

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. IV.—No. 85.]

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 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 27th.**—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.  
 Swimming Club.—Blindfold Race, at 8.30.  
 Cricket Club.—Match with Comus C.C., Victoria  
 Cycling Club.—Run. [Park, at 6.  
 Scarlet Domino Minstrels, in Lecture Hall, at 8.30.
- FRIDAY, June 28th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. [gramme.  
 Workmen's Exhibition, Concerts, etc., as per Pro-  
 Scarlet Domino Minstrels, in Lecture Hall, at 8.30.  
 Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.  
 Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 8 to 10.  
 Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.
- SATURDAY, June 29th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. [Special Programme.  
 Workmen's Exhibition.—Various amusements, as per  
 Ramblers' Club.—To Lord Brassey's residence.  
 Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.  
 Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.  
 Cricket Club.—Match with East Ham Amateurs, at  
 Cycling Club.—Run. [East Ham.  
 Junior Ramblers.—Musical and Dramatic Recital.
- SUNDAY, June 30th.**—Organ Recitals, at 12.30 and 4.  
 Library.—Open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY, July 1st.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.  
 Sketching Club.—General Meeting, at 8. [to 10, free.  
 Ramblers' Club.—Committee Meeting, at 8.30.  
 Workmen's Exhibition (opens 10), Concerts, etc.  
 Shorthand Society.—Usual weekly meeting, Technical Schools.
- TUESDAY, July 2nd.**—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. [6 to 10, free.  
 Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.
- WEDNESDAY, July 3rd.**—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.  
 Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.  
 Dramatic Society.—General Meeting, at 8.  
 Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.

### Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, JUNE 30th, 1889.  
 IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, AT 12.30 AND 4 O'CLOCK.

This being the 71st birthday of Dr. E. J. HOPKINS, the well known organist of the Temple Church, the programmes will be taken from his original compositions and arrangements for Church use.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

1. Motet, "Dens Tibi" ... .. Mozart—Hopkins.
2. Two short voluntaries in A and D ... .. Hopkins.
3. Air, "Verdi piatti" ... .. Handel—Hopkins.
4. Andante Cantabile in F ... .. Hopkins.
5. Allegretto con grazia ... .. Hopkins.
6. Slow movement in F ... .. Haydn—Hopkins.
7. Jubilee Anthem ... .. Hopkins.

AT 4. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

1. Gloria (first mass) ... .. Haydn—Hopkins.
2. Adagio Cantabile in D ... .. Hopkins.
3. Andante in F ... .. Beethoven—Hopkins.
4. (a) Moto continuo ... .. Hopkins.
- (b) Andante in C for the diapasons ... .. Hopkins.
5. Agnus Dei (first mass) ... .. Mozart—Hopkins.
6. (a) Grazioso in B flat ... .. Hopkins.
- (b) Siciliano ... .. Hopkins.
7. Chorus, "Hallelujah" ... .. Handel—Hopkins.

### Notes of the Week.

WE are indebted to the *Women's Union Journal* for the reprint of an able and thoughtful article which has recently appeared in *The Dawn*, a journal published in Sydney, for Australian women. It points out, first, the scare which is gradually being awakened among the working men of New South Wales, by the entrance of women into various trades. The women are always outside the Unions, and always accept lower wages. This is exactly the danger of which we spoke last week. There are no wages so low but women will take them. Manifestly, therefore, if women are to do men's work, they must enter the Unions, or the whole organization of labour will be ruined. Moreover, the men in a small country, if pushed out of work, must emigrate: that is bad for the small country, in a vast unoccupied country like Australia, they must go and cultivate the soil, which does not seem so bad. But where will be their wives? Now, in Australia, we venture to think it is of vital importance that the population shall increase for the next hundred years as rapidly as possible.

THE *Dawn*, however, ignoring this great question, goes on to point out things which come home more closely to ourselves,—namely, the growing disinclination of young men to do hard work. "In one shop there are men fitting new collars and cuffs to men's shirts; one man spends the whole day cutting button-holes, another sits all day at the sewing machine. One makes tulle-ruffles for the trade; is this a fitting business for a man's life? Is there anything in the structure of a healthy man predisposing him to put his strength and his persistence to the manufacture of tulle-ruffles? Here are men selling fruit and vending maiden-hair ferns; if you want half-a-dozen penny stamps, a man hands them to you; you can buy, from a man, a doll's trimmed hat, or a pair of doll's open-work socks; does it need much brawn to lift these cobweb trifles, or is there anything in such trades needing either strength or the grasp and power which lies, we hear, in masculine brains? Men sit all day with the needle in their hands, tailoring, and snarl if a woman threatens to trench on this essentially woman's avocation, while outside there are thousands of acres wanting tillage, thousands of acres from which any sound man can win a living, by the exercise of those faculties given pre-eminently to his sex. All day strong bearded men are perched on stools scribbling entries in ledgers,—work which soon becomes practically automatic; they have their little recesses for conversation, their luncheon hour and smoke, and when an easy day of eight hours' penmanship has closed, their energies are bent on food and recreation."

ALL this time, as the writer goes on to point out, the really hard work of life has actually been done for these men by the women. They have chopped the wood, scrubbed the floors, carried heavy buckets, washed the clothes, cooked the dinners, mended and darned, and nursed the children. One would not put the man into the house and the women to the desk, but there are things which men do now which should be done by women, and there should be a hard and fast line drawn, and observed by men and women workers, and by employers as to the respective employment of men and women. In order to arrive at this demarcation of territory, there must be Unions of women as well as of men. There must also be a general or central Union of all the Unions and of all the trades.

SUCH a central Union would, I believe, speedily arrive at the great fact, that in order to maintain a standard of work and wages, there must be a continual exodus from over-popu-

lated districts to those that are thinly populated. The Greeks, for instance, when they found their city too full, sent out colonies—men, women, and children—to settle in some island, and formed a new, friendly state. We have the Colonies at our disposal—millions and millions of square miles waiting to be cultivated: there is so much land that every English child should be regarded as the heir to as many acres as he wants. In South Africa alone there are territories as big as the whole of Great Britain waiting for the settler. Two things we look for, first, to find a Statesman with the brains to understand the situation, and the administrative power to organize Colonies formed of Companies sent out by the State, and started, provided with necessities, and supported for the first year by State assistance. The second thing is for our young men to understand the greatness of the prize offered to them, so that in every family half the boys and girls will look forward with hope and confidence to a larger Britain and a land of plenty. What says this admirable article. "We talk of over-population, while it is certain that the earth is not half settled; we talk of manhood, remembering our explorers, voyagers, pioneers, thinking of men who could wield an axe, build, a house, hammer a horse-shoe, sail a ship, do any manly deed fearlessly, and we see our modern men holding pens, selling ribbons, sewing buttons."

LET us add to this, that while "our modern men are holding pens and selling ribbons," and the wages of men and women are being lowered daily and the competition grows keener, our modern statesmen are wholly occupied with tinkering and altering the Constitution.

THE following is the list of Women's Unions already formed in London:—

Bookbinders, Industrial Hall, Clark's Buildings, Broad Street, W.C.

Upholsteresses, Industrial Hall, Clark's Buildings, Broad Street, W.C.

Shirt and Collar Makers, Industrial Hall, Clark's Buildings, Broad Street, W.C.

Tailoresses, Industrial Hall, Clark's Buildings, Broad Street, W.C.

Tailoresses (Westminster Branch), 2 Chapter Street.

" (East London), 28 Commercial Street, E.

Dressmakers, 38 Charlotte Street, Portland Place.

" 27 Margaret Street.

Seamstresses, "Cross Keys" Coffee Tavern, Sydney Street, Chelsea.

Matchmakers, 34 Redman's Road.

Cigar-makers, Lockhart's Coffee Rooms, Commercial Street.

Shirt and Collar Dressers, Ironers, and Laundresses, 4 Emily Place, Wandsworth.

Shop Assistants, Vestry Hall, St. George's, Bloomsbury. Lady readers will be pleased to make a note of these Unions. I believe that they are for most part weakly bodies, meeting with scant support. But those who hope for better things believe that they are destined to prove the nucleus of strong and powerful organizations.

SOME months ago I spoke of ciphers and of their commoner forms which are perfectly well known. This morning I saw in a paper, which I shall not name, an advertisement in cipher, to which I applied the ordinary methods of discovery. It was like one of those letter padlocks in which one has only to arrange the letters in the most common words in order to open it with the greatest ease. The following little love letter rewarded my research. I omit the address given:—"Shall not feel happy till you promise you won't bolt. It is impracticable for us both. We must wait, darling, till free. Ask at General Post Office where aunt lives, and if letters can be sent addressed—, write and tell me what day to send letters each month there." That is all. I hope the Post Office will reveal aunt's address to the lover, and that aunt will kindly consent to receive letters addressed—, the dear, good, unsuspecting soul, and I am sure we all hope that this pair of fond lovers will find a happy ending to their story without the sad necessity of bolting.

I HAVE been turning over the pages of a little book on a subject which interests most of us—Canon Twells' "Colloquies on Preaching." I do not wish to say anything unkind about

the clergy, to whose self-denial and example we all owe more than we ever pay or even recognize. But in the matter of preaching they are indeed sadly to seek; and, which is more to be lamented, they do not seem to seek for improvement. Now oratory is an art which may be learned: everybody cannot, it is true, become a great speaker: but everyone may learn how to construct a speech, or a lecture, or a sermon: that is, he may learn how to put his arguments in the most telling way: to strike the attention: to keep it up: to illustrate his points: to repeat the points which he desires to teach over and over again in different forms: to rise with his subject: to conclude with a peroration: to speak with clearness and effect: to use appropriate gesture—all these things can be learned. What is more, it is becoming quite clear, that as the majority do not sit down to read, weigh arguments, and examine into the truth of statements, the religion, as the politics of the future, will belong to those who have the best preachers. The people have always followed, and will always follow, the orators.

MR. CARNEGIE, who is a very rich Scotch-American, has been telling his brother millionaires how to spend their money when they have got it. Unfortunately, he does not tell the world how to become millionaires in the first place. Of course, like all other rich men, he is strongly of opinion that property must be protected, an opinion with which I entirely agree; otherwise there would very soon be no property at all, and certain friends of mankind would be commencing their experiments. But his reasons for encouraging the accumulation of property into one hand are novel. He says that the rich man should be entrusted with a great part of the increased wealth of the community because he can administer it for the good of the community better than the community itself. In other words, we may shut up our Vestries, County Councils, Municipalities, and Parliaments, and replace them by half-a-dozen millionaires, who will "administer" for our advantage much better than we can for ourselves. Of course they must begin by taking all our money and the fruits of our labour, otherwise they cannot become millionaires. This is very remarkable. On the whole, since we cannot all become millionaires, I think the present arrangement is best, and I hope it will continue.

FROM time to time a voice reaches us from India, crying woe upon the early marriage customs of the mild Hindoo. For my own part, I think we ought to occupy ourselves first with our own woes, of which early marriage is so fruitful a cause; but let us hear what goes on in India. It is a sacred duty for every Hindoo father to find a husband for his daughter as early as possible, while she is still a child of tender years: not to do so is to condemn himself and his family to everlasting torments: therefore he does find this husband. This system often gives a young girl to a man a great deal older than herself, and naturally, therefore, sometimes leaves her a widow while still young. Formerly, a widow who respected herself threw herself on the funeral pyre of her husband, and was burned with him. We have abolished that: but we cannot abolish the loathing and horror with which every pious Hindoo regards the second marriage of a widow. The sufferings of these poor girl-widows are very pitiful. We cannot change the religion of a whole people by law,—we can effect very little reform indeed by law, unless the opinion of the people goes with the law,—therefore, we must wait and hope to change this opinion gradually. Meantime, as I said above, the sufferings of the English girl-wife interest me far more than those of the Hindoo girl-widow.

HERE is the story of a burglary, and the discovery of the burglars. It was a house in the West End that was broken into, and a great quantity of valuable plate was stolen. No clue was found for the detection of the burglars. One evening, however, one of the servants of the house went out to fetch some beer for the kitchen. Two men were standing in the bar of the Public House, they looked hard at her when she came in, but she did not know them. Said one of them to the other in a whisper, but so as she could hear, "Bess, the men wouldn't run after us if they didn't think we was pretty." Then both the men chuckled, as one does over a little private joke. The girl made as if she had heard nothing: took her jug of beer and went off. But she went to the Police Station, and five minutes afterwards these two chucklers were handcuffed, and on the way to the Station. Why? Because,

you see, these words were the last words said by one of two servants to the other on the night of the burglary before she put out the candle and got into bed, and anybody who heard these words must have been concealed in the room. Therefore such a person was presumably the burglar. Therefore she gave both the men into custody on suspicion. And the plate was recovered, and the two jokers are now wearing a picturesque uniform, and breathing the healthy air of Dartmoor.

THEY have found the Prince of Wales's leper, whose hands, he told the world, was daily handling meat which was afterwards sold: it was rather a horrible thing to think of, but it now turns out that H.R.H. was not misinformed. For that matter he very seldom is: there is the leper. Yet, my friends, let us not be unduly cast down or unduly excited. We are thirty millions in number, and at present there are not half-a-dozen lepers to be found among us all. Wherefore, let us continue in cheerfulness, with a reasonable hope that this horrible disease may not attack us and our children any more than it attacked our fathers and our grandfathers. And as for contagion, consider the vast quantities of things we import every day from countries where leprosy is rife—coffee, tea, sugar, spices, figs, and dates, among other things. How do we know what leprous hands have handled these things? Courage, therefore!

EDITOR.

### Palace and Institute Notes.

AGAIN there occur chances for two more would-be Paris trippers. There is one vacancy in the party, whose time extends from June 29th to July 6th, and one in the party going the following week—from July 6th to July 13th.

THE No. 6 Party have already held one meeting, and will hold another on Friday next, the 28th inst., at 8.30, in the Club Secretaries' Room, in the old buildings. They will be glad to see members of the first three parties.

EAST-END Elementary School boys, who are anxious to enter our Technical Schools, should not forget that the last day for receiving applications to sit at the Free Scholarship Examination will be next Saturday, June 29th.

What our Technical School boys really can do, and what they do every day of their lives in school, everybody will have an opportunity of observing next week. A conversazione will be held in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday, July 3rd, and will be repeated on each succeeding evening of the week, including Saturday, at which the boys will be seen busy at their Chemistry, Wood-carving, Repoussé Work, Carpentry, Engineering, Drawing, etc. Just at present I know of no more suitable evening for a visit to the People's Palace, for those anxious to see as much of what is being done as possible, as one of the evenings of the latter half of next week.

GREAT preparations are going forward for the Boys' Annual Excursion to Dumpton Farm, near Ramsgate, from the 12th to the 19th of July. The masters will be in charge, and a tremendous programme for each day's fun has been arranged, and boating, bathing, cricket, quoits, rounders, walking and driving excursions, sketching, lawn tennis, athletic sports, paper chases, concerts, and a lending library will be among the attractions. A post office and a safe depository are also to be available.

THE members of the Institute, too, are not forgetting the attractions of the country, this glorious weather, as may be seen every week, from the Rambler's report. On Saturday next, the 29th of June, the Parliament and the Literary Society have their excursion to Buckhurst Hill, and I wish them all enjoyment.

THE Workmen's Exhibition flourishes exceedingly. Last year we scored a success, when 81,000 people attended during the whole course of the show, but this time the figures

for the first two weeks only are nearly 75,000, a very heavy increase indeed. Amusement as well as instruction is plentiful about the Palace just now, and those who are fond of confectionery will find wholesome sweetmeats in course of manufacture in the west exhibition building as well as the stand, at the further corner, of a manufacturer of Neapolitan ices at reasonable prices, whose speciality consists in the rejection of all flavouring and colouring matters and the warranty of cleanliness and purity. In the East End, where little of this kind of thing can be consumed without risk of poisoning, these exhibits will be appreciated.

AN error crept into the report of the Juniors' Cricket Match with the Ferndale Club, a week or two ago. The Beaumonts, I am informed, had the satisfaction of being beaten by an innings and seven runs, and not seven runs only, as was stated.

SUB-EDITOR.

### 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.]

SPECIAL NOTICE TO MEMBERS—Members are reminded that their Quarterly Tickets absolutely expire on the 30th inst., and unless renewed before 8th July, a Re-instatement Fee of 6d. will be charged. Tickets can be renewed at the General Office any evening between 6 and 9.

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

On June 15th several Members of the Club for the second time visited the East London Waterworks (Pumping Station), Lea Bridge, and many exposures were made.—The ordinary meeting of the Club was held on Friday, the 21st inst., Mr. Barrett in the chair. Mr. Lindsell was elected, and Messrs. Duckham and Moor were proposed Members of the Club. Questions having been asked by Messrs. Marriott and Albu, several prints taken at our recent outings were shown and explained by Messrs. Barrett, Laundy, and Beckett. The last-named Member also exhibited two very good photos of lightning taken during the recent storm.—Members are reminded that the next Ordinary Meeting of the Club takes place on July 5th, when there will be an examination of pictures taken at the Technical outings; and on Saturday, July 5th, the outing will be to Greenwich Park, Members meeting at Greenwich Pier, at 3.15 sharp.

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

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

The Blindfold Race will take place to-morrow. Trial Heats at 8.30.—The Final of the 120 Yards' Challenge Race resulted, as was expected, in a very close finish. The positions were secured as follows: J. Ashford, scratch, first; G. Gretton, 14 secs., second; Ellis, 11 secs.; and Newman, 18 secs.; a dead heat for the third place. All the men were close up. The scratch man looked a long way behind until the third length was completed, when he rapidly overhauled his men, and touched half-a-yard in front. The last two men struggled gamely for third place, and both managed to touch together. This is decidedly the best final we have had, a couple of yards covering all of the men at the end of a 120 yards' handicap.—We should like a large number of entries for the Blindfold Race. Gentlemen may bring their own blinkers if they do not care about having a towel wrapped round their heads.

E. C. BUTLER, Hon. Sec.

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

Monday, July 1st, commences a new term with the Society, and is a most convenient time for intending Members to join us. Our Society offers special attractions for the "budding reporter," for in addition to the speed practice, we have several works in our Library full of useful hints. The literary student, too, would find some choice phonographic works worthy of his perusal. We meet in the Technical Schools, Monday evenings, Room 1, 8 to 9.30. Subscription, 6d. per quarter; entrance fee, 1s., devoted to the purchase and binding of volumes. Any information respecting the work of the Society gladly given by G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.  
H. A. GOLD, Hon. Librarian.

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE.

Instructor—MR. R. STOCKWELL, M.F.B.  
Members of the Brigade will please call at the General Offices for orders.  
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.

A General Meeting of the above Society will be held on Wednesday, the 3rd of July, at 8 p.m.

ARTHUR E. REEVE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

Rehearsal as usual on Friday at 8 p.m. in No. 2 Room. All who intend to sing at Mr. Hoskyns's Garden Party, will please attend at the Vicarage by 7 p.m. on Friday.

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

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

A General Meeting will be held on Monday next, at 8 o'clock; all Members are earnestly requested to attend. Subjects for July are as under:—

Figure .. .. .	"Sold."
Animal .. .. .	Optional.
Landscape .. .. .	A Shady Nook.
Marine .. .. .	Calm Waters.
Design .. .. .	For a Chair.
Still Life .. .. .	A Study.

C. WALTER FLEETWOOD, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TENNIS CLUB.

This successful Club played their first match this season with the Beaumont T.C. at Beaumont Square, last Saturday. The results were as follows:—Gentlemen's Doubles: H. Noakes and J. Lord lost their sets by 1.6 and 2.6; J. Patterson and H. King won their sets by 7.6 and 6.1, King playing a fine game in the net. Ladies' and gentlemen's doubles: Miss A. Heinemann and Mr. T. W. Gould won by 6.4, 4.6, and 6.2. Ladies' Doubles: Miss F. Reynolds and Miss A. Heinemann won by 7.6 and 6.2. Gentleman's Single: Mr. H. King won by 6.3, 4.6, and 6.2. It will be seen by the above that the Palace thus won by four events to one. The ladies deserve special mention for their fine exhibition.

A. CLEWS,  
J. PATTERSON.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

P.P.C.C. v. HUNTINGDON UNITED.

The spick-and-span order of the grounds tells us that summer is with us again, and in splendid weather the above match was played at Lake's Farm, Wanstead, on Saturday last, and resulted in a victory for the People's Palace, by 64 runs. Owing to the dry weather the ground was very fast, the early batsmen being completely beaten by the pace of the ball, while wicket-keeper and long-stop were quite at sea, a glance at the scores show the United gave the Palace 41 extras. W. Everson, Byard, and Sheppard batted exceedingly well, while the bowling analysis of R. Hones is remarkable, Bowman took wicket well. Following are the scores and bowling analysis:—

PEOPLE'S PALACE.		HUNTINGDON UNITED.	
H. Sharman b Davenport .. 2	D. Taylor b Carter .. .. 7	R. Hones b Chilton .. .. 0	T. Bett c C. Bowman b .. 0
T. G. Carter b Chilton .. .. 4	Hones .. .. .. 0	H. W. Byard b Davenport .. 14	T. Taylor c Byard b Hones 0
C. A. Bowman b Chilton .. .. 0	J. Chilton c Byard b Hones 0	H. J. Chatterton b Chilton .. 0	J. Cunningham b Lamb .. 19
H. Lamb run out .. .. 3	J. Legg b Hones .. .. 0	W. Everson not out .. .. 29	D. Davenport c Lamb b .. 12
G. Sheppard b Taylor .. .. 13	Chatterton .. .. .. 0	W. Rayheld b Taylor .. .. 2	Lovejoy b Hones .. .. 0
W. Farrington b Taylor .. .. 0	G. Taylor b Lamb .. .. 0	Extras .. .. .. 41	Loman c Lamb b Chatterton 0
	Low not out .. .. .. 1		Extras .. .. .. 5
Total .. .. .. 108	Total .. .. .. 44		

BOWLING ANALYSIS.—PEOPLE'S PALACE.

	Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.
R. Hones .. .. .	11	10	4	5
H. W. Byard .. ..	6	2	17	0
T. G. Carter .. ..	3	1	8	1
H. Lamb .. .. .	3	0	7	2
H. J. Chatterton ..	3	0	3	2

Next Wednesday and Thursday evenings a cricket match will be played at Victoria Park, commencing each evening at 6 sharp, between the People's Palace and Comus. The following will represent the People's Palace:—W. Styles, A. Bowman, W. Goodwin, E. C. Brown, H. W. Byard, R. Hones, H. Sharman, W. Everson, F. Knight, A. Wainman, E. Preece, and T. G. Carter. Members of the Palace cordially invited.—Next Saturday we play the return match with the East Ham Amateurs at East Ham. The following will represent the Palace:—H. W. Byard, J. Cowlin, J. Fox, R. Hones, F. Hunter, F. Knight, H. Sharman, A. Bowman, C. A. Bowman, W. Everson, T. G. Carter (Capt.). G. Sheppard, reserve. There are vacancies for one or two good playing Members. T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

There will be a meeting of the Unionist Cabinet to-morrow (Thursday) at 8 o'clock p.m., in the School-buildings, at which all Ministers are requested to be present, as important business will be transacted. W. H. TAYLOR.

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

It has been arranged to have the Members of the Club photographed on Saturday afternoon, the 6th July, and we trust every Member will turn up, so that the photo. may be as complete as possible. We shall be glad to receive the names of all who require a copy, so that we may know about how many copies to order. It would assist us very much if Members would send either of us a post-card stating if he will be present on the 6th proximo, and also whether he will require a copy of photo. There are still a few Members who have been unable to nerve themselves to the ordeal of paying their last month's subscription, but we hope they will allow no more days to pass without having quieted their conscience by sending them to either of the Secs.

I. H. PROOPS, } Hon. Secs.  
R. M. B. LAING, }

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

A party of twenty-three Ramblers took excursion tickets to Billericay on Saturday last. The train was full when it arrived at Stratford, so that additional carriages had to be attached. When we arrived at Billericay Station, we found the villagers had assembled on the bridge to see the train come in, and great was their surprise to see so many visitors. Tea was soon afterwards arranged for in the "Railway Hotel." Mr. Brewer, the proprietor, acted as guide, and very kindly conducted us through his market garden, and round the neighbourhood. We walked some distance along the Chelmsford Road, one side of which is very thick with trees, and on the other are market-gardens, hay-fields, etc. It was a winding road, and was indeed very pretty. We crossed fields by a footpath, and gathered wild roses, honeysuckle, etc., from the hedges as we went, until we arrived at a farm-house, where Mr. Abu quickly arranged the group for a photograph, and before leaving took two views. On our way back to the station we obtained some very extensive views; it is said that the German Ocean may be seen from this part; certainly it was a very fine uninterrupted view of hill, vale, and pasture land for several miles. The weather being so delightful, everyone enjoyed the outing, and the Great Eastern Railway Company would do well to continue these excursions through the remainder of the summer season. On our arrival at Stratford, at 9.30 p.m., we thought we could not do better than walk across the marsh by the "White Hart" to Victoria Park and home.—On Saturday next, June 27th (by kind invitation), we visit Lord Brassey's town residence in Park Lane, and it has just been decided that the number should be unlimited. Members only are requested to meet at the Marble Arch, Oxford Street, at 3.20 p.m. After leaving Lord Brassey's residence, we shall proceed, by bus, to Hammersmith, and then walk on towards Barnes.—A Committee Meeting will be held in the Old School-building on Monday next, July 1st, at 8.30 p.m. sharp.—On Saturday, July 6th, we ramble to Abbey Wood, near Plumstead. H. ROUT, Hon. Sec.

THE SCARLET DOMINO MINSTREL TROUPE.

Vice-President—ORTON BRADLEY, Esq.  
Musical Director—MR. A. W. J. LAUNDY. Stage Manager—MR. A. E. REEVE.

Performances in Lecture Hall to-night (Wednesday), to-morrow, and Friday.—There will be a General Meeting of the Troupe, on Tuesday next, the 2nd of July, at 8 o'clock prompt, in No. 12 Room, Old School-buildings. Important business.

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

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 Junior Section.

JUNIOR RAMBLERS.

On Saturday evening next, a Musical and Dramatic Recital (under the patronage of Miss Carlotta Leclercq) will be given by Miss Amy Elstob and friends. The recital is on behalf of the Junior Section Holiday Fund. The musical portion of the programme will be under the direction of Mr. Orton Bradley. The Trial Scene from "The Merchant of Venice" will be given by Misses Amy Elstob and Jennie Risley; Messrs. Morgan Hulbert, Harold Russell, J. Donald Robertson, Arthur E. Reeve, John Hargrave, and Hartley Knight. Sergeant Burdett has kindly consented to give his feats of swordmanship, etc., and Mr. Whittaker (violin), Mr. Russell (vocal), Miss Eslie and Miss Marian Elstob will also oblige. Tickets may be obtained of Mr. Bradley, or at the General Offices. The chair will be taken by Sir Edmund Hay Currie.

The Moorish Bath.

THE Moorish bath is thus described by Captain Kennedy in his work on "Algeria and Tunis in 1845":—"Passing through a narrow passage, we entered a room with two sides occupied by a sloping divan seven feet wide, and raised a couple of feet from the floor. Giving our watches, rings, and money to the owner of the bath, who sat at the doorway, we took off our clothes, replaced them with a voluminous wrapper of white cotton, and thrusting our toes into leather loops, tacked to a pair of wooden soles, shuffled along, led by an attendant, to a small apartment, full of steam and terribly warm, adjoining the bath-room. Here we changed our drapery for dark cotton handkerchiefs fastened round the waists like kilts, and passed on into a vaulted stone chamber, lit by a solitary lamp hanging from the roof, whose sickly light, struggling with the clouds of steam and darkness, just rendered visible the strange forms of the bath attendants, naked, like ourselves, to the waist, with a single lock of dark hair, dripping with moisture, dangling from each uncovered shaven head. The pavement was flooded with hot water, and at first the heat was so oppressive I could hardly breathe; but the feeling went off after having been seated a few minutes on a stone bench in the centre of the bath. We were now all laid out in a row on the pavement, each stretched on a blue cloth, with a rolled-up towel under the head, and an operator for each person. My attendant was a musical character, for when he commenced shampooing he accompanied his labours with a song, marking the chorus at the end of each verse by a punch of extra force. Being well soaked and softened, I was now scrubbed with a camel's-hair glove until I felt as if I had no skin at all. I then had my legs and arms pulled, and my head was screwed round with a jerk, and then doubled up like a bootjack. By his kneeling on my shoulders my arms were brought behind me, and while his knee was forced into the hollow of my back two or three dexterous twists put in motion each rib and vertebra; he then finished by endeavouring to crack, separately, every toe and finger. A large bowl of soapsuds was then brought, and with a handful of the soft fibres of the aloe, he lathered me from head to foot; a plentiful supply of hot water was now poured over me, and reconducted into the interior, I was enveloped in clean, white, warm linen; a long soft towel was wrapped round my head as a turban; and, lastly, taken into the outer room, I was laid upon the divan, with three or four sheets over all. To those who have not tried it, all this may not seem very delightful, but the feeling of lightness and elasticity given to a fatigued and stiffened body by a Moorish bath cannot be imagined without being felt."

No true and permanent fame can be found except in labours which promote the happiness of mankind.

THE Sheffield people—sharp blades that they are—are very proud of their happy thought in having named a certain attorney in their town "Necessity," because, forsooth, he knew no law. But they are unable to claim the credit of the latest smart thing in nomenclature, for it is at Bath that a well-known local wit has dubbed an *habitué* of the Pump-room, who is insufferably egotistic, "Argus," on account, of course, of his hundred "I's."

Rules for Using Books.

- NEVER hold a book near a fire.
- Never drop a book upon the floor.
- Never turn leaves with the thumb.
- Never lean or rest upon an open book.
- Never turn down the corners of leaves.
- Never touch a book with damp or soiled hands.
- Always keep your place with a thin book-mark.
- Always place a large book on the table before opening it.
- Always turn leaves from the top with the middle or fore-finger.
- Never pull a book from a shelf by the binding at the top, but by the back.
- Never touch a book with a damp cloth, nor with a sponge in any form.
- Never place another book or anything else upon the leaves of an open book.
- Never rub dust from books, but brush it off with a soft, dry cloth or duster.
- Never close a book with a pencil, a pad of paper, or anything else between the leaves.
- Never open a book farther than to bring both sides of the cover into the same plane.
- Always open a large book from the middle, and never from the ends or cover.
- To avoid injuring the leaves of books never put a pencil mark in a library book.
- Always keep your books out of the reach of small children, and in a clean, dry place.
- Always keep any neatly-bound borrowed book covered with paper while in your possession.
- Never attempt to dry a book accidentally wet by a fire, but wipe off the moisture with a soft, dry cloth.
- Never cut the leaves of a book or magazine with a sharp knife, as the edge is sure to run into the print.
- Never write upon a paper laid upon the leaves of an open book, as the pencil or pen point will either scratch or cut the book leaves.
- Never lend the borrowed book, but return it as soon as you have done with it, so that the owner may not be deprived of its use.

The Passion of Anger.

INTO what extremes some men have been transported by passion the following examples illustrate:—Victor Pisamis the Venetian admiral, famous for his exploits, understanding that his vice-admiral, through cowardice, had suffered ten ships of the Genoese to escape out of the Sipontini Haven, fell into such a passion as put him immediately into a fever, whereof he died.

Carolus de Gontaut, Duke of Biron, a Peer and Marshal of France, and Governor of Burgundy, was found the chief of those who had conspired the death of King Henry IV., and thereupon, in 1602, had sentence of death passed upon him, to have his head struck off at the Bastille in Paris. This man as he was a person of a most invincible spirit, would not suffer his hands to be bound. He bade the executioner not to come near him till he called; otherwise he would strangle him with his hands. While he was upon his knees praying, the headsman severed his head from his shoulders; and it was observed that the face looked fiercely, the tongue moved, and a thick and bluish vapour, like a smoke, went out together with his blood; all tokens of the vehement anger and passion which he at that time was in.

This one strange thing is reported of Scanderberg, the King of Epirus, that whensoever he was upon the point ready to charge the enemy, and likewise in the heat and fury of the fight, besides other unusual appearances of change and alteration in his countenance, his nether lip would commonly cleave asunder, and yield forth great abundance of blood, a thing oftentimes remarked and observed of him, not only in his martial actions and exploits, but even in his civil affairs, whenever his cholera was raised and his anger exceeded its ordinary bounds.

Philargus, a Silician, the scholar of Lollianus, and a sophist, was of that angry and passionate temper that he gave one of his scholars a blow on the face when he was asleep. Very untractable was the disposition of this man. When one asked him "why he would not marry, that he might have children." "Because," said he "I am never pleased; no, not even with myself."

## Maiwa's Revenge:

OR  
THE WAR OF THE LITTLE HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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## CHAPTER V.—(Continued).

FOR a moment we stood aghast, and presently the dull thud of his fall smote heavily upon our ears. Poor fellow, he had met the fate which, as he had declared, walked about loose in Wambe's country. Then with an oath the remaining man sprang at the rock and clambered over it in safety. Aghast at the awfulness of what had happened, I stood still, till I saw the great blade of a Matuku spear pass up between my feet. That brought me to my senses, and I began to clamber up the rock like a cat. I was half way round it. Already I had clasped the hand of that brave girl Maiwa, who had come down to help me, the men having scrambled forward with the ivory, when I felt a hand seize my ankle.

"Pull, Maiwa, pull," I gasped, and she certainly did pull. Maiwa was a very muscular woman, and never before did I so keenly appreciate the advantages of the physical development of females. She tugged at my left arm, the savage below tugged at my right leg, till I began to realize that something must ere long give way. Luckily I retained my presence of mind, like the man who, when a fire broke out in his house, threw his mother-in-law out of the window, and carried the mattress down-stairs. My right hand was still free, and in it was my revolver, which was secured to my wrist by a leather thong. It was cocked, and I simply held it downwards and fired. The result was instantaneous—and so far as I was concerned, most satisfactory. The bullet hit the man beneath me somewhere, I am sure I don't know where; at any rate, he let go of my leg, and plunged headlong into the gulf beneath to join Gobo. In another moment I was on the top of the rock, and going up the remaining steps like a lamplighter. A single other soldier appeared in pursuit, but one of my boys at the top fired my elephant gun at him. I don't know if he hit him or only frightened him; at any rate, he vanished whence he came. I do know, however, that he very nearly hit me, for I felt the wind of the bullet.

"Another thirty seconds, and I and the woman Maiwa were at the top of the cliff panting, but safe.

"My men, being directed thereto by Maiwa, had most fortunately rolled up some big boulders which lay about, and with these we soon managed to block the passage through the overhanging ridge of rock in such fashion that the soldiers below could not possibly climb over it. Indeed, so far as I could see, they did not even try to do so—their heart was turned to fat, as the Zulus say.

"Then having rested a few moments we took up the loads, including the tusks of ivory that had cost us so dear, and in silence marched on for a couple of miles or more, till we reached a patch of dense bush. And here, being utterly exhausted, we camped for the night, taking the precaution, however, of setting a guard to watch against any attempt at surprise.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that we had gone through, perhaps indeed on account of it, for I was thoroughly worn out, I slept that night as soundly as poor Gobo, round whose crushed body the hyænas would now be prowling. Rising refreshed at dawn we went on our way towards Nala's kraal, which we reached at nightfall. It is built on open ground after the Zulu fashion, in a ring fence and with beehive huts. The cattle kraal is behind and a little to the left. Indeed, both from their habits and their talk it was easy to see that these Butiana belong to that section of the Bantu people which, since T'Chaka's time, has been known as the Zulu race. We did not see the chief Nala that night. His daughter Maiwa went on to his private huts as soon as we arrived, and very shortly afterwards one of his headmen came to us bringing a sheep and some mealies and milk with him. "The chief sent us greeting," he said, "and would see us on the morrow." Meanwhile he was ordered to bring us to a place of resting, where we and our goods should be safe and undisturbed. Accordingly he led the way to some very good huts just outside Nala's private enclosure, and here we slept comfortably.

"On the morrow about eight o'clock the headman came again, and said that Nala requested that I would visit him. Accordingly I followed him into the private enclosure and was

introduced to the chief, a fine looking man of about fifty, with very delicately shaped hands and feet, and a rather nervous mouth. The chief was seated on a tanned ox-hide outside his hut. By his side was his daughter Maiwa, and round him squatted on their haunches were some twenty headmen or Indunas, whose number was continually added to by fresh arrivals. These men saluted me as I entered, and the chief rose and took my hand, ordering a stool to be brought for me to sit on. When this was done, he with much eloquence and native courtesy thanked me for protecting his daughter in the painful and dangerous circumstances in which she found herself placed, and also complimented me very highly upon what he was pleased to call the bravery with which I had defended the pass in the rocks. I answered in appropriate terms, saying that it was to Maiwa herself that thanks were due, for had it not been for her warning and knowledge of the country we should not have been here to-day; while as to the defence of the pass, I was fighting for my life, and that put heart into me.

"These courtesies concluded, Nala called upon his daughter Maiwa to tell her tale to the headmen, and this she did most simply and effectively. She reminded them that she had gone as an unwilling bride to Wambe—that no cattle had been paid for her, because Wambe had threatened war if she was not sent as a free gift. Since she had entered the kraal of Wambe her days had been days of heaviness and her nights nights of weeping. She had been beaten, she had been neglected and made to do the work of a low-born wife—she, a chief's daughter. She had borne a child, and this was the story of the child. Then amidst a dead silence she told them the awful tale which she had already narrated to me. When she had finished her hearers gave a loud ejaculation. "Ou!" they said, "ou! Maiwa, daughter of Nala!"

"Ay," she went on with flashing eyes, "ay, it is true; my mouth is as full of truth as a flower of honey, and for tears my eyes are like the dew upon the grass at dawn. It is true I saw the child die—here is the proof of it, councillors," and she drew forth the little dead hand and held it before them.

"Ou!" they said again, "ou! it is the dead hand!" "Yes," she continued, "it is the dead hand of my dead child, and I bear it with me that I may never forget, never for one short hour, that I live that I may see Wambe die, and be avenged. Will you bear with it, my father, that your daughter and your daughter's child should be so treated by a Matuku? Will ye bear it, men of my own people?"

"No," said an old Induna, rising, "it is not to be borne. Enough have we suffered at the hands of these Matuku dogs and their loud-tongued chief; let us put it to the issue."

"It is not to be borne indeed," said Nala; "but how can we make head against so great a people?"

"Ask of him—ask of Macumazahn, the wise white man," said Maiwa, pointing at me.

"How can we overcome Wambe, Macumazahn the hunter?"

"How does the jackal overreach the lion, Nala?"

"By cleverness, Macumazahn."

"So shall you overcome Wambe, Nala."

"At this moment an interruption occurred. A man entered and said that messengers had arrived from Wambe.

"What is their message?" asked Nala.

"They come to ask that thy daughter Maiwa be sent back, and with her the white hunter."

"How shall I make answer to this, Macumazahn?" said Nala, when the man had withdrawn.

"Thus shalt thou answer," I said after reflection; "say that the woman shall be sent and I with her, and then bid the messengers be gone. Stay, I will hide myself here in the hut that the men may not see me," and I did.

"Shortly afterwards, through a crack in the hut, I saw the messengers arrive, and great truculent-looking fellows they were. There were four of them, and they had evidently travelled night and day. They entered with a swagger and squatted down before Nala.

"Your business," said Nala, frowning.

"We come from Wambe, bearing the orders of Wambe to Nala his servant," answered the spokesman of the party.

"Speak," said Nala, with a curious twitch of his nervous-looking mouth.

"These are the words of Wambe: "Send back the woman, my wife, who has run away from my kraal, and send with her the white man who has dared to hunt in my country without my leave, and to slay my soldiers." These are the words of Wambe."

"And if I say I will not send them?" asked Nala.

"Then on behalf of Wambe we declare war upon you. Wambe will eat you up. He will wipe you out; your kraals shall be stamped flat—so, and with an expressive gesture he

drew his hand across his mouth to show how complete would be the annihilation of that chief who dared to defy Wambe.

"These are heavy words," said Nala. "Let me take counsel before I answer."

"Then followed a little piece of acting that was really very creditable to the untutored savage mind. The heralds withdrew, but not out of sight, and Nala went through the show of earnestly consulting his Indunas. The girl Maiwa, too, flung herself at his feet, and appeared to weep and implore his protection, while he wrung his hands as though in doubt and tribulation of mind. At length he summoned the messengers to draw near, and addressed them, while Maiwa sobbed very realistically at his side.

"Wambe is a great chief," said Nala, "and this woman is his wife, whom he has a right to claim. She must return to him, but her feet are sore with walking, she cannot come now. In eight days from this day she shall be delivered at the kraal of Wambe; I will send her with a party of my men. As for the white hunter and his men, I have nought to do with them, and cannot answer for their misdeeds. They have wandered hither unbidden by me, and I will deliver them back whence they came, that Wambe may judge them according to his law; they shall be sent with the girl. For you, go your ways. Food shall be given you without the kraal, and a present for Wambe in atonement of the ill-doing of my daughter. I have spoken."

"At first the heralds seemed inclined to insist upon Maiwa's accompanying them then and there, but ultimately, on being shown the swollen condition of her feet, they gave up the point and departed.

"When they were well out of the way I emerged from the hut, and we went on to discuss the situation and make our plans. First of all, as I was careful to explain to Nala, I was not going to give him my experience and services for nothing. I heard that Wambe had a stockade round his kraal made of elephant tusks. These tusks, in the event of our succeeding in our enterprise, I should claim as my perquisite, with the proviso that Nala should furnish me with men to carry them down to the coast.

"To this modest request he and the headmen gave an unqualified and hearty assent, the more hearty perhaps because they never expected to finger them.

"The next thing that I stipulated was, that if we conquered, the white man, John Every, should be handed over to me, together with any goods that he might claim. His cruel captivity was, I need hardly say, the only reason that induced me to join in so hair-brained an expedition, but I was careful from motives of policy to keep this fact in the background. Nala accepted this condition. My third stipulation was that no women or children should be killed. This being also agreed to, we went on to consider ways and means. Wambe was, it appeared, a very powerful petty chief, that is he could put at least six thousand fighting men into the field, and always had from three to four thousand collected about his kraal, which was supposed to be impregnable. Nala, on the contrary, could not at such short notice collect more than from twelve to thirteen hundred men, though, being of the Zulu stock, they were of much better stuff for fighting purposes than Wambe's Matukus.

"These odds, though large, were not, under the circumstances, overwhelming. The real obstacle to our chance of success was the difficulty of delivering a crushing assault against Wambe's strong place. This was, it appeared, fortified all round with schanses or stone walls, and contained numerous caves and koppies in the hill side and at the foot of the mountain which no force had ever been able to capture. It was said that in the time of the Zulu monarch Dingaan, a great impi of that king's having penetrated to this district, had delivered an assault upon the kraal then owned by a forefather of Wambe's, and been beaten back with the loss of more than a thousand men.

"Having thought the question over, I closely interrogated Maiwa as to the fortifications and the topographical peculiarities of the spot, and not without results. I discovered that the kraal was indeed impregnable to a front attack, but that it was very slightly defended to the rear, which ran up the slope of the mountain, indeed only by two lines of stone walls. The reason of this was that the mountain is quite impassable except by one secret path supposed to be known only to the chief and his councillors, and this being so, it had not been considered necessary to fortify it.

"Well," I said, when she had done, "and now as to this secret path of thine—knowest thou ought of it?"

"Ay," she answered, "I am no fool, Macumazahn. Knowledge learned is power earned. I won the secret of that path."

"And canst thou guide an impi thereon so that it shall fall upon the town from behind?"

"Yes, this can I do, if only Wambe's people know not that the impi comes, for if they know then can they block the way."

"So then here is my plan. Listen, Nala, and say if it be good, or if you have a better show it forth. Let messengers go out and summon all thy impi, that it be gathered here on the third day from now. This being done, let the impi, led by Maiwa, march on the morrow of the fourth day, and crossing the mountains let it travel along on the other side of the mountains till it come to the place on the further side of which is the kraal of Wambe; that shall be some three days' journey in all (about one hundred and twenty miles). Then on the night of the third day's journey, let Maiwa lead the impi in silence up the secret path, so that it comes to the crest of the mountain that is above the strong place, and here let it hide among the rocks.

"Meanwhile on the sixth day from now let one of the Indunas of Nala bring with him two hundred men that have guns, and take me and my men as prisoners, and take also a girl from among the Butiana people, who by form and face is like unto Maiwa, and bind her hands and pass by the road on which we came and through the cutting in the cliff on to the kraal of Wambe. But the men shall take no shields or plumes with them, only their guns and one short spear, and when they meet the people of Wambe they shall say that they come to give up the woman and the white man and his party to Wambe, and to make atonement to Wambe. So shall they pass in peace. And travelling thus on the evening of the seventh day we shall come to the gates of the place of Wambe, and nigh the gates there is, so says Maiwa, a koppie very strong and full of rocks and caves, but having no soldiers thereon except in time of war, or at the worst but a few such as can easily be overpowered.

"This being done, at the dawn of day must the impi on the mountain behind the town light a fire and put wet grass thereon, so that the smoke goes up. Then at the sight of the smoke will we in the koppie begin to shoot into the town of Wambe, whereon all the soldiers will run to kill us. But we will hold our own, and while we fight the impi shall charge down the mountain side and climb the schanses and put those who defend them to the assegai, and then falling upon the town shall surprise it, and drive the soldiers of Wambe as the wind blows the dead husks of corn. This is my plan. I have spoken."

"Ou!" said Nala, "it is good, it is very good. The white man is cleverer than a jackal. Yes, so shall it be; and may the Snake of the Butiana people stand up upon its tail and prosper the war, for so shall we be rid of Wambe and the tyrannies of Wambe."

"After that the girl Maiwa stood up, and once more producing the dreadful little dried hand, made her father and several of his head councillors swear by it, and upon it that they would carry out the war of vengeance to the bitter end. It was a very curious sight to see. And the fight that ensued was, by the way, thereafter known among the tribes of that district as the War of the Little Hand.

"The next two days were busy ones for us. Messengers were sent out, and every available man of the Butiana tribe was ordered up to 'a great dance.' The country was small, and by the evening of the second day, some twelve hundred and fifty men were assembled with their assegais and shields, and a fine hardy troop they were. At dawn of the following day, the fourth from the departure of the heralds, the main impi, having been doctored, in the usual way, started under the command of Nala himself, who, knowing that his life and chieftainship hung upon the issue of the struggle, wisely determined to be present to direct it. With them went Maiwa, who was to guide them up the secret path. Of course we had to give them two days' start, as they had more than a hundred miles of rough country to pass, including the crossing of the great mountain-range which ran north and south, for it was necessary that the impi should make a wide détour in order to escape detection.

"At length, however, at dawn on the sixth day I took the road, accompanied by my most unwilling bearers, who did not at all like the idea of thus putting their heads into the lion's mouth. Indeed, it was only the fear of Nala's spears, together with a vague confidence in myself, that induced them to accept the adventure. With me also were about two hundred Butiana's, all armed with guns of various kinds, for many of these people had guns, though they were not very proficient in the use of them. But they carried no shield, and wore no head-dress or armlets; indeed, every war-like appearance was carefully avoided. With our party went also a sister of Maiwa's, though by a different mother, who strongly resembled her in face and form, and whose mission it was to personate the runaway wife.

(To be continued.)

PROGRAMME

OF

Grand Organ Recital & Concert,

TO BE GIVEN

ON WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26th, 1889.

WORKMEN'S & APPRENTICES' INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

At 6.0.—ORGAN RECITAL.

At 8.0.—GRAND CONCERT.

VOCALISTS:

MDLLE. NOEMI LORENZI.

MR. HIRWEN JONES. MR. PERCY PINKERTON.

THE BAND OF THE FIRST

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE REGIMENT,

CONDUCTOR—MR. W. A. PEPPERELL.

Music Director to the People's Palace, MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

- 1. MARCH .. .. "Paul Jones" .. .. Kappey.
- 2. OVERTURE .. .. "Zampa" .. .. Heyold.
- 3. SONG .. .. "Dio Possente" .. .. Gounod.

MR. PERCY PINKERTON.

Dio possente, Dio d'amor;  
Nel lasciare il patrio suol,  
A te affido in tanto duol,  
La mia suora il casto fior.  
Proteggila, guida la,  
Ah! si e l'angiol vigile,  
All' alma ingenua  
Deh! sin pseudo ognor.  
La sul campo nel di della pugna,  
Ah! so Fra le file pumiero sorò,  
E lieto da plode sell fato lo suol,  
Ricoperto di gloria cadrò  
Ma nell' estremo anelo,  
Pregherò ancora il cielo,  
Per la mia suora.  
Dio possente, Dio d'amor,  
Nel lasciare il patrio suol,  
A te affido in tanto duol,  
La mia suora il casto fior.  
Ah! per la suora pregher,  
Suro alle extremo a nel preghero.

TRANSLATION.  
Even bravest hearts may swell  
In the moment of farewell,  
Loving smile of sister Rina,  
Quiet home I leave behind,  
Oft shall I think of you,  
When'er the winecup passes round,  
When alone my watch I keep,  
And my comrades lie asleep, [field.  
Among their arms upon the tented battle-  
But when danger to glory shall call me,  
I still will be first in the fray,  
As blithe as a knight in his bridal array;  
Careless what fate may befall me,  
When glory shall call me.  
Yet the bravest hearts may swell,  
In the moment of farewell,  
Loving smile of sister Rina,  
Quiet home I leave behind,  
Oft shall I think of you,  
When far away.

- 4. SELECTION.. "The Yeoman of the Guard" .. Sullivan.
- 5. SONG "Lo, here the gentle Lark" (with Flute Ob.) Bishop.

MDLLE. NOEMI LORENZI.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast,  
The sun ariseth in true majesty.

- 6. VALSE .. .. "Sorrée Dete" .. .. Waldteufel.
- 7. SONG .. .. "The Distant Shore" .. .. Sullivan.

MR. HIRWEN JONES.

A maiden sat at her door,  
And sighed as she looked at the sea,  
"I've a dear, dear love on a distant shore  
A-dying for news of me."  
And the wind was listening near,  
And saw that the maid was fair,  
So the kind wind whispered a word in her ear,  
As it played with her bright brown hair,  
"Be of good cheer, sweetheart,  
I fly to that distant shore,  
Thy lover I'll tell, thou lovest him well,  
Ever and evermore."

The maiden dried her eyes,  
And a smile shone over her face;  
For she saw bright hope in the changing skies,  
As the wind flew off apace;  
And she bade the kind wind good speed,  
"Hurry, O wind," says she,  
"Oh, say that I love him indeed and indeed";  
And the wind cried over the sea:  
"Be of good cheer, dear heart,  
I'll fly to that distant shore,  
Thy lover I'll tell, thou lovest him well,  
Ever and evermore."

The wind tore over the wave,  
Scattering the ocean spray;  
But alas! the lover he flew to save,  
He met on his homeward way;  
And his good ship sank in the gale,  
And every soul beside,  
And the wind came sobbing to tell the tale,  
And the maiden drooped and died.  
"Be of good cheer, dear heart,  
At rest on a distant shore,  
Where thou and thy love walk hand-in-hand  
Ever and evermore."

- 8. GAVOTTE .. .. "Belle Vue" .. .. Godfrey.
- 9. SONG .. .. "The Prima Donna" .. .. Roedel.

MDLLE. NOEMI LORENZI.

"Viva! Paquita! Viva! Paquita! Hark! she comes!"  
The lights are gleaming sweet and fair, upon the stage she stands,  
Her dark eyes bright with magic light, red roses in her hands;  
Her sweet voice pealing up above on music's golden wings,  
What is Paquita dreaming of as there she stands and sings.  
Love is a dream so they say, tra la la!  
Only the rose of a day, tra la la!  
Love is but woe, let it be so,  
But ah! give me love, give me love, give me love away.  
The curtain falls: good-night! good-bye! you see her dark eyes gleam;  
Viva! Paquita! still you cry: but who can read her dream?  
Viva! Viva! 'tis ever so, your brightest gartlands bring,  
The heart may break, the tears may flow, but still the lips must sing!  
Love is a dream so they say, tra la la!  
Only the rose of a day, tra la la!  
Love is but woe, let it be so,  
But ah! give me love, give me love, give me love away!  
Give me love away, give me love, give me love away!

- 10. VALSE .. .. "The Southern Breeze" (Vocal) .. Meissler.
- 11. SONG .. .. "Ma divine Maitressé" .. Flegier.

MR. PERCY PINKERTON.

Quelquefois, en levant les yeux,  
J'aperçois au ciel une étoile  
Qui semble pudique et qui voile  
Ses rayons, plus mystérieux;  
J'éprouve souvent un tel charme  
Devant son humide dardé  
Qu'il m'en vient alors une larme  
De tristesse et de volupté.  
Ma belle est douce et caressante  
Comme cette étoile sa sœur,  
Elle a l'âme compatissante;  
Et je l'aime pour sa douceur.  
Comme l'abeille aime la fleur  
L'exilé sa mère patrie  
Le pote sa réverie,  
Et le malheureux sa douleur;  
Comme un cerf aime la rivière  
Où sa soif se peut apaiser,  
Comme la mousse aime la pierre  
Et la lèvres aime le baiser  
J'aime ma divine maitresse  
Gâtée ou songeuse, tout à tour,  
Oui, je l'aime à ma folle ivresse  
Ah! je l'aime pour son amour!

TRANSLATION.  
Often, on tranquil summer nights,  
As the vast vault above I view,  
One star shines out, a light of lights,  
A glittering beacon in the blue,  
Whose radiance fills the soul of me  
With longings that are sad yet sweet,  
A vague desire and mystery,  
That makes my pulses quicker beat  
So, like this star, my lady-love  
Has power to lure, to magnetise  
My being; and she most can move  
By the rich glory of her eyes.  
As the bee loves the scented flower,  
As prisoner loves his liberty,  
Or poet, his dream at sunset hour,  
Or man of grief, his misery;  
As the stag loves the streamlet lone,  
When in green shade he drinks his fill,  
As the moss loves the forest stone,  
Or lips, to touch, to kiss and thrill;  
So do I love my mistress fair,  
Now gay, now mournful, as may be;  
I love her for her graces rare,  
But most because that she loves me.

- 12. SELECTION .. .. "Rip Van Winkle" .. Planquette.
- 13. SONG .. .. "Mary of Argyle" .. Nelson.

MR. HIRWEN JONES.

I have heard the mavis singing his love song to the morn;  
I have seen the dewdrop clinging to the rose just newly born;  
But a sweeter song has cheer'd me at the evening's gentle close;  
And I've seen an eye still brighter than the dewdrop on the rose;  
'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary, and thy artless, winning smile,  
That made this world an Eden, Bonnie Mary of Argyle.  
Thou' thy voice may lose its sweetness, and thine eye its brightness too,  
Thou' thy step may lack its fleetness, and thy hair its sunny hue,  
Still to me wilt thou be dearer than all the world shall own;  
I have loved thee for thy beauty, but not for that alone;  
I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary, and its goodness was the while  
That has made thee mine for ever, Bonnie Mary of Argyle.

- 14. POLKA .. .. "Run Wild" .. .. Jones.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

A Selection of Music will be played in the Grounds

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK,

BY

The People's Palace Military Band,

CONDUCTOR—MR. W. ROBINSON.

Calendar of the Week.

June 27th.—On this day was hanged the Rev. Dr. Dodd, who was executed at Tyburn in the year 1777 for forgery. An account of this very curious case, in which a man remarkable for eloquence, and of supposed great piety, was led into committing a forgery of the worst kind, may be found in Boswell's "Life of Johnson." Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has also written a history of Dr. Dodd. He was a considerable writer, especially of sermons to young men. Five years before he was hanged, he wrote a tract against the frequency of Capital Punishment, little knowing that he was himself going to suffer. His "Thoughts in Prison," written before he was executed, had a great run after his death.

On this day also died, in 1844, Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet. There was never a greater case of impudence than the starting of the Mormon religion. The so-called Book of Mormon was stolen from the work of a clergyman, who wrote an imaginary voyage of certain Israelites from Palestine to America. Joseph Smith pretended that the book had been supernaturally given to him as a new revelation. The Mormons now number several millions, but they seem to be making very few new converts, and there is little doubt that two or three more generations will see the end of them.

June 28th.—Charles Matthews, the elder, comedian, died on this day, 1835. Rubens, the artist, was born. Lord Raglan, who commanded in the Crimea, died, 1855. Queen Victoria was crowned, 1838.

June 29th.—Day of St. Peter, said to have suffered martyrdom in the persecution of Nero at Rome, in the year 68.

The change of name, always practised by the Pope on election, is due to the fact, that in the year 884, one Peter, being elected Pope, changed his name out of humility, and since then every Pope has adopted a new name on mounting the chair.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning died on this day, 1861. She will always be remembered as the author of the "Cry of the Children."

June 30th.—Richard Parker, the leader of the Naval Mutiny at the Nore, was hanged, 1797. Some weeks ago I gave a short account of the rise of this remarkable movement. Parker himself appears to have been a landsman. In fact it was the wild Republican ideas which were then afloat, borrowed from France. He seems to have gone on board especially with the view of inciting disorders and mutiny among the sailors.

On this day, fifty-two years ago, the pillory was finally abolished as a punishment, therefore persons over sixty years of age may still remember seeing criminals stand in the pillory. It is said that a pillory still stands in the Market Place of a small town in Warwickshire.

July 1st.—This is the first month of summer, the spring season being supposed to last till the end of June. We have now three months of summer before us.

On this day was fought the Battle of the Boyne, at which King William fought and defeated the Irish Catholic army, with its French supporters, numbering 30,000.

On this day, 1801, the first boat propelled by steam was launched on the River Thames. A steamboat had, however, already been brought out in Scotland in the year 1788. This, however, was only an earlier attempt, and did not succeed further than to prove the possibility of steam navigation.

July 2nd.—Rousseau died, 1778; Diderot, 1784, and Sir Robert Peel, 1850. The death of Sir Robert was probably due to his disinclination to pay what he considered too large a sum for a horse. He had been ordered the exercise of riding, and a friend brought him a safe and splendid animal, for which he wanted the sum of £400. Sir Robert objected to give so much, bought a cheaper animal, which stumbled and fell with him, causing his death.

July 3rd.—Dog days begin. Battle of Sadowa was fought, 1866. From this battle may be dated the rise of the Prussian superiority.

One Woman's Work.

THE entrance to Havana harbour is guarded by Morro Castle, occupied by a garrison of about two hundred men. Several years ago the heat became very intense, and all the inhabitants of the region were stricken with fear of the yellow-fever, Havana's deadliest scourge. At length news was received that the disease had actually broken out at the castle; and the authorities decided that the garrison must be cut off from communication with those outside. Day by day the heat grew more intense, and the signal of distress waved in vain from the castle's flagstaff. The inmates were known to be in terrible need of food and medicine, yet no one dared brave infection so far as to go to their relief. At sunset each day crowds gathered upon the piers to watch the funeral processions wind down the hill to the garrison cemetery. The accompanying salutes told the number which had succumbed thus far to the plague, and it was known that the poor fellows were dying by the score.

One morning the heat was more intense than ever, and the waters of the bay shone like burnished steel. All Havana seemed to be gathered on the pier to watch the spot where death reigned triumphant. Suddenly a boat loaded with provisions and medicine began its progress towards the castle. Its sole occupant was a woman. A loud shout arose from those on shore. Ashamed of their delay, many offered themselves as volunteers; but the messenger of mercy refused. She stopped only long enough to say, "I am alone. From all Havana not one regret will follow me. It is better that I should go than some one upon whom others depend. Good-bye!" Then she bent to her oars, and only stopped, exhausted, when she was beneath the castle walls. Those watching her could see that the brave fellows of the garrison at first refused her admission, but at length their faint resistance ceased, and they carried her inside the plague-smitten walls.

As the days passed, the number of salutes over the dead diminished, and one morning, when a cool breeze came from the north, the signal of distress was lowered, and again the Spanish flag floated proudly over the castle. Instantly the bay was dotted with boats, for all Havana wished to visit the garrison and congratulate those who remained alive. There they learned that beyond a doubt not one life would have been preserved had it not been for the timely relief offered by one brave woman. The noble nurse not only became the idol of Havana, but the wife of the governor of the castle.

AUTHORS, artists, literati, etc., are proof nowadays against the most ingeniously worded requests for their autographs, but our friend A., whose collection is becoming more extensive every day, has contrived a plan to get over the difficulty. "How so?" you ask. We will betray the secret in the interests of his fellow collectors. A. writes to each person whose autograph he desires to possess in something like this style: "Dear Sir,—A person bearing your name has sent me a written order for goods to a rather large amount, which I am not prepared to execute without ample references, unless it is for yourself. Requesting a reply by return of post, I am, etc." The great man receives the letter, and with mingled feelings of alarm and self-complacency, he hastens to reply that he has ordered nothing, and very much regrets, etc. And in this way A. increases his unrivalled collection of autographs.

A VENERABLE French ecclesiastic was riding on an omnibus by the side of three young roughs, who kept up a conversation upon such subjects as they thought likely to annoy their neighbour. The priest took no notice, but upon leaving the omnibus said simply: "Au revoir, messieurs." "Oh, no," replied one of the roughs rudely. "Never!" "Yes, yes," replied the priest; "we shall meet again. I am the chaplain of Mazas prison."

SAILORS, as a class, are peculiarly gifted in making themselves easily understood; and Admiral Hall, in his excellent book bearing on this subject, gives a characteristic instance of "Jack's" accomplishments in connection with dental matters. A sailor, wishing to have an aching tooth extracted, was asked by the operator as to the locality of the offender. "Oh," replied the patient, "it's the hinder-most grinder aloft, on the starboard quarter."

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.]



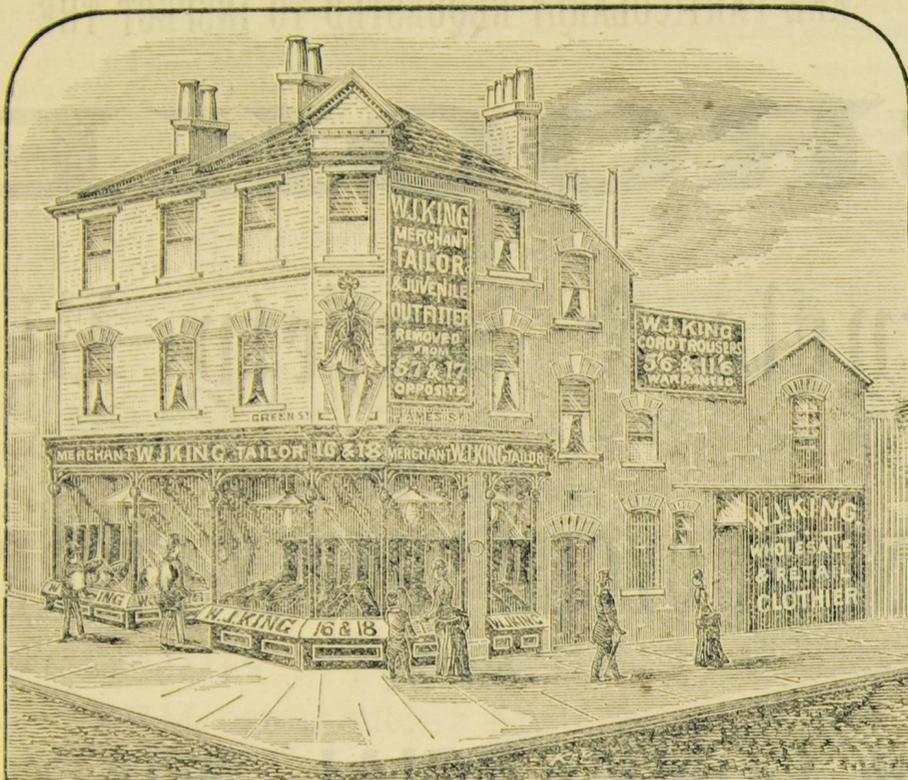
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