

July 29, 1892.

The Palace Journal.

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THE PALACE JOURNAL.

FRIDAY, JULY 29th, 1892.

PEOPLE'S PALACE

Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY, July 29th.—Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m. Admission 1d.

SATURDAY, 30th.—At 8 p.m., Promenade Concert by Military Band. Admission 3d. Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m.

SUNDAY, 31st.—Sacred Concert at 4 p.m., and Organ Recital at 8 p.m. Admission free.

MONDAY, August 1st (Bank Holiday).—At 3 p.m., Concert by a Military Band. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Costume Recital of "Maritana." Admission 3d. Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m.

TUESDAY, 2nd.—Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m. Concert by the Celebrated Cardiff National Welsh Choir. Admission 3d.

WEDNESDAY, 3rd.—Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m. Concert, "Gems from the Comic Operas," at 8 p.m. Admission 3d.

THURSDAY, 4th.—Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m. Admission 1d.

THE library will be open each day (Bank Holiday excepted) 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 Thursday 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 950, 1,011, and 519. Total, 2,480.

GORLESTON HOLIDAY HOME.—We are having numerous enquiries, and several weeks are already filled up. Members and friends wishing to avail themselves of this opportunity for a cheap excursion should apply at once. Terms to members, 21s. per week; non-members, 25s. per week. Any further information can be obtained at the office.

THE results of the recent Science and Art Examination will appear week by week as received.

A SHORT summer term for the under-mentioned classes commenced on Monday last, July 25th.

Civil Service—Thursdays. Teacher, Mr. G. J. Michell, B.A., 6.30 to 9.30 p.m. Fee, 5s.

Cookery, Practical, Plain—Thursday, 8 to 9.30 p.m. Fee, 2s. 6d. High Class—Friday, 8 to 9.30 p.m. Fee, 5s. Teacher, Mrs. Sharman.

Gymnasium (men), Tuesday, 6.30 to 10 p.m. Fee, 1s. 6d.

Gymnasium (women), Monday, 6.30 to 10 p.m. Fee, 1s. 6d.

Junior Section (boys), Wednesday, 6.30 to 9.30 p.m. Fee, 6d. per month.

Junior Section (girls), Thursday, 6.30 to 8.30 p.m. Fee, 6d. per month.

Elementary (Reading, Writing, Arithmetic) for women. Teacher, Mrs. Thomas, Friday, 6.30 to 9.30 p.m. Fee, 2s. 6d.

Mandoline—Tuesday, 6 to 10 p.m. Fee, 2s. 6d. Teacher, Mr. B. M. Jenkins.

Pianoforte—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Teachers, Mr. W. C. Hamilton, Mr. W. V. King, Mrs. Spencer, 4 to 10 p.m. Fee, 4s. 6d.

Solo Singing—Tuesday and Thursday, 7 to 10 p.m. Fee, 7s. 6d. Teachers, Miss Delves-Yates, Miss Lilian Delves-Yates.

Typewriting—Monday and Thursday, 6 to 10 p.m. Teacher, Miss Hartley. Fee, 5s.; practice only, 2s. 6d.

Violin—Monday and Wednesday, 6 to 10 p.m. Teacher, Mr. W. R. Cave, assisted by Mr. G. Mellish.

THE P.P. Choral Society and Orchestra will meet during September only.

OLD BOYS' ROWING CLUB *v.* CHRIST CHURCH MISSION CLUB.—*We Win by a Length.*—On Saturday, the 23rd July, the Old Boys' Rowing Club rowed and won their first race. A few weeks ago they were challenged by Mr. Rodney's Club in Poplar, and though it is only two months since they started rowing the challenge was promptly accepted. The course was from Hammersmith Bridge to Putney Bridge, and a start was made at four o'clock. Our boat was composed as follows:—Bishop (bow), Wilner (2), White (3), C. Atkinson (stroke), T. A. Lucas (cox). We made a bad start, and for a long time both boats rowed neck and neck, until the Mission boat drew slowly ahead. By the cement wall they were nearly a length in front of us, but obviously rowing all they could, and getting the best of the tide. Their stroke here missed a stroke, and we began to pull up, never losing hope or courage. As we got opposite the boathouses we began to spurt, and it was a "ding-dong" race to the end. We slowly drew up, the whole crew backing up stroke in his plucky efforts. At last we got even and then, with a final spurt, passed them and arrived at the bridge a full length ahead. The St. Maurice Club kindly umpired.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.—President, N. L. Cohen, Esq.—The return match with the East Ham Amateurs, played at the Uplands on Saturday last, resulted in a win for the Palace by 10 runs, a result mainly brought about by A. Bowman, who, in addition to making 24 runs, also took 8 wickets for 12 runs. Scores:—

People's Palace.—McCardle, c Clark, b Darvell, 2; Jones, c Boase, b Darvell, 0; Anderson, b Darvell, 0; Hunter, b Darvell, 8; McDougall, b Boase, 4; C. Bowman, b Darvell, 2; A. Bowman, b Boase, 24; Sheppard, c and b Boase, 0; Williamson, b Darvell, 1; H. Holmes, b Boase, 6; Whiting, not out, 1; extras, 6. Total, 54.

East Ham Amateurs.—Barnett c Anderson, b Hunter, 5; Owen, b Bowman, 2; Boase, b Bowman, 3; Darvell, c Williamson, b Bowman, 1; Williams, b Bow-

man, 2; T. Hammond, not out, 14; Clark b Bowman, 3; Campbell, b Bowman, 2; A. Mitchell, b Bowman, 4; E. Mitchell, b McCardle, 0; Warde c Hunter, b Bowman, 2; extras, 6. Total, 44.

Bowling Analysis.—A. Bowman, 15 overs, 7 maidens, 12 runs, 8 wickets; F. Hunter, 11 overs, 0 maidens, 21 runs, 1 wicket; McCardle, 3 overs, 0 maidens, 5 runs, 1 wicket.

Team for to-morrow *v.* Gothic, at Walthamstow.—Messrs. C. Bowman, Anderson, J. Williamson, F. McCardle, H. R. Jones, F. Hunter, J. McDougall, W. Holmes, G. Adkins, E. Francis, W. Everson.

F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Secy.

NOTICE.—FRENCH EVENING CLASSES.—At the request of a great number of the Students who wish to make arrangements now for the days and hours for these classes, it is proposed to hold the French lectures at the next session, as follows:—

Monday, 7 to 8. Beginners (Chardenal's First Course).

Monday, 8 to 9. Elementary (Chardenal's First Course, from about Exercise 120, Barrère's Junior French Course).

Monday, 9 to 10. Intermediate B. (Chardenal's Second Course, from about Exercise 70, Barrère's French Course from No. 10).

Tuesday, 7.30 to 8.30. Intermediate A. (Chardenal's Second Course, Barrère's Senior French Course, Part I., both from the beginning).

Tuesday, 8.30 to 10. Advanced A. (Baume's Syntax, Barrère's Senior French Course, Part II., both from the beginning).

Friday, 7.30 to 8.30. Conversational (*Le Courrier de Londres*), weekly French paper.

Friday, 8.30 to 10. Advanced B. (Baume's Syntax, from Exercise 6c, Barrère's Senior French Course, Part III.)

Further details will be found in the Syllabus for next Session.

I beg to add that all students who intend going in for next examination, ought to make up their mind to join the Conversational classes, as it is such a great help towards ensuring success. During the vacations I can strongly recommend my students to read a few easy books out of Hachette's cheap series of modern French authors, such as "Les deux petits Patriotes," "Deux enfants de Charles I^{er}," "Gassendi le petit astronome," etc. To the more advanced students, "Histoire d'un soldat," "Le pirate" (Balzac), etc., etc., and to those who have been attending the advanced classes, a very interesting and useful book, "Un philosophe sous les toits" (by Emile Souvestre). I take this opportunity to thank again the students for their punctuality and the great interest they have taken in the lectures (I take, as a proof of it, the excellent result at the last examination). I trust that after the rest which we have all rightly deserved, we may come back invigorated and quite prepared to do the heavy work which has to be gone through by next April, and strive to be again successful as hitherto.

ERNEST POINTIN.

THERE will be no sacred concerts and organ recitals after next Sunday, 31st July, until Sunday, the 4th September,

consequent upon the annual picture exhibition being held between those dates.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—The society will not meet during August, and in September practices will be held once a week only—on Fridays. In October, when the new session commences, we shall resume our usual practices on Tuesdays and Fridays. We are now rehearsing Handel's "Israel in Egypt." We regret to announce the death of Mr. T. White, one of our basses. He was for some years the sole support of his widowed mother, who is now left entirely unprovided for. A subscription is being raised for her. Persons wishing to contribute may forward their donations to us at the Palace.

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

We are pleased to announce that one of our day scholars, Harold Percy Philpot, has been awarded a Queen's Prize (value £2) for 2nd Grade Perspective.

The Turners' Company offer, this year, the sum of £5 5s., their silver medal, and the freedom of the company, for any workman, whether master, journeyman, or apprentice, in the trade, who may send in the best specimens of turning, either in wood or pottery. Those of our students who desire to compete for the above, can obtain further particulars upon application to Mr. C. E. Osborn, secretary.

City and Guilds of London Institute.

MANUAL TRAINING.—WOODWORK.

List of Candidates who have passed First and Second Year's Examination.

Second Year.

Williams, Joseph T., 2nd

First Year.

Denn, John E., 1st
Daubney, Albert, 2nd

Science and Art Examinations.

SUBJECT I.—GEOMETRY.

AMENDED LIST.

Advanced, 2nd.

Baines, Frank
Carter, William H.
Cooper, Walter L.
Davis, William A.
Evans, Athol G.
Glasscock, Philip
Gill, Alfred J.
Howlett, Albert J.
Horton, Arthur B.
Hall, Arthur J.
Mathys, Albert W.
Miller, Herbert C.
Martin, Frank
Phillips, Henry A.
Russell, George L.
Ray, Alfred
Stimson, Sidney J. P.
Sherwin, Ernest B.
Thompson, Drury F.
Thompson, Alfred J.
Vyse, Thomas M.

Watsham, Edmund W. E.
White, John H.

MEMO.—The Department of Science and Art write:—"In getting out the standards for the classes a clerical error has been made, and the above results must be substituted for the 1st Class Advanced sent previously"—and published by us in the *Palace Journal* of 8th July.

SECOND GRADE EXAMINATION IN ART.

FREEHAND.—First.

Boone, Ernest W. S.
Bowick, George S.
Baxter, Francis E.
Briant, James W.
Bowler, Charles E.
Blade, Alfred W. E.
Blomfield, Archie E.
Beirne, Sidney A.
Ceely, Fredk. W. L.
Crowhurst, Christopher
Cannings, Henry G.
Caygill, Thomas
Cameron, Annie
Derbyshire, Walter H.
Evans, Evan T.
Forward, Ernest A.
Foster, Albert
Good, Charles
Good, Florence M.
Hood, James
Hudson, Paul G.
Knott, William F.
Luthman, Elizabeth M.
Lankester, Wentworth W.
Mace, Arthur
Mathys, Albert W.
Meredith, William G.
Philpot, Harold P.
Petterson, Edward J. V.
Plester, William A.
Rubery, Harold
Spencer, Francis
Thomas, Arthur R.
Tongue, George W.
Taylor, Edwin S.
Wilson, Eva
Winn, George E. W.
White, Henry T.

FREEHAND.—Second.

Ambrose, Edmund J.
Archer, Angus C.
Abbott, William
Appleford, Fredk. J.
Aitchison, David
Barnes, William R.
Britton, Maud J.
Biggs, Robert
Bates, Lillian
Browning, William E.
Baines, Frank
Brown, James E.
Brett, Charles F. W.
Barham, William
Cunningham, Herbert H.
Croft, Alfred C.
Collingwood, Alfred
Calver, Arthur R.
Crouch, Herbert A.
Chatwood, Archibald
Carter, William E.
Denton, Edward M.
Dixon, Ernest J.
Dawson, Stanley V.
Evans, Edwin H.
Edwards, Percy S.
Forrest, Ernest J.
Ferguson, Andrew

Frost, George L.
Garland, Wm. R.
Grist, Stanley V. A.
Genese, John P.
Gadd, William J.
Gosling, William
Hood, Alex.
Hunt, Albert
Higgins, David F.
Hannam, Francis J.
Hill, Frederick R.
Harrington, Arthur E.
Hughes, Wm. G.
Hughes, Alfred G. A.
Hutton, George W.
Hollick, Alfred J.
Hartmann, Fredk. H.
Hicks, George
Henley, Sholto F.
Jotham, George A.
Jones, Mary A.
Jordan, Wm. A.
Johnson, Henry
Kang, Knight, Wm. M.
Kinnipie, Frank T.
Lowles, George A.
Luttman, Maria
Lincoln, Ernest R.
McClellan, Robert H.
Marshall, Arthur J.
MacLean, Thomas M.
May, Alfred
Mariner, Cecil E.
Oldfield, Frank S.
Parris, Philip P.
Plaak, Porter, Reginald
Porter, Hubert
Potter, Kate
Pringle, William
Potter, Florence R.
Puxty, Charles P.
Penfold, Wm. T.
Pooler, Charles W.
Pearce, Frank W.
Russell, George L.
Robinson, George P.
Richards, John T.
Richardson, Charles H.
Randall, Everard J.
Rowland, Thos. J. S.
Robinson, Daniel H.
Rosenbloom, Walter
Rowe, Arthur W.
Swaby, Edwin J.
Stimpson, Frederick C.
Sadler, Bertram T.
Smith, Charles R.
Snow, William H.
Stevens, Robert
Spiegelhalter, Edward O
Shickle, Emily C.
Symmons, Henry
Tilston, William
Tricker, Arthur E.
Thomas, Fredk. C.
Tydeman, Ellen
White, John H.
Webbe, William A.
Wallace, James
Willis, Frank
Worrow, Harry J.
Watts, Alfred
Watson, George P.
Welsh, John C.
Watts, Frederick
Whitbread, Edwin J.
Wheatcroft, Bertie C.

Perspective 1st.

Aaron, Albert
Abbott, John

Apps, William S.
Belcher, Leon J.
Boustead, Robert N.
Bowick, George S.
Cunningham, Charles J.
Catharine, Arthur F.
Carter, William H.
Cleverley, George H.
Davis, Frederick H. R.
Dale, Arthur L.
Derbyshire, Walter H.
Davis, William A.
Darling, Henry A.
Downey, Sidney A. N.
Fair, Henry R. H.
Fryer, John E. G.
Gairns, John F.
Gill, Alfred J.
Glasscock, Philip
Gilley, Thomas
Hall, Arthur J.
Homewood, Arthur J.
Howlett, Albert J.
Horton, Arthur B.
Hancock, Percy B.
Hine, Philip T.
Jenkins, Herbert F.
Lardner, Ernest
Mathys, Albert W.
Miller, Herbert C.
Merrett, Charles G.
Moloney, Joseph H. R.
Oldfield, Frank S.
Palmer, Charles T.
Phillips, Henry A.
Pringle, George
Penfold, William T.
Philpot, Harold P., and Queen's Prize (value, £2)
Ray, Alfred
Russell, George L.
Relton, Thomas H.
Robinson, Arthur J.
Shonk, Albert
Sparling, Thomas C.
Smith, Sidney
Sturt, Charles
Shaw, Frederick C.
Thompson, Alfred J.
Thompson, Drury F.
Vyse, Thomas M.
Ward, John S.
Watts, Ethelbert
Webbe, William A.
White, Arthur J.
Wheatcroft, Bertie C.
Worrow, Isaac
Watsham, Edmund W. E.

Perspective 2nd.

Bacon, John
Bryant, Frederick E.
Bennett, Robert L.
Briant, James W.
Evans, Athol G.
Gladen, Reginald E.
Hitchcock, Charles W.
Hudson, Paul G.
Martin, Frank
Short, Ernest R.
Skinner, Edward W.

Model 1st.

Evans, Athol G.
Thomas, Arthur R.

Model 2nd.

Brown, May A.
Briant, James W.
Catharine, Arthur F.
Dale, Arthur L.
Derbyshire, Walter H.
Davis, Arthur E.
Evans, Evan T.

Gadd, Wm. J.
Howard, Maud
Howship, Charles E.
Knight, William M.
Knott, William F.
Mathys, Albert W.
May, Alfred
Meredith, Wm. G.
Oldfield, Frank S.
Plester, William A.
Potter, Kate
Potter, Florence R.
Philpot, Harold P.
Palmer, Charles T.
Randall, Bertram J.
Rowland, Thomas J. L.
Rubery, Harold
Russell, George L.
Snow, William H.
Sadler, Bertram T.
Shaw, Frederick C.
Stevens, Robert
Taylor, Edwin S.
Watts, Florence
Worrow, Harry J.

RESULTS OF THE THIRD GRADE EXAMINATIONS IN ART.

DESIGN ORNAMENT (23 C).

Overnell, Thomas J., 2nd

PLANT DRAWING IN OUTLINE.

Stage 10 A.

Attwell, Emily A., 2nd
Colson, Julia, 2nd
Jesseman, Douglas, 2nd
Layton, Harry, 2nd
Randall, George A., 2nd

ELEMENTARY ARCHITECTURE.

Bunting, Robert, 2nd
Maidment, Thomas, 2nd

Stage 5 A.

Briant, James W., 1st
Randall, George A., 1st
Dodds, Benjamin R., 2nd
Jarman, Hy. T., 2nd

People's Palace Cycling Club Notes.

(Continued from page 54.)

THE custom which often prevails of choosing, as the advisers and guides of a club, certain gas bags and figure heads, is one with which I have no sympathy. The men who will always turn up at club runs, whether there is anything special on or not, and who seem to have the welfare of a club at heart, are the men that should be elected on club committees; and I am pleased to say that, on the whole, our committee more nearly answers that description than any with which I am acquainted. In another issue I may have something to say about the election of officers at the end of the year.

I am asked to point out the necessity, the absolute necessity, of each rider of a pneumatic carrying his own repairing outfit. Supposing that three or four are riding out together, and each one thinks that he will be able to use another fellow's outfit in case of a puncture, and consequently leaves his own materials at home; I should like a phonograph to be handy when the first of those tyres came to grief in some out-of-the-way place, for to

grind out those extempore speeches when he was starting out for a run would no doubt be a gentle, and at the same time forcible, reminder. I am informed that our general hon. sec., on his way to the starting point of the 25 Miles, paid a half-crown for an outfit, which, on arriving at his destination, he lent to a foolish cyclist in distress, who showed his gratitude by keeping the whole bag of tricks. True, he may have been so overjoyed at being so easily and so quickly accommodated, that he forgot who he borrowed the outfit of, still, with a little trouble he could easily have found out.

This advice about carrying outfits will also apply to the carrying of spanner and oil, both lubricating and illuminating. The great increase in weight necessitated by carrying these necessary articles, no doubt is the cause of their being left at home. I do not suggest that a hundred-weight of iron, in the shape of spanners should be carried, but a spanner that will fit the nuts, that most frequently loosen or require adjusting, weighs but a few ounces. Again, on the question of oil: I never start on a tour without a supply of oil sufficient for my own needs, but I do not pose as a travelling oil store to supply the foolish virgins of the club, and it is hardly conducive to good temper, when you lend your oil-can (to one who has a soul above such trivial things as oil cans), to have it returned empty, and find that he has nicely and plentifully oiled his chain. It is not the original cost of the oil, but its scarcity makes it valuable. To give away what you really want yourself is true charity I know, but on such occasions as the above, one's heart becomes proof against such noble feelings, and the squeaking of unoiled bearings I look upon as a judgment upon them, for their oilless and spannerless condition is due, not to accident, but design.

Will members please make a note of the fact that it is of the utmost importance, that both secretaries should be advised of change of address?

The extended run to Southend was very well attended, and proved most enjoyable.

A boat race was arranged between the *My Polly* and the *Lily*. The *My Polly* crew being considered the better of the two, they took aboard five passengers. Considering the difference in the size of the boats and the "ballast" the *My Polly* was carrying, the crew of the *Lily* thought the result would be a procession. So it was, but the *My Polly* was a long way ahead, and fairly romped in. The truth is that the *Lily*—or her crew—was too fully blown.

A week or two ago, whilst riding up Buckhurst Hill on the return journey from the Crown, some of us had a narrow escape of being run down by a pony trap. Not content with this, those in charge of the vehicle got down and stated their intention of exterminating the Monts from the face of the earth. Unfortunately for them, they commenced with an onlooker, who, nothing daunted at their loud advertisement of the fact that they were pupils of Ben Jonson, or some other professional bruiser, accommodated the three of them, so that they sought Mother Earth. As they still persisted in their annoyance, it was deemed necessary to give them into custody. Having

assisted the man in blue to run them in, we resumed our journey home. On the Monday morning their faces presented a fine picture in the dock—a study in black and blue, in fact—they having to resort to coloured glasses to hide the colour of their optics. The bench lectured them on the folly of imbibing so freely, especially whilst in charge of a horse and trap, and told them they must leave some of the current coin of the realm to pay for the fun (?) they had had. No doubt they will think twice before attempting the same game again.

I was glad to see that many Monts who witnessed the whole of the proceedings considered it their duty to turn up at the court-house and corroborate the policeman's evidence, for I think in such cases we should give all assistance possible to bring such hobbledehoys to justice. It is only by making an example of these fast-trotting "gentlemen" when they are caught that we are likely to put a stop to the nasty habit they have of trying to run down any cyclists they may come across. Had it been a solitary cyclist he would have fared very badly indeed.

AUGUST TOUR TO PORTSMOUTH.

The start will be made from the Royal Exchange at 9.30 a.m. on Saturday, July 30th. The route will be as follows:—

Putney Heath and Wimbledon Common	Miles.
Kingston Bottom	7 1/2
Kingston	10
Thames Ditton	12
Esher	13 1/2
Cobham St.	16
Ripley	19 1/2
Guildford	23 1/2
	29

Stop at Gibbon's Imperial Restaurant, Market-street, for dinner.

Leave Guildford at 2 p.m.

St. Catherine's Hill	Miles.
Godalming	30 1/2
Milford	33 1/2
Mousehill	35 1/2
Hindhead-hill, Devil's Punch Bowl	36
Seven Thorns	40 1/2
Liphook	43 1/2
Rake	46 1/2
Sheet-bridge	49 1/2
Petersfield	53
	54 1/2

Here a stop will be made for tea. We shall reach here about 5 p.m., leaving at 6.30 p.m.

Butser-hill	57
Hordean	61 1/2
Purbrook	65 1/2
Portsmouth-hill	67
Cosham	67 1/2
Portsea-bridge	68 1/2
Hilsea	68 1/2
Halfway-house	71 1/2
Portsmouth	72 1/2

The hotel at which we shall put up at in Portsmouth has not yet been decided upon. Several proprietors have been written to, but at present all have not replied. Will all members who intend to join the club on this tour, send in their names without delay to the general hon. sec.,

J. BURLEY,
Hope-lodge,
Carisbrook-road,
Walthamstow.

The Portsmouth-road, though somewhat hilly in parts, has as fine a surface as could be wished. The pace will be moderate and evenly kept throughout the whole journey. At Guildford we shall be joined by the lady members, so that mopping will be strictly tabooed. I do not think that any member need fear his inability to ride the distance in the time we shall take, so make up your minds to join us, and forward your name at once to the hon. sec. as above. A later party will leave the Royal Exchange at 4.30, and proceed by the same route, putting up at Guildford for the night. Intending tourists are requested to state which party they will join.

Since writing the above I have had the name of the hotel forwarded me, which is The Three Guns, Hotel des Cyclistes (headquarters, Portsea Social Cycling Club), St. George's-square, Portsea.

When solid tyres were universally used, tram metals were looked upon as pitfalls to be carefully and studiously avoided, and riders of solid-tyred machines at the present time look upon them in much the same light. Riders of pneumatics, however, look upon tram metals, when dry, with favour and delight to use them as tracks, and until the other day I used to do likewise myself. Happening to come across a rider in trouble with his tyres I learnt, on inquiry, that he was spinning along upon the metals, which were somewhat worn, and the sharp edge had ripped his tyre open. Needless to say, I now avoid tram metals, and am exceedingly glad that I was so favoured as to be able to profit by the unfortunate experience of somebody else rather than my own; but that, I suppose, is only human nature.

The *Cycle Record* for July 9th had a strong—very strong, but still not a bit too strong—article on rowdiness of clubs. Owing to our queer libel laws, no doubt, they do not give us the name of the offending body. Still, anyone at all who knows the clubs of East London—and I have no hesitation in saying it is an East-end club that is referred to—will have no difficulty in fitting the cap on those for whom it was intended. But there, when you have the scum of all clubs who have left because the majority of the members of those clubs would not, and will not, tolerate ungentlemanly behaviour—I say, when you have the scum of all clubs banded together as a club without any influence to restrain them in their wild career, what else can you expect? The old saying "Put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil," was never more truly illustrated by a club than by the one referred to in the *Cycle Record*.

Their aim may have been to shine, they have tried to create a stir in other ways but have signally failed. This time, however, they have acquired notoriety, but such as any man with the least sense of common decency would be ashamed to have connected with his name. The club has not been alive long, yet this is by no means the first time that the rowdy conduct of its members has been referred to in the cycling and other press, and it is only a matter of a short time for them to accomplish their own destruction, and the sooner the better; at least, that is the opinion of

AITCHBEE.

The Rambling Club at Cambridge.

THERE could have been no more delightful resort for our Rambling Club than Cambridge on Saturday last. In striking contrast to the never-ceasing noise and perpetual hurry of London, the town lies silent and serene on the banks of the peaceful river from which it derives its name. There is a tranquil air about its streets—be they the wide modern thoroughfares lined with terraces or villas, each with a garden of its own, or the quaint narrow lanes, most of which derive their names from the adjacent colleges—which is inseparable from associations of restfulness. There is a beautiful blending among its buildings of the old and new, as seen in the structures of Saxon and Norman date mingling themselves among the work of to-day and yesterday, which throws out a pleasing, if not sublime, effect. The old grey walls, the lancet windows, the pinnacles and turrets, the numerous church towers and spires, and the imposing gateways and wide quadrangles of the college buildings, all tend to produce the general air of calmness that pervades the town.

Our ramble was made an all-day one, and, numbering about a score or more, we departed from Liverpool-street shortly after nine. A run of about an hour and a half brought us into Cambridge. We were met at the station by Mr. Crawford-Burkitt, at whose invitation the ramble was undertaken. It required very little time to feel completely at ease in that gentleman's company, and we were soon chatting pleasantly by his side as he conducted us to his residence in Harvey-road. There we were introduced to his charming wife, who is, perhaps, the only person who can exceed her husband in the matter of hospitality. Both Mr. and Mrs. Crawford-Burkitt are vice-presidents of our club, and unlike most people who allow themselves to be voted into such a position, they are vice-presidents in more than name only, as we ramblers have just cause to remember. They insisted on our taking breakfast before issuing forth to inspect the colleges. The meal was served in an open tent on the lawn behind the house, and as the weather was most delightful, the breakfast most engaging, and the host and hostess most amiable, nothing was wanting to complete our general good-feeling.

Our entertainers then undertook to show us over the college buildings, and other places of interest. Our first visit was to the Saxon church of St. Benedict, which dates as far back as 1000. Its screen is a remarkable specimen of Saxon architecture. Adjoining the church is Corpus Christi College, whence we were conducted. Mr. Burkitt had evidently arranged for the assistance of the Rev. J. R. Kaimer, fellow and librarian of Corpus Christi, for that gentleman came to us in the quadrangle and led the way to the library. Under the rev. gentleman's instructions we were soon put in possession of facts respecting the valuable collection of manuscripts and early prints which are treasured up in their different cases.

(To be continued.)

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

(41st and last Concert, 5th Series)

ON SATURDAY, THE 30TH OF JULY, 1892,
AT 8 P.M.

Musical Director to the People's Palace

... .. MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

MILITARY BAND, under the direction of Mr. A. ROBINSON, late Bandmaster 3rd (Prince of Wales's) Dragoon Guards.

VOCALISTS—

MADAME ADELAIDE MULLEN, MR. HENRY BEAUMONT, MR. PERRY AVERILL.

Organist

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

1. MARCH Clode
"H.M.S. Camperdown"

(Dedicated to Admiral Culme Seymour)

2. OVERTURE "Rosamunde" Schubert

3. SONG Bizet

"The Toreador's Song" (Carmen)

MR. PERRY AVERILL.

Sirs, your toast a courteous answer claiming,

I lift my glass to soldiers gay and bold,
Toreadors, like you, with courage flaming,
Thrill with joy when they the combat behold,

See the arena thronged with crowds of people,

The seats are filled, above, below.
Loud bells ring out from every steeple,
All the world has come to the show.

Hark! what shouting! what frenzied voices,

When the bull flies out with angry roar!
Ah! 'tis then the Toreador rejoices,
Sure of honour when the fight is o'er.

Look out! beware! ah!
Toreador, now guard thee!
Toreador! Toreador!

Bear thou in mind, when combat thee elates,

Two bright eyes fondly regard,
For thee a fond heart waits.

Suddenly there comes a silence,
Ah! what is it now?
All hearts are beating high!

'Tis a mighty bull rushing out of the toril;

See, he flies, his foe he reaches,
Down goes a gallant horse! with him a picador;

Ah! bravo Toro! shout the people,
On goes the bull, now here, now there,
raging he flies,

And maddened by the banderilleros
In frenzy wild now fights,
The arena streams with gore.

Many then, for safety, climb the fences.
Ah now Toreador!

'Tis time, prepare! beware!
Ah! Toreador, now guard thee!

For thee a fond heart waits, Toreador.

4. SONG Scott Gatty

"When Love is Kind"

MADAME ADELAIDE MULLEN.

When love is kind, cheerful and free,
Love's sure to find welcome for me.
But when love brings heartache and pang,
Tears and such things—love may go hang.

If love can sigh for one alone,
Well pleas'd am I to be that one,
But should I see love giv'n to rove,
To two or three, then good-bye love.

Love must in short keep fond and true,
Through good report, and evil too.
Else here I swear young love may go,
For aught I care, to Jerico!

Thomas Moore.

5. SCENA ET ARIA Verdi

"Il Trovatore"

Clarinet Solo—MR. BATE.

6. SONG Clay

"I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby"

MR. HENRY BEAUMONT.

I'll sing thee songs of Araby,
And tales of fair Cashmere,
Wild tales to cheat thee of a sigh,
And charm thee to a tear;

And dreams of delight shall on thee break,
And rainbow visions rise,
And all my soul shall strive to wake
Sweet wonder in thine eyes.

From those twin lakes when wonder wakes,
My raptured soul shall sink,
And as the diver dives for pearls,
Bring tears, bright tears to their brink.

And dreams of delight shall on thee break,
And rainbow visions rise,
And all my soul shall strive to wake
Sweet wonder in thine eyes,

To cheat thee of a sigh,
Or charm thee to a tear.

7. SONG Orton Bradley

"Earth's Fairest Flower"

MR. PERRY AVERILL.
(Accompanied by the Composer)

Earth's fairest flower recalls thee,
Thou'rt pure as the stars on high,
Thy smile is born of the sunbeam,
Of noontide's zephyr thy sigh.

Thy voice is akin to the music,
The sea-shell breathes in the ear,
Thy mirth is the mirth of the mavis,
Thy tear is the May-cloud's tear.

I cherish, I watch, I guard thee,
All else beyond and above,
Thoughts cannot image my rapture,
Words cannot utter my love.
My pearl of ineffable lustre,
My jewel of jewels thou art,
The charm that I bear in my bosom,
The amulet of my heart.

INTERVAL.

8. DUET Lover

"What Will You Do, Love?"

MADAME ADELAIDE MULLEN and
MR. HENRY BEAUMONT.

"What will you do, love, when I am going,
With white sail flowing, the seas beyond?
What will you do, love, when waves divide us,
And friends may chide us for being fond?"

"Tho' waves divide us, and friends be chiding,
In faith abiding I'll still be true,
And I'll pray for thee on the stormy ocean,
In deep devotion, that's what I'll do."

"What would you do, love, when home returning,
With hopes high burning, with wealth for you,
If my barque, which bounded o'er foreign foam,
Should be lost near home, ah! what would you do?"

"So thou wert spar'd, I'd bless the morrow,
In want and sorrow, that left me you!
And I'd welcome thee from the wasting billow,
This heart thy pillow, that's what I'd do!"

9. FANTASIA

"Gems from Balfe's Operas"

10. SONG Berthold Tours

"The Three Singers"

MR. PERRY AVERILL.
Organ Obbligato—Mr. B. JACKSON.

God sent his singers upon earth,
With songs of sadness and of mirth;
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth, with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves wandered, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market place;
And stirred with accents deep and loud,
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ roll'd,
Contrition from its notes of gold.

And those who heard the singers three,
Disputed which the best might be;
But still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the Great Master said, "I see
No best in kind, but in degree
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach."

These are the three great chords of might,
And he who hears their tune aright,
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony.

11. FANTASIA Godfrey
"Reminiscences of Ireland"

12. SONG "Ylang-ylang" Roedel
MADAME ADELAIDE MULLEN.

There once was a maid, *Ylang-Ylang*,
She lived on the shores of the Yangtse-
kiang,
And so sweetly she smiled, and so sweetly
she sang,
She charmed all the people of China!
But none loved her more than *Ho-
hang-ho*,
And he knelt at her feet and told her so,
But little *Ylang*, she answered "No!
I mean to be Empress of China!"

So he dressed himself in yellow and
green,
And stole the Emperor's palanquin,
And "Hush!" said the people, wherever
he was seen,
"There goes the Emperor of China!"
And he came to her door and knocked in
glee,
"O sweet *Ylang*, will you marry me?
For I am the Emperor, as you see,
And you shall be Empress of China!"

But ere *Ylang* had raised her eye,
The Emperor himself came riding by,
And he cried out "What!" and he cried
out "Why!"
I thought I was Emperor of China!
So he called to his Vizier bold, "Go hang
Ho-Ho to a tree by the Yangtse-kiang,
For I'm going to marry *Ylang-Ylang*!"
And he did—as they do in China!

Now the moral of this song be ne'er
forgot:
Be well contented with your lot,
Don't try to appear what you are not,
Or you may get hanged—in China!
And ladies all, a lesson you may learn,
A reward for your patience you may earn,
You may win an Emperor, in your turn,
If you don't lose your heads—in
China!

13. SONG "Maid of Athens." Allen
MR. HENRY BEAUMONT.

Maid of Athens, ere we part, give, oh
give me back my heart;
Or, since that has left my breast, keep it
now and take the rest.
Hear my vow before I go. *Zoe mou, sas
agapo.*

Maid of Athens, I am gone; think of me
sweet, when alone;
Tho' I fly to Instambul, Athens holds my
heart and soul,
Can I cease to love thee? No! *Zoe mou,
sas agapo.*

14. MARCH "The Roll Call" Brophy

Doors Open at 7 p.m. ADMISSION THREEPENCE.
The doors will be kept closed during the performance of each number on the Programme.

PROGRAMME OF OPERATIC CONCERT
ON WEDNESDAY, THE 3RD OF AUGUST, 1892,
AT 8 P.M., GIVEN BY
THE ENGLISH OPERA SINGERS
Under the Direction of MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.

GEMS FROM THE COMIC OPERAS.

- PART I.
1. ORGAN SOLO Hermann
Overture to "Le Chevalier de Breton"
MR. R. T. GIBBONS, F.C.O.
 2. DUET Sullivan
"I Have a Song to Sing, O!" (Yeomen of the Guard)
MISS JESSIE HOTINE and MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.
 3. SONG Sullivan
"Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes" (Gondoliers)
MR. TREFELYN DAVID.
 4. SONG Chassaigne
"At Eventide" (Falka)
MADAME ADELINE VAUDREY.
 5. DUET "We're Called Gondolieri" (Gondoliers) Sullivan
MR. TREFELYN DAVID & MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.
 6. VIOLIN SOLO C. Bohm
"Cavatina"
MR. THEODORE DISTIN, JUN.
 7. SONG Sullivan
"Though Tear and Long Drawn Sigh" (Yeomen of the Guard)
MISS JESSIE HOTINE.
 8. SONG "I'm a Roamer" (Son and Stranger) Mendelssohn
MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.
 9. QUARTET Sullivan
"Brightly Dawns our Wedding Day" (Mikado)
MISS JESSIE HOTINE, MADAME ADELINE VAUDREY,
MR. TREFELYN DAVID, MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.

- PART II.
1. ORGAN SOLO Grand Selection "Faust" ... Gounod
MR. R. T. GIBBONS, F.C.O.
 2. DUET "Put a Penny in the Slot" (Mountebanks) Cellie
MISS JESSIE HOTINE and MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.
 3. SONG Cellie
"Be Wise in Time" (Dorothy)
MADAME ADELINE VAUDREY.
 4. SONG "With such a Dainty Dame" (Dorothy) Cellie
MR. TREFELYN DAVID.
 5. MANDOLIN SOLO "Alice" Arranged from song by Asche
MR. THEODORE DISTIN, JUN.
 6. DUET "My Dear Mrs. Merton" (Vicar of Bray) Solom
MADAME ADELINE VAUDREY and MR. BROUGHTON
BLACK.
 7. SONG "The Novice's Song" (Madame Favart) Offenba
MISS JESSIE HOTINE.
 8. SONG "From Rock to Rock" (La Contrabandista) Sulliva
MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.
 9. QUARTET Sullivan
"A Regular Royal Queen" (Gondoliers)
MISS JESSIE HOTINE, MADAME ADELINE VAUDREY,
MR. TREFELYN DAVID, MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.

INTERVAL.
Doors Open at 7 p.m. ADMISSION THREEPENCE.

PROGRAMME OF SACRED CONCERT & ORGAN RECITAL
TO BE GIVEN ON
SUNDAY, the 31st of JULY, 1892.

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

At 4 p.m.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE SUNDAY AFTERNOON
CHOIR.

VOCALIST—MISS AMY MARTIN.

1. TOCCATA AND FUGUE IN D MINOR Bach
2. HYMN "Lead us, Heavenly Father, Lead us"

mf Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us,
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

p Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

mf Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

3. ADAGIO CANTABILE Hopkins
4. VOCAL SOLO "There is a Green Hill" ... Gounod
5. GRAND CHEUR IN E FLAT Guilmant

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

ADMISSION FREE.

6. ANTHEM Tours
"Blessed are they that dwell in Thy House"

Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house, they will be
always praising Thee.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee, in
whose heart are Thy ways.

Who, going through the vale of misery, use it for a
well, and the pools are filled with water.

They will go from strength to strength, and unto the
God of gods appeareth every one of them in Sion. Amen.

Psalm lxxxiv., 4-7.

7. BERCEUSE Delbruck

8. VOCAL SOLO ... "A Fairer Garden" ... Franz Morgan

9. MARCH IN C Spohr

At 8 p.m.

1. ORGAN SONATA IN B FLAT, No. 4... .. Mendelssohn
(a. Allegro con brio; b. Andante Religioso; c. Allegretto;
d. Allegro maestoso; e. Vivace)

2. EVENING PRAYER Smart

3. TOCCATA IN G Dubois

4. THEME, with variations in A major Hesse

5. SELECTION, from the "Stabat Mater" Rossini

6. MINUET AND TRIO Calkin

7. MARCHE JOYEUSE B. Jackson

PROGRAMME OF COSTUME RECITAL

OF W. V. WALLACE'S Romantic Opera

"MARITANA,"

On BANK HOLIDAY, MONDAY, 1st AUGUST, 1892, at Eight o'clock,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

MADAME ALICE BARTH (of the Carl Rosa Company),

WHO WILL BE ASSISTED BY THE FOLLOWING ARTISTES:—

MR. C. FISHER (Royal English Opera Company). MISS LILLIE MOWBRAY (of the Rousbey Opera Company).
MISS COWLRICK. MR. ARTHUR WALENN (Royal English Opera). MR. COWLRICK (of the Rousbey Opera Company)
AND
MR. CAMPBELL BISHOP (Principal Baritone, Valentine Smith's Opera Company, J. W. Turner's Opera Company,
"Dorothy" Company, etc., etc.)

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

Costumes by Messrs. E. SMITH & Co.

Wigs by CHARLES FOX, etc.

DRAMATIS-PERSONÆ.

Don Cæsar de Bazan	MR. C. FISHER	Marquis de Montifore	MR. COWLRICK
Don José de Santarem	MR. CAMPBELL BISHOP	Marchioness de Montifore	MISS COWLRICK
The King of Spain	MR. ARTHUR WALENN	Lazarillo	MISS LILLIE MOWBRAY
Captain of the Guard	MR. COWLRICK	AND	
The Alcade		Maritana	MADAME ALICE BARTH

ARGUMENT.

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

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

ACT I.

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

ROMANZA—MARITANA.

It was a knight of princely mien
One blue and golden day,
Came riding thro' the forest green
That round his castle lay;

And there heard he a gipsy maid
Her songs of love reveal.
Like a spirit of light
She enchanted the knight,
'Twas a King!

'Twas the King of Castille!

ARIA—MARITANA.

I hear it again,
'Tis the harp in the air!
It hangs on the walls
Of the old Moorish halls;
Tho' none know its minstrel,
Or how it came there.
Listen! listen!
'Tis the harp in the air!

It tells of the days that are faded and gone

It tells of the brave,
Of the lovely and fair,
Of a warrior's grave,
Of a maiden's despair;
There! there!

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

DUETTO—MARITANA and DON JOSE.

Mar. Of fairy wand had I the power,
Some palace bright my home
should be,
By marble fount, in orange bow'r
Dancing to music's melody.

Don J. Those lovely eyes, those ruby lips,
Might win a brighter home for thee
Than crystal hall, where fairy trips
Lightly to echo's minstrelsy.

Mar. Of fairy wand
Had I command,
At moonlit hour,
In silken bower,
To music's note,
On air I'd float,
In golden sheen.
And jewels gay,
Of pleasure queen—
I'd laugh and sing,
And dance and play.

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

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

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

RECIT.—DON JOSE.

Think of the splendour—the glory—
The bright career which waiteth thy future steps,
One round of triumph!

Mar. Of fairy wand, &c., &c.

CONCERTED PIECE.

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

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

Don C. Stay! one word, ere you molest him.
Noble captain, brave sir, hear me.
Stay thy rage, or learn to fear me.

Cap. Why my orders disobey you?

Laz. Mercy! Mercy!
Don C. List, I pray you.
If a mere child's poor entreaty
Fail to move that heart of thine;

Cap. If his voice excite no pity,
Brother soldier, list to mine.
Come, your duty quickly seek,
Pray's and tears won't make me civil.

Don C. Oh, if 'twere not Holy Week
Him I'd soon send to the devil;
Gallant Captain!

Cap. Loose my cloak.

Don C. Rage consumes me! I shall choke.
Know sir, who I am;
Count de Garofa,
Don Cæsar de Bazan;

Who, in the presence of his monarch,
Covered hath a right to appear.

[Putting on hat]
You have insulted me beyond all bearing,
Redress I seek.

Hence to the devil with the Holy Week,
Thus I chastise thy daring.

Cap. A challenge, vengeance!
Don C. A challenge, forward.

ENSEMBLE.

Don C. Oh! you soon shall bite the dust,
Honour's debt is quickly staid:

Oh! that by a cut and thrust,
Dunning creditors were paid!
Come, you will not prove the first
Braggart whom this blade hath staid.

Cap. Only with a single thrust
Your account is quickly paid.

Laz. Oh! forbear, indeed you must,
Be this frightful quarrel staid,
If for me your life were lost,
Evermore would grief upraid.

Don J. Don't forget before you thrust,
Holy Week who dares invade,
Be his quarrel e'er so just,
By the halter will be paid.

Cho. See this combat, all now must,
Blow for blow and blade to blade,
Happy he who falls the first,
Conquest by the hangman paid.

Don J. Yes, too certain, that your fate is;

Alc. March, by order of the King.

Mar. Ah! what do my eyes behold?
Free the gallant captive, pray;
I to-morrow shall have gold,
Gladly I'll his ransom pay.

Don C. Gen'rous creature, they'll not hear you.

Mar. I'll with gold to-morrow pay;

Don C. All good angels hover near you.

Alc. Cease this folly—on, away!

MARITANA, LAZARILLO, and ALL.
Oh! misfortune, for this quarrel,
Must his life ignobly pay?

Don J. I forwarn'd him for this quarrel,
He with life must surely pay.

Don C. All must die of something some day,
'Tis a debt we all must pay.

Alc. Away! cease this folly and away!
He with life must surely pay.

Cho. Stay! stay!

Don C. No!—I obey.
Away, &c.

[They march him out B. MARITANA, &c. except L. and back.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

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

Laz. ARIA—LAZARILLO.
Alas! those chimes so sweetly pealing,
Gently dulcet to the ear,
Sound like pity's voice revealing,
To the dying, "Death is near!"
Still he slumbers—how serenely!
Not a sigh disturbs his rest;
Oh! that angels now might waft him
To the mansions of the blest.
Yes, yes! those chimes so softly swelling,
As from some holy sphere

Don C. Then I another journey
Must take, that's pretty clear.

Laz. The Alcade and the soldiers
You they seek, I fear.

Don C. Must take, that's pretty clear.

ENSEMBLE.

Alc. Stay! in the name of the King
I you arrest, sir; stay;
Your sword at once resign,
And now the laws obey.

Don J. Sir, the laws obey;
Your sword at once resign.

Don C. Well, in the name of the King
Since you arrest, I stay;
My sword I thus resign,
And now the laws obey.

Cho. Why, in the name of the King
A noble Count thus stay?
We Don Cæsar defend,
If he the word but say.

Mar. Midst of this tumult and strife,
Scarce half awake I seem;

(to J.) The words that you have said
Still paint the pleasing dream.

Don J. Yes, by the name of the King
Swear I, the sunny dream,
Whene'er thou wak'st again
Shall on thee brightly beam.

Don C. (to PEOPLE).
Desist, I pray,
The laws obey,

Don C. Yes, I obey.

Alc. Away!

Peo. Stay, stay.

Don C. No, I obey. Away.

Mar. To-morrow I shall be a Duchess.

Don C. To-morrow I no doubt shall swing.

Don J. Yes, too certain, that your fate is;

Alc. March, by order of the King.

Mar. Ah! what do my eyes behold?
Free the gallant captive, pray;
I to-morrow shall have gold,
Gladly I'll his ransom pay.

Don C. Gen'rous creature, they'll not hear you.

Mar. I'll with gold to-morrow pay;

Don C. All good angels hover near you.

Alc. Cease this folly—on, away!

MARITANA, LAZARILLO, and ALL.
Oh! misfortune, for this quarrel,
Must his life ignobly pay?

Don J. I forwarn'd him for this quarrel,
He with life must surely pay.

Don C. All must die of something some day,
'Tis a debt we all must pay.

Alc. Away! cease this folly and away!
He with life must surely pay.

Cho. Stay! stay!

Don C. No!—I obey.
Away, &c.

[They march him out B. MARITANA, &c. except L. and back.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

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

Laz. ARIA—LAZARILLO.
Alas! those chimes so sweetly pealing,
Gently dulcet to the ear,
Sound like pity's voice revealing,
To the dying, "Death is near!"
Still he slumbers—how serenely!
Not a sigh disturbs his rest;
Oh! that angels now might waft him
To the mansions of the blest.
Yes, yes! those chimes so softly swelling,
As from some holy sphere

Sound like hymns of spirits telling,
To the dying, Peace is here!

Come, abide with us in heaven,
Here no grief can reach thy breast;

Come, approving angels wait thee
In the mansions of the blest.

ARIA—DON CÆSAR.

Don C. Hither as I came, one poor old man,
With silver hairs, and tear drops in his eyes,

Wept that my life was wasted to a span,
And mercy importun'd with bitter cries.

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

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

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

TRIO.

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

'Tis they all debts must pay.
Of what avail are grief and tears,
Since life which came must go?
And brief the longest tide of years,
As waves that ebb and flow.

Laz. Stay, fleeting Time, thine hour-glass,
The tide of life, oh! stay,
Nor let the golden moments pass
Like worthless sand away.
For him, oh! be there many years,
Apart from ev'ry woe;
The blue serene which heaven wears,
When waves scarce ebb and flow.

Enter DON JOSE.

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

[LAZARILLO exit.]

SONG—DON CÆSAR.

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

I only ask of that proud race
Which ends its blaze in me,

To die the last, and not disgrace
Its ancient chivalry.
Tho' o'er my clay no banner wave,
Nor trumpet requiem swell,
Enough, they murmur o'er my grave,
He like a soldier fell!

BALLAD—"In Happy Moments"—
DON JOSE.
(The words of this song are omitted, the Assignees of the late Mr. Alfred Bunn claiming copyright therein.)

Concerted Piece.

SOLO—DON CÆSAR.

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

ENSEMBLE.

Laz. Life on her each bliss bestow,
Like this cup of rosy nectar,
May her hours with joy o'er-flow!

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

ENSEMBLE.

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

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

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

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

Mar. I must be a bride to-night!

Laz. Yes, the organ, hope inspiring,
Calling to the nuptial rite;
Like a spirit seems to murmur,
No, he shall not die to-night!

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

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

RECITATIVE—THE KING OF SPAIN.

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

ARIA.

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

CAVATINA—DON CÆSAR

There is a flower that bloometh,
When autumn leaves are shed.
With the silent moon it weepeth,
The spring and summer fled.
The early frost of winter,
Scarce one tint hath overcast,
Oh, pluck it ere it wither
'Tis the memory of the past.
It wafted perfume o'er us.
Of sweet tho' sad regret;
For the true friends gone before us,
Whom none would e'er forget.
Let no heart brave its power,
By guilty thoughts o'ercast,
For then a poison-flower,
Is—the memory of the past.

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FINALE—CONCERTED PIECE.

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

Don C. What mystery
Must now control?

It maddens—
It distracts my soul!

Don J. With mystery
Their steps control;

Their meeting
Would distract my soul.

Mar. What mystery
Why thus control,
What horror
Now awaits my soul?

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A magnificent apartment,
richly decorated with tapestry, mirrors,
a portrait of the Virgin, &c.

At back a corridor which overlooks
the gardens of distant palace. Moonlight.

MARITANA discovered surveying the apartment. [MUSIC.]

RECITATIVE—MARITANA.

How dreary to my heart is this gay chamber!
Those crystal mirrors and those marble walls

Add to my gloom, while sweetly sad remembrance
The joyful hours of liberty recalls.

My lonely form reflected as I pass
Seems like a spectre on my steps to wait,
Enquiring from the gold entwined glass,
Can mighty grandeur be thus desolate?

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

ARIA.—DON JOSE.

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

DUETTO.

Don C. Surely, as thou art Don Cæsar,
Yes, I am King of Spain.
Ha, ha! Yes, yes,
I'm King of Spain!

King Insolent! thou King of Spain?
I can't my mirth restrain.
Ha, ha, ha, ha!
The King of Spain!

Don C. Surely, as thou art Don Cæsar,
Yes, yes, &c.

King The King of Spain!

Don C. The King of Spain!
&c., &c.

Don C. You marvel, signor, at this hour
We, unattended, here are seen,
So near a pretty woman's door,
That woman, too, is not the Queen!

But Kings, you know, like other men,
Sometimes a little thus give way.

Kings are but mortals, Don Cæsar,
Of course, you'll not your King betray.

King Of course,
Of course.

Don C. Don Cæsar, now I remember well,
A witty, brawling, mad-brained sot!

Beneath his sword it was that fell
The Captain of our Guard,
was't not?

Be kind enough to make it clear,
If shot, as ordered, t'other day,
And, being dead, how came you here?

Of course, we shall not you betray.

King Of course,
Of course,

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

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

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

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

Don C. 'Twere useless longer to retain
A title not mine own.
No, no!

King Then, then, you are not King of Spain?

Don C. As you suspect, I—
King Then, sir, you are not King of Spain

Don C. No, I my dignity forego.
Enter MARITANA.

DUETTO.

Mar. A stranger here!
Don C. Is it thus we greet?

Mar. That voice, that voice!
Don C. Once more we meet.
'Tis the Zingara!
Yes, Maritana.

Don C. O Maritana, wildwood flower,
Did they but give thee a prouder name
To place thee in a kingly bower,
And deck thee with a gilded shame.

Mar. No! Maritana—tho' in this bower,
Lips, the most pure, shall never blame
A captive in a stranger's power,
She'll perish ere she yield to shame!

Don C. I am thy husband, Don Cæsar de Bazan.

Mar. My husband?
Don C. Thy husband!
Yes, yes, I am the man.

Mar. He is the man!

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

King You to denounce me were too late,
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Mar. My husband?
Don C. Thy husband!
Yes, yes, I am the man.

Mar. He is the man!

Don C. Thine for ever is this faithful heart.

Don C. Yes, yes, thy husband never more to part.

Mar. But how to prove it? Dost thou remember
Those words which at the altar thou saidst to me?

Don C. Yes, yes, I'll prove it! I said remember,
"The rest of my existence I devote to thee!"

Both Yes, yes, oh joy! 'tis he!
My husband!
Thy husband!
Mine!
Thine!

This heart with bliss o'erflowing,
Like the nectar bubbling wine,
In the light of heaven glowing,
Thrills with ecstasy divine.

ORISON.

Mar. and Laz. Sainted Mother, guide his foot steps,
Guide them at a moment sure,
Let the wicked heart then perish,
And the good remain secure;
Sainted Mother, oh! befriend him,
And thy gentlest pity lend him.

FINALE.—MARITANA and ENSEMBLE.

With rapture glowing
Bounds this heart o'erflowing,
With rapture glowing,
Kind friends around approve.
Hence with sadness,
Welcome gladness;
Love and treasure,
Welcome pleasure;
Each sorrow blighted,
Evermore united;
Welcome Joy, and Peace, and Love.

Doors Open at 7.30. ADMISSION THREEPENCE.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT BY THE

CARDIFF NATIONAL WELSH CHOIR,

Under the Direction of MR. C. EMLYN JONES, R.A.M.,

ON TUESDAY, THE 2ND OF AUGUST, 1892,

AT 8 P.M.

PART I.

1. CHORUS Richards
"God bless the Prince of Wales"
THE CHOIR.

Among our ancient mountains,
And from our lovely vales,
Oh! let the prayer re-echo,
God bless the Prince of Wales.
With heart and voice awaken,
Those minstrel strains of yore,
Till Britain's name and glory,
Resound from shore to shore.
Among our ancient mountains, etc.

Should hostile bands, or danger,
E'er threaten our fair isle,
May God's strong arm protect us,
May heaven still on us smile.
Above the throne of England,
May fortune's star long shine;
And round its sacred bulwarks,
The olive branches twine.
Among our ancient mountains, etc.

2. SONG Barnard
"The Gallant 'Salamander'"
MR. VERNON P. TAYLOR.

'Twas the gallant "Salamander" twenty-one guns all told,
And as plucky a crew and commander as ever fought of old.
'Twas a lovely summer's morning, the sea was calm and bright,
When suddenly to the northward a strange sail hope in sight,
The captain took his glass up, and look'd away to sea;
'Tis a foeman, and a strong one,
But we'll tackle her," cried he.
'Twas the gallant "Salamander," and the foe was a seventy-four,
Three times her size, and aboard her a dozen to one or more.
He called on him to surrender with one contemptuous gun;
'Let go," cried the captain, "show her we will neither yield nor run";

And he fought that seventy-four, lads,
From morn till twilight grey;
If ever a "Salamander" ate fire one did that day.

They fought till the sun was setting, and the sea grew dark with night,
And they fought again at morning, as soon as it was light;
They fought till her brave commander and half of her crew had died.
Then down went the "Salamander" and her foeman side by side!
And there they lie together, and till England's heart grows cold,
Shall this yarn of the "Salamander" and her fight to the death be told.

3. SONG "Dolly's Revenge" H. Pontet
MISS NELLIE HILL.

My false love and I, one noonday in July,
Stroll'd by the banks of the rippling ryer Dee;

The summer smiled around, there scarcely was a sound
 But the beating of my heart and the humming of the bee.
 I was feeling at my glove, for I knew no words of love
 Would greet my anxious ear that day.
 Upon a fallen tree that lay across the Dee
 We sat, and thus he spoke to my dismay:
 Now, Dolly, we must part, tho' I'm sorry in my heart,
 But ambition calls me hence from home and thee.
 I must go to London town, I must win a Lord Mayor's gown,
 And of course must wed a maid of high degree;
 I must be a knight, a man of mighty might,
 And a knight and village maid would ne'er agree.
 To regret me would be folly, so forget me, dearest Dolly:
 But I gazed in silent sadness down the rushing river Dee.
 I felt my heart a-swelling, and I felt the tears a-welling,
 But I knew full well he wasn't worth a thought;
 So chasing all my sadness in a merry mood of madness,
 A plan of sweet revenge I swiftly wrought.
 'Twas a leafless withered tree that lay across the Dee,
 And the false one sat midway upon the beam;
 Just one gentle push I gave, and splashing mid the wave,
 Behold the traitor floating down the stream.
 Good-bye, Sir Knight, of the order of the Bath,
 Seek now a maid of high degree;
 You longed for swift promotion, if you swim down to the ocean,
 Perhaps you'll find a mermaid in the deep, deep sea.

4. QUARTET "Yr Haf" *Gwent*
 MISS WILLIAMS, MADAME EMLYN JONES, MESSRS. C. EMLYN JONES, and VERNON P. TAYLOR.
 Fe gladdwyd tlysnian,
 Yn medd y gauaf du;
 A'r gwynt rydd brydd alargan,
 Mewn oer gwynfanus gri.
 Ond ha! daw'r haf toreithiog,
 A bywyd yn ei gôl;
 A thaen flodau gwridog,
 Tros wyneb bryn a dol.
 Mae'r goedwig mewn hard unedd,
 Yn gwisgo mantell werdd;
 A'r haf sydd ar ei orsedd,
 Yn chwareu tanau cerdd;
 Mae'r delyn gynt fu'n hongian,
 Ar helyg gauaf gwyw;
 Yn rhoddi miwsig allan,
 Ust! Clywch! mae'r byd yn fyw.

5. SONG ... *Stephen Adams*
 "The Holy City"
 MR. C. EMLYN JONES.
 Last night I lay a-sleeping,
 There came a dream, so fair,
 I stood in old Jerusalem,
 Beside the temple there.
 I heard the children singing,
 And ever as they sang,
 Methought the voice of Angels
 From heaven in answer rang—

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
 Lift up your gates and sing,
 Hosanna in the highest,
 Hosanna to your King!"
 And then methought my dream was chang'd,
 The streets no longer rang,
 Hushed were the glad Hosannas
 The little children sang;
 The sun grew dark with mystery,
 The morn was cold and chill,
 As the shadow of a cross arose
 Upon a lonely hill.
 "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
 Hark! how the Angels sing,
 Hosanna in the highest,
 Hosanna to your King!"
 And once again the scene was chang'd,
 New earth there seemed to be,
 I saw the Holy City
 Besides the tideless sea.
 The light of God was on its streets,
 The gates were opened wide,
 And all who would might enter,
 And no one was denied.
 No need of moon or stars by night,
 Or sun to shine by day;
 It was the new Jerusalem,
 That would not pass away.
 "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
 Sing for the night is o'er,
 Hosanna in the highest,
 Hosanna evermore!"

6. SONG ... *Lane Wilson*
 "Voices of the Angels"
 MADAME EMLYN JONES.
 Do you see the white clouds sailing thro'
 the gentle summer air,
 Far above the noisy cities, and the meadows green and fair?
 Do you see them as they linger? Do you think what they may be?
 They are faces of the Angels, looking down on you and me.
 Faces of the Angels,
 Floating to and fro,
 From the peaceful Heaven,
 Watching us below;
 How they bend and bless us!
 How they sweetly smile!
 Bringing back the dear ones
 We have lost awhile.

Do you hear strange voices speaking
 when your heart is full of tears,
 When you dream of things departed, and the joys of other years?
 Do you wonder when you hear them, do you think what they may be?
 They are voices of the Angels, sent to comfort you and me.
 Voices of the Angels,
 Speaking soft and low,
 As with sun and shadow,
 Through the world we go;
 Speaking of a country,
 Where there is no pain,
 Where the hearts we cherished
 Will be ours again.

7. RECITATION Selected ...
 MISS ALICE PRYCE JONES.

8. SONG ... *Mascheroni*
 "For All Eternity"
 MISS MYFAMOY WILLIAMS.
 What is this secret spell around me stealing?
 The evening air is faint with magic pow'r,
 And shadows fall upon my soul revealing
 The meaning of this mem'ry-laden hour.

A year ago our paths in life were parted;
 A year ago we sever'd, broken-hearted.
 Where art thou now? on earth, my love?
 Or did thy spirit soar to realms above?
 Though never more on earth, those eyes serene and holy,
 Thy face that shone in beauty, never more I may see,
 The music of thy voice is echoing still within me,
 Thou reignest in my heart, mine own, in life and death I love thee.
 The air grows fainter still, the scene is fading,
 Thy hallow'd presence in my inmost soul
 Alone is real, by wondrous pow'r o'er-shading
 All things beside, I feel its sweet control,
 Filling my heart with confidence eternal,
 That I shall meet thee in a world supernal,
 Where thoughts are felt as I feel thine
 In this blest hour, and know thy thoughts are mine.
 Though never more on earth, etc.

9. CHORUS ... *F. L. Moir*
 "When Rooks fly Home"
 THE CHOIR.
 When rooks fly home at the fall of eve,
 And the sky is red with departing day,
 When the owl her home by the barn doth leave,
 Then lovers stroll through the woods away,
 And whisper of hope, and of golden hours,
 And build a palace, and rear a shrine,
 Which fancy decks with a thousand flow'rs,
 While holy faith makes all divine.
 When rooks are hushed at the fall of eve,
 And the sky is lit with the moon's fair smile,
 When the buds are kissed by the dew-drops bright,
 Then lovers part for a little while,
 To dream as they sleep of one most dear,
 While angels guard them, and close their eyes,
 And pray that love may be always near
 To lead them ever through Paradise.

PART II.
 10. CHORUS ... *Adam*
 "Comrades' Song of Hope"
 THE CHOIR.
 Hark, what sounds of solemn gladness
 Are heard filling the air:
 Sweet the hope that dawns on sadness,
 A joyful day foretelling,
 To banish the night of despair.
 Men that toil in the battle of life,
 Listen to strains that will sweeten the strife.
 When the kindly country that bore you:
 When broad mankind your valour needs;
 When the good and great gone before you
 Look down to mark your noble deeds.
 For your fatherland and freedom,
 For truth and right stand in the van,
 Fling wealth and pomp to those who need them,
 Be staunch and bold, and play the man;
 (Continued on page 78.)

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Truth your standard, holy your cause,
Be faithful to death for your freedom and laws;

Your cause is right, and right is might,
Then play the man and win the fight.

11. SONG Gatty
"When Harvest Came Again"
MR. VERNON P. TAYLOR.

Oh! the harvest moon was bright, and my heart was gay and light,
When I led you home my Colleen Dhas, my bride;

And the rustling barley sheaves whispered to the poppy leaves,
An evensong of peace on every side.
But when harvest came again,
Oh! my heart was numb with pain,
For you my Colleen Dhas were laid at rest,
And our little baby fair with its feath'ry golden hair,

Our baby lay asleep upon your breast.
To our Father high I pray for that final harvest day,
When the reaper Death shall garner in his store.

For we there shall hand in hand,
Tread His golden harvest land,
My Colleen Dhas, my Colleen Oghe Ashtore.

12. SONG Buck
"When the Heart is Young"
MISS MARY JENKINS.

Oh! merry goes the time, when the heart is young,
There's nought too high to climb, when the heart is young,
A spirit of delight, scatters roses in her flight,

And there's magic in the night, when the heart is young.
But weary go the feet when the heart is old,
Time cometh not so sweet, when the heart is old;

From all that smiled and shone,
There is something lost and gone,
And our friends are few or none,
When the heart is old.

Oh! sparkling are the skies, when the heart is young,
There's bliss in beauty's eyes, when the heart is young,
The golden break of day, brings gladness in its ray,

And every month is May, when the heart is young.
—But the sun is setting fast, when the heart is old,
And the sky is overcast when the heart is old.

Life's worn and weary bark,
Lies tossing wild and dark,
And the star hath left Hope's ark, when the heart is old.

Yet an angel from its sphere, though the heart be old,
Whispers comfort in our ear, though the heart be old,
Saying, saying—
Age from out the tomb,
Shall immortal youth assume,
And spring eternal bloom,
Where no heart, no heart is old.

13. QUARTET Pinsitt
"In this Hour of Softened Splendour"
MISS P. COLLINS, MADAME EMLYN JONES, MESSRS. EMLYN JONES, and VERNON P. TAYLOR.

In this hour of softened splendour,
When the moon, fair queen on high,
Bids the stars due homage render
To their sovereign in the sky;

In this hour, oh! lady, hear me,
Bid me my passion prove,
With thy royal glance, ah! cheer me,
While I tell all my love.

In this hour of softened splendour,
When the moon holds court on high,
Hear, oh! hear me homage render,
And give me sigh for sigh.

See, the gentle moon now paleth
In the radiance of the dawn;
And in pure white robe she saileth,
All her queenly glories gone.
In this hour, oh! lady, hear me,
Bid me my passion prove,
With thy royal glance, ah! cheer me,
While I tell all my love.

In this hour so soft and tender,
When the moon forgets to shine,
And the day breaks forth in splendour,
Say, say thou wilt be mine.

14. WELSH SONG Davies
"Oh! na Byddai'n Haf O Hyd"
("O that Summer Smiled for Aye")
MR. C. EMLYN JONES.

O! na byddai'n haf o hyd, awyr las uwchben y byd,
Haul goleulan yu tywynu, adar man y coed y canu,
Blodau fyrdd o hyd, yu gwenu. O! na byddai'n haf o hyd.

Recitative.
O na byddai'n haf o hyd, gauaf mewn tragwyddol gryd;
Neb yn ofni tywydd garw, neb mewn poen na blinder chwerw,
Neb yn cwyno, neb yn marw, O! na byddai'n haf o hyd.
Anian mewn perffithrwydd gwisgoedd,
Bywyd ar bob dalen bythoedd;
O na byddai'n haf o hyd, dydd diderfyn ar y byd.
Mi nau'n ieuauc yu oesoesoedd;
O! na byddai'n haf o hyd.

15. SONG John Thomas
"Merch y Melnydd"
(The Miller's Daughter)
MISS MYFAMOY WILLIAMS.

If Gwilym will be sporting with sweet-hearts two or three,
At wedding, fair, or market, why, what is that to me?

Think not I care a farthing whate'er the neighbours say,
For I'm as free as he is the self-same game to play;

At present I'm determined no coxcomb will I wed,
Who thinks with flow'ry speeches to turn a maiden's head;

I will not wed for grandeur, for fashion or for pelf,
But when I do, believe me, 'twill be to please myself.

Young Gwilym is mistaken if when he passes by
He thinks that every maiden for him alone doth sigh;

But this he may rely on, no false or fickle swain
Of me, the miller's daughter, the heart shall e'er obtain.

So if he'd rather leave me for Gwenny of the Inn,
He has my full permission to try her love to win;

I'll not be made a toy of, and that he soon shall see,
For should he marry Gwenny, young John shall marry me.

16. RECITATION Selected ... MISS ALICE PRYCE JONES.

17. DUET Offenbach
"In the Dusk of the Twilight"
MISS NELLIE HILL and MADAME EMLYN JONES.

In the dusk of the twilight,
Where our thoughts wander free:
Far away on the mountains,
Our lost home we see;
Whilst we fancy the goat-bells,
Ringing out soft and low,
Keep in time with our singing,
As in years long ago.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, lie, la.

Here the flowers bloom brightly,
And the winds whisper low;
Yet I sigh for the mountains
That I left long ago.
And I learn in the longing
There is naught to compare,
With the pale Alpine roses
And the keen mountain air, ah.

When I dream in the gloaming,
There are thoughts that will come,
With a whisper of sadness,
When I sing of my home.
When again in my fancy,
While the soft shadows steal,
Do my idle songs mingle
With the whirl of my wheel.
La, la, la.

18. CHORUS Brinley Richards
"Let the Hills Resound"
THE CHOIR.

Let the hills resound with song as we proudly march along,
For as of old our sires were bold, stout hearts have we;
While Cambria's mountains stand like the ramparts of the land,
Unfettered as the winds are her children free.

War we wage for freedom's heritage,
Our cause is true that urges to the conflict's close,
And peace shall crown the warrior's bright renown,
The fame of him who bore him well in front of foes.
Let the hills, etc.

Land of my home, tender thoughts will come,
When thy happy valleys in dreams I see,
And thy hearth-fires rise, and blue as skies
Eyes of the dear ones are turn'd on me.
Let the hills, etc.

Fair flow thy streams, and in sunlit gleams,
Break upon the stones of a milk-white strand;
And as soft haze fills the range of hills,
Fond prayers arise for my own lov'd land.
Let the hills, etc.

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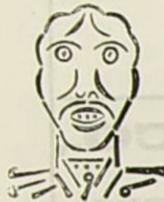
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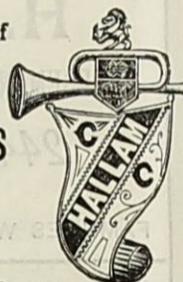
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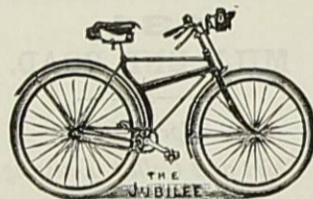
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