

THE
Palace Journal
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FRIDAY, JANUARY 6, 1893.

ONE PENNY.

PEOPLE'S PALACE

Club, Class and General
Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY, January 6th.—Winter Garden, open from 6 to 10 p.m. Admission, 1d.
SATURDAY, 7th.—In the Queen's Hall at 8 p.m., Concert by the Æolian Vocal Union. Admission, 3d.

SUNDAY, 8th.—At 4 p.m. and 8.30 p.m., Sacred Concert and Organ Recitals. Admission Free.

MONDAY, 9th.—Winter Garden, open from 6 to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Concert, "Songs of Britain." Admission 1d. Reserved Seats, 3d.

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

WEDNESDAY, 11th.—At 8 p.m., in Queen's Hall, Concert by the English Opera Singers. Admission, 2d. Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m.

THURSDAY, 12th.—Winter Garden, open from 6 to 10 p.m. Admission, 1d.

THE Library will be open each day during the week, from 8 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, open from 3 to 10 p.m. Admission free.

THE attendances on Sunday at the Sacred Concert, Organ Recital, and Library were 2,351.

THE Classes commenced for the new term on Monday last. Intending students should lose no time in taking their class tickets.

MR. HORACE BARTON'S Pianoforte Recital will be given in the Lecture Hall, on Saturday next, at 8 o'clock. Admission free, by ticket to be obtained in the office.

SEVERAL important additions will be made to the Evening Classes during the present term. Mr. W. H. Rosser will conduct two Classes in Navigation on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings between the hours of 7.30 and 10, commencing on Monday the 16th January. The fee for these classes will be £1 and £2 respectively, and they will be arranged so as to give students a sound, practical knowledge of Navigation and at the same time to prepare them for the subjects required for the Board of Trade Certificates.

CLASSES in Nautical Cookery will be arranged so as to start about the same date, and examinations will be held and certificates awarded on the results. These certificates, it is hoped, will be accepted by the leading organizations of shipowners, as it was at the wish of shipowners that the first steps were taken toward the formation of these classes. An influential committee is in course of formation with the object of advising as to the most useful way of conducting and awarding certificates in the case of the classes in Navigation and Nautical Cookery.

A CLASS for men whose education in writing, spelling, and the like subjects, has been neglected, will commence on Tuesday next at 7.30. Only those who have reached a certain age will be admitted, so that we trust none who require such instruction will be prevented from attending by a feeling of false pride.

WE regret to have to announce that through ill-health Mr. Jesseman has felt himself compelled to resign his post as teacher to the School of Art. We have, however, been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. F. Lydon, who has had much experience in Art teaching, and under whom we doubt not the classes will make good progress.

BOOK-KEEPING.—A Saturday Morning Class will be conducted by Mr. Andrew Sarll, A.K.C., especially suitable for teachers, in preparation for the Society of Arts Examination, commencing on the 7th January next. Hours 10 a.m. to 12 noon. Fee, 7s. 6d. per term.

PEOPLE'S PALACE OLD BOYS, F.C. v. ETON MISSION (Res.), at Temple Mills, on Saturday, January 7th, 1893. Team:—Baines (goal); Langdon, Howell (backs); Oughton, P. Howell, Toyne (half-backs); Burton, Skinner (right wing); Newman (centre); Williams, Bissett (left wing) forwards. Dress at White Hart, Temple Mills. Trains from Bow (N.L.R.) to Victoria-park, 2.30 p.m. Kick off 3.15 sharp.

THE Examination for Ambulance First Aid is fixed for Wednesday, 11th January, at 8 o'clock. Dr. Milne will be glad to see all the women who attended the course at a final lecture, on Monday the 9th, at 7 o'clock.

THE Vocalist for Sunday, 8th January, at 4 o'clock will be Madame Pheroze Langrana.

MR. SINCLAIR DUNN'S concert on Monday next, consisting of the "Songs of Britain," promises to be very popular, illustrating, as it will, the ballad literature of the United Kingdom.

THE concert, on Saturday last, under the direction of Mr. Hugh Davies, was something to be remembered for a long time, when selections from Vincent Wallace's beautiful opera, "Lurline," were very efficiently rendered. The concert ended by the choir and audience heartily singing "Auld Lang Syne."

MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS, the special war correspondent of the *Graphic*, gave a very interesting lecture entitled "War on a White Sheet," on Monday last.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GIRLS' GYMNASIUM.—We are to have another dance in the music-room on Saturday, January 28th, when, as usual, only Palace students may participate in the festivities, and they will be admitted by ticket only. To avoid any variance to this rule, all those who wish to be present must please give in their names to the undersigned, that the tickets may be filled in. It is hoped that every member of the Gymnasium, who is able to dance, will be present on this occasion. At our last dance gentlemen predominated, and we are anxious, this time, to have equal numbers, that our social evening may be in every way thoroughly enjoyable.—ANNIE A. HEINEMANN, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY—Conductor: Mr. W. R. Cave. The present term commenced on Tuesday last, and members are requested to pay their subscriptions as soon as possible. Our Social Dance takes place to-morrow (Saturday) evening, from 7.30 till 10.30, and we hope the members of the Choral Society will join us. If a friend is brought it must be a student of the Palace. Public Notice.—We have vacancies for violas, cellos, and basses, and also wood, wind, and brass.—WILLIAM STOCK, Hon. Sec.; A. VICTOR and H. VERYARD, Librarians.

STUDENTS will be glad to hear that steps are being taken with a view to placing the students' library in a more satisfactory condition. By the beginning of next session at the latest we trust students will be able to find in a suitable room most, if not all, the books they are likely to require in the course of their studies.

Evening Classes.

CHRISTMAS EXAMINATION IN FRENCH.

I HAVE again much pleasure in sending the report of the result of our Christmas examination in French. It appears to me satisfactory, save in the Elementary Class, but as so many students came to their class with their work unprepared, they cannot wonder at having failed. I still regret to say that every year many of the students abstain from attending on the examination night. It is a great mistake on their part, for if they fail, no one knows it but themselves, and if they pass and do not wish their name to appear in the journal, they have simply to mention it on their paper, which a few of the students have done. I forward a table, as well as the names of the successful candidates:—

Table showing the number of papers worked, with the results:—Elementary, First Stage—Number of papers worked, 37; passed First Class, 4; passed Second Class, 7; passed Third Class, 4; not

passed, 22. Elementary, Second Stage.—Number of papers worked, 18; passed First Class, 2; passed Second Class, 4; Intermediate A.—Number of papers worked, 13; passed First Class, 2; passed Second Class, 4; passed Third Class, 4; not passed, 3. Intermediate B.—Number of papers worked, 4; passed First Class, 4. Advanced A.—Number of papers worked, 2; passed First Class, 1; passed Second Class, 1. Advanced B.—Number of papers worked, 6; passed First Class, 4; passed Second Class, 2.

EVENING CLASSES.

ELEMENTARY, FIRST STAGE.

1st Class.—Messrs. J. B. McArdle, John Caton, Miss H. L. Coe, Mr. H. C. Ashby.

2nd Class.—Mr. J. Hart, Miss Harriett Cotter, Messrs. C. J. Hutchings, D. J. Knightley, H. Whalley, Arthur Strangleman.

3rd Class.—Messrs. Edward Talbot, Ernest Whit, Alfred Allen, E. E. Fugeman.

ELEMENTARY, SECOND STAGE.
1st Class.—Messrs. S. Cubbage, J. W. Bryant.
2nd Class.—Miss L. Kimpton, Messrs. H. Morris, W. H. Bishop, G. S. Veness.
3rd Class.—Messrs. Charles Sey, K. Merry, R. Genese, Miss Ethel Gardner, Mr. J. Russell.

INTERMEDIATE A,
1st Class.—Miss Hannah Myers, Miss E. Hardwick.

2nd Class.—Mr. J. R. Gosling, Miss L. Barnett, Messrs. J. Harrison, W. J. Skinner, D. G. Lumsden.

3rd Class.—Miss Francis Martin, Miss R. Valentine, Mr. Artur Bartier.

INTERMEDIATE B.
1st Class.—Messrs. W. H. Carr, Percy Dennis, W. Garthwait, T. A. Flowers.

ADVANCED A.
1st Class.—Mr. W. Austin Zabell.
2nd Class.—Mr. William Regan.

ADVANCED B.
1st Class.—Messrs. J. Bew, Robert Turner, H. J. Hockaday, A. F. Lee.

2nd Class.—Messrs. F. Westoo, H. H. Medcalf.
ERNEST POINTIN.

PROGRAMME OF
GRAND SELECTION OF VERDI'S ROMANTIC OPERA
"IL TROVATORE,"
(IN ENGLISH)
Under the Direction of MR. HUGH DAVIES,
ON
SATURDAY, JANUARY 7TH, 1893, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

ARTISTES:—Leonora, Miss ADA POTTER. Azucena (*Gipsy*), Miss FLORA EDWARDS. Maurico, Mr. HORACE WARD. Fernando, SIDNEY DAVIS. The Count Di Luna, Mr. JOHN HADDON Courtier, Mr. SIDDON TURNER. Courtiers and Soldiers, THE ÆOLIAN VOCAL UNION. Pianoforte Mr. H. SMITH WEBSTER.

SYNOPSIS.

Revenge is the mainspring of the action of *Il Trovatore*. An old gipsy woman is seized and burnt alive for having bewitched the Count Di Luna's infant son, Azucena. The daughter of the gipsy, to be avenged, steals the Count's son and burns him, as she fancies, on the same pile with her mother. She is horrified, however, at finding she has thrown her own child by mistake into the flames. The desire for vengeance becomes the sole object of her life. The Count's child is brought up as her own under the name of Manrico. As he advances in years he distinguishes himself in the wars, and carries off the prize at a tournament, where he is crowned by Leonora, with whom he falls in love, and who loves him in return. The reigning Count Di Luna, elder brother of the stolen child, is also in love with Leonora, who rejects him for Manrico, which fires the Count's jealousy. A report of Manrico's death reaches Leonora, who resolves to pass her days in a convent. The Count attempts to carry her off, when Manrico interposes and prevents him. The castle in which the lovers find shelter is stormed by the Count and taken, and Manrico, being made a prisoner, is condemned to die. Azucena is apprehended, and, being recognised

as the gipsy who burnt the Count's brother, is adjudged to be burnt alive in exchange for her lover's pardon. Leonora promises her hand to the Count, but to prevent marriage takes poison. She flies to the prison to liberate Manrico, who, suspecting the terms by which his freedom is secured, rejects her offer. Too late he discovers she has sacrificed herself for him. The Count, infuriated by the deceit practised upon him, orders Manrico to instant execution, and leads Azucena to behold her son's decapitation. His exultation is converted into horror when told that the victim is his own brother, and the gipsy is avenged for her mother's murder. The scene is laid in Biscay and Arragon.

INTRODUCTION.

SCENE I.

(Courtyard of the Count's Castle.)

Ferrando. Come, rouse ye!
The Count comes, and we must watch for his approaching.
Ye know that oft times beneath the window of his lady love He keepeth a lonely watch.
Soldiers. Well we know that his heart is on fire with a flame; he is jealous.

Fer. The Troubadour, who in the garden sings at night-time, he fears him; he has good cause to fear that rival.
Sol. From our eyelids, weigh'd down with drowsy, watching care, Chase now their sleep with story of the Garzia, the brother of our Master.
Fer. I'll tell; close now around, and hear.
Sol. We do so; we listen.
Fer. Liv'd the Count Di Luna, a happy father, with two sons in his keeping; Ever the younger a good nurse watched over, the while the child was sleeping. One morning, when the early dawn was breaking, Ah! what a sight saw she there; What beheld near the child on her awaking.
Sol. Say! What saw she? What was there?
Fer. There was a swarthy witch, a gipsy seated; Her symbols magical on her dress wearing; O'er the poor infant fierce she was staring, Bending near him, mischief preparing.

The nurse at once was mightily horror-stricken, And into screams for aid soon began to quicken. The swifter by far than the tale I am telling The servants came round her; Then they entered quickly, shouting, and fiercely yelling. Then, by their striking threatenings of danger, The gipsy hag was expelled the place.

Sol. In justice, she had deserved their anger; Truly, the witch had incurred disgrace.

Fer. She excuse made, that she was only hasting To predict the child's fortune! Deceiver! For they found the babe was wasting with sore fever. He grew so thin and pale, weaker was and dying, In cold death's grasp was lying. Lo, thus they found him with lamentations tragic— 'Twas the effect of magic. Then was the vile hag of incantation Caught, and the stake was her condemnation. The child, a daughter, left she no other, Vow'd to avenged her accursed mother. Thus, then, her promise she kept but too truly; Lost was the fair babe, search was made duly. There where the gipsy did penance in dying, They found a young child's bones still bearing blood-stains On that spot lying, amid the embers, still consuming.

Sol. Oh! Wretched woman! Thy deeds accursed Our hearts with horror and anguish fill. His father—

Fer. Not long did he live in sadness; in his heart he then deeply cherished strange fancies. In secret, his boy he thought had not perished; and when he died he made our master promise that he would not give up hoping, but never cease to seek the child: but how vainly.

Sol. And did you hear no more of her?

Fer. We've had no tidings! I hope one day I may see her face again.

Sol. And if you met, would you know her?

Fer. Aye, thought o'er her, tho' years have pass'd I should know her.

Sol. Then is the time to make her join her mother, in infernal regions.

Fer. To the devil. Oft 'tis said she wanders like a soul accursed, O'er earth until doomsday, the impious gipsy! She comes in shapes oft changing, when the sky darkens nightly men see her.

Sol. 'Tis true. 'Tis said men have seen her fly far o'er the houses, Shape of an owl that the watcher arouses; Or oft' as a crow, and as swift as the lightning, She flieth afar from the dawn's early bright'ning.

Fer. The Count had a servant, who flying before her, Struck out at the witch's brow and died of the horror. Yes, died from the horror. She came in the form of a bird of ill omen. The witch came to frighten him one eve in the gloaming, Her glance it was fearful, her eyes flame revealing, Her screams pierced the air with a terrible roar, The hour of midnight struck—the bell pealing.

Fer. and Sol. Ah! May that fearful hag now be accursed for evermore.

SCENE II.—Inside Leonora's Castle.

Courtier. Oh, say why stay you? Late the hour is. Listen! Knowest thou that the Queen late hath sought thee; you heard her?

Leonora. A night will pass again, and him I shall not see.

Cour. Lo! What fatal love you have cherished. I pray you tell me how you first came to feel the fire of passion!

Leon. At the tilt there. A knight came; black was his surcoat and his shield, and on his banner saw we no insignia. He came thus strange unknown, and gain'd he all the glories of the tourney. I crown'd, as conqueror, his brow with laurels. Then a civil war broke out here, and he was gone; his sacred image faded, e'en as a dream. Long days departed since those dear hours, and then—

Courtier. What then?

Leonora. Give ear now. The night was calm and peacefully, in deep sky reposing, The moon stole on all silently, her silver light disclosing. Then came a voice upon the air, where silence guard was tending, Sweetly it spoke its melting pray'r in tones of bliss unending, And then a serenade I heard, and love its ev'ry word. Ah! then I heard him, as one prays to God, with head bent humbly kneeling, E'en there he stoop'd upon the moonlit greensward, to me appealing, I heard my name from lattice height, and lo! he was there near me; No words can tell the strange delight, that ce'n to Heav'n did bear me, No words can tell the new delight that then transported me, That gave such joy to me.

Count (outside). Now all is silence! in peaceful calm and sleeping, no doubt the royal maid is resting, and yet her servant watches! Oh, Leonora! thou art awake, dear! The quiv'ring ray that's beaming from thy lattice casement tells us that thou art watching! Ah! how this fire, this passion burns strangely within me! Ah! now let me see thee; how shalt thou hear me! Dear one, this happy moment, dear, is our own—The Troubadour. I'm raging.

Manrico (outside). Now on the earth so lonely, I ask but for one heart only. I'm worn with anguish sore. Oh! love the Troubadour.

Count. I hear him. I'm raging.

Manrico. If I can gain that treasure, Kind fate, no fuller measure Can ever hold in store. Oh! love the Troubadour.

Leonora. Oh, dearest lov'd one!

Count. What's this?

Leonora. Thou'rt later than thy wont this evening, I counted ev'ry minute, and my heart fast is beating, Ah! it is love, love that takes such pity on me—bringing thee to me.

SCENE III.
(Gipsy Encampment.)

Chorus of Gipsies. See how the darkness of night now dieth, Over the sky the fair morn's blush flieth, So does the widow, of sighing awary, Put by the vestments of sorrow so dreary. Come then! to work now, strike now the hammer. Who gives the gipsy a life that's full of pleasure, Who the gipsy's days makes fair, the gipsy's sweetheart. Fill up the beaker. We gain fresh strength to arm our manly hearts from wine cups flowing; See how the sunshine glows as it passes, Gaining new strength from the wine in the glasses. Now back to toiling.

CANZONET (Azucena).
Fierce flames are raging, Loud clamour fills the air, Mad crowds rush forward, Eager for horrors there; Hark to their wild shouts, List to that piercing cry! Poor friendless gipsy. Ah, must she then die? Then flames close around her, While fiercely they rise, Writhing with torture, Her loud shrieks reach the skies. There roars the burning pyre, She stands the doomed one; Demons exalting laugh at each deep groan, Howling like wild beasts. Yet in her agony,

From hillside to hillside Echoes her death cry. Then flames close around her, While fiercely they rise, Writhing with torture, Her loud shrieks reach the skies.

Gipsies. You sing a dismal strain.

Azucena. 'Tis sad, but far more sad and dreary was the dreadful deed that gave its story—Revenge, revenge.

Manrico. Again these mysterious words

A Gipsy. Now then, 'tis time to go and seek for bread. Come on at once to the village lying near us.

We come then. Who gives the gipsy a life that's full of pleasure, who makes his life so fair? His gipsy sweetheart.

SCENE IV.—Outside the Convent.

Count. All now is lonely, nor yet thro' the air resoundeth the wonted choral; I have not linger'd.

Fer. A plain audacious, has my Lord resolved on.

Count. This boldness say, is it not by burning love and the pangs of wounded pride now enjoin'd? Fallen is my foe.

Naught seem'd then before me to hinder or check my wishes, But now appears a barrier stronger than any convent, None else e'er shall claim thee, Leonora. Mine is Leonora.

Bright her smiles, as when bright morning Bids each star sink, light forsaken; At her glance of beauty scorning What kindly ardours in me waken; Ah! My love so fondly entreating, Can she e'er its prayer gainsay One soft glance like sunlight greeting; Will my storm-toss'd heart ally. That chiming, Oh Heav'n!

Fer. Yon bell of the coming rites gives warning.

Count. E'er she the alter can reach, She's my captive.

Fer. Ah! Pause now.

Count. Silence! Thou hearest! Then leave me; 'Neath those shady beeches ensconce yourselves; In one moment mine is the prize, with fond suspense I'm burning.

Fer. and Sol. Away! Let us retire, seek yon trees' dark shade, Nor breathe a sound, his will must be obey'd.

Count. Ye sands of time swift speeding, Curse on with hope so freighted,

Such joy all bliss exceeding; Awaited ne'er, no, ne'er a mortal yet, To Heav'n tho' consecrated, I've sworn that she shall love me, Tho' earth and heav'n above me, Their pow'rs against me set.

NOTE.—The Count, in endeavouring to carry off Leonora, is intercepted by Manrico, who, with Leonora, flies to the Oastle.

SCENE V.

Soldiers' Encampment outside Castle.

Sol. We just now these dice will rattle, Soon at other games we'll battle,

Furbish up our weapons trusty, Soon, fresh blood will make them rusty;

See the help for which we tarried, Aye! They seem to war well train'd,

Now the place will soon be carried, Castellor we'll soon have gain'd.

Fer. Yes, doughty comrades, at peep of morning it is by our chief resolved the fort to invest from all quarters, and there on stores of plunder we're certain friends, to light past expectations. If conquering we take it.

Sol. What a glorious prospect.

Sound the loud trumpet to battle inviting, Glory fame to conquer, long we all have panted

Ere, and to-morrow, our band stoutly fighting, Shall our brave flag on yon wall have planted:

Ne'er Dame Hope such a vision victorious Held out, yet in a prospect so near,

Where, what's useful combines with the glorious, And we reap both rich prize and honour dear.

NOTE.—Azucena wandering near the encampment, is recognised, seized and thrown into prison.

SCENE VI.

(Inside the Castle.)

Leonora. Loudly sounding, I hear a warlike clangour.

Manrico. Danger is threatening, vain now is all dissimulation! Ere dawns the morning surely shall we be assailed.

Leonora. Dark clouds overshadow, our Nuptials' promised lustre.

Man. Fatal omen, regard not O my beloved.

Leon. I struggle.

Man. Of love and love's devotion, in this our peril. You alone should take counsel.

Yes now! thou art my spouse by right, I thine in sight of Heaven.

My heart more bold will be in fight, e'en new strength I'm given;

But should, alas, the fates ordain the doom by all awaited,

And I upon the field remain, to death a victim fated.

Ah! then shall my last fleeting sigh, thy fraught with love to thee,

To go before thee dear on high, is all that death will be.

NOTE.—Manrico, with his comrades, in defending the castle is captured and cast into prison.

SCENE VII.

(Outside the Prison).

Leonora. Borne on the rosy wings of love,

Hasten ye sighs of anguish, Solace to yonder captive prove, Left there in woe to languish.

May hopes far visions bright'ning, His load of sorrow light'ning, Call up from the past so sweet to him

Our happy, happy dreams of love. Ah! no whisper repeat to him Of sad thoughts that now my bosom move—

Chorus of Monks (inside).

Look with pity on a soul fast fleeing

To that far goal when soul return'd yet never. Heav'n's mercy, now grant thy soul a greeting.

Ah, let him not confounded be for e'er. Miserere.

Leonora. That chanting so solemn and sorrow forboding,

Now fills all the air around and strikes me with dread, With awe and dark myst'ry around me now closing.

The breath, hath my lips from my heart, the pulse fled.

Manrico (inside). Ah death, thou comest slowly ever to those who sigh, Longing and yearning to die. Now part we, Leonora, fare thee well!

Leonora. Ah heaven, life now deserts me. On yonder tower, the doom of all mortals,

E'en death with its pinions black, seems hovering now; Alas! ne'er will open perhaps yonder portals

Till death's hand of ice hath for aye chill'd his brow.

Chorus. Miserere.

Manrico. E'en with my life's blood sealing, all my fond love for thee, Ne'er from my heart blot out the thought of thee.

Leonora, fare thee well!
Interval of Ten Minutes.

PART II.

(Manrico and Azucena in Prison.)

Recit.—MANRICO.

If thou hast lov'd, if still thy son thou lovest, O, may his voice have pow'r to charm thee, Calm thy heart and soothe thee, Repose thee here, and may sweet sleep to peace restore thee.

Duet.—AZUCENA and MANRICO.

Yes, I am weary and fain would rest me, But more than grief have sad dreams oppress me; Should that dread vision rise in my slumber, Rouse me, its horrors then may depart. Rest thee, O! Mother, and I will watch o'er thee, Sleep may restore sweet peace to thy heart.

Home to our mountains, let us restore love, There in thy young days peace had its reign,

There shall thy sweet song fall on thy slumbers, There shall thy lute make me joyous again.

Rest, thee, O! Mother, kneeling beside thee, I will pour forth my troubador lay.

O! sing and wake now thy sweet lute's soft numbers, Lull me to rest, charm my sorrows away.

NOTE.—On the death of Leonora, the Count here orders Manrico to be executed, after which Azucena informs the Count he has executed his own brother, and the gipsy is avenged.

GLEE "Strike the Lyre" Cookc.

THE ÆOLIAN VOCAL UNION.

Strike, strike the lyre, let music tell The blessings springs shall scatter around, Fragrance shall float on every gale, And opening flowerets paint the ground.

O! I have passed whole hours in sighs, Condemned the absent fair to mourn; But she appears and sorrow flies, And pleasure smiles at her return.

I love the proud and solemn sweep Of harp and trumpet's harmony, Like swellings of the midnight deep, Like anthem's of the opening sky.

But lovelier to my heart the tone That dies along the twilight's wing; Just heard, a silver sigh and gone, As if a spirit touched the string.

Welcome is the joyous strain That bids the anxious lover burn, The smile of beauty wakes again, And discord flies at her return.

SONG ... (Humorous) Selected ... Mr. DAVIE WILLIAMS.

SONG ... "Esmeralda" ... Levy Miss ADA POTTER.

Where is the little Gipsy's home; Under the spreading chestnut tree, Where ever she may roam, Where e'er that tree may be;

Roaming the wide world o'er, Crossing the deep blue sea She finds on every shore, A home among the free. Ah! Voila la Gitana Esmeralda Zingara.

The Gipsy is like the bird, A bird that sings on tree and bower; The Gipsy is like a bee, The bee that flits from flower to flower; She loves the sun and sky, She loves the song and dance; The groves of sunny Spain, The plains of La Belle France. La Voila Gitana Zingara.

Oh! leave her like the bird to sing, To sing on every tree and bower;

Oh! leave her like the bee, To flit from flower to flower; Roaming the wide world o'er, Crossing the deep blue sea; She finds on every shore, A home among the free. Ah! Voila la Gitana Esmeralda Zingara.

SONG "I am a Roamer" Mendelssohn (From the Operetta "Son and Stranger.") Mr. W. H. SIMONS.

I am a roamer, bold and gay, Who thro' the world have danc'd my way; From Poland to the Irish Sea Do I know all and all know me—

The tarantelle, With French vielle, The minuets With castanets! The Rigadoon, The Arab tune, The polka hop, The new galloppe, I know them all from A to Z, And by my heels can save my head.

I am the man, whate'er you play, Can put you in the proper way— Where every clown among ye all Would stumble o'er his leg and fall.

You know not yet The pirouette, Nor Scottish reel With toe and heel; For a quadrille You have no skill; A bear could do A valse like you.

But pity I am come to show, And teach you rustics all I know. Thank the good stars, who you to teach Have put a master in your reach. What profits arm, or leg, or span, Save one can use them like a man?

SONG ... Stephen Adams. "The Island of Dreams." Miss FLORA EDWARDS.

It lies on the deep, where the blue water gleams, A beautiful Island, an Island of dreams; Where sweet tender faces flit to and fro, The loves that we loved in the dear long ago

And our hearts they must beat and our burning tears fall As we see their hands waving and hear their lips call.

O Island of dreams, O star of the deep, I am weeping and waiting and longing to sleep.

But there far away from the world and its pain, I meet you my darling, I hold you again, And we tread the old paths as in days that have been, With no one to part us, no shadow between;

And I feel your heart beating, I see your eyes shine, And dreaming or waking I know you are mine. O Island of dreams, O love of the past, The waiting is over, I find you at last.

SONG ... Selected ... Mr. W. A. HAMILTON.

SONG ... Clay. "I'll sing thee songs of Araby" Mr. HENRY CRIBB.

I'll sing thee songs of Araby, And tales of fair Cashmere, Wild tales to cheat thee of a sigh, Or 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, And all my soul shall strive to wake Sweet wonder in thine eyes.

Through those twin lakes, when wonder wakes, My raptured song shall sing, 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; 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.

SERENADE ... "Ciro Pinauti." "Sleep on, dear love." Mr. SIDDON TURNER.

Sleep while the noonbeams play hide and seek; Mid golden tresses and golden cheek, Or hush their revels, that love may speak; Sleep on, dear love, sleep on. O'er thy slumbers like angels bright, A thousand stars with their eyes of light, Keep faithful vigil throughout the night, Sleep on, dear love, sleep on.

Sleep till the gentle golden dawn Steals to thy couch, as the day is born, To bid thee rise, and perfect the moon! Sleep on, dear love, sleep on. May angels' wings be thy canopy, May angels chant thy lullaby, And angel voices whisper of me, Sleep on, dear love, sleep on.

PROGRAMME OF Sacred Concert and Organ Recital SUNDAY, JANUARY 8, 1893.

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

At 4 p.m.

VOCALIST ... MADAME PHEROZE LANGRANA. THE PEOPLE'S PALACE SUNDAY AFTERNOON CHOIR.

1. CONCERTO in B Flat, No. 6 ... Handel. (a Allegro; b Larghetto; c Allegro Moderato).

2. HYMN ... "As with Gladness Men of Old."

f As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star behold, As with joy they hail'd its light, Leading onward, beaming bright; So most gracious LORD, may we Evermore be led to Thee.

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

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

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

f In the Heavenly country bright Need they no created light; Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown, Thou its Sun which goes not down; ff There for ever may we sing Alleluias to our King. Amen.

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

ADMISSION FREE.

The doors will be kept closed during the performance of each number on the Programme.

Voices wanted for all parts for the People's Palace Sunday Afternoon Choir. Ladies and gentlemen who are able to read music, please apply to Mr. Jackson after any recital or sacred concert.

3. ANDANTE GRAZIOSO ... Smart.

4. VOCAL SOLO.

5. PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN G MAJOR Mendelssohn

6. ANTHEM ... "I was glad" ... Elvey.

I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the House of the Lord. For there is the Seat of Judgment, even the seat of the house of David.

O pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love Thee. Peace be within Thy walls and plenteousness within Thy palaces. Amen.

Psalm cxxii., 1, 5, 6, 7.

7. ANDANTE from Violin Concerto ... Mendelssohn.

8. VOCAL SOLO.

9. MARCH IN C (from Notturmo) ... Spohr. (For wind instruments).

At 8.30 p.m.

1. SONATA No. 7 (1st movement) ... Rheinberger.

2. ARIA ... "With Verdure Clad" (Creation)...Haydn.

3. MARCHE TRIOMPHALE ... Archer.

4. ADAGIO CANTABILE ... Hopkins.

5. PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN C MINOR... Bach.

6. ANTHEM ... "God shall wipe away all tears" Sullivan.

7. FINALE ... Guilmant.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

BY THE ENGLISH OPERA SINGERS,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.

ON WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11TH, 1893.

COMMENCING AT 8 O'CLOCK.

VOCALISTS:

MDME. EUGENIA MORGAN. MDME. ADELINE VAUDREY. MR. WILLS PAGE.
MR. BROUGHTON BLACK. ORGANIST: MR. R. T. GIBBONS, F.C.O.

Part I.

ORGAN SOLO, Overture (Les Diamans de la Couronne) *Auber.*
MR. R. T. GIBBONS, F.C.O.

QUARTET "Brightly Dawns" (Mikado) *Sullivan.*
MDME. EUGENIA MORGAN,
MDME. ADELINE VAUDREY, MR. WILLS PAGE,
MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.

SONG "There was a time" (Wooden Spoon) *Hope Temple.*
MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.

TRIO ... "Tell me what is a maid to say" (Haddon Hall) *Sullivan.*
MDME. EUGENIA MORGAN,
MDME. ADELINE VAUDREY, MR. WILLS PAGE,

SONG ... "Poor Wandering One" (Pirates of Penzance) *Sullivan.*
MDME. EUGENIA MORGAN.

DUET "We're called Gondolieri" (Gondoliers) *Sullivan.*
MR. WILLS PAGE AND
MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.

SONG ... "At Eventide" (Falka) ... *Chassaigne.*
MDME. ADELINE VAUDREY.

SONG "Would you know the kind of Maid" (Princess Ida) *Sullivan.*
MR. WILLS PAGE

DUET ... "The Shy Widow" (Vicar of Bray) *Solomon.*
MDME. VAUDREY & MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.

QUARTET "Strange Adventure" (Yeomen) *Sullivan.*
MDME. EUGENIE MORGAN,
MDME. ADELINE VAUDREY, MR. WILLS PAGE,
MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.

Part II.

ORGAN SOLO, Grand Selection (Les Huguenots), *Meyerbeer.*
MR. R. T. GIBBONS, F.C.O.

QUARTET "Then Let's away" (Gondoliers) *Sullivan.*
MDME. EUGENIA MORGAN,
MDME. ADELINE VAUDREY, MR. WILLS PAGE
MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.

SONG, "The Pipe Song" (Rip Van Winkle). *Planquette.*
MR. WILLS PAGE.

DUET, "The Wily Widower (Vicar of Bray), *Solomon.*
MDME. ADELINE VAUDREY AND
MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.

SONG, "The Legend of the Kaatskills" (Rip Van Winkle), *Planquette.*
MDME. EUGENIA MORGAN.

DUET, "Put a Penny in the Slot" (Mountebanks) *Cellier.*
MDME. EUGENIA MORGAN AND
MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.

SONG ... "One Day Margot" (La Cigale) ... *Audran.*
MDME. ADELINE VAUDREY.

SONG, The Vicar's Song: "Engaged to So-and-So" (Sorcerer), *Sullivan.*
MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.

TRIO, "Never Mind the Why and Wherefore" (Pinafore), *Sullivan.*
MDME. EUGENIA MORGAN, MR. WILLS PAGE,
MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.

QUARTET, "Regular Royal Queen" (Gondoliers), *Sullivan.*
MDME. EUGENIA MORGAN,
MDME. ADELINE VAUDREY, MR. WILLS PAGE,
MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.

ADMISSION TWOPENCE. Students of the People's Palace Classes admitted FREE.

The doors will be kept closed during the performance of each number on the programme.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN ON

MONDAY, January 9th, 1893,

Commencing at 8 p.m.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

MR. SINCLAIR DUNN,

ENTITLED

"SONGS OF BRITAIN."

VOCALISTS:—MR. SINCLAIR DUNN (Scottish Tenor), of the Crystal Palace and St. James' Hall Concerts, Miss SUSETTA FENN (Contralto) Double Medallist, R.A.M., London: of the Carl Rosa Opera Company.
VIOLINIST.—Miss JESSIE RADFORD. ACCOMPANIST.—MR. M. DUNN.

PART I.

BALLAD "The Bay of Biscay" *Davy*
MR. SINCLAIR DUNN.
Written by *Dibdin*—Sketch of *Dibdin's* Life—"The Bay of Biscay."
Loud roar'd the distant thunder,
The rain a deluge showers,
The clouds were rent asunder,
By lightning's vivid powers;
The night was drear and dark,
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day, there she lay,
In the Bay of Biscay, O.
At length the wished for morrow,
Broke thro' the azure sky,
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
Each heaved a bitter sigh,
The dismal wreck to view,
Struck horror to our crew.
As she lay, on that day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O.
Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent,
When Heaven all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent.
A sail in sight appears,
We hail it with three cheers,
Now we sail with the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay, O.

SONG "Tell Me, my Heart" *Bishop*
Miss SUSETTA FENN.
Tell me, my heart, why morning prime,
Look like the fading eye?
Why the gay lark's celestial chime
Shall tell the soul to grieve?
The heaving bosom seems to say,
Ah! hapless maid, your love's away
Tell me, my heart, why summer's glow
A wintry day beguiles?
Why Flora's beauties seem to blow,
And fading Nature smiles?
Some zephyr whispers in my ear,
Ah! happy maid, your love is near.
T. MORTON.

BALLAD "Sally in our Alley" *Old Melody*
MR. SINCLAIR DUNN.

Written by *Henry Carey*—Story of the Song—The Shoemaker's 'Prentice and his Sweetheart—"Sally in our Alley"—Story of the Gentleman and the Bumpkin.
Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day;
And that's the day that comes between
The Saturday and Monday.
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
When Christmas comes about again,
O then I shall have money,
I'll board it up and box and all,
I'll give it to my honey;
And would it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

SONG ... "Welcome ever, welcome Friends" *Bercon*
MR. SINCLAIR DUNN.
Oh welcome, ever welcome friends,
I love to see them round,
And who would not be happy when
True friendship's to be found?
Their glad some faces wear no mask,
Their hearts are true as gold;
I love new friends, but still give me
The dear, dear friends of old.
Yes! welcome, ever welcome friends,
Who would not have them near?
Tho' age may alter, yet old friends
Are ever, ever dear.
But when we miss them one by one,
And loving hearts are cold,
New friends we meet, still mem'ry's
dear
To those lov'd ones of old.

SONG, "Maggie Lauder" *Old Melody.*
MR. SINCLAIR DUNN.
Written by *Simple*.—Chambers speers for Maggie—Another Story about Maggie—Composer of Melody unknown—"Maggie Lauder"—Stories of Fatigued wi' drinkin' and a Sailor's Yarn.
Wha wanda be in love
Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder,
A piper met her gann tue Fife,
And spier'd what wast they call'd her;
Richt scornfully she answered him,
Begone you hallan shaker,
Jog on your gate ye bletherin' skate
My name is Maggie Lauder.
Maggie, quoth he, now by my bags,
I'm fidging fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
Indeed! I winna steer thee:
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter;
The lasses loup as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter.
Piper, quo' Meg, hae ye your bags,
Or is your drone in order?
If ye be Rob, I've heard o' you—
Live ye upon the border?
The lasses a', baith far an' near,
Hae heard o' Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,
If ye'll blaw up your chanter.
Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and walloped o'er the green,
For brawlie could she frisk it:
Well done, quoth he; play up, quoth she;
Well bob'd, quoth Rob the Ranter;
Tis worth my while to play, indeed
When I hae sic a dancer.
Well hae ye played your part, quoth
Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's nane in Scotland plays sae well,
Since we lost Habbie Simpson.
I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter
And gin ye come to Anster Fair,
Spier ye for Maggy Lauder.

SONG ... "Robin Adair" *Old Melody*
Miss SUSETTA FENN.

What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near.
What was't I wish'd to see?
What wish'd to hear?
Where's all the joy and mirth
Made this a heaven on earth?
Oh! they've all fled with thee,
Robin Adair.
What made the ball so fine?
Robin Adair.
What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair.
What, when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh! it was parting with
Robin Adair.
But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair.
But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair.
Yet he I loved so well,
Still in my heart shall dwell;
Oh! I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair. BURNS.

SONG ... "Be kind tae Auld Grannie"
MR. SINCLAIR DUNN.

Written by M'Kay of Kilmarnock—
Won the Prize at Glasgow—"Be kind
tae Auld Grannie"—Stories of a Killie
Minister, and Tak' the water oot o't.
Be kind to auld Grannie, for noo she is
frail,
As a time shatter'd tree, bending low in
the gale;
When ye were wee bairnies, tot totting
about
She watched ye when in, and she
watched ye when oot.
And aye ween ye chanced in yer daffin
and fun,
Tae dunt yer wee heids on the cauld
staney grun,
She lifted ye up, and kissed ye fu' fain
fain
Till a' yer bit cares were forgotten
again.
Then be kind, &c.

When first in your breasts rose that
feeling divine,
That's waked by the tales and the
sangs o' langsyne,
Wi' auld warld cracks she wad pleasure
inspire,
In the lang winter nights as she sat by
the fire;
Or melt your young hearts wi' some
sweet Scottish lay,
Like the "Flowers of the Forest," or
"Auld Robin Gray,"
Tho' eerie the win' blew around our bit
cot,
Grim winter and a' its wild blasts were
forgot.
Then be kind, &c.

And mind now tho' blythe day o' youth
noo is yours,
Time will wither its joys as wild winter
the flowers;
And your step that's noo licht as the
bound o' the roe,
Wi' cheerless auld age may be feeble
and slow;
And the friends o' yer youth to the
grave may be gane,
And ye on its brink may be tottering
alane;
Oh think how consoling a friend would
be then,
When the gloaming of life comes like
mist o'er the glen.
Then be kind, &c.

SONG "Up in the moon" Hutchison
MADAME WORRELL.

They are dreaming together, with hand
in hand,
The love that's unspoken they under-
stand;
He looks in her eyes in the silence of
night,
As they drift thro' the stars in a dream
of delight.
While the soft winds croon
Their old sweet tune,
And the lovers float on in their sweet
honeymoon.
But alas! for the lovers, their dreaming
is past,
The sweet golden silence is broken at
last;
There's a storm coming up o'er the
heavens too soon,
And the clouds gather dark o'er the
sweet honeymoon.
Aud now he storm's broken they
quarrel and chide,
And she nestles no longer so close to
his side;
And he turns him away, his face all a
frown,
While her tear-drops are falling in
bitterness down,
But hush! 'tis a whisper in accents low,
"My darling, forgive me, I love you so!"
And it's worth all the sorrow, and
worth all the pain,
To be just the old happy lovers again;
And the soft winds croon
Their old sweet tune,
For there lies not a cloud on the sweet
honeymoon.—F. E. Weatherly.

SONG "So the Folks say" Hutchison
Miss SUSETTA FENN.

It was Kitty the sweetest colleen,
That in Derry had ever been seen,
And Tim in his car had been drivin' her
far,
And hadn't a word to say.
She was dressed all so pretty and neat,
And was looking so wonderful sweet,
She drove all his notions away, away,
She drove all his notions away,
For och! sure, love's a queer thing;
So the folks say.

So I hope that you don't think it wrong,
If she gave him a sm-ell help along,
By saying, "Tim, sure, and you're very
demure,

What is it's the matter to-day?
Faix! I wish that I never had come,
But had stayed with my mother at home,
If you've nothin' that's plisant to say,
to say,

If you've nothin' that's plisant to say."
For och! sure, etc.

Then he plucked up a trifle of heart,
And looked at the colleen so smart,
"Were it not for the baste I'd be circlin'
your waist,
But he'd start wid his nonsense and
play."

Then she looked up so pretty and sly,
With a bit of a laugh in her eye,
"Shall I drive a bit o' the way, o' the
way,
Shall I drive a bit o' the way?"
For och! sure, etc.

PART II.

SONG "The Minstrel Boy" Old Melody
Miss SUSETTA FENN.

Written by Tom Moore—Sketch of
Moore's Life—What he did for old Irish
Airs—Scotch and Irish Music—"The
Minstrel Boy"—Story of seeing in the
dark.

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

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

BALLAD ... "Norah, the Pride of Kildare"
MR. SINCLAIR DUNN.

Written by John Parry—A writer of
English, Scotch and Irish Songs—
"Norah the Pride of Kildare"—Story
of Irish Evidence.

As beauteous as Flora is charming
young Norah,
The joy of my heart and the pride of
of Kildare.
I ne'er will deceive her, for sadly t'would
grieve her
To find that I sighed for another less
fair.

Her heart with truth teeming, her eye
with smiles beaming,
What mortal could injure a blossom
so rare,
As Norah, dear Norah, the pride of
Kildare.

Where'er I may be, love, I'll ne'er forget
thee, love,
Tho' beauties may smile and try to
ensnare;
Yet nothing shall ever my heart from
thine sever,
Dear Norah, sweet Norah, the pride
of Kildare.
Thy heart with truth teeming, thy eye
with smiles beaming,
What mortal could injure a blossom
so rare,
As Norah, dear Norah, the pride of
Kildare.

SONG "Kathleen Mavourneen" Crouch
Miss FENN.

Written by Mrs. Crawford—Meeting
of Tittens and Crouch at New York—
"Kathleen Mavourneen"—Stories of
He let them out, and Full of Emptiness,
Kathleen Mavourneen, the grey dawn is
breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on
the hill;

The lark from her light wing the bright
dew is shaking,
Kathleen Mavourneen! what, slum-
bering still?
Oh, hast thou forgotten, how soon we
must sever,
Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we
must part!

It may be for years, and it may be for ever
Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of
my heart?

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy
slumbers,
The blue mountains glow in the sun's
golden light;
Ah, where is the spell that once hung
on thy numbers,
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my
night
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears
are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I
must part;
It may be for years, and it may be for ever
Then why art thou silent, thou voice
of my heart?

SONG ... "Rory O'More" ... Lover
MR. SINCLAIR DUNN.

Written by Samuel Lover Artist,
Novelist, and Song Writer—Sketch of
life—"Rory O'More"—Stories of A
Humble Apology, Pat and the Priest.

Young Rory O'More, courted Kathleen
bawn,
He was bold as a hawk, and she, soft as
the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen
to please,
And he thought the best way to do that,
was to tease;
"Now Rory be aisy" sweet Kathleen
would cry,
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye,
With your tricks I don't know, in troth,
what I'm about,
Faith you've teaz'd till I've put on my
cloak inside out."
"Oh! Jewel," says Rory "that same is
the way,
You've thrated my heart for this many
a day;

And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why not,
to be sure?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold
Rory O'More.
"Indeed then," says Kathleen, "don't
think of the like,
For I half gave promise to soothing
Mike,
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll
be bound."
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love
you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry, if you dont let me go;
Sure I dream every night that I'm
hating you so!"
"Oh!" says Rory, that same I'm
delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by contrairies,
my dear,
Oh! Jewel, keep dreaming that same
till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night
the black lie;
And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why not,
to be sure?
Since, 'tis all for good luck," says bold
Rory O'More.
"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've
teazed me enough,
Sure I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny
Grimes, and Jim Duff,
And I've made myself, drinking your
health, quite a baste,
So I think, after that, I may talk to the
Priest!"
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm
round her neck,
So soft, and so white, without freckle
or speck,
And he look'd in her eyes that were
beaming with light,
And he kiss'd her sweet lips—don't you
think he was right?

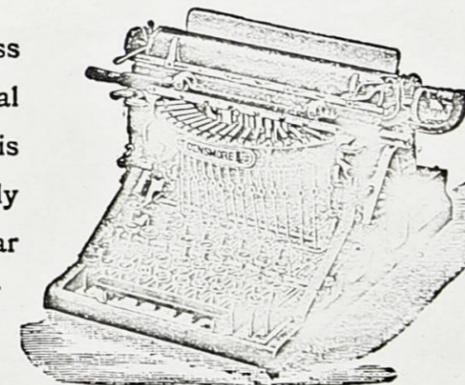
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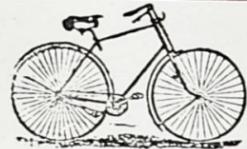
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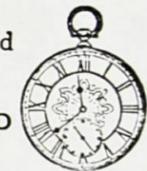
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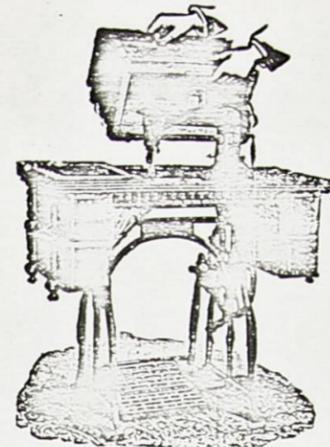
Arrangements have been made for Members of the People's Palace to receive COURSES of PROF. LOISETTE'S MEMORY TRAINING
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STRATFORD BROADWAY, LONDON, E.

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adult for admission to our Christmas Bazaar, the charge being made solely for the benefit of the West Ham Hospital:—

No. of Adults Admitted.			No. of Adults Admitted.		
		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
Dec. 5	461	1 18 5	Dec. 16	1,442	6 0 2
" 6	371	1 10 11	" 17	2,140	8 18 4
" 7	549	2 5 9	" 19	1,938	8 1 6
" 8	94 (Thursday)	0 7 10	" 20	1,598	6 13 2
" 9	575	2 7 11	" 21	1,914	7 19 6
" 10	814	3 7 10	" 22	159 (Thursday)	0 13 3
" 12	1,055	4 7 11	" 23	1,810	7 10 10
" 13	1,130	4 14 2	" 24	1,367	5 13 11
" 14	638	2 13 2			
" 15	130 (Thursday)	0 10 10			
			TOTAL	19,185	TOTAL ... £75 15 5

A Cheque for £75 15s. 5d. has been sent to the Secretary of the West Ham Hospital.

J. R. ROBERTS, STRATFORD, E.
CLOSED AT 1 O'CLOCK ON THURSDAYS.



Vol. XI.—No. 270.]

FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1893.

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EMINENT MEDICAL
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but as "HEALTH" says—
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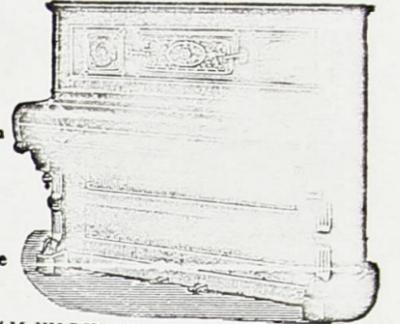
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