

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

Vol. IV.—No. 100.]

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]

NOTICE.

CLASS TICKETS are issued every day in the Schools' Office until 9 p.m.

By payment of an additional fee of sixpence per quarter, Students will have the privilege of attending the Concerts and Entertainments arranged expressly for them in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evenings.

THE TIME TABLE is now ready, and may be had by applying at the offices, which are now open each evening till nine, to issue class tickets.

AN EFFICIENT COOKERY SCHOOL is now available; Evening Lessons on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays; Day Lessons, Monday and Thursday afternoons. Full particulars at the Schools' Office.

Coming Events.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.

FRIDAY, Oct. 11th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Military Band Practice, at 7.45.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

SATURDAY, Oct. 12th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in East Ante-room of Queen's Hall.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 5.

SUNDAY, Oct. 13th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30 and 4.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY, Oct. 14th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Rambler's Club.—General Meeting, at 8.30.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in East Ante-room of Queen's Hall.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Reading by Mr. Charles Dickens, in Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m.—Evening Students admitted from 7; General Public from 7.45.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, OCTOBER 13th, 1889.

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, AT 12.30 AND 8 O'CLOCK.

ORGANIST—MR. EDWARD D'EVRY.

At 4 o'clock, Organ Recital and Sacred Songs.

VOCALISTS:

MRS. GRAHAM COLES AND MR. ALBON NASH.

ADMISSION FREE.

Notes of the Week.

THE first note of the week must be concerning the speech of the Bishop of Bedford, at the Church Congress, on the subject of Recreation. Here it is at length.

"The recreations in which any indulge are a pretty sure indication of their character; and character is very largely affected by the way in which the hours of recreation are spent. Recreation is a most important factor in the physical and moral education of all. It is a mistake for the church to say of certain forms of recreation and amusement, that they are popular; yet because they too often minister to what is low and base in man, and their associations are too often baneful and injurious, it is our duty to denounce them as though in themselves evil, and to decline to concern herself with their purification, or to seek to remedy the conditions under which they may be enjoyed. The theatre and the music hall and kindred places of popular entertainment we shall never improve off the face of the earth, but is it a hopeless task to endeavour to improve them? To raise the tone of all public entertainments, and to purify their surroundings, is surely a good work, and worthy of the attention of those who are happily able to be absolutely, if they please, independent of them for relaxation and pleasure. Among those who use them are many who would heartily assist in the good work if they only knew how. We need a more healthy public opinion, and the means must then be devised for making it felt. Of neither of these do I altogether despair. I have watched with more than ordinary interest the efforts that have been made to provide recreation for the people independent of the public caterer, and with an eye to something other than making a profit and providing for a dividend. I remember when many who enlisted in these ventures were terribly afraid that nothing but what is low and appeals to the animal in man would have the remotest chance of being tolerated, much less of proving attractive, in the East-end of London. But they have been agreeably surprised to find that it is not as they feared, and their efforts have gone a long way towards creating a demand for something better in places of public entertainment. The People's Palace in the East End has certainly proved a success, and not only as an educational institution—and by this I mean it has accomplished the ends for which it was by its promoters designed. One aim of theirs, among others, was to gather the people in to listen to good music and good singing—the entertainments were to be elevating and improving, though not dull and devoid of all that is bewitching in sentiment and sparkling with fun and humour. Thousands avail themselves of these entertainments, and they are thoroughly appreciated. The midday organ recital on the Sunday is attended by a thoroughly representative company, who are held in rapt attention by the sacred music discoursed from the fine organ. The audience is composed almost exclusively of those who would be otherwise lounging about the great thoroughfare of Whitechapel or Mile End Road after a late toilet, and before they turned in for their Sunday dinner. Opinion is still divided, I allow, as to the propriety of thus employing a portion of the Lord's Day, but I have met with few who have observed the same people within and without who have not been pleased to know that in increasing numbers they throng on Sunday afternoon the great Queen's Hall. But in the East-end to which I have referred there are provided other kinds of recreation about which opinion will be still more divided. Many will, perhaps, hardly be prepared to sanction dancing. I never knew such people to dance as only our East-enders. I never could dance myself, but I often wonder how it came to pass

that I escaped the contagion during my ten years of East-end life. I should like to have the verdict of an impartial jury, who should be their own witnesses of the dancing at the occasional parties that are given in either the People's Palace or the club in Victoria Square. If dancing is one of the works of the flesh, it is not to be tolerated under any conditions by those who would live and have others live according to the will of God; or, if it is in its nature provocative of what is evil—if it cannot even be said of it with truth it is a harmless amusement, then we cannot look at it. But if it is not actually forbidden to Christians to dance if used in moderation, it is a healthy and invigorating amusement, and if it can be enjoyed without danger to the morals of the company, then it is a permissible form of recreation for those who desire to use it. This is the contention of those who are responsible for its introduction and practice in the two institutions to which I have referred. The scruples of many, I know, have been removed after constant and careful observation. The dress of the guests, especially of the women, compares favourably with the dress of those who belong to what is known as "society." The behaviour of men to women and women to men has been worthy of the imitation of many who are known as their "betters." I am convinced that every one, whether clergyman or layman, who adds something to the innocent enjoyments of human life, has joined in a good work, inasmuch as he has diminished the inducement to vicious indulgences."

I am, and always have been, of the opinion that dancing is a natural, healthy, delightful, and perfectly laudable form of recreation. Everything, in fact, that brings young people together openly, and for the purpose of orderly amusement, is admirable and healthy. If no such opportunities are afforded, young people will make them for themselves—and not openly. Should the whole bench of Bishops write in condemning the dance, I should still stick to my conviction, because no opinion or decree of any church can drive out Nature. At the same time, when a man, whom we all justly revere, such a man as the Bishop of Bedford, expresses his approbation of our dancing parties, one is pleased. It is a kind of testimonial. Remark, too, what the Bishop says about our dress and our behaviour.

This open admission in favour of dancing from a Bishop, is worth, in fact, a great deal to us, even to the most obstinate among us. We have no longer to defend ourselves: opposition is practically disarmed. At the same time, there are many worthy people, who will continue to look upon dancing with sour faces. For example, I was conversing some time ago with one of the leading men of the American Methodists. He said, "I agree with all your views except one. We cannot admit dancing among our people. We will have any other kind of amusement, but not dancing. We never find that dancing produces anything but mischief." His church numbers twenty millions of Americans; therefore one third of the whole population of the United States is forbidden by their church to dance. Do they obey their church? I am afraid they do, if only for the reason that dancing is a thing to be taught, learned, and practised, and if they cannot learn it they cannot practise it. What they lose by this unnatural restriction, we cannot now consider.

ANOTHER point to be remarked in this admirable Bishop's discourse is, his entire approval of our Sunday music. We all remember the opposition with which we were met at the outset,—the petitions with so many thousands of signatures,—prophecies of mischief and the rest of it. Very good. Now read the Bishop's witness to the good that these organ recitals are doing Sunday after Sunday, and especially on wet and cold Sundays. I am quite sure that there is not a single person of all the thousands who have attended these Sunday recitals, who have not felt that their time while listening to the music was spent profitably, blamelessly, and happily.

THE Bishop and his address have taken up all the space of this week: other things must wait. Meantime, there are a few things to which I should like to call attention. First, I should like anybody who reads this to go to the Library, and ask for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of October 2nd (last Wednesday). They will there find a little paper which deserves to be read and studied by everybody. It is on the danger of eating food which is no longer fresh. Every kind of flesh or fish, when it begins to putrify, sets up a process of fermentation, and generates a poisonous substance. These poisons differ with every form of food. They are, however, all virulent and highly dangerous: thus, from mackerel, we get hydro-collidine:

from beef, neurilline: from sweetbread, collidine: from other things, putrescine, mytilotoxine, tyrotoxin, and other things. Death lurks in every pot. The only preventive is care to buy nothing that is in the least "gone off," especially fish. And if food has to be kept, get an ounce of boracic acid of the chemist, dissolve it in a gallon of water, and sprinkle the solution over the food: it is tasteless, and it arrests decay.

THE same number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives a notice on our Library. Out of 1,149 books taken out during one week, 859 were works of fiction. The boys of the Technical School, however, run up the proportion of fiction enormously. Owing to their exertions, Kingston is the most popular author, and Marryat comes next; Dickens, of course, is first, as soon as the boys have had their way. In this week, 99 scientific and technical books were asked for; 44 books of geography, 32 of history, and 23 of poetry. Shakespeare and Byron are the most popular; Milton and Longfellow come next. Of the *Magazines*, *Harper's* seems the greatest favourite, owing, I suppose, to the beauty of the illustrations. The writer of the note concludes with a hint, which I venture to endorse, underlined, to the effect that we want more books—many more books. Send us books, dear reader. THE EDITOR.

Palace Notes.

THE Palace is bursting into its winter work in tremendous style. Nightly the Schools Office is crowded with fresh students, and every room is being taxed to its utmost capacity.

NEXT Wednesday (the 16th), Mr. Charles Dickens will visit us, and give readings from his father's works. Some of "David Copperfield" will be heard, I am told, and (as well as many other fine things) "Mr. Bob Sawyer's Party."

CLUBS are being formed among our students right and left. Anyone wishing to join any club, or to suggest the formation of others, should consult the notices posted in the main corridor and other places, and sign the sheets in the Schools Office. These sheets are intended to afford a notion of how many intend joining each club, and the signature of any of them will not bind the signer in any way to join or not to join. Certain simple rules for the guidance of students, in forming and carrying on these clubs, will be drawn up by the Trustees; the rules made by the clubs themselves will then be submitted to the Trustees for approval, and once approved, will be binding.

OUR Practical Cookery Classes are, as I observed last week, to be a great feature in our winter's work. I can scarcely think of any class likely to be so useful in the East-end as this. Every woman and girl in the district should get the Syllabus—it can be had for the asking at the Schools' Office—and she will join the class immediately on seeing it,—she won't be able to help it. One gets violently hungry to read the very names of the dainties which are to be made. The numbers of pupils are strictly limited, and early applications to join must be made.

THE Photographic Club have taken time by the forelock with both hands, and have sent in their rules for approval before any announcement as to clubs has been made; they are smart business men in this club, without a doubt. The name of the club will, nevertheless, appear on the list of clubs to be formed, in order to give all new students a chance to join at the beginning. This, in the old days, was always a capitally successful club, and the new club should do better still.

THE General Syllabus, containing particulars of all the evening classes, is now available, and is a most instructive and useful book of reference. It has eighty pages, and the price is a penny only.

AMONG the numberless good things in store for our students during the winter, the monthly dances will be prominent. They will be given on Wednesday—the "off night"—in each case. The dates up to Christmas will be, October 23rd, and November 20th. The Eastern Exhibition Building, which is nicely lined and boarded, will be used for these little dances, and made very pleasant and comfortable;

there will be no charge for admission to these dances beyond the price of the programme. Then on Monday, December 23rd, two days before Christmas, all the students will have a grand evening party in the Queen's Hall, with dancing, music, and all jolly things. Mr. Walter Marshall has kindly consented to bear the burden of the work connected with these festivities, and nobody who knows him will feel a doubt about the thorough success of what he will do.

SUB-EDITOR.

Society and Club Notes.

Club announcements should reach the Sub-Editor, if possible, early on Monday morning. Those which arrive later are liable to crowding out. Monday evening is the very latest time for their receipt with any probability of publication in the following issue.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

Conductor Mr. W. R. CAVE.

Members are particularly requested to notice that the Winter Session having now commenced we shall rehearse on Tuesday evenings, 8 till 10, and Saturdays, 5 till 7, as before. The fee has been reduced to 2s. per quarter, those who have not paid should do so without delay. We have over 100 names on our register, and if all our old friends will attend we shall form a strong Society. We are asked to play at least once a month in the Queen's Hall.

The works to be rehearsed for the coming Concerts are:—

OVERTURES, "Domino Noir"	Auber.
"Zanetta"	Auber.
"Holiday Overture"	Eaton Fanning.
SELECTIONS, "Lucia di Lamermoor"	Donizetti.
"Faust"	Gounod.
"Traviata"	Verdi.
VIOLIN CONCERTO	Beethoven.
PAGEANT MUSIC	John Farmer.
PIANOFORTE CONCERTO IN C minor	Beethoven.
SYMPHONY IN D minor	W. R. Cave.
ORATORIA, "Woman of Samaria"	Sterndale Bennett.

And various other works.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—There are vacancies in the Orchestra for Violins, Violas, Cellos, Basses, Clarinets, Oboes, Bassoons, Horns, Cornets, Euphoniums, Trombones, and Drums. Ladies or Gentlemen playing any of the above instruments will find this Society an excellent means of improving their musical practice. We have a good Library of Music which is lent free for rehearsal. Any further information will be cheerfully supplied on application to Wm. Stock, Hon. Sec.

THE LATE (Institute) PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

The adjourned meeting of the club was held in the Lecture-room of the Institute, on Thursday, 3rd inst. E. Howard Farmer, Esq. (Vice-President), occupied the chair.

It was decided to re-organise this club, under the new regulations of the Trustees, the first meeting of which will take place on Friday, the 18th inst., when Mr. Barrett has promised to read a paper on "Transparencies."

The following is the result of the election of officers for the year ending September, 1890:—

President.—Sir Edmund Hay Currie.
Vice-Presidents.—E. Howard Farmer, Esq., F.C.S., F.I.C.; C. W. Hastings, Esq.; Robert Mitchell, Esq.
Committee.—Messrs. Alex. Albu, R. Beckett, W. J. Downing, R. Edwards, T. W. Gamble, J. Hawkins, T. Lawday, R. Marriott, and G. Paton.

Librarian.—Mr. Marriott.
Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.—Mr. William Barrett, 16, Clare Road, Forest Gate, E.

Mr. Farmer then presented, on behalf of the Members, a Camera Stand and Case to Mr. William Barrett, for the very able and energetic manner in which he had performed his duties as Hon. Secretary.

A hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Farmer concluded the meeting.

Ladies and gentlemen interested in photography are invited to attend our ordinary meetings, which are held on the first and third Fridays in each month.

WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec.
ALEXANDER ALBU, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last a large number of members and friends took part in a social evening in the school rooms of the old school buildings. A very elaborate programme was arranged, and consisted of songs and dances, which, I need hardly say, did not fail to amuse and interest everyone. Part 1 of the programme was successfully gone through, when we were pleased to see Sir E. H. Currie, who, in a short speech, complimented the club in having had the services of such a good secretary as Mr. H. Rout had undoubtedly proved himself to be during the two years in which he had held that office, and saying that in consequence of the success of our club, two other clubs had been formed on the same lines, viz., the Junior Section Rambling Club, and also one in connection with the Technical Schools. Sir Edmund then went on to say, that owing to there not being accommodation for an Institute during the alteration and completion of the Palace and grounds, that the Trustees had been obliged to suspend the old clubs, and that only those who joined classes would be eligible for membership when the club was re-formed; and as it would be a pity to let the club fall through since it had proved itself one of the most successful, he hoped that all those present would become students; however, should any of the old members be unable through distance or other reasons, then means might be devised which would enable them to continue their connection with a club that has for its object recreation and social improvement. On behalf of the members of the club, he had very great pleasure in presenting Mr. H. Rout with a handsome dressing case, as a token of their appreciation and esteem, and for the good service he had rendered them, which was as gracefully accepted by Mr. Rout amidst great acclamations. The second part of the programme commenced with the Ramblers' Quadrille, and was quite, if not more successful than that which had preceded it, and a most enjoyable evening was the result, one which many of us will look back upon with pleasure.

The General Meeting will be held on Monday next, October 14th, in the Old School-buildings, at 8.30 p.m. Agenda: Election of Officers, and other important business.

H. ROUT, Hon. Sec. pro tem.

CHESS CLUB.

Subscription:—3s. per annum, or 1s. per quarter: meeting nights, Tuesday and Saturday, from 7 p.m., in the East Ante-room. Intending Members, who would like to take part in any of the following matches, are requested to join without delay:—

List of Matches, Season 1889-90.

1889.			Boards.
Oct. 16	..	The Limes	8
" 30	..	* Belsize	8
Nov. 12	..	* Lewisham	8
" 25	..	* London County Council	8
Dec. 4	..	* Kentish Town	8
" 7	..	* Y.M.C.A., Hackney	6
" 17	..	* London Banks	10
" 11	..	* Ibis	8
1890.			
Jan. 14	..	Highbury Visiting	6
" 18	..	* Bow and Bromley Institute	8
" 23	..	* St Martin's-le-Grand	8
" 28	..	* Exeter Hall	8
Feb. 11	..	* Great Western Railway	8
" 18	..	Borough	8
" 26	..	* Westbourne Park	8
Mar. 3	..	* Battersea	8
" 13	..	* North London, 2nd Class	10
" 25	..	* Amethyst	8
April 5	..	* Y.M.C.A., Hackney	6
" 8	..	* City News Room	10
" 15	..	* General Post Office	10

* Junior Metropolitan Clubs' Competition.

On Saturday, 16th November, Dr. J. W. Hunt will play twenty games simultaneously against Members of the club.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

The Annual General Meeting of the above Society was held on Monday week last, with Mr. Bradley in the chair. A most hearty vote of thanks was passed to the retiring Secretary, Mr. Laundry. Mr. A. W. Course was then elected as Secretary for the ensuing year, Mr. J. H. Thomas as Librarian, Miss Rogers, Mrs. Murray, and Messrs Nicholls and Trappitt as assistant Librarians. The meeting then closed with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

A. W. J. LAUNDY, Late Hon. Sec.

THE UNEMPLOYED IN EAST LONDON.—At a time when much thought is being given to this matter, a practical suggestion may be of service. Last year more than £300,000 worth of foreign matches were purchased by inconsiderate consumers in this country, to the great injury of our own working people—so true is it that "Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart." If all consumers would purchase Bryant and May's matches, that firm would be able to pay £1,000 a week more in wages.—[ADVT.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE FOR EAST LONDON,

MILE END ROAD, E.

Chairman SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.

Workmen's & Apprentices' Industrial Exhibition.

PROGRAMME

OF THE

Presentation of Medals & Certificates

BY

LADY HAY CURRIE,

ON

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9th, 1889.

SELECTIONS BY THE

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY,

Under the Direction of Mr. W. R. CAVE.

VOCALIST MADAME RIECHELMANN.

Musical Director, Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

The Workmen's and Apprentices' Industrial Exhibition was held in June and July, and was open for one month, during which time it was visited by over 120,000 persons.

ROBERT MITCHELL,
C. E. OSBORN, } Managers to the Exhibition.

A. E. WERE, Clerk of the Exhibition.

AT 8 O'CLOCK—

1. OVERTURE "Son and Stranger" Mendelssohn.
THE PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA.
2. SONG "The Song of Ruth" Gounod.
MADAME RIECHELMANN.

And Ruth said: Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return
from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and
where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and

thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be
buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death
part thee and me.

3. MARCH AND HUNGARIAN DANCE W. R. Cave.
THE PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA.

AT 8.30 O'CLOCK—

PRESENTATION OF MEDALS AND CERTIFICATES

TO THE

Successful Exhibitors in the Workmen's & Apprentices' Exhibition

BY

LADY HAY CURRIE.

4. OVERTURE "Le Domino Noir" Auber.
THE PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA.

5. SONG "Stories" Behrend.
MADAME RIECHELMANN.

You say you are tired of your play, dear,
You say you have nothing to do,
So you creep to my arms for a story,
Of something or other that's true;
You say you are tired of the fairies,
They play such impossible tricks,
Ah what will you say to the world, dear,
When you come to six times six.
You break your toys and you mend them,
You change your old ones for new,
But the years bring chances and sorrows
One can never change or undo.
Once I was little like you, dear,
Once I was ever at play,
Perchance you can hardly believe it,
I seem so old to-day.
Once when I loved the fairies,
They promised me many things,

But my wishes flew out of the window,
Their promises made themselves wings,
But dream the old dreams, my darling,
Pray that they all may come true,
And live for the great to-morrow,
That life is unfolding for you;
Perchance you will hear the story,
That once the fairies told,
Before they touch'd with silver,
The hair that once was gold.
You may break your toys and may mend them,
They do as well for play,
But a heart is no mere plaything,
To break and throw away.
Old friends are better than new ones,
Old faces are always the best;
But a heart that can battle with sorrow,
Is better than all the rest.

6. WALTZ "Soldaten Lieder" Gung'l.
THE PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA.

7. GAVOTTE "People's Palace" W. R. Cave.
THE PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA.

PRESENTATION OF MEDALS

TO THE

SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS in the SWIMMING COMPETITION.

VOTE OF THANKS TO LADY HAY CURRIE.

8. SONG "Annie Laurie" Scotch.
MADAME RIECHELMANN.

Maxwelton braes are bonnie, where early fa's the dew;
And its there that Annie Laurie, gie'd me her promise true,
Gie'd me her promise true, which ne'er forgot shall be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and dee.
Her brow is like the snawdrift, her neck is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest that e'er the sun shone on;

That e'er the sun shone on; and dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and dee.
Like dew on the gowan lying, is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing, her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet; and she is a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and dee.

9. OVERTURE "Masaniello" Auber.

The Threefold Destiny.

A FAIRY LEGEND.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

I HAVE sometimes produced a singular and not unpleasant effect, so far as my own mind was concerned, by imagining a train of incidents in which the spirit and mechanism of the fairy legend should be combined with the characters and manners of familiar life. In the little tale which follows, a subdued tinge of the wild and wonderful is thrown over a sketch of New England personages and scenery, yet, it is hoped, without entirely obliterating the sober hues of nature. Rather than a story of events claiming to be real, it may be considered as an allegory, such as the writers of the last century would have expressed in the shape of an eastern tale, but to which I have endeavoured to give a more life-like warmth than could be infused into those fanciful productions.

In the twilight of a summer eve, a tall, dark figure, over which long and remote travel had thrown an outlandish aspect, was entering a village, not in "Faery Land," but within our own familiar boundaries. The staff, on which this traveller leaned, had been his companion from the spot where it grew, in the jungles of Hindostan; the hat, that overshadowed his sombre brow, had shielded him from the suns of Spain; but his cheek had been blackened by the red-hot wind of an Arabian desert, and had felt the frozen breath of an Arctic region. Long sojourning amid wild and dangerous men, he still wore beneath his vest the yataghan which he had once struck into the throat of a Turkish robber. In every foreign clime he had lost something of his New England characteristics; and perhaps, from every people, he had unconsciously borrowed a new peculiarity; so that when the world wanderer again trod the street of his native village, it is no wonder that he passed unrecognised, though exciting the gaze and curiosity of all. Yet, as his arm casually touched that of a young woman, who was wending her way to an evening lecture, she started and almost uttered a cry.

"Ralf Cranfield"; was the name that she half articulated.

"Can that be my old playmate, Faith Egerton?" thought the traveller, looking round at her figure, but without pausing.

Ralph Cranfield, from his youth upward, had felt himself marked out for a high destiny. He had imbibed the idea—we say not whether it were revealed to him by witchcraft, or in a dream of prophecy, or that his brooding fancy had palmed its own dictates upon him as the oracles of a Sibyl—but he had imbibed the idea, and held it firmest among his articles of faith, that three marvellous events of his life were to be confirmed to him by three signs.

The first of these three fatalities, and perhaps the one on which his youthful imagination had dwelt most fondly, was the discovery of the maid, who alone, of all the maids on earth, could make him happy by her love. He was to roam around the world till he should meet a beautiful woman, wearing on her bosom a jewel in the shape of a heart; whether of pearl, or ruby, or emerald, or carbuncle, or a changeful opal, or perhaps a priceless diamond, Ralph Cranfield little cared, so long as it were a heart of one peculiar shape. On encountering this lovely stranger, he was bound to address her thus:—"Maiden, I have brought you a heavy heart. May I rest its weight on you?" And if she were his fated bride,—if their kindred souls were destined to form a union here below, which all eternity should only bind more closely—she would reply, with her finger on the heart-shaped jewel,—“This token, which I have worn so long, is the assurance that you may!”

And, secondly, Ralph Cranfield had a firm belief that there was a mighty treasure hidden somewhere in the earth, of which the burial place would be revealed to none but him. When his feet should press upon the mysterious spot, there would be a hand before him, pointing downward—whether carved of marble, or hewn in gigantic dimensions on the side of a rocky precipice, or perchance a hand of flame in empty air, he could not tell; but at least he would discern a hand, the forefinger pointing downward, and beneath it the Latin word, *ERFODE*—dig! And digging thereabouts, the gold in coin or ingots, the precious stones, or of whatever else the treasure might consist, would be certain to reward his toil.

The third and last of the miraculous events in the life of this high-destined man, was to be the attainment of extensive influence and sway over his fellow-creatures. Whether he were to be a king, and founder of an hereditary throne, or the victorious leader of a people contending for their freedom, or the apostle of a purified and regenerated faith, was

left for futurity to show. As messengers of the sign, by which Ralph Cranfield might recognise the summons, three venerable men were to claim audience of him. The chief among them, a dignified and majestic person, arrayed, it may be supposed, in the flowing garments of an ancient sage, would be the bearer of a wand, or prophet's rod. With this wand, or rod, or staff, the venerable sage would trace a certain figure in the air, and then proceed to make known his heaven-instructed message; which, if obeyed, must lead to glorious results.

With this proud fate before him, in the flush of his imaginative youth, Ralph Cranfield had set forth to seek the maid, the treasure, and the venerable sage, with his gift of extended empire. And had he found them? Alas! it was not with the aspect of a triumphant man, who had achieved a nobler destiny than all his fellows, but rather with the gloom of one struggling against peculiar and continual adversity, that he now passed homeward to his mother's cottage. He had come back, but only for a time, to lay aside the pilgrim's staff, trusting that his weary manhood would regain somewhat of the elasticity of youth, in the spot where his threefold fate had been foreshown him. There had been few changes in the village; for it was not one of those thriving places where a year's prosperity makes more than the havoc of a century's decay; but like the gray hair in a young man's head, an antiquated little town, full of old maids, and aged elms, and moss-grown dwellings. Few seemed to be the changes here. The drooping elms, indeed, had a more majestic spread; the weather-blackened houses were adorned with a denser thatch of verdant moss; and doubtless there were a few more gravestones in the burial-ground, inscribed with names that had once been familiar in the village street. Yet, summing up all the mischief that ten years had wrought, it seemed scarcely more than if Ralph Cranfield had gone forth that very morning, and dreamed a day-dream till the twilight, and then turned back again. But his heart grew cold, because the village did not remember him as he remembered the village.

"Here is the change!" sighed he, striking his hand upon his breast. "Who is this man of thought and care, weary with world-wandering, and heavy with disappointed hopes? The youth returns not, who went forth so joyously!"

And now Ralph Cranfield was at his mother's gate, in front of the small house, where the old lady, with slender but sufficient means, had kept herself comfortable during her son's long absence. Admitting himself within the inclosure, he leaned against a great old tree, trifling with his own impatience, as people often do in those intervals when years are summed into a moment. He took a minute survey of the dwelling—its windows, brightened with the sky gleam, its doorway, with the half of a millstone for a step, and the faintly traced path waving thence to the gate. He made friends again with his childhood's friend, the old tree against which he leaned; and glancing his eye adown its trunk, beheld something that excited a melancholy smile. It was a half-obliterated inscription—the Latin word *ERFODE*—which he remembered to have carved in the bark of the tree, with a whole day's toil, when he had first begun to muse about his exalted destiny. It might be accounted a rather singular coincidence, that the bark, just above the inscription, had put forth an excrescence, shaped not unlike a hand, with the forefinger pointing obliquely at the word of fate. Such, at least, was its appearance in the dusky light.

"Now a credulous man," said Ralph Cranfield carelessly to himself, "might suppose that the treasure which I have sought round the world, lies buried, after all, at the very door of my mother's dwelling. That would be a jest indeed."

More he thought not about the matter; for now the door was opened, and an elderly woman appeared on the threshold, peering into the dusk to discover who it might be that had intruded on her premises, and was standing in the shadow of her tree. It was Ralph Cranfield's mother. Pass we over their greeting, and leave the one to her joy and the other to his rest—if quiet rest he found.

But when morning broke, he arose with a troubled brow; for his sleep and his wakefulness had alike been full of dreams. All the fervour was rekindled with which he had burned of yore to unravel the threefold mystery of his fate. The crowd of his early visions seemed to have awaited him beneath his mother's roof, and thronged riotously around to welcome his return. In the well-remembered chamber—on the pillow where his infancy had slumbered—he had passed a wilder night than ever in an Arab tent, or when he had reposed his head in the ghastly shades of a haunted forest. A shadowy maid had stolen to his bedside, and laid her finger on the scintillating heart; a hand of flame had glowed amid the darkness, pointing downward to a mystery within the

earth; a hoary sage had waved his prophetic wand, and beckoned the dreamer onward to a chair of state. The same phantoms, though fainter in the daylight, still flitted about the cottage, and mingled among the crowd of familiar faces that were drawn thither by the news of Ralph Cranfield's return, to bid him welcome for his mother's sake. There they found him, a tall, dark, stately man, of foreign aspect, courteous in demeanour and mild of speech, yet with an abstracted eye, which seemed often to snatch a glance at the invisible.

Meantime the widow Cranfield went bustling about the house, full of joy that she again had somebody to love, and be careful of, and for whom she might vex and tease herself with the petty troubles of daily life. It was nearly noon, when she looked forth from the door, and descried three personages of note coming along the street, through the hot sunshine and the masses of elm-tree shade. At length they reached her gate, and undid the latch.

"See, Ralph!" exclaimed she, with maternal pride, "here is Squire Hawkwood and the two other selectmen, coming on purpose to see you! Now do tell them a good long story about what you have seen in foreign parts."

The foremost of the three visitors, Squire Hawkwood, was a very pompous, but excellent old gentleman, the head and prime mover in all the affairs of the village, and universally acknowledged to be one of the sagest men on earth. He wore, according to a fashion even then becoming antiquated, a three-cornered hat, and carried a silver-headed cane, the use of which seemed to be rather for flourishing in the air than for assisting the progress of his legs. His two companions were elderly and respectable yeomen, who, retaining an ante-revolutionary reverence for rank and hereditary wealth, kept a little in the squire's rear. As they approached along the pathway, Ralph Cranfield sat in an oaken elbow chair, half unconsciously gazing at the three visitors, and enveloping their homely figures in the misty romance that pervaded his mental world.

"Here," thought he, smiling at the conceit, "here come three elderly personages, and the first of the three is a venerable sage with a staff. What if this embassy should bring me the message of my fate!"

While Squire Hawkwood and his colleagues entered, Ralph rose from his seat, and advanced a few steps to receive them; and his stately figure and dark countenance, as he bent courteously towards his guests, had a natural dignity; contrasting well with the bustling importance of the squire. The old gentleman, according to invariable custom, gave an elaborate preliminary flourish with his cane in the air, then removed his three-cornered hat in order to wipe his brow, and finally proceeded to make known his errand.

"My colleagues and myself," began the squire "are burthened with momentous duties, being jointly selectmen of this village. Our minds, for the space of three days past, have been laboriously bent on the selection of a suitable person to fill a most important office, and take upon himself a charge and rule, which, wisely considered, may be ranked no lower than those of kings and potentates. And whereas you, our native townsman, are of good natural intellect, and well cultivated by foreign travel, and that certain vagaries and fantasies of your youth are doubtless long ago corrected; taking all these matters, I say, into due consideration, we are of opinion that Providence hath sent you hither, at this juncture, for our very purpose."

During this harangue, Cranfield gazed fixedly at the speaker, as if he beheld something mysterious and unearthly in his pompous little figure, and as if the squire had worn the flowing robes of an ancient sage, instead of a square-skirted coat, flapped waistcoat, velvet breeches, and silk stockings. Nor was his wonder without sufficient cause; for the flourish of the squire's staff, marvellous to relate, had described precisely the signal in the air which was to ratify the message of the prophetic sage, whom Cranfield had sought around the world.

"And what," inquired Ralph Cranfield, with a tremor in his voice, "what may this office be, which is to equal me with kings and potentates?"

"No less than instructor of our village school," answered Squire Hawkwood; "the office being now vacant by the death of the venerable Master Whitaker, after a fifty years' incumbency."

"I will consider of your proposal," replied Ralph Cranfield hurriedly, "and will tell you my decision within three days."

After a few more words, the village dignitary and his companions took their leave. But to Cranfield's fancy their images were still present, and became more and more invested with the dim awfulness of figures which had first appeared to him in a dream, and afterwards had shown themselves in his waking moments, assuming homely

aspects among familiar things. His mind dwelt upon the features of the squire, till they grew confused with those of the visionary sage, and one appeared but the shadow of the other. The same visage, he now thought, had looked forth upon him from the Pyramid of Cheops; the same form had beckoned to him among the colonnades of the Alhambra; the same figure had mistily revealed itself through the ascending steam of the Great Geyser. At every effort of his memory he recognised some trait of the dreamy Messenger of Destiny, in this pompous, bustling, self-important, little great man of the village. Amid such musings, Ralph Cranfield sat all day in the cottage, scarcely hearing and vaguely answering his mother's thousand questions about his travels and adventures. At sunset he roused himself to take a stroll, and passing the aged elm-tree, his eye was again caught by the semblance of a hand pointing downward at the half-obliterated inscription.

As Cranfield walked down the street of the village, the level sunbeams threw his shadow far before him; and he fancied that, as his shadow walked among distant objects, so had there been a presentiment stalking in advance of him throughout his life. And when he drew near each object, over which his tall shadow had preceded him, still it proved to be one of the familiar recollections of his infancy and youth. Every crook in the pathway was remembered. Even the more transitory characteristics of the scene were the same as in bygone days. A company of cows were grazing on the grassy roadside, and refreshed him with their fragrant breath. "It is sweeter," thought he, "than the perfume which was wafted to our ship from the Spice Islands." The round little figure of a child rolled from a doorway, and lay, laughing, almost beneath Cranfield's feet. The dark and stately man stooped down, and lifting the infant, restored him to his mother's arms. "The children," said he to himself—and sighed and smiled,—“the children are to be my charge!” And while a flow of natural feeling gushed like a well-spring in his heart, he came to a dwelling which he could nowise forbear to enter. A sweet voice, which seemed to come from a deep and tender soul, was warbling a plaintive little air within.

He bent his head, and passed through the lowly door. As his foot sounded upon the threshold, a young woman advanced from the dusky interior of the house, at first hastily, and then with a more uncertain step, till they met face to face. There was a singular contrast in their two figures; he dark and picturesque—one who had battled with the world—whom all suns had shone upon, and whom all winds had blown on a varied course; she neat, comely, and quiet—quiet even in her agitation, as if all her emotions had been subdued to the peaceful tenor of her life. Yet their faces, all unlike as they were, had an expression that seemed not so alien—a glow of kindred feeling, flashing upward anew from half-extinguished embers.

"You are welcome home!" said Faith Egerton.

But Cranfield did not immediately answer; for his eye had been caught by an ornament in the shape of a heart, which Faith wore as a brooch upon her bosom. The material was the ordinary white quartz; and he recollected having himself shaped it out of one of those Indian arrow-heads which are so often found in the ancient haunts of the red men. It was precisely on the pattern of that worn by the visionary maid. When Cranfield departed on his shadowy search, he had bestowed this brooch, in a gold setting, as a parting gift to Faith Egerton.

"So, Faith, you have kept the heart!" said he at length.

"Yes," said she, blushing deeply—then more gaily, "and what else have you brought me from beyond the sea?"

"Faith!" replied Ralph Cranfield, uttering the fated words by an uncontrollable impulse, "I have brought you nothing but a heavy heart! May I rest its weight on you?"

"This token, which I have worn so long," said Faith, laying her tremulous finger on the heart, "is the assurance that you may!"

"Faith! Faith!" cried Cranfield, clasping her in his arms, "you have interpreted my wild and weary dream!"

Yes, the wild dreamer was awake at last. To find the mysterious treasure, he was to till the earth around his mother's dwelling, and reap its products! Instead of warlike command, or regal or religious sway, he was to rule over the village children! And now the visionary maid had faded from his fancy, and in her place he saw the playmate of his childhood! Would all, who cherish such wild wishes, but look around them, they would oftenest find their sphere of duty, of prosperity, and happiness, within those precincts, and in that station, where Providence itself has cast their lot. Happy they who read the riddle, without a weary world-search, or a lifetime spent in vain!

The Bagpipes did it.

THE love of Scotchmen for Scotland and everything Scotch, even to the music of the bagpipes, was particularly demonstrated the other day, says a correspondent from Mexico.

A Mr. Sawyer, an American of the down-eastern cast, and a Scottish gentleman, a Mr. James McLeod, happened to become acquainted on their way to the Real del Castillo, a newly-opened-up mining district in the north-west of Mexico, where there are a large number of Scotchmen.

During the journey the two gentlemen got into an animated discussion regarding the respective merits of their different nationalities.

The Yankee maintained that the Scotch were a slow, taciturn, selfish people, who didn't care a jot how their neighbours were, as long as they got along all right themselves, and that the so-called Scottish clannishness was all fudge and imagination.

The Scotchman at last could stand it no longer, and, to convince his Transatlantic cousin of his erroneous idea, offered to bet him five hundred dollars that within an hour of their arrival at their destination he could have round him nine out of every ten McLeods, and three out of every four Scotchmen, who were within a radius of three miles of the place.

The Yank thought this rather too tall, so he planked down his coin, and a third gentleman they both knew was asked to hold the stakes and umpire the bet.

Mr. McLeod had an old Scotch servant with him whose name was Hew, and after the bet was fixed, he went to him and asked:

"Have you got your pipes with you, Hew?"

"An' dae ye think, sir, I wud travel in furrin pairts atoot 'hem?"

"Well, have you got them handy?"

"Ou, ay! they'll be in my kist."

"Then get them out. When we get down to the Real I want you to play a tune—something lively, a reel or a jig. If you play well, I'll give you a five-pound note to yourself."

"Ill no be needin' ony five-poun' notes. I'll just be mair than wullin' to hae a blaw, for I haena had yin this four months."

The gentlemen arrived towards the evening, and on leaving the depot walked up the straggling street of the mining-camp to the solitary hotel, or rather boarding-house. Arriving there, Mr. McLeod ordered Hew to strike up.

And now occurred a most stirring scene.

Miners, wearied with a hard day's work under a tropical sun, came rushing out of their tents to the unwonted sounds.

The news that a piper was in the camp spread like a prairie-fire, and long ere the hour was over, Mr. McLeod and Hew were surrounded with enthusiastically cheering brother Scotchmen, each one trying to shake hands with them. Tall, broad-shouldered, unkempt, and sunburnt men were seen surreptitiously wiping away a tear, brought to their eyes by the memories of Bonnie Scotland and the dear old folks at home which the sound of the pipes had raised.

An impromptu dinner was got up, to which everyone was invited, and the pipes were kept going till long after midnight. Before parting, the whole company joined hands, and sang the song of songs, "Auld Lang Syne."

When the two bettors met in the morning, the Yankee turned to the umpire, and said:

"Hand Scotty the dust; it was well worth the money."

Anecdote of Marie Antoinette.

"IN Dresden," writes Mrs. Austin in her diary, quoted in 'Three Generations of English Women,' I met the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar, who told me the following anecdote, on the authority of his mother-in-law, the Empress of Russia: When Paul and his wife went to Paris, they were called, as is well known, Le Comte and La Comtesse du Nord. The Comtesse du Nord accompanied Marie Antoinette to the theatre at Versailles. Marie Antoinette pointed out behind her fan, 'aussi honnêtement que possible,' all the distinguished persons in the house. In doing this she had her head bent forward. All of a sudden she drew back, with such an expression of terror and horror, that the Comtesse said, 'pardon, madame, mais je suis sûre que vous avez vu quelque chose qui vous agite.' The Queen, after she had recovered herself, told her that there was about the Court, but not of right belonging to it, a woman who pro-

fessed to read fortunes on cards. One evening she had been displaying her skill to several ladies, and at length the Queen desired to have her own destiny told. The cards were arranged in the usual manner, but when the woman had to read the result, she looked horror-struck, and stammered out some generalities. The Queen insisted on her saying what she saw, but she declared she could not. 'From that time,' said Marie Antoinette, 'the sight of that woman produces in me a feeling I cannot describe—of aversion and horror, and she seems studiously to throw herself in my way.'

The Grand Duke told very curious stories about a sort of second sight; especially of a Princess of S—, who was, I believe, connected with the House of Saxony. It is the custom among them to allow the bodies of their deceased relations to lie in state, and all the members of the family go to look at them. The Princess was a single woman, and not young. She had the faculty, or the curse of always seeing, not the body actually exposed, but the next member of the family who was to die. On one occasion a child died; she went to the bedside and said: "I thought I came to look at a branch, but I see the tree." In less than three weeks the father was dead. The Grand Duke told me several other instances of the same kind. But this faculty was not confined to deaths. A gentleman whom the Grand Duke knew and named to me, went one day to visit the Princess; as soon as she saw him she said, "I am delighted to see you, but why have you your leg bound up?" "Oh," said her sister, Princess M—, "it is not bound up. What are you talking of?" "I see that it is," she said. On his way home his carriage was upset, and his leg broken.

A Model Shopper.

"YOU had better put them down on a piece of paper," said Mrs. S., on giving her first order.

"Oh, no," said Mr. S., "my memory is good."

"Well, then, a reel of sixty Coates's black thread."

"Yes."

"A yard of not too light and not too dark calico."

"Yes."

"A small hammer, a can of peaches of the Passadena brand, a dozen small pearl buttons, two yards of cardinal ribbon, silk on one side, satin on the other."

"Yes," said Mr. S., thoughtfully.

"A pair of slippers for baby, a dozen lemons, a good tooth-brush, a pineapple, two ounces of sky-blue German yarn, an ounce vial of homœopathic nux vomica pellets, a—"

"Wait a second," said Mr. S., counting on his fingers.

"And a bottle of vanilla extract, and a yard of triple box-plaited crepe lisse ruching, and three yards of small-checked lining and—"

But Mr. S. had seized his hat and was running for the station. What the poor man brought home was, a yard of bed-ticking, three yards of black crepe, a bottle of vinegar, eight yards of nankeen, a scrubbing-brush, a pound of green yarn, sixty reels of coat thread, a yard of very black calico, and a pint bottle of homœopathic pills.

"There, my dear," throwing down his package triumphantly, "I don't think you'll find a thing missing. Who says a man can't do shopping!"

The Man in the Moon.

THE man in the moon is one of the most popular, and perhaps one of the most ancient, superstitions in the world. The name is given to the dark lines and spots which are visible to the naked eye upon the surface of the moon. It is said that these lines and spots are the figure of a man leaning on a fork, on which he carries a bundle of thorns or brushwood, for taking which on a Sunday he was confined in the moon.

With the Italians, Cain appears to have been the offender. The Jews have some Talmudical story to the effect that Jacob is in the moon, and they believe that his face is visible.

Bishop Wilkins writes that "as for the forme of those spots, some of the vulgar thinke they represent a man, and poets guess 'tis the boy Endymion, whose company she loves so well, that she carries him with her; others will have it only to be the face of a man, as the moon is usually pictured; but Albertus thinks rather that it represents a lyon, with his tail toward the east and his head to the west; and some others have thought it to be much like a fox; and certainly it is as much like a lyon as that in the Zodiacke, or as Ursa Major is like a beare."

Our Art Classes.

THE Art Classes at the temporary premises in Essex House are now in full swing, and, in addition to last year's evening classes, day classes are on foot, which meet on Monday afternoon, from 2 till 4 p.m., and on another day in the week to be hereafter determined should a sufficient number give in their names. The success in last year's National Competition, when two Queen's Prizes were gained by students of these classes in open competition with the whole of Great Britain, seems to have reacted on the numbers joining, a much larger proportion having attended so far than in the corresponding period of last session. The constitution of the Sketching Club is a matter for consideration now, and the club is to be brought into greater harmony with the Art Classes to which it is affiliated. It is hoped that it may show its practical usefulness this year by means of the sketching expeditions of its members by road and train in the summer months.

A. L.

Elementary & Advanced Singing Classes.

THE next classes will be held on Monday evening, 14th inst., instead of on Thursday evening next.

Conductor, MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

Evening Classes.

THE Classes are being rapidly filled up,—hundreds are joining each evening. For the convenience of intending students, the office will be open till 9 p.m. each Saturday in October.

Foremost amongst the classes that are already crowded, the Engineering Class, comprising filing, fitting, turning, etc., bids fair to be one of the largest practical classes; arrangements are now being made for extra nights so as to prevent overcrowding.

The Machine Construction Class has also had a splendid start, and bids fair to be the largest of our Science Classes.

The Carpentry Class has also more than doubled its previous record.

The Letterpress Printing, too, contains three times as many students as last year, and more are coming in.

The other classes are all in the same happy condition.

The Practical Cookery Class commenced on Monday, and ladies intending to join should apply at once—a syllabus of the two courses may be had from the office. In the Dress-making Classes, the four already arranged for have been filled up, and additional classes will commence on Thursday.

At Essex House, the temporary home of our Art Classes, a slight delay at first occurred, owing to the necessary lighting arrangements not being quite complete; but this has been remedied, and we have already nearly 100 students, and expect a large increase during the next few days.

Copies of the results of the last examinations, and also of the Calendar and Syllabus of our evening classes, may now be obtained at the office.

C. E. O.

The Reason.

IT was during dinner. The two elder sons of the house had arrived that afternoon, bringing with them the girls of their choice on a first visit to the home of their father. Consequently all were doing their best to converse easily and freely under the trying circumstances.

Said mamma, after gazing affectionately from one future daughter to the other, "Why, I declare that Mary's hair is exactly the same colour as Margaret's!"

All present were astonished at the coincidence, and both ladies blushed charmingly at being suddenly brought under the gaze of the whole table.

"You are not even distantly related, are you, my dears?" said papa.

No; they had never had a common ancestor.

"Very strange!" said every one.

Then the thin small voice of the youngest son, who was dining late for the first time in honour of the occasion, was heard offering an explanation, "P'raps dey both buys it at de same shop!"

He dined in the nursery for the rest of the visit.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. PUGH.—We are sending copies of Wednesday and Saturday's edition of this week's issue of the *Journal*. These contain the only programmes published.

H. J. HAWKINS.—We are glad to hear of the success of your Club, but it will be impossible to report in the *Journal* the doings of clubs outside the Palace. We have little space to spare as it is.

J. F. S.—Consult the list of clubs now being posted up. If you have any suggestions to make they will be welcomed.

Calendar of the Week.

October 10th.—On this day, in 1790, Father Mathew, the great Irish temperance advocate, was born at Thomastown, Tipperary.

October 11th.—This was Michaelmas Day in the old style of reckoning. It was the birthday of Philip Astley, the founder of the Astley's circus: he was born at New-castle in 1742.

October 12th.—Robert Stephenson died on this day, 1859. Peking was taken by the British troops, 1860.

October 13th.—Mrs. Fry, one of the most admirable women the country can point to, died on this day, 1845, at Ramsgate, Mrs. Fry for many years lived at East Ham.

October 14th.—This is the anniversary of the great Battle of Hastings, in 1066, which established William the Conqueror in this country, and provided a tremendous army of ancestors for some very deserving moderns.

October 15th.—On this day was born Allan Ramsay, the Scottish poet, 1686. Mrs. Maclean (L.E.L.), died 1838, at Cape Coast Castle.

October 16th.—On this day, in 1834, the old Houses of Parliament were burnt out. Marie Antoinette was guillotined at Paris, 1793.

Others Besides Ourselves.

THERE are over 1,450,000,000 people living on the planet which we inhabit. And yet there is now and then a man who wonders what the rest of us will do when he dies. There are people in "society" who honestly think that all the world closes its eyes when they lie down to sleep. There are men who fear to act according to their own convictions, because perhaps, ten persons in a crowd of 1,450,000,000 will laugh at them. Why, if a man could only realise every moment what a bustling busy, fussy, important little atom he is in all this great ant-hill of important fussy little atoms, every day he would regard himself less, and think still less of the people around him.

How to remove Grit from your Eye.

NINE persons out of ten, with grit or any foreign substance in the eye, will instantly begin to rub the eye with one hand while hunting for their handkerchief with the other. They may, and sometimes do, remove the offending substance; but more frequently they rub until the eye becomes inflamed, bind a handkerchief around the head, and go to bed. This is all wrong. The better way is not to rub the eye with the grit in at all, but rub the other eye as vigorously as possible. A few years since (says a correspondent) I was riding on an engine. The engineer threw open the front window, and I caught a grit that gave me the most excruciating pain.

I began to rub the eye with both hands. "Let your eye alone, and rub the other eye" (this from the engineer). "I know you doctors think you know it all, but if you will let that eye alone and rub the other one, the grit will be out in two minutes," persisted the engineer. I began to rub the eye, and soon I felt the grit down near the inner canthus, and made ready to take it out. "Let it alone, and keep at the well eye," shouted the doctor *pro tem*. I did so for a minute longer, and, looking in a small glass he gave me, I found the offender on my cheek. Since then I have tried it many times, and have advised many others, and I have never known it to fail in one instance, unless it was as sharp as a piece of steel or something that cut into the ball, and required an operation to remove it.

Time Table of Classes.

SESSION 1889-90.

The Winter Session will commence on Monday, September 30th, 1889. The Classes are open to both Sexes of all ages. The Art Classes are held at Essex House, Mile End Road. As the number attending each class is limited, intending Students should book their names as soon as possible. By payment of an additional fee of Sixpence per Quarter Students will have the privilege of attending the Concerts and Entertainments arranged expressly for them in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday Evenings. Only those engaged in the particular trade to which the class refers can join either the Practical or Technical Classes at the terms stated in the Time Table. Further particulars may be obtained upon application at the Office, Technical Schools, People's Palace.

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.

Practical Trade Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Tailors' Cutting...	Mr. G. Scarmen...	Tuesday	8.0-9.30	6 0
*Upholstery...	Mr. H. Farmer...	Monday	8.0-9.30	5 0
*Photography...	Mr. G. Taylor...	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Plumbing...	Mr. T. Jacob...	Monday	8.0-10.0	8 6
*Cabinet Making...	Mr. A. W. Bevis...	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Filing, Fitting, Turning, Patn. Making & Mouldg.	Mr. W. Graves...	M. & F.	7.30-9.45	5 0
*Carpentry and Joinery...	Mr. T. J. Perrin...	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Wood Carving...	Mr. T. J. Perrin...	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	5 0

* Per Quarter. * Per Session. Only those eligible to attend classes in this section who are actually engaged in the trade to which these subjects refer, unless an extra fee be paid.

Special Classes for Females only.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Dressmaking...	Mrs. Scrivener...	Monday	5.30-7.0	5 0
Millinery...	Miss Newall...	Friday	7.30-9.0	5 0
Cookery...	Mrs. Sharman...	Tuesday	7.30-9.30	3 0
* Practical...	"	Thursday	6.30-7.30	7 6
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mr. Michell...	"	"	"
Elocution...	Mrs S. L. Hasluck	Friday...	8.0-9.30	2 6
" Shakespeare "	"	Tuesday...	8.0-9.30	5 0

Science Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Prac. Pl. & Sol. Geom.—Ele.	Mr. D. A. Low...	M. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
—Adv.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Mac. Con. & Draw.—Ele.	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0
—Adv.	"	"	8.0-10.0	4 0
Build. Con. & Draw.—Ele.	Mr. S. F. Howlett	Thursday	7.0-8.0	4 0
—Adv.	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Mathematics, Stage I.	Mr. E. J. Burrell...	Tu. & Th.	7.45-8.45	4 0
II.	"	Friday...	8.45-9.45	4 0
Theoretical Mechanics	"	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
Sound, Light, and Heat...	Mr. F. C. Forth, Assoc. R. C. Sc.	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
* Magnetism & Electy.—Ele.	Mr. Slingo, A.I.E.E., and Mr. Brooker, M.I.E.E.	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
—Adv.	"	"	7.30-9.0	4 0
—Prac.	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
Inor. Chemis.—Theo., Ele.	Mr. A. P. Laurie, M.A., B.Sc.	"	8.0-10.0	10 6
—Prac.	"	Friday...	7.0-8.0	4 0
—Theo., Adv.	"	"	8.30-10.0	12 6
—Prac.	"	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
Organic Chemistry—Theo.	"	Friday	8.0-10.0	10 6
—Prac.	"	Monday	7.0-10.0	15 0
—Honrs.	"	Thursday	7.45-8.45	4 0
Steam & the Steam Engine	Mr. A. W. Bevis...	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
Applied Mechanics	"	"	8.45-9.45	4 0

* Fee 2/- per Session to members of any other Science, Technical and Trade Classes. * Members of these classes can join the Electric Laboratory and Workshop Practice Class. By payment of 12/6 students may attend the Laboratory three nights a week. Special classes will be held to prepare students for the City Guilds Examinations, in oils and paints, colours and varnishes. Every facility will be given for students desiring special instruction or wishing to engage in special work. A class in Assaying will be started, fee 25/- Students are supplied free with apparatus and a lock-up cupboard. A deposit of 2/6 will be required to replace breakages.

Art and Design Classes

Are held at Essex House, Mile End Road.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Freehand & Model Draw.	Mr. Arthur Legge	Monday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Perspective Drawing...	Mr. A. H. G. Bishop	Tuesday	"	"
*Draw. from the Antique	"	Thursday	"	"
*Decorative Designing...	"	Friday	"	"
*Modelling in Clay, etc.	"	"	"	"
*Drawing from Life...	Mr. H. Costello...	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Etching...	Mr. T. J. Perrin...	Mon. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Wood Carving...	Mr. Daniels...	Mon. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Repoussé Work & Engv.	"	"	"	"

* Per Session. * Per Quarter. Day Classes are held for Landscape and Flower Painting, Still Life, and Monochrome Painting in Oil and Water Colours. For hours, fees, &c., apply or prospectus.

Musical Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Singing, Elementary...	Mr. Orton Bradley,	Thursday	8.0-9.0	2 0
" Advanced...	" (M.A.)	"	9.0-10.0	2 0
*Choral Society...	"	Tuesday	7.30-10.0	2 0
Orchestral Society...	Mr. W. R. Cave...	Tu. & Sat.	8.0-10.0	2 0
Military Band...	Mr. Robinson...	M., Th. & F.	8.0-10.0	2 6
Pianoforte...	Mr. Hamilton...	M. T. Th. F.	4.0-10.0	9 0
Violin...	Mr. Spencer...	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
"	Under the direc. of Mr. W. R. Cave	Tuesday	6.0-10.0	5 0

* Per Quarter.

* Ladies admitted to these Classes at Reduced Fees, viz., 1/-

General Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Arithmetic—Elementary...	Mr. A. Sarll, A.K.C.	Friday	9.0-10.0	2 6
" Intermediate...	"	"	8.0-9.0	2 6
" Advanced...	"	Thursday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Book-keeping—Elemen...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Interme...	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
Civil Service—Boy Clerks	Mr. D. Isaacs, B.A.	Tuesday	6.30-10.0	12 0
Female Clerks (Prelim.)	"	"	"	"
Excise (Beginners)...	"	"	8.0-10.0	12 0
Customs (Beginners)...	"	"	8.45-10.0	"
Lower Div. (Prelim.)	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	12 0
" (Competitive)	"	Thursday	8.45-10.0	"
Excise & Customs (Adv.)	"	"	"	"
Female Clerks (Com.)	"	Thursday	6.15-8.45	10 0
Male Telegraph Learners	"	"	"	"
Boy Copyists...	"	"	"	"
Female Tele. Learners...	"	"	"	"
Female Sorters...	"	"	"	"
Shorthand (Pitman's) Ele.	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Advanced...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Report.	"	"	9.0-10.0	5 0
French, Elementary...	Mons. Pointin	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" 2nd Stage	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Interme.ist	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" 2nd	"	"	"	"
" Elemen.3rd	"	"	"	"
" Advanced...	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Commrcl. Corres.	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
German, Advanced...	Herr Dittell	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Beginners	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Intermediate	"	Thursday	6.0-7.30	5 0
Elocution (Class 1)...	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	"	8.0-10.0	2 6
(Class 2)...	"	Tuesday	"	"
Writing...	Mr. T. Drew	"	"	"
London University Exams.	Mr. W. Coleman, B.A. (Lond.)	Friday	6.0-10.0	21 0
* Land Surveying and Levelling	Mr. F. C. Forth, Assoc. R. C. Sc.	Friday	7.30-8.30	20 0
Ambulance—Nursing...	Dr. Stoker	Saturday	3.30-5.30	"
Chess	Mr. Smith	Tuesday	7.0-9.0	5 0
"	"	Tu. and Sat.	8.0-10.0	1 0

* Per Quarter.

* Per Course, to commence in April next. Students taking this subject are recommended to join the Class in Mathematics, Stage II.

Technical Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Boot and Shoe Making...	Mr. W. R. Adnitt	Thursday	8.30-10.0	5 0
Mechanical Engineering	Mr. D. A. Low	Friday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Photography	Mr. H. Farmer	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Carpentry and Joinery...	Mr. W. Graves	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Printing (Letter Press)...	Mr. E. R. Alexander	Monday	8.0-9.30	6 0
*Electrical Engineering—Elec. Litng. Instrument Making & Telegraphy	Mr. W. Slingo, A.I.E.E., and Mr. A. Brooker, M.I.E.E.	Friday	8.0-10.0	6 0
Laboratory and Workshop Practice	"	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	4 0
Plumbing	Mr. G. Taylor	Tuesday	8.30-10.0	5 0
Brickwork and Masonry	Mr. A. Grenville...	Monday	8.0-9.30	7 6
*Cabinet Designing	Mr. T. Jacob	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0

* Per Session.

* Free to those taking Practical Classes.

* Members of these classes can join the Mathematics on payment of half fee.

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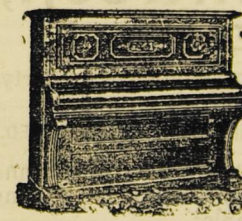
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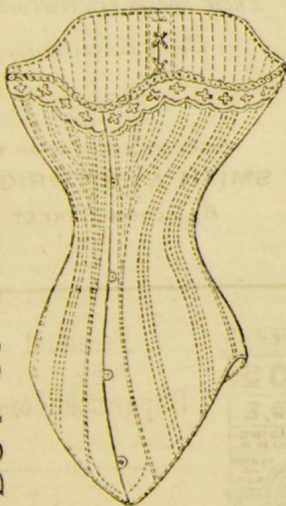
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