

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

Vol. IV.—No. 83.]

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 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.

Coming Events.

- THURSDAY, June 13th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
 Workmen's and Apprentices' Industrial Exhibition (opens at 10), Concerts, etc., as per Programme.
 Dramatic Society.—Rehearsal at 8.
 Fire Brigade.—Drill at 10.30.
 Cycling Club.—Run.
- FRIDAY, June 14th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
 Workmen's Exhibition, Concerts, etc., as per Programme.
 Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 8 to 10.
 Literary Society.—Meeting, at 8.15.
 Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.
- SATURDAY, June 15th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
 Workmen's Exhibition.—Various amusements as per Special Programme.
 Ramblers' Club.—To Hampstead Heath.
 Tableaux Vivants from Dickens's Works, in Queen's Hall, at 8.
 Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.
 Cricket Club.—Match with Polytechnic C.C. at Wimbledon.
 Cycling Club.—Run.
- SUNDAY, June 16th.**—Organ Recitals at 12.30 and 4.
 Library.—Open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY, June 17th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
 Sketching Club.—Monthly Exhibition, Room No. 9, Old-building.
 Workmen's Exhibition (opens 10), Concerts, etc.
 Shorthand Society.—Usual weekly meeting, Technical Schools.
 Ramblers' Club.—General Meeting at 8.30.
- TUESDAY, June 18th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
 Workmen's Exhibition, Concerts, etc.
 Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.
- WEDNESDAY, June 19th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
 Workmen's Exhibition, Concerts, etc.
 Dramatic Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.
 Tableaux Vivants from Dickens's Works, in Queen's Hall, at 8.
 Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, JUNE 16th, 1889.

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

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

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|---------------------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|--------------|
| 1. Prelude and Fugue in D | ... | ... | ... | Bach. |
| 2. Andante from Violin Concerto | ... | ... | ... | Mendelssohn. |
| 3. Slow Movement in F | ... | ... | ... | Smart. |
| 4. Sacred Song, "The King of love my Shepherd is" | ... | ... | ... | Gounod. |
| 5. Impromptu | ... | ... | ... | Haydn. |
| 6. Chorus, "The heavens are telling" | ... | ... | ... | Haydn. |

AT 4. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

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|-------------------------|-----|-----|-----|--------------|
| 1. First Sonata | ... | ... | ... | Mendelssohn. |
| 2. Church Melody | ... | ... | ... | Stradella. |
| 3. Credo | ... | ... | ... | Haydn. |
| 4. Allegretto in E flat | ... | ... | ... | Hardebeck. |
| 5. Impromptu | ... | ... | ... | Haydn. |
| 6. Largo in G | ... | ... | ... | Handel. |
| 7. Grand Chorus in A | ... | ... | ... | Salomé. |

Notes of the Week.

I SUPPOSE that the first note of the week must be on Dr. Robson Roose's paper concerning the "Art of Long Life." We all want to live long: the longer we live the longer we desire to live: then those who live to a hundred are just as anxious to go on living as those who have only got to five-and-twenty: those who are so old and decrepit that they live from day to day, or from hour to hour, still desire to go on living. Naturally, then, any advice or help in the art of long life is always welcome. Very good. We may rejoice, therefore, when Dr. Roose assures us that hard work and moderation in food are the two essentials. My friends, if that is the whole secret, let us live for ever.

A GOOD many people have written on the art of long life, but, unfortunately, most of them have failed to prove their own theories by attaining to any great length of days. The most remarkable example of success is that of Cornaro. He was an Italian, born at Padua in the year 1467. At his birth he was frail and delicate: the excesses of his youth reduced him, by the age of forty, to an exhausted, if not a decrepit condition: he then began to practice a rigid diet: he also paid great attention to maintaining a cheerful disposition. He limited himself to twelve ounces of solid food and fourteen ounces of wine every day: and he lived to within a month or two of one hundred. Fontenelle, a Frenchman, who achieved his century short of a week or two, also paid great attention to tranquillity of soul, which involves cheerfulness. He avoided great emotions. He never fell in love: he never permitted himself to fly into a rage about anything. Here, then, we seem to arrive at three or four definite rules. Keep yourself always employed and interested in your work: keep yourself cheerful. Avoid strong emotions, especially rage. Be moderate in eating, and drink little—remember that to drink great quantities of coffee or tea may be just as bad as to drink a great quantity of beer. Follow these rules, and if you do not succeed in living long you will have deserved success. For my part, I have always been perfectly certain that science will not only lengthen the life of men,—no one can tell what limits may be ultimately arrived at,—but that it will also lengthen the strength, activity, and working power of life, so that a man of a hundred shall be in the future as good as a man of fifty now. Merely to prolong existence when one is past work and past enjoyment hardly seems worth the trouble.

LONG life is intimately connected with the prevention of disease. And this is so important for all of us, that I cannot conceive of any reward too great to be given to a man who shall stay, prevent, or cure disease. Yet how do we reward discoverers? A great physician invents anæsthetic surgery: he renders it possible for surgical operations to be performed which could never before be even dreamed of: he enables the surgeon to be leisurely in his movements without the distress at the agony of the patient, who is in a deep sleep. Nothing greater than this has ever been done for humanity. It was done for us by a Scotch physician, who went to his grave without honour or reward. Yet we make every successful brewer a peer, and confer hereditary titles on any rich man who spends a few thousands on his party.

I THINK there is no catastrophe of modern times more full of horror and of tragedy than the Flood in Pennsylvania. It seems as if the hand of Fate was upon these poor people

so as to prevent their escape. At the head of the valley is a lake, its waters dammed off by some wretchedly incompetent engineer. A workman discovers that the dam is unsafe: he is threatened with dismissal if he announces this discovery: he tells the Mayor of the threatened town. This Solomon blandly smiles, and says he will see about it: meanwhile the water is breaking through the dam like water from a watering pot. But nothing is done. Then the dam breaks down, and the great lake suddenly empties itself into the valley. The whole lake empties itself. No human science could estimate the force and velocity of this vast mass of water. One man raced on horseback down the valley before the dam burst, shouting to the people to take to the hills. "We will," they said, "when we see the water." A few minutes and they did see it. Then the destruction of fifteen thousand souls, and the wreck of I know not how many homes. So thorough is the calamity that it has been followed by that sure and only sign of ruin complete,—total apathy. Two men meet,—one says to the other, carelessly, "Good morning, did you save your wife?" "No, she went with the house. Saved your boys?" "No, they were carried away. Good morning." When everything is gone there is no room for tears.

I WAS once in a town when a waterspout burst over the hills at the back of it. This produced a very creditable inundation. The house in which I was living was built about six feet above the ground. The thing happened after nightfall. We first heard a roaring and a rushing of water: then we became aware that the compound—or enclosure containing the gardens, stable, and servants' houses—was flooded. Then the servants came running into the house, carrying their children and the things which would otherwise have been washed away. The roaring and rushing of the water continued. It rose over the steps and flooded the verandah: then it reached the level of the floor of the house: and there happily it stopped, and presently subsided, leaving behind it a most awful mess. Next day the lower town presented a most curious appearance. The wooden huts of the Indians had been carried away: the trees had been torn down, and were blocking the roads: bridges had been washed away: and nobody ever knew how many of the people had been carried out to sea, and drowned by the waters. In a month there was no trace left of the disaster. Nature in the tropics soon repairs damages done to trees, and wooden huts are very easily set up again. But one does not desire to pass again such a night of anxiety and terror.

ONE thing I remember. When the flood began to rise above the verandah, and it seemed as if the whole house was going to be carried away, the man with whom I lived, solemnly rose, took off his shoes and stockings, and wading out in the water, began to peer up and down into the black night: "What are you looking for?" I asked. "Looking for Noah," he replied, and not finding him, came back again.

THE Derby Day was perfect, if not too hot. It was the hundred and tenth year of this race, which was instituted by the twelfth Earl of Derby in the year 1780. Many other races are worth more than the Derby, but this race still holds its own as the blue ribbon of the turf. To me it is an interesting annual event, because it is almost the only race I have ever seen—I confess the fact with shame. Every year I recall a Derby Day twenty years ago, and a certain carriage containing four men—of whom one is now dead, and another disabled, and the other two are greybeards—and a hamper. The drive from Pall Mall to Epsom was delightful: the day, which had threatened to be showery, turned out splendidly: the young foliage of the trees all the way down made the drive charming: the turf was elastic: the Downs were crowded with people. I forget whose year it was, nor did I pay much attention to the race: but the crowds, and the life and the holiday cheerfulness of the day, and the humble show people who had flocked to the place to try and make a penny, who turned somersaults, told fortunes, hung about the carriages at lunch time, sold cards, danced on stilts, sung songs, and the rest of it, one will never forget.

ONE of our party was a young gentleman in love. Said a black-eyed, brazen-faced young gipsy girl to me, "Give me a shilling and I will tell you the name of the girl you love." I informed her that at the moment my affections were wholly disengaged; but, I told her, my friend in the opposite corner, who, at the moment was not looking our way, might be glad to put her

power to the test. "What's her name?" she whispered, eagerly. I told her. It was a mean and a treacherous thing to do, but I did it regardless of conscience. The name was not a common one: certainly not one which a gipsy would have guessed. We will call it Madeleine, if you please. The girl hurried round to the other side of the carriage. "Cross my hand with half-a-crown," she said, "and I will tell you the Christian name of the girl you truly love, I will, sir, I will indeed?" "Nonsense," he said. "Well, sir," she urged, "you shall not cross my hand with anything, but will look me in the eyes and I will whisper her name, and you shall give me half-a-sovereign." He did look her in the eyes. She whispered the name in his ears,—Madeleine. His face changed curiously. First he blushed,—because he was still young enough to blush,—and then he became pale. Then he pulled out his purse and gave the girl half-a-sovereign. She took it, laughed, nodded,—but not to me,—and went off to another carriage. "How do they do these things?" asked my friend, feebly. He said little more during the whole of the day. When we parted in the evening, he said "We've had a splendid day, haven't we? I say, I wonder how they do these things?"

My experience, you see, is not large in races. I have seen a racecourse in Paris, and in a certain colony or two, but no other great English races, and now I do not suppose I shall ever go to the races again; at least, I have little desire to go. I do not take up the attitude of the moralist: if young fellows like to be jolly at a race meeting, why not? If they like to make a bet on the race, why not? I sometimes play whist for points, and the principle is much the same. In fact betting may be gambling on a large and ruinous scale, or it may be only a little innocent excitement: just as a glass of champagne may be a pleasant drink, while a couple of bottles will make a man drunk. It is all a question of moderation. We cannot make men moderate by Act of Parliament: we can only keep incentives to intemperance in anything out of their reach: therefore we are right to put down gambling clubs. A man runs, leaps, rows better if there is a prize: he takes more interest in a race of any kind if there is a prize. Let who will preach total abstinence from exciting amusements. To my mind the true philosopher is not the man who drinks neither ale nor wine, never sees a race, never makes a bet, refrains from cards, because he cannot trust himself; but he who takes the pleasure and amusements of the world as they come, and uses them all in reason and moderation without neglect of work and things more serious.

CERTAIN literary ladies have been having a dinner all to themselves. There was an account of the festive gathering in one of the evening papers. Not many ladies known to literature were present, but enough to give the dinner a flavour. After dinner they had cigarettes, and one of the ladies is reported when last seen to have been "toying with her ashes." This seems as if she had been cremated, but if the ashes were only those of her cigarette, perhaps she only felt unwell after the tobacco. A good many boys feel inclined to toy with their ashes when they begin to smoke. Well, we seem, so far, to be a long way off a banquet of East End literary ladies, and I am not anxious, I confess, to see them begin. For my own part I think that this little demonstration, which points at women working in literature alone, and apart from men, is a thoroughly unhealthy sign. There are no distinctly feminine lines of literature. If women want to get together in order to smoke tobacco, nobody, I suppose, will prevent them, if their husbands do not object. But that working women should try to make themselves into a class separate and apart is foolish and unnatural.

I VENTURED the other day to suggest that a description of a visit to Paris from one of our Members might be amusing and instructive. If the idea is taken up, I would further suggest that the journey to and from Paris be omitted altogether, because it really has been done too often already. The Exhibition itself, and everything belonging to the Exhibition, would be interesting. It is a long time since any of our Members offered any assistance to the editorial staff of this journal. One is never tired, however, of repeating, that just as the Palace has its own clubs of every kind, its own dances, its own band, its own choir, its own dramatic troop, so it ought to have its own editor and its own writers. As for ourselves, we are here only to keep things going until the young men of the Palace come along.

I HOPE the Ramblers will not forget Hampstead Heath this year. The newly-added part is now opened, and those who only knew the old West Heath, will be surprised to find what an immense addition has been made, and what a beautiful place it has now become.

THERE are going to be changes in the Library. It is grievous, but we cannot but accept the inevitable.

THERE is also going to be an Exhibition of Pictures in course of time, which will, I believe, equal in interest and beauty that of last year. I trust that the Palace artists may be in a position to ask for some space to be reserved for themselves.

I SHOULD like to know whether the Members and readers generally would wish the Competition Columns of acrostics, riddles, puzzles, etc., to be re-opened next winter. If so, will they kindly address the Editor on the subject?

EDITOR.

Palace and Institute Notes.

UNTIL now, one of the proudest boasts of everybody feeling genuine concern in the welfare of the People's Palace, has been that this great place, which has been freely presented to the people of East London for their own use and benefit, has been the object of the greatest care on the part of those who use it, and that every fragment of the fabric was sacred from wilful damage. And it has been no vain boast. Packed as it has been at times with thousands of excited and heavy-limbed Mile-Enders and White-chapellers to witness boxing competitions and gymnastic displays, the Queen's Hall has always remained undamaged, and in every way the visitors to the Palace have shown their anxiety to preserve untarnished their splendid gift. But the spell has it seems at last been broken. On Monday, a finger from one of the fine statues of queens in the gallery of the Queen's Hall was deliberately broken off—not, it is reassuring to know, by any responsible, full-aged East-ender, but by a few unclean little ruffians of about sixteen years of age or so. I hope that everybody—not only the Palace Members, but every visitor—who enjoys the advantages of the People's Palace will do his utmost, not only to abstain from mischief himself, which, of course, his ordinary good-manners will assure, but to see that no such damage is done to his Palace by others. What continued interest in the East End can be expected from those with the means to give it practical effect when they find their finest gifts treated in this manner? This is a long lecture, perhaps, extracted by a small thing, but misconduct of any kind has been so unknown a thing with us, that its first appearance calls for strong rebuke.

PERHAPS, however, with 15,000 people about the place (this was our attendance on Whit Monday), one or two bad subjects were inevitable.

THE Technical School Ordinary Classes begin again on Monday next, and on Tuesday evening, at 7, the St. John's Ambulance Association Examination will be held.

A TERRIBLE misfortune has occurred to three of the Palace Members, by which, however, I have no doubt, three more will not fail to profit. Three intending Paris Trippers, who meant to accompany the party leaving on June 15, and returning on the 22nd, find it quite impossible to get away from London. I have not yet heard what arrangements Mr. Were, of the Technical Schools' Office, has made in the direction of barricading his office against the anticipated rush, but have no doubt they will be very extensive and very necessary. Lucky the first three to catch Mr. Were's eye!

LAST week Mr. Perrin, the professor of wood-carving, was so good as to hand me a short report of the progress made in his classes, which short report got unaccountably astray on its way to the printing office. I remember, however, enough of it to say that the students have been doing remarkably well, and that in comparing (as possibly many will) the fine specimens of carving sent from the Regent Street Polytechnic for the Workmen's Exhibition with those shown by our own students, it must be remembered that the Polytechnic Classes have been at work for some six years as against our own eighteen months.

SUB-EDITOR.

Opening of the Workmen's Exhibition.

ON Saturday last, Lord Brassey visited the People's Palace, to open the Workmen's and Apprentices' Industrial Exhibition. Lord Brassey arrived about four o'clock, and after inspecting the Exhibition, proceeded to the Queen's Hall, when Sir Edmund Hay Currie read the following address:—"My Lord, the trustees of the People's Palace wish me to convey to you their very sincere thanks for your kindness in visiting their Institution to open the Workmen's and Apprentices' Industrial Exhibition. This Exhibition, which it is intended to hold annually, was inaugurated last year, with a view to encouraging Artizans and Apprentices to excel in their various Industries. The exhibits, which you have just inspected, number twice as many as shewn last year, and nearly a hundred separate trades are represented. The interest shewn by the people of East London in such exhibitions was well exemplified last year, when considerably over 80,000 persons visited the Palace during the five weeks in which the Workmen's Exhibition was held. As a very liberal subscriber to the funds of the People's Palace, you will no doubt be gratified to know of the entire success which has attended the efforts of the Trustees in the many branches of work connected with the Institution. During the latter quarter of the Winter Session, ending on the 19th April last, a period comprising eighty-eight working nights, a total attendance has been registered at the Evening Technical Science and General Classes of 33,365, over five thousand separate students (many following several subjects) having joined the classes during the Session; while some four hundred boys, the sons of artizans, are undergoing a thorough training, to fit them for the special business of their lives, in the Day Technical Schools. The whole of this work has been carried on in the magnificent Schools provided by the liberality of the Drapers' Company. The efforts made by the Trustees to cater for the rational amusement of East London have been equally successful, considerably more than 300,000 persons having attended a Summer Fête and Exhibition of Pictures held last year, while the constant succession of concerts and entertainments given weekly in the Queen's Hall, have been attended by immense audiences. Equally satisfactory have been the operations in the Free Library, with an attendance of about 1,000 readers daily; the Gymnasium, with 800 young men and lads, and 250 young women; and the Swimming-bath, which latter (the gift of the Earl of Rosebery), open from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m., attracted, upon one occasion, nearly 2,000 bathers on a single day. 3,000 Members, from 16 to 25 years of age (male and female), joined the Institute. A total of a million and a half attendances were recorded last year at the Palace. You will also, no doubt, be pleased to hear, that by the further munificence of the Drapers' Company, the buildings required to complete the front of the Palace will shortly be erected; and that a magnificent Winter Garden is about to be erected on the west side of the Queen's Hall at a cost of £9,000, the whole of which will be defrayed by Sir Edward Cecil Guinness. The Trustees hope that among the exhibits which you have just inspected, much may be found worthy representative of skilled British Industry, and that the Exhibition, which they now ask you to declare open, will prove a means, in however small a measure, of stimulating and raising that Industry."

Lord Brassey then formally declared the Exhibition open. He expressed his great pleasure in attending and in doing all he could to encourage the excellent work which was being done under the auspices of the Trustees of the People's Palace. No nobler idea had ever taken root in the human mind than the conception of which the Palace was the practical embodiment. It was a great institution, brought into existence by the wise liberality of those who had means at their disposal to use for the benefit of others. In the classes carried on in the building there was found an intelligent aptitude on the part of those who frequented the institution to use the opportunities afforded to them. (Hear.) The object of the institution was a very simple one—viz., to give encouragement to working people to produce work of the best description. The majority of those whose works of skill were exhibited were persons who by the necessities of the case were obliged above all things in their daily work to consider cheapness of production. To produce cheaply was a great achievement in industry, but there was a danger lest in aiming at that cheapness they lost sight of perfection of quality. (Hear, hear.) He understood that it was one of the aims of that institution to encourage in production excellence of quality in combination with cheapness. (Hear,

hear.) The admirable system at the Palace encouraged technical education, for complete technical instruction was given in almost all the most important trades. It was most satisfactory that the people were now being afforded that instruction. England was a great industrial country, and the people were proud of their practical skill, but until lately we were far behind other countries in the opportunities which existed for the spread of technical and scientific education. (Hear, hear.) Lord Brassey then particularised some of the exhibits, which he said reflected great credit upon the producers, and said that he was specially struck by the wood carvings, marble work, models of shells, fish, and tools, and also the various exhibits of carpentering. The apprentices' work, too, he said, was very interesting. In conclusion, he extolled Sir Edmund Currie's labours to assist in the wise administration of the funds at the disposal of the Trustees.

Mr. R. P. BARROW proposed, Mr. E. S. NORRIS, M.P., seconded, and a hearty vote of thanks was accorded Lord Brassey.

Society and Club Notes.

[Club announcements should reach Mr. Arthur G. Morrison, 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.]

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The Monthly Exhibition will be held on Monday next, June 17th, in the Club Studio, Room No. 9, Old School-building.

C. WALTER FLEETWOOD, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

We are holding our usual weekly meetings on Monday evenings, in the Technical Schools, Room 1. For the information of intending Members, I will put before them the advantages of joining our Society:—Speed practice, outlines, phrasograms, etc. We have a Phonographic Library, circulating the following and other works amongst Members of the Phonetic Journal: "Reporters' Magazine," "Shorthand Magazine," "Reporters' Journal," "Phonographic Punch," "Shorthand Star," "Orwell Phonographer," "Shorthand Weekly News," "Phonographic Lecturer," "Leaves from the Note-book of T. A. Reed"; "Ivanhoe," 3 vols.; "Thankful Blossom"; "Tom Brown's Schooldays"; "Representative British Orations," 2 vols.; "Technical Reporting"; "Reporters' Assistant"; "Reporters' Reading Book"; "Vicar of Wakefield"; "Benjamin Franklin"; "Julius Caesar"; Gleanings from Popular Authors"; "Things of Nature"; "Phonography in the Office"; "Learning to Report"; "Reporters' Magazine," 2 vols. Entrance fee, 1s.; subscription, 6d. per quarter. Further information from

G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.
H. A. GOLD, Hon. Lib.

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription to Members of the Palace, 1s. per annum; Non-Members of the Palace, 3s. per annum. Meeting nights, Tuesday and Saturday, from 7 p.m., in the East ante-room; entrance through Library. For further information, apply to the Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT AND LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Excursion to Buckhurst Hill on Saturday, June 29th.—We have pleasure in announcing that these two Societies have been amalgamated for the purpose of forming a large party to Buckhurst Hill. We think this is a wise course to pursue, as our jaded senators who have had to attend to the grave responsibilities of national affairs during the past session, and the members who have been working hard to aspire to literary merit, certainly require some relaxation before they can resume their arduous duties. With this end in view they have decided to ruralise at the above-mentioned place, where the Shorthand Society had a very successful outing last year. Tea will be provided at Mrs. Guy's, a place where the Ramblers have spent many delightful afternoons. We have also specially arranged that the Large Hall will be reserved for dancing during the evening, where all those who delight in that exercise can indulge in it to their heart's content. With these attractions, combined with a sing-song, and plenty of pretty country lanes, we have not the slightest doubt that everybody will enjoy himself or herself. All Palace Members and friends are cordially invited, particularly ladies, who will be welcomed by their lady friends of the Literary Society. Tickets for Railway and Tea

combined can be obtained for the astonishing price of 1s. 8d., from the Committee Members of the two societies. The undersigned will be at the Club House each evening, from 8—10, from whom tickets and all information can be obtained.

JOHN H. MAYNARD, } Joint Hon. Secs.
C. J. WHITE, }

LADIES' GYMNASIUM.

Director—SERGT. H. H. BURDETT.

The Ladies' Gymnasium will now be entirely closed for the season.

SELINA HALE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

On Saturday morning, June 8th, the Members of the Chemical Society visited Pearce's Chemical Works by the kind permission of Mr. W. Pearce. The firm is well known as manufacturing sulphuric acid and nitric acid, and the visit proved most interesting to the Members.

A. P. LAURIE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

During the past week we have had "weather," and no mistake about its being the genuine article. It has been the sort of weather which the wild and untamed schoolboy very expressively describes as "proper"; the sort of weather that makes a City man hang his hat on the back of his head, give you full view of half-an-acre of shirt front, with suspenders thrown in here and there; the sort of weather upon which the hokey-pokey man grows fat, and the cricketer getting into form grows thin. Our Members preferring two or three days of country life, we had to cancel our engagement with the Eton Mission last Saturday; so we started for Egham on the Saturday afternoon, doing Windsor, etc., and on the Monday evening, at the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Cohen, we had tea at Round Oak, the residence of our worthy Vice-President, whose kindness and interest taken in the above Club has been greatly appreciated by all.—On Saturday next we shall go to Wimbledon to play the Polytechnic. Members wishing to go can have cheap tickets by writing to the Secretary. The following will represent the Palace:—A. Bowman, C. A. Bowman, J. Cowlin, H. Sharman, F. Knight, H. W. Byard, R. Hones, J. Fox, A. Wainman, G. Patterson, T. G. Carter (Capt.). Reserves: F. Hunter, J. Sheppard, and Butler.—NOTICE.—The Summer Dress Ball will be held to-morrow (Thursday) in the Beaumont Hall. Single tickets, 1s. 6d.; double, 2s. 6d.

T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

A party of twenty Ramblers met at Cannon Street Station on Whit Monday, but owing to the inclemency of the weather, were obliged to forego the ramble to Abbey Wood, as appointed, and, after discussing several likely places where we might go with greater safety, it was unanimously decided that we could not do better than start off at once to the Crystal Palace. Arrived there, thanks to the crowd, we were jostled from one part to another, but eventually had the pleasure of seeing the Wurtemberg Collection of Animals, Birds, etc., after which we had a look through the Picture Gallery, a generally neglected part of the Palace, but a very fine collection. The remainder of the day was spent in the Egyptian and other Courts, and listening to splendid music, well rendered by military and orchestral bands. The weather being wet all day, the people assembled in great numbers in various parts of the Palace, and moving *en masse*, caused a continual panorama of face and feature more or less interesting. Those who took part in this outing will not forget it in a hurry, and certainly we very much enjoyed ourselves under the circumstances.—On Saturday next, June 15th, we ramble to Hampstead Heath; Members are requested to meet at Bow Station (N.L.R.), at 3.30, and take return tickets to Hampstead Heath Station, fare 8d.; probable cost of the whole ramble, 1s. 6d.—On Saturday, June 22nd, we ramble to Billericay.—On June 29th, by kind invitation, we visit Lord Brassey's Museum, in Park Lane, and Members desirous of taking part in this ramble are reminded that Friday next, June 14th, is the last day to leave their names at the General Offices.—A General Meeting will be held on Monday next, June 17th, in the Old School-buildings, at 8.30 p.m., when all Members are particularly requested to be present. Agenda—To receive Mr. Moody's resignation as Assist. Hon. Sec.; to elect two auditors; to consider the advisability of increasing the number of ladies on the Committee, and other important business.

H. ROUT, } Hon. Secs.
W. H. MOODY, }

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

A large number of Members had kindly promised to assist at the final Concert last Thursday, but the storm frustrated our plans.

Miss Reynolds and Miss M. Larter played pianoforte solos: Miss Larter sang, and Miss Risley gave a most amusing recitation from "David Copperfield." At this juncture such vivid flashes of lightning interrupted the performance, it was thought best to adjourn in hopes it might still be possible to reach home before the storm. But it was too late, and many of us were kept prisoners until a late hour. The Thursday Concert will be discontinued through the summer season.

L. A. ADAMS.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

Members will please note that there will be no rehearsal on Friday next.

We still have vacancies in the Society for singers of either notation in all the parts; but are particularly in want of tenors. The fees are 1s. per quarter for ladies, and 2s. per quarter for gentlemen, all music being lent free of charge from the Society's Library. Candidates may be seen after any rehearsal.

A. W. J. LAUNDY, Hon. Sec.
J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.

PEOPLE'S PALACE VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE.

BRIGADE NOTICES.—Thursday, 13th of June: Wet Drill in the Gymnasium, at 10.30 p.m., the whole Brigade to attend. Brigade duty notices will be temporarily posted in the General Offices of the Palace.

A. W. J. LAUNDY, Captain.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Manager—MR. A. W. J. LAUNDY. Stage Manager—MR. JOHN GIBSON.
Property Master—MR. J. HARGRAVES.

Rehearsal will take place on Thursday, this week, and not on Wednesday.

ARTHUR E. REEVE, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

How they Tested Him.

ON his first visit to Russia, Thomas Bailey Aldrich came within an ace of being arrested as a suspect at the first Custom House he came to. After presenting his passport, he was required to answer the usual long list of questions as to his occupation, religion, etc., and he hesitated as to his occupation. "Poet" seemed a very ambitious title, and "man of letters" very indefinite. Finally, he answered "journalist."

In response to another question he said that he did know the Russian language. As he stood there awaiting the decision of the officials upon his credentials, he heard one of them use the Russian word for journalist, a Russianised form of the French word, again and again, pointing meanwhile at him.

Realising that in calling himself a journalist he had placed himself under suspicion, he asked the interpreter to say to the officials that he was a literary and not a political journalist. But this remark only fanned the suspicion.

"So you do understand Russian?" asked one of the officials.

"Oh, no!" said Aldrich, through the interpreter, when the latter had interpreted the question; "but your word for journalist sounds so much like ours that I knew you were speaking of my occupation."

With that the official poured forth a whole torrent of Russian, looking keenly at Aldrich the while. Aldrich made no response. The official gazed at him for a full half minute, and then told him that he was admitted, and could go on.

"What was he saying just now?" asked Aldrich of the interpreter.

"He was cursing you and calling you all kinds of names," said the interpreter, "to see whether you really are unacquainted with Russian."

An Old-Time Parish.

THE following description of an old-time English parish, taken from Dr. Jessopp's interesting and valuable book, "The Coming of the Friars," presents a vivid picture of life in the long ago:—

"Six hundred years ago no parish in Norfolk had more than a part of its land under tillage. As a rule, the town or village, with its houses, great and small, consisted of a long street, the church and parsonage being situated about the middle of the parish. Not far off stood the manor-house, with its hall, where the manor courts were held, and its farm buildings, dovecot, and usually its mill for grinding the corn of the tenants. No tenant of the manor might take his corn to be ground except at the lord's mill; and it is easy to see what a grievance this would be felt to be at times, and how the lord of the manor, if he were needy, unscrupulous, or extortionate, might grind the faces of the poor while he ground their corn. Behind most of the houses in the village might be seen a croft or paddock, an orchard or a small garden. But the contents of the gardens were very different from the vegetables we see now; there were, perhaps, a few cabbages, onions, parsnips, or carrots, and apparently some kind of beet or turnip. The potato had never been heard of.

"As for the houses themselves, they were squalid enough for the most part. The manor-house was often built of stone, when stone was to be had, or where, as in Norfolk, no stone was to be had, then of flint, as in so many of our church towers. Usually, however, the manor-house was built in great part of timber. The poorer houses were dirty hovels, run up 'anyhow,' sometimes covered with turf, sometimes with thatch. None of them had chimneys. Six hundred years ago houses with chimneys were at least as rare as houses heated by hot-water pipes are now. Moreover, there were no brick houses. It is a curious fact that the art of making bricks seems to have been lost in England for some hundreds of years. The labourer's dwelling had no windows; the hole in the roof which let out the smoke rendered windows unnecessary, and even in the houses of the well-to-do, glass windows were rare. In many cases oiled linen cloth served to admit a feeble semblance of light, and to keep out the rain. The labourer's fire was in the middle of his house; he and his wife and children huddled round it, sometimes grovelling in the ashes; and going to bed meant flinging themselves down upon the straw which served them as mattress and feather-bed, exactly as it does in the present day in the gipsy's tent in your byways. The labourer's only light by night was the smouldering fire. Why should he burn a rushlight when there was nothing to look at? And reading was an accomplishment which few labouring men were masters of.

"As to the food of the majority, it was of the coarsest. The fathers of many a man and woman in every village in Norfolk can remember the time when the labourer looked upon wheat as a rare delicacy; and those legacies which were left by kindly people a century or two ago, providing for the weekly distribution of so many white loaves to the poor, tell us of a time when the poor man's loaf was as dark as mud and as tough as his shoe-leather. In the winter time things went very hard indeed with all classes. There was no lack of fuel, for the brakes and waste afforded turf which all might cut, and kindling which all had a right to carry away; but the poor horses, and sheep, and cattle were half starved for at least four months in the year, and one and all were much smaller than they are now. I doubt whether people ever fattened their hogs as we do. When the corn was reaped, the swine were turned into the stubble, and roamed about the underwood; and when they had increased their weight by the feast of roots, and mast, and acorns, they were slaughtered and salted for the winter fare, only so many being kept alive as might not prove burdensome to the scanty resources of the people. Salting down the animals for winter consumption was a very serious expense. All the salt used was produced by evaporation in pans near the seaside, and a couple of bushels of salt often cost as much as a sheep. This must have compelled the people to spare the salt as much as possible, and it must have been only too common to find the bacon more than rancid, and the ham alive again with maggots. If the salt was dear and scarce, sugar was unknown, except to the very rich."

THE finer the nature the more flaws will show through the clearness of it. The best things are seldom seen in their best form. The wild grass grows well and strongly one year after another, but the wheat is, by reason of its greater nobleness, liable to a bitter blight.

Maiwa's Revenge.

OR
THE WAR OF THE LITTLE HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

(Printed by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans.)

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued).

I HAD not time to lift the rifle to fire, I had barely time to cock it, and run sideways and backward, when he was on to me. Crash! he came, striking the tree full with his forehead. It snapped like a carrot about forty inches from the ground. Fortunately I was clear of the trunk, but one of the dead branches struck me on the chest as it went down and swept me to the ground. I fell upon my back, and the elephant blundered past me as I lay. More by instinct than anything else I lifted the rifle with one hand and pulled the trigger. It exploded, and, as I afterwards discovered, the bullet struck him in the ribs. But the recoil of the heavy rifle held thus was very severe; it bent my arm up, and sent the butt with a thud against the top of my shoulder and the side of my neck, for the moment quite paralysing me, and causing the weapon to jump from my grasp. Meanwhile the bull was rushing on. He travelled for some twenty paces, and then suddenly he stopped. Faintly I reflected that he was coming back to finish me, but even the prospect of imminent and dreadful death could not rouse me into action. I was utterly spent; I could not move.

"Idly, almost indifferently, I watched his movements. For a moment he stood still, then he trumpeted till the welkin rang, and then very slowly, and with great dignity, he knelt down. At this point I swooned away.

"When I came to myself again I saw from the moon that I must have been insensible for quite two hours. I was drenched with dew, and shivering all over. At first I could not think where I was, when, on lifting my head, I saw the outline of the one-tusked bull still kneeling some five-and-twenty paces from me. Then I remembered. Slowly I raised myself, and was instantly taken with a violent sickness, the result of over-exertion, after which I very nearly fainted a second time. Presently I grew better, and considered the position. Two of the elephants were, as I knew, dead; but how about No. 3? There he knelt in majesty in the lonely moonlight. The question was, was he resting or dead? I got on my hands and knees, loaded my rifle, and painfully crept a few paces nearer. I could see his eye now, for the moonlight fell full upon it—it was open, and rather prominent. I crouched and watched; the eyelid did not move, nor did the great brown body, or the trunk, or the ear, or the tail—nothing moved. Then I knew that he must be dead.

"I crept up to him, still keeping the rifle well forward, and gave him a thump, reflecting as I did so how very near I had been to being thumped instead of thumping. He never stirred; he certainly was dead, though to this day I do not know if it was my random shot that killed him, or if he died from concussion of the brain consequent upon the tremendous shock of his contact with the tree. Anyhow, there he was. Cold and beautiful he lay, or rather knelt, as the poet neatly puts it. Indeed, I do not think that I have ever seen a sight more imposing in its way than that mighty beast crouched in majestic death, and shone upon by the lonely moon.

"While I stood admiring the whole scene, and heartily congratulating myself upon my escape, I once more began to feel sick. Accordingly, without waiting to examine the other two bulls, I staggered back to the camp, which in due course I reached in safety. Everybody in it was asleep. I did not wake them, but having swallowed a mouthful of brandy I threw off my coat and shoes, rolled myself up in a blanket, and was soon fast asleep.

"When I woke it was already light, and at first I thought that, like Joseph, I had dreamed a dream. At that moment, however, I turned my head, and quickly knew that it was no dream, for my neck and face were so stiff from the blow of the butt-end of the rifle that it was agony to move them. I collapsed for a minute or two. Gobo and another man, wrapped up like a couple of monks in their blankets, thinking that I was still asleep, were crouched over a little fire they had made, for the morning was damp and chilly, and holding sweet converse.

"Gobo said that he was getting tired of running after elephants which they never caught. Macumazahn (that is, myself) was without doubt a man of parts, and of some skill in shooting, but also he was a fool. None but a fool would run so fast and far after elephants which it was impossible to catch, when they kept cutting the spoor of fresh ones. He

certainly was a fool, but he must not be allowed to continue in his folly; and he, Gobo, had determined to put a stop to it. He should refuse to accompany him any further on so mad a hunt.

"Yes," the other answered, "the poor man certainly was sick in his head, and it was quite time that they checked his folly while they still had a patch of skin left upon their feet. Moreover, he for his part certainly did not like this country of Wambe's, which really was full of ghosts. Only the last night he had heard the spooks at work—they were out shooting, at least it sounded as though they were." It was very queer, but perhaps their lunatic of a master—

"Gobo, you scoundrel!" I shouted out at this juncture, sitting bolt upright on the blankets, "stop idling there and make me some coffee."

"Up sprang Gobo and his friend, and in half a moment were respectfully skipping about in a manner that contrasted well with the lordly contempt of their previous conversation. But all the same they were in earnest in what they said about hunting the elephant any further, for before I had finished my coffee they came to me in a body, and said that if I wanted to follow those elephants I must follow them by myself, for they would not go.

"I argued with them, and affected to be much put out. The elephants were close at hand, I said, I was sure of it; I had heard them trumpet in the night.

"Yes," answered the men mysteriously, "they too had heard things in the night, things not nice to hear; they had heard the spooks out shooting, and no longer would they remain in a country so vilely haunted."

"It was nonsense," I replied. "If ghosts went out shooting, surely they would use air-guns and not black powder, and one would not hear an air-gun. Well, if they were cowards and would not come, of course I could not force them to, but I would make a bargain with them. They should follow those elephants for one half-hour more, then if we failed to come upon them I would abandon the pursuit, and we would go straight to Wambe, chief of the Matuku, and give him hongo."

"To this compromise the men readily agreed. Accordingly about half-an-hour later we struck our camp and started, and notwithstanding my aches and bruises, I do not think that I ever felt in better spirits in my life. It is something to wake up in the morning, and remember that in the dead of night one has, single-handed, given battle to and overthrown three of the largest elephants in Africa, slaying them with three bullets. Such a feat had never to my knowledge been done before, and on that particular morning I felt a very 'tall man of my hands' indeed. The only thing that I feared was, that should I ever come to tell the story nobody would believe it, for when a strange tale is told by a hunter, people are apt to think it is necessarily a lie, instead of being only probably so."

"Well, we passed on till, having crossed the first glade where I had seen the lions, we reached the neck of bush that separated it from the second glade, where the dead elephants were. And here I began to take elaborate precautions, amongst others ordering Gobo to keep some yards ahead and look out sharp, as I thought that the elephants might be about. He obeyed my instructions with a superior smile, and pushed ahead. Presently I saw him pull up as though he had been shot, and begin to faintly snap his fingers.

"What is it?" I whispered.

"The elephant, the great elephant with one tusk kneeling down."

"I crept up beside him. There knelt the bull as I had left him last night, and there lay too the other bulls.

"Do these elephants sleep?" I whispered to the astonished Gobo.

"Yes, Macumazahn, they sleep."

"Nay, Gobo, they are dead."

"Dead? How can they be dead? Who killed them?"

"What do people call me, Gobo?"

"They call you Macumazahn."

"And what does Macumazahn mean?"

"It means the man who keeps his eyes open, the man who gets up in the night."

"Yes, and I am that man. Look, you idle, lazy cowards; while you slept last night I rose, and alone I hunted those

* For the satisfaction of any who may be so disbelieving as to take this view of Mr. Quatermain's story, the editor may state that a gentleman with whom he is acquainted, and whose veracity he believes to be beyond doubt, not long ago described to him how he chanced to kill four African elephants with four consecutive bullets. Two of these elephants were charging him simultaneously, and out of the four three were killed with the head shot, a very uncommon thing in the case of the African elephant.—EDITOR.

great elephants, and slew them by the moonlight. To each of them I gave one bullet, and only one, and it fell dead. Look, and I advanced into the glade, 'here is my spoor, and here is the spoor of the great bull charging after me, and there is the tree that I took refuge behind; see, the elephant shattered it in his charge. Oh, you cowards; you who would give up the chase while the blood spoor steamed beneath your nostrils, see what I did, single-handed, while you slept, and be ashamed.'

"Ou!" said the men, "ou! Koos! Koos y umcool!" (Chief, Great Chief!) And then they held their tongues, and going up to the three dead beasts, gazed upon them in silence.

"But after that, those men looked upon me with awe, as being almost more than mortal. No mere man, they said, could have slain those three elephants alone in the night-time. I never had any further trouble with them. I believe that if I had told them to jump over a precipice, and that they would take no harm, they would have believed me.

"Well, I went up and examined the bulls. Such tusks as they had I never saw, and never shall see again. It took us all day to cut them out; and when they reached Delagoa Bay, as they did ultimately, though not in my keeping, the single tusk of the big bull scaled one hundred and sixty pounds, and the four other tusks averaged ninety-nine and a half pounds—a most wonderful, indeed an almost unprecedented, lot of ivory.* Unfortunately, I was forced to saw the big tusk in two, otherwise we could not have carried it."

"Oh, Quatermain, you barbarian!" I broke in here, "the idea of spoiling such a tusk! Why, I would have kept it whole if I had been obliged to drag it myself."

"Oh yes, young man," he answered "it is all very well for you to talk like that, but if you had found yourself in the position which it was my privilege to occupy a few hours afterwards, it is my belief that you would have thrown the tusks away altogether, and taken to your heels."

"Oh," said Good, "so that isn't the end of the yarn? A very good yarn, Quatermain, by the way—I couldn't have made up a better one myself."

The old gentleman looked at Good severely, for it irritated him to be chaffed about his stories.

"I don't know what you mean, Good. I don't see that there is any comparison between a true story of adventure and the preposterous tales which you invent about ibex hanging by their horns. No, it is not the end of the story; the most exciting part is to come. But I have talked enough for to-night, and if you go on in that way, Good, it will be some time before I begin again."

"Sorry I spoke, I'm sure," said Good, humbly. "Let's have a split to show that there is no ill-feeling." And they did.

CHAPTER V.

THE MESSAGE OF MAIWA.

On the following evening we once more dined together, and Quatermain, after some pressure—for Good's remark still rankled in his breast—was persuaded to continue his story.

"At last," he went on, "a few minutes before sunset, the task was finished. We had laboured at it all day, stopping only once for dinner, for it is no easy matter to hew out five such tusks as those which now lay before me in a white and gleaming line. It was a dinner worth eating, too, I can tell you, for we dined off the heart of the great one-tusked bull, which was so big that the man whom I sent inside the elephant to look for his heart had to remove it in two pieces. We cut it into slices and fried it with fat, and I never tasted heart to equal it, for the meat seemed to melt in one's mouth. By the way, I examined the jaw of the elephant; it never had but one tusk; the other had not been broken off, nor was it present in a rudimentary form.

"Well, there lay the five beauties, or rather four of them, for Gobo and another man were engaged in sawing the grand one in two. I had at last with many sighs ordered them to do this, but not until I had by practical experiment proved that it was impossible to carry it in any other way. One hundred and sixty pounds of solid ivory, or rather more in its green state, is too great a weight for two men to carry for long across a broken country. I sat watching the job and smoking the pipe of contentment, when suddenly the bush opened, and a very handsome and dignified native girl, apparently about twenty years of age, stood before me, carrying a basket of green mealies upon her head.

"Although I was rather surprised to see a native girl in such a wild spot, and so far as I knew, a long way from any kraal, the matter did not attract my particular notice; I

* The largest elephant tusk of which the Editor has any certain knowledge scaled one hundred and fifty pounds.—EDITOR.

merely called to one of the men, and told him to bargain with the woman for the mealies, and ask her if there were any more to be had in the neighbourhood. Then I turned my head, and continued to superintend the cutting of the tusk. Presently a shadow fell upon me. I looked up, and saw that the girl was standing before me, the basket of mealies still on her head.

"Marème, Marème," she said, gently clapping her hands together. The word Marème among these Matuku (though she was no Matuku) answers to the Zulu 'Koos,' and the clapping of hands is a form of salutation very common among the tribes of the Basutu race.

"What is it, girl?" I asked her in Sisutu. "Are those mealies for sale?"

"No, great white hunter," she answered in Zulu, "I bring them as a gift."

"Good," I replied; "put them down."

"A gift for a gift, white man."

"Ah," I grumbled, "the old story—nothing for nothing in this wicked world. What do you want—beads?"

"She nodded, and I was about to tell one of the men to go and fetch some from one of the packs, when she checked me.

"A gift from the giver's own hand is twice a gift," she said, and I thought that she spoke meaningly.

"You mean that you want me to give them to you myself?"

"Surely."

"I rose to go with her. 'How is it that, being of the Matuku, you speak in the Zulu tongue?' I asked suspiciously.

"I am not of the Matuku," she answered as soon as we were out of hearing of the men. "I am of the people of Nala, whose tribe is the Butiana tribe, and who lives there," and she pointed over the mountain. "Also I am one of the wives of Wambe," and her eyes flashed as she said the name.

"And how did you come here?"

"On my feet," she answered laconically.

"We reached the packs, and undoing one of them I extracted a handful of beads. 'Now,' I said, 'a gift for a gift. Hand over the mealies.'

"She took the beads without even looking at them, which struck me as curious, and putting the basket of mealies on the ground, emptied it.

"At the bottom of the basket were some curiously shaped green leaves, something like the leaves of the gutta-percha tree in shape, only somewhat thicker and of a more fleshy substance. As though by hazard, the girl picked one of these leaves out of the basket and smelt at it. Then she handed it to me. I took the leaf, and supposing that she wished me to smell it also, was about to oblige her by doing so, when my eye fell upon some curious red scratches on the green surface of the leaf.

"Ah," said the girl (whose name, by the way, was Maiwa), speaking beneath her breath, "read the signs, white man."

"Without answering her I continued to stare at the leaf. It had been scratched or rather written upon with something sharp, such as a nail, and wherever this instrument had touched it the acid juice oozing through the outer skin had turned a rusty blood colour. Presently I found the beginning of the scrawl, and read this written in English, and covering the surface of the leaf and of two others that were in the basket.

"I hear that a white man is hunting in the Matuku country. This is to warn him to fly over the mountain to Nala. Wambe sends an impi at daybreak to eat him up, because he has hunted before bringing honga. For God's sake, whoever you are, try to help me. I have been the slave of this devil Wambe for nearly seven years, and am beaten and tortured continually. He murdered all the rest of us, but kept me because I could work iron. Maiwa, his wife, takes this; she is flying to Nala her father because Wambe killed her child. Try and get Nala to attack Wambe; Maiwa can guide them over the mountain. You won't come for nothing, for the stockade of Wambe's private kraal is made of elephant's tusks. For God's sake, don't desert me, or I shall kill myself. I can bear this no longer. "JOHN EVERY."

"Great heavens!" I gasped. "Every!—why, it must be my old friend." The girl, or rather the woman Maiwa, pointed to the other side of the leaf, where there was some more writing. It ran thus—"I have just heard that the white man is called Macumazahn. If so, it must be my old friend Quatermain. Pray Heaven it is, for I know he won't desert an old chum in such a fix as I am. It isn't that I'm afraid of dying, I don't care if I die, but I want to get a chance at Wambe first."

(To be continued.)

"Maiwa's Revenge" began in No. 79 of the PALACE JOURNAL; back numbers can be had at the Office.

PROGRAMME

OF

Organ Recital and Concert

TO BE GIVEN ON

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12th, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

WORKMEN'S & APPRENTICES' INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

At 6.0.—ORGAN RECITAL.

ORGANIST—

Mr. CHARLES HANCOX.

- 1. Con Spirito, in D H. Smart.
- 2. Prelude in G Mendelssohn.
- 3. Pastorale in G Whitney.
- 4. Hail Judæa, Happy Land, from Judas Maccabæus Handel.
- 5. Most beautiful appear, from Creation Haydn.
- 6. Andante Grazioso in F H. Smart.
- 7. Song, without words, No. 9 Mendelssohn.
- 8. Andantino in B minor Batiste.
- 9. Marche Religieuse Guilmant.

At 8.0.—GRAND CONCERT.

ARTISTES—

VOCALIST—MR. ERNEST BIRCH.

BAND OF H.M. SCOTS GUARDS

(By permission of COLONEL H. STRACEY),

Conductor—MR. EDWARD HOLLAND.

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

- 1. MARCH "Fétras" Luders.
- 2. OVERTURE "Le Brasseur de Preston" Adam.
- 3. SONG "The Village Blacksmith" Weiss.

MR. ERNEST BIRCH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.
His hair is crisp and black and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.
Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow;
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low;
And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door.
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.
He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice;

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.
Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close,
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

- 4. SELECTIONS ON SCHUMAN'S FAVOURITE SONGS.
- 5. VALSE "Tendresse" Waldteufel.
- 6. SONG "The Old Brigade" (by special desire) .. Barri.

MR. ERNEST BIRCH.

Where are the boys of the Old Brigade,
Who fought with us side by side?
Shoulder to shoulder, and blade by blade,
Fought till they fell and died?
Who so ready and undismay'd,
Who so merry and true?
Oh, where are the boys of the Old Brigade,
Where are the lads we knew?
Then, steadily, shoulder to shoulder,
Steadily blade by blade,
Ready and strong, marching along,
Like the boys of the Old Brigade.
Over the sea, far away they lie,
Far from the land their love;
Nations may alter, the years go by,
But heaven still is heaven above.
Not in the Abbey proudly laid
Find they a place or part,
The gallant boys of the Old Brigade
They sleep in old England's heart.
Then steadily, etc.

- 7. SELECTION "Mikado" Sullivan.
- 8. GAVOTTE "The First Kiss" Schubert.
- 9. SONG "M'hm" Old Scotch.

MR. ERNEST BIRCH.

When I was a laddie lang syne at the schule,
The maister aye ca'd me a dunce and a fule;
For somehoo his words I could ne'er understand,
Save when he cried "Jimmie, just haud out your hand."
Then I gloom'd and said "M'hm!"
I glunched and said "M'hm!"
I wasna that proud, but owre dour say "Aye!"
Ae day a queer word as lang nibbits himsel',
He vow'd he would thrash me if I wadna spell;
Quo' I, "Mr. Quill," wi' a kind o' a swither,
"I'll spell ye the word if ye spell me anither;
Let's hear ye spell 'M'hm!'
That common word 'M'hm!'
That old Scotch word 'M'hm!' ye ken it means 'Aye!'
Had ye seen how he glowered and scratched his old pate,
And shouted, "Ye villain, get out o' my gate,
Get off to your seat, you're the plague o' my schule,
The De'il o' ane kins if ye're maist rogue or fule."
But I only said "M'hm!"
That common word "M'hm!"
He couldna' spell "M'hm!" that stands for an "Aye!"
And when a brisk wooer I courted my Jean,
O' Avon's braw lasses the pride and the queen;
When 'neath my grey plaidie, wi' heart beatin' fain,
I speir'd in a whisper if she'd be my ain.
She blushed and said "M'hm!"
She smiled and said "M'hm!"
A thousand times sweeter and dearer than "Aye!"
Ye've heard hoo the De'il as he wauch'd thro' Leith,
Wi' a wife in ilk exter an ane in his teeth;
When some one cried oot "Will ye tak' mine the morn'?"
He wagg'd his auld tail, while he cockit his horn.
But only said "M'hm!"
That usefu' word "M'hm!"
Wi' sic' a big mouthfu' he couldna' say "Aye!"
But I've gi'en o'er the "M'hm!" its no a nice word,
When printed on paper its perfect absurd,
As if ye're ow're lazy to open your moo,
Just haud ye your tongue, and say naething ava;
But never say "M'hm!"
That daft-like word "M'hm!"
That auld Scotch word "M'hm!" ye ken it means "Aye!"

- 10. SELECTION "Ermine" Jackobowski.
- 11. POLKA "Camarade" Waldteufel.

Calendar of the Week.

June 13th.—St. Anthony of Padua: one of the most pleasing of mediæval saints. He is not that Anthony, whose day is Jan. 17th, who was the patron saint of pigs. This saint was a native of Lisbon, born in 1195, and a great preacher. On one occasion he even preached to the fishes, who put their heads out of the water to hear him. What effect his sermon had upon their morals is not stated, but the fact must be true, because it is the subject of any number of pictures. Other miracles he performed, all equally wonderful and useful. He died at Padua, and the grateful citizens erected a most splendid church to him. He is still venerated as the special protector of that ancient town. What is certainly true about St. Anthony is that he was a very eloquent preacher.

June 14th.—Sir Henry Vane beheaded this day, 1662. General Kleibr assassinated at Cairo, 1800.

On this day, 1797, terminated the great mutiny of the sailors; the most dangerous and yet the most creditable mutiny on record. The sailors were full of complaints and grievances: their pay and pensions had not been advanced since the reign of Charles II.: all the prize money went to the officers: and the men were treated with great cruelty by their officers. In March, 1797, the crews of five ships presented a petition to Lord Howe, the "Sailors' Friend." This was thought mutinous, and no notice was taken of it. Then the Government learned with dismay that a mutiny was planned in the Channel Fleet: this, in fact, broke out in April, when the sailors deposed their officers, and took the fleet into their own hands. The Admiralty made some concessions, and the mutiny ceased. But it broke out again in May, when the Government passed a vote of half-a-million for the improvement of the pay, and made other concessions as regards prize money, food, pensions, and so forth. But the Fleet of the Nore refused to give in calling themselves the Floating Republic. There is no doubt that the leaders of this part of the mutiny were agitators who had entered in the navy solely with the view of spreading Republican ideas. Our long wars of 1792 to 1815 read as if they were a long procession of glorious achievements—at least, on the sea: but there was a seamy side, as there always is, in the existence of a large and active body of traitors, who longed to see Republican ideas take root and spread in this country. They were long before their time. Even now, when so many are avowedly Republican, it is certain that the great bulk of the people prefer the form of government which they know to one which they know not. And the stories of corruption, bribery, rings, and snatching at place, which come to us across the Atlantic, do not make us yearn violently to Americanize our institutions.

June 15th.—St. Vitus's Day. Everybody knows St. Vitus's Dance, though the saint himself is a good deal forgotten. He was a little Sicilian murdered in the persecution of Diocletian. Why his name survived when so many thousands perished I know not; nor do I know why he was thought able to cure the nervous affection called St. Vitus's Dance.

Edward, the Black Prince, was born on this day, 1330, at Woodstock. Wat Tyler was killed in Smithfield, 1381. I have always had a kindness for Wat Tyler, as the leader of a hopeless cause. The rustics of France had risen and been repressed with frightful cruelty: those of England were bound to follow: revolt was in the air. In Essex, Kent, Suffolk and Norfolk, they all rose together. The poll-tax was the immediate cause, but the servile condition of the people was the real cause. They were forbidden to leave their own parish, or to change their trade; they were, to all intents, slaves. Two priests, called Jack Straw and John Ball,—their real names are long forgotten,—harangued and inflamed the mob. They preached the doctrine that there were no nobles, but all were equal, which was perfectly true, but yet not a prudent thing to preach. The rebels marched on London, sixty thousand strong. What excesses they committed belong to history. One thing history is too dignified to notice, it is that Sir John Walworth, the Mayor—there was no Lord Mayor yet—was in a great rage when he rode out with the King that morning, because the insurgents had burned a number of houses belonging to himself; therefore, he was all the more pleased to take his opportunity and strike a blow at the leader. As for the rest of the rebellion, the priests were

hanged: about 1,500 of the men were executed: no one knows how many were killed: and for a good long time to come we hear no more about the equality of man. Yet it is a true doctrine.

June 16th.—Battle of Stoke, 1487. This was the last contest in the long wars of the Roses. The Yorkist Party, with whom was an army of German mercenaries, and a large number of Irish, were defeated with great slaughter, six thousand being slain on both sides. Henry VII. was, by this victory, firmly seated on his throne.

June 17th.—Joseph Addison died this day, 1719. If he had not been so fond of port, he would probably have lived a great deal longer. It was too soon to lose so good a man. Richard Barham, author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," died this day, 1845. He died in Amen Corner, the most peaceful spot in the whole City of London.

John Wesley was born on this day, 1703. There are, at the present moment, 20,000,000 Methodists in North America alone. I know not how many there may be in Great Britain; but if the soul of John Wesley be permitted still to contemplate the world, he should be satisfied with the results of his busy life.

June 18th.—Battle of Waterloo. There were 80,000 French engaged with 250 guns. The force under Wellington consisted of 22,000 British troops, with Hanoverians and Belgians amounting to 45,000 more. The loss of the British troops was 1,417 killed and 4,923 wounded. The whole loss of the allies was 4,172 killed and 18,206 wounded. The history of the battle is that Napoleon ought to have won, because the British troops ought to have given way. They most unexpectedly refused to play the game fairly, and stayed where they were. Presently the Prussians arrived and the French ran away.

June 19th.—Fête Dieu—a great day on the Continent, where processions march through the streets carrying banners.

On this day Partal, the great French writer, was born.

On this day Magna Charta was signed. Why do we not keep it as a public holiday?

M LABLACHE, the great singer, is very absent-minded. He was recently at Naples, and King Humbert, who was also there, expressed a desire to make his acquaintance. On entering the ante-chamber in the palace, Mr. Lablache found that the gentlemen present were all personal acquaintances of his, and asked to be allowed to keep his hat on, as he was suffering from a severe cold. A lively conversation was cut short by the entrance of a chamberlain announcing that the King would receive M. Lablache at once. In the momentary confusion, the singer forgot that he was wearing his hat, took hold of another which had been placed on a chair near him, and went before His Majesty, who at the sight of him burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. Utterly confused, M. Lablache asked humbly to be informed of the reason of the King's merriment. "Let me ask you a question first," replied the King. "Which is your hat—the one you are wearing on your head, or the one you carry in your hand?" "Confound it all!" replied Lablache, joining in the laughter; "truly, two hats are too many for a fellow who has lost his head."

THERE is hardly a Chinese paper printed which is not full of gross libels on someone every other day. Here is a neat little trick illustrative of the means, sometimes successfully, adopted by the ingenious Celestial. A short time ago one of the Shanghai native papers appeared with a grossly worded libel in its advertisement columns on Mr. —. So far, there was nothing that anyone could be aggrieved at in this. Next day, the other paper appeared with another advertisement referring to that in the former sheet, and containing a violent attack upon the rascal who had the villainy to commit such a gross outrage upon so good a man as Mr. So and So, whose virtues, real and imaginary, were enumerated at length, thus connecting the blank advertisement with the name of the victim so vilified. There was, of course, no redress for this double-barrelled libel, for the first advertisement could not be held to refer to the victim, and that in the other could not be considered an attack upon him in any way, but rather a vindication of his character.

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 enabled to pay £1,000 a week more in wages.—[ADVT.]

She Wanted Power.

ONCE upon a time there lived a beautiful Princess, whose wealth was unbounded. Scores of slaves waited to obey her slightest behest; nobles bowed before her; and a beautiful realm was her own. Still she was not happy. She longed for more power; and that longing was insatiable.

She had a magic ring, by pressing upon which she could summon to her all the powerful Genii who inhabited the air and the caves under the earth, but might use it only three times. After the third time it would lose its magic. So one night she pressed upon the ring, and immediately a Geni was before her crying:

"Oh, illustrious and beautiful Princess, whose breath is as incense, and whose voice is like the song of the bulbul, what would'st thou?" Then said the Princess:

"I would have more power. Send me armies, that I may conquer all the countries contiguous to mine, and my heart will be glad as the morning."

When the Princess woke next day, behold legions of soldiers in gorgeous array were before her palace waiting for her bidding. So she sent them into the lands she coveted, and they were hers. The armies returned with captive trains of princes and nobles, and for a time she was happy. But

one of these captive nobles, Eli Hassan by name, refused to bow before her. He was as beautiful as a sun-god. In vain she threatened him and tortured him. He only said:

"Though thou be as beautiful as Sileam's lily, though thy grace be as the movement of the rill, still shall I scorn thee."

Then she wooed him, and begged him to marry her; but he was obdurate. Infatuated with him, she again pressed the ring, and called the Geni.

"I would have power," she said, "to win the love of the Prince Hassan."

"It is well," replied the Geni; "but you can only call me once again by the ring."

When the Princess again saw Hassan, he greeted her rapturously, and she knew that she had won him.

They were married, and for a time the Princess was happy; but the old craving came over her. Hesitatingly, she summoned the Geni for the last time.

"I must have more power. I must be where I may dictate in all things, and be feared as well as obeyed."

"Step on that mat," said the Geni.

She did so, and was transported to a strange country.

"This," said the Geni, "is America; and I have secured for you a position as a servant girl."

And the old longing for more power never came over the Princess again.—From an American Paper.

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Table with columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists classes like Plain Needlework, Dressmaking, Millinery, etc.

Musical Classes.

Table with columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists classes like Singing, Choral Society, Piano, Violin, etc.

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Table with columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists classes like Upholstery, Filing, Carpentry, etc.

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"Yours faithfully, J. B. CASTELL."

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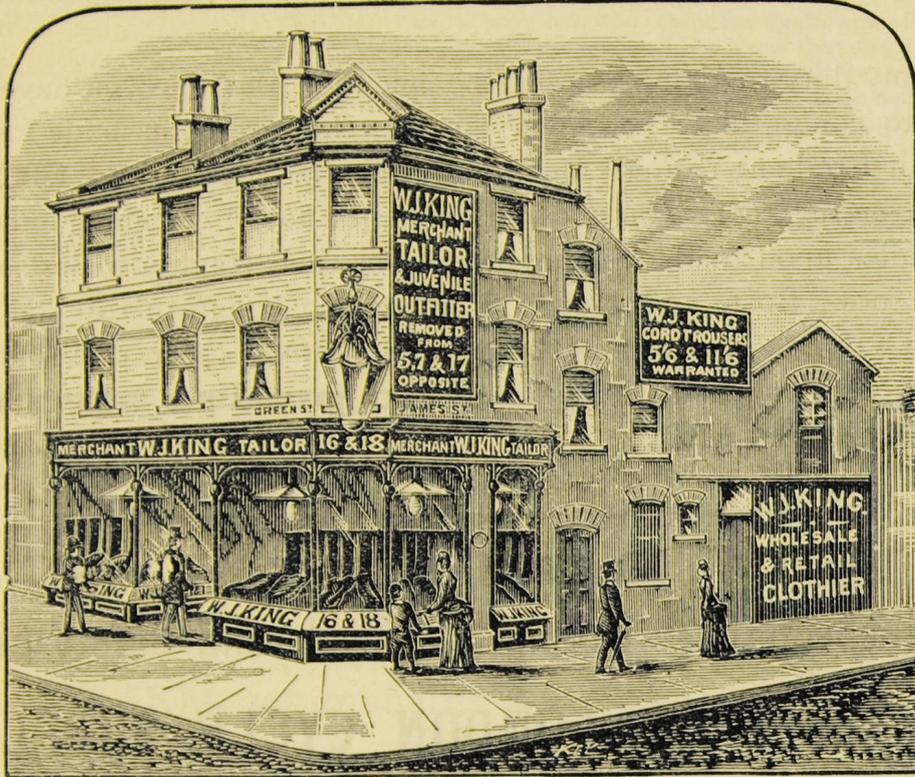
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