

June 24, 1892.

*The Palace Journal.*

413

**THE PALACE JOURNAL.**

FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1892.

**PEOPLE'S PALACE  
Club, Class and General  
Gossip.****COMING EVENTS.****FRIDAY, June 24th.**—Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m. Admission 1d.**SATURDAY, 25th.**—At 8 p.m., Concert. Selections from Gounod's Opera, "Faust," Admission 3d. Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m.**SUNDAY, 26th.**—Sacred Concert at 4 p.m., and Organ Recital at 8 p.m. Admission free.**MONDAY, 27th.**—In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Costume Recital of "La Sonnambula." Admission 1d.; reserved seats, 3d. Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m.—Swimming Entertainment by Professor Oakes in Bath, at 8.30 p.m.**TUESDAY, 28th.**—Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m.**WEDNESDAY, 29th.**—In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Entertainment by Mr. Scott-Edwardes. Admission 2d. Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m.**THURSDAY, 30th.**—Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m. Admission 1d. Elocution Open Night in Lecture Hall at 8.

THE library will be open each day during the week from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. On Sunday from 3 p.m. to 10 p.m. Admission free. The students' circulating library open on Mondays and Thursdays from 6.30 to 9.30 p.m. in the Club-room.

THE attendances on Sunday last at the sacred concert, organ recital, and library, were respectively 1,164, 1,106, and 617. Total, 2,887.

**GORLESTON HOLIDAY HOME.**—Owing to the great success of last year's holiday, arrangements have been made to re-open the house then occupied, under the same management. Intending trippers should book dates as early as possible. To suit the members' convenience, weekly or monthly payments will be taken in the office.

A SOCIAL evening has been arranged for the members of the Sunday Afternoon Choir, on Wednesday, the 28th, commencing at 7 o'clock.

WE regret that the Palace Elocutionary Students are about to lose the talented services of Mr. Hasluck, the teacher, after this month. This gentleman, and also his wife, have taken a great interest in the class, and have won the esteem of all the members. The last open night of the season will be held on Thursday next, and as this will be Mr. Hasluck's last appearance as the head of the class, we anticipate that many past students will be present. Tickets may be obtained of the members of the class, or at the office.

MEMBERS of the People's Palace Choral and Orchestral Societies and the Sunday Afternoon Choir are reminded that seats will be reserved for their friends for the Concert Recital of Gounod's "Faust," to-morrow, Saturday. Entrance by East Gate from 7 to 7.45 only. Tickets can be obtained in the office. Admission, 3d.

**PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.**—Last Saturday's match adds yet another to the successes of the Palace team, the victory being obtained over the Ilford (Y.M.C.A.) C.C. The Palace team batted first, and scored 88 runs, Francis playing well for his score of 24. The Ilford (Y.M.C.A.) were only able to make 33 owing to the bowling and smart fielding of the Palace team, the catch by McCurdle, which disposed of Collins, being a particularly difficult one.

**Ilford (Y.M.C.A.).**—T. Theobald, b Hunter, 0; Drake, b Bowman, 0; Willis, c Francis, b Bowman, 0; Collins, c McCurdle, b Bowman, 14; F. Theobald, c Bowman, b Hunter, 0; W. Savill, b Bowman, 0; F. Collins, run out, 9; E. Collins, b McCurdle, 1; J. White, b McCurdle, 0; Archer, not out, 0; extras, 9. Total, 33.

**P.P.C.C.**—A. E. Francis, b F. Theobald, 24; McCurdle, b F. Theobald, 10; C. Bowman, b F. Theobald, 3; A. Bowman, b Savill, 14; F. Hunter, b Drake, 2; G. Sheppard, run out, 19; J. McDougall, b Theobald, 2; G. Adkins, b Theobald, 0; J. Williamson, c and b Theobald, 0; H. R. Jones, c Collins, b Savill, 0; W. Holmes, not out, 0; extras, 14. Total, 88.

**Bowling Analysis.**—A. Bowman, 12 overs, 5 maidens, 8 runs, 4 wickets; F. Hunter, 7 overs, 3 maidens, 8 runs, 2 wickets; M. McCurdle, 5 overs, 3 maidens, 4 runs, 2 wickets.

The team to-morrow to play at Folkestone against School of Engineering will be: Messrs. A. Bowman (captain), C. A. Bowman, A. E. Francis, F. Hunter, J. Williams, G. Adkins, J. Williamson, J. McDougall, J. Phillips, H. R. Jones, M. McCurdle, G. Sheppard. Umpire, Mr. J. Pugh. Meet at Cannon-street station at 8 a.m. sharp. July 2nd, v. Ashley at the Uplands.

F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

**PEOPLE'S PALACE OLD BOYS' ROWING CLUB.**—Last Saturday we found our way to Biffin's, at Hammersmith. We had a very small muster—seven all told—and consequently the Club was represented on the river only by a four and a pair-oar. To manage even this we had to obtain the assistance of a quaint little chap, who, though with some reluctance, descended to cox the pair-oar. Perhaps the weather was somewhat to blame for this, and for the non-appearance of the rest of the club; but we were afterwards told that the small boy usually coached an "eight." The boats started in a drizzling rain to row down the river, but when Putney was reached the crews were forced to beat a hasty retreat. About half-an-hour after the rain ceased, and the Thames again assumed its usual active appearance, we commenced our row up the river and went as far as Mortlake before we turned for Biffin's. Perhaps I may be allowed to add that before we can use the "eight" we must get a good

crew, so the members of the club should attend as regularly as possible. Practice as usual next Wednesday, at Lea Bridge, 7.30 sharp.

W. H. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

THE People's Palace Old Boys' Football Club have all dates open for the coming season. All communications to be addressed to H. Baines (hon. sec. *pro. tem.*), 64, Beaumont-square, Mile End-road, E.

**PEOPLE'S PALACE OLD BOYS' CRICKET CLUB.**—On Saturday last we were to have played the Wolverton C.C. at Wanstead, but they disappointed us, only two of their members putting in an appearance. After waiting some time the Hawthorn C.C. asked us to play a match with them as their opponents had not turned up. Our opponents' captain, winning the toss, decided to bat first, and the last wicket fell with the total at 57. The last wicket gave the most amount of trouble, adding 21 runs. Langdon and Newman bowled well for the Old Boys, who made a very bad start, losing two wickets for 2 runs, but eventually nine wickets were down for 57 runs, so that we had 1 run to win with one more wicket to fall. The ball was hit towards point, and the batsmen being excited they started to run with the result that Welsh was run out, and the match ended in a tie—57 runs each. Scores:

**Hawthorn C.C.**—Barnet, c Toyne, b Langdon, 0; Humphreys, b Newman, 13; Barber, run out, 2; Nimmo, b Langdon, 2; Dealy, run out, 4; Gill, b Newman, 2; McConnell, not out, 8; A. Norden, c and b Langdon, 0; J. Norden, b Newman, 2; Jones, c Newman, b Langdon, 6; extras, 18. Total, 57.

**P. P. Old Boys' C.C.**—Newman, b Barnet, 1; Langdon, run out, 1; Myers, b Barnet, 0; Clements, b Nimmo, 10; Johnson, c Dealy, b Barnet, 7; Oughton, b Gill, 6; Toyne, b Barnet, 0; Baines, b Barnet, 8; Burton, b Nimmo, 7; Welsh, run out, 0; Christian, not out, 3; extras, 14. Total, 57.

**PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.**—On Saturday last a small party journeyed from London Bridge (L.B. & S.C.R.) to South Croydon. Arriving at 4.40 p.m., and owing to the rain, we made for the nearest tea room. After tea we crossed the footbridge at Selldon-road Station, continuing by the path across the fields, came to Crowhamhurst, a wood on the slope of a hill, from which we obtained a splendid view of the surrounding country; we could see Reedham, a large public school near Purley, the Caterham Valley, and beyond the downs, Earlswood Asylum. We did not meet many people on the Hurst, as the sky looked anything but promising to picnic or pleasure parties; however, it did not trouble the Ramblers much, for from the appearance of the ground in other places on the return journey, it was evident they must have been on the other side of the cloud. We had a smart shower when we reached Croydon Common, but we were within shelter, so that did not matter. We continued on through the wood until we reached the field-path leading to the Addington and Wickham-road. Three miles along this road brought us to Addington Park, but as we had not pro-

vided ourselves with a ticket of admission we could not go through. The road is very interesting with its hedges full of life and beauty on either side, and commanding views of undulating landscape beyond; we soon found ourselves in a beautiful lane filled with fir trees which were exuding pleasant odours just after the rain—very suggestive of Bournemouth. Another ten minutes' walk brought us to the Addington Hills, where we could see the Crystal Palace and neighbourhood, immediately in front. On the summit of a hill, 465 feet above the level of the sea, a refreshment-room is built above the Valve House and Reservoir. The water is pumped from Addington, into a tank enclosed in this hill, and underneath the house: length, 420 feet; breadth, 124 feet; depth, 16 feet 8 inches, with a capacity of 5,000,000 gallons, and belonging to the Corporation of Croydon. We were shown the inside of the Valve House, and our guide informed us there was about 14 feet of water; this part of the programme was very interesting, as it was so unexpected. Those ramblers who could not be with us last week, will please note that we repeat this ramble within a month, and shall no doubt take tea at this house. The views are very extensive, and the surroundings altogether beautiful. Passing the recreation ground alongside the waterworks we soon found a path that led us parallel with the line to East Croydon.—Saturday, June 25th. Garden Party at the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, Upper Norwood, S.E. Meet at the booking office, Ludgate-hill, at 2.15 p.m.—Saturday, July 2nd. Waterlow Park and Hampstead Heath. Meet at Bow (North London Railway) Station, at 3.15 p.m.—Saturday, July 9th. Boating ramble. Meet at Radley's Boathouse, 2.30. Please give in your names so that arrangements may be made accordingly.—Saturday, July 16th. Arrangements are being made to visit the grounds attached to Lord Ilchester's Holland House, Kensington.

A. MCKENZIE, Hon. Sec.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Palace Journal*.

DEAR SIR,—I shall be pleased if you will kindly allow me through the medium of your columns to call attention to a long-felt want in connection with your valuable Institute, namely: That a Short-hand Writers' Association is urgently needed, which should be open to all comers upon payment of a small monthly subscription.

At present, persons taking up the study of this valuable subject are compelled, after they have mastered the system, to attain speed by themselves or join another institute, thus entailing great loss of time and needless expenditure.

We are such an association formed upon the same terms as those of the Tower Hamlets Shorthand Writers' Association, viz., a subscription of 1s. per month, I feel certain that in a very short space of time it would be found a great boon to the students of the People's Palace.

Thanking you in anticipation for publishing this,

I am, Dear Sir,  
Yours truly,  
A. E. S. BARWOOD.

[I think it desirable that an association should be formed in connection with the Palace, and shall be glad to hear from any member who is anxious to join the same.—C. E. OSBORN, Sec.]

WE have arranged for a swimming display to take place on Monday next, when Professor Oakes will give an exhibition of his talented swimming feats, after which the Palace Swimming Club will hold an Obstacle Race and a Polo match. Ladies are invited to be present.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—Conductor Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A. We hope every member will be present on Saturday, 25th inst., when we give Gounod's "Faust." Our next new work will be Handel's "Israel in Egypt."—The excursion will be on Saturday, July 16th, further particulars next week; members will please notice the change of date.—We could not have a room reserved for us on the 9th.—Our Social, on Saturday, 18th, was a great success. The room was not inconveniently crowded, and dancing went on with vigour to the strains of Mr. Gilbert's excellent band. Our thanks are due to Mr. Osborn for the excellent arrangements he had made for our comfort, also to Miss Roberts, Miss Rogers, and Messrs. Stock and Thomas for their kind assistance.

J. C. COCKBURN, Hon. Sec.

A MEETING was held on Tuesday in the Club-room of the club secretaries, when it was decided to arrange for an excursion up the river to the Duke of Westminster's estate at Cleveden by a steam launch on Saturday, July 2nd. The return fare from Paddington to Staines, and thence by water, including tea on board, would be about 5s. The number being strictly limited, names should be given in at once of those intending to avail themselves of this delightful excursion to

C. E. OSBORN, Hon. Sec.

### Peculiar Editions of the Bible.

PERHAPS the rarest of all the Bibles to which a special name has been given is that known as the "Bug" Bible, of date 1549. A perfect copy brought recently the high sum of £60, and some years ago £45 was obtained at Sotheby's auction rooms for an admittedly imperfect specimen. The prologues gave such offence to the clergy that they caused this Bible to be suppressed, which accounts for the rarity of the edition. The name which has been given to it arises from the rendering of Psalm xci., verse 5—"So that thou shall not need to be affrayed for any bugges by nyghte."

The famous "Whig" Bible is another very rare one, and is seldom found in a perfect condition. It was published at Geneva in 1562, and has received its curious name on account of the reading of Matthew v., verse 9—"Blessed are the place-makers."

We read recently in a work written by a well-known literary man that "the folio authorized version (Barker's, of 1611) has been termed the 'Great He' Bible—why I know not." This sounds like an affectionation of supercilious indifference, for

surely the writer could easily have ascertained that the title was derived from the blunder which substituted "he" for "she" in the last clause of Ruth iii. 15. The printer corrected his error in a second edition, and the two editions are therefore spoken of as the "Great He" and the "Great She" Bibles. Both are now very rare.

A Bible which is now extremely scarce, and which is increasing yearly in value, is the black letter "Treacle" Bible, dated 1575. "Is there no balm in Gilead?" (Jeremiah viii.) is a phrase we have all read or heard; but the printer of this 1575 Bible asks, "is there no treacle in Gilead?" and so his edition is handed down to posterity as the "Treacle" Bible.

An edition more curious than rare is that known as the "Bank Note" Bible. Some eccentric printer in 1796 conceived the idea of printing the Scriptures entirely on bank-note paper, hence the name. This Bible is a beautiful specimen of the typography of the time, but, as we have said, it is not rare, and copies are priced generally at about 30s.

Considering the extraordinary number of editions which have been printed of the Bible, it is wonderful that no more errors should have arisen to add to the peculiar editions. During the present century alone, the English and American societies have printed in the Protestant version 124 million copies of the Bible or of the New Testament.

In our day everyone can afford to purchase a Bible, but at the time when the early editions were issued this was not the case. In the reign of Edward I. the price of a Bible was £37 sterling.

A labouring man was then paid at the rate of a penny and a half a day, from which we may easily reckon that he could not have bought a Bible at that time without having the savings of more than eighteen years. Now, it is quite within the limits to say that to the man who is paid four shillings a day for his work, the Bible costs twenty-two thousand times less than it did in the days of Edward I.

It may be added that we have in the English language two principal versions of the Scriptures—those of King James and the Douay, or Roman Catholic version; the revised Bible is still the King James's one. The latter was translated and collated or compared with the originals and other versions by forty-seven of the most learned divines of the age. It occupied from 1608 to 1611 before it received the ecclesiastical and Royal sanction. The Douay version was rendered from the Latin, and collated with the originals by four professors of theology in the English college of that name, in 1609.

MILK AND THIRST.—It is a mistake to look upon milk as a beverage, says the *Hospital*. It is a liquid food, and though it quenches thirst at the moment, it makes it more intense after it has been some time in the stomach, and its digestion has commenced. Healthy infants who receive a sufficiency of milk, often cry for long periods, to the bewilderment and distress of mothers and nurses, simply because they are thirsty; and in many cases where indigestion is caused by weakness or insufficiency of the gastric juice, the child would be greatly benefited by a drink of water.

June 24, 1892.

### The Social Centres of London.

THE Polytechnic has published many useful booklets and pamphlets during its career, but none are likely to secure greater attention than that just issued from the Reception Bureau, under the above title. It is the first attempt ever made to compile a guide for the use of the stranger who has come to reside permanently in the metropolis, and it is therefore not a little surprising to see such a formidable array of clubs and societies of every description. The choice of the new-comer is, however, somewhat aided by the division of the information under the order of the various Postal Districts. The book contains some 180 pages, and is exceedingly well printed on very good paper, and should command a wide sale among our fellows. (Paper, 6d.; cloth, 1s.) A comprehensive list of the classes held at the People's Palace will be found on page 119, and the East-end section of the book contains some twenty pages of social activities.

The value of the information is increased by a series of interesting articles, which in themselves explain the scope of the work, which is admirably prefaced by the following article by Mr. Quintin Hogg :

#### A WORD TO THE NEWCOMER.

HERODOTUS, the father of history, has a beautiful legend of how when Hercules was quite a young man he came one day to a place where two roads met, and saw standing there a couple of female figures. One of them was dressed in pure white, and shone with the beauty of holiness, while the other was tricked up in garish, tawdry garments, and first addressed the hero. "Come with me," she said, "and I will give you all that you can ask for or desire. You shall gratify your lust and satisfy your desire for drink, and have ease and satiety, and you shall live the summer day through, and sink to sleep at night, fanned with breezes heavy with the odour of sweet flowers—Hercules, come with me; come and feast!" "And what is your name, maiden?" asked the hero. "My name," she said, "is Pleasure, though men have called me Vice." And while she was speaking there came from the lips of her companion another and truer call. "Hercules," she said, "I will offer you no harvest unless you have previously sown it, no pleasure that you have not fairly earned. If you would have your name great in Greece you must do great deeds to deserve it. I offer you, not leisure, but work; not selfish enjoyment, but noble self-sacrifice. Live to do right, Hercules, and leave the rest to God." And then Herodotus narrates how the mythical hero turned his back on Pleasure, and followed the pure call of duty, through a succession of labours which have made his name immortal.

Not a few of those for whom this volume is compiled will be standing at that parting of the roads described by the Greek historian: to yield is so easy, to rise on stepping stones

Of our dead selves to nobler things" is often so hard. What wonder if many, after a few half-hearted struggles, give up the contest, and go with the stream. Yet

it need not be so. "I thought," wrote a Christian mother to me a few weeks ago, rejoicing over the letters she was getting from her son, "I thought I was sending my boy to his ruin when he insisted on going to London, but now I thank God that he ever went."

Of course if a man is determined to choose evil and forget his pure country home: if the remembrance of his mother's last good-bye, and the promptings of his better nature are to count for nothing, no outside influence can be of any service to him. There are but few, I trust, who come under this category. Most men start desiring to do right, and amongst the controlling factors of their lives, the associates they choose count for much. "Noscitur a sociis"—a man is known by the company he keeps—said a wise old Roman, and the object of this book is to make it easier for those who desire to live rightly to get immediately into touch with good influences and helpful surroundings. You will indeed be hard to please if you cannot find in the list of Clubs, Classes, and Institutes contained in the following pages some place which suits your requirements—a place where the Image of God may be strengthened within you, and where you can indulge all reasonable desires in company with those of your own age. Of one thing be sure, you cannot be neutral in the great struggle of life, your acts must influence, whether you like it or not, the characters of others as well as your own. I do not ask you to refrain from evil, but to be so full of healthy and useful effort that there shall be no room for what is unworthy and mean. As one who has watched the careers of many thousands of young men, let me beg you, if you have not already done so, to select a live church of your own denomination, and to become a regular member of it. We have lists of such churches of *all* denominations at the Bureau, and shall be happy to introduce you to the Minister, or to the Secretary of any of its Clubs or Classes, or to lodgings in any district you prefer. With this opportunity you need not be lonely, or a stranger in our midst. Hundreds of friendly hands are waiting to help you if you will only give them the chance. "It is the first step that counts," says a French proverb—will you not make this first step at once? Then, as light casts out darkness, so shall cheerful company and useful employment remove some of the most potent incentives to evil, and make your life strong and helpful for others.

Thou must be true, thyself,  
If thou the truth wouldest teach,  
Thy soul must overflow, if thou  
Another's soul wouldest reach.  
It is the overflowing heart  
That gives the lips full speech.  
Think truly, and thy thought  
Shall a world's famine feed,  
Speak truly, and thy word  
Shall be a fruitful seed.  
Live truly, and thy life shall be  
A truly noble creed.

Some time ago in America, I was met by a man who thanked me for having sent him to the States. I failed to recognise him, and then he told me this story. Years previously I had sent out a poor boy, once a thief in the streets of

London, to seek his fortune in the great Republic, telling him that it cost me £10 for his passage and outfit, and that if ever he could repay me, he ought to do so for the purpose of enabling me to send out others. The lad worked and prospered, and then proceeded to put out at interest, in his own way, the £10 entrusted to him. First one and then another of his old comrades were brought out, the immigrants looked after, and the £10 got back as rapidly as possible; until that one £10 had brightened the lives and helped to easy circumstances some twenty of his needy comrades. My informant was one of these twenty. "You see, Sir," said he, "Jack used to say that as he had been helped himself, he felt bound to pass it on." May you feel the same burden on your heart and realise that to the extent to which you are able to help another you are his debtor. There is other wealth besides money, of which a man must give an account; your education, your power of sympathy, your training in a Christian home, all give those who have not these things a claim upon you, and to the extent to which you perform or abuse this trust, so will your life here be a failure or success. Count up if you can "How much owest thou?" Life, friends, opportunities, intellect, the brightness of this life, the abounding promise of that which is to come—Nay, "thou owest thine own self also."

A father once came to me in great trouble about his boy and asked me how he could wean him from the evil courses into which he was rapidly falling. I asked the father if the boy had no hobby, if he had not a taste for something which might be so developed that he would seek his pleasure in it instead of in vice. Somewhat on the same lines I would earnestly advise any newcomer in London to take up some interest outside his regular business or occupation. In most cases you will have some spare time, and in the lists of Clubs and Societies in this volume you will find methods of spending it which may be useful to body, or mind, or soul, or let us hope all three.

Those who fall the easiest prey to evil are always those who have no occupation for their spare hours. A right use of this book may help you to remedy this. It may help you even to take that better part to which I have already referred, and make your life not only free from absolute vice, but so full of active usefulness that your presence will be an incentive to good, and a check to evil. I earnestly desire that it may be so, and that some day when you stand face to face with Him, "Who His own self bare our sins in His own Body on the tree," He may give you the "well done" of the Master, and an abundant entry into the city of God.

Heartily wishing you God speed, praying that you may strive to get a blessing in your own life by proving a blessing to the lives of others, I would give you as a last word:

"To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow as the day the night,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man  
Q. H.

It pays to wear a smiling face  
And laugh our troubles down  
For all our little trials wait  
Our laughter or our frown.

## PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

(36th Concert, 5th Series.)

ON SATURDAY, THE 25TH OF JUNE, 1892,

AT 7.45 P.M.

Musical Director to the People's Palace

MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETIES.—Conductors, Mr. ORTON BRADLEY and Mr. W. R. CAVE. Organist, Mr. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.

## SELECTIONS FROM GOUNOD'S OPERA, "FAUST."

(By kind permission of Messrs. Chappell &amp; Co.)

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Faust	... ...	MR. CHARLES ELLISON	Wagner	... ...	MR. T. FIRTH
Mephistopheles	... ...	MR. FRANKLIN CLIVE		(Of the People's Palace Choral Society)	
Valentine	... ...	MR. PERRY AVERILL	Marguerite	... ...	MISS EDNA GRAY
		(His first appearance at these concerts)	Siebel	... ...	MISS LILIAN DELVES-YATES
Chorus of Students, Soldiers, Spirits, People, etc. The Scene takes place in Germany.					

## ARGUMENT.

FAUST, a student in Germany, after a life of meditation and research, becomes disgusted with human knowledge, and with his own inability to unravel the mysteries of nature. He summonses to his aid an Evil Spirit, who appears under the form of MEPHISTOPHELES. By the supernatural power of MEPHISTOPHELES, FAUST is at once restored to youth, with most of its illusions and passions, and, at the same time, is endowed with both personal beauty and splendid attire. MEPHISTOPHELES, through a vision, reveals to him the lovely village maiden, MARGUERITE, with whom FAUST falls immediately in love. He wishes to become acquainted with her, and his desire is soon afterwards gratified. MARGUERITE, noted both for her loveliness and her virtue, has been left by her brother, a soldier, VALENTINE, under the care of Dame Martha, a good though not very vigilant personage. The maiden at first rejects the stranger's advances, but FAUST, aided by the demoniacal influence of MEPHISTOPHELES (who is anxious to destroy another human soul) urges his suit with such ardour that MARGUERITE's resistance is at length overcome. MARGUERITE's brother, VALENTINE, when he returns with his comrades from the wars, soon learns what has occurred; he challenges the seducer of his sister, but, through the intervention of MEPHISTOPHELES, he is slain in the encounter. MARGUERITE, who is horror-stricken at the calamity of which she is the cause, gives way to despair. Her reason becomes affected, and in a fit of frenzy she kills her child. She is thrown into prison for this crime. FAUST, with the aid of MEPHISTOPHELES, obtains access to the cell where she is imprisoned. They both eagerly urge her to fly, but MARGUERITE, in whom holier feelings have gained the ascendant, spurns their proffered assistance, and places her reliance in repentance and prayer. Overcome by sorrow and remorse, and with an earnest prayer for forgiveness on her lips, the unhappy girl expires. MEPHISTOPHELES then triumphs at the catastrophe he has been able to bring about, but a chorus of celestial voices is heard, proclaiming pardon for the repentant sinner, and the Evil Spirit, foiled and overcome, crouches suppliantly as the accents of divine love and forgiveness are heard, while the spirit of MARGUERITE, borne by angels, is wafted upwards to its heavenly home.

## ACT I.

## No. 1.—INTRODUCTION.

## No. 2.—SCENE AND CHORUS.

Faust. In vain do I call, throughout my vigil weary,  
On creation and its Lord!—  
Never reply will break the silence dreary  
No sign!—no single word!—  
Years, how many, are now behind me—  
Yet I cannot break the heavy chain,  
That to mournful Life doth bind me!  
I look in vain!—I learn in vain!

[Closing the book and rising. Day begins to break.]

The star grows pale; the dawn doth  
Heaven cover,  
Mysterious night passes away:  
Another day! and yet another day!

[Despairingly.]

O Death! come in thy pity,  
And let the strife be over!—

[Seizes a phial on the table.]

What then?—If thus death will avoid me,  
Why should I not go forth and seek him?  
All hail! my brightest day and last!  
Without a dread am I  
The land of promise nearing,  
By the spell of magic cheering  
Shall the narrow strait be passed.  
[He empties the phial into a goblet and raises it to his lips. At that moment a chorus of peasant girls is heard behind the scenes.]

Chorus. Careless, idle maiden,  
Wherefore dreaming still?  
Day, with roses laden,  
Cometh o'er the hill.  
The blithe birds are singing,  
And hear what they do say,  
Through the meadow ringing,  
"The harvest is so gay!"—  
Brooks, of bees and flowers,  
Warble to the grove,  
Who has time for sadness?  
Awake to love! [They pass.]

Faust. Foolish echoes of human gladness,  
Pass on your way—go by!—  
Goblet so often drained by my father's hand so steady,  
Why, now, dost thou tremble in mine?  
[He again raises the cup to his lips.]

Chorus of Labourers behind the scenes.  
Come forth ye reapers young and hoary!  
'Twas long ago, the early swallow,  
Went up where eye could never follow,  
Yonder in the blue far away!  
The earth is proud with harvest glory.  
Rejoice and pray. [They pass.]

## ACT II.

## No. 5.—THE FAIR.

Wagner, Students, Drinkers, Soldiers, and Matrons.

Students. Red or white liquor,  
Coarse or fine!  
What can it matter,  
So we have wine?

June 24, 1892.

## The Palace Journal.

What if the vintage  
Be great or small?  
Your jolly toper  
Drinketh of all!  
Wag. and chorus. Student, versed in every barrel  
Save the one of water white.  
To thy glory, to thy love,  
Drink away, to-night!  
Soldiers. Young girls, ancient castles,  
They are all the same,  
Old towns, tender maidens,  
Are, alike, our game!  
For the hero, brave and tender,  
Makes of both his prey;  
Both to valour must surrender,  
And a ransom pay!

Old Men. Each new Sunday brings the old story

Danger gone by,  
How we enjoy!

While, to-day, each hot-headed boy,  
Fights for to-day's little glory!

Let me but sit, cosy and dry,  
Under the trees with my daughter,

And while raft and boat travel by,  
Drink to the folk on the water!

Girls. Only look how they do eye us,  
Yonder fellows gay!

Howsoever they defy us,  
Never run away!

Students. How those merry girls do eye us,

We know what it means;

To despise us, to decoy us—

Like so many queens!

Matrons. Only see the brazen creatures,  
With the men at play;

Had the latter choice in features,  
They would turn this way.

Girls. One would allure them,  
They look so gay!

Matrons. If you secure them,  
What worth are they?

Boldness without measure  
Is the mode to day.

At a word embracing  
People such as they!—

All of us disgracing,  
By your vain display!

Girls. If it give you pleasure,  
You may rail away;

To a gentle lover

We know what to say.

Students. Take me for thy lover,  
Pretty one I pray;

Never jolly rover  
Need fear a "nay!"

Old Men. My wife is scolding away,  
It is her daily labour;

Come here, come here, good neighbour.

And drink a drop, I say!

Soldiers. Be it ancient city,  
Be it maiden pretty,

Both must fall our prey!

Comrades, to your armours,

If the silly charmers

Will provoke a fray.

If they meet disasters,

Ere they own their masters,

Who's to blame but they?

## No. 6.—RECITATIVE AND CAVATINA.

Valentine, Wagner, Siebel, and Chorus.

Val. (arranging a medal round his neck).

Dear gift of my sister,  
Made more holy by her prayers,  
However great the danger,  
There's nought shall do me harm,  
Thus protected by a charm.

Wag. (rising). Ah! Valentine here;  
It is time to be marching!  
Val. A parting cup, my friends,  
If we ne'er drink another!

Wag. Why so dull?

Thou a soldier, and half afraid to go?

Val. I am grave—for behind me,

I leave alone and young

My sister Marguerite.

She has but me to look to,

Our mother being gone!

Sie. I shall be always near her,

To guard her like a brother in thy stead.

Val. Thine hand!

Sie. Be sure I will not fail!

Chorus. We will watch o'er her, too.

## Cavatina.

Even bravest heart may swell  
In the moment of farewell;

Loving smile of sister kind,

Quiet home I leave behind.

Oft shall I think of you,

Whene'er the wine cup passes round,

When alone my watch I keep,

And my comrades lie asleep,

Among their arms,

Upon the battle ground.

But when danger to glory shall call me,

I still will be first in the fray,

As blithe as a knight in his bridal array,

Careless what fate may befall me,

When glory shall call me.

Yet the bravest heart may swell, etc., etc.

Wagner. Have done, my hearts!

Here's enough melancholy,

Come what come may,

Let the soldier be jolly!

Some wine! and let some hero brave

Tune up, forthwith, a merry stave!

Chorus. Some wine, etc.

Wag. A rat, who was born a coward,

And was ugly, too,

Once sat in the Abbot's cellar,

'Neath a barrel new.

A cat—

Wag. Excuse me!

Wag. Eh?

Mep. May not I, though a stranger,

Make one of such a jovial party?

Pray, sir, conclude

The canticle so well begun;—

And I will sing when you have ended

A better one!

Wag. Let us have it at once,

Or we shall call you boaster.

Mep. If you must sirs, you shall,

I look to you for chorus.

## No. 7.—MEPHISTOPHELES.

## Song and Chorus.

Clear the way for the Calf of Gold!

In his pomp and pride adore him,

East or west, through hot or cold,

Weak and strong must bow before him!

Wisest men do homage mute,

To the image of the brute,

Dancing round his pedestal,

While old Mammon leads the ball.

For a king is our Calf of Gold,

On their thrones the gods defying,

Let the Fates or Furies scold,

Lo! his empire is undying!

Pope and Poet join the ring,

Laurelled chiefs his triumphs sing,

Dancing round his pedestal,

While old Mammon leads the ball.

*The Palace Journal.*

June 24, 1892.

The earth it is reeling,  
The bliss of a trance,  
Wildly are we feeling,  
Long live the dance !

## ACT III.

## THE GARDEN SCENE.

## Flower Song.

Sie. Gentle flowers in the dew,  
Be message from me,  
And to flower that is rarer,  
O, proclaim she is fairer  
And more precious than you,  
Though fair you be !  
How my life I surrender,  
With your beauty so tender.  
For the joy would be sweet  
To die at her feet ! [gathering a flower.  
'Tis withered ! [flings it away.  
Alas ! that dark stranger foretold me.

[plucks another flower, which on touching his hand, immediately withers.  
What my fate must be,  
Never to touch a single flower,  
But it must wither. [reflecting.  
Suppose I dip my hand in holy water,  
[approaches the pavilion, and dips his fingers in a little font suspended to the wall.]

Behind the abbey door,  
While Marguerite is at her prayers—  
I will try the charm to-morrow.  
[gathering another flower.

This is not withered. No !  
Avaunt !—I mock at thy lies !  
Gentle flowers lie ye there,  
And tell her from me,  
Of my long weary waiting,  
Of my heart wildly beating,  
While to her—in the air,  
I bended my knee.  
Would she but deign to hear me,  
And with one smile to cheer me,  
For a moment so sweet,  
I would die at her feet.

## RECIT.

Faust. What is it that charms me ?  
And with passion true and tender warms  
me ?  
O Marguerite !—thy unworthy slave am I !

## NO. 12.—CAVATINA.

All hail, thou dwelling pure and lowly !  
Home of an angel fair and holy  
All mortal maids excelling !  
What wealth is here, outbidding gold,  
Of peace and innocence untold !  
Bounteous Nature, 'twas here thy love  
was taught her,  
'Twas here thou didst with love o'er-  
shadow thy daughter !  
In her dream of the night—  
Here, waving tree and flower,  
Made her an Eden-bower  
Of every pure delight ;  
For one whose very birth  
Brought the heaven down to earth.  
All hail, etc.

## No. 13.

Mephistopheles. Attention !—here she comes !  
If yonder flowers this casket do outshine,  
Never will I trust a woman more !

[opens the casket and reveals the jewels.  
Faust. Away !—I will not bring shame  
to her door.

Mep. What can now keep you back ?  
On the door's quiet threshold  
My talisman is laid.

[he lays down the casket.  
Stand back ! you boy afraid !

## No. 14.

Mar. I wish I could but know who  
was he  
That addressed me,  
If he was noble, or, at least, what his  
name is—

[sits down.

## Ballad.

"Over the sea, in Thule of old,  
Reign'd a king who was true-hearted,  
And as token of one departed,  
Treasured up a goblet of gold."  
(stopping.) He was so gentle in bearing ;  
Unless I deceive me.

[resuming the ballad.

"This rare cup so tenderly cherished,  
Aye at his side the King did keep,  
And every time it touched his lip,  
He wept and thought of her long  
perished.  
Over the sea at last came Death,  
On his couch the old King lying  
Called for the cup when he was dying  
Almost with his latest breath."  
(stopping.) I knew not what to answer,  
And blushed like any child !

[resuming the ballad.

"Once more, with the old true devotion,  
Drain'd the King that cup of gold ;  
Then with a hand already cold  
He flung the goblet in the ocean."  
(musing) 'Tis but a lord who has so brave  
a mien.

So tender all the while,  
No more !—tis idle dreaming ;  
Dear Valentine !—may Heaven bless  
thee

[rising and seeing the nosegay  
of flowers.  
Ah ! flowers, laid there, no doubt, by  
Siebel.

Poor faithful boy !

[unfastens the bouquet.

(perceiving the casket.) But what is this ?  
And by whom can the casket have been  
left ?

I dare not touch it ! [hesitating  
Though the key is beside it.  
What is within ? Will it open ?—  
Why not ? I may open it, at least,  
Since to look will harm no one.

[opens the casket, and lets the bouquet  
fall.

O heaven ! what brilliant gems,  
With their magical glow  
Deceive my eyes,

O never in my sleep  
Did I dream of aught so lovely !  
[puts down the casket on a rustic seat,  
and kneels down in order to adorn  
herself with jewels.

If I dared for a moment but to try  
These ear-rings so splendid !—  
Ah !—and here by chance

[takes out the ear-rings.  
At the bottom of the casket  
Is a glass,

Who could resist it longer ?

## The Jewel Song.

Ah ! the joy past compare,  
Such jewels bright to wear !  
Was I ever maiden lowly,  
Is it I ?

Come, reply.  
Mirror, tell me truly.

[puts on the ear-rings, rises, and looks at  
herself in the glass.

No ! no !—this not I,  
Surely enchantment is o'er me !  
High-born maid I must be,  
Nobles and kings shall pay homage  
before me.

Ah ! might it only be,  
He could my beauty see,  
Like any royal lady.  
He would indeed adore me !—  
Here are more, ready to adorn me,  
None is here to spy.

[she adorns herself with the bracelets and  
necklace : then rises.

A necklace, a bracelet white,  
A string of pearls :  
Ah ! I feel as if a weight  
Laid on my arm did burn me !  
Ah ! the joy past compare, etc. etc.

## No. 18.—DUET.

## Faust and Marguerite.

Mar. The hour is late ! Farewell !—  
Faust. Why must I plead in vain ?  
One moment more thy soft hand leave in  
mine resting.

Let me stay—bid me stay, thy fair visage  
adoring !

Thus enrobed in the light  
That from the moonlit sky in silv'ry  
showers is pouring ;

Thou art, thou art the Queen of Night !  
Mar. O how strange !

Like a spell does the evening bind me !  
And a deep languid charm—

I feel without alarm,  
With its melody enwind me,  
And all my heart subdue.

(aside.) Let me now try my fortune.

[stoops and plucks a daisy.

Faust. What's this ?

Mar. Only a play.

Faust. (aside). What murmur thus  
her lips so softly ?

Mar. (pulling leaves from the flowers).  
He loves me !—he loves me not !

Loves me.—Not !—He loves me !—

Faust. 'Tis no tale betraying !  
The flower has told thee true,  
Repeat the words anew,  
That Nature's herald sings thee ;

"He loves thee !"

June 24, 1892.

*The Palace Journal.*

419

In that spell, defy what Fate can do !  
In love, no mortal power,  
Faithful heart from heart can sever,  
Whate'er the weal or woe,  
We will be faithful for ever !

Both. For ever !

Faust. O tender moon, O starry  
Heaven

Silent above thee !  
Where the angels are throned,  
Hear me swear

How dearly I love thee !  
Mar. Yet once again beloved one, let  
me hear thee,

It is but life to be near thee.  
Thine own, and thine alone !

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—A STREET.

## No. 20.—Romance.

Sie. When all was young and pleasant  
May was blooming  
I, thy poor friend, took part with thee  
in play,  
Now that the cloud of Autumn dark is  
glooming  
Now is for me too mournful the day !  
Hope and delight have passed from life  
away !

We were not born with true love to trifle,  
Nor born to part because the wind  
blows cold,  
What though the storm the Summer  
garden rife,  
O Marguerite ! still on the bough is left  
a leaf of gold.

## No. 22.—SOLDIERS' CHORUS.

## Chorus.

Fold the flag, my brothers !  
Lay by the spear,  
We come from the battle once more,  
Our pale, praying mothers,  
And wives and sisters dear,  
Our loss need not deplore.

Val. Ah ! by Mars ! Is that Siebel ?

Mar. (confused). Yes, 'tis I, but—

Val. Come here, my boy ! be not shy.  
Where is Marguerite ?

Mar. I think in the church hard by

Val. Praying, I know full well,  
Praying to Heaven for me !

Mar. My own sister,  
How she will lend a rapt and ready ear

To the tale I have to tell !

Cho. Yes ! 'tis a joy for men victorious  
To the children at evening,

Trembling in our arms—  
To old age, of old time glorious

To talk of war's alarms !  
Glory and love to the men of old !

Their sons may copy their virtue bold !  
Courage in heart and sword in hand,

Ready to fight, or ready to die, for father-

land !

Who needs bidding to dare  
By a trumpet blown ?

Who lacks pity to spare  
When the field is won ?

Who would fly from a foe,  
Tho' alone and last ?  
Or boast he was true,  
As coward might do,  
When peril is past ?

[exit.

## No. 24.—Serenade.

Mep. Catarina, while you play at  
sleeping,  
You contrive to hear ;  
Through the lattice shyly peeping,  
That your love is near !  
Sang the gay gallant, while creeping  
To his mistress dear !  
Ere the tell-tale moon had risen,  
This a bird of night did sing—  
Lock thy heart like any prison,  
Till thou hast a ring.

"Saint, unclose thy portal, holy,  
And accord the bliss,  
To a mortal bending lowly,  
Of a pardon-kiss"—  
Sang the penitent so slowly,  
Nought could be amiss !  
Merry wedding bells are wiser,  
In the counsel that they bring—  
Bar the door like any miser,  
Till thou hast a ring.

## No. 25.—THE DUEL.

TRIO.—Faust, Valentine, and Mephistopheles.

Val. What is your will with me ?  
Mep. With you, my Captain, splendid !  
My humble serenade was not for you intended !

Val. You mean it was my sister  
'Tis meant by your jeer.  
Ah Heaven !

Mep. (to Val.). Is there something that  
bites you,  
Or perchance, no music delights you ?  
Val. Enough of insult ! Reply !  
By which of you two shall I be required  
For name defiled for laurel blighted !  
Which of you two shall fall beneath my  
sword ?

Mep. (to Val.). Will you be mad ?  
Come on, my pupil, take him at his word !

Val. O Thou ! who rulest right,  
Thou knowest the voice that calls me ;  
My sword shall find his heart outright,  
If Death befalls me !

Mep. Such an eye, dark with blood,  
Enkindles not appalls me ;  
For I smile, since in his ire,  
I see good luck befalls me !

Faust. His eye so stern and dark with  
blood,  
With fatal might entrails me !

Is not a brother's vengeance just,  
If death befalls me ?

Val. (taking in his hand the medallion suspended round his neck.)  
Thou charm ! on which, to shield my  
life,

That frail one's prayers were spoken,  
I will not have thee in the strife !—  
Begone, accursed token !

[flings away his medal.

## No. 26.—THE DEATH OF VALENTINE.

Chorus. This way was the noise.  
In the street they are fighting :  
And one on the ground,  
Lies there in the shade !  
But he is not yet dead,  
He is trying to rise !  
Come to his aid !  
Support him ; raise his head.

Val. Too late, too late !  
There's no need, good friends, to bewail  
me !  
Too often have I looked on Death  
To be afraid,  
Now that he is near.

Mar. Valentine ! ah, Valentine !  
Val. Marguerite ! my sister !  
What brings thee here ? Begone !

Mar. Mercy !  
Val. Thy shame hath slain me.  
Her brave betrayer's sword  
Has sent her brother home !

Chorus. Her betrayer !  
[In a low voice, to Mar.

Mar. Oh, torture cruel !  
Sie. Pardon ! pray you have pity—  
some !

Chorus. Her shame has slain him !  
Val. (trying to rise).  
Hear my last words, Marguerite !  
When doom strikes thee down,  
Must thou or I be ready ;

No use it is to struggle or pray,  
When the power from on high  
Bids us to come away !

Live !—Meanwhile, enjoy thy guilty  
splendour,  
Wear a rich robe thy white limbs to  
enfold !

Cover with rings thy hand so soft and  
tender,  
Laugh, at the feast, with other harlots  
bolt !

Toy with thy brave gallant, leave him for  
another  
With larger bags of gold.

Go ! and talk of thy mother  
Who loved thee so well,  
And thy wild, soldier brother !—  
Live and grow old :

And remember, for thy name how  
he fell.  
Let Heaven reject thee, and earth  
be thy Hell !

Chorus. Do not curse, where thou liest  
In the hand of Heaven ;

June 24, 1892.

Demons of ill,  
What is in store.  
*Chorus of Demons.* Marguerite !  
*Mar.* Who calls me ? I falter afraid !  
Oh, save me from myself !  
Has, even now, the hour  
Of torture began ?

*Mep.* Recollect the old time when the angels caressing,  
Did teach thee to pray !  
Recollect how thou camest to ask for a blessing  
At the dawn of the day !  
When thy feet did fall back and thy breath it did falter,  
As though to ask for aid,  
Recollect thou wast then of the rite and the altar,  
In thine innocence afraid !  
And now be glad, and hear thy playmates claim thee,

From below, to their home !  
The worm to welcome thee, the fire to warm thee ;  
Wait but till thou shalt come !  
*Mar.* Ah ! what sound in the gloom,  
Is beneath me, around me ?—Angels of wrath,  
Is this your sentence of cruel doom ?  
*Religious Chorus.* When the book shall be unsealed,  
When the future shall be revealed,  
What frail mortal shall not yield ?  
And I, the frailest of the frail,  
Have the most need of your forgiveness

*Mep.* No ! let them pray ; let them weep !  
But thy sin is deep,  
Too deep to hope forgiveness !  
*Religious Chorus.* Where shall human sinners be,  
How lie hid in earth or sea,  
To escape Eternity ?  
*Mar.* Ah ! the hymn is around and above me,  
It bindeth a cord round my brow !  
*Mep.* Farewell ! thy friends who love thee !

And thy guardians above thee !  
The past is done, the payment now !  
*Mar.* and *Cho.* O Thou ! on thy throne who dost hear us  
That go down to the grave.  
Let thy mercy be near us,  
To pity and save !

*Mep.* Marguerite ! 'tis for ever ! mine art thou !  
*Mar.* Ah !

## ACT V.

SCENE.—THE PRISON.

TRIO.—*Marguerite, Faust, Mephistopheles and Chorus.*  
*Mep.* Then leave her,  
Or remain to your shame  
If it please you to stay,  
Mine is no more the game !  
*Mar.* Who is there ?  
Dost thou see—there in the shadow.  
With an eye like a coal of fire.

What does he here—  
He who forbids me to pray ?  
*Mep.* Let us go, ere with dawn, doth Justice come on.  
*Hark !* the horses are panting  
In the court-yard below  
To bear us away,  
Come ere 'tis day,  
Or stay to behold her undone.  
*Mar.* Away, thou fiend, away !  
For I will pray.  
Holy angel, in heaven blessed,  
My spirit longs with thee to rest !  
Almighty, pardon grant, I implore Thee,  
For soon shall I appear before Thee ?  
*Faust.* Follow me !  
*Mar.* O save me !  
Ere I perish for ever.  
To my despair give ear  
I pray Thee !  
Holy angel, etc.  
*Faust.* Marguerite !  
*Mar.* But why such a frown of despair ?  
*Faust.* Marguerite !  
*Mar.* But why thy hand covered with blood ?  
Go ! I am not thy prey.  
*Faust.* Ah !  
*Mep.* It may be.  
*Chorus of Angels.* No, not so !  
All who have sinned here,  
May here repent the sin  
By their holy living ;  
Let earth be severe  
Heaven is forgiving.

[The words of the selections from the Opera are printed by the kind permission of Messrs. Chappell and Co.]

Doors Open at 7 p.m.

ADMISSION THREEPENCE.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING BATH.

## PROGRAMME OF

## SWIMMING ENTERTAINMENT

TO BE GIVEN

ON MONDAY, THE 27TH OF JUNE, 1892,

AT 8.30 P.M.,

BY PROFESSOR W. E. OAKES (late Teacher of Swimming at the Polytechnic), and MEMBERS OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

EXHIBITION OF SWIMMING, which will include (1) an Illustration of Captain Boyton's departure from Dover to cross the English Channel to Calais : (2) the Crab ; (3) the Fish ; (4) the Duck ; (5) Propelling, various ways ; (6) the Waltz ; (7) the Christian Martyr, etc.

SIXTY YARDS OBSTACLE RACE.

POLO MATCH.

UNIVERSITY COSTUME WILL BE WORN.

Doors Open at 8.15.

Ladies Admitted.

Admission Threepence; Gallery, Sixpence.

June 24, 1892.

## PROGRAMME OF SACRED CONCERT &amp; ORGAN RECITAL

TO BE GIVEN ON

SUNDAY, the 26th of JUNE, 1892.

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

## At 4 p.m.

VOCALIST—MR. GEORGE ASPINALL.  
THE PEOPLE'S PALACE SUNDAY AFTERNOON CHOIR.

1. CONCERTO NO. 4, IN F MAJOR (1st Movement) Handel

2. HYMN "Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid"

p Art thou weary, art thou languid,

Art thou sore distract?

mf "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming

p Be at rest!"

mf Hath He marks to lead me to Him,

If He be my Guide ?

p "In His Feet and Hands are Wound-prints,

And His Side."

mf Hath He diadem as Monarch

That His Brow adorns ?

"Yes, a Crown, in very surely,

p But of thorns!"

mf If I find Him, if I follow,

What His guerdon here ?

p "Many a sorrow, many a labour,

Many a tear."

mf If I still hold closely to Him,

What hath He at last ?

f "Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,

Jordan past."

mf If I ask Him to receive me,

Will He say me nay ?

f "Not till earth, and not till Heav'n

Pass away."

mf Finding, following, keeping, struggling,

Is He sure to bless ?

ff "Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,

Answer, 'Yes'!"

3. LARGHETTO IN B FLAT ... ... ... Merkel

4. VOCAL SOLO "The Peace of God" ... Gounod

Peace I leave with you ; My peace I give unto you ; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

Though dark the night and rough the way before thee,  
Strife all around and fear and doubt within,  
Oh ! weary soul, God's watchful care is o'er thee,  
Courage ! toil on, and thou the goal shalt win.  
Trust thou in God, and soon the strife shall cease,  
And He shall give to thee His holy peace.

Far in the east the golden morn is breaking,  
And radiant hues give promise of the day,  
And through the gloom a tender voice is speaking,  
Come thou to Me, I am the Living Way.  
Trust thou in God, and soon the night shall cease,  
And He shall give to thee His heavenly peace.

The peace of God that passeth understanding,  
Shall fill your life with joy for evermore.  
Life's tempest over, oh ! how bright the landing,  
And sweet the welcome on the golden shore.  
Trust, then, in God, and soon the storm shall cease,  
And He shall give to thee eternal peace.

Maurice Henry.

5. FUGUE IN G MINOR (Volume 2) ... ... Bach

6. ANTHEM "Praise ye the Father" ... Gounod

7. CHORUS OF ANGELS ... ... ... Clark

8. VOCAL SOLO "The Reaper and the Flowers" F.H. Cowen

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,  
And with his sickle keen

He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have nought that is fair," saith he,  
"Have nought but the bearded grains ?  
Tho' the breath of these flowers is sweet to me  
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves.

It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flow'rets gay,"  
The Reaper said, and smiled ;

"Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where He was once a child."

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And saints upon their garments white.  
These sacred blossoms wear."

The mother gave in tears and pain  
The flowers she most did love ;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

Oh ! not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day.

"Twas an angel visited the green earth  
And took the flowers away.—Longfellow.

9. TRIUMPHAL MARCH ... ... ... Archer

## At 8 p.m.

1. ORGAN SONATA (No. I.) ... ... Mendelssohn  
(a. Allegro moderato e serioso ; b. Adagio ; c. Andante  
recit ; d. Allegro Vivace.)

2. BERCEUSE AND TEMPO DI MINUETTO ... Grieg

3. OFFERTOIRE IN A ... ... ... Wely

4. "Angels Ever Bright and Fair" (Theodora) Handel

5. "To God High Enthroned" (Death and Life) Gounod

6. MARCHE SOLONNELLE ... ... ... Lemaigne

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

ADMISSION FREE.

PROGRAMME OF COSTUME RECITAL OF BELLINI'S FAMOUS OPERA,

**"LA SONNAMBULA"** (The Sleep Walker)

TO BE GIVEN

ON MONDAY EVENING, THE 27TH OF JUNE, 1892,  
AT 8 O'CLOCK,Under the Direction of MADAME ALICE BARTH (of the Carl Rosa Grand Opera Company), assisted by the following  
Artistes:—MISS REBA HENDERSON (from Drury Lane Operas), MISS ALICE FARQUHARSON (J. W. Turner's Opera Company)  
MR. WILLIAM HILLIER (Rousbey's Opera Company and Royal English Opera), MR. FRANK MONTAIGNE (Valentine  
Smith's Opera Company), MR. BOWEN, and MR. CAMPBELL BISHOP.

Pianist—MADAME MONTAIGNE (Valentine Smith's Opera Company).

Costumes by Messrs. E. J. Smith and Co.

Wigs by Mr. Charles Fox.

## CHARACTERS—

Elvino (a Farmer) ...	... MR. WILLIAM HILLIER	Lisa (the Innkeeper) ...	MISS REBA HENDERSON
Count Rodolpho ...	... MR. CAMPBELL BISHOP	Teresa ... ...	MISS ALICE FARQUHARSON
Alessio (a Peasant) ...	... ... MR. MONTAIGNE	and	
The Notary ... ...	... ... MR. BOWEN	Amina ... ...	MADAME ALICE BARTH

## ARGUMENT.

Amina, an orphan girl, brought up in a village in the Swiss Cantons by her foster mother, Teresa, is on the eve of being married to Elvino, a young farmer. The contract has been signed, when a stranger arrives on his way to the neighbouring château. He is recognised as the lord of the manor (Count Rodolpho), who has been for many years absent from the country and the villagers go in the morning to pay their respects to him, at Lisa's Inn, where he has halted for the night. Previously to his retiring to rest, his somewhat marked attentions to Amina have aroused the jealousy of Elvino; the lovers are, however, reconciled, and part for the night, anticipating their union according to the rites of the Church on the morrow. Lisa (who is a former sweetheart of Elvino) is the first to pay her respects to the Count, who answers her by extravagant compliments and declarations of love. While engaged in conversation, they are alarmed by the appearance of a figure in white at the chamber window, whom they imagine to be the "village ghost." It is, however, Amina walking in her sleep, and breathing words of love and devotion to Elvino. Still asleep, she at last falls on the bed of the Count, who has ere this quitted the apartment. Here she is found by the villagers, and also Elvino, her destined husband, who is brought to the Inn by Lisa. Amina awakes, and is surprised at finding herself in a strange room. Her protestations of innocence are of no avail, the villagers cry shame on her guilt, and her lover spurns her with execration. In vain the Count afterwards assures him that she came into his room in a state of somnambulism. No one believes him. Chance, however, discovers what protestation cannot effect. Elvino, having renounced his nuptial engagement, is on his way to church to be married to Lisa, when, having to pass Amina's house, Teresa entreats the villagers to make less disturbance, as poor Amina is resting after her grief, and has at length fallen asleep. Teresa, astonished at the change of bride, and exasperated at Lisa's taunts and slander of Amina, exposes Lisa's conduct with the Count, and by the display of a shawl discovered in the Count's room, the property of Lisa, effectually destroys her new-born hopes of becoming Elvino's bride. He scornfully rejects her, and asks Count Rodolpho to give him further proof of the innocence of Amina. The Count, unable to do so, is in despair at Elvino's incredulity, when suddenly the form of Amina is seen issuing from a window in her cottage; and still sleeping, she crosses a rotten plank over the mill stream, and descends to the ground by a ruinous flight of steps. Part of the plank breaks away as she crosses. Everyone regards this as miraculous, and all are, therefore, convinced of her innocence; and on awaking, she finds herself surrounded by old friends, and a reconciliation with her lover fills her heart with joy and gladness.

[NOTE.—Madame Barth will give as much of the Opera as is complete without chorus.]

OVERTURE ... ...

## ACT I.

The Village Green outside Lisa's Inn.

SONG. "Sounds so joyful"

Lisa. Sounds so joyful, but revealing,  
All their senses stealing,  
Give to my heart bitter feeling;  
Though a smile compelled to wear,  
Ev'ry tribute they are bringing,  
All the beauty they are singing,  
Like an asp my bosom stinging,  
Yet delighted I must appear.

## RECIT. AND CAVATINA.

Amina. Dearest companions and friends,  
Who thus partaking joy,  
Because I am joyous,

In this bosom awaking each grateful  
feeling,

While o'er me softly stealing

These sounds come so sweetly;

Pleasure thus sealing.

To thee, my mother,

Tenderest of parents,

Who thro' life's morning

Didst guide my orphan footsteps secure,

With affection's warning,

Warm from my heart, accept these tears

overflowing,

Emblems of these feelings in this bosom

glowing.

O Love! for me thy power

Brighter bids the day to shine,

And sweet smells each flower

In Love's fancy bowers.

Love can bid all anguish perish,

All nature his power define,

Then Love for ever, ah! let me cherish,

etc.

While this heart its joy revealing,  
Beats with grateful feeling,  
Yet my lips in vain appealing  
Cannot speak my heart's delight.

## DUET AND CONCERTED PIECE.

Elvino, Amina, and Tutti.

Elvino. Take now this ring, 'tis thine,  
love!  
'Twill make thee, at the altar, mine,  
love;  
May fortune ever smile, love,  
With smile benignant on our love.  
Sacred to thee be this token,  
Love's soft vows with it spoken,  
Like my mother's vows, unbroken,  
Sacred pledges of mutual love;  
Yes, thou art mine, love,

Amina. Thine, oh! indeed, I am  
thine, love!  
Dearest! let within thy breast,

Breathing with love, these flowers rest  
Emblems, my love, of thee.  
*Tutti.* Written in heav'n above,  
These vows breathing of love.

## RECIT AND AIR.

*Lisa.* See sir, see,  
*Tutti.* Ah, who can this be?  
*Count.* Yes, the mill there, the wood,  
the fountain,  
And the fact'ry, and the mountain!

## AIR.

As I view those scenes so charming,  
With fond remembrance my heart is  
warming,  
Of days long vanished,  
Oh! my breast is fill'd with pain,  
Finding objects that still remain,  
While those days come not again, etc.

## RECIT.

But how come ye so blithely idle,  
This is surely some happy festal.  
*Tutti.* We prepare a merry bridal.  
*Count.* And the fair bride, is this she?  
*Tutti.* No, this one (*indicating Amina*).  
*Count.* She is fair as snow fresh driven,  
But one look, child, oh that smile was  
heaven!

## CAVATINA.

Maid, those bright eyes, my heart impressing,  
Fill my breast with thoughts distressing,  
By recalling an earthly blessing, long  
since dead and passed away;  
She was like thee, ere death oppressing,  
Sunk her beauties to decay,  
Yes, those bright eyes, etc.

## CONCERTED PIECE.

*Tutti.* Attend! Attend!  
*Teresa.* Well know we approaching  
comes the hour  
When this dread Spirit.

Yes, this Phantom has power!  
*Tutti.* 'Tis true, believe her,  
'Tis a mystery that curdles up our blood!

*Count.* What folly!  
*Tutti.* What say'st thou?

Pray attend, listen now,  
Attend then  
When daylight's going,  
And night winds blowing,

When forked lightning,  
The heavens brightening,  
When dreadful thunder  
Strikes us with wonder  
On the distant hill.

A shade appears!  
While clouds thro' heaven,  
By winds are driven,

With hair loose streaming,  
And eyes bright beaming,  
In robes whose whiteness

Shine forth in brightness,  
Oh, then it comes upon our fears.

*Count.* Oh, what a picture!

This is but dreaming,  
While your misgivings,

Your fancies heed.

*Amina and Teresa.* Ah! 'tis no dream-

ing,

It is no seeming,  
Each eye has seen it.

Indeed! Indeed!

Elvino.

Indeed!

Tutti.

Then,

gently

gliding,

On

air

seems

riding,

Dread

silence

reigning,

Dread

horror

paining,

Each

object,

cheerful,

Becoming

fearful.

Frozen

the

river

seems,

In

icy

fetters

bound,

When

silent

crouching,

The

dogs

approaching

With

eyes

so

lowering,

Their

fears

o'erpowering,

While

birds

are

crying,

In

circles

flying.

The

owl

shrieks

Wildly

round

and

round.

With

silent

crouching,

The

dogs

approaching

With

eyes

so

lowering,

Their

fears

o'erpowering,

While

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The

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so

lowering,

Their

fears

o'erpowering,

While

*Elv.* Now avoid me ! hence ! away ! I thee abandon.  
*Ami.* Oh, dreadful moment ! prithee hear me ! I am not guilty !  
*Together.* Such return for love according,  
 Thus such faith as mine rewarding ;  
 Now is fled all hope of pleasure,  
 This of sorrow fills the measure.  
 Yes, in one sad moment perished  
 Every hope I fondly cherished,  
 Every hope of earthly pleasure  
 Now has fled away from me.  
*Tutti.* Thy guilt and shame hath raised a bar,  
 All hope of earthly bliss to mar.

*Interval.*

## ACT III.

*A Country Landscape, with the Ruined Mill at the back.**RECIT. AND AIR.*

*Ami.* See him my mother bow'd down by sorrow,  
 Doth he love me still ?  
*Elv.* All is lost now,  
 Oh ! for me love's sun is set for ever,  
 This poor heart in future never,  
 Not one hope of bliss can see.  
*Ami.* List, Elvino !  
*Elv.* Hence ! hence, thou false one !  
 Design to calm thee.  
 Go ! ungrateful one.  
 Hear me ! I am guiltless !  
 See ! those looks are fraught with sadness,  
 Once this heart was filled with gladness,  
 Now 'tis driven into madness,  
 Made unhappy still by thee.  
 Still so gently o'er me stealing,  
 Mem'ry will bring back the feeling revealing  
 That I love thee, that I dearly love thee still.  
 Though some other swain may charm thee,  
 Ah ! no other e'er can charm thee,  
 Yet, ne'er fear, I will not harm thee,  
 No ! thou false one,  
 I fondly love thee still, etc.

*AIR.*

*Lisa.* Oh ! moment of pleasure,  
 These sounds of joy fill up the measure,  
 While thus bestowing my heart's best treasure ;  
 Ah ! if with his heart he gives his hand.

*QUARTET.*

*Lisa, Teresa, Elvino, and The Count.*  
*Elvino.* If I saw it I could believe ye,  
 For my eyes could not deceive me.  
*Count.* I the truth speak, thou art mistaken,  
 I will pledge her faith unshaken.  
*Elvino.* In thy chamber her form reposing  
 To the world her crime disclosing.

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*Count.* True, you saw her, yes, saw  
 Amina  
 But she entered in her sleep.

*Lisa and Elvino.* How could that be ?  
 We all have seen her !

*Count.* All now listen, silence keep.  
 There are persons who while sleeping  
 Still like death, their vigils keeping  
 Wand'ring, dreaming, speaking, uniting  
 Tho' in sleep their sense beguiling  
 And somnambulists they are called it seems  
 From their walking in their dreams.

*Lisa.* Is this real now, can we credit ye ?

*Count.* One example these eyes have seen.

*Elvino.* No, it can't be, deceiv'd you've been

By this pretence you would deceive me.  
*Count.* Cruel slanderer, would you doubt then

What I assert is true.

*Elvino.* Come, then, Lisa.  
*Lisa.* Come, come, away now.

*Teresa.* Softly, neighbours, silence keeping

Since at length Amina's sleeping,  
 And she needs it after weeping,  
 Surely she must need repose.

*Tutti.* Let's be silent, respect her woes.

*Teresa.* Lisa, Elvino, what do I see ?  
 Whither go ye tripping lightly ?

*Lisa.* To our nuptials.

*Teresa.* Hear I rightly ? and is Lisa the bride then ?

*Lisa.* Yes, 'tis my pride then, my conduct scan,

Alone, no never, a true heart misguiding,  
 In the night was I found hiding,  
 In the chamber of a man—

*Teresa.* Sland'rous viper ! To all around now,

Thy malice prove I can.  
 See this scarf, 'twas lately found,

In his lordship's chamber hanging.  
*Elvino.* Who hath lost it, to whom belonging ?

*Teresa.* She can tell, sir, if it please her,

And let his lordship here deny it if he can.

*CONCERTED PIECE.*

*Tutti.* Hear us kind heaven,  
 Oh, guide her footsteps now  
 Harrow, the bridge bends, it breaks,  
 Oh, heaven !

*Count.* Nay, fear not, approach not—  
 She's saved !

*RECIT.*

*Amina.* Oh, could I once more see him,

All my truth to him unfolding,  
 Ere at the altar a rival beholding.

*Count.* Hear her, she's dreaming,  
 Speaking of thee.

*Amina.* 'Tis hoping vainly,  
 The deep sacred bell, I hear it plainly.  
 My rival now boasting,  
 Yes, I have lost him, and yet I am not guilty.

*Elvino.* Poor tender heart !  
*Amina.* Great heav'n, be these tears unregarded ?

*Tho' me forsaking,  
 Great as is my misery*

*Now may his pleasure be,  
 This from a heart that's breaking*

*It's last sad pray'r regard it.*

*Tutti.* Oh, listen, what affection.

*Amina.* The ring he gave me, alas ! now he's taken it from me !

*Still he cannot rob me of his dear image  
 Graven on my heart, here for ever.*

*Not thee of dear affection are the sweet pledges.*

*Oh, flowers, still thou art mine,  
 Still I can kiss thee, but,*

*Thou are sadly wither'd !*

*FLOWER SONG.*

*Amina.* Yes, for thee, time's sad power,

*Thy beauties have withered, sweet flower;*

*Thou flourished one little hour,*

*Then withered just like love.*

*While memory each flower endears,*

*And each faded leaf appears*

*Revived by these fond tears ;*

*They can't revive his love.*

*RECIT.*

*Elvino.* No more restrain me.

*Amina.* But if no longer spurning,  
 Should'st thou Elvino ?

*Count.* She echoes now thy thought.

*Amina.* Dost thou believe me ? oh, joy !

*Count.* Quick, quick, return it.

*Amina.* Ah, yes, I'm thine, and thou art mine ;

*Embrace me, tend'rest of mothers.*

*My heart with joy is burning.*

*Count.* And now, our joy partaking,

*See, she's awaking.*

*Tutti.* Live, Amina, live in joy !

*Amina (awakening).* Oh, heav'n !

*Where am I ?*

*What means this ? Ah, for pity's sake,*

*Let me not awake.*

*Elvino.* No more thou sleepest, here discover,

*See thy husband, thy true lover.*

*Amina.* What joy then, thus to find thee, dear Elvino.

*Tutti.* Seek the temple, none have passed a doom severer,

*Let our greetings loudly cheer her,*

*Since her trials make her dearer*

*To our hearts and to our love.*

*FINALE, ARIA BRILLIANTE.*

*Amina.* Do not mingle one human feeling

*With these blisses o'er each sense*

*stealing,*

*While these tributes to me revealing*

*My Elvino true to love.*

*Ah ! embrace me—while thus forgiving,*

*Each a pardon is thus receiving ;*

*On the earth, while we are living,*

*We will form a heaven of love !*

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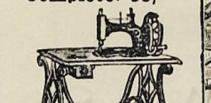
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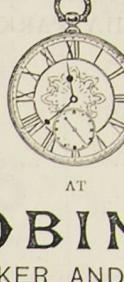
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AT 8 O'CLOCK, BY

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MADAME EMILY PARKINSON, MADAME BÜLOW, MR. C. S. WHYTE, and MR. C. NOTT.

## PART I.

1. PIANOFORTE SOLO	... "Pasquinade" ...	... MADAME BÜLOW
2. BALLAD...	... "I dreamt I dwelt" ...	MADAME EMILY PARKINSON
3. BALLAD...	... "The Bellringer" ...	MR. C. S. WHYTE
4. RECITAL	... "Gone with a han'somer Man" ...	MR. SCOTT-EDWARDES
5. BALLAD...	... "For the sake of the past" ...	MADAME BÜLOW
6. DUET ... "Oh! Fairy Wand" (From "Maritana")	MADAME EMILY PARKINSON AND MR. C. S. WHYTE	
7. MUSICAL ORIGINAL CHARACTER SKETCH	"Fancy Faces" ...	MR. C. NOTT

## PART II.

8. PIANOFORTE SOLO	... "Valse in A Flat" ...	... MADAME BÜLOW
9. BALLAD...	... "She Wandered down the Mountain Side" ...	MADAME EMILY PARKINSON
10. BALLAD...	... "Ask Nothng More" ...	MR. C. S. WHYTE
11. SONG (Humorous)	"Yarmouth" (Written and Arranged by Scott-Edwardes)	MR. SCOTT-EDWARDES
12. SONG ...	"Circumstances Alter Cases" (By Louis Diehl) ...	MADAME BÜLOW
13. DUET (Selected) ...	MADAME EMILY PARKINSON AND MR. C. S. WHYTE	
14. SONG (Humorous)	... "Lay of the Very Last Minstrel" ...	MR. C. NOTT

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MISS HARRIS ... “Lady Maud’s Oath” ... Re Henry

Mr. JACKSON “The Piratical Mate of the ‘Betsy Jane’” Anon

Mrs. MARTIN ... “The Violet Boy” ... Cooke

Miss R. KEMPNER “A Pauper Lunatic” ... Nesbit

Mr. HAVARD ... “Etiquette” ... Gilbert

MISS FRIEDBERG ... “Papa’s Letter” ... Anon

The Instigation Scene, from Shakespeare’s  
“JULIUS CÆSAR.”Brutus ... ... ... Mr. SAVAGE  
Cassius ... ... ... Mr. STILLWELL

Miss E. DICKINSON “Maud Müller” ... Whittier

Mr. MILLER “Why the Clock went Wrong” ... Anon

Miss ROSENGARD “The Spanish Mother” ... Doyle

The Quarrel Scene, from Shakespeare’s  
“JULIUS CÆSAR.”Brutus ... ... ... Mr. O’HARA  
Cassius ... ... ... Mr. STANNARD

Miss M. DICKINSON— “The Children of Kensington Gardens” Austey

Mr. AUERBACH ... “The Gridiron” ... Lover

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Mr. BURLEY ... “Major Namby” ... Thackeray

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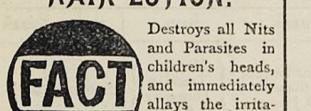
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MILE END ROAD.

Specialité  
Shirt and Collar Dressing.THE HACKNEY FURNISHING COYS.  
INSTALMENT SYSTEM.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS, MILE END ROAD, E.

In connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, the City and Guilds of London Institute and the Society of Arts.

TIME TABLE OF EVENING CLASSES FOR SESSION 1891-2.

New Term commences Monday, 25th April, and ends 23rd July, 1892.

The Classes, with some exceptions, are open to both sexes without limit of age. As the number which can be admitted to each class is limited, intending Student should book their names as soon as possible. During the Session, Concerts and Entertainments will be arranged for Students in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evenings, to which they will be admitted FREE upon producing their pass. The Swimming Bath will be reserved for the exclusive use of Students on certain days and evenings in each week during the summer months, and they will be admitted on payment of One Penny. The Governors will be pleased to consider the formation of Classes other than those mentioned in the Time Table, provided a sufficient number of Students offer themselves for admission. The Governors reserve the right to abandon any Class for which an insufficient number of Students may enrol. STUDENTS' SOCIAL ROOMS—Students have the privilege of using the social rooms containing the leading daily and weekly papers. STUDENTS' LIBRARY—There is a circulating library for the use of Students, which will be open on Monday and Thursday evenings, from 7.30 to 9. Refreshments may be obtained at reasonable prices in the social rooms from 5 to 10. LAVATORIES AND CLOAK ROOMS—For the convenience of Students, there are cloak rooms and lavatories, the latter being supplied with hot and cold water. BOOKSTALL—Text-books, drawing paper, pencils, and other requisites for the Classes may be obtained at the bookstall in the ground floor corridor. Apprentices under 20 years of age will be admitted to the Science, Art, and Trade Classes at half fees. For Trade Classes the Session ends immediately after the examinations of the City and Guilds of London Institute, at the end of April, 1892. For Science Classes the Session ends immediately after the examinations of the Science and Art Department in April and May, 1892.

Science Classes.

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

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Applied Mechanics...	Mr. F. G. Castle	Thursday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Building Construction and Drawing, Elemen.	Mr. A. Grenville	Friday	8.0-10.0	4 0
Adv. & Hons.		Tuesday	8.0-10.0	5 0
Chem., Inorg., Theo., Ele-		Tuesday	7.15-8.15	4 0
" " Prac.	Mr. D. S. Macnair	Friday	8.15-8.15	4 0
" " Theo., Adv.	Assistant—	"	8.15-10.0	10 6
" " Prac.	Mr. F. G. Pope	Monday	8.15-10.0	7 6
" " Org., Practical...		M., Tu., Fri.	7.0-10.0	15 0
" Inorg. & Org., Hons.		Mon. & Th.	8	*4 0
and Special Lab. Wk. I	Mr. D. A. Low	"	9.0-10.0	*4 0
Prac. Plane & Solid Geo., Ele.	Mr. D. A. Low	Tues. & Th.	8.0-9.0	*4 0
" " Adv.	Mr. D. A. Low	"	9.0-10.0	*4 0
Mach. Construct. & Draw., Elemen.	Mr. F. C. Forth	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0
" " Adv.	Mr. F. G. Castle, and Mr. G. E. Draycott	"	8.0-10.0	4 0
Mathematics, Stage I, ...	Mr. J. W. Martin,	Tues. & Th.	8.0-9.0	*4 0
" II, ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	*4 0
" Practical, ...	Mr. F. G. Castle	Friday	8.0-9.0	*4 0
Magnetism and Elect. Elem.	Mr. W. Slingo,	Monday	8.0-9.0	*4 0
" " Adv.	Mr. A. Brooker ...	Tues. & Fri.	9.0-10.0	11 0
Steam and the Steam Engine	Mr. F. G. Castle,	Thursday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Theoretical Mechanics ...	Mr. E. J. Burrell, ...	Friday	9.0-10.0	4 0

Per Session (ending immediately after the Examinations of the Science and Art Department in May, 1892).

\* Free to Members of any other Science, Art, or Trade Class.

† Half Fee to Members of any other Science, Art, or Trade Class.

‡ Only Members of these Classes can join the Electric Laboratory and Workshop Practice Class.

Apprentices under 20 years of age will be admitted to the Science, Art, and Trade Classes at half fees.

Trade Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Carpentry & Joinery Lec... Workshop	Mr. W. Graves	Friday	8.0-9.30	45 0
" " Lecture	Mr. A. Grenville	M., Tu., & Th.	8.0-10.0	10 0
*Brickwork and Masonry Lecture and Workshop	& Mr. R. Chaston, foreman bricklyr.	Monday	7.0-10.0	5 0
*Electrical Engin. Lecture, Laboratory & Workshop	Mr. W. Slingo, and Mr. A. Brooker ...	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	6 0
*Mech. Engineering, Lec... (Pre.)	Mr. D. A. Low, Mr. D. Miller, & Mr. G. Draycott	Monday	7.30-8.0	44 0
" " Workshop		Friday	8.0-8.30	10 0
*Photography ...	Mr. C. W. Gamble	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Plumbing Lecture, Hons. Ord.	Mr. G. Taylor	Tuesday	9.0-10.0	65 0
" Workshop,	"	Monday	8.0-9.0	6 0
*Printing (Letterpress) ...	Mr. E. R. Alexander	Monday	8.0-10.0	88 6
*Tailor's Cutting ...	Mr. A. Umbach	Wednesday	8.0-9.30	6 0
Sign Writing & Graining ...	Mr. J. Sinclair	Friday	8.30-10.0	5 0

Per Session (ending immediately after the Examination of the City and Guilds Institute in May, 1892). <sup>a</sup> Per Term. <sup>b</sup> Per Course.

a Free to those taking the Workshop Classes in the same subject. b 12s. 6d. for both, but only Members of the Lecture Class will be allowed to join the Workshop Class in Plumbing. To persons joining the Trade Classes who are not actually engaged in the trade to which the subjects refer, double fees are charged. No one can be admitted to the Plumbing Classes unless he is engaged in the Plumbing Trade.

A special course of lectures on Grade subjects will be given during the session, for particulars see syllabus or hand-bills.

The above fees for Workshop instruction include the use of all necessary tools and materials.

Classes for Women only.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Dressmaking ...	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	5.0-6.30	7 6
" "	"	Friday	7.8.30	7 6
Millinery ...	Miss Newell	Tuesday	5.6.30	7 6
Cookery—			6.0-7.30 &	5 0
" Penny Lecture...	Mrs. Sharman	Monday	8.0-9.0	1 0
" High - Class }	"	Friday	8.0-9.30	10 6
Practical Plain...	"	Thursday	8.0-9.30	5 0
Reading, Writing, Arithmetic etc. ...	Mrs. Thomas	Friday	8.0-9.30	2 6
Laundry ...	Miss Sharman	Wednesday	7-9	5 0

Commercial and General Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Arithmetic—Advanced ...	Mr. A. Sarll	Monday	7.30-8.30	2 6
Commercial	"	"	8.30-9.30	2 6
Elementary	"	Thursday	7.30-9.30	2 6
Book-keeping (Elementary, Practical)	"	"	6.0-7.0	4 0
Journalising	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
Beginners ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Advanced ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
(Practical)	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
* CIVIL SERVICE ...	Mr. G. J. Michell	Mon. & Th...	6.30-8.45	—
Shorthand (Pitman's)				
Begin.	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Advan.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Inter.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Report.	"	"	9.0-10.0	5 0
Type Writing ...	"	M., T., Th., F.	7-10	12 6
French				
Elementary, 1st stage	Mons. E. Pointin	Monday	8.0-9.0	4 0
2nd stage	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Beginners ...	"	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Intermediate ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Conversational ...	"	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Advanced ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
German—Advanced ...	Herr Dittel	"	7-8.0	4 0
" Beginners ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Intermediate ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Elocution (Class 1) ...	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	6.0-7.30	5 0
(Class 2) ...	"	"	8.0-10.0	5 0
Writing ...	Mr. G. J. Michell	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 6

\* For particulars see hand-bill.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Under the direction of Mr. H. H. BURDETT, assisted by MR. C. WRIGHT. Pianist for Musical Drill. MISS F. A. HICKS.

FOR YOUNG MEN.

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND FRIDAY.—6.30 till 8. Free Practice; 8 till 9, Musical Drill, Dumb-bells, Bar-bells, and Indian Clubs, Physical Exercises, Single-sticks; 9 till 10, Gymnastics. Fees, 2/6 per term, including locker.

TUESDAY & FRIDAY.—7 till 8.0, Fencing with Foils and Sticks. Fee, 5/- per term.

A Boxing Club is formed among the members of the Gymnasium, who arrange the fees.

FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

MONDAY AND THURSDAY.—6.30 till 8, Free Practice; 8.0 till 10.0, Dumb-bells, Bar-bells, Indian Clubs, Physical Exercises, Gymnastics and Running Maze. Fees, 2/6 per term, including locker. 7 till 8, Fencing. Fee, 5/- per term.

JUNIOR SECTION.

Boys, Wednesday, 6.30 till 9.30. Girls, Thursday, 6.30 till 9.30. Sixpence per month, which includes attendance at two Educational Classes.

School of Art.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Freehand & Model Draw.	Mr. Arthur Legge, Mr. H. J. Bateman, and Mr. D. Jesseman	Monday	7.30-9.30	10 6
Perspective Drawing ...	"	Tuesday	"	
Drawing from th' Antique	"	Thursday	"	
*Decorative Designing	"	Friday	"	
*Modelling in Clay, etc.				
Drawing from Life ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Monday & Friday	8.0-10.0	5 0
Wood Carving ...	Mr. Danels	Tues. & Thur.	8.0-10.0	6 0
Art Metal Wk. & Engraving				
Painting in Oil & Water Color from Copies, Still Life, etc.	Mr. Arthur Legge	Saturday	2.0-4.30	10 6

\* 10/- the Session commencing Sept. 15th and ending July 2, 1892.

† Students of the Wood Carving Class are expected to attend a Drawing Class in the Art School one evening per week free of charge.

Musical Classes.

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

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.



