I passed, wondering if I should, by an extraordinary chance, see the old escritoire that I had beheld so often in my uncle's lifetime. Day by day went by and the dream words still came echoing back to my mind—"get the escritoire!"

The search appeared to me like looking for a needle in a bottle of hay. I tried hard to shake off all thoughts concerning the matter, but the words would come unbidden to the memory. The mystery slightly preyed upon my health until I almost decided to advertise for the old article.

A fortnight had elapsed, and I had made no discovery. My mysterious Uncle Baker had bothered me about getting the escritoire, but up to this moment he had taken no trouble to point his ghostly finger to its present whereabouts.

One day business called me into the neighbourhood of the small courts near Long Acre; while drawn to a shop by a fine old fiddle case, I cast my eyes casually through the door into the interior of the musty old place, and heavens! strange to say, there stood my Uncle Baker. Before I could recover my surprise he vanished, and behind where he had stood I saw the escritoire, the object of my long quest. I slipped into the shop and asked its price.

"I can't sell it, sir," said the dealer; "I parted with it only an hour ago."

"But," I argued, "I suppose that the buyer will take a profit for it."

"Perhaps he might. I got only two sovs. for it. That is, my customer paid down half a sov., and was to give me the rest in a few days."

I arranged with him not to let the thing go without allowing me to see the man who had purchased it.

For days I had weary pilgrimages to the mouldy shrine of the old escritoire. My wife called the affair "Uncle Baker's ghostly hoax." I began to think that perhaps after all it might prove a will-o'-the-wisp adventure.

On the fifth day's journey, entering the shop abruptly, I trod on something which caused a sitting figure to rise, greeting me with—

"Zounds, you've nearly smashed my corn with your plundering foot. By Moshes, you've nearly killed me."

I calmed him down after ample apologies. The indignant remonstrant turned out to be the Jewish buyer of the escritoire.

"Vell, you vont to puy the deshk?"

"Yes. What profit will you take?"

"I shpose it ud be sheap, at five or sixsh poundsh."

After an awful haggale I got the price arranged at £4. I had only 50s. with me. I gave him that and promised the rest in an hour. I had only one resource for the moment—to part with my watch.

I went to my earthly uncle in order to fulfil the behest of my ghostly relative. Was it right? A supernatural voice within seemed to echo, "Get the escritoire."

That afternoon witnessed the advent of the coveted prize into my little domicile. My loving spouse held up her hands aghast when she heard of the financial sacrifice at which I had secured the unsightly addition to our not over recherché stock of furniture.

"Four solid sovereigns," said she, almost sobbing, "thrown away into the dirt."

"Wait, my darling, till I find the secret drawer and then—"

"Find nothing," moaned my sorrowful partner.

I searched every part of the cabinet for the unravelment of the mystery, but no secret drawer could I discover. I asked myself, shall I break up the old thing and see if there is anything in some crevice? My wife would not hear of this.

"If that were done," she argued, "we

shall not get back a penny of the money expended upon it."

Tea was passed in depressing silence, conversation flagged in the evening, and with heavy hearts we retired to rest. I faintly hoped that Uncle Baker would appear "in the silent watches of the night." If he does not, thought I, he ought to be ashamed of himself, but the old deceiver never left his quiet quarters in Hades to relieve my anxious mind.

The next morning, in the bitterness of my disappointment, I inwardly felt that if I were a profane American I might have expressed the opinion that a mysterious dream is "a tarnation cuss," but I did not.

After repeated examinations I found that there was a portion of the upper part that would take out bodily, but that it might involve breaking the springs of the down flap.

"Happen what will," I exclaimed, "out it shall come, even if I break the springs."

By dint of no little trouble, I wrenched out the portion, when, lo! against the back of the escritoire was a piece of common letter paper. My heart beat while I read these words, written in a shaky hand—

"Look in the front cellar, right hand corner, and get your rights."

I trembled all over. These were the very words uttered by Uncle Baker in the dream. I shouted to my wife, "I've got it!" She came and read the paper; glaring fiercely, and shaking the paper in my face, she gave me what she termed "a bit of her mind at last." In tones of withering scorn, she declared that I was not content with breaking up the rotten old lumber, but was now going on "a wild goose chase" to search for a fortune in a cellar.

"Where is the cellar?" she cried, stamping her foot. "Idiot! where is the cellar?"

After having delivered her oration she threw the paper at me and strode out of the room.

This was the first time in all our married career that we had quarrelled. Was ever a man more miserable? Of course the matrimonial storm abated, and I pursued my own course to interpret the enigmatical paper—firstly, the coincidence of the words of the paper with the dream was a sign not to be neglected; secondly, what cellar? Surely it must be at the house at Hackney where Uncle Baker died; thirdly, how was I to get to the front cellar of the present tenant's house—no tenant would allow me to fumble about his coal-cellar.

Common sense dictated, go to Hackney and reconnoitre. Further suspense was impossible. I set off for Hackney, arrived at the well-known premises, and looking up saw—"This house to be let." What luck! thought I. There was a garden in front and laurels hiding the view of the kitchen windows. I entered the garden, opened the little gate, and descended the steps which led into the area. There were two cellars! Which was the right one? Botheration! both were padlocked. I had nothing with which to wrench the staples, and no tools to dig. I resolved to come at night and bring all that was necessary. A burglarious attempt must be made. I left as rapidly as possible and returned home. How heavily lagged on that day! The tedium was partially

relieved by shortening a spade-handle to render it more portable. With my tools in a leather bag I started on my adventurous errand. The evening was cloudy, and as I neared the house a cold drizzling rain made it one of those uncomfortable nights that would keep many people at home—a suitable night for me as there would be fewer pedestrians about.

How anxiously I looked round before I entered the premises lest a lynx-eyed constable might mistake my innocent intentions for professional burglary. I shuddered as I thought of the possibilities of being run in—an exposé in the public papers—a remand for further enquiries, and so forth.

"Coward!" I cried, "down the area and on to victory!" A kind of maddening desperation now seized me. I felt it was as Foote says, "neck or nothing."

"Which cellar?" I sighed. Take the right hand one. The end of a worn poker wrenched out the staple of the padlock. (I veritably believe that, if needs be, in my present excitement I would have burst open the door.) With the poker I prodded both the corners, one seemed harder than the other. I selected that. I dug furiously, though not too noisily. In a few minutes I had delved into a foot of earth. Nothing was there. Shall I try the other corner? No, go on! 6 in. further, and the spade gave a ring. Heavens! Is it anything? I scooped away the earth and there lay a large old rusty cash box. I drew it up by the top handle. It was fearfully heavy, and as I held it the handle broke, and in its fall I could hear the chink—the unmistakable chink of gold. I literally trembled with nervous agitation.

On looking up I was startled by seeing (was it fact or an illusion?) the form of Uncle Baker. I regained my composure by seeing that his face was now radiant with happiness; the old smile played about his mouth, and in the kindest manner he said distinctly—

"Harry, my boy, you have now got your rights."

Upon saying these words he vanished away as suddenly as he had appeared.

It was full a minute before I could recover myself. My first effort was to try to open the cash box, but it was too well and solidly made to get the lid off properly. I managed to effect a slight opening and a gentle shake brought out several sovereigns, and a peep within revealed more. That was enough for the satisfaction of my curiosity.

I quickly gathered up my tools, placed the cash box in my leather bag, and cautiously left without any misadventure.

It was pouring with rain, but what cared I? A hansom cab soon rattled me home. With flushed face and in an excited manner I entered the house, threw down my bag on the floor, rushed up to my wife, kissed her deliriously, and shouted out—"It's all right, darling! It's all right!" I saw that it was necessary to explain matters, and bade my little son to get the cash box out of the bag. When my wife saw some sovereigns tumbling out of the bag as the child was trying to lift it up to the table, and the serious way in which I took up the hammer and large chisel, she began to take in the situation. It was now her turn to jump for joy, but I was too busy banging away at the box to attend to

anything else. The lid was forced open, and lo! in paper rolls of fifty sovereigns each, were sixteen hundred pounds!

At the bottom of the box there was also four hundred pounds in notes wrapped up in old cancelled parchment deeds, making in all two thousand pounds.

Neither my wife nor myself could sleep that night. It was such an unexpected piece of good fortune.

"You now know," said my friend, "the results of the dream that formed the basis of my success in life. I spent five hundred pounds in the purchase of a patent, and the rest of the money formed ample capital to work it. It turned out a mine of wealth, and hence my early retirement from business. I have never been able satisfactorily to account for the phenomena; I prefer leaving the solution of the matter to those who are better acquainted with the laws regulating the occult and the mysterious."

Linguistic Whimsicalities

THE Germans call a thimble a "finger-hat," which it certainly is, and a grasshopper a "hay-horse." A glove with them is a "hand shoe," showing evidently that they wore shoes before gloves. Poultry is "feather cattle," whilst the names for the well-known substances oxygen and hydrogen are in their language "sour stuff" and "water stuff." The French, strange to say, have no verb "to stand," nor can a Frenchman speak of "kicking" anyone. The nearest approach he makes to it in his politeness is to threaten to "give a blow with his foot"—the same thing probably to the recipient in either case, but it seems to want the directness, the energy of our "kick." Neither has he any word for "baby," or for "home" or "comfort." The terms "upstairs" and "downstairs" are also unknown in French. The Hindoos are said to have no word for "friend." The Italians have no equivalent for "humility."

Prehistoric Sewing.

THE art of sewing has been known from a very remote period, as is shown by the fact that bone needles have been found among the oldest remains of the Swiss lake dwellings, and in the caves of France and Great Britain, which were frequented by man during the reindeer age. Some of these early needles were perforated in the middle—which was the thickest part—and others were pierced at the larger end. A French cavern has yielded needles much superior to those of the ancient Gauls and to the ivory needles of the modern Esquimaux, especial skill having been applied to the boring of the eyes, which must have been done with a fine flint drill. The Swiss lake-dwellers used linen thread or bark fibre for sewing, and made garments from woven fabrics of linen and bark, as well as from the skins of animals. The cave people employed a thread made from split tendon and perhaps strings of gut, and the fineness of some of their needles has suggested the probability that they performed some more delicate work than the sewing of skins.

Letter M and the Napoleons.

ONE need scarcely be suspected of excessive literalism or of any leaning to occult influences when notice is taken of the curious connection between the letter M and the fortunes of the Napoleonic dynasty. The whole thing is a mere coincidence, of course, but the details are very curious. Marboeuf was the first to recognise the genius of Napoleon at the Ecole Militaire; Marengo was the greatest battle gained by Bonaparte, and Melas opened to him the way into Italy. Mortier was one of his first generals, Moreau betrayed him, and Murat was the first martyr in his cause. Marie Louise partook of his highest destinies, Moscow was the abyss in which he was engulfed. Metternich conquered him on the field of diplomacy. Six marshals (Massena, Mortier, Marmont, Macdonald, Murat, Moncey) and 26 of his generals of divisions had names beginning with the letter M. Murat, Duke of Bassano, was the counsellor in whom he placed the greatest confidence; his first great battle was that of Montenotte, his last that of Mont-Saint-Jean. He gained the battles of Moscow, Montmirail and Montereau. Then came the assault of Montmartre. Milan was the first enemies' capital, and Moscow the last, in which he entered. He lost Egypt through the blunders of Menou, and employed Miollis to make Pius VII. prisoner. Malet conspired against him: afterwards Marmont. His ministers were Maret, Montalivet, and Mollien. His first chamberlain was Montesquieu, his last sojourn Malmaison. He gave himself up to Captain Maitland. He had for his companion at St. Helena, Montholon, and for his valet, Marchand.

If we examine the history of his nephew, Napoleon III., we find that the same letter has no less influence, and we are assured that the captive of Wilhelmshöhe attached still more importance to its mysterious influence than did his uncle. The Empress, his wife, was a countess Montijo; his greatest friend was Morny; the taking of Malakoff and of the Mamelouert, the principal exploits of the Crimean War—exploits due chiefly to the French. His plan in the Italian campaign was to give the first battle at Marengo, but this was not fought until after the engagement of Montebello at Magenta. McMahon received the important services rendered by him in the battle the title of Duke of Magenta, as Pelissier received for a similar service that of Duke of Malakoff. Napoleon III. now made his entry into Milan and repulsed the Austrians at Melegnano.

After 1866 the letter M seems to have become for him a presage of misfortune. We pass over Mexico and Maximilian, and take the war of 1870, in which he had founded a vain hope on three M's—Marshal McMahon, Montauban, and the Mitrailleuse. Mayence was to have been the base of operations for the French army, but, repulsed on the Moselle, his fate was decided upon the Meuse at Sedan. Finally, we have to mention the fall of Metz. All these disasters are due to another M, the enemy of Napoleon—and this is a capital M—Moltke.

THE thing to tie to is the certainty of the goodness of God.

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS AND SACRED CONCERT,

To be Given on SUNDAY, JANUARY 10th, 1892.

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

AT 4 P.M.—VOCALIST, MISS ALICE REES.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. ORGAN CONCERTO IN B FLAT, NO. 6 ... <i>Handel</i> | 6. HYMN ... "Jerusalem the golden" ... |
| <i>a. Allegro; b. Larghetto; c. Allegro moderato.</i> | Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.
They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an Angel,
And all the Martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blessed
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.
There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.
O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest. |
| 2. HYMN ... "As with gladness men of old" ... | 7. OFFERTOIRE, NO. 5, IN A <i>Wely</i> |
| As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hail'd its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee Whom heav'n and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

As they offer'd gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransom'd souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heav'nly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. | |
| 3. <i>a. ANDANTE GRAZIOSO</i> <i>Smart</i> | 8. VOCAL SOLO "Entreat me not to leave thee" <i>Gounod</i> |
| <i>b. MINUET AND TRIO</i> <i>Sterndale Bennett</i> | SONG OF RUTH.
<i>Recit.</i> And Ruth said—
Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following
after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where
thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my
people, and thy God my God.
Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried.
The Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death
part thee and me.
Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. |
| 4. VOCAL SOLO "Lord to Thee" (Theodora) ... <i>Handel</i> | 9. MARCH <i>Spohr</i> |
| Lord to Thee, each night and day,
Strong in hope we sing and pray.
Though convulsive rocks the ground,
And thy thunders roll around:
Still to Thee, each night and day,
We sing and pray. | (From the Notturmo for wind instruments, Op. 34) |
| 5. PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN G MAJOR ... <i>Mendelssohn</i> | |

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. FANTASIA & FINALE (Organ Sonata, No. 10) <i>Rheinberger</i> | 4. ADAGIO CANTABILE <i>Hopkins</i> |
| 2. NOEL ... "Cradled all Lowly" ... <i>Gounod</i> | 5. SELECTION from the Oratorio "Samson" ... <i>Handel</i> |
| (With pastoral Symphonies) | 6. PASTORALE <i>Deshayes</i> |
| 3. MARCHE TRIOMPHALE <i>Archer</i> | 7. FUGUE IN G MINOR <i>Bach</i> |

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

ADMISSION FREE.

PROGRAMME OF THE FIRST MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA.

Conductors—MR. ORTON BRADLEY (Musical Director to the People's Palace), and MR. W. R. CAVE.
Organist—MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O. (Organist to the People's Palace).

ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 9TH, 1892,
AT 7.30,

"ELIJAH,"

An Oratorio by FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

SOLOISTS—MISS ADA PATTERSON, MISS JESSIE KING, MR. BERNARD LANE, AND MR WILFRID CUNLIFFE,
MISS JOHNSON, MISS EVELYN JAY, AND MR. T. FIRTH (of the People's Palace Choral Society).

PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

RECITATIVE.—MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.

Elijah.—As God the Lord of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word. *1 Kings xvii. 1.*

OVERTURE.

1.—CHORUS.

The People.—Help, Lord! wilt Thou quite destroy us? The harvest now is over, the summer days are gone, and yet no power cometh to help us! Will then the Lord be no more God in Zion? *Jeremiah viii. 20.*

RECITATIVE CHORUS.

The deeps afford no water and the rivers are exhausted! The suckling's tongue now cleaveth for thirst to his mouth: the infant children ask for bread, and there is no one breaketh it to feed them. *Lament iv. 4.*

2.—DUET AND CHORUS—MISS ADA PATTERSON AND MISS JESSIE KING.

The People.—Lord! bow thine ear to our prayer!

DUET.

Zion spreadeth her hands for aid; and there is neither help nor comfort. *Lament i. 17.*

3.—RECITATIVE—MR. BERNARD LANE.

Obadiah.—Ye people, rend your hearts, and not your garments, for your transgressions the Prophet Elijah hath sealed the heavens through the word of God. I therefore say to ye, Forsake your idols, return to God; for He is slow to anger, and merciful, and kind and gracious, and repenteth Him of the evil. *Joel ii. 12, 13.*

4.—AIR.

If with all your hearts ye truly seek me, ye shall ever surely find me. Thus saith our God.

Oh! that I knew where I might find Him, that I might even come before His presence. *Deut. iv. 29. Job xxiii. 3.*

5.—CHORUS.

The People.—Yet doth the Lord see it not: He mocketh at us; His curse hath fallen down upon us; His wrath will pursue us, till He destroy us!

For He, the Lord our God, He is a jealous God; and He visiteth all the father's sins on the children to the third and fourth generation of them that hate Him. His mercies on thousands fall—fall on all them that love Him, and keep His commandments. *Deut. xxviii. 22. Exodus xx. 5, 6.*

6.—RECITATIVE—MISS JESSIE KING.

An Angel.—Elijah! get thee hence; depart, and turn thee eastward: thither hide thee by Cherith's brook. There shalt thou drink its waters; and the Lord thy God hath commanded the ravens to feed thee there: so do according unto His word. *1 Kings xvii. 3.*

7.—DOUBLE QUARTETT—THE PEOPLE'S PALACE SELECT CHOIR.

Angels.—For He shall give His angels charge over thee; that they shall protect thee in all the ways thou goest; that their hands shall uphold and guide thee, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. *Psalm xci. 11, 12.*

RECITATIVE—MISS JESSIE KING.

An Angel.—Now Cherith's brook is dried up, Elijah arise and depart, and get thee to Zarephath; thither abide: for the

Lord hath commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee. And the barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth. *1 Kings xvii. 7, 9, 14.*

8.—RECITATIVE, AIR AND DUET—MISS ADA PATTERSON AND MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.

The Widow.—What have I to do with thee, O man of God? art thou come to me, to call my sin unto remembrance?—to slay my son art thou come hither? Help me, man of God! my son is sick! and his sickness is so sore, that there is no breath left in him! I go mourning all the day long; I lie down and weep at night. See mine affliction. Be thou the orphan's helper!

Elijah.—Give me thy son. Turn unto her, O Lord my God; in mercy help this widow's son! For Thou art gracious, and full of compassion, and plenteous in mercy and truth. Lord, my God, O let the spirit of this child return, that he again may live!

The Widow.—Wilt thou show wonders to the dead? Shall the dead arise and praise thee?

Elijah.—Lord, my God, O let the spirit of this child return, that he again may live!

The Widow.—The Lord hath heard thy prayer, the soul of my son reviveth!

Elijah.—Now behold, thy son liveth!

The Widow.—Now by this I know that thou art a man of God, and that His word in thy mouth is the truth. What shall I render to the Lord for all His benefits to me?

Both.—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.

O blessed are they who fear Him!
1 Kings xvii. 17, 18, 21-24. Job x. 15. Psalm xxxviii. 6; vi. 7; x. 14; lxxxvi. 15, 16; lxxxviii. 10; cxxviii. 1.

9.—CHORUS.

Blessed are the men who fear Him: they ever walk in the ways of peace. Through darkness riseth light to the upright. He is gracious, compassionate; He is righteous. *Psalm cxxviii. 1; cxii. 1, 4.*

10.—RECITATIVE AND CHORUS—MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE AND MR. BERNARD LANE.

Elijah.—As God the Lord of Sabaoth liveth, before whom I stand, three years this day fulfilled, I will show myself unto Ahab; and the Lord will then send rain again upon the earth.

Ahab.—Art thou Elijah? art thou he that troubleth Israel?

Chorus.—Thou art Elijah, he that troubleth Israel?

Elijah.—I never troubled Israel's peace: it is thou, Ahab, and all thy father's house. Ye have forsaken God's commands; and thou hast followed Baalim!

Now send and gather to me, the whole of Israel unto Mount Carmel: there summon the prophets of Baal, and also the prophets of the groves, who are feasted at Jezebel's table. Then we shall see whose God is the Lord.

Chorus.—And then we shall see whose God is God the Lord.

Elijah.—Rise then, ye priests of Baal: select and slay a bullock, and put no fire under it: uplift your voices, and call the god ye worship; and I then will call on the Lord Jehovah: and the God who by fire shall answer, let him be God.

Chorus.—Yea; and the God who by fire shall answer, let him be God.

Elijah.—Call first upon your god: your numbers are many; I, even I, only remain one prophet of the Lord! invoke your forest-gods and mountain-deities. *1 Kings xvii. 17; xviii. 1, 15, 18, 19, 23-25.*

11.—CHORUS.

Priests of Baal.—Baal, we cry to thee! hear and answer us! Heed the sacrifice we offer! hear us! O hear us, Baal! Hear, mighty god! Baal, O answer us! Let thy flames fall and extirpate the foe! O hear us, Baal.

12.—RECITATIVE.

Elijah.—Call him, louder, for he is a god! He talketh; or he is pursuing; or he is in a journey; or, peradventure, he sleepeth; so awaken him: call him louder.

CHORUS.

Priests of Baal.—Hear our cry, O Baal! now arise! wherefore slumber?

13.—RECITATIVE.

Elijah.—Call him louder! he heareth not. With knives and lancets cut yourselves after your manner: leap upon the altar ye have made: call him and prophecy! Not a voice will answer you; none will listen, none heed you.

CHORUS.

Priests of Baal.—Hear and answer, Baal! Mark! how the scorner derideth us! Hear and answer.

1 Kings xviii. 1, 15, 17, 18, 19, 23—29.

14.—RECITATIVE AND AIR.

Elijah.—Draw near, all ye people: come to me! Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel! this day let it be known that Thou art God; and I am Thy servant! O show to all this people that I have done these things according to Thy word! O hear me, Lord, and answer me; and show this people that Thou art Lord God; and let their hearts again be turned!

1 Kings xviii. 30, 36, 37.

15.—QUARTETT—MISS ADA PATTERSON, MISS JESSIE KING, MR. BERNARD LANE AND MR. T. FIRTH.

Angels.—Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee. He never will suffer the righteous to fall; He is at thy right hand.

Thy mercy, Lord, is great; and far above the heavens. Let none be made ashamed that wait upon Thee!

Psalm lv. 22; xvi. 8; cviii. 5; xxv. 3.

16.—RECITATIVE.

Elijah.—O Thou, who makest Thine angels spirits;—Thou, whose ministers are flaming fires, let them now descend!

Psalm civ. 4.

CHORUS.

The People.—The fire descends from heaven; the flames consume his offering!

Before Him upon your faces fall! The Lord is God: O Israel hear! Our God is one Lord: and we will have no other gods before the Lord!

1 Kings xviii. 38, 39.

RECITATIVE.

Elijah.—Take all the prophets of Baal; and let not one of them escape you; bring them down to Kishon's brook, and there let them be slain.

CHORUS.

The People.—Take all the prophets of Baal; and let not one of them escape us: bring all, and slay them!

1 Kings xviii. 40.

17.—AIR—MR. W. CUNLIFFE.

Elijah.—Is not His word like a fire; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock into pieces?

For God is angry with the wicked every day; and if the wicked turn not, the Lord will whet his sword; and He hath bent His bow, and made it ready.

Jer. xxiii. 29. Psalm vii. 11, 12.

18.—AIR—MISS JESSIE KING.

Woe unto them who forsake Him! destruction shall fall upon them, for they have transgressed against Him. Though they are by Him redeemed, yet they have spoken falsely against Him.

Hosea vii. 13.

19.—RECITATIVE AND CHORUS.

Obadiah.—O man of God, help thy people! Among the Idols of the Gentiles, are there any that can command the rain, or cause the heavens to give their showers? The Lord our God alone can do these things.

Elijah.—O Lord, Thou hast overthrown Thine enemies and destroyed them. Look down on us from heaven, O Lord: regard the distress of Thy people: open the heavens and send us relief: help, help Thy servant now, O God!

The People.—Open the heavens and send us relief: help, help Thy servant now, O God!

Elijah.—Go up now, child, and look toward the sea. Hath my prayer been heard by the Lord?

The Youth (Miss ADA PATTERSON).—There is nothing. The heavens are as brass above me.

Elijah.—When the heavens are closed up because they have sinned against Thee, yet if they pray and confess Thy name, and turn from their sin when Thou dost afflict them; then hear from heaven, and forgive the sin! Help! send Thy servant help, O God!

The People.—Then hear from heaven, and forgive the sin! Help! send Thy servant help, O Lord!

Elijah.—Go up again, and still look toward the sea.

The Youth.—There is nothing. The earth is as iron under me!

Elijah.—Hearest thou no sound of rain?—seest thou nothing arise from the deep?

The Youth.—No; there is nothing.

Elijah.—Have respect to the prayer of thy servant, O Lord, my God! Unto Thee will I cry, Lord, my rock; be not silent to me; and Thy great mercies remember, Lord!

The Youth.—Behold, a little cloud ariseth now from the waters; it is like a man's hand! The heavens are black with clouds and with wind: the storm rusheth louder and louder!

The People.—Thanks be to God, for all His mercies!

Elijah.—Thanks be to God, for He is gracious, and His mercy endureth for evermore.

Jer. xiv. 22. 2 Chron. vi. 19, 26, 27. Deut. xxviii. 23.

Psalm xxviii. 1; cvi. 1. 1 Kings xviii. 43, 45.

20.—CHORUS.

Thanks be to God! He laveth the thirsty land! The waters gather; they rush along; they are lifting their voices!

The stormy billows are high: their fury is mighty. But the Lord is above them, and Almighty.

Psalm xciii. 3, 4.

PART II.

21.—AIR—MISS ADA PATTERSON.

Hear ye, Israel; hear what the Lord speaketh:—"Oh, hadst thou heeded my commandments!"

Who hath believed our report; to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

Thus saith the Lord, the Redeemer of Israel, and his Holy One, to him oppressed by Tyrants: thus saith the Lord:—"I am He that comforteth; be not afraid, for I am thy God, I will strengthen thee. Say, who art thou, that thou art afraid of a man that shall die; and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, who hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the earth's foundations? Be not afraid, for I, thy God, will strengthen thee.

Isaiah xlvi. 1, 18; liii. 1; xlix. 7; xli. 10; li. 12, 13.

22.—CHORUS.

Be not afraid, saith God the Lord. Be not afraid! thy help is near. God, the Lord thy God, saith unto thee, "Be not afraid!"

Though thousands languish and fall beside thee, and tens of thousands around thee perish, yet still it shall not come nigh thee.

Isaiah xli. 10. Psalm xci. 7.

23.—RECITATIVE AND CHORUS.

Elijah.—The Lord hath exalted thee from among the people; and over His people Israel hath made thee king. But thou, Ahab, hast done evil to provoke him to anger above all that were before thee: as if it had been a light thing for thee to walk in the sins of Jeroboam. Thou hast made a grove and an altar to Baal, and served him and worshipped him. Thou hast killed the righteous, and also taken possession.

And the Lord shall smite all Israel, as a reed is shaken in the water; and He shall give Israel up, and thou shalt know He is the Lord.

1 Kings xiv. 7, 9, 15; xvi. 30, 31, 32, 33.

The Queen (Miss JESSIE KING).—Have ye not heard he hath prophesied against all Israel?

Chorus.—We heard it with our ears.

The Queen.—Hath he not prophesied also against the King of Israel?

Chorus.—We heard it with our ears.

The Queen.—And why hath he spoken in the name of the Lord? Doth Ahab govern the kingdom of Israel while Elijah's power is greater than the king's?

The gods do so to me, and more; if, by to-morrow about this time, I make not his life as the life of one of them whom he hath sacrificed at the brook of Kishon!

Chorus.—He shall perish!

The Queen.—Hath he not destroyed Baal's prophets?

Chorus.—He shall perish!

The Queen.—Yea, by the sword he destroyed them all!

Chorus.—He destroyed them all!

The Queen.—He also closed the heavens!

Chorus.—He also closed the heavens!

The Queen.—And called down a famine upon the land!

Chorus.—And called down a famine upon the land!
The Queen.—So go ye forth and seize Elijah, for he is worthy to die; slaughter him! do unto him as he hath done!

24.—CHORUS.

Woe to him, he shall perish; for he closed the heavens! And why hath he spoken in the name of the Lord? Let the guilty prophet perish! He hath spoken falsely against our land and us, as we have heard with our ears. So go ye forth; seize on him! He shall die!

Jeremiah xxvi. 9, 11. 1 Kings xviii. 10; xix. 2; xxi. 7. Ecclesiastes xlvi. 2, 3.

25.—RECITATIVE.

Obadiah.—Man of God, now let my words be precious in thy sight. Thus saith Jezebel; "Elijah is worthy to die." So the mighty gather against thee, and they have prepared a net for thy steps; that they may seize thee, that they may slay thee. Arise, then, and hasten for thy life; to the wilderness journey. The Lord thy God doth go with thee: He will not fail thee, He will not forsake thee. Now begone, and bless me also.

Elijah.—Though stricken, they have not grieved! Tarry here, my servant: the Lord be with thee. I journey hence to the wilderness.

2 Kings i. 13. Jer. v. 3; xxvi. 11. Psalm lix. 3.

1 Kings xix. 4. Deut. xxxi. 6. Exodus xii. 32.

1 Samuel xvii. 37.

26.—AIR.

Elijah.—It is enough, O Lord; now take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers! I desire to live no longer: now let me die, for my days are but vanity!

I have been very jealous for the Lord God of Hosts! for the Children of Israel have broken Thy covenant, thrown down Thine altars, and slain Thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I, only am left; and they seek my life to take it away.

Job vii. 16. 1 Kings xix. 10.

27.—RECITATIVE—MR. BERNARD LANE.

See, now he sleepeth beneath a juniper tree in the wilderness: and there the angels of the Lord encamp round about all them that fear Him.

1 Kings xix. 5. Psalm xxxiv. 7.

28.—TRIO—MISS ADA PATTERSON, MISS JESSIE KING, AND MISS JOHNSON.

Angels.—Lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh help. Thy help cometh from the Lord, the Maker of heaven and earth. He hath said, thy foot shall not be moved; thy Keeper will never slumber.

Psalm cxxi. 1, 3.

29.—CHORUS.

Angels.—He, watching over Israel, slumbers not, nor sleeps. Shouldst thou, walking in grief, languish, He will quicken thee.

Psalm cxxi. 4; cxxxviii. 7.

30.—RECITATIVE.

MISS JESSIE KING AND MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.
An Angel.—Arise, Elijah, for thou hast a long journey before thee. Forty days and forty nights shalt thou go; to Horeb, the mount of God.

Elijah.—O Lord, I have laboured in vain; yea, I have spent my strength for naught!

O that Thou wouldst rend the heavens, that Thou wouldst come down; that the mountains would flow down at Thy presence, to make Thy name known to Thine adversaries, through the wonders of Thy works!

O Lord, why hast thou made them to err from thy ways, and hardened their hearts that they do not fear Thee? O that I now might die!

1 Kings xix. 8. Isaiah xlix. 4; lxiv. 1, 2; lxiii. 7.

31.—AIR—MISS JESSIE KING.

O rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desires. Commit thy way unto Him, and trust in Him, and fret not thyself because of evil doers.

Psalm xxxvii. 1, 7.

32.—CHORUS.

He that shall endure to the end, shall be saved.

Matthew xxiv. 13.

33.—RECITATIVE.

MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE AND MISS ADA PATTERSON.
Elijah.—Night falleth round me, O Lord! Be Thou not far from me! hide not Thy face, O Lord, from me; my soul is thirsting for Thee, as a thirsty land.

The audience are particularly requested not to walk about the hall or talk during the performance of any song or piece of music.

ADMISSION—THREEPENCE.

An Angel.—Arise, now! get thee without, stand on the mount before the Lord; for there His glory will appear and shine on thee! Thy face must be veiled, for He draweth near.

Psalm cxliii. 6, 7. 1 Kings xix. 11.

34.—CHORUS.

Behold! God the Lord passed by! And a mighty wind rent the mountains around, brake in pieces the rocks, brake them before the Lord: but yet the Lord was not in the tempest.

Behold! God the Lord passed by! And the sea was upheaved, and the earth was shaken: but yet the Lord was not in the earthquake.

And after the earthquake there came a fire: but yet the Lord was not in the fire.

And after the fire there came a still small voice; and in that still voice, onward came the Lord.

1 Kings xix. 11, 12.

35.—RECITATIVE—MISS JESSIE KING.

Above Him stood the Seraphim, and one cried to another.

QUARTETT AND CHORUS.

Angels.—Holy, holy, holy is God the Lord—the Lord Sabaoth! Now His glory hath filled all the earth.

Isaiah vi. 2, 3.

36, 37.—RECITATIVE.

Chorus.—Go, return upon thy way! For the Lord yet hath left Him seven thousand in Israel, knees which have not bowed to Baal: go, return upon thy way; Thus the Lord commandeth.

Elijah.—I go on my way in the strength of the Lord. For Thou art my Lord; and I will suffer for Thy sake. My heart is therefore glad, my glory rejoiceth, and my flesh shall also rest in hope.

1 Kings xix. 15, 18. Psalm lxxi. 16; xvi. 2, 9.

AIR.

Elijah.—For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but Thy kindness shall not depart from me, neither shall the covenant of Thy peace be removed.

Isaiah liv. 10.

38.—CHORUS.

Then did Elijah the prophet break forth like a fire; his words appeared like burning torches. Mighty kings by him were overthrow. He stood on the mount of Sinai, and heard the judgments of the future; and in Horeb, its vengeance.

And when the Lord would take him away to heaven, lo! there came a fiery chariot, with fiery horses; and he went by a whirlwind to heaven.

Ecclesiastes xlvi. 1, 6, 7. 2 Kings ii. 1, 11.

39.—AIR—MR. BERNARD LANE.

Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in their heavenly Father's realm. Joy on their head shall be for everlasting, and all sorrow and mourning shall flee away for ever.

Matthew xiii. 43. Isaiah li. 11.

40.—RECITATIVE—MISS ADA PATTERSON.

Behold, God hath sent Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord. And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children unto their fathers; lest the Lord shall come and smite the earth with a curse.

Malachi iv. 5, 6.

41.—CHORUS.

But the Lord from the north hath raised one who from the rising of the sun shall call upon His name and come on princes.

Behold, my servant and mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth! On Him the Spirit of God shall rest: the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of might and of counsel, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord.

Isaiah xli. 25; xlii. 1; xi. 2.

QUARTETT.

O! come every one that thirsteth, O come to the waters; come unto Him. O hear, and your souls shall live for ever!

Isaiah lv. 1, 3.

42.—CHORUS.

And then shall your light break forth as the light of morning breaketh; and your health shall speedily spring forth then; and the glory of the Lord ever shall reward you.

Lord, our Creator, how excellent Thy name is in all the nations! Thou fillest heaven with Thy glory. Amen!

Isaiah lviii. 8. Psalm viii. 1.

FESTIVAL PROGRAMME, SECOND CONCERT.

ON MONDAY, JANUARY 11TH, 1892,

AT 8 O'CLOCK,

'ACIS AND GALATEA,'

"Serenata" by G. F. HANDEL.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

Galatea ... (a Sea Nymph) ... MISS ELIZABETH CARY	Damon ... (a Shepherd) ... MR. JAMES A. BOVETT
Acis ... (a Shepherd) ... MR. CHARLES ELLISON	Polyphemus (a Giant) ... MR. ROBERT NEWMAN

Chorus.—NYMPHS AND SHEPHERDS.

SCENE.—A Rural Prospect, diversified with rocks, groves, and a river.

PART THE FIRST.

1.—Sinfonia.

2.—Chorus of Shepherds, etc.

O the pleasure of the plains!
Happy nymphs and happy swains!
Harmless, merry, free, and gay,
Dance and sport the hours away.

SOLI AND CHORUS.

For us the zephyr blows,
For us distils the dew,
For us unfolds the rose,
And flowers display their hue:
For us the winter's rain,
For us the summer's shine,
Spring swells for us the grain,
And autumn bleeds the vine.

3.—RECIT.—Galatea.

Ye verdant plains and woody mountains,
Purling streams and bubbling fountains;
Ye painted glories of the field,
Vain are the pleasures which ye yield.
Too thin the shadow of the grove,
Too faint the gales to cool my love.

4.—AIR.

Hush, ye pretty warbling choir,
Your thrilling strains
Awake my pains,
And kindle fierce desire.
Cease your song, and take your flight,
Bring back my Acis to my sight.

5.—AIR.—Acis.

Where shall I seek the charming fair?
Direct the way, kind Genius of the mountains!
O, tell me if you saw my dear:
Seeks she the groves, or bathes in crystal fountains?

6.—RECIT.—Damon.

Stay, shepherd, stay!
See how thy flocks in yonder valley stray!
What means this melancholy air?
No more thy tuneful pipe we hear.

7.—AIR.

Shepherd, what art thou pursuing?
Heedless running to thy ruin,
Share our joy, our pleasure share.
Leave thy passion till to-morrow,
Let the day be free from sorrow,
Free from love and free from care.

8.—RECIT.—Acis.

Lo! here my love!
Turn, Galatea, hither turn thine eyes,
See, at thy feet the longing Acis lies.

9.—AIR.

Love in her eyes sits playing,
And sheds delicious death!
Love in her lips is straying,
And warbling in her breath!
Love on her breath sits panting,
And swells with soft desire!
No grace, no charm, is wanting,
To set the heart on fire.

10.—RECIT.—Galatea.

O didst thou know the pains of absent love,
Acis would ne'er from Galatea rove.

11.—AIR.

As when the dove laments her love,
All on the naked spray;
When he returns, no more she mourns,
But loves the livelong day.
Billing, cooing,
Panting, wooing,
Melting murmurs fill the grove,
Melting murmurs, lasting love.

12.—DUET.—Acis and Galatea.

Happy! happy! happy we!
What joys I feel!—what charms I see!
Of all youth, thou dearest boy!
Of all nymphs, thou brightest fair!
Thou all my bliss, thou all my joy!

13.—CHORUS.

Happy we, etc., etc.

PART THE SECOND.

14.—Chorus of Nymphs and Shepherds.

Wretched lovers; Fate has past
This sad decree—"No joy shall last."
Wretched lovers! quit your dream,
Behold the monster Polypheme!
See what ample strides he takes!
The mountain nods! the forest shakes!
The waves run frighten'd to the shores!
Hark! how the thund'ring giant roars!

15.—RECIT.—Polyphemus.

I rage—I melt—I burn;
The feeble god has stabb'd me to the heart.
Thou trusty pine!
Prop of my godlike steps, I lay thee by!

Bring me a hundred reeds of decent growth,
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth;
In soft enchanting accents let me breathe
Sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love.

16.—AIR.

O ruddier than the cherry!
O sweeter than the berry!
O nymph, more bright
Than moonshine night,
Like kidlings blithe and merry;

Ripe as the melting cluster,
No lily has such lustre;
Yet hard to tame
As raging flame,
And fierce as storms that bluster!

17.—RECIT.—Polyphemus.

Whither, fairest, art thou running?
Still my warm embraces shunning?

RECIT.—Galatea.

The lion calls not to his prey,
Nor bids the wolf the lambkin stay.

RECIT.—Polyphemus.

Thee, Polyphemus, great as Jove,
Calls to empire and to love;
To his palace in the rock,
To his dairy, to his flock.
To the grape of purple hue,
To the plum of glossy blue,
Wildings which expecting stand,
Proud to be gathered by thy hand.

RECIT.—Galatea.

Of infant limbs to make my food,
And swill full draughts of human blood!
Go, monster! bid some other guest;
I loathe the host—I loathe the feast.

18.—AIR.—Polyphemus.

Cease to beauty to be suing;
Ever whining love disdain,
Let the brave their aims pursuing,
Still be conq'ring, not complaining.

19.—AIR.—Damon.

Would you gain the tender creature?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her;
Suff'ring is the lover's part.
Beauty, by constraint, possessing,
You enjoy but half the blessing—
Lifeless charms, without the heart.

20.—RECIT.—Acis.

His hideous love provokes my rage;
Weak as I am, I must engage:
Inspir'd by thy victorious charms,
The god of love will lend his arms.

21.—AIR.

Love sounds th' alarm,
And fear is a-flying,
When beauty's the prize,
What mortal fears dying?
In defence of my treasure
I'd bleed at each vein,
Without her no pleasure,
For life is a pain.

22.—AIR.—Damon.

Consider, fond shepherd, how fleeting's the pleasure
That flatters our hope, in pursuit of the fair;
The joys that attend it by moments we measure,
But life is too little to measure our care.

23.—RECIT.—Galatea.

Cease, O cease, thou gentle youth!
Trust my constancy and truth;
Trust my truth, and pow'rs above,
The powers propitious still to love.

24.—TRIO.—Acis, Galatea, and Polyphemus. Acis, Galatea.

The flocks shall leave the mountains,
The woods the turtle-dove,
The nymphs forsake the fountains,
Ere I forsake my love!

Polyphemus.

Torture! fury! rage! despair!
I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.

Acis, Galatea.

Not show'rs to larks so pleasing,
Not sunshine to the bee,
Not sleep to toil so easing,
As these dear smiles to me.

Polyphemus.

Fly swift thou massy ruin, fly!
Die, presumptuous Acis! die!

25.—RECIT.—Acis.

Help, Galatea! Help, ye parent gods!
And take me dying to your deep abodes.

26.—CHORUS.

Mourn, all ye muses! weep, all ye swains!
Tune, tune your reeds to doleful strains!
Groans, cries, and howlings fill the neighb'ring shore,
Ah! the gentle Acis is no more.

27.—SOLO (Galatea) AND CHORUS.

Must I my Acis still bemoan,
Inglorious crushed beneath that stone?
Must the lovely charming youth
Die for his constancy and truth?
Say what comfort can you find?
For dark despair o'erclouds my mind!

CHORUS.

Cease, Galatea, cease to grieve;
Bewail not when thou canst relieve;
Call forth thy pow'r, employ thy art;
The goddess soon can heal the smart:
To kindred gods the youth return,
'Thro' verdant plains to roll his urn.

28.—RECIT.—Galatea.

'Tis done: thus I exert my pow'r divine;
Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine!

29.—AIR.

Heart, the seat of soft delight,
Be thou now a fountain bright!
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a crystal flood.
Rock, thy hollow womb disclose:
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows
Through the plains he joys to rove,
Murmuring still his gentle love.

30.—CHORUS.

Galatea, dry thy tears;
Acis now a god appears.
See how he rears him from his bed!
See the wreath that binds his head!
Hail! thou gentle murmuring stream—
Shepherds' pleasure, Muses' theme;
Through the plains still joy to rove,
Murmuring still thy gentle love.

TO BE FOLLOWED BY

"MAY DAY,"

By G. A. MACFARREN.

No. I.—THE CHOOSING OF THE QUEEN.

CHORUS.

- ALL Who shall be Queen of the May?
Who shall be Queen of the May?
When songs and flow'rs
Make happy hours,
Who shall be Queen of the May?
- 1st PARTY Rustic swains, you'll not forget
Blithe and buxom Margaret,
Raven hair, and eyes of jet,—
She should be Queen of the May.
- 2nd PARTY Susan with her eyes of blue
Glist'ning like the morning dew,
With her locks of golden hue,—
She should be Queen of the May.
- 1st PARTY Think of Margaret's sparkling eye!
- 2nd PARTY With our Susan who can vie?
- 3rd PARTY None—when Mary is not by
Let Mary, let Mary be Queen of the May.
- 3rd PARTY She is good as she is fair—
None with Mary can compare,—
Mary is a jewel rare.
Let Mary, let Mary be Queen of the May.
- ALL Let Mary, let Mary be Queen of the May.
Proud and royal is her mien—
She shall be our festive queen,
Reigning o'er the village-green.
She shall be Queen of the May!
She shall be Queen of the May!
When songs and flow'rs
Make happy hours,
She shall be Queen of the May!

No. II. "THE HUNT'S UP."

PART SONG.

The hunt's up, the hunt's up,—
Awake, my lady free,—
The sun has risen, from out his prison,
Beneath the glist'ning sea.
The hunt's up, the hunt's up,—
Awake, my lady bright,—
The lark is winging his far flight, singing,
To greet the new-born light.

The hunt's up, the hunt's up,—
Awake, my lady gay,
The stars are blinking,—in ocean sinking,
'Tis now—'tis now broad day.
The hunt's up, the hunt's up,—
Awake, my lady dear,—
With smiles adorning, this young May morning,
The pride of all the year.

No. III. THE QUEEN'S GREETING.

RECITATIVE AND SONG WITH A BURDEN.
RECITATIVE.

THE MAY QUEEN, MISS ELIZABETH CARY.

THE MAY QUEEN. Loyal hearts, your rural Queen
Greets you from her flow'ry throne;
Few the monarchs are, I ween,
Who such loving subjects own.

Warbling bird and leafy tree,
May's delights, are sweet to me,
But no sweets I prize above,
Loyal hearts, your faithful love.

SONG.

Beautiful May, with thy lap full of flow'rs,
Rising when April has fled with his showers;
Thrilling the air with thy musical voice,
Calling on mortals once more to rejoice.
Thee would we greet on the day of thy birth,
Thee would we cheer with our innocent mirth,
Beautiful May, with the sun on thy brow,
Beautiful May, we delight in thee now.

May, bid the verdure grow;
May, bid the roses blow;
May, bid a heavenly glow
Play o'er the world below.

The Burden. Hey nonny nonny no!

Earth has awoke from her slumber at last,
Now the dull season for dreaming is past.
Fair were her visions through winter's long night;
Fairer is May with her reign of delight.
Never was vision, though bright it might be,
Equal, thou presence of gladness, to thee.
Queen of all joy with the sun on thy brow,
Beautiful May, we delight in thee now.

May, bid the verdure grow;
May, bid the roses blow;
May, bid a heavenly glow
Play o'er the world below.

The Burden. Hey nonny nonny no!

No. 4.—THE REVELS.

CHORUS.

Lads and lasses, hasten all
To the rural festival.
See the May-pole, rising high,
Points towards a cloudless sky,
Its head with garlands crown'd;
Willing hearts it would invite,
To partake of May's delight;
So dance around—around.

A joyous throng
Now comes along,
The hobby-horse is gaily prancing;
Here's Robin Hood,
That archer good,
And Marian too with nimble step advancing.

Form a merry laughing ring;
Maids display your rustic graces,
Deck'd in all the flowers of spring;
More adorn'd with smiling faces,
Gaily dance around—around—
Moving swiftly—stepping lightly,
Like the tiny elves, that nightly
Sport upon enchanted ground.

Nought is like this feast of ours,
Feast of gladness, feast of flow'rs.
Hail thou spring-tide holiday!
Hail thou merry first of May!

THIRD CONCERT.

A MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION

WILL BE GIVEN

ON WEDNESDAY, 13TH JANUARY, 1892,

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

SOLOISTS—THE MISSES DELVES YATES, MR. FRANK BOOR, MR. B. H. GROVE.

SOLO VIOLIN—MR. W. R. CAVE. SOLO PIANOFORTE—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

PART I.

1. OVERTURE ... "Egmont" *Beethoven*
2. CHORUS "Hallelujah" (Messiah) *Handel*
Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.
The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of
our Lord and of His Christ, He shall reign for ever and
ever.
King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, Hallelujah!
3. SONG ... { "Come, Gentle Sleep" } *Sir Arthur Sullivan*
(from *Ivanhoe*)
MR. FRANK BOOR.
Happy with winged feet,
Comes the morning softly stealing in,
And to my darling's chamber sweet
This happy light will win.
O! fair procession of the morning hours,
Go, bid my love awake with all the flowers.
But let me sleep awhile,
And dream my only wound is from Love's dart,
And cunningly, my thought beguile,
To deem that thou fair queen, my gaoler art.
So prison bars and wounds more dear shall be,
Than all the world if there I find but thee.
Come, gentle sleep; come, gentle sleep.
4. VIOLIN SOLO ... "Bohémienne" *Vieuxtemps*
MR. W. R. CAVE.
5. ARIA ... "Bel Raggio" (Semiramide) *Rossini*
MISS DELVES YATES.
Bel raggio lusinghier,
Di speme, e di piacer
Alfin per me brillò!
Arsace ritornò,
Sì, a me verrà,
Quest' Alma che finor
Gemè, tremò, languì,
Oh! come respirò!
Ogni mio duol spari,
Dal cor, dal mio pensier.
Sì dileguò il terror!
Dolce pensiero,
Di quell'istante,
A te sorride l'amanti cor,
Come più caro,
Dopo il tormento,
E il al momento
Di pace, e amor.
6. CONCERTO IN C MINOR, Op. 37 *Beethoven*
For Pianoforte and Orchestra (first movement)
MR. ORTON BRADLEY.
7. PART SONG ... "Lullaby of Life" *Leslie*
Sleep, little flower, whose petals fade and fall
Over the sunless ground,
Ring no more peals of perfume on the air;
Sleep long and sound.
Sleep, summer wind, whose breathing grows more faint
As night draws slowly nigh;
Cease thy sweet chanting in the cloistral woods,
And seem to die.
Sleep thou great ocean, whose wild waters sink
Under the setting sun,
Hush the loud music of thy warring waves,
Till night is done;
Sleep thou tired heart, whose mountain pulses droop
Within the valley cold.
On pain and pleasures, fears and hopes of life,
Let go thine hold;
Sleep, for 'tis only sleep, and there shall be
New life for all at day,
So sleep all, until the restful night has passed away.
8. AIR ... "Revenge, Timotheus Cries" *Handel*
MR. B. H. GROVE.
"Revenge! revenge!" Timotheus cries;
See the furies arise,
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in the air,
And the sparkles that flash in their eyes.
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand;
These are Grecian ghosts,
That in battle were slain,
And unburied remain,
Inglorious on the plain.
9. CHORUS "God of Light" (Spring) *Haydn*
Soloists—MISS DELVES YATES, MR. FRANK
BOOR, and MR. B. H. GROVE.
God of light! God of life!
Hail, gracious Lord!
From whose abundant stores the earth with plenty flows,
And whose almighty love make glad the heart of man.
Hail, gracious Lord! God of light! God of love!
Endless praise to Thee we'll sing,
Almighty Lord of all, etc.

A SHORT INTERVAL.

The audience are particularly requested not to walk about the hall or talk during the performance of any song or piece of music.

ADMISSION—THREEPENCE.

PART II.

10. OVERTURE ... "Cœur de Lion" ... *W. R. Cave*

11. DUET ... "Birdie" ... *Rubinstein*
THE MISSES DELVES YATES.

Birdie that so sweetly sang, now is silent,
Joy that made the heart so glad, now forgotten,
Birdie, all thy life was song, why art thou mute?
Heart that was so full of promise, why art thou sad?
Ah! the birdie fell beneath,
Icy snowdrift, cruel false words.
Birdie would have gladly fled,
And my love had gladly sped,
Birdie would have gladly fled o'er the wild sea;
And my love had gladly sped to the forest.
Flood and tempest move the sea, but not snowdrift,
Savage perils fill the wood, not man's falsehood.
Ah! in the sea no snowdrift,
Ah! the wood has no man's falsehood,
Ah me!

12. SONG ... "An Evening Song" ... *Blumenthal*
MR. FRANK BOOR.

Good night, love! may heaven's brightest stars watch o'er thee,
Good angels spread their wings, and cover thee;
And thro' the night so dark and still,
Spirits of light, charm thee from ill;
My heart is hovering round thy dwelling place,
Good night, dear love! God bless thee with his grace!
Good night!
Good night, love! soft lullabies the night wind sing to thee,
And on his wings sweet odours bring to thee!
And in thy dreaming may all things dear,
With gentle seeming, come smiling near.
My knees are bowed, my hands are clasp'd in prayer.
Good night, dear love! God keep thee in his care.
Good night, sweet love! Good night.

13. SYMPHONY IN D (Minuet and Finale) ... *Haydn*

14. CHORUS "Come where Flowers" (Martha) *Flotow*

Come where flow'rs are flinging
Beauty o'er the meadows gay,
Come where the skies are smiling,
Where the merry fountains play.
Come, thy care beguiling,
Keep with nature holiday,
Where thro' light and shadow,
Streamlets gently murmur as they stray, [way.
Over field and meadow, fairy footsteps gaily lead the
Keep with nature holiday.
O come, come where pleasure fondly lingers,
Where the gentle woodland fay
Weaves with magic fingers,
Wreaths to crown the brow of May,
To crown the brow of May, lovely May,
Beauty o'er the meadows gay,
Where glad birds are singing,
Free from care the live long day.
Then away to the woods, where the wild flowers bloom,
While the breezes are laden with sweetest perfume,
With our feet light as fairies, and hearts so full of glee,
We'll sing with the wild bird, and roam with the bee.
O come away,
O'er sunny bank, and meadows gay,
And keep with nature holiday, etc.

15. SONG ... "The Enchantress" ... *Hatton*
MISS LILIAN DELVES YATES.

By the lore of ages far,
By the rites which cowards shun,
I, from grave, and herb, and star,
Have my wand of triumph won.
Warriors I have brought to shame,
Turning glory to disgrace;
Kings have trembled when I came,
Reading doom upon my face.
But for thee
My wild hair shall braided be,
With the rose of richest breath,
With the jasmine white as death.
And my voice in music flow,
And mine eyes all gently glow,
O believe me, love like ours,
Is the power of magic powers.
I know where the storm is born,
That shall break the strong earth's frame;
From the fierce volcano's horn,
Brimming o'er with living flame.
I could name the very cloud,
Whence the tempest forth did sweep,
Which the strongest ship hath bowed,
Built to rule the rebel deep.
But for thee,
Shall be calm on earth and sea;
Gentle rivers, teeming mines,
Golden harvests, fragrant vines,
And a sunlight bland and warm,
And a moon of dreamy charm;
For, believe me, love like ours,
Is the power of magic powers.

16. SONG ... "Fair is my Love" ... *Hatton*
MR. B. H. GROVE.

Fair is my love, so fair,
I shudder with the sense,
Of what a light the world would lose,
Could she go hence.
Sweet is my love, so sweet,
The leaves that fold on fold,
Swathe up the odours of the rose,
Less sweetness hold.
Spare her Immortals spare,
'Till all our days are done,
Your heav'n is full of angel forms,
Mine holds but one.
True is my love, so true,
Her heart is mine alone,
The music of its rhythmic beat,
Throbs through my own.
Dear is my love, so dear,
If I but hear her name,
My eyes with tears of rapture swim,
My cheek is flame.
Spare her Immortals, &c.

17. CHORUS "Hail, bright abode" (Tannhauser) *Wagner*
Hail, bright abode, where song the heart rejoices!
May lays of peace within thee never fail,
Long may we cry with loyal voices,
Prince of Thu-ringia, Landgrave, Hermann, hail!
Hail, bright abode, etc.

The audience are particularly requested not to walk about the hall or talk during the performance of any song or piece of music.

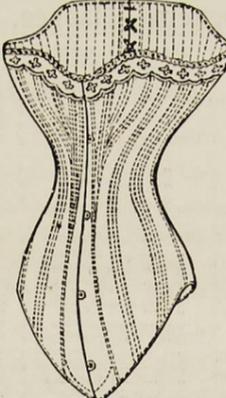
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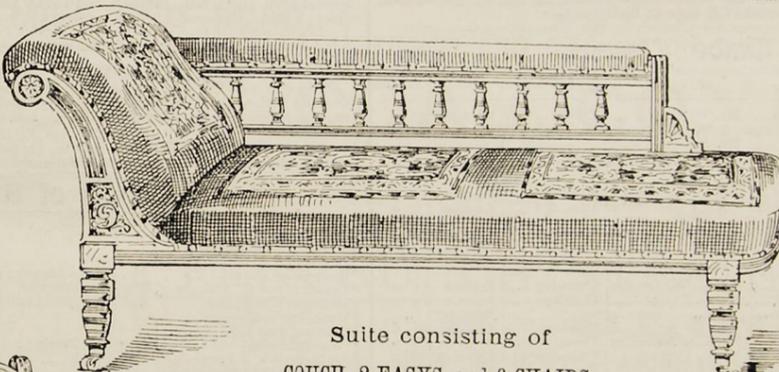
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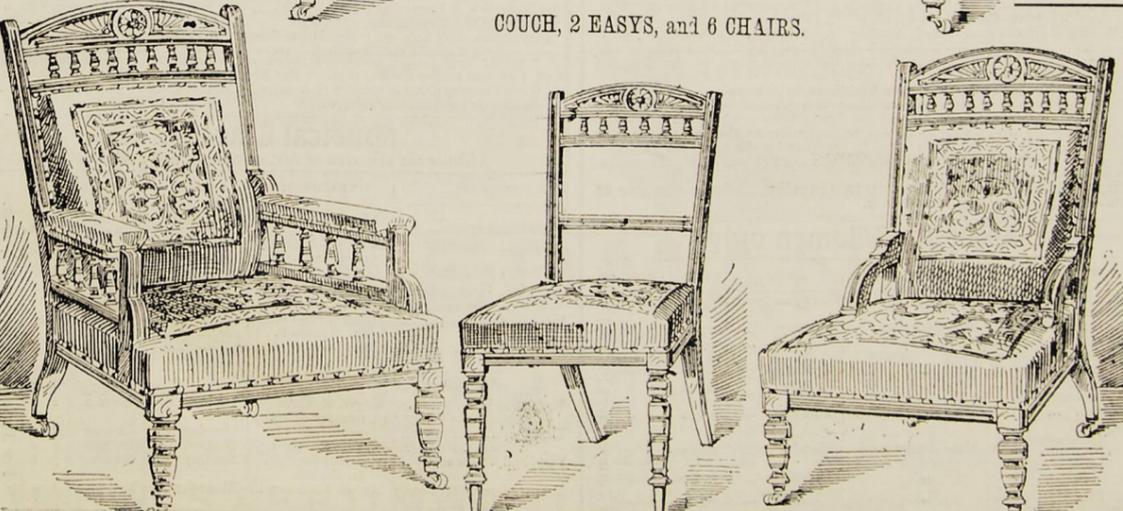
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