

THE PALACE JOURNAL will be sent post free as soon as published to any address in the United Kingdom for 6/- a year, or 1/6 a quarter. Subscriptions must be prepaid.

### Coming Events.

- THURSDAY, May 9th.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.  
 Ladies' Social Club.—Entertainment, at 8.  
 Minstrel Troupe.—Rehearsal of Sketch, at 8.  
 Volunteer Fire Brigade.—General Meeting, at 8.
- FRIDAY, May 10th.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.  
 Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 8 to 10.  
 Literary Society.—Reading of "Othello," at 8.15.  
 Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.
- SATURDAY, May 11th.—Library—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.  
 Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.  
 Volunteer Fire Brigade.—Drill, at 10 p.m.  
 Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.  
 Ramblers.—Horticultural College, Swanley, Kent.  
 Cricket Club.—Match with North Woolwich C.C. at North Woolwich.  
 Cycling Club.—Inter-Club Run with the Condors.
- SUNDAY, May 12th.—Organ Recitals at 12.30 and 4.  
 Library.—Open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY, May 13th.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.  
 Minstrel Troupe.—Orchestral Practice, at 8.
- TUESDAY, May 14th.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.  
 Minstrel Troupe.—Rehearsal, 7.45 p.m.  
 Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.  
 Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 8 till 10.  
 Parliament.—Usual sitting, at 8.
- WEDNESDAY, May 15th.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.  
 Dramatic Society.—Rehearsal at 8.  
 Gymnasium.—Leaders' Meeting, at 8.30.  
 Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.

### Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, MAY 12th,

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30 AND 4 O'CLOCK.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

1. March from Occasional Overture .. . . . . Handel.
2. Andante in F .. . . . . Beethoven.
3. Air, "O Rest in the Lord" .. . . . . Mendelssohn.
4. Introductory Voluntary .. . . . . Hollins.
5. Selection from "The Daughter of Jairus":—  
 (a) Chorus, "In that Day shall the Lord of Hosts,"  
 (b) Tenor Solo, "My Hope is in The Everlasting."  
 (c) Chorus, "Awake Thou that Sleepest."

AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

1. Air, with Variations and Final Fugato .. . . . . Smart.
2. Air, "He was Eyes unto the Blind" .. . . . . Handel.
3. Motet, "Hear my Prayer" (by desire) .. . . . . Mendelssohn.
4. Impromptu .. . . . . Wely.
5. Andante in F .. . . . . Guilmain.
6. Grand Chœur in D .. . . . . Guilmain.

### Notes of the Week.

THE Easter Exhibition of pictures at Toynbee Hall presented this year one feature which we may perhaps borrow for our own use. A voting paper was provided, on which the visitors were requested to note their three favourite pictures. There were 226 pictures and only eleven out of them received no vote at all. The twelve most favourite pictures were all those which tell a story, not one being either a landscape or a portrait. This is exactly what might have been expected. Not only at the East End, but at the West End also, those are the favourites which tell a story. Last Friday, for instance, I was at the Private View of the Academy. I went there in the morning before the arrival of the people who go to gaze upon each other. There was, however, a goodly assemblage of people who might be supposed, if any, to take the most intelligent interest in Art. Just like our East End friends, they thronged about the pictures which told a story and passed the most beautiful landscapes and the best painted portraits with hardly a glance. If, indeed, all the pictures which tell a story could be placed in one or two rooms by themselves, the other rooms would be deserted, and this at the Royal Academy, or at Toynbee Hall, or at the People's Palace. The reason is that a true criticism of a picture is only possible to one who knows something about the *technique* of painting, who understands perspective and has an eye for colour, for form, and for atmosphere. As for the result of the voting, the twelve favourite pictures, the whole body of Royal Academicians themselves, starting with the condition that each picture must tell a story, could not have made a better list. To select as favourites the best works of Holman Hunt, Herkomer, John Collier, Walter Crane, Millet, and Briton Rivière, is to show that at the East End we are on the right road to sound judgment and good taste.

THE Paris Exhibition opens on Monday of this week. It is said to be the biggest thing of the kind ever done. I am very glad to hear it, but, for my own part, having seen so many Exhibitions, I think I shall stay away from Paris until it is all over. When the Exhibition is closed, and the crowd dispersed, and the things sent away, it will be delightful to run over to quiet Paris, exhausted by the summer excitement, and quite empty of strangers. But if I were young, and had never yet seen a great Exhibition, and had not yet seen Paris, I would save up all my money to go.

THE Ambassadors of Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, and Russia, have pressing business which compels them to be absent from Paris on the day of opening. Some of the French papers see in this an insult to the country. Let us consider. The Exhibition is to commemorate the beginning of the French Revolution. So far as the Revolution embodied, and enforced, and taught, and advanced the great principles of liberty and equality, it is the grandest chapter in history. Unfortunately, it was accompanied by things which the most ardent lover of liberty cannot approve—wholesale massacres, as at Lyons and Toulon, the Reign of Terror, and the abolition of religion: it was itself destroyed by the most ruthless conqueror, the most reckless of blood, the most greedy of conquest, the most unscrupulous as to his word, the most careless of his own honour, that the world has ever seen. But for Great Britain the whole of Europe would have been under the iron heel of Napoleon, and Napoleon was the child of the Revolution. Again: the Revolution beheaded Louis XVI. for no crime that this stupid but well-meaning person ever committed: it treated his great-minded Queen with a brutality which makes the blood boil only to read of: it killed with slow torture and

the most barbarous and cruel treatment that any history of any time can show, even the worst and blackest times, their poor innocent child, the pretty boy of ten. Considering these things, if the presence of the Ambassadors is to show approbation of such fruit, let them by all means have business a mile or two away on the day of opening.

I HAD thoughts of becoming myself an exhibitor at the Paris Exhibition. Two things prevented me. I had not time to prepare my exhibit, and, besides, being only a poor author, the money would not run to it. My exhibit was to consist of two pyramids, each consisting entirely of human skulls. The first would pretend to be a collection of the skulls of all those persons killed in Napoleon's wars, every one of which was perfectly useless, led to no result, and prejudiced the world against the ideas of the great Revolution for hundreds of years. Napoleon waged war almost continuously from 1792 to 1815, that is, for twenty-three years. If about ten millions of men fell in those wars, without counting the plundered towns and their murdered inhabitants, the ravaged countries and the starving peasants, I should have required a pyramid with a square base containing 320 skulls on either side, that is, a square with a side of 240 feet and a height of about the same. This would have been a very pretty pyramid indeed, and truly imposing. I intended to name it "La Gloire"—Glory.

THE second exhibit was to have been another pyramid of—I think—equal size, showing the skulls of all those who have perished in the wars since the year 1851, when we began great exhibitions. In that year I was a boy, but quite able to understand the talk of those around me. It was all of universal peace. There were to be no more wars: soldiers would be playthings, of which we should gradually grow tired: commerce was to introduce peaceful rivalries. Indeed! Let us roughly reckon up. Three years later we began our war with Russia; in that business we lost 57,000 men: the French twice as many: the Turks twice as many: and as to what the Russians lost, they never told—probably half-a-million from disease and battle. Two years later we had our Indian Mutiny—another very pretty little quarrel, sending about a quarter of a million souls to Hades. In 1859 France and Austria went for each other: in 1861 the Americans began that little domestic squabble of their own, of which they have been telling stories ever since; in 1866 the Prussians and the Austrians fought it out: in 1870 the French and Germans killed, between them, half a million: in 1876 there was the Russian war with Turkey. We have had, besides, wars with Abyssinia, with Ashantee, with the Zulus, with the Boers, with the Burmans, with the Egyptians, with the Mahdi, and with the Ethiopians. There has been fighting in Denmark, in Mexico, in Italy, in Hayti, and in I know not how many South American States. There have been revolutions in Spain, Italy, and France. Really, although the Great Exhibition of 1851 began the reign of universal peace, and was followed by other Great Exhibitions in 1862, 1867, 1876, 1878, and 1889, I cannot but think that my second pyramid would require a base of even more than 320 skulls. Perhaps, as I am too late for Paris, it will be possible to get those pyramids ready for the next Great Exhibition.

THE excesses and crimes of the French leaders did as much as these things could do to retard the true ideas of the Revolution, which were never, as the French would now have us believe, exclusively French. They were ideas which came from the Commonwealth of Great Britain, and from the time of those men who overthrew Charles the First, and fought for civil and religious freedom. They were before their time, but their ideas never ceased to spread and to grow. The moment that the American Colonies saw themselves free from danger from France and Spain, they carried their ideas into effect, and proclaimed their own freedom, without any pretence of gratitude or obligation to the mother country, which had spent on that object millions of money and thousands of lives. It was America which inspired France, and England which inspired America. French freedom, as we understand it, has never existed. The Republicans never carried out their programme: the Reign of Terror, the Directory, the Empire, killed the freedom for whose sake the Revolution was started. But as for us, we have been steadily advancing, step by step, winning here something, and there something else, until the whole history of Great Britain in this nineteenth century, is one long chapter of advance of the people. We have a good deal yet to do, but we grow stronger every day: we win over to our own cause every day, one after the other, those who were formerly the implacable enemies of the people: we win by constitutional efforts what the French have never succeeded in

winning by Revolution. Let us, therefore, be wise and content to advance in the only way which does not afterwards cause reactionary measures.

A CHINAMAN, I read, has choked himself while stealing a florin piece. To swallow your master's money is a very desperate and resolute kind of robbery on account of the terrible pangs which must follow. This poor thing had thirty pieces of money inside him at the time of his death. One is reminded of the diamond mines at the Cape and the dodges used by those who try to steal the diamonds. At first they used to bring them out under the tongue, between the toes, and in every conceivable manner. To correct this, it was ordered that every workman should be completely and carefully examined before leaving the mines every evening. Otherwise thousands of diamonds would be stolen. But they do succeed in stealing them despite all precautions, and curious stories are told of the craft and subtlety whereby the watchers of the Company are defeated. On one occasion two innocent looking men came to the mine with a couple of ponies laden with vegetables which they sold. They then asked permission to feed the animals in the stables. This was granted and they presently came out leading the ponies. Next day the two animals were discovered in the hills close by, dead and cut in two. The men never turned up again. It was then understood what they had done. They had had accomplices in the mine: the hay with which the ponies were fed was stuffed full of diamonds. Once out of sight of the mine, the animals were killed and cut open, and the diamonds taken out.

ANOTHER story from the diamond mines. There was a certain keeper of a store—that is a shop where everything is sold. The boys called him Ike or Ikey. When they sat round the fire with their pipes in the evening and told stories, Ike was always ready to cap the tallest and boldest yarn with some personal adventure of his own, in which his courage was displayed in the most surprising manner. Some of the boys, as will happen, grew suspicious that perhaps Ike's bravery was not quite so conspicuous as he would have them believe. One morning, therefore, three or four of them, armed to the teeth with rifle, revolver, sword, and knife, appeared at his store and invited him to accompany them on a hunt for two magnificent lions, reported to have been seen in the mountains. Ikey changed colour: the brave man turned pale. "Boys," he said at length, "them who've lost lions may go and hunt for lions. I haven't lost no lions myself." Which is the reason why, when Ikey now attempts a story of personal prowess, he is received with derisive cheers.

A BRISTOL carman has come into a legacy of twenty-five thousand pounds. I venture to predict that this legacy will prove too much for the Bristol carman unless he is superior to his fellows. There is a great deal of drinking to be got out of twenty-five thousand pounds, even with the assistance of many other Bristol carmen. I knew a parallel case, in which an under-gardener got a legacy of a hundred pounds. He immediately resigned his post and set up—he said so himself—as a gentleman. It seemed to him and to his good lady that a hundred pounds would never come to an end. They sat down and behaved as the perfect lady or gentleman always does. That is to say: they sent out for their friends, and kept the potboy on the run. More friends rallied round them, and additional pot-boys were kept on the run. In ten days the gentleman gardener was back again asking for his old place, which luckily was not filled up. He had had enough, he afterwards said, of the manners of rich people, and was now contented with the old lot.

ANOTHER example. There was once a good old man who sold, close by Bow Church, Cheapside, pretty little kettles and saucepans, made of bright copper. He was very well known to City men. This worthy man died, as must happen, they tell me, to all of us. One of the City men who knew him found that he had left a widow in straitened circumstances, as they say. He went round a few offices in the locality, and speedily raised a hundred pounds, which he presented to the old lady in the name of the City, very splendidly. What did that dear creature do? She exercised at once the duty of hospitality: she called in all her friends, and they rejoiced together. They rejoiced—the pot-boy, as in the preceding case, always on the run—for a week. Then the old lady set up the old stall again, and continued her husband's trade. But I think she, too, is gone by this time. Should these remarks fall into the hands of the Bristol carter, I hope he will take them in good part. Those of my readers who wish to pursue the subject, may read Thackeray's History of Mr. Coxe Tuggeridge Coxe, and how sudden wealth affected him.

THERE is an exhibition of boots and shoes, antique and historical, now going on in Regent Street. I have not seen it, because at this time of year the time will not stretch to the seeing of everything. But I have read about it. I learn, for instance, that the high heel is not a modern invention: it is found as far back as Henry the First, and no doubt was old even then. The fashionable heel is now three inches and a half. I suppose that this accounts for the unusual number of tall girls that one sees everywhere. As, however, the body has to be supported by the whole foot, and not the heel alone, I cannot understand how it can be kept in an upright position with so high an artificial heel. Men's boots in their days chiefly vary from square to pointed. The latter is a detestable fashion. I urge all young men to insist on square-toed boots. The pointed kind compresses the foot out of all shape, distorts the toes, and causes every kind of complaint to which the foot is liable. To my mind, also, the pointed boot is not so good to look at as the squarer form. But when fashion orders one thing, I suppose that common-sense may cry out in vain for anything else.

I WAS watching the boys at Gymnastics the other day,—a thing of which one does not tire. They were practising all kinds of tricks over the wooden horse by means of the spring board. Presently one began to think that all these things were old and had been seen before. So they were, but they had only been seen in books. In the middle ages it was by means of such exercises that boys were trained for the exercises of tournaments, combats, hunting, and so forth. They had parallel bars: they leaped and turned somersaults from a spring board: they turned head over heels by placing their hands upon a plank or upon a wooden horse: they vaulted, leaped, and vied with each other exactly as these lads of today in the People's Palace. We invent nothing: we only succeed: we copy, and we imitate.

EDITOR.

## Palace and Institute Notes.

THIS is the last number of the third volume of the *Palace Journal*. Next week our fourth will begin, and in its first number will appear the first instalment of Mr. Rider Haggard's stirring story, "Maiwa's Revenge," which we shall print by the kind permission of Messrs. Longmans.

MENTION of the third volume (which I hope we shall soon have ready in volume form) reminds me that there are still one or two copies of volume the second in existence, which can be had, well bound in cloth, for 4s. 6d.

WHILE upon the matter of the *Journal* itself, it may be well to note that Messrs. Smith and Botwright, of 70, Finsbury Pavement, are now the agents for advertisements, and that every communication as to advertisements should go to them.

FROM another column it will be gathered that Paris Trip Party No. 6, have already met and made themselves acquainted, and now Party No. 5 (June 29th) to July 6th, are to meet with the same sensible object, at 8 o'clock on Thursday evening next, in the Old Buildings, with Mr. W. T. Connor in the chair; and meetings will also be arranged for the other parties.

THE right man has been found, and he is now in the right place, as Assistant Honorary Secretary to the Paris Trip. He is Mr. O. H. Stursberg, who is, therefore, authorised to receive subscriptions on Friday evening, at the Technical Schools Offices. Mr. Were wishes to particularly thank, not only Mr. Stursberg, but the other gentlemen who so kindly volunteered to assist.

STILL a few chances for Paris remain to the ladies. Thus:

August 17th to August 24th ... 5 vacancies.  
August 24th to August 31st ... 6 "

Those ladies who have hitherto hesitated must book these vacancies with Mr. Were at once.

THE Swimming-bath is in tremendous request this fine weather. (N.B.—This is being written on Monday; it may be read under different meteorological conditions on Wednesday.) On Saturday something over 1,600 persons, all told, swam, 1,543 of these not being season-ticket holders. On Sunday, early in the morning, there were 373; and on Monday, mostly in the evening, there were 1,056, exclusive of season ticket-holders.

IN July next an examination will be held to enable a hundred boys from East London Elementary Schools to attend the Palace Technical Schools free. The candidates for these scholarships (which will be provided by the Trustees out of a special fund) must not be less than twelve years of age, must have passed at least the fifth standard, and must be the sons of parents requiring assistance in the education of their boys. The scholarships will be tenable for one year, and will include the free provision of all books, stationery, tools, &c. Parents of eligible boys may like to know that application forms will be ready in a very few days, and will be procurable on application at the Schools office.

HERE is an important notice for the Junior Section. All the members of this flourishing body are particularly requested to meet Sir Edmund on Thursday evening next (to-morrow, in fact), at eight o'clock in the Exhibition-buildings, when the prizes gained at the recent examination will be distributed.

THE results of the recent Boxing Competitions should be very gratifying to the Members of the Palace Gymnasium, not simply from the fact of two of the competitions being well won by their own men, but from the generally good form and sportsmanlike boxing of all the Palace representatives. Practically, none of the clumsy, scrambling, round-arm hitting class, which always finds its way into a competition, came from the Palace. Little Josephs, in particular, is an admirably smart and clean-hitting boxer, and I trust that many other competitions will return him victor, if only in reward for his sportsmanlike behaviour in despising to take the smallest unfair advantage of an opponent, and refraining from doing any more execution than necessary to win. Sniders, too, although, perhaps, scarcely as neat a boxer as Josephs, showed considerable staying power and first-rate judgment.

IT is noteworthy that, notwithstanding the energetic enthusiasm of the two thousand to three thousand spectators of the boxing and fencing, not the slightest damage has been anywhere reported, nor did a single breach of good manners take place. This, too, without the assistance of a single policeman.

JUST now the Palace is entering upon a very busy period. Examinations are thick upon us just now, and in July there will be, first, a Cat, Rabbit, and Guinea Pig Show, and then a Donkey Show, in each case on at least as large a scale as last year. But before these, we shall have the large Workmen's Exhibition, for which a much larger entry has been received than was the case last year. Which reminds me that Saturday week will be the absolutely last day for sending in entries. The many students in our Trade, Technical, and Art Classes, whose work has been so often admired, must come forward with a great exhibit, and certainly not allow outsiders to equal them on their own ground.

SUB-EDITOR.

OVER the triple doorway of the Cathedral of Milan there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the legend: "All that which pleases is only for a moment." Over the other is sculptured a cross, and there are the words: "All that which troubles us is but for a moment." Underneath the great central entrance in the main aisle is the inscription: "That only is important which is eternal."

THE judgment of Solomon was recently nearly enacted by a Transatlantic Justice in Georgia. Two parents claimed the same negro baby, and the evidence was so even that the puzzled Judge suddenly thought of the wise King's expedient. He seized the baby, pulled out a bowie-knife from his belt, and proposed to halve the child. But both claimants rushed forward simultaneously, crying: "Boss, don't kill him. You may have him!" So the Judge was as far from a decision as before.



## THE SCARLET DOMINO MINSTREL TROUPE.

Vice-President—ORTON BRADLEY, Esq.

Musical Director—A. W. J. LAUNDRY. Stage Manager—A. E. REEVE.

The Orchestra will meet for practice next Monday, at 8 p.m. The Chorus, with corner-men, will meet on Tuesday, at 7.45 p.m., and the rehearsal of the sketch will take place to-morrow (Thursday) at 8 o'clock. We now only require a violoncello and side-drum to complete our orchestra. There are still vacancies for musical novelties and banjos. All Members must please be in attendance punctually at rehearsals, as our first performance will, all probability, shortly take place. Owing to the diversion caused, none but Members of the Troupe will in future be admitted to rehearsals.

A. E. SELBY, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

## ELOCUTION CLASS.

This Class will hold its "Open" night on Thursday, 16th inst., in Lecture Hall, when scenes from "Macbeth"; a comedietta, and recitations will be given. Tickets, each admitting two, can be had free of charge at General Offices, Technical School Offices, and of Secretary. Shakespearian Class on Monday night.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

Our first summer outing for this season took place on Saturday last, the 4th inst., when the Members went to Kew and Richmond. Tickets were taken to Kew Bridge via N.L.R., arriving about 3.30; some selected the walk to Richmond by the towing-path, whilst others went different ways, all meeting at the Richmond Bridge, when it was found that 30 plates had been exposed. The Members adjourned to a cottage for tea, the table being presided over by Mr. T. Lawday, after which, and a ride on the tram to Kew Bridge, we arrived at the station in good time to catch the 9.5 p.m. train back to Broad Street.

On Friday, the 17th, the Exhibition will be held in the Lecture Hall, as previously announced in the Journal. It is hoped that a good number of the Members of the Palace will be present. A Lantern Entertainment will follow the Exhibition by C. W. Hastings, Esq. (Editor of the *Amateur Photographer*), subject: "Illustrated Boston, U.S.A." Tickets can be had of the Secretary.

WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec.

ALEXANDER ALBU, Assist. Hon. Sec.

## People's Palace Junior Section.

## JUNIOR BEAUMONT CRICKET CLUB.

BEAUMONT C.C. v. TECHNICAL SCHOOLS.—On the 4th inst. these Clubs met at Lake's Farm, Wanstead. Winning the toss, the Beaumonts put their adversaries in to bat. For the Technicals, Sawden and Bohr batted well, making 15 and 10 respectively; while on the other side, W. G. Frith took 6 wickets, Gurr 2, and Harvey 2. The Beaumonts were unlucky in losing the services of Gurr, their Sub-Captain, who was taken ill during the match; his place was taken by Sanderson. The full scores are as follows:

BEAUMONT.		TECHNICAL SCHOOLS.	
Walter Frith ..	7	McCardle ..	1
Winyard ..	2	Bohr ..	10
Webb ..	1	Courtney ..	2
Lester ..	1	Griffith ..	6
W. G. Frith (Capt.) ..	15	Sawden ..	8
Byford ..	2	Thomas ..	2
Harvey ..	1	Birkett ..	0
Sanderson ..	1	Aldridge ..	1
Pocknell ..	3	Langdon ..	2
Jaggers (not out) ..	7	Bowsher ..	1
Newport ..	0	Bersey ..	0
Byes ..	3		
	36		40

## On Blackwall Pier.

BLACKWALL PIER! The name strikes the ear with that half-lost, time-agone familiarity which is the inseparable association of Vauxhall Gardens, the Barn at Highbury, and the Eagle Tavern. Blackwall is not as it was. Anyone you meet, from the grimy loungers at the pier-wall to the tradesman behind the most pretentious "front" in High-street, Poplar, will give you the same words—"Ah! Blackwall isn't what it was; Poplar isn't as it used to be." The days looked back upon so regrettably by the local Jeremiads are the days of East-end commercial prosperity, and the days when there was such a thing as a Blackwall whitebait dinner, the days of Albert Smith's first novel, brightener of our youthful leisure. "There's Blackwall!" ejaculated Johnson, looking out through one of the glazed portholes that form the

cabin windows, "many a prime dinner I have had at the Brunswick, after fourpenn'orth of rope on the rail. Do you like whitebait?" The "fourpenn'orth of rope on the rail," with a reference to which the mind of the respectable Mr. Ledbury was thus illuminated, is another departed glory of the district. Any number of indubitable specimens of the "oldest inhabitant" genus are prepared to furnish the inquiring stranger with an extensive collection of facts and an equally extensive collection of things which are not facts, dating from the era in which the Blackwall railway from Fenchurch Street was almost the only line of rails in the country, and when the windowless and roofless carriages were dragged to and fro by a rope, from a stationary engine, on a principle not unlike that of the cable-tramway on Highgate Hill at this moment.

Postulating that a devious approach along a stony, wall-bound road in the gathering twilight has brought us upon Blackwall Pier, we will see what is to be seen of the Blackwall Pier of to-day—or of to-night, if more it please you. Still, try as we may to contemplate it and its surroundings in the light thrown upon them by present circumstances, it is difficult. The pier itself is not of very ancient date, but straight across the river there—the low, dim shore with a small building or two upon it—is Blackwall Point. Criminals' bodies swung from the tall gibbets on that dreary marsh in the years that are gone. Here on our right is Green's shipbuilding yard, where many a good old oak clad the ribs of long since forgotten vessels, when an iron ship would have been placed at the head of the category of innocent humbugs in which putty medals and the horse-marines hold eminent positions. And farther on, past this, is Blackwall Stairs, to which George the Third used actually to come to inspect portions of his navy, and upon which (near the site of the house once occupied by Sebastian Cabot and afterwards by Sir Walter Raleigh) stands the old wooden Artichoke Tavern. Local tradition relates that from this inn upon the occasion of one of King George's visits there emerged a loyal and unsophisticated Jack Tar, laden with a pot of ale for the refreshment of "his honour the King," which pot of ale, or part of it, the King drank. But alas! it is said that the old Artichoke is destined to speedy demolition, to make way for the new Blackwall Tunnel. And it is with his scene laid there, on Blackwall Stairs, that Defoe in his "History of the Great Plague," describes a pathetic incident of family affection which—Pew! A breath of easterly wind, laden with olfactory evidence of the existence of a guano works farther down the river—and we are back again in 1889 at once.

Let us stay there. Be a town never so poor and dreary, be any district never so uniformly mean and sordidly uninteresting, there are always some among the humble inhabitants thereof, who, by an instinct they may be but lightly credited with, habitually resort to the least dull and ugly spot in its vicinity. These are the lovers. The heavy masonry of Blackwall Pier, just at this time in the evening, when they have been let loose from their daily labour prisons, draws, as a loadstone, all the lovers of Poplar and Blackwall toward itself. A darker blue has crept across the sky, and following it the moon shows large and low in the East. All through the evening, as it rises and shrinks and brightens, the seats and pebbly promenade of Blackwall Pier will be peopled with lovers—looking at it. The moon is very beautiful, and the silver-edged clouds are very beautiful, and even the thickened smelly river and the dusty pier, as it lies in moonlight and shadow, seem beautiful by comparison with the mean, sordid streets, and the colourless routine of daily mechanical labour they leave behind them. And in ill-fitting clothes, and patchy, they sit or stand together, hand in hand, and their hearts are very full and their heads are very empty, and they are very happy. Here, perhaps, would muse the democratic observer, are no social distinctions—here all men are equal. Arcadian republic of Blackwall! Happy province of peaceful anarchy! But the democratic observer would be making a mistake. Miss Sarah Ann Potts that keeps company with Mr. Sam Bulder, which is in the plumbing, would sniff a most imperial sniff at the rash leveller of social grades who should attempt to class her with Beller Mivins (the lady there with the very large bonnet), which walks out with Jim Puddles, as drives a wan. And Jim Puddles, poor fellow, in all the pride of his evening clothes and a thin-brimmed felt hat with a little bit of bone hanging at the back by a string, can doubtless mention a good many people who would be looked upon with an eye of austere superiority by his own particular set. Socialism has a lot of work before it if it is to be thorough.

But they are not all lovers who come upon Blackwall Pier. The ungiled youth of the district frequently organise parties devoted to the invigorating pursuit of "fly the garter," and with many shouts and much "larking" sadly rend the gossamer dreams of amorous Poplar. The approach of such

a party is heralded, even as we speak, by sounds as of much trampling and thumping and bounding, accompanied by a loud, untuneful declaration of the characteristics of a gentleman who is "all right when you know him, but you've got to know him fast." Here they come. Their manners are not refined, and they are very hilarious, but why grudge them their uncouth fun who see nothing better all their lives? They are most shocking, noisy cads, no doubt, in the eyes of the bloated aristocracy of Poplar, who live in the East India Road, but this never seems to make them unhappy. Occasionally they break out, it must be admitted, in a manner which is not to be tolerated, and have even been known to perpetrate conduct only excusable in gentlemen of social position and superior education, thus adding insolent and revolutionary presumption to their other sins of ill-behaviour.

Suddenly there is a commotion just behind us. The lovers have stopped dreaming, and are hurrying towards the edge of the pier wall. The noisy larking-party is making for, and disappearing down, the wooden slope used as a landing stage for small boats. A long man in a short steam-tug is leaning alarmingly over the side, with many shouts and gesticulations. A man is running with a coil of rope. With the rest we run to the top of the slope, to be confronted, alas, with sad evidence that even unsophisticated Blackwall harbours its share of sin, and shame, and misery. Two burly watermen are coming up from their boat, half leading, half carrying between them a dripping, bonnetless, gasping woman. Her head lolls from side to side, and her long, wet hair clings across her face. We query a bystander. "Tried to drown herself," is the laconic reply. Then we learn that, unobserved by any upon the pier, she a minute ago flung herself into the river from the wooden causeway, scarcely, however, an instant before a boat passed and the watermen seized her. She is led to the door of a small office in the depot, and waits, supported in the arms of the watermen, while somebody runs for the key. It is curious to observe the mingled awe and tenderness with which these broad, shaggy-bearded boatmen handle her, who had scarcely a moment before her hand upon the gate of the final mystery. Around the little group, silently or with whispers, stand all the company of our half-hour upon Blackwall Pier. She is young, they notice, and dressed well. With black hair, and probably pretty, but pale—deadly, blue pale. The noiseily-inclined revellers are mute. Some of the lovers whisper. Miss Bella Mivins is heard to remark in a subdued tone, "Pore gal! I expect her young feller's treated her bad." They have brought the key and opened the door of the dark little office; but as the men prepare to enter she sets her feet firmly, and her voice is heard for the first time. "Not in the dark! No, not in the dark! Oh, my God, no! Don't don't! Oh, you won't, will you?—no, not in the dark!" The men glance at each other in absolute awe. A comprehension of the workings of that wandering mind—the belief that the struggle is done; that it is not the world about her; that it is the grave, or what she knows not—forces itself upon their matter-of-fact workaday wits, and forthwith a match is struck and the gas lit in the office, just as a policeman arrives with great deliberation and majesty, follows them in, and shuts the door in the faces of the small crowd.

And then the small crowd dissolves, and the lovers with more thoughtful faces, resume their contemplation of the moon and the black-sailed barges stealing down the river. And Miss Bella Mivins, who has been feeling a hard lump in her throat getting bigger and bigger for the last five minutes, retires to a remote seat with Mr. Jim Puddles as drives a wan, and, as she afterwards expresses it, "has a good cry," to the inexpressible embarrassment and perplexity of Mr. Jim Puddles, who experiences a vague, slightly choky feeling himself, combined with a savage but indefinite anxiety to punch somebody's head, for no absolute reason in particular. While Miss Sarah Ann Potts relates to Mr. Sam Bulder, which is in the plumbing, the exact and full particulars of what she said to Susannah Jane Tuckles on a recent and memorable occasion, and what Susannah Jane said to her. And the complete restoration to good spirits of the chaffing-party is indicated by the words of "They're all very fine and large," facetiously sung to the tune of "The Lost Chord," falling upon our ears as we pass the iron gates behind the "Brunswick," and turn our backs upon Blackwall Pier.—"Cockney Corners," by Arthur G. Morrison.

It is satisfactory to notice that Van Houten's Cocoa, the advertisement of which occupies so conspicuous a place on our cover, and which is supplied in large quantities in our refreshment department, has just secured the first award (a gold medal) at the cookery and food exhibition now being held at Knightsbridge.

## Popular Errors.

THE blunders that have been committed are surprising; the erroneous impressions that still prevail are scarcely less so. Observations, too, have been perverted, facts have been ignored, and proprieties of time, place, and distance have been violated to a wonderful extent. Legends, superstitions, and misnomers are largely responsible for the popular and palpable errors that exist, and the old engravers, painters, sculptors, and alchemists contributed their share of the absurdities. In evidence of this truth, the subjoined are offered:—

In Westminster Abbey there are some absurd anomalies. The statue of Sir Cloudsley Shovel, a British Admiral, who was drowned in 1707 in a shipwreck off the coast of Cornwall, is clad in a Roman cuirass and sandals, and an eighteenth-century wig! The statue of the favourite minister of Charles I., George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, is clad in the costume of a Roman Emperor, while that of his wife, also in stone, is arrayed in the court dress of the time of George I.

Anachronisms are numerous. In Shakespeare's "Coriolanus," one of the characters, Cominius, alludes to Roman plays, which were unknown until 250 years after the death of Cominius. In the same play allusion is made to Marcian waters, brought to Rome by Sensorinus, which should bear date 300 years later than the action of the play. Reference is made in "Julius Caesar" to striking clocks, which were not invented until the fifteenth or sixteenth century. In "Hamlet," the young prince is represented as educated at Wittenberg School, which was not founded at the time. The reference to turkeys in "Henry IV." is an anachronism. Turkeys are natives of America, and were not introduced into England before the beginning of the sixteenth century.

In the Drama of "Elizabeth," founded on a tragic play by Schiller, in which Madame Ristori appeared with so much effect, an acrimonious interview occurs between Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary. The scene is a violation of history, for though the royal ladies were cousins, they never met each other. This reference calls to mind an anachronism of Thackeray's. In "The Newcomes" (edition of 1854), Clive Newcome writes a letter dated "May 1st, 183—" to which Mr. Pendennis replies, enclosing an extract from an art critic, in which it is asked why there was no picture by Smee "of Victoria and her august consort?" The reason there was no picture of Victoria and Albert, painted by Smee or any other painter, was because they were not married until 1840. Thackeray also commits a blunder in "The Virginians." The singing of slaves is borne to the homestead, which was not possible, as the former were at least twenty miles away.

Not a few reasonably well-read people have a mistaken idea of the locality and character of the Cave of Adullam. They have an impression that mention is made of it in "The Arabian Nights." In 1865 Mr. Bright made a happy allusion, by way of illustration, to the Cave of Adullam. The next day the reporters of one of the London daily papers blundered in speaking of the reference to the Scriptures, and the editor-in-chief took them to task. "I suspect," he said, "that none of you know what the Cave of Adullam meant." "I beg pardon," was the petulant reply of one of their number, "but we have all read 'The Arabian Nights.'"

A widespread error is the supposition that the manna of commerce is the same as that which fell from Heaven during the wanderings of the Children of Israel in the desert. The manna of pharmacy is of a yellowish-white hue, sweet to the taste, and sticky to the touch, and is obtained mainly in Italy and Sicily from a tree of the ash family. The fact that manna is also obtained from a species of tamarisk tree in the Peninsula of Sinai, has probably led to the impression that it is the same manna spoken of in the Book of Exodus. The latter was miraculously supplied, could be ground in a mortar, and baked or boiled like corn, and, as stated in the Scriptures, "was like coriander seed, white, and the taste of it was like wafers made with honey."

Misnomers are responsible for many of our erroneous impressions. Prussian blue does not come from Prussia; Burgundy Pitch does not come from Burgundy, and it is not a pitch; Brazilian grass does not come from Brazil, and it is not grass; black lead has no lead in it; sealing-wax has no wax in it; kid gloves are not made out of kid; whalebone is no bone at all; and salt is not salt, for it has been long ago excluded from the class of bodies denominated as salts.

NOTHING is so indicative of deepest culture as a tender consideration of the ignorant.

May 8, 1889.

## PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN

ON SATURDAY, MAY 11TH, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

VOCALISTS:

MRS. CRAWSHAW ELGOOD, MADAME SCHLÜTER,  
MR. CLAUDE RAVENHILL,  
HERR RAGNAR GREVILLIUS.

SOLO CORNET - MADAME ANNA TERESA BERGER.

ORGAN - MR. EDWIN BARNES,  
Mus. Prof. London Society for Teaching the Blind, Organist Trinity Church, Paddington.

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

1. OVERTURE ... "Occasional Oratorio" ... Handel.  
MR. EDWIN BARNES.2. DUET ... "La ci darem" (Don Giovanni) ... Mozart.  
MRS. CRAWSHAW ELGOOD AND HER RAGNAR GREVILLIUS.3. SONG ... "Love's Request" ... Reckardt.  
MR. CLAUDE RAVENHILL.

Now the day is slowly waning,  
Ev'ning breezes softly moan,  
Wilt thou ne'er heed my complaining,  
Canst thou leave me thus alone.  
Stay with me, my darling, stay,  
And like a dream thy life shall pass away.

Canst thou thus unmov'd behold me,  
Still untroubl'd by love so deep  
Nay, thine arms more closely fold me,  
And thine eyes begin to weep.  
Stay with me, my darling, stay,  
And like a dream thy life shall pass away.

No regret shall e'er attend thee,  
Ne'er shall sorrow dim thine eye,  
'Gainst the world's alarms to fend thee,  
Gladly, proudly will I die.  
Stay with me, my darling, stay,  
And like a dream thy life shall pass away.

4. SOLO CORNET ... Polka "America" ... Levy.  
MADAME ANNA TERESA BERGER.5. IRISH BALLAD ... "Last Rose of Summer" ... T. Moore.  
MRS. CRAWSHAW ELGOOD.

'Tis the last rose of summer left blooming alone;  
All her lovely companions are faded and gone;  
No flow'r of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.  
I'll not leave thee, thou long one, to pine on the stem;  
Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep thou with them.  
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed,  
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.  
So soon may I follow when friendship's decay,  
And from love's shining circle the gems drop away!  
When true hearts lie wither'd, and fond ones are flown,  
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

6. SONG ... "Wandering Wishes" ... R. S. Addison.  
HER RAGNAR GREVILLIUS.

Oh, that I were a ripple on the stream,  
That glides and murmur past thy garden bower!  
Among the ferns and mosses I would gleam,  
And leave a jewel on each gentle flower.  
And thou shouldst see them look so fresh and fair,  
That thy dear eyes would love to linger there.

Oh, that I were a rose leaf on the gale,  
The happy Southern gale, that flies to thee!  
Upon its viewless pinions I would sail,  
And haunt thee like a summer memory,  
And bring thee roseate odours faint and sweet,  
Fan thy brow, and flutter to thy feet.

Oh, that I were the echo of a song,  
A soft and tender song of endless love;

And I would come, when evening shadows throng,

And none behold thee, save the stars above;

And through thy dreamful fancy would I glide,

And creep into thy heart and there abide.

7. SONG ... "Call Me Back" ... L. Denza.  
MADAME SCHLÜTER.

If as you wander where of old we met,  
You hear a voice amid the sleeping flowers  
It is my heart that cannot ne'er forget  
Those hours with thee, those golden hours.  
Bend, if you will, and kiss the flowers for me,  
Speak for the love of yesteryear;  
O love, thro' all the lonely days to be,  
My heart will hear, my heart will hear.

If as you slumber, dreaming soft and low,  
You hear a sound that is not rain or sea,  
It is my tears that must for ever flow,  
Remembering thee, remembering thee.

Weep in your dreams a little while with me,  
Call back the words of yesteryear;

O love, thro' all the lonely days to be,  
My heart will hear, my heart will hear!

8. PEDAL FUGUE-D MAJOR ... Bach.  
MR. EDWIN BARNES.9. SONG ... "Good-night, beloved" ... Balf. ...  
MR. CLAUDE RAVENHILL.

Good-night, beloved, I come to watch o'er thee,  
To be near thee, alone is peace for me;  
Thine eyes are stars of morning,  
Thy lips are crimson flowers.  
Good-night, beloved!  
While I count the weary hours;  
Ah! that mood that shinest  
Argent clear above.  
Good-night for enlighten,  
My sweet lady love enlighten.  
Good-night, beloved!  
Thine eyes are stars of morning,  
Thy lips are crimson flowers.  
Good-night, beloved!  
While I count the weary hours,  
Good-night, to be near thee,  
Peace is peace for thee. Good-night.

10. SONG ... "Sunshine through the mist" ... Van Lennep. ...  
MRS. CRAWSHAW ELGOOD.

There are shadows where once was sunshine,  
Gloom where reign'd but light;  
And we tire so soon, my darling,  
With the weariness of the night.  
Shall we now for aye be waiting?  
For a day that will not come?  
Must our life be ever pleading,  
And our hearts be ever dumb?  
Is it never, never coming,  
That sunshine after rain?  
Is it never, never coming?

Is it never, never coming,  
That sunshine after rain,  
We have not lived in vain?  
Is it never, never coming,  
That sunshine after rain,  
We have not liv'd in vain.  
Let our hearts not fail or falter,  
Our spirits droop not yet;  
The sun oft woot the flow'rets,  
While the rain they still are wet.  
And the cross we bear of sorrow,  
And the cleansing fires of pain,  
May pass from our lives for ever,  
And a golden joy remain!  
It is coming, it is coming,  
That hour when tears are past,  
It is coming!

11. SOLO CORNET ... "Russian Fantaisie" ... Levy.  
MADAME ANNA TERESA BERGER.12. SONGS ... (a) "Norwegian Song" ... Emil Kjerulf.  
(b) "Swedish Evensong" ... Herr Ragnar Grevilliuss.

(a) NORWEGIAN SONG.  
Afar in the wood, where the pine trees wave,  
Warm noon is gently gleaming;  
The leaflets tremble here and there,  
And like a soft kiss on my hair,  
The cool wind sets me dreaming.  
Afar in the wood, when the pine trees wave,  
I feel my sorrow wendle;  
I wander on, from shade to shade,  
And think of thee, my own sweet maid,  
Till hope begins to kindle.

(b) SWEDISH EVENSONG.  
The king's daughter sits in her tow'r so high,  
The page blew his horn, and he hardly knew why;  
"O why are you playing? O pretty boy, cease!"  
O leave me to dream in my chamber in peace,  
When the sun goes down."  
The king's daughter sits in her tow'r so high,  
The page sat him down with his horn lying by;  
"O boy, go on playing! O why do you cease?"  
It sets me adreaming, O leave me in peace,  
When the sun goes down."

13. SONG ... "Douglas Gordon" ... L. Kellie.  
MADAME SCHLÜTER.

"Row me o'er the strait, Douglas Gordon,  
Row me o'er the strait, my love, my love," said she;  
"Where we greeted in the summer, Douglas Gordon,  
Beyond the little kirk, by the old, old trysting tree."  
Never a word spake Douglas Gordon;  
But he looked into her eyes so tenderly;  
And he set her at his side, and away across the tide,  
They floated to the little kirk and the old, old trysting tree.  
"Give me a word of love, Douglas Gordon;  
Just a word of pity, O my love," said she.  
"For the bells will ring to-morrow, Douglas Gordon,  
My wedding bells, my love, but not for you and me.  
They told me you were false, Douglas Gordon,  
And you never never came to comfort me."  
And she saw the great tears rise in her lover's silent eyes,  
As they drifted to the little kirk, and the old, old trysting tree.  
"And its never, never, Douglas Gordon,  
Never in this world that you may come to me;  
But tell me that you love me, Douglas Gordon,  
And kiss me for the love of all that used to be."  
Then he flung away his sail, his oars, and rudder,  
And he took her in his arms so tenderly;  
And they drifted on amain, and the bells may call in vain,  
For she and Douglas Gordon are drowned in the sea!

14. POSTLUDE-E FLAT ... Wely.  
MR. EDWIN BARNES.

May 8, 1889.

## Calendar of the Week.

May 9th.—On this day the illustrious poet Schiller died, aged 45. He was intended for the Church, but refused to take Holy Orders, and became a surgeon in the army of the Duke of Wurtemberg. He remained in this service a very short time, and then became a poet and dramatist by profession. He worked hard all his life, was always poor, always in debt, yet always gaining more and more the love of the Germans when as yet they were not a people.

On this day, 1671, was made the famous attempt to rob the Crown Jewels. The man Blood was an Irishman: he had risen in the army of Oliver Cromwell to the rank of Colonel: in the year 1663, he made a desperate attempt to seize Dublin Castle: in 1670, he attempted to murder the Duke of Ormonde: the year after he made his very remarkable snatch at the Crown Jewels. They were in the custody of one Edwards, then an old man, in the Tower. Blood contrived to make the acquaintance of this man by pretending to be a clergyman, and having lulled him into security, brought two or three of his accomplices, and asked Edwards to show them the regalia. One of the party stayed outside to keep watch: when the door was locked they knocked the old man on the head till he pretended to be senseless: then Blood clapped the Crown under his coat, while one of his friends put the orb in his pocket, and the other proceeded to file the sceptre in two. Unluckily for the thieves, Edwards' son arrived with a certain Captain Beckman, and the alarm was given. All the robbers fled, but were caught, and the regalia saved. Then—and here comes the strange part of the story—Blood was brought before the King himself, and had the impudence to assure his Majesty that if his—Blood's—life was taken, the king himself would be assassinated. It is almost incredible that King Charles not only pardoned them all, but actually gave Blood an estate in Ireland, in order that he might have something to live upon. One of his associates was afterwards hanged for the part he took in the Monmouth Rebellion.

May 10th.—One or two kings and queens died on this day, among them Louis XV. of France, who was, I suppose, the worst king who ever sat upon that throne.

May 11th.—A day of many deaths. On this day, 1310, Jacques du Molay Grand Master of the Knights Templars, was burned to death at Paris. It is a very strange and wonderful story. On a certain day all the Templars in France were arrested and all their property seized by the king. The same thing was done in Italy and in Great Britain. The Knights had enormous possessions which they were everywhere extending. They owed no allegiance to any king, and they were haughty beyond all endurance. Their pride seems to have been, indeed, their only crime. On their trial they were most cruelly tortured and made to confess all kinds of wickedness. In the end the Grand Master and some of the principal officers were burned to death, and the rest were confined in monasteries for the rest of their lives.

On this day, 1822, Mr. Percival, Prime Minister, was assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons by a merchant, who fancied he had a grievance.

The great Pitt, Lord Chatham, died on this day, 1778.

I also observe from an almanack, that the Grand Duke Serge was born on this day. Really! Now who is the Grand Duke Serge, and what has he done, that his birthday should be commemorated in a British Almanack?

May 12th.—Saint Pancras' Day. This saint was a Roman boy, who at fourteen years of age suffered martyrdom in the persecution of Diocletian. Strange fate that rescued his name and preserved it just to serve as an appellation for churches. The parish of St. Pancras, London, itself a great city, is full of history and interest, far surpassing that of the persecution in which this poor lad perished.

May 13th.—Old May Day. That is to say, it was May Day before the change from the old style to the new, which brought everything forward by twelve days, and was very unpopular with old people, because they thought their lives would be shortened by that amount. However, when we read in the old poets about May Day and the glories of the season, we must remember that it took place in the middle and not the beginning of our May. Now it may

generally be observed that the East wind vanishes just before this date, after which we may fairly expect genial spring-like weather.

May 14th.—Henry IV. of France assassinated on this day, 1610, by Ravaillac. The assassin, like most political murderers, was clearly what the Americans call a crank. He had visions and dreams, heard voices, and felt invisible hands. After his deed his flesh was torn with red hot pincers, and he was then dragged to pieces by four horses. The poor wretch was only one of the monsters who always appear in time of Civil and Religious War. In these times he would have murdered President Lincoln or formed a dynamite plot.

Henry Grattan, the great Irish orator, died this day, 1820. The gift of oratory is a dangerous one. While the English and the Scotch who have it not, were suffering under vile laws and the united tyranny of king, church, rank, and capital, they endured in patience and got on notwithstanding. But the Irish orated. When the English and Scottish people got richer and stronger they began to cast off this tyranny bit by bit. But the Irish went on orating. And it seems to me that they are still doing it, while the English and Scotch are still at work.

May 15th.—Another great orator, also an Irishman, Daniel O'Connell, died this day, 1847: a great actor, Edmund Kean, 1833: and a great actress, Mdlle. Champmélée, who created the leading female parts in Racine's tragedies. The great dramatist not only wrote for her but made love to her. Even a tragic poet is human.

## A Wonderful Climate.

Her great pride was in being an invalid. She lost no opportunity of stating that she came to Brighton to recuperate. She did not hesitate to enter into a conversation with any person she came in contact with, giving advice—climatological or physiological—to invalids, and seeking the same from those of robust constitution. Her conversation was always prefaced by the introductory inquiry so common to visitors: "Did you come here for your health?" She thus addressed a stalwart, ruddy-visaged young man at the dinner-table of the hotel, and the following dialogue ensued: "Yes, madam; I came here probably the weakest person you ever saw. I had no use of my limbs—in fact, my bones were little tougher than cartilages. I had no intelligent control of a single muscle, nor the use of a single faculty." "Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the astonished auditor. "And you lived?" "I did, madam. Although I was devoid of sight, was absolutely toothless, unable to articulate a single word, and dependent upon others for everything, being completely deprived of all power to help myself. I commenced to gain immediately upon my arrival, and have scarcely experienced a sick day since; hence I can conscientiously recommend the climate." "A wonderful cure!" said the lady. "But do you think your lungs were effected?" "They were probably sound, but possessed of so little vitality that, but for the most careful nursing, they must have ceased their functions." "I hope you found kind friends, sir?" "Indeed I did, madam; it is to them, and the pure air of Brighton, that I owe my life. My father's family were with me, but unfortunately my mother was prostrated by a severe illness during the time of my great weakness." "How sad! Pray what were your diet and treatment?" "My diet was the simplest possible, consisting only of milk, that being the only food my system would bear. As for treatment I depended entirely upon the life-giving properties of Brighton air, and I took no medicine except an occasional light narcotic when very restless. My improvement dated from my arrival. My limbs soon became strong, my sight and voice came to me slowly, and a full set of teeth, regular and firm, appeared." "Remarkable! Miraculous!" "Madam, I weighed but nine pounds. I was born in Brighton. Good day!"

THE MAGNET IN SURGERY.—Mechanics and others employed in iron factories frequently suffer some annoyance, and no little pain, from the accidental introduction into the eye of particles of steel, iron filings, etc. All persons engaged in work of this kind should carry with them magnets, the use of which rarely fails to remove the foreign body. A man had recently a piece of steel filing in his eyeball, and a surgeon spent some time in vain endeavours to extract it. Finally, he brought a powerful electro magnet to his aid, by means of which the offensive particle, which had been imbedded in the eyeball, was at once removed.

## Will Men Ever Fly?

THE study of natural science is being taken up more and more every year by schools, colleges, and scientists. Of all the interesting branches of this subject, ornithology is perhaps receiving at present most attention. Man, without doubt, will some day overcome the forces of nature and propel himself through the air by mechanical means, as now he does through the water. From the earliest times to the present he has been fascinated by the possibilities of flight, and numerous attempts have been made to find some means by which to fly, from the wings of wax and feathers to the complicated machines of to-day. Nearly all models used have been based upon the flight of birds, and the shape, action, and comparative size of their wings. Sea-birds, it is known, have the greatest power of sustained flight, many of them being able to keep on the wing for days at a time; even sleeping while sailing among the clouds, though when they wish to do so they fill their porous bones with air, as well as a pouch which extends along the neck from the root of the tongue to the breastbone. Another thing is the elasticity and thickness of their wing-covers, rendering the expenditure of force less necessary, and thus, by economising the muscular tissue, making them capable of prolonged exertion. What-

ever machine may ultimately be used to fly with will be based upon this principle of the sea-bird's flight, and more or less that of all birds, which is the combination of economised force for propulsion and the power of lightening the body propelled. It is a noticeable fact that the shape of the tails of the faster swimming fishes and the wings of the swifter flying birds are based on the same pattern, which is one conducive to the greatest elasticity and lightness and scope for muscular force, which in all animals of this kind come mostly from tendons as taking up less space and weight than muscular tissue.

THE following lucid directions are given in the official Regulations for the Militia: "Part III, Section VI.—1161.—Here is the method of computing the value of a lost article: (a) Deduct the worn-out value of lost garment for its value when new; (b) Divide the remainder by the number of months or trainings the garment should wear; (c) Multiply the quotient by the number of months or trainings the lost garment has actually been worn; (d) Subtract the result from the total value of the garment when new; (e) The remainder will be the sum charged to the man; (f) Any part of a month will be taken as a whole." 1162. In cases where the man has not lost the garment, but has so damaged it as to make it unserviceable, the worn-out valuable will be deducted from the final result arrived at in the manner described in the preceding paragraph, and that difference will be the sum charged to him.

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

In connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, and the City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education.

## Time Table of Evening Classes

For the SPRING TERM, commencing April 24th and ending July 19th.

*The Winter Session for the Technical, Science and Art Classes, will commence on September 30th next.*

The Workshops are replete with requirements, well filled with Tools, etc. The Lectures will be fully demonstrated with Experiments, Diagrams, Dissolving Views, Specimens, Practical Demonstrations, etc. The Lecture Rooms are commodious and well supplied with apparatus, etc. The Physical and Chemical Laboratories are well fitted and supplied with all apparatus required for a thorough practical instruction. Separate Lavatories and Cloak Rooms are provided for Male and Female Students. Students also have the privilege of using the Library and Refreshment Room. The Practical and Technical Classes are limited to Members of the Trade in question.

## General Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
+ Ambulance	G. Stoker, Esq., M.D.	Tuesday ..	8.15	5. d.
+ Arithmetic—Elementary	Mr. A. Sarll, A.K.C.	Friday ..	5.0 - 9.0	2 6
" Commercial	"	"	9.0 - 10.0	2 6
" Advanced	"	"	7.0 - 8.0	2 6
+ Book-keeping—Elem.	"	Friday ..	8.0 - 9.0	2 6
" Interme.	"	Thursday ..	7.0 - 8.0	2 6
" Advanced	"	"	9.0 - 10.0	2 6
Grammar & Compr. Advn.	Mr. D. Isaacs, B.A.	Saturday ..	7.30-8.30	4 0
Civil Service—Boy Clerks	"	Tuesday ..		
Female Clerks (Prelim.)	"	"		
Excise (Beginners)	"	"		
Customs (Beginners)	"	"		
Lower Div. (Prelim.)	"	"		
" (Competitive)	"	Tuesday ..	8.0 - 10.0	12 0
Excise & Customs (Adv.)	"	Thursday ..	8.30-10.0	12 0
Female Clerks (Com.)	"			
Male Telegraph Learners	"			
Boy Copyists	"	Thursday ..	6.30-8.30	10 0
Female Tele. Learners	"			
Female Sorters	"			
+ Shorthand (Pitman's) Ele.	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday ..	8.0 - 9.0	4 0
" Advan.	"	"	9.0 - 10.0	5 0
" Report.	Mons. Pointin	Monday ..	7.0 - 8.0	4 0
+ French, Elementary	"	M. & Wed.	8.0 - 9.0	4 0
" Intermediate	"	"	9.0 - 10.0	4 0
" Advanced	"	Wed. & Fri.	7.0 - 8.0	4 0
" Conversational	"	Wednesday ..	9.0 - 10.0	4 0
" Commercial. Corres.	"	Friday ..	8.0 - 9.0	4 0
German, Advanced	Herr Dittell	Wednesday ..	7.0 - 8.0	4 0
Beginners	"	"	8.0 - 9.0	4 0
Intermediate	"	"	9.0 - 10.0	4 0
+ Elocution (Class 1)	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday ..	6.0 - 7.30	3 6
(Class 2)	"	"	8.0 - 10.0	3 6
Shakespeare Class	Mr. T. Drew	Monday ..	8.0 - 10.0	3 6
Writing	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday ..	8.0 - 10.0	2 0
+ London Matriculation	Mr. W. Coleman, B.A. (Lond.)	Tu. & Fri.	6.0 - 10.0	31 6
" Interim. Arts	"	"	6.0 - 10.0	42 0
" B.A. Degree	"	"	6.0 - 10.0	42 0

## Special Classes for Females only.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Plain Needlework, Garment Making & Art Needlework	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday ..	7.0 - 9.0	5 0
Dressmaking ..	"	Tuesday ..	7.0 - 9.0	4 0
" ..	"	Wednesday ..	7.30-9.30	4 0
" ..	"	Thursday ..	3.30-5.30	7 0
" ..	"	"	6.30-8.30	4 0
Millinery ..	Miss Newall	Tuesday ..	7.0 - 9.0	4 6
Cookery ..	Mrs. Sharman	Thursday ..	7.30-9.30	3 0
" Practical ..	"	"	6.30-7.30	7 6
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mr. Michell	"	8.0 - 9.30	2 0

## Musical Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Singing, Elementary	Mr. Orton Bradley	Thursday ..	8.0 - 9.0	2 0
" Advanced ..	"	Tues. & Fri.	9.0 - 10.0	2 0
Choral Society ..	"	8.0 - 10.0	2 0	
Orchestral Society ..	Mr. W. R. Cave ..	{ Tuesday ..	8.0 - 10.	2 6
Pianoforte ..	Mr. C. Hamilton ..	Monday ..	5.0 - 10.0	9 0
" ..	"	Tu. & Thur.	5.30-8.30	9 0
" ..	"	Wed. & Fri.	5.0 - 9.0	9 0
Violin ..	Mr. W. Jackson ..	Monday ..	6.0 - 10.0	5 0
" ..	"	Tuesday ..	6.0 - 10.0	5 0

## Practical Trade Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Upholstery, Cutting, & Drap. Fitting, Turning, Patrn. Making & Mouldg.	Mr. G. Scarman .. (Mr. A. W. Bevis .. (Wh. Sc.) ..	Wednesday ..	7.30-9.0	5 0
Carpentry and Joinery ..	Mr. W. Graves ..	M. and F. ..	8.0-10.0	5 0
Wood Carving ..	Mr. Perrin .. (S.A. Medallist)	M. W. and F. ..	7.30-9.30	6 0
Etching, Photography, Photographers Non-Professionals	Mr. Costello .. Mr. E. H. Farmer ..	Tu. and Th. .. Wednesday ..	7.30-9.30	6 0
	"	" ..	10.0-10.0	21 0

\* For Course of Five Lectures. See Class Prospectus for details of Classes.

May 8, 1889.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

1051

## CYCLING.

## THE TOURISTS' ROUTE MAP of England and Wales

Is equally good for CYCLING, WALKING, or DRIVING TOURS. It is the Cheapest Road Map in the Market, at anything like the price, and gives the routes for Thirty of the Best Tours. Canvas Mounted and Cloth Cased, 1/-

LONDON: L. UPCOTT GILL, 170, STRAND, W.C.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE MEMORY LESSONS.

Arrangements have been made for Members of the PEOPLE'S PALACE to receive Courses of Prof. LOISETTE'S MEMORY TRAINING LESSONS for £1 1s. instead of £2 2s. (Private Lessons, £5 5s.). First Lecture next Tuesday, at 8 p.m., at 37, OXFORD STREET.

Mr. D. GREENLEAF THOMPSON (Author of "A System of Psychology," Longmans, 1884), Dr. W. A. HAMMOND (Author of "Works on the Mind") and Dr. M. L. HOLBROOK (Author of "How to Strengthen the Memory") testify that the LOISETTE system is original and of great value. Opinions of pupils who have passed Examinations and of members of the Medical, Scholastic, Clerical, etc., professions, post free from Prof. LOISETTE, 37, New Oxford Street, London.

THE

METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL,  
KINGSLAND ROAD, E.

Patron—THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Chairman—JOHN FRY, ESQ.

Hon. Secretary—SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.

## THE NEW BUILDING FOR 160 BEDS IS NOW COMPLETE.

The Hospital is conducted on Strictly Provident Principles.

ACCIDENTS AND CASES OF URGENCY ADMITTED AT ALL HOURS FREE.

## THE CHARITY HAS NO ENDOWMENT.

Funds urgently needed for Furnishing, Opening, and maintaining the New Wards.

Bankers { Glyn, Mills &amp; Co. Lloyds, Barnetts &amp; Bosanquets, Ltd.

CHARLES H. BYERS, Secretary.

THAMES CHURCH MISSION.  
INSTITUTED 1844.

## OBJECT OF THE SOCIETY.

To preach the Gospel to every creature in the Port of London.

## NECESSITY FOR SUCH A MISSION.

- A. The influence of Sailors abroad necessitates it.
- B. Their peculiar temptations on land demand it.
- C. The eternal welfare of the multitude requires it.
- D. Our Lord commands it—Preach the Gospel to every creature.

## AGENTS ENGAGED.

- A. Clergymen of the Church of England.
- B. Sailor Missionaries.
- C. Honorary Helpers on board ship.

## WORK DONE IN 1887.

- 79,059 visits to individuals
- 38,550 vessels visited.
- 556,712 tracts (in different languages) given away
- 28,358 copies and portions of the Holy Scripture distributed.

450 Prayer Books given and sold.

603 total abstinence pledges taken.

12,266 emigrants spoken to, and each one presented with a packet of magazines and a copy of the New Testament.

141 emigrant vessels visited.

5,065 services conducted at which 130,727 Persons were present.

Never before in the history of the Mission has so much been accomplished.

## MEANS USED.

1. Individual conversation.
2. Services conducted with ships' crews, passengers and emigrants.
3. Distribution of the Holy Scripture.
4. Distribution of sound Gospel Literature.

## RESULTS.

" Seamen have become more sober, more thrifty, and now, I believe, more Godly."—BISHOP-DESIGNATE OF BEDFORD.

" I have attended services on board emigrant ships in the docks, and I know they are a source of universal comfort to those going abroad."—HENRY GREEN, Esq.

May 8, 1889.

**FROOMS & Co.**

239, Commercial Road, LONDON, E.

Estab. 1854.] Opposite District Post Office. [Estab. 1854.

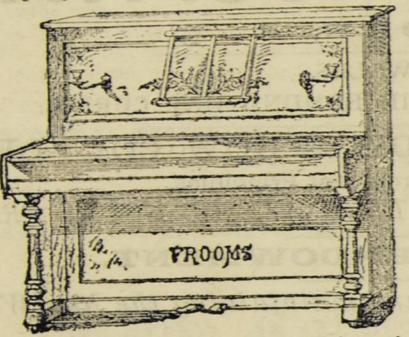
**HIGH-CLASS****Pianoforte Makers**

*WE* are now offering High-Class Pianofortes for the remarkably low sum of 2/6 per week, sent home immediately, carriage free. No deposit required.

Our Easy Terms System is universally acknowledged to be the best ever offered to the public, and we cordially invite intending purchasers to inspect our splendid stock of Instruments before deciding elsewhere.

**Class I.—THE WONDER.**

Height, 3 ft. 9 in.; width, 4 ft. 5 in.; compass 7 octaves.



and Exchanged if not approved of.

Every Instrument Warranted

The above Piano, with Patent Suspension Bridge, only recently perfected in tone, touch, and general finish, is now pronounced the best cheap Piano in the trade. Can be obtained for **20 gs.** at **2/6** per week. Sent home immediately. No deposit required. 25 per cent. discount for cash.

Agents for the Patent Standfast Pianos. Prospectus free on application.

**City of London Truss Society,**

35, FINSBURY, SQUARE.

For the Relief of the Ruptured Poor throughout the Kingdom.

ESTABLISHED 1807.

Patron - - - H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

The Patients (numbering over 9,000 in the year) are of both sexes and all ages, from Children a month old to Adults over ninety.

Upwards of 440,000 Patients have been relieved since the formation of the Charity.

Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by the Society's Bankers, LLOYDS, BARNETTS, AND BOSANQUETS' Bank (Limited), 72, Lombard Street; and by the Secretary, at the Institution.

**N.B.—Funds are much needed.**JOHN NORBURY, Treasurer,  
JOHN WHITTINGTON, Secretary.**The Natural Mineral Waters of**

36s. per Case  
50 Bottles  
Carriage paid.

32s. per Case  
50 Half-Bottles  
Carriage Paid.

(STATE SPRINGS).

**"CELESTINS,"** for Diseases of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, &c.**"GRANDE-GRILLE,"** for Diseases of the Liver and Biliary Organs, &c.**"HOPITAL,"** for Stomach Complaints. **"HAUTERIVE,"** an excellent Table Water.

Sole English Branch—**INGRAM & ROYLE,**  
LONDON: 52, Farringdon St., E.C. LIVERPOOL: Finney Lane. BRISTOL: Bath Bridge.  
And of all Chemists.

A Full Descriptive Pamphlet on application.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

**BIRKBECK BANK,***Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.*

THREE per CENT. INTEREST allowed on DEPOSITS, repayable on demand.

TWO per CENT. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS, calculated on the minimum monthly balances, when not drawn below £100.

STOCK, SHARES, and ANNUITIES purchased and sold.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK contains full particulars, and may be had, post free, on application to

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

The Birkbeck Building Society's Annual Receipts exceed Five Millions.

HOW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE FOR TWO GUINEAS PER MONTH, OR A PLOT OF LAND FOR FIVE SHILLINGS PER MONTH, with immediate possession. Apply at the Office of the BIRKBECK FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK contains full particulars, and may be had, post free, on application to

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.

**IF PEOPLE KNEW**

How speedily every nerve and muscle of the body would become strengthened by simply wearing

**HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT**they would not lose a moment in procuring one. It cures almost all disorders of the **Nerves, Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys.** Those who have any doubt as to its remarkable Properties for Restoring Health to the System, should write or call and examine the originals at the Institute of the MEDICAL BATTERY CO., Limited,**52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.**

(Corner of Rathbone Place.)

Advice free of charge personally or by letter.

WRITE FOR A BELT TO-DAY

before you forget it.

