

THE Palace Journal

People's Palace, Mile End Road.

VOL. XI.—No. 284.

FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1893.

[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY, April 21st.—The Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Admission 3d.

SATURDAY, 22nd.—In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Ballad Concert. Admission 3d. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

SUNDAY, 23rd.—Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 a.m. At 3.30 p.m., Sacred Concert. Part II. of "Elijah," by the People's Palace Choral and Orchestral Societies. At 8.30, Organ Recital. Admission Free.

MONDAY, 24th.—In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Grand Concert. Doors open at 7 p.m. Admission 3d. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

TUESDAY, 25th.—In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Annual Meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society. Admission Free. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Women only.

WEDNESDAY, 26th.—In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Entertainment by the Field-Fisher Quartette. Admission 2d. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

THURSDAY, 27th.—Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

FRIDAY, 28th.—Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

On Sunday afternoon next the People's Palace Choral Society and Orchestra will give Part II. of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," when the following vocalists have kindly consented to sing:—Miss Ada Paterson, Miss Jessie King, Mr. Rechab Tandy, and Mr. Arthur Barlow. Organist, Mr. B. Jackson, F.C.O.; and conductors, Mr. Orton Bradley and Mr. W. R. Cave. Doors will be open at 3; the performance to commence at 3.30; admission free.

THERE will be no concert in the Queen's Hall on Saturday, the 29th April, in consequence of the hall being required for the Science and Art examinations, which commence on that day.

WE beg to call the attention of women and girls to the fact that the swimming bath is reserved for them from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. on Tuesdays. Two competent

swimming mistresses have been retained, Miss Phillips and Mrs. Hurley. Students of the People's Palace Evening Classes are admitted during the day for the sum of one penny. The bath is reserved solely for the use of the People's Palace Girls' Swimming Club, from 9 till 10 p.m. Those willing to join this club (the membership fee is rs. the season) should apply to Miss J. Osborn.

THE Governors have great pleasure in announcing that through the kindness of the Drapers' Company they are able to offer 100 day-school scholarships, valued at £10 each. These scholarships will be tenable at the People's Palace Day Technical Schools, and payable in three annual instalments, viz.:—1st year, £3; 2nd year, £3; 3rd year, £4. All particulars respecting the date of the examination, and forms of application, may be obtained by applying to the Secretary.

THE class in Practical Photography commenced on Saturday afternoon last, and will continue between 2.30 and 3.30 p.m., and 3.30 and 4.30 p.m. each Saturday. The course will comprise ten lessons of one hour's duration, five of which will be devoted to the production of the "negative," and the remainder to the "print." Students will provide their own dry plates and sensitive paper. Fee for the course, 6s.

THE first of the Science examinations (Geometry) will be held on Saturday 29th inst. in the Queen's Hall. The students in this subject should be seated not later than 5.45.

GORLESTONE (YARMOUTH) HOLIDAY HOME.—Owing to the success attending the previous two years' holiday trips, arrangements have been made to re-open the house at Whitsuntide, under the same arrangement as before. Intending trippers should book their dates early to prevent disappointment. Mr. Carley, in the Schools office, will give all information.

IN the grand display of progressive physical exercise, at Exeter Hall, on Saturday last, the members of our gymnasium, under Mr. Burdett, took part with distinction. The work on the horizontal bar was especially good, notwithstanding a breakdown of the apparatus, but it hardly seemed fair for the centre position to be occupied by a squad from the army gymnastic staff, and for the different squads to be all working at once. Our friends from the Woolwich

Poly. did well; in fact, it was a good performance all round. Dr. Barnardo's girls and the boys from Spurgeon's Orphanage delighted everyone with their performances.

THE Governors have given permission for the delivery of lectures, arranged by the Worshipful Company of Farriers, at the Palace, on the principles and practice of horse-shoeing, by Dr. G. Fleming, C.B., F.R.C.V.S., on the following dates—May 3rd, 8th, 11th and 16th. Each lecture will commence at 8. Admission free.

Letter to the Editor.

RE LADIES IN PARLIAMENT.

SIR,—In the last issue of *P. P. Journal*, W. J. P. favoured me with an answer to mine of 24th March, in which he states his objection, giving no reason except his want of "admiration for the weaker sex in public." I did not, as W. J. P. seems to think, base my proposal on admiration, but in justice due to the ladies as fellow students. In a very kind way he suggests that they be the subject of a first debate, the result *pro* or *con.* to be accepted. Could the ladies enter with any grace after the decision? I think W. J. P. would be surprised to find the weaker sex (as he is pleased to term them) by no means inferior to him, and if his lack of admiration for them in public is the only objection, it is to be hoped he will soon overcome this petty prejudice. I should like to hear the opinions of some of our ladies on the subject.—Yours faithfully, E.D.B.

People's Palace Lawn Tennis Club.

AS the season for tennis is rapidly advancing, I shall be pleased to give full particulars to any member of the Palace who desires to join.

The club will play over Victoria Park every day, commencing May 1st, and we also have a court at the Palace, and are hoping to have a private court at Walthamstow.

Application should be made as soon as possible as several arrangements have to be made, and the number of members is limited.

A meeting will be held to-night (Friday), at which intending members should attend. A large number of ladies have joined the club. We are now wanting our young men to come out.

JAS. GRANSHAW, Hon. Sec.

People's Palace Cycling Club Notes.

IF there be any truth in the adage that "well begun is half done," then the present season should indeed be the most successful that has ever been witnessed.

MARCH 25th, the date of our opening run, was a glorious day, and seventy-two 'Mounts, good and true, wended their way to Loughton, to celebrate the opening of the 1893 season, and also to show the other clubs there assembled what we can do if we choose. It is hardly necessary to say that we captured the cracknel; in fact, so far ahead of the other clubs were we that it would be more correct to say that we bombarded the bakehouse. *Whelch* says that we created a record by getting so many of the lady members out on this occasion, whilst the editor of the "Essex Echoes" in the *Cycle Record* said that our end of the room looked decidedly comfortable and that we are to be envied. I don't know that there is any very serious objection to be raised to anyone envying us in that respect, for although some may be ready to point out that it is against the Scriptures to do so, yet we can feel for them deeply, and excuse them on the ground of extenuating circumstances.

AFTER tea was disposed of, many went for a quiet stroll whilst the tables were being cleared and the room arranged for the concert. I am inclined to think that the concert was rather a disappointment to a good many, at least that was the impression left upon me after chatting with a number. For my own part these big fixtures, in which so many clubs are concerned, seem to give enjoyment and satisfaction in the inverse ratio to their size. True there were some good items in the programme, but the surroundings were not at all conducive to the enjoyment that should have resulted. It occurred to me that one gentleman who sang about a certain specific, which possessed qualities so multifarious and wonderful, that it would cure all the ills that the human flesh is heir to, might, with advantage, have tried a little of the said concoction upon that organ of his body from which emanated those rich musical tones in which he detailed the many and miraculous cures effected by its application.

THE Easter tour was, without a shadow of a doubt, the most enjoyable outing the club has ever had. Nothing was wanting to complete our enjoyment. The roads were in good condition, and the weather simply glorious. In this latter respect it must be acknowledged that the holiday was a record one for the time of year, and I do not think there are many people living who can recollect such beautiful and settled weather so early in the year. In fact, the sun and the moon seemed to have entered into competition to see which could make the earth the more beautiful, and no sooner did the one set than the other rose to cast its silvery beams over the earth.

To chronicle all that we did would

indeed require very much more time and space than I have at my disposal, so much pleasure did we manage to crowd into a small space of time, and the Easter tour of 1893 will not be surpassed for enjoyment, nor forgotten by those who formed the party, for at least a very long time to come.

OWING to the limited accommodation we were able to obtain, it was necessary to curtail our numbers, so that many who wished to join us were unable to do so on that account. To have taken more than we could accommodate comfortably would have been not only folly, but unfair to those members who gave their names in early, so that those who came up, with their little lot, at the last moment found they were just too late.

If they are wise, however, they will profit by their Easter experience, and at once give in their names and entry fee for the Whitsun tour to Canterbury, so that early application can be made for accommodation sufficient for all wishing to go. Mr. H. C. Farrant, of 108, Grove Row, Bow, will again be responsible for the arrangements, and names and subscriptions should be forwarded without delay. May 13th is the latest date for receiving names, but it is not wise to delay until the latest date before sending in.

THE house warming at the "Fir Trees" on April 8th, must be writ down as successful in the largest letters possible, that is of course, if we wish, as we all of us naturally do, to adhere to the truth. The football match was keenly contested, the teams being very evenly matched, and what was wanting in science, was more than made up for by the fun which resulted. At half time, neither side had scored, and at the finish, the Essex men proved victorious by one goal to nil, so that the Middlesex team held their own well, and the "walking round them" by the Essex team did not "come off" as was anticipated by those who were in the know, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, who thought they were. Our old friend, Mr. W. Marshall acted as referee, and Messrs. Farrant and Garrard officiated as linesmen. After the match was over, and the necessary ablutions had been performed by the players, we sat down to as nice a tea as one could wish for, and needless to say, justice was done to the good things provided. This is the first tea we have had at the "Fir Trees," but host Hurst has clearly demonstrated that he is no novice at the game of providing for a large party.

THE arrangements were simply splendid, for when we sat down the tables were loaded with good things, and when we had finished—yes quite finished, mind you—much still remained, so that our poor appetites had not been under-estimated. What a contrast to some places that we have stopped at in our time where a famine seems to set in as soon as we begin feeding, and to get a decent meal it is necessary to possess the virtues of patience and perseverance.

As soon as it becomes generally known how well cyclists are catered for

at Mr. Hurst's house the Fir Trees will be patronised by many other clubs, as it richly deserves to be.

AT the concert which followed, a programme both lengthy and well assorted was got through without a hitch, Mr. Marshall occupying the chair. I think the safest plan will be for me to give the programme in full:—Overture duet, "Qui Vive," the Misses Howard and A. Smith; song, "The skipper," Mr. Giles; comic, "All have a drink with me," Mr. Davis; mandoline duets, "Carnival polka" (encore), selection, the Misses Crispe and Murrell; comic, "Rowdy dowdy boys" (encore), "The penny bus," Mr. Stapleton; song, "Dear Homeland," Miss C. Taylor; banjo band, "Sweet lavender" (encore), selection, Athena Banjo Band; overture, selection, Mr. Kennard, senr.; song, "Alice, where art thou?" (encore) "Come into the garden, Maud," Mr. Polley; comic, "Up I came" (encore), "I'll give him tar-rara," Mr. Raggett; banjo band, "The song that reached my heart" (encore), "Chiming bells," Athena Banjo Band; song, "Killarney" (encore), "Whisper, and I shall hear," Miss A. Smith; song, "A cycling life," Mr. J. Wheeler; recitation, "Becaimed," Mr. H. Burley; song, "Hearts of oak," Mr. Garrard; sleight of hand, the Mahatma trick, Mr. R. O. Parker; mandoline duet, "Jessamine," the Misses Crispe and Murrell. Of course, we finished up with a hearty vote of thanks to our chairman and the artistes, and all seemed sorry that such an enjoyable afternoon and evening had passed so rapidly.

MR. FLANDERS made his *début* in a grand style, and is to be congratulated upon the success he achieved, and unless I am much mistaken, the Essex men will on many future occasions, have just cause to be proud of the man they have elected as their captain.

TRUTH is stranger than fiction. It is hard to believe that anyone can be so foolish as to ride racing tyres on the road and carry no repairing outfit. Yet such is the case; but no doubt two punctures, a burst, and a nine miles walk when one should be in bed will prove a salutary lesson to even the most thoughtless.

THE question of cycle insurance against loss by theft, burglary or fire, is one that has long been talked of, and at last seems to have reached the practical stage. Mr. T. Bolton has for some time past been negotiating with an insurance company for the purpose of obtaining specially reduced terms for the members of the club, and I am glad to say his persistent efforts have been crowned with success. For a very small sum members may now insure their machines, but to obtain the full benefit of the reduction it is necessary for the majority of the members to insure. Full particulars can be obtained by forwarding a post card to T. B. Bolton, 1, Laura-terrace, Cobden-road, Leytonstone.

ALTHOUGH the riding season has scarcely begun, the usual letters against cyclists and cycling have made their

appearance in the daily press. Although many cyclists no doubt ejaculate "rot!" or some other forcible—if not polite—expression, after reading these tirades against the pastime in which they indulge, still if they look at the matter calmly and with as unbiassed a mind as it is possible for them to bring to bear on the question, they will, I think admit that more care might be exercised whilst riding in large numbers.

CYCLISTS, as well as pedestrians and the public generally, would also benefit, and it would be well to make a practice of riding single file through towns and double file on other occasions. This would certainly be preferable to riding in a bunch, and on the approach of a vehicle making for the near side with a every-man-for-himself-and-devil-take-the-hindmost sort of rush which is so often seen with some clubs, and more often than not results in the shedding of spokes. As we shall in all probability have a larger attendance at our club runs than any previous season, it would be well if a workable regulation were made with a view to minimising as far as possible the chance of any such mishap occurring, prevention being so much better than cure.

LADIES wishing to join a cycling club or to obtain any information about cycling should communicate with Miss G. Crispe, 41, Osborne Road, Forest Gate, or Miss A. Evans, 213 Green-st., E.

Enter at once for the Whitsun tour.

Don't forget to send a post-card for terms of cycle insurance. AITCHHEE.

People's Palace Swimming Club.

President, J. L. S. HATTON, M.A.
 Captain, H. T. BOSANQUET.
 Vice-Captain, T. EMERSON.

THE above club started their swimming season on Thursday last with a 60 yards sealed handicap, which will extend over three weeks to give all members a chance of swimming in the first handicap of the season. Books of rules, fixtures, balance-sheet, etc., are now in print. The club promises to be more successful this season than ever; a good balance in hand; races every week; prizes given in every race. Water polo matches, and two splendid silver cups—captaincy race £5 5s., and championship cup £10 10s.—presented by the president, Mr. J. L. S. Hatton, M.A. The subscription for the season is 3s. 6d., which includes entrance fee. All applications for membership (which is confined to members of the Palace) to be made to any officer of the club on Monday or Thursday nights in the baths.—H. ELLIS, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer, 17, Commodore Street, E.

ONE of the incidents that most attracted popular attention in Professor Owen's researches, was his describing and drawing the huge extinct bird, the *Dinornis*, from a single fragment of bone given to him by a sailor from the South Seas. The professor's conjectural reproduction was afterwards wonderfully verified by the discovery of fossil remains.

Geological field Class.

GEOLOGY has been defined as the "Physical Geography of the past," since the physical laws ruling our planet to-day are the same as those which have modelled the earth into its present form. By applying such facts as have been discovered Mantell showed that countless ages ago a broad river draining north-west Europe ran through what is now called England, and emptied itself as a delta over the area where the south-eastern counties now stand. So prolonged was its flow, and so extensive must the drainage area of this river have been, that the delta alluvium deposited reaches in some places to a depth of two thousand feet. Gradually this delta sank, becoming overwashed by the sea and covered with sand, as is to-day the sea-floor near river mouths. Still further sank the land, the remains of the life in the water above it being deposited as thick beds of chalk, covering the sand. The land now rose as a whole, and in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, lateral pressures caused a further dome-like elevation, which, being considerably exposed, was easily worn away; at first the chalk went, then the sand, until in this region the original delta-clay was bared, and excavated into a basin surrounded by the sloping sides of the dome which had escaped erosion. The walls of this basin, however, are not perpendicular cliffs, but a belt of hills and valleys, for the less durable rocks have fallen and been carried away, so forming the undulations. In this basin there is an elevation of Hastings sand, which offered too much resistance to the erosive agencies, and still stands out from the level Weald, as the basin is called, in bold relief.

It was on the brim of this basin, at Caterham Valley station, that the members of the P.P.G.C., favoured by a brilliant sun and headed by their indefatigable lecturer Mr. J. Burrell, found themselves at noon on March 25th. Having passed over London's most recent formation of oyster shells, broken crockery, and tins, and then over the London clay, the members commenced work upon the Chalk, the topmost layer or brim of the Weald Basin. Proceeding due south, we turned into a chalk quarry and noticed the northward dip of the strata. The chalk under inspection is that known as Middle Chalk, for the mollusc *Inoceramus* was specially abundant and there was a dearth of upper chalk fossils. The effects of rain and ice in breaking up rocks was well seen here. Walking up Tupwood Hill to the Common the rounded character and equal height of the surrounding North Downs chalk hills was very marked, as also was the lack of trees and sparse vegetation. On the summit of the hill, also capping the water-works hill, is a bed of Oldham pebbles, the angular character of some of the flints which were found embedded in loam, leading to some remarks as to the probable mode of their transportation. We now stepped off the Chalk on to the Upper Green Sand, for which Godstone (Goodstone) has been famed for centuries. At a glance we noticed the greater abundance of vegetation, implying that this rock is more retentive of water than is the Chalk.

Passing down the steep hill we came to the sand-stone quarries. These quarries in the Upper Green Sand afford scope for a good object-lesson to the field-geologist. The strata dip to the north, as do all North Downs rocks; and the walls sparkling with fragments of mica embedded in the sand, show stratification well. One division between two strata is very well marked, occurring about half way down the wall, and greatly assists the quarry-men in dividing the adjacent blocks, as by forcing iron wedges along the division planes the strata separate. The lowest stratum is rich in Chert, and small stalactites hang from the dripping roof. We were fortunate in being able to view the galleries in dry weather, although, as it was, the paths were fairly muddy. We noticed how a little underground stream was wearing out a bed for itself, reminding us of the disturbing actions of larger underground streams. This and the numerous pools pointed to the retentive nature of sand-stone for water. Outside the mine were blocks of stone "weathering," meaning in this case merely drying, the dissolved salts being deposited, and cementing the sand-particles into solid stone. Economically, this sand-stone is used as hearth-stone for furnaces in glass factories, &c. Along the Godstone road, we had a good instance of how small animals can alter Nature's face. On all sides mole-heaps were seen, resembling on a large scale Darwin's worm's borings, which in one year cast up ten tons of earth over one acre. The succeeding Gault clay outcrop was now reached, but in this district it is not very wide. Here we saw for the first time during our walk a natural pond and surface rivulet, with the usual accompaniment of rich vegetation. In the geological explanation of these facts, we were able to "read sermons in stones and books in the running brooks." The next formation we came to was the extensive Lower Green Sand, on which Godstone itself stands. Opposite Godstone Corner is a silver-sand pit. Here pure white silica without the cementing materials of the upper beds is visible. In some few places there are thin strata consolidated by iron salts, probably the remains of some ancient bed of seaweed. Current bedding is here well illustrated. Through the village past the Bay-lake we passed and visited the Church with its memorial recess, in which about fifty specimens of British marbles are displayed. The cutting leading southward showed the northward dip of the beds, and the interstratified bands of iron stone.

After an hour's rest and refreshments, presided over by our lady companion, Miss Chambers, we proceeded up Tilburstow Hill, crossing the head waters of the Medway. We walked along the Pilgrim's Way, a cutting in the Hythe beds of the Lower Greensand, extending with numerous breaks to Canterbury. The summit of the counterscarp we reached after passing through a thickly planted pine-wood, reminding us of the aspect of the Weald in the time of our Saxon fathers (the German Wald means forest), and how ruthlessly their sons have felled the trees for iron-smelting, a trade for which the Weald was very famed until its fuel failed—the

railings of St. Paul's Cathedral, by-the-by, having been made at East Grinstead. A grand sight presented itself to us as we stood on the escarpment. In the dim distance the high ground of the Hastings Sand was seen rising in the centre of the basin, and close to us the downslope of the scarp reaching to the level Wealden Beds. The northward dip of the Greensand was here very regular, the angle being from 10° to 15°. This is what we should expect from the theory of the elevation of the Wealden dome. Passing down the escarpment over the Atherfield clay (the lowest stratum of the Lower Greensand), we found ourselves upon the Wealden with just time to reach Godstone Station, as some of our members were compelled to return to London by the 6.36 train. The majority, however, preferred to profit by the lengthening evenings, and visit a neighbouring Wealden brick field. This we reached just as the shades of evening had fallen, and we were thus only able to take a cursory glance at the nature of the clay.

In our short walk of five miles from Caterham to Godstone station, we had traversed nearly the whole of the Cretaceous rocks: Chalk, Upper Greensand, Gault Clay, Lower Greensand, Folkestone, Sandgate, Hythe beds, and Atherfield Clay, and the Weald Clay. Perhaps there is no other neighbourhood so rich in geological facts, compressed into so small a space. Nor does its scenery lack interest. The lecturer continually drew our attention to the influence of the rocks on the general character of the vegetation. When looking northwards from Tilburstow Hill, an instructively comprehensive view of the general surface characters of the Cretaceous Rocks may be obtained. High up in the back-ground the rounded chalk hills are just visible, with their dry and sparsely vegetated fields. Below is seen the outcrop of the upper greensand with its more abundant timber. Still lower, sinking into a valley, is the soft Gault, sandy and greatly eroded, with rich vegetation and plentiful irrigation. Rising from this valley is the Lower Greensand, forming the second great Weald escarpment, and rising to the summit of Tilburstow Hill, then descending as a scarp into the well-watered Atherfield and Weald clay country.

The best thanks of the whole party are deservedly due to our lecturer, for the painstaking manner in which he conducted the class, and the interest which he infused into the work of this thoroughly successful field-day.

STANLEY B. ATKINSON, B.Sc. (Lond.)

ART AMONGST THE CHINESE.

There can be no doubt about it, that the Chinese, with their stolid, unmoved faces, have in them a strong vein of quaint humour. The wood-carving of China is poor, though skilfully executed; but the carvings in jade and coral lac are real works of art. They are done in open work, low relief and high relief. Many of the ornaments made of lac and jade are carved in such forms as a lotus plant, with leaves and blossoms cut out of the solid mass; with fruit and branches partly detached, and bats flying from them, or other ideas naturalistically treated.

The Bandits of China.

THE editor of a Chinese paper, published in San Francisco, alluding to the recent fire at a theatre in China, by which 2,000 lives were lost, said to an interviewer: "It was only a small matter. A fire was started by some pilferers just to bother the patrolmen about the theatre, and before it could be put out 2,000 lives were lost. That's the way we get the news. Yes, we had something in the *Occident* about it this morning."

These people you call bandits are just about the same in China as are the revolutionists in Mexico. Only they have more of them in China than they do in Mexico, because there are more people there and times are harder. Hard times make the Chinese bandit. He must either pilfer or starve. One would think by reading the news from China that about two-thirds of the population there are outlaws, and such is the case in some portions of the Empire, but not where the accident referred to took place. There the Government does not pay as much attention to these bandits as they do here. The army isn't large enough to chase after all the bands of poor people who go about robbing the more fortunate, and no attention is paid to a raid unless it is called to the notice of the Government by someone with what you call in this country a "pull." Then the Government sends out a lot of troops, and if the bandits are caught they are at once beheaded.

WHAT THE CHINESE BELIEVE.

Chinese believe that a man who robs another in daylight must be a very dangerous man, and he is killed when caught; but if he robs at night the penalty is not always death.

The Chinese bandit is a harmless sort of being. He seldom kills, and tries to get what he wants by intimidation, just as they did at Kam Li. The Chinese accounts state that they tried to make trouble for the patrolmen, who had driven them away, by starting a small fire near the temple of the priests, but that the dry matting and bamboo caught fire too easily, and spread so fast, that the patrolmen were unable to put it out, with the result that nearly 2,000 lives were lost. But the culprits were not bandits. They were the same kind of people who started a fire with rice paper in the gallery of a Chinese theatre in this city some fifteen years ago for the purpose of robbery. When the people saw the fire and smoke they made a stampede for the door, and did not think of keeping their hands on their pockets in which they had their money. The men who started the fire secured considerable money, but in the stampede and crush at the door and on the stairway several lives were lost.

The interviewer then tried the Chinese Consulate with the following result:—At the Chinese Consulate no one knew anything about the bandits of China. In fact, King Ow Yang, the interpreter, said that there were very few bandits in China, for the reason that the business was not very profitable and the risks too great, for everyone caught doing a little trade in the bandit line was at once beheaded. Most people

believe that bands of bandits flourish unmolested throughout the Chinese Empire, but King Ow Yang was positive that such was not the case.

REMNANTS OF THE BLACK FLAG.

"The only place I know in China where bands of outlaws are numerous," said the Consul's interpreter, as he removed from his mouth the chubby hand of an exceedingly lively Chinese baby he was fondling, "is in the French concessions in Tonquin. The remnants of the famous Black Flag still hold sway, but of course with them the Chinese Government has nothing to do. The French Government is responsible for the acts of these bands of rebels. The theatre at Kam Li was not set on fire by outlaws, but according to our advices the disaster was the result of a fire that started accidentally back of the stage, and as the building was made of matting and bamboo it was almost entirely ablaze in an instant. The frightened people made a stampede for the exits, and as a result ever so many of them were killed. That is all there is to it."

Possibilities of Cremation.

THE advocates of cremation in Melbourne have discovered a new argument (says a writer in the *Queenslander*) in favour of their view of what they no doubt consider the burning question of the day. The discovery—though, after all, it appears to be nothing new to science—which they are making so much of is "that the ashes of a corpse mixed with twenty times their weight of earth form a soil suitable for the development and culture of nearly all kinds of trees, shrubs, and plants." The deduction seems to be that since this suitability exists it is our duty to take advantage of it. I must confess it is rather a pretty idea, that of building up the life of a plant out of the inorganic remains of those who have gone before. To be sure there is nothing very novel in the idea, except in the going about it deliberately. For we are all quite aware that not only the vegetable kingdom but our own frames must be largely made up of particles that were once "portions and parcels" of "the men of old." It is much more likely that great Cæsar's clay, instead of stopping a hole to keep the wind away, is at the present moment mixed up with the economy of numerous plants and animals. But this proposal to directly transfer the "remains" into some particular plant has something rather striking about it. To my mind its interest chiefly lies in the fact that it would give us a choice in our lifetime of what flower we would like to be afterwards. I can see endless vistas of poetry and flowerpots in the thing—a new promise added to the stale played-out vows of love: "And when death takes you, you shall be a white rose;"—a new deathbed request: "What, oh what, would you like to be?"—a new edge to wrath: "I shall turn you into a thistle!" And so on—no end to it. And just think how pat you could reply when she sings "I'd like to be a daisy!" But such a highly poetic subject is simply wasted in a prose paragraph.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT
ON
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26th, 1893,
BY THE
FIELD-FISHER QUARTETTE.

Miss MARJORIE FIELD-FISHER. Miss EVELYN FIELD-FISHER.
MASTERS ALFRED AND ERIC FIELD-FISHER.

PART I.

- QUARTETTE "La Cigale" Mandolines, Guitar, Banjo
Introducing the Songs "Doubt Not" and "Our Dear Old Home."
THE QUARTETTE.
QUARTETTE "Fiddle and I" Mandolines, Guitar, Banjo
THE QUARTETTE.
DANCE (Spanish) "Toreador" Piano, Castanets
EVELYN AND ERIC FIELD-FISHER.
RECITATION "Man with one hair"
ALFRED FIELD-FISHER.
SONG (Spanish) (a) "Sara Yetta" Guitar
(Italian) (b) "Nuna Palona"
MISS FIELD-FISHER.
QUARTETTE "Hoch Hapsburg March" Mandoline,
THE QUARTETTE. Guitar, Banjo
DUET "Little Johnny Jones" Piano
EVELYN AND ALFRED.
IRISH BALLAD "Rory, Darlin'" Hope Temple
MISS MARJORIE FIELD-FISHER.
DUET Selected
EVELYN AND ERIC.
DANCE "Scarf Dance" Piano
EVELYN.
SONG "Aloha" Mandolines, etc.
(Sandwich Island National Song).
MISS MARJORIE FIELD-FISHER.
QUARTETTE Selection from "Mountebanks"
Mandolines, etc.
THE QUARTETTE.

PART II.

- QUARTETTE "Selection of Popular Airs"
Mandolines, Guitar, Banjo
THE QUARTETTE.
RECITATION (a) "How Grandmamma Danced" ...
EVELYN.
DANCE (b) "Minuet with Tableaux" Piano
EVELYN AND ERIC.
SONG "One Day Margot" Piano
MISS MARJORIE FIELD-FISHER.
TRIO "Cup of Tea" Piano
EVELYN, ALFRED AND ERIC.
SONG "Zuyder Zee" Piano
EVELYN.
TRIO (a) "Daffodil" Lindsay Kearnc
(b) "Christmas"
Mandolines, Guitar
MARJORIE, EVELYN AND ERIC.
SONG "Eighteen Stamps" Piano
ALFRED FIELD-FISHER.
EARLY ENGLISH DANCE (time, Henry VIII.) Piano
EVELYN.
QUARTETTE "Good Night" Mandolines, etc.
THE QUARTETTE.

ADMISSION 2d.

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
BALLAD CONCERT,
ON
SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1893, at EIGHT o'clock.

SIXTH SERIES. THIRTY-FIRST CONCERT.

Musical Director to the People's Palace - - - - Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

ARTISTES:

MIDDLE. DOROTHEA DOROS. MISS HELEN PETTICAN. MR. R. SCOTT-CHISHOLME.
MR. JOSEF CLAUS.
PIANO—MISS GRACE SIMON AND MR. ORTON BRADLEY.
VIOLIN—MR. MAX REICHEL. RECITATION—MISS NORA HASTINGS.
CONDUCTOR—MR. RAPHAEL ROCHE.

PART I.

- DUET (PIANO AND VIOLIN) ... J. S. Bach.
Sonata No. 2 in A major.
1 Andante
2 Allegro assai
3 Andante un poco
4 Presto
MR. MAX REICHEL AND MR.
ORTON BRADLEY.
CANZONETTA... "Mia Picciarella" ... Gomes.
MIDDLE. DOROS.
Mia picciarella, deh! vieni allo mare!
Nella barchetta v'è un letto di fior...
La bianca prora somiglia un altare,
L'onde e le stelle sfavillan d'amor.
E quando tu vorrai,
La vela io scioglierò...
Lontan... lontano assai
Pel mar ti porterò.
Mia picciarella, tu chiedi ove andiamo...
Ti affida al vento, ti affida all' amor!
Tutta la notte vuo' dirti che t'amo,
Tutta la notte vuo' stringerti al cor.
E a me radiante in viso
Diranno i tuoi sospir:
Sul mare è il paradiso,
Sul mare io vuo' morir!

TRANSLATION.

Sweet pretty maiden, oh! come let me
steer thee
Over the waves of the summer-lit sea;
I have a soft tale of love to endear thee,
Come pretty maiden, oh! come sail with
me.
And when the day is sinking,
And wakes the trembling star,
We'll gently drift, my darling,
To some sweet land afar.

Sweet pretty maiden, the captain we
follow,
Is love and sunshine, with song for the
crew.
Dreams for the compass, for pilot a
swallow,
Love for the haven, for me and for you.
Afar in blue mid ocean,
Alone, my love, with thee,
Oh! what were sweeter, fairer,
Than floating o'er the sea?

SUPPLICATION ... Tito Mattei.
" For the sake of the past."

MR. SCOTT CHISHOLME.

For the sake of the past I come to you,
For the sake of the sweet spring-tide,
Before I left you and lost you,
In my folly and cruel pride.
And I, that once despised you,
Scorn myself now at last;
I have come to you, love, for pardon,
For the sake of the past.

I have seen how the roses wither,
I have learnt the false and true,
And I turn in my desolation,
For comfort and rest, to you.
For the tender words you promised,
For the sake of all we were,
I have come for your love and pity,
In my despair.

Take me again, I love you,
Be as you used to be;
Is there no room in your heart still,
Never a place for me?
Take me again, beloved,
Say you are mine at last;
Pity me, pardon and love me,
For the sake of the past.

PIANO SOLO... Moszkowski.
" Caprice Espagnol "
MISS GRACE SIMON.

SONG "The Heart Bow'd Down" Balfe.
MR. JOSEF CLAUS.

The heart bow'd down by weight of woe
To weakest hopes will cling;
To thoughts and impulse while they flow,
That can no comfort bring.
With those exciting scenes will blend
O'er pleasure's pathway thrown,
But memory is the only friend
That grief can call its own.

The mind will in its worst despair
Still ponder o'er the past,
On moments of delight that were
Too beautiful to last.
Too long departed years extend,
Each vision with them flown,
But memory is the only friend
That grief can call its own.

SONG ... F. H. Cowen.
(a) "Thy Remembrance"
MISS HELEN PETTICAN.

Sweet as the tender fragrance that sur-
vives
When martyr'd flowers breathe out their
little lives
Is thy remembrance.

Sweet as a song that once consoled our
pain,
But never will be sung to us again,
Is thy remembrance.

Now the hour of rest has come to thee;
Sleep, darling, it is best.

(b) "Snowflakes."
When'er a snowflake leaves the sky
It turns and turns to say "good-bye."
"Good-bye, dear cloud, so cold and grey,"
Then lightly travels on its way.

And when a snowflake finds a tree,
"Good day," it says, "good day to thee.
Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,
I'll rest and call my comrades here."

But when a snowflake, brave and meek,
Lights on a rosy maiden's cheek, it starts.
"How warm and soft the day. 'Tis
summer,"
And it melts away.

VIOLIN SOLO "Rondino" *Vieuxtemps.*
MR. MAX REICHEL.

RECITATION (HUMOROUS)
"A Dreadful Child"
MISS NORA HASTINGS.

Interval of 10 minutes.

PART II.

DUET FOR TWO PIANOS ... *Chopin.*
"Rondo"

MISS GRACE SIMON AND MR.
ORTON BRADLEY.

SONG ... "The Better Land" ... *Cowen.*
MIDDLE DOROTHEA DOROS.

I hear thee speak of the Better Land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band,
Mother, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flow'r of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance thro' the myrtle
boughs?

Not there, not there my child.
Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sounds of
gold,

Where the burning rays of the ruby
shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret
mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the cora
strand,

Is it there, sweet mother, that Better
Land?
Not there, not there, my child.

Doors open at 7 p.m.

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

Eye have not seen it my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless
bloom,
Far beyond the clouds and beyond the
tomb.

It is there my child, it is there.

SONG *Orton Bradley.*
(a) "Earth's Fairest Flower"

(Accompanied by the Composer.)

MR. SCOTT CHISHOLME.

Earth's fairest flower recalls thee,
Thou'rt pure as the stars on high,
Thy smile is born of the sunbeam,
Of roontide'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-clouds' tear.

I cherish, I watch, I ward thee,
All else beyond and above;
Thoughts cannot image my rapture,
Words cannot alter 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.

SONG ... (b) "Siciliana" ... *Mascagni.*
(From *Cavalleria Rusticana.*)

O! Lola, pretty one, white as the may,
love,
Red as the rose thy cheek, fair as the
day, love.

Oh! for that heart of thine, loving and
tender,
Soul, life, and all that is mine, here I
surrender;
Dark tho' the shadows be over thy portal,

Bodeth it Heaven or Hell, love is immor-
tal;
So when I die at last we shall not sever,
Heaven would be where thou art, then
and for ever.
Ah!

PIANO SOLOS

(a) "Aquarelle," No. 2, Op. 21 *Kirchner.*
(b) "C'est la Jeunesse" ... *Henselt.*

MR. ORTON BRADLEY,

SONG *Wallace.*

"In happy moments." (*Maritana.*)

MR. JOSEF CLAUS.

In happy moments day by day,
The sands of life may pass;
In swift but tranquil tide away,
From times unerring glass;
Yet hopes we used as bright to deem,
Remembrance will recall;
Whose pure, and whose unfading beam,
Is dearer than them all.

Though anxious eyes upon us gaze,
And hearts with fondest beat;
Whose smile upon each feature plays,
With truthfulness replete;
Some thoughts none other can replace,
Remembrance will recall;
Which in the flight of years we trace,
Is dearer than them all.

SONG "Shadow and Sunlight" *Buffen.*
MISS HELEN PETTICAN.

VIOLIN SOLO "Romance" *Svendsen.*
MR. MAX REICHEL.

DUET *Mozart.*
"Crudel, Perchè" (*Nøzzedi Figaro*)

MIDDLE DOROS AND MR. CLAUS.

ADMISSION THREEPENNY.

A Perilous Passage.

A deep, fierce, swirling rapid, with a calmer depth below its further bank, and fully a quarter of a mile wide, was yet to be crossed. The business was serious. All the *chupas* went up and down, sounding, long before they found a possible passage. All loads were raised higher, the men roped their soaked clothing on their shoulders, water was dashed repeatedly at our faces, girths were tightened, and then, with shouts and yells, the whole caravan plunged into deep water, strong, and almost ice cold. Half an hour was spent in that devious ford, without any apparent progress, for in the dizzy swirl, the horses simply seemed treading the water backwards. Louder grew the yells as the torrent raged more hoarsely, the chorus of *kabadar* grew frantic, the water was up to the men's armpits and the seat of my saddle, my horse tottered and swerved

several times, the nearing shore presented an abrupt bank, underscoped by the stream. There was a deeper plunge, an encouraging shout, and Mr. Redslob's strong horse leapt the bank. The *gopas* encouraged mine; he made a desperate effort, but fell short, and rolled over backwards into the Shayok, with his rider under him. A struggle, a moment of suffocation, and I was extricated by strong arms, to be knocked down again by the rush of the water, to be again dragged up and hauled and hoisted up the crumbling bank. I escaped with a broken rib and some severe bruises, but the horse was drowned. Mr. Redslob, who had thought that my life could not be saved, and the Tibetans were so distressed by the accident, that I made very light of it, and only took one day of rest. The following morning some men and animals were carried away, and afterwards the ford was impassable for a

fortnight. Such risks are among the amenities of the great trade route from India into Central Asia.

A Sharp Retort.

Of Gibbon, who spent some of his early years at Putney, an amusing story is told in the last volume of Moore's "Memoirs." "The *dramatis personæ* were Lady Elizabeth Foster, Gibbon the historian, and an eminent French physician—the historian and doctor being rivals in courting the lady's favour. Impatient at Gibbon occupying so much of her attention by his conversation, the doctor said crossly to him: 'When my Lady Elizabeth Foster is made ill by your twaddle, I will cure her.' On which Gibbon, drawing himself up grandly, and looking disdainfully at the physician, replied, 'When my Lady Elizabeth Foster is dead from your recipes, I will immortalise her.'"

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 23, at 3.30.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETIES

WILL PERFORM THE SECOND PART OF MENDELSSOHN'S

'ELIJAH.'

CONDUCTORS MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A., AND MR. W. R. CAVE.
ORGANIST—MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.

SOLOISTS—MADAME ADA PATERSON, MISS JESSIE KING, MR. RECHAB TANDY,
MR. ARTHUR BARLOW (Elijah), and the following Members of the People's Palace Choral Society:
MISS ELLA JOHNSTON, MISS EVELYN JAY and MR. T. FIRTH.

No. 20.—CHORUS.—Thanks be to God, etc.

No. 21.—ARIA.

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

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

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

No. 22.—CHORUS.—Be not afraid.

No. 23.—RECITATIVE AND CHORUS.

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

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

The Queen.—Have ye not heard he hath prophesied against all Israel?
Chorus.—We heard it with our ears.

The Queen.—Hath he not prophesied also against the King of Israel?
Chorus.—We heard it with our ears.

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

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

Chorus.—He shall perish.

The Queen.—Hath he not destroyed Baal's prophets?
Chorus.—He shall perish!

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

The Queen.—He also closed the heavens!

Chorus.—He also closed the heavens! *The Queen.*—And called down a famine upon the land.

Chorus.—And called down a famine upon the land.

The Queen.—So go ye forth and seize *Elijah*, for he is worthy to die. Slaughter him! do unto him as he hath done!

No. 24.—CHORUS.—Woe to him.

No. 25.—RECITATIVE.

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

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

No. 26.—ARIA.

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

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

No. 27.—RECITATIVE.

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

No. 28.—TERZETTO.

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

No. 29.—CHORUS.

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

No. 30.—RECITATIVE.

An Angel.—Arise *Elijah*, for thou hast a long journey before thee. Forty days

and forty nights shalt thou go; to Horeb, the mount of God.

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

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

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

No. 31.—ARIA.

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

No. 32.—CHORUS.

He that shall endure to the end shall be saved.

No. 33.—RECITATIVE.

Elijah.—Night falleth around me, O Lord! Be Thou not far from me! hide not Thy face, O Lord, from me; my soul is thirsting for Thee, as a thirsty land.

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

No. 34.—CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

No. 35.—RECITATIVE.

Above Him stood the Seraphim, and one cried to another:
QUARTET AND CHORUS.

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

Elijah.—I go on my way in the strength of the Lord. For thou art my Lord; and

I will suffer for Thy sake. My heart is therefore glad, my glory rejoiceth, and my flesh shall also rest in hope.

No. 37.—ARISO. Elijah.—For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but Thy kindness shall not depart from me, neither shall the covenant of Thy Peace be removed.

No. 38.—CHORUS: Then did Elijah the prophet break forth like a fire, etc.

No. 39.—ARIA. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in their heavenly Father's realm. Joy on their head shall be for everlasting, and all sorrow and mourning shall flee away for ever.

40.—RECITATIVE.

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

No. 41.—CHORUS: But the Lord from the north, etc.

QUARTET.

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

No. 42.—CHORUS: And then shall your light break forth, etc.

Organ Recital.

At 8.30 p.m.

ORGANIST—Mr. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.

- 1. Allegro Vivace (5th Organ Symphony) ... Widor.
2. Air, "With verdure clad." (Creation) ... Haydn.
3. Fugue, in G minor ... Bach.
4. Andantino ... Chauvet.
5. Fantasia on the "Sicilian Mariner's Hymn" ... Lux.
6. Nocturne in E flat ... Chopin.
7. Grand Solemn March ... Smart.

ADMISSION FREE.

ADMISSION FREE. The Doors will be Closed during the Performance of each Number on the Programme.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN ON

MONDAY, APRIL 24th, 1893, at Eight o'clock.

ARTISTES:—

Miss NELLIE CLEMENTS. Madame RICH. Mr. MILES MOLE. Mr. ROBERT HARRIS. VIOLIN—Miss DAISY FROST. PIANOFORTE—Mr. WILFRED DAVIES, R.A.M. HUMOROUS RECITATIONS—Mr. W. G. CHURCHER.

PART I.

PIANOFORTE SOLO ... Mr. WILFRED DAVIES.

DUET ... "Excelsior" ... Messrs. MILES MOLE AND ROBERT HARRIS.

SONG ... "The Reaper and the Flowers." ... Madame RICH.

There is a reaper whose name is Death, And with his sickle keen He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,

Have thought but the bearded grain; Tho' the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,

He kissed their drooping leaves: It was for the Lord of Paradise, He bound them in his sheaves.

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

Dear tokens of the earth are they, Where he was once a child; They shall all bloom in fields of light,

And the mother gave in tears and pain, The flowers she most did love; She knew she should find them all again,

In the fields of light above; Ob not in cruelty, not in wrath, The reaper came that day;

'Twas an angel visited the green earth, And took the flowers away.

LONGFELLOW.

VIOLIN SOLO... "Rêverie" C. Dancla. Miss DAISY FROST.

SONG ... "The Holy City" ... Mr. MILES MOLE.

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 changed, the street no longer rang, Hush'd 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! now the angels sing, Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna to your King.

And once again the scene was changed, new earth there seemed to be, I saw the Holy City beside the tideless sea;

The light of God was on its streets, the gates were open 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.

SONG ... "Tell me my heart" ... Miss NELLIE CLEMENTS.

Tell me, my heart, why morning's prime Looks like the fading eve? Why the gay lark's celestial chime Shall tell the soul to grieve?

The heaving bosom seems to say, "Ah! hapless maiden your love's away." Tell me, my heart, why summer's glow A winter 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.

SONG "In days of old" ... Mr. ROBERT J. HARRIS.

In days of old, the monks, were told, Would have it understood, That every night, by dim lamp light, They studied in solitude;

Each one to his book, in his own cell nook, However, the night was cold, They'd no desire for fuel or fire, But ever their beads they told.

But alack! and alas! for these holy men, The world it was scandalous even then, For, many there were who said, For, many there were who said

That as soon as they heard the midnight bell, They closed the book and left the cell, And to supper they all rushed in pell-mell, And a regular night they made.

They'd "haunch" and "ham," and "cheek," and "chine," They'd "cream" and "custard," "peach" and "pine,"

And they gargled their throats with right good wine, Till the Abbot his nose grew red!

No "de profundis" then they sang, But a roustering catch to the rafters rang!

And the bell for matins it went ting tang, Ere the last of them roll'd to bed. W. H. BELLAMY.

PART II.

DUET "Gentle Spring" H. Lane Wilson Miss CLEMENTS AND MADAME RICH.

Gentle Spring, dewy twilight lingers, Come again in fairy train, with blossoms on thy fingers.

Winter winds have died away, So bitter is their breathing, Then hasten Spring, all blythe and gay, The fairest garlands wreathing.

Birds pour forth their varied notes From bass to piping treble, Echo'd by the waves that dip Upon the shining pebble.

SONG ... "Good Company" ... Mr. MILES MOLE.

When I sit by myself at the close of the day And watch the blue sunlight turn amber and grey,

With fancies as twinkling and vague as the stars, And as distant as they from this life's petty jars;

I know not, I think not, where fortune may be, But I feel I'm in very good company.

When I sit with a friend at the glow of the hearth, To fight some great battle of wisdom or mirth

And strike from our armour the sparkles of wit That follows the shafts of our thoughts when they hit,

I ask not, I care not, where pleasure may be, But I know I'm in very good company.

When I sit with my darling who loves me so well, And read in her eyes what no language can tell,

Or trace on her lips free as cherub's from gude The meanings and mysteries hid in a smile;

I heed not, I dream not, where Eden may be, But I feel I'm in heavenly company. DR. C. MACKAY.

VIOLIN SOLO ... "Fen Follett" ... Miss DAISY FROST.

SONG "Home, Dearie Home" ... Madame RICH.

So you've settled to go to sea, dear, And that's what my boy will do,

With your brave little dirk at your side, dear, And your trim little jacket of blue;

And you're longing to sail away, dear, You want to be off to fight, You think that old England would fail,

dear, If she hadn't her midshipmite. But it's home, dearie home, That's where I would be,

Furl the sails and anchor In the old country.

They'll make you a captain soon, dear, Commander of all the fleet, And you'll show them the way how to fight, dear,

As soon as the foe you meet; But whenever a letter comes, dear, At morning, or noon, or night, I shall always think it's from you, dear,

From my own little midshipmite. But it's home, dearie, &c., &c.

You're counting the days to sail, dear, And counting, too, am I, For the tears will come to me somehow, No matter how hard I try;

Then say to me once, my darling, And tenderly say it, too, You'll think of your mother sometimes, Who's waiting at home for you.

For it's home, dearie, &c., &c. SONG ... "Esmeralda" ... Miss NELLIE CLEMENTS.

Where is the little gipsy's home? Under the greenwood chestnut tree, Wherever she may roam,

Where'er that tree may be. Roaming the wild world o'er Crossing the deep blue sea, She'll find on every shore, A home among the free.

Voi-la, La Gitana, Esmeralda, Zingara. The gipsy is like a bird, A bird that sings on ev'ry tree, The gipsy is like a bee, The bee that flits from flow'r to flow'r.

She loves the sun and sky, She loves the song and dance, The groves of sunny Spain, The plains of La Belle France. La Voi-la, Gitana, La Zingara.

Oh! leave her like a bird to sing, To sing on every tree and bower, Oh! leave her like a bee To flit from flow'r to flow'r.

Roaming the wild world o'er, Crossing the deep blue sea, She'll find on every shore A home amongst the free.

Ah Voi-la, La Gitana, Esmeralda, Zingara. RECITATION ... "Astronomy made easy." Mr. W. G. CHURCHER.

"And now we'll say good night." QUARTETTE ... Miss CLEMENTS, MADAME RICH, MESSRS. MILES MOLE AND ROBERT HARRIS.

Again we raise the voice of song, To heighten joys we'd fain prolong; For music can a charm impart To every impulse of the heart;

But longest day must have a close, And lightest heart will seek repose; So we must quit this scene so bright, And now we'll say good night.

Oh who shall say what memories dear, Have sprung from gentle gatherings here; For friendship is akin to love, And music breathes of realms above; But hours of pleasure swiftly fly, The parting time is drawing nigh; To each and all be slumbers light, And now we'll say good night. NATIONAL ANTHEM.

So he blazed away at the Dutchman gay, Till he made Mynbeer to fall, Then he hoisted a whip to the mast of his ship,

And he cried to his merry men all:—"I've a whip at the fore," said he, "For a whip is the sign for me, That the world may know, wherever we go,

We ride and rule the sea." F. E. WEATHERLEY.

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Where is the little gipsy's home? Under the greenwood chestnut tree, Wherever she may roam,

Where'er that tree may be. Roaming the wild world o'er Crossing the deep blue sea, She'll find on every shore, A home among the free.

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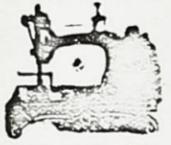
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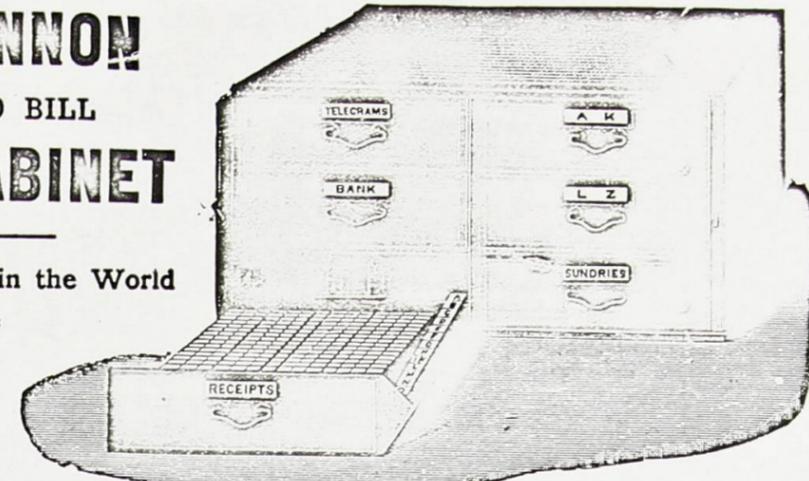
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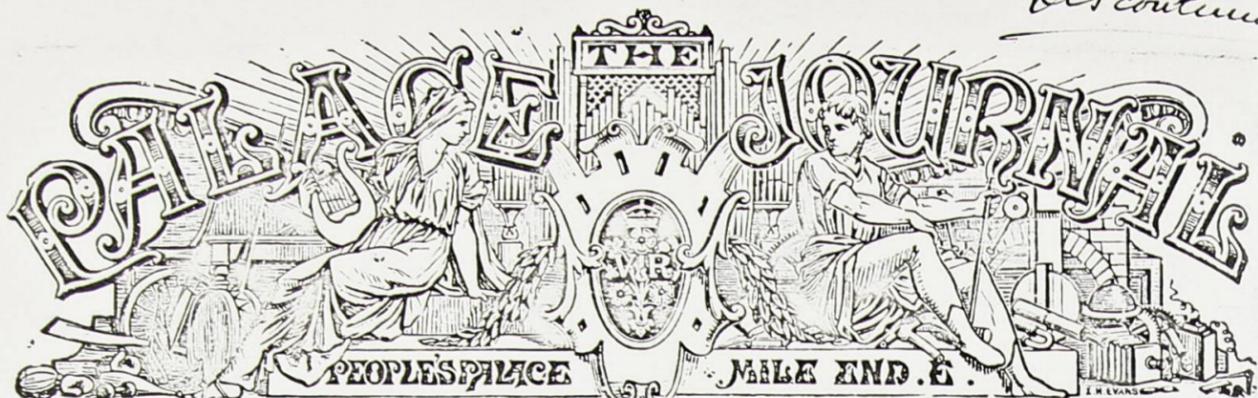
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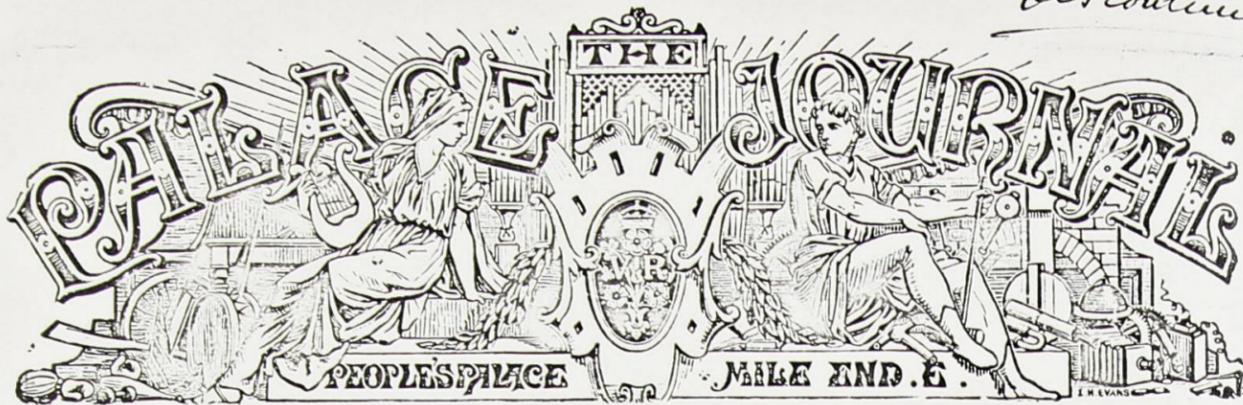
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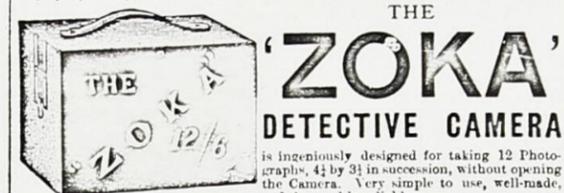
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