

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. IV.—No. 103.]

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]

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. VOLUME III. is now ready, neatly bound in cloth, 4/6. Covers for binding, 1/6.

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. 31st.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.

FRIDAY, Nov. 1st.—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.—Military Band Practice, at 7.45.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

SATURDAY, Nov. 2nd.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Rambler's Club to Charrington's Brewery.—Junior Harriers.—Paper-chase.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.—Technical Schools Rambling Club.—To Albert Docks.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in East Ante-room of Queen's Hall.—Technical Schools Harriers.—Paper-chase.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 5.

SUNDAY, Nov. 3rd.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY, Nov. 4th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Girls' Junior Section begins, 6 to 8.

TUESDAY, Nov. 5th.—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 7.30.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in East Ante-room of Queen's Hall.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Lecture on Phonograph, with Illustrations, in Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m. Evening Students admitted from 7; General Public from 7.45.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, NOVEMBER 3rd, 1889.

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, AT 12.30, 4, AND 8 O'CLOCK.

ORGANIST—MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.,
Organist to the People's Palace.

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

ADMISSION FREE.

Notes of the Week.

IT seems rather absurd, that immediately after the Bishop of Bedford had publicly recorded his sense of the good now being done by the Sunday Organ Recitals, it should have been necessary for Sir Edmund Currie to have to defend them against an attack made by a certain Society, which tries to shut everything on Sunday, good things as well as bad. The good faith of the attack was excellently illustrated by their speaking of "Sunday Concerts," of course, wishing it to be understood that ordinary music was performed by paid musicians in the regular way. Perhaps they would have been well pleased, if the British Public had understood that burlesques and dancing were held regularly every Sunday at the People's Palace. How shall we answer a fool according to his folly? The only thing is, to go on our own way, regardless, though ten thousand fools shriek after us, and sign petitions, and charge us with things which we do not do. There are many ways of spending the Sunday in London. Assuredly, there is no better way than to give an hour out of the day—the rest may none the less be given to church and chapel—to the sacred music of the Sunday Recital.

I HAVE been reading with great interest the long address of Mr. Michael Davitt before the Parnell Commission. I should like to ask one question, which I hope will not be considered political in any way. Why is it that Irishmen, especially Irish Nationalists—when they draw up the long list of their grievances, always rake up old stories, now long since amended, and always lay the blame upon the Government? We ourselves, in England and in Scotland, have groaned under governments as bad, as oppressive, and as tyrannical as any which were at the same time oppressing Ireland. Consider: a hundred years ago there was no right of public meeting: no right of reporting Debates of Parliament: no right of criticising Ministers: the House of Commons was filled with nominees of great families: the mass of the people had no votes: the navy was filled with pressed sailors: soldiers, sailors, criminals, apprentices, were all flogged unmercifully: the Lords and the great families held every office: the Civil Service was filled with favourites: there was no regard at all to merit in promotion: in the navy the pursers were making by their thefts as much as £2,000 a year on a first-rater: the captains stood in with them and shared the plunder: in the army the colonels drew the money to clothe the men, and made their fortunes out of it: the Bishops were rich and lazy: the Church did not touch the people: drink and profligacy ruined the masses: there was no freedom of the press to speak of:—all these evils, and a hundred more, were the common property of England, Scotland and Ireland. We have cleared off most of these, though a few remain which will soon go. Yet who ever heard of Englishmen and Scotchmen whining over the wicked persecutors of a hundred years ago? It is childish. It seems to me that the Irish themselves have always been their own worst enemies. Heaven, my friends,—and not the Government, which is always selfish and self-seeking,—helps those who help themselves.

I HAVE always thought that the best service a man can render his fellows is to teach them first what they want; and, next, how they are to get it. The history of English Reform is full of the names of men, now too much forgotten, who threw light upon dark places, went to prison for sedition, libel, and conspiracy: came out and lit their lanterns again: and so on till they died, mostly unregarded.

They were the real heroes of reform: they were the martyrs of modern freedom. When I read in this or that party paper, how the nation is to be blessed, indeed, when one party is kicked out by another, and when this or that alteration has been made in the Constitution, I wonder at the folly of mankind who are so easily and so readily deceived. And perhaps my knowledge of Irish affairs is defective, but I cannot remember in the history of Ireland the names of any of those great men, with eyes to see what was really wanted and a voice to tell the people what their wants were, and how they should remedy them.

SOME members of Parliament are fond of talking about the "mandate" of their constituents. The word is one of those which are from time to time devised to throw dust into the eyes of their voters. A constituency cannot give a member a mandate, that is, in plain English, a command to do this or that. All they can do is to select a fit and proper person, and leave him to exercise his judgment, and to rule his voting in accordance with certain supposed principles, these principles being always party cries which have nothing to do with the advancement of the country. That depends, first on the people finding out what they want—what, that is to say, they should want in accordance with justice and fair play—and next in removal of government obstacles. For instance, what we now want most of anything, is justice on recognised principles, as regards wages, hours of labour, holidays, dismissal from employment, pensions, and so forth. That these questions are not affected by party cries, is manifest from the fact that members of Parliament, whether they say that they have a "mandate" or not, always go away on private and important business when such a practical question is forced upon them. For my own part, when a candidate talks about his mandate, I am inclined to imitate the worthy man in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, who sat quietly in the corner and said nothing but—"Fudge."

ANOTHER way of looking at it is, that the member of Parliament, if he is worthy of his place, is a man of far greater education, knowledge, understanding, and experience than his constituents, and for their average in intellect and education to give orders to such a man would be an insult which he would not endure for a moment in private life. Why then in public life? Of course no constituency ever gives its members orders. He flatters them by talking of their "mandate," and pretending to be their servant. Wherefore—"Fudge."

ON Saturday last, I went a-rambling—perhaps for the last time this year. It was a new and very charming ramble. I took the train by the newly-opened line to Chesham, walked from Chesham to Amersham, and thence along the high road to Chalfont St. Giles, Chalfont St. Peter's, and Uxbridge. It is a walk of about seventeen or eighteen miles. The country is rolling, the hills being smaller and more close together than those of Essex. It has, however, a deserted aspect, the villages being several miles apart, and most of the land laid out in wooded parks. These parks at this time of the year are most beautiful. I never remember any autumn when the leaves presented a richer colouring. If the unfortunate soil of Great Britain could be cultivated at a profit, the soul of the economist would be grieved indeed at the sight of so much waste land, but as things are, a park is more beautiful than a deserted farm. The churches are good and possess many monuments. One figure in Amersham Church, of a boy who died at the age of fourteen, is remarkable, as showing a face horribly wasted and thin by disease; a most realistic face, yet the body is provided with chubby legs and arms. On considering it, one perceives that the face is a portrait, copied from a wax model taken after death, and that the boy died of consumption. The sculptor, however, while he faithfully copied the face, forgot that the limbs would be also as much wasted by the disease.

THERE are a great many historical associations connected with the place. The manor of Amersham was granted by Henry VIII. to John Russell, of Dorsetshire, the founder of the Duke of Bedford's family. Walter the poet, who was born close by, and Algernon Sydney, have been members for Amersham. John Hampden's house, and the church where he is buried, lie at a short distance from this little town. But above all, at Chalfont St. Giles—the quietest village in all England—there is still standing, now certain to be preserved, the cottage where John Milton wrote the conclusion of "Paradise Lost," and the beginning of "Paradise Regained." It is the only house still standing which is connected with Milton.

At Horton you may visit the church where he worshipped as a young man, and where his mother lies buried, but his father's house is gone. At St. Giles's Church, Fore Street, you may see the place near which he was buried, but there is no certainty as to the exact site of his grave. This cottage remains, however, as veritable a national monument as any in the land. It is a small half-timbered house, with a low room on either side of a narrow passage. The room, fireplace, and window are exactly as they were when Milton lived there.

THOUSANDS every year flock to Stratford to see Shakespeare's House—hardly any one comes to visit Milton's. There is a book for the names of pilgrims,—I turned it over, but I found no names of importance, and not one American name. This shows what sheep we are, in this as in other matters we follow each other. Because others go to Stratford we must all go to Stratford—because nobody else goes, nobody will go to Chalfont St. Giles. On Saturday, however, two pilgrims had been before us. They wrote down their address in the book as of Limehouse. Could they be two members of the Palace Ramblers?

THE county of Buckingham is the least visited of any part of England near London; the reason is, the great difficulty of getting there. It is singularly ill-provided with trains, and these all run on branch lines. Thus, Uxbridge is only fifteen miles from London, yet it took us an-hour-and-a-half to get from that place to Charing Cross: and if one wishes to visit Princes' Risborough, Aylesbury, Buckingham, or any of the little agricultural towns of the shire, one has to spend half the day in getting to them. Yet it is a county full of historical associations: the churches are fine, the towns, though small, are filled with picturesque timbered houses: nowhere are there more beautiful woods: and I suppose no county possesses more great houses.

THE cyclists are everywhere re-opening old country inns, improving roads, and bringing life to the little country towns. Twenty years ago the bicycle was a boy's toy. Now, with its cousins of three wheels, it has brought a new feature and variety into the life of the people. It enables them to get about to places previously inaccessible even by trains. For instance, if I were a cyclist I should not have waited for trains to get to Chesham and Chalfont. Everything is good which leads to healthy exercise and variety of thought, employment, and recreation. In a few years, for instance, it will be remembered with astonishment, that at the schools the boys were made to play two games only—cricket and football. I should like to see in all the schools a perfect choice for any kind of game. Rowing, cricket, football, racket, fives, lawn tennis, baseball (the great American game), cycling, athletics, gymnastics, music of all kinds, fencing, boxing, dancing, acting, sketching, modelling, wood carving, carpentering—all these things should in their season be tolerated and encouraged with anything else that is good for the exercise of hand and eye.

ESPECIALLY do I desire to see boxing restored to its proper place among the national sports. It is, perhaps, brutal to fight with fists. But, my friends, fighting is at the bottom of everything. We sit down in peace: we carry on business: we enjoy our wealth, solely because we can fight,—or make others fight for us. Now, no nation yet ever lasted long after its young men had ceased to be able to fight, and a few years ago it really seemed as if our young men had ceased to be able to fight. With the return of boxing will return the old national courage, which made this country what it has become, and what it will continue, if her sons are worthy of their inheritance.

ONE more grumble. Why is it that in schools, especially schools of the rich, there is no riding? One would think that at such a school as Harrow, where an education costs £250 a year, it would be possible to train the boys to good riding. But no, the boys do not ride. Yet there are no boys in the world who take to riding more naturally than our own—including the Irish, who are said to be the best riders in the world. If one can afford it, there is not any exercise more healthy, and there are thousands of middle-aged gentlemen who would be kept in perfect health, could they only ride for an hour a day. They cannot, though they could well afford to keep a horse, because they have never learned to ride, and at fifty are too old to begin. Of course they ought to have learned at school.

EDITOR.

Palace Notes.

TO-NIGHT, Sterndale-Bennett's fine Cantata, "The Woman of Samaria," is to be performed in the Queen's Hall, and the performance will be repeated at the same place on Sunday afternoon, November 10th—next Sunday week, in fact. Those intending to be present on the latter occasion should therefore preserve their *Palace Journals* of to-day's date, as none will be purchaseable on the Sunday.

THE Students' Circulating Library commenced work in good style on Monday last. The Social room is its location, and it is being heavily called upon.

A MEETING will be held to inaugurate the Sketching Club, in accordance with the wishes of the Trustees, on Friday evening next, November 1st, at 9 o'clock. It is hoped that a good many past and present Members of the Art Classes will attend.

NEXT Wednesday will see the introduction to the Palace of the great Phonograph.—Edison's latest instrument of that description. A lecture will be given on the subject in the Queen's Hall, by Mr. J. Lewis Young, and the phonograph will be made to perform for the benefit of what will, of course, be an immense audience. The Hon. C. W. Fremantle, C.B., is to take the chair, and altogether the occasion will be one nobody should miss. Admission will be by student's concert pass, or by payment of the humble sum of twopence. Tickets should be secured early, or the curious spectator may be crowded out.

THE regular work of the new Girl's Junior Section is to begin on Monday next. At 7.30 on Saturday evening (the 2nd), Sir Edmund invites all intending Members to tea in the Lecture Hall.

IN another column will be found a paragraph about the Accident Insurance which Mr. Parkes offers students. I can advise everybody to at least see Mr. Parkes in this matter. He can offer some very special advantages.

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.]

STUDENTS' SOCIAL DANCES.

The first monthly dance was held last Wednesday evening, and proved very successful, nearly four hundred students being present; the room was decorated in good style by Mr. Sharp. Though many did not dance, there was no lack of sociability, in fact the affair much resembled a big "at home." Several gentlemen students looked with envious eyes on the dancers, but it is their own fault if they do not learn and take advantage of these pleasant evenings. Students are reminded the next dance will take place in the same room on Wednesday, November 20th, at 8 sharp, and admittance can only be obtained on production of class ticket.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

A General Meeting will be held on Friday next, November 1st, when all students, both ladies and gentlemen, are invited to attend. The subscription is 2s. per annum, payable in advance. Intending Members should bring their class vouchers. Old Members who are not students, but desire to continue their connection with the club, are also invited to attend the meeting, or send in their names to the Secretary. Our first ramble is arranged for November 2nd, to Charrington's Brewery, at 3 p.m., but is limited to a party of twenty, and should the number desiring to go exceed twenty, a ballot will be held after the meeting.

A. MCKENZIE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

Band notices in the *Journal* have for some time past been unnecessary, owing to the admirable way in which the Members have turned up at the practices, which has enabled them under the careful and painstaking supervision of Mr. A. Robinson, our bandmaster to produce such excellent results. Since our last notice, we have to report that the band provided (as it should do, with everything connected with the Palace) the music during the Athletic Sports held at the Essex County Ground, on 23rd September last, and also played at the Concert in the Queen's Hall, on Saturday last, when we performed for the first time in public, "The People's Palace Military March," composed expressly for the above band by our well-wishing Vice-President, Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A., and received an encore for the "Reminiscences of England." We may congratulate ourselves upon the success we achieved on both occasions, and all Members are earnestly requested to pursue the same course in future, which has led to these results, viz., to attend both regularly and punctually the practices, and for each individual Member to do his part as well as he can.

W. SPILLER, Hon. Sec.
P. SHELLEY, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

Owing to the great attraction on Wednesday, November 6th, viz.: "The Phonograph," in the Queen's Hall, the Committee have decided to postpone the meeting advertising to take place on November 6th, to the following Saturday, November 9th. The meeting will be held in the Swimming Bath, at 7.15, when all intending Members are requested to attend. None but those showing their class tickets will be admitted to the meeting; after the business is over a Smoking Concert will be held at 8.30, when all students (gentlemen of course) are invited; admission by class ticket. Any gentlemen willing to sing would oblige by sending his name to the Secretary.

Permission having been granted, the Committee intend holding Smoking Concerts once a month in the Swimming Bath, on Saturdays, during the winter; admission by class ticket only. Students are entitled to bring a friend.

The difficulty of obtaining a suitable private ground for next season is being gradually overcome, and before long I hope to report a satisfactory result. The Secretary will be pleased to receive the names of intending members, from whom all particulars of the club can be obtained.

T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOL HARRIERS.

Our run came off on Saturday to Buckhurst Hill. The weather being fine we enjoyed the run very much. Only seven members attended, who all being good runners, made the run much faster. Starting from Wanstead at 3.20 p.m., we made our way towards Buckhurst Hill, which we reached at 4.15. After staying at the "Roebuck" for a quarter of an hour, we made our way home again as fast as we could, not stopping till we reached our headquarters at Wanstead, where we arrived at 5.15. The time for the whole journey, without including stoppages, was one hour forty minutes, the distance being twelve miles.

Next Saturday there will be a Paper-chase, and no members will be able to take part in it if they have not paid all their fees before Friday, November 1st.

H. B. HOWARD, Hon. Sec.
F. AUDUS, Superintendent.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS' RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last, twenty-two members of this club started from the Mansion House at 2 p.m., to see some of the sights of London. At Old Swan Pier, we left for a time "terra firma," and embarked on a penny steamer for Chelsea. The boys very soon overhauled the engines, and the boat in general expressed their opinions on it, and then turned their attentions to the buildings of interest on the riverside. The wrecked steamer, just visible above the water, which lately met with an accident at London Bridge, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Embankment, Cleopatra's Needle, the Shot Towers, St. Thomas's Hospital, the Houses of Parliament, with Big Ben just on the stroke of 2.30, the various bridges, which called forth original remarks as to their construction on passing under them, and the occasional salutations to passing boats, kept the party lively. Chelsea pier was reached, and a sharp walk regained us the heat lost on the voyage, and brought us to Brompton Oratory; here the boys looked on in great wonderment at the magnificent altars and shrines, the burning of candles, and the confessional boxes where confessions were being made. The Natural History Museum was next visited, and an hour was well spent in gazing on the wonders and mysteries of the animal kingdom, after this, we made for the Albert Memorial and Hall, with the enormous size of which latter the boys were

much struck. We had pointed out to us the Queen's and Prince of Wales's boxes, the foundation stone, and the detailed dimensions of the organ pipes and building were given us. The attendant then called out as loud as he could, Tom, Harry, etc., to show us the sonorous qualities of the hall, the entire absence of echo being attributed to the hanging sheet at the ceiling. We next scampered along Rotten Row, playing touch by the way, and on leaving the park, walked through Piccadilly and Pall Mall, admiring the mansions and clubs; at Charing Cross we mounted a penny omnibus, which took us to Liverpool Street, thus ending a very pleasant ramble.

Next Saturday we go to the Albert Docks to see a large ocean steamer belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, starting from Bow Road Station at 1.45 p.m.

A. W. B.

People's Palace Junior Section.

JUNIOR BEAUMONT CRICKET CLUB.

Below we give the result of our first season. As will be seen, the losses are much ahead of the wins, but it is pleasant to know that this result is through having to contest against clubs much older and stronger than our own, in fact more fit to play our senior club. Next year, however, we hope to reverse the tables, and have a good majority of wins, which will look much better in the columns of the *People's Palace Journal*.

Matches.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.
15	3	9	3

Next week we will give the batting averages, and the winner of the prize bat, kindly given by Sir E. H. Currie.

J. POCKNELL, Assist. Sec.

JUNIOR LEADERS' CLUB.

On Tuesday evening, the following lads were made leaders of the Junior Gymnasium Section:—F. J. Harvey, F. Byford, E. Griffiths, A. Miller, W. Waygood, W. Clements, W. Bush, G. Green, G. Shottler, A. Thorley, R. Thorpe, W. G. Frith. With the two first leaders, H. Gardner and J. Fayers, we have now fourteen leaders, and Sir E. H. Currie informs us that he shall make the number up to twenty, and advised the lads to work up well. To conclude with, we sat down to a supper, to which we did ample justice, Sir E. H. Currie, Mr. H. Burdett, and Mr. Lowther being present. On Saturday evening, the undersigned was unanimously voted Hon. Sec., and other business was transacted.

W. G. FRITH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

The practices this week will be on Friday, at 8 o'clock, for all voices, and on Tuesday, at 7.30, for sopranos and contraltos, and 8.45 for tenors and basses. We shall be pleased to receive new members who have contralto, tenor, or bass voices, at once, as we commence new works immediately.

A. W. COURSE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHESS CLUB.

Subscription, 3s. per annum, or 1s. per quarter. Members meet for practice in the East Ante-room, on Tuesday and Saturday, from 7 p.m.

On Saturday last, the adjourned game in the final round of the last Winter tourney, between H. Cudmore and H. Banks, was played. Mr. Cudmore had all through an uphill game to play, as he yielded his opponent the odds of a knight, but he finally managed to win, and thus secure the first prize of the tourney, a handsome set of Staunton chessmen. Mr. Banks, who is rapidly improving in his play, deserves great credit for holding out so long against a more experienced antagonist. Members desirous of entering for the Winter Tournament, and for Dr. Hunt's simultaneous performance on November 16th, are requested to give in their names at once to

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

JUNIOR BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

President—SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.

There will be a Paper-chase for the above club, on Saturday next, Nov. 2nd. Members will please turn up at the Cottage, Lake's Farm, Wanstead, not later than 3.45 p.m., the hares start at 4 o'clock sharp.

J. S. FAYERS, Hon. Sec.
E. GRIFFITHS, Assist. Hon. Sec.

To Uninsured Students.

NOW that the classes are in full swing, and the Gymnasium crowded nightly, we should like to call the attention of the students to the arrangements made by the Chairman with the Railway Passengers' Assurance Company, 64, Cornhill, E.C., by which they may insure against accidents of all kinds, the premium being received in monthly instalments, thus enabling all to participate in the advantages offered by the Company, who are noted for their prompt and liberal settlement of claims. We may remark, that the last person to take up a policy under Mr. Parkes's agency (one connected with the Palace staff, viz. E. A. Fish) was the first to meet with an accident, and to claim upon the funds of the Company, who immediately settled the same in full to his entire satisfaction. One of the Polytechnic members, a short time since, met with a serious accident, thereby losing his eye, and to make matters worse, it was discovered that he had allowed his payments to fall in arrear; this was represented to the Directors, and they agreed, with great liberality, not to take advantage of this negligence, but paid him in full, viz., £125, the sum he would have been entitled to under his policy had his payments been kept up. We feel sure that many of our Members will embrace the opportunity of securing the benefits offered now that the winter season is fast approaching. Full particulars will be found posted in the Gymnasium, and can also be obtained upon application at the School's Office of Mr. CHARLES PARKES, Agent.

They Found the Will.

IN the year 1803 there died in England a lady who had amassed a great deal of money. On the inside of her pillow-case was pinned a note, which ran thus:—

"I have made a will; if you would be rich—find it!"

There was something charming in this idea. The old lady must have been of a humorous turn of mind. No doubt she often pictured to herself her young and aged relations, male and female alike, in pursuit of this phantom fortune. Carpets would be torn up, the contents of cushions and beds scattered about the floor, the wall paper torn down, the garden dug up, and, in fact, everything turned topsy-turvy. The story goes that the search went on night and day for a week, each party being anxious, naturally enough, to find the will. Just as the search was about to be given up in disgust, the document was found tightly sewn inside the skin of the lady's wig. Then the family gathered together to hear it read. It consisted of one clause, and that was to the effect "that the finder of this will, in consideration of his labour and good luck in finding it, shall have the sum of one penny a day for his natural life; the rest of my property to go to charities named below." Here the story ends. Nothing is said about the feelings of the will-seekers, which is disappointing, for there is as grand scope here for the pen of the novelist as there is for the brush of the painter.

THE MOON AS A CHIEF COMMISSIONER.

AND would you care, O silver light,
To help a poor parishioner?
Be doubly useful, then, to-night,
And be my "chief commissioner!"
Be pleased to know that miles away
From London's smoke and sprightliness
There wanders one who, I may say,
Is full of charming sightliness;
And what is more, I know that she
Is full of life and levity,
Whose playful pranks and *jeux d'esprit*
Are not renowned for brevity!
And since your optics over-quiz
The earth and all that's brewing there,
Just roll your eyeballs where she is,
And tell me what she's doing there!
And if to serve as check, you think
Her conduct wants a string or two,
For goodness give me just a wink,
And I shall scent a thing or two!
My wish is not to tyrannise;
I only want what's due to me;
So kindly use your silver eyes,
And keep my sweetheart true to me.

Footprints on the Seashore.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

IT must be a spirit much unlike my own, which can keep itself in health and vigour without sometimes stealing from the sultry sunshine of the world, to plunge into the cool bath of solitude. At intervals, and not unfrequent ones, the forest and the ocean summon me—one with the roar of its waves, the other with the murmur of its boughs—forth from the haunts of men. But I must wander many a mile, ere I could stand beneath the shadow of even one primeval tree, much less be lost among the multitude of hoary trunks, and hidden from earth and sky by the mystery of darksome foliage. Nothing is within my daily reach more like a forest than the acre or two of woodland near some suburban farmhouse. When, therefore, the yearning for seclusion becomes a necessity within me, I am drawn to the seashore, which extends its line of rude rocks and seldom trodden sands, for leagues around our bay. Setting forth, at my last ramble, on a September morning, I bound myself with a hermit's vow, to interchange no thoughts with man or woman, to share no social pleasure, but to derive all that day's enjoyment from shore, and sea and sky—from my soul's communion with these, and from fantasies, and recollections, or anticipated realities. Surely here is enough to feed a human spirit for a single day. Farewell, then, busy world! Till your evening lights shall shine along the street,—till they gleam upon my sea-flushed face, as I tread homeward,—free me from your ties, and let me be a peaceful outlaw.

Highways and cross paths are hastily traversed; and, clambering down a crag, I find myself at the extremity of a long beach. How gladly does the spirit leap forth, and suddenly enlarge its sense of being to the full extent of the broad, blue sunny deep! A greeting and a homage to the sea! I descend over its margin, and dip my hand into the wave that meets me, and bathe my brow. That far-resounding roar is Ocean's voice of welcome. His salt breath brings a blessing along with it. Now let us pace together—the reader's fancy arm in arm with mine—this noble beach, which extends a mile or more from that craggy promontory to yonder rampart of broken rocks. In front, the sea; in the rear, a precipitous bank, the grassy verge of which is breaking away, year after year, and flings down its tufts of verdure upon the barrenness below. The beach itself is a broad space of sand, brown and sparkling, with hardly any pebbles intermixed. Near the water's edge there is a wet margin, which glistens brightly in the sunshine, and reflects objects like a mirror; and as we tread along the glistening border, a dry spot flashes around each footstep, but grows moist again, as we lift our feet. In some spots, the sand receives a complete impression of the sole—square toe and all; elsewhere, it is of such marble firmness, that we must stamp heavily to leave a print even of the iron-shod heel. Along the whole of this extensive beach gambols the surf-wave; now it makes a feint of dashing onward in a fury, yet dies away with a meek murmur, and does but kiss the strand; now, after many such abortive efforts, it rears itself up in an unbroken line, heightening as it advances, without a speck of foam on its green crest. With how fierce a roar it flings itself forward, and rushes far up the beach!

As I threw my eyes along the edge of the surf, I remember that I was startled, as Robinson Crusoe might have been, by the sense that human life was within the magic circle of my solitude. Afar off in the remote distance of the beach, appearing like sea nymphs, or some airier things, such as might tread upon the feathery spray, was a group of girls. Hardly had I beheld them, when they passed into the shadow of the rocks and vanished. To comfort myself—for truly I would fain have gazed a while longer—I made acquaintance with a flock of beach birds. These little citizens of the sea and air preceded me by about a stone's throw along the strand, seeking, I suppose, for food upon its margin. Yet, with a philosophy which mankind would do well to imitate, they drew a continual pleasure from their toil for a subsistence. The sea was each little bird's great playmate. They chased it downward as it swept back, and again ran up swiftly before the impending wave, which sometimes overtook them and bore them off their feet. But they floated as lightly as one of their own feathers on the breaking crest. In their airy flutterings, they seemed to rest on the evanescent spray. Their images—long-legged little figures, with gray backs and snowy bosoms—were seen as distinctly as the realities in the mirror of the glistening strand. As I advanced, they flew a score or two of yards, and, again alighting, recommenced their dalliance with the surf-wave;

and thus they bore me company along the beach, the types of pleasant fantasies, till, at its extremity, they took wing over the ocean, and were gone. After forming a friendship with these small surf-spirits, it is really worth a sigh, to find no memorial of them, save their multitudinous little tracks in the sand.

When we have paced the length of the beach, it is pleasant, and not unprofitable, to retrace our steps, and recall the whole mood and occupation of the mind during the former passage. Our tracks, being all discernible, will guide us with an observing consciousness through every unconscious wandering of thought and fancy. Here we followed the surf in its reflux, to pick up a shell which the sea seemed loth to relinquish. Here we found a seaweed, with an immense brown leaf, and trailed it behind us by its long snake-like stalk. Here we seized a live horseshoe by the tail, and counted the many claws of the queer monster. Here we dug into the sand for pebbles, and skipped them upon the surface of the water. Here we wet our feet while examining a jelly-fish, which the waves, having just tossed it up, now sought to snatch away again. Here we trod along the brink of a fresh water brooklet, which flows across the beach, becoming shallower and more shallow, till at last it sinks into the sand, and perishes in the effort to bear its little tribute to the main. Here some vagary appears to have bewildered us; for our tracks go round and round, and are confusedly intermingled, as if we had found a labyrinth upon the level beach. And here, amid our idle pastime, we sat down upon almost the only stone that breaks the surface of the sand, and were lost in an unlooked-for and overpowering conception of the majesty and awfulness of the great deep. Thus, by tracking our footprints in the sand, we track our own nature in its wayward course, and steal a glance upon it, when it never dreams of being so observed. Such glances always make us wiser.

This extensive beach affords room for another pleasant pastime. With your staff, you may write verses—love verses, if they please you best—and consecrate them with a woman's name. Here, too, may be inscribed thoughts, feelings, desires, warm outpourings from the heart's secret places, which you would not pour upon the sand without the certainty that, almost ere the sky has looked upon them, the sea will wash them out. Stir not hence, till the record be effaced. Now—for there is room enough on your canvas—draw huge faces—huge as that of the Sphinx on Egyptian sands—and fit them with bodies of corresponding immensity, and legs which might stride halfway to yonder island. Child's play becomes magnificent on so grand a scale. But, after all, the most fascinating employment is simply to write your name on the sand. Draw the letters gigantic, so that two strides may barely measure them, and three for the long strokes! Cut deep, that the record may be permanent! Statesmen and warriors, and poets, have spent their strength in no better cause than this. Is it accomplished! Return, then, in an hour or two, and seek for this mighty record of a name. The sea will have swept over it, even as time rolls its effacing waves over the names of statesmen, and warriors, and poets. Hark, the surf-wave laughs at you!

Passing from the beach, I begin to clamber over the crags, making my difficult way among the ruins of a rampart, shattered and broken by the assaults of a fierce enemy. The rocks rise in every variety of attitude; some of them have their feet in the foam, and are shagged half way upward with seaweed; some have been hollowed almost into caverns by the unwearied toil of the sea, which can afford to spend centuries in wearing away a rock, or even polishing a pebble. One huge rock ascends in monumental shape, with a face like a giant's tombstone, on which the veins resemble inscriptions, but in an unknown tongue. We will fancy them the forgotten characters of an antediluvian race; or else that nature's own hand has here recorded a mystery, which, could I read her language, would make mankind the wiser and the happier. How many a thing has troubled me with that same idea! Pass on, and leave it unexplained. Here is a narrow avenue, which might seem to have been hewn through the very heart of an enormous crag, affording passage for the rising sea to thunder back and forth, filling it with tumultuous foam, and then leaving its floor of black pebbles bare and glistening. In this chasm there was once an intersecting vein of softer stone, which the waves have gnawed away piecemeal, while the granite walls remain entire on either side. How sharply, and with what harsh clamour, does the sea rake back the pebbles, as it momentarily withdraws into its own depths! At intervals, the floor of the chasm is left nearly dry; but anon, at the outlet, two or three great waves are seen struggling to get in at once; two hit the walls athwart, while one rushes straight through,

and all three thunder, as with rage and triumph. They heap the chasm with a snowdrift of foam and spray. While watching this scene, I can never rid myself of the idea, that a monster, endowed with life and fierce energy, is striving to burst his way through the narrow pass. And what a contrast, to look through the stormy chasm, and catch a glimpse of the calm bright sea beyond.

Many interesting discoveries may be made among these broken cliffs. Once, for example, I found a dead seal, which a recent tempest had tossed into the nook of the rocks, where his shaggy carcass lay rolled in a heap of eel-grass, as if the sea-monster sought to hide himself from my eye. Another time, a shark seemed on the point of leaping from the surf to swallow me; nor did I, wholly without dread, approach near enough to ascertain that the man-eater had already met his own death from some fisherman in the bay. In the same ramble, I encountered a bird—a large gray bird—but whether a loon, or a wild goose, or the identical albatross of the Ancient Mariner, was beyond my ornithology to decide. It reposed so naturally on a bed of dry seaweed, with its head beside its wing, that I almost fancied it alive, and trod softly lest it should suddenly spread its wings skyward. But the seabird would soar among the clouds no more, nor ride upon its native waves; so I drew near, and pulled out one of its mottled tail-feathers for a remembrance. Another day, I discovered an immense bone, wedged into a chasm of the rocks; it was at least ten feet long, curved like a scimitar, bejewelled with barnacles and small shell-fish, and partly covered with a growth of seaweed. Some leviathan of former ages had used this ponderous mass as a jawbone. Curiosities of a minuter order may be observed in a deep reservoir, which is replenished with water at every tide, but becomes a lake among the crags, save when the sea is at its height. At the bottom of this rocky basin grow marine plants, some of which tower high beneath the water, and cast a shadow in the sunshine. Small fishes dart to and fro, and hide themselves among the seaweed; there is also a solitary crab, who appears to lead the life of a hermit, communing with none of the other denizens of the place; and likewise several five-fingers—for I know no other name than that which children give them. If your imagination be at all accustomed to such freaks, you may look down into the depths of this pool, and fancy it the mysterious depth of ocean. But where are the hulks and scattered timbers of sunken ships?—where the treasures that old Ocean hoards?—where the corroded cannon?—where the corpses and skeletons of seamen, who went down in storm and battle?

On the day of my last ramble (it was a September day, yet as warm as summer), what should I behold as I approached the above-described basin, but three girls sitting on its margin, and—yes, it is veritably so—laving their snowy feet in the sunny water! These, these are the wraith realities of those three visionary shapes that flitted from me on the beach. Hark! their merry voices, as they toss up the water with their feet! They have not seen me. I must shrink behind this rock, and steal away again.

In honest truth, vowed to solitude as I am, there is something in this encounter that makes the heart flutter with a strangely pleasant sensation. I know these girls to be realities of flesh and blood, yet, glancing at them so briefly, they mingle like kindred creatures with the ideal beings of my mind. It is pleasant, likewise, to gaze down from some high crag, and watch a group of children, gathering pebbles and pearly shells, and playing with the surf, as with the old Ocean's hoary beard. Nor does it infringe upon my seclusion, to see yonder boat at anchor off the shore, swinging dreamily to and fro, and rising and sinking with the alternate swell; while the crew—four gentlemen, in roundabout jackets—are busy with their fishing-lines. But, with an inward antipathy and a headlong flight, do I eschew the presence of any meditative stroller like myself, known by his pilgrim staff, his sauntering step, his shy demeanour, his observant yet abstracted eye. From such a man, as if another self had scared me, I scramble hastily over the rocks, and take refuge in a nook which man, a secret hour has given me a right to call my own. I would do battle for it, even with the churl that should produce the title-deeds. Have not my musings melted into its rocky walls and sandy floor, and made them a portion of myself?

It is a recess in the line of cliffs, walled round by a rough, high precipice, which almost encircles and shuts in a little space of sand. In front, the sea appears as between the pillars of a portal. In the rear, the precipice is broken and intermixed with earth, which gives nourishment not only to clinging and twining shrubs, but to trees, that gripe the rock with their naked roots, and seem

to struggle hard for footing and for soil enough to live upon. These are fir trees; but oaks hang their heavy branches from above, and throw down acorns on the beach, and shed their withering foliage upon the waves. At this autumnal season, the precipice is decked with variegated splendour; trailing wreaths of scarlet flaunt from the summit downward; tufts of yellow-flowering shrubs and rose-bushes, with their reddened leaves and glossy seed-berries, sprout from each crevice; at every glance I detect some new light or shade of beauty, all contrasting with the stern, gray rock. A rill of water trickles down the cliff, and fills a little cistern near the base. I drain it at a draught, and find it fresh and pure. This recess shall be my dining hall. And what the feast? A few biscuits, made savory by soaking them in sea-water, a tuft of samphire gathered from the beach, and an apple for the dessert. By this time, the little rill has filled its reservoir again; and, as I quaff it, I thank God more heartily than for a civic banquet, that He gives me the healthful appetite to make a feast of bread and water.

Dinner being over, I threw myself at length upon the sand, and, basking in the sunshine, let my mind disport itself at will. The walls of this my hermitage have no tongue to tell my follies, though I sometimes fancy that they have ears to hear them, and a soul to sympathise. There is a magic in this spot. Dreams haunt its precincts, and flit around me in broad sunlight, nor require that sleep shall blindfold me to real objects, ere these be visible. Here can I frame a story of two lovers, and make their shadows live before me, and be mirrored in the tranquil water, as they tread along the sand, leaving no footprints. Here, should I will it, I can summon up a single shade, and be myself her lover. Yes, dreamer,—but your lonely heart will be the colder for such fancies. Sometimes, too, the Past comes back, and finds me here, and in her train come faces which were glad some, when I knew them, yet seem not glad some now. Would that my hiding-place were lonelier, so that the past might not find me! Get ye all gone, old friends, and let me listen to the murmur of the sea,—a melancholy voice, but less sad than yours. Of what mysteries is it telling? Of sunken ships, and whereabouts they lie? Of islands afar and undiscovered, whose tawny children are unconscious of other islands and continents, and deem the stars of heaven their nearest neighbours? Nothing of all this. What then? Has it talked for so many ages, and meant nothing all the while? No; for those ages find utterance in the sea's unchanging voice, and warn the listener to withdraw his interest from mortal vicissitudes, and let the infinite idea of eternity pervade his soul. This is wisdom; and, therefore, will I spend the next half hour in shaping little boats of drift-wood, and launching them on voyages across the cove, with the feather of a sea-gull for a sail. If the voice of ages tell me true, this is as wise an occupation as to build ships of five hundred tons, and launch them forth upon the main, bound to "far Cathay." Yet, how would the merchant sneer at me!

And, after all, can such philosophy be true? Methinks I could find a thousand arguments against it. Well, then, let yonder shaggy rock, mid-deep in the surf—see! he is somewhat wrathful,—he rages and roars and foams,—let that tall rock be my antagonist, and let me exercise my oratory like him of Athens, who banded words with an angry sea and got the victory. My maiden speech is a triumphant one; for the gentleman in seaweed has nothing to offer in reply, save an immitigable roaring. His voice, indeed, will be heard a long while after mine is hushed. Once more I shout, and the cliffs reverberate the sound. Oh, what joy for a shy man to feel himself so solitary, that he may lift his voice to its highest pitch without hazard of a listener! But, hush!—be silent, my good friend!—whence comes that stifled laughter? It was musical,—but how should there be such music in my solitude? Looking upwards, I catch a glimpse of three faces, peeping from the summit of the cliff, like angels between me and their native sky. Ah, fair girls, you may make yourself merry at my eloquence,—but it was my turn to smile when I saw your white feet in the pool! Let us keep each, other's secrets.

The sunshine has now passed from my hermitage except a gleam upon the sand just where it meets the sea. A crowd of gloomy fantasies will come and haunt me, if I tarry longer here, in the darkening twilight of these gray rocks. This is a dismal place in some moods of the mind. Climb we, therefore, the precipice, and pause a moment on the brink, gazing down into that hollow chamber by the deep, where we have been, what few can be, sufficient to our own pastime—yes, say the word outright!—self-sufficient to our own happiness. How lonesome looks the recess now, and dreary too,—like all other sports where happiness has been! There lies my shadow in the departing sunshine with its

head upon the sea. I will pelt it with pebbles. A hit! a hit! I clap my hands in triumph, and see! my shadow clapping its unreal hands, and claiming the triumph for itself. What a simpleton must I have been all day, since my own shadow makes a mock of my own fooleries!

Homeward! homeward! It is time to hasten home. It is time; it is time; for as the sun sinks over the western wave, the sea grows melancholy, and the surf has a saddened tone. The distant sails appear astray, and not of earth, in their remoteness amid the desolate waste. My spirit wanders forth afar, but finds no resting-place, and comes shivering back. It is time that I were hence. But grudge me not the day that has been spent in seclusion, which yet was not solitude, since the great sea has been my companion, and the little sea-birds my friends, and the wind has told me his secrets, and airy shapes have flitted around me in my hermitage. Such companionship works an effect upon a man's character, as if he had been admitted to the society of creatures that are not mortal. And when, at noontide, I tread the crowded streets, the influence of this day will still be felt: so that I shall walk among men kindly and as a brother, with affection and sympathy, but yet shall not melt into the indistinguishable mass of human kind. I shall think my own thoughts, and feel my own emotions, and possess my individuality unviolated.

But it is good, at the eve of such a day, to feel and know that there are men and women in the world. That feeling and that knowledge are mine, at this moment; for, on the shore, far below me, the fishing party have landed from their skiff, and are cooking their scaly prey by a fire of drift-wood, kindled in the angle of two rude rocks. The three visionary girls are likewise there. In the deepening twilight, while the surf is dashing near their hearth, the ruddy gleam of the fire throws a strange air of comfort over the wild cove, bestrewn as it is with pebbles and seaweed, and exposed to the "melancholy main." Moreover, as the smoke climbs up the precipice, it brings with it a savoury smell from a pan of fried fish, and a black kettle of chowder, and reminds me that my dinner was nothing but bread and water, and a turf of samphire, and an apple. Methinks the party might find room for another guest, at that flat rock which serves them for a table; and if spoons be scarce, I could pick up a clam-shell on the beach. They see me now; and—the blessing of a hungry man upon him!—one of them sends up a hospitable shout—halloo, Sir Solitary! come down and sup with us! The ladies wave their handkerchiefs. Can I decline? No; and be it owned, after all my solitary joys, that this is the sweetest moment of a day by the seashore.

Answers to Correspondents.

H. W. N.—We have shown your letter to Mr. Bradley, the Musical Director, who thanks you for your suggestions, but finds his present arrangements most satisfactory to the majority of our visitors. Special evenings are occasionally devoted to nigger minstrelsy, etc., but to introduce comic songs amid good music, is found to damage the entire evening's programme.

ANONYME.—Your verses are scarcely good enough yet. Study the verse-construction and rhythmical quantities of our great poets, but avoid expressing their thoughts over again, and particularly avoid stock verse-maker's phrases.

F. J. L.—Yes, copies of the Trustees' rules as to clubs can be obtained at the School's Office.

"DOCTOR," said a well-dressed lady, driving up in a well-appointed carriage with a pair of horses, "I have a lunatic brother, who thinks himself a draper's assistant; his physician has ordered his head to be shaved, and if you will get five or six strong men ready to overpower him without any noise or struggle, I will entice him here in half an hour." The doctor promised to have all in readiness, and the lady drove away. Her next visit was to a fashionable draper's, where, selecting a vast number of things, she desired that one of the assistants should go with her and bring back the money. The draper, delighted to have so good a customer, did a considerable amount of bowing and smirking, and put his most fascinating young man on the box beside the driver. They drove to the doctor's, where the young man was invited inside, and at a signal from the lady was seized by the half-dozen strong men. The lady averred she could not bear to see the struggle, and hurried out, saying she would call in half an hour. The young man's protestations that he was a draper's assistant had no effect, as they were all informed of his supposed delusion beforehand, and he not only went home without the money, but with a shaved head. That lady did not call for her poor deluded brother any more—1 of a bit of it.

Keeping the Peace.

SOME curious documents just found in the archives of the Paris prefecture of police throw an interesting and instructive light on the manner in which the streets of Paris were guarded during the night in the sixteenth century.

To begin with, there were stringent rules to the effect that each house should have only one door, and should be regularly inhabited. This being the case, it was a comparatively easy task to order that the dwellers in the different houses should in turn keep an eye on what was going on in their respective streets. They were not compelled to tramp up and down the pavement like the modern policemen; the authorities were satisfied if they looked through their windows and watched all that was going on below. If the slightest cry were raised, opened their windows and rang their bells until their neighbours followed suit. The alarm spread from street to street, and soon all the bells in Paris were ringing, the windows were lit up, and the inhabitants, armed to the teeth, sallied forth, barring the road to the malefactors, who were almost always arrested.

We need hardly explain that the Paris of those days was lilliputian in comparison with what it is now; but what an uncomfortable way they had of keeping the peace in the sixteenth century! The remedy was positively worse than the disease, for it was hard that the inhabitants of one street should be awakened out of their first sleep because the dwellers in a remote alley imagined that something wrong was going on. One would fancy that in one quarter or another some noise at least must have been made every night. The slumber of the Parisians must often have been woefully curtailed. Their cure was as bad as that of the volunteer watchmen, for whom "all night sittings" were a stern reality.

The Owned the Jug.

"A BOY is a strange machine, isn't he?" queried Brown, as he looked out of the office window.

"I don't see anything so very strange about that particular boy," replied one of the other loungers, as he sauntered up and saw a boy of ten on the opposite side of the street.

"But he's got a jug," persisted Brown.

"Well, what of it? Can't a boy carry a jug?"

"But he is swinging it around his head!"

"Let him swing. You never saw a boy who wouldn't."

"I'll lay he breaks it before he gets to the corner," exclaimed Brown.

"Nonsense."

"Lay you five pounds."

"Done!"

Half-a-dozen rushed up to watch further proceedings. The boy continued to swing the jug, apparently bent upon performing some particular feat, and just before he reached the corner, his hand slipped, and the jug was dashed to pieces.

"I knew it! I knew it!" chuckled Brown, as he danced around.

"Bother him; here's your money!" growled the other.

An hour later, after spending the interval in solemn thought, the loser mildly inquired—

"Brown, did you think you had a sure thing with me?"

"Certainly. I bought that jug for the boy, and gave him a shilling to carry out the programme!"

SOME of the railway-carriages running between Calais and Paris have a peculiar device for summoning the guard or conductor. Behind a small glass window in the wall of each compartment dangles a ring fastened to the end of a cord. Below, in French, German, and English, is the notice, the English version of which reads: "Should at any time the presence of the guard be deemed necessary, the passenger will please break the glass, pull the cord, and agitate his arms out the right-hand window according as the train is going." Here is another notice which is designed to put travellers on their guard against unauthorised guides to Mount Vesuvius, and to warn tourists to observe the guide's number if they wish to make complaint—"The Vesuvius guides acknowledged by the company are only those who have a number of recognition at the bonnet and an inscription, 'Guida del Vesuvia.' Travellers are earnestly requested to remember that number of recognition to the guide who escorts them, and to declare it if they have any complaint to do; differently the company will be in the impossibility to pursue such reclamation.—The Direction."

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN

ON WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30th, 1889,
AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA,

A SACRED CANTATA,

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY
WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT,
Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge.The People's Palace Choral Society
AND ORCHESTRA,CONDUCTORS:
MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A., & MR. W. R. CAVE.SOLOISTS:
MRS. HELEN TRUST,
MADAME JULIA LENNOX,
MR. RECHAB TANDY,
MR. BERTRAM LATTER.ORGANIST - MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.,
Organist to the People's Palace.

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

INTRODUCTION WITH CHORALE.

Ye Christian people, now rejoice,
To God your praises bringing,
That we, united heart and voice,
In holy joy are singing
What Christ hath given to man below,
And of His triumph o'er the foe,
Whom He for us hath conquered.

FROM THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER IV.

RECITATIVE.

MADAME JULIA LENNOX.

5. Then cometh [Jesus] to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph.
6. Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well: and it was about the sixth hour.

CHORUS.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath visited and redeemed his people.

And hath raised up a mighty salvation for us in the house of his servant David.—*St. Luke* i. 68, 69.

RECITATIVE.

MADAME JULIA LENNOX & MR. BERTRAM LATTER.

7. There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water: Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink.
9. Then saith the woman of Samaria unto him, How is it that thou, being a Jew, asketh drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria?
10. Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give Me to drink: thou wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water.

CHORUS.

For with thee is the well of life; and in thy light shall we see light.—*Psalms* xxxvi. 9.

RECITATIVE.

MRS. HELEN TRUST AND MADAME JULIA LENNOX.

11. The woman saith unto him, Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep: from whence then hast thou that living water?

AIR.

MRS. HELEN TRUST.

12. Art thou greater than our father Jacob, which gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle?

RECITATIVE AND AIR.

MR. BERTRAM LATTER.

13. Jesus answered and said unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again.
14. But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.
15. The woman saith unto him, Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw.

CHORUS.

Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.—*Isaiah* xlii. 3.
And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee saying, This is the way, walk ye in it.—*Isaiah* xxx. 21.

RECITATIVE.

MRS. HELEN TRUST, MADAME JULIA LENNOX, AND
MR. BERTRAM LATTER.

16. Jesus saith unto her, Go, call thy husband and come hither.
17. The woman answered and said, I have no husband. Jesus said unto her, Thou hast well said, I have no husband:
18. For thou hast had five husbands: and he whom now thou hast is not thy husband: in that saidst thou truly.

AIR.

MADAME JULIA LENNOX.

O Lord, thou hast searched me out, and known me: thou knowest my down-sitting, and mine uprising: thou understandest my thoughts long before.
For lo, there is not a word in my tongue: but thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether.—*Psalms* cxxxix. 1, 3.

RECITATIVE.

MRS. HELEN TRUST, MADAME JULIA LENNOX, AND
MR. BERTRAM LATTER.

19. The woman saith unto him, Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet.
20. Our fathers worshipped in this mountain; and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship.
21. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall, neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father.
22. Ye worship ye know not what; we know what we worship: for salvation is of the Jews.
23. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him.

CHORUS.

Therefore they shall come and sing in the height of Zion, and shall flow together to the goodness of the Lord, for wheat and for wine, and for oil, and for the young of the flock and of the herd, and their soul shall be as a watered garden; and they shall not sorrow any more at all.

Jeremiah xxxi. 12.

QUARTETT.

MRS. HELEN TRUST, MADAME JULIA LENNOX,
MR. RECHAB TANDY, AND MR. BERTRAM LATTER.

24. God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

RECITATIVE.

MADAME JULIA LENNOX, MRS. HELEN TRUST,
AND MR. BERTRAM LATTER.

25. The woman saith unto him, I know that Messias cometh, which is called Christ: when he is come, he will tell us all things.
26. Jesus saith unto her, I that speak unto thee am he.

CHORUS.

(Organ Accompaniment only.)

Who is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature.—*Colossians* i. 15.

RECIT.

MADAME JULIA LENNOX AND MRS. HELEN TRUST.

28. The woman then left her waterpot, and went her way into the city, and saith to the men.
29. Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: it not this the Christ?
30. Then went they out of the city, and came unto him.

CHORUS.

Come, O Israel, let us walk as sons of light, not as children of darkness.
Let us walk in the light of God.

AIR.

MRS. HELEN TRUST.

I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength. So shall I be saved; for Thou wilt save the afflicted people.
—*Psalms* xviii. 1, 3, 27.

RECIT.

MADAME JULIA LENNOX.

39. And many of the Samaritans of that city believed on Him for the saying of the woman which testified, He told me all that ever I did.
40. So when the Samaritans were come unto Him they besought Him that He would tarry with them: and He abode there two days.

ALLA CHORALE.

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide:
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, then abide with me.
I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

RECIT.

MADAME JULIA LENNOX.

41. And many more believed because of his own word:
42. And said unto the woman,

CHORUS OF THE PEOPLE.

Now we believe, not because of thy saying: for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.

AIR.

MR. RECHAB TANDY.

His salvation is nigh them that fear him, that glory may dwell in our land;
Yea, the Lord shall shew loving-kindness: and our land shall give her increase.—*Psalms* lxxxv. 9, 12.

CHORUS.

I will call upon the Lord, who is worthy to be praised.

Psalms xviii. 3.

CHORUS.

Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel. Amen. Amen.
Psalms lxxii. 18.

PART II.

SYMPHONY in C minor, 1st movement *Beethoven*,
THE PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA.SONG .. "Oh, had I Jubal's lyre" *Handel*,
MRS. HELEN TRUST.Oh, had I Jubal's lyre,
Or Miriam's tuneful voice,
To sounds like his I would aspire,
In songs like her's rejoice.
My humble strains but faintly show
How much to Heaven and thee I owe.RECIT AND AIR "Lend me your aid" (*Irene*) *Gounod*,
MR. RECHAB TANDY.

RECIT.

How frail and weak a thing is man,
How poor this work of ours,
Hideous and vain it standeth.
A dwelling for luxury—a temple fit for pride!
Hardly worthy of man; all nobleness a-wanting.
This they call—this they call building for all eternity:
Sons of Tubal Cain, oh, strong and noble race,
Benefactors of man, high and God-like minds,
In your path through the world ye left a track of greatness,
Libanus beareth witness in vast noble ruins,
Where far the sand heaps high the desert plain,
Even there rise the wondrous forms ye have made
From out the past in solemn grandeur;
Ah! before your awful pow'r, I bow the head.

AIR.

Lend me your aid, oh, race divine,
Fathers of old, to whom I've pray'd,
Spirits of pow'r be your help mine,
Lend me your aid, fathers of old, to whom I've pray'd,
O, lend your aid.
Oh, grant that my wild dreams be not vain,
That future time shall owe to me,
A work their bards will sing in their strain,
Tho' Chaos still, Chaos still an iron sea.
From the caldron the molten wave
Soon will flow into its mould of sand,
And ye, oh, sons of Tubal Cain,
Fire, oh, fire my soul, and guide my hand.
Lend me your aid, oh, race divine, etc.CHORUS "Hallelujah" (*Messiah*) *Handel*.THE PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY
AND ORCHESTRA.

WHEN travelling, Roquelaire, the brilliant and astute, used a very mean equipage, and dressed in a very shabby manner. Passing through Lyons in this guise one summer evening, he was observed by the Bishop of the diocese, who was afflicted with an insatiable appetite for news. The Bishop, seeing a strange traveller of mean appearance, thought he had only a plebeian to deal with, and wishing to gratify his ruling passion, cried out, "Hi, hi!" Roquelaire immediately requested his postillion to stop, and the inquisitive prelate, advancing to the carriage, demanded: "Where have you come from?" "Paris," was the curt reply. "What is there fresh in Paris?" "Green peas." "But what were the people saying when you came away?" "Vespers." "Goodness, man! who are you? What are you called?" "Ignorant and uneducated people call me 'Hi, hi!' but gentlemen term me the Duc de Roquelaire. Drive on, postillion!" The Duke passed on, leaving the astounded Bishop gasping, and staring after the carriage.

SCENE.—A hatter's shop at the West End. Enter a well-known man about town, who hands his hat to an attendant to be ironed. While standing bare-headed at the counter, in comes a certain Bishop. The latter, mistaking the club-man for one of the shop-walkers, gives him his hat, with the inquiry: "Have you a hat like this?" The club-man, in the coolest possible manner, takes the hat, turns it over, examines it closely, looks at it inside, and out, then, in slow and measured tones, remarks: "No, I have not; and," he adds reflectively, "if I had, I am hanged if I would wear it!" Tableau!

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...	...	Tuesday	8.0-9.30	6 0
*Upholstery ...	Mr. G. Scarman	Monday	8.0-9.30	5 0
*Photography ...	Mr. H. Farmer	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
†Plumbing ...	Mr. G. Taylor	Monday	8.0-10.0	8 6
*Cabinet Making ...	Mr. T. Jacob	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Filing, Fitting, Turning, Pattern Making & Moulding. (Wh. Sc.)	Mr. A. W. Bevis	M. & F.	7.30-9.45	5 0
*Carpentry and Joinery ...	Mr. W. Graves	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 are 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	Friday	8.0-9.30	2 6
Elocution ...	Mrs S. L. Hasluck	Tuesday	6.0-7.30	5 0
"Shakespeare" ...	"	"	8.0-9.30	5 0

Per Quarter.

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.	(Wh. Sc.) M.I.M.E.	"	"	"
Mac. Con. & Draw.—Ele.	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0
—Adv.	"	"	"	"
Build. Con. & Draw.—Bgs.	Mr. S. F. Howlett	Thursday	7.0-8.0	4 0
—Ele.	"	"	"	"
—Adv.	"	"	"	"
Mathematics, Stage I.	Mr. E. J. Burrell	Tu. & Th.	9.0-10.0	4 0
" II.	"	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
Theoretical Mechanics ...	"	Friday	8.45-9.45	4 0
Sound, Light, and Heat ...	Mr. F. C. Forth, Assoc. R. C. Sc.	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
†Magtism. & Electy.—Ele.	Mr. Slingo, A.I.E.E., and Mr. Brooker,	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" —Adv.	Mr. Brooker,	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" —Prac.	Mdlt.	"	7.30-9.0	4 0
Inor. Chemis.—Theo., Ele.	Mr. A. P. Laurie, M.A., B.Sc.	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" —Prac.	"	"	8.0-10.0	10 6
" Theo., Adv.	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" —Prac.	"	"	8.30-10.0	12 6
Organic Chemistry—Theo.	"	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" —Prac.	"	Friday	8.0-10.0	10 6
" —Hours	"	M. Tu. & Fr.	7.0-10.0	15 0
Steam & the Steam Engine	Mr. A. W. Bevis	Thursday	7.45-8.45	4 0

Per Session. * 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 2/-.
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 ...	and	Tuesday	"	"
*Draw. from the Antique	Mr. A. H. G. Bishop	Thursday	"	"
*Decorative Designing ...	"	Friday	"	"
*Modelling in Clay, etc.	"	"	"	"
†Drawing from Life ...	"	"	8.0-10.0	5 0
†Etching ...	Mr. H. Costello	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	6 0
†Wood Carving ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Mon. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	5 0
†Repoussé Work & Engv.	Mr. Daniels	Mon. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0

* 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 for prospectus.

Musical Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Singing, Elementary ...	Mr. Orton Bradley	Thursday	8.0-9.0	2 0
" Advanced ...	" [M.A.]	Tuesday	9.0-10.0	2 0
*Choral Society ...	"	Friday	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 ...	Mrs. 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 ...	"	"	7.0-8.0	2 6
Book-keeping—Elementary ...	"	Thursday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Intermediate ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Advanced ...	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
Civil Service—Boy Clerks	Mr. D. Isaacs, B.A.	Tuesday
Female Clerks (Prelim.)	"	"	6.30-10.0	12 0
Excise (Beginners) ...	"	"	"	"
Customs (Beginners) ...	"	"	"	"
Lower Div. (Prelim.) ...	"	"	"	"
(Competitive)	"	"	"	"
Excise & Customs (Adv.)	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	12 0
Female Clerks (Com.) ...	"	Thursday	8.45-10.0	12 0
Male Telegraph Learners	"	"	"	"
Boy Copyists ...	"	Thursday	6.15-8.45	10 0
Female Tele. Learners ...	"	"	"	"
Female Sorters ...	"	"	"	"
Shorthand (Pitman's) Ele.	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" —Adv.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" —Report.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 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	"	"	"	"
" —Commrc. Corres.	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
German, Advanced ...	Herr Dittell	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" —Beginners	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" —Intermediate	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Elocution (Class 1) ...	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	6.0-7.30	5 0
(Class 2) ...	"	"	8.0-10.0	5 0
Writing ...	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 6
London University Exams.	Mr. W. Coleman, B.A. (Lond.)	"	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	1.30-5.30	20 0
Chess ...	Mr. Smith	Tuesday	7.0-9.0	1 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. Litig. Instrument Making & Telegraphy	Mr. W. Slingo, A.I.E.E., and Mr. A. Brooker, Mdlt.	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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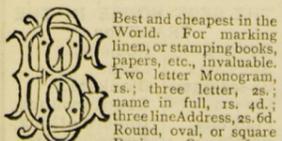
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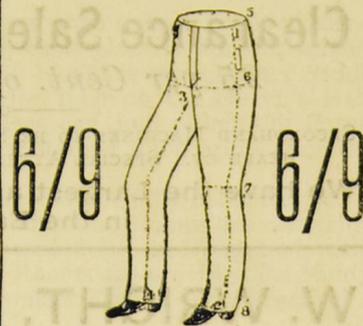
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