

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

Vol. IV.—No. 86.]

WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 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, July 4th.**—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), Music, etc., as per Programme.
 Conversazione by Technical School Boys, in Queen's Hall, at 8.
 Dramatic Society.—General Meeting, at 8.
 Cycling Club.—Run.
- FRIDAY, July 5th.**—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.—Music, etc., as per Programme.
 Conversazione by Technical School Boys, in Queen's Hall, at 8.
 Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.
 Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 8 to 10.
 Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.
- SATURDAY, July 6th.**—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.—Music, etc., as per Programme.
 Ramblers' Club.—To Abbey Wood.
 Conversazione by Technical School Boys, in Queen's Hall, at 8.
 Boxing Club.—Photograph, at 3.
 Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.
 Cycling Club.—Run.
- SUNDAY, July 7th.**—Organ Recitals, at 12.30 and 4.
 Library.—Open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY, July 8th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
 Shorthand Society.—Usual weekly meeting, Technical Schools.
- TUESDAY, July 9th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
 Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.
 Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.
- WEDNESDAY, July 10th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
 Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.
 Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, JULY 7th, 1889.

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

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

- | | | |
|----|---|--------------|
| 1. | Overture in C minor | Handel. |
| 2. | Duet and Chorus, "I wait for the Lord" (Hymn of Praise) | Mendelssohn. |
| 3. | Christmas Offertoire | Guilmant. |
| 4. | Elevation | Batiste. |
| 5. | Impromptu | Smart. |
| 6. | Postlude in C | Smart. |

AT 4. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

- | | | |
|----|--------------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. | Fugue in E flat (St. Annes) | Bach. |
| 2. | Adoremus (by request) | Ravina. |
| 3. | Sacred Song, "Nazareth" (by request) | Gounod. |
| 4. | Andante in A flat | Raff. |
| 5. | Impromptu | Guilmant. |
| 6. | Grand Choeur | Guilmant. |

Notes of the Week.

I CONGRATULATE Mr. Low upon the approaching holiday excursion of two hundred of his lads. They are going for a week to camp out close to the sea-shore, between Ramsgate and Broadstairs. The managers are Messrs. Edward Burrell and Alfred Bevis, and the Secretary and Treasurer is Mr. C. E. Osborn. The party leaves Blackwall Pier on Friday, July 12th, at 11 a.m., and comes back on Friday, July 19th. If there is a fresh breeze and a flowing sea about ten miles or so before Margate is reached, these happy boys will experience the most novel and the most delightful emotions, which will be increased and become more delightful as the vessel rounds the North Foreland. Then cheeks will turn pale, they will become absorbed in thought, and presently they will turn their heads over the side of the vessel. However, Ramsgate is not far from the North Foreland, and this particular enjoyment on board ship is said to be very wholesome.

Six days leaves room for all kinds of entertainments. The programme of every day has been prepared and laid down, giving a variety of choice that ought to find something for everybody. For each day have been planned excursions, either walking or driving, with Sketching, Paper Chases, Cricket, Quoits, Rounders, Lawn Tennis, and Athletic Sports. The boys will sleep in barns. They will get up at 6.45; bathe at 7—the sea is pretty strong sometimes at high tide: they will breakfast at 8.15; have dinner at 1.30; and tea at 5.45. Perhaps one or two will keep a diary of the holiday, and send it to the Editor of the *Palace Journal*, who wishes fine weather and a happy holiday to the boys!

RAMSGATE, Margate and Broadstairs, are situated, as everybody knows, on the Isle of Thanet. It is no longer an island, because the narrow creek called the Wantsome, which formerly cut it off from the mainland, has been dried up and ploughed over for four hundred years. In the time of Bede, that is, one thousand years ago, the creek was a third-of-a-mile wide. The island has many historical associations. Here King Ethelbert met Augustine and consented to the preaching of Christianity. Here also landed the Saxon Hengist. There was found here a few years ago an old cemetery in which the first Saxon settlers were buried. Sir Moses Montefiore lived at East Cliff, close to the farm where the boys are going; they must look at the house where this good man died. Charles Dickens also had a house at Broadstairs. Off the North Foreland was fought the great four days' battle between the English and the Dutch Fleets, June 1—4, 1666. There has been a lighthouse here from ancient times, to enable the ships to steer clear of the Goodwin Sands. The air of Thanet is dry, clear, and most wholesome. There is no more invigorating air in the whole of this country. I have stayed in Thanet in all seasons, and I speak from experience.

Of the three principal towns, I prefer Margate for the air, Broadstairs for the situation, and Ramsgate for the life and stir of the place. The walk round the Cliff from Broadstairs to Margate is splendid, both for the fine breeze which always blows, and the sight of the ships sailing and steaming homeward or outward bound. Sometimes there are many hundred ships waiting for a favourable wind. It is quite possible to walk round on the shore, but it must be when the tide is running out, otherwise one may be caught by the rising waters. Another very pleasant walk is from Ramsgate to

Sandwich by Pegwell Bay. On the way the tourist passes Richborough Castle, a very striking monument of the Roman occupation. It used to be called Rutupia, and was the landing place of the Romans in crossing over from Gaul into Britain; the shore was even then famous for its oysters. It is said that 140,000 coins, chiefly Roman, and of the third century, have been found within the walls of Richborough. As for Sandwich, it is the prettiest and sleepest old town possible: formerly there was a great trade here, but the harbour is nearly filled up, and the trade is gone. Here the first market-gardens were established, that is to say, gardens were first cultivated here for the sale of fruit and vegetables by some Protestant exiles from the Netherlands in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It seems difficult to believe that town-folk in those days, if they could not grow vegetables, could not buy them, and therefore had to go without. But the introduction of vegetables into the daily diet was a very gradual thing.

A FEW years ago, when people began to give the children holidays and summer outings, an appeal used always to be made on behalf of those poor children "who had never seen a field, or a hedge, or a wild flower." The same thing is done still, sometimes, but it has lost its point. I should like to find the London child now who has never seen a wild flower or a hedge. To begin with, there are now few spots in London where a park is not accessible. Next, the children's excursion is now so common that all the children are dragged into the net somehow or other. Lastly, a thing which we do not quite understand, the years during which it was possible for a child to grow up out of the reach of green fields were very few indeed. And this for the reason that the extension of London has been so rapid, that fifty years ago there was hardly any part from which fields were inaccessible. One hundred years ago there were fields within half-a-mile of Ludgate Hill: fifty years ago there were fields a mile-and-a-half north of Ludgate Hill: the site of the People's Palace—where Bancroft's Almshouses used to stand—was surrounded by fields: a boy born, say in Cable Street, had fields within a mile north or south, and a mile and-a-half east. Between the years 1840 and 1870, houses were built over all the fields, north, east, and south; but long before 1870 the children's summer holiday had been begun: therefore, it was only after 1840, and perhaps not after 1880, that it was possible to find children who had never played in the fields: they have not much chance, poor little things, to play in fields even now, but things are improved in this respect, and will go on improving.

So the House of Commons will not allow children under ten to be employed—meaning to act on the stage of a theatre—in any place where spirituous drink is sold. Why it should be cruelty to allow children to act in a place where there is a bar for beer and spirits, and not cruel for them to perform when there is only a coffee bar, passeth my understanding. Do our worthy legislators believe that the children are invited by the lessee to go and have soda and brandy at the bar? And what are we to do with the plays and pieces when children are wanted? For instance, in the *Doll's House*, recently brought out at the Novelty Theatre, the introduction of three little children in one scene was wonderfully effective. Why is it cruel to suffer children to play? Acting does no harm to any one, more than singing, dancing, or reading poetry. Perhaps the clause may not pass after all.

WHAT everybody says is, that the clause is due solely to the old-standing prejudice against theatres and the profession of acting. What everybody says seems to me, in this case, tolerably true. There still exists this prejudice against the theatre. It seems to me that the whole question, whether children are to be employed in theatres or not, can be answered by showing—if that can be shown—that their education need not be stopped, and must not be stopped, by their theatrical engagements: that they are not cruelly treated or exposed to greater temptations within than without the theatre: and that they are happy in the employment. And from my own knowledge of the facts, I should say that these questions could be answered most satisfactorily. For instance, a certain lady did her best to make out a case of cruelty some time ago against an employer of girl performers. The case broke down completely.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY, in his recently-published autobiographical notice, says, "If I may speak of the objects I have had more or less definitely in view since I began the ascent of

my hillock, they are briefly these: to promote the increase of natural knowledge, and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life, to the best of my ability, in the conviction which has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength, that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind, except veracity of thought and action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is."

THESE are very fine words, and should be studied and remembered. But I venture to disagree with Professor Huxley in the use of one word. He says, "no alleviation." This seems to imply that veracity of thought and the resolute facing of the world as it is, will by themselves alleviate miseries. Not quite, I think. For instance, suppose thirty years ago a Southern cotton planter had said to one of his slaves, "Uncle Tom, you are my property. I can part you and your wife and your children whenever I please: I can flog you whenever I like: I can sell you: you shall never cease to be my slave as long as you live. Then can no good thing happen to you at all, because you will never have any freedom." That would have been a resolute facing of the world as it was—to Uncle Tom. But would that alone have helped him? I do not see how. What the learned Professor means is, that the first step towards bettering our condition is to understand first what it is, and next how to improve it. Now the worst part of the business is, that most of us positively do not know in what very poor conditions we live on. How then are we to improve our lot?

THE oldest tree in the world is dead. It was 6,000 years old, or thereabouts, because it had forgotten to a hundred years or so how old it really was. It lived in Orotáva, one of the Canary Islands: it was 60 feet high, and 48½ feet in circumference. This kind of tree, called the Dragon Tree, *Dracena Draco*, sticks out arms for branches, at the end of each of which is a kind of crown of sword-like leaves: it has scales on its trunk: and its sap is blood red. The ancient inhabitants of Orotáva imagined that the tree was a live creature, and they worshipped it.

ANOTHER wonderful tree—this tree lives at Kew Gardens—has brought forth a wonderful flower. The flower bud was of enormous size, as big as one of those magic flowers in a Christmas pantomime, which fall open and disclose a Vision of Beauty. This flower, however, when it slowly opened, did not contain a fairy at all: it contained a much more prosaic thing—it was found to develop, in fact, a perfume so terrible that nobody could stay in the house where the flower blossomed more than a minute or two, and then fled with every appearance of overwhelming pleasure: I fear it is now too late to see this flower, which has faded, fragrance and all. I doubt whether the scientific ardour of most of us would be sufficient to make us face that scent bottle of incomparable fragrance. One has heard of skunks and of the delights of catching one, how after contact with the animal one must throw away all one's cloth clothes, and wash all the linen worn; and how the perfume of the creature lingers many days in spite of soap and water. But that a flower should be similarly organised! Fortunately such flowers are rare. It is said, that in consequence of this wonderful fragrance, they are criticising whether they shall not take Kew Gardens fifty miles away.

EDITOR.

PHILOSOPHIC UNDER TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES.—When Jones was at the theatre the other evening he sat down by mistake on his neighbour's hat and reduced it to a hopeless mass of silk and pasteboard. The owner was madder than half-a-dozen March hares. "Well," calmly observed the culprit, "I was awkward and no mistake! But," he added, with self-complacent pity, "when I think that it might have been mine it makes me fairly shudder."

A HARDENED-LOOKING NEGRO criminal was on trial in the New York Court of General Sessions. Judge Cowing was on the bench. Lawyer Howe, in a voice husky with emotion, addressed the jury. "Gentlemen, my client is a poor man. He was driven by hunger and want to take the small sum of money. All that he wanted was sufficient money to buy bread, for it is in evidence that he did not take the pocket-book containing three hundred dollars that was in the same bureau-drawer." The eloquent attorney for the accused was interrupted by the convulsive sobs of his client. "Why do you weep?" asked Judge Cowing of the prisoner. "Becors I didn't see de pocket-book in de drawer," he answered. Everybody laughed except Howe, the attorney for the careless burglar.

Palace and Institute Notes.

STILL a further arrangement for the benefit of Paris trippers. The Regent Street Polytechnic have waggonettes running all around Paris to take the Polytechnicians to wherever is worth visiting. Now it has been arranged that the privilege of using these conveyances shall be shared by the People's Palace trippers, anyone of whom can by a payment of eight shillings (three shillings immediate deposit) secure a seat for three days, during which time the waggonette will visit the Palaces of Versailles, the ruins, and park at St. Cloud, and indeed everywhere outside the exhibition itself (which may well fill the remaining three days) which is worth seeing.

THE accommodation, I am told, is limited, and consequently early booking is the only safe booking. The three shillings should, therefore, be immediately paid Mr. Were by every tripper until he can take no more. Now our excursionists will have means which they have not yet possessed of cheaply getting about Paris without losing themselves, and will enjoy the advantage of a definite daily programme.

TALKING of a definite daily programme, anyone desiring to see a model plan for a boy's outing, should get a copy of the programme of the Technical School Boys' Excursion to Dumpton Farm. Not a moment of any one of the six days need be wasted, and there is always something going to suit everyone. This is an immense improvement on the old practice, of letting a crowd of youngsters loose in a strange place to wander about and invent their own amusements, and waste their precious moments in bewilderment.

That the boys deserve their holiday anybody can see who will be at the Palace on either Wednesday, Thursday, Friday or Saturday evening of this week. What the boys do every day of their lives and how they do it will be in great evidence at the *Conversazioni*.

GREAT preparations are in progress for our Annual Summer Fête and Exhibition of Pictures. Hundreds of splendid pictures are being promised, and there is no doubt that this year the People's Palace Summer Fête will surpass itself. But in the meantime we have the Cat, Rabbit, and Guinea Pig Show, which will also be a good thing, not to mention the Donkeys and Ponies.

SUB-EDITOR.

The Incas.

THE word Inca in the Quichua tongue means chief. The first Inca was Manco Capac, the leader of the Quichua tribe, when, at some date unknown, they took possession of the country of Peru. The Incas claimed to be the children of the sun, and were the high priests of the national religion, which was the worship of the sun, that received divine honours.

In a strict sense the name Inca was confined to the monarch who was the direct descendant of Manco Capac. One of the regulations of their religion was that each Inca should be, if possible, the child of his predecessor by his own sister. In a larger sense, the Incas included the whole ruling and sacerdotal class of ancient Peru, who were very wealthy, and were held in great veneration by the lower ranks of the people. It is claimed that in Peru there are still living descendants of this ancient blood-royal.

Under the Incas, the country was very prosperous, and the arts and sciences were cultivated. The people wove and spun; they worked mines, built bridges and houses and temples of adobe and stone; made sterile tracts of land fertile by a good system of irrigation; understood astronomy; and possessed quite a remarkable traditional literature.

The habits of the ruling class, though they were possessed of great wealth, were simple and innocent. They were a kindly, truthful race, and fell an easy prey to the treacherous and rapacious Spanish adventurers. The chief Incas wore tunics and leggings of snow-white materials, and for a crown wore a fillet, with a ball descending between the eyes.

After the conquest of the country by the Spaniards, and the destruction of their rulers, the Quichuas retrograded, forgetting the knowledge they had once possessed, and losing all their skill in the arts.

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 expired on the 30th June, and unless renewed before 8th July, a Re-institution Fee of 6d. will be charged. Tickets can be renewed at the General Office any evening between 6 and 9.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY AND PARLIAMENT.

ON Saturday last a large and merry party went to Buckhurst Hill. On arriving at our destination, where the sun was shining a glorious welcome, the party scattered, with the intent of having a full share of the rustic amusements. Some few of the bolder spirits went in for equestrian exercise, and caused great diversion by exhibiting a remarkable tenacity for the necks of their steeds. The greater portion of the party, however, preferred rambling in the forest, where they were able to enjoy themselves in the characteristic English fashion. In one group we espied our friend Mr. Whittick, who, no doubt, was amusing his hearers with quotations from Macaulay and other authors. Further on we came across a party in a forest glade, who, whilst resting, were amusing themselves with philosophical reasonings. At 5.30 the whole party, consisting of 102, were gathered together at Guy's, where they did ample justice to the good tea provided. The ex-Premier (Mr. Ives) fulfilled the duties of chairman in his usual genial manner, although he was possibly hampered by no speeches being allowed. Towards the end of the meal we were agreeably surprised by the arrival of Mr. Speaker, accompanied by some of the Ramblers' Society. Later in the evening dancing commenced, under the direction of Mr. W. Marshall, the intervals being enlivened with songs. The whole affair was brought to a conclusion by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne." We are convinced we are not exaggerating when we say, that the excursion has been one of the largest and most successful amongst the Palace Members; indeed, had we anticipated such a large assembly, we should have secured larger accommodation. We have to thank the ladies and gentlemen who kindly lent their assistance in singing and playing for the dances. Members who obliged by taking tickets to dispose of will still further oblige by returning unsold tickets as soon as possible, so that we may be able to bring our agreeable duties as joint-Secretaries of the two Societies to a conclusion.

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

THE SCARLET DOMINO MINSTREL TROUPE.

Vice-President—ORTON BRADLEY, Esq.

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

Owing to the Concert given on Friday evening last at the Rev. E. Hoskyns by the Choral Society, to which several Members of our troupe belong, we agreed to postpone the performance at the wish of Mr. Bradley, and shall no doubt shortly give another in place of it.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

Next race, 60 yards' Challenge Handicap to-morrow night.

The trial heats of the Blindfold Handicap were contested on Thursday, when the following qualified themselves for the final:—Brierley, first; J. Ashford, scratch, second. E. C. Butler, 4 secs., first; G. Gretton, 4 secs., second.

Both heats produced some peculiar swimming. The winners of each heat swam fairly straight courses, but the others were dodging from one side to the other, so much that some of them never reached the end of the bath at all. One member in the second heat was discovered in the middle of the bath after the race was finished, swimming energetically in a circular course, cheered on by the spectators, who rather enjoyed the fun. Another got missed at the barrier supports, and swam round them. The final on Monday night will perhaps not give such funny exhibitions, as undoubtedly the straightest swimmers only have been left in the final.

All aspiring swimmers are requested to note that the Captaincy race will be held Thursday, July 18th.

E. C. BUTLER, Hon. Sec.

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 Thursday next, and not on Wednesday as previously stated. All should attend, as there is some important business to be gone through.
ARTHUR E. REEVE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

On Saturday next, the 6th inst., the Club members will be photographed by Mr. Barrett, Hon. Secretary of the Photographic Club, and we must ask all members to turn up by 3 p.m. in the Club-room, dressed in boxing costume with badge, and bring with them any medals or prizes that they may have won. We shall feel obliged if Members intending to turn up will let us know by postcard, also whether they will require a copy of the photo. so that the required number may be ordered. We should like an answer to both these questions as soon as possible.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

Members of the above Society will please note, that we hope to give our Benefit Concert on Wednesday, the 17th July, and that until that date we shall practice on Tuesdays as well as Fridays. It is most important that all of the rehearsals should be attended regularly and punctually, as we intend to give Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." Mr. Hollins will be our organist. A Committee Meeting will be held on Thursday next, at 6.30 p.m. sharp.—Will Members of the Society, who intend to take part in our Excursion, kindly let the Secretary have their names without delay.—We still have vacancies 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 is lent free of charge from the Society's Library.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE.

Instructor—Mr. R. STOCKWELL, Engineer M.F.B.

General Drill will take place to-night (Wednesday) in the Gymnasium, at 10 p.m.

A. W. J. LAUNDY, Captain.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last twenty-two Members visited Lord Brassey's town residence, and were very kindly taken round by Mr. Mascoll, who spared no pains in trying to make the ramble exceedingly interesting and a decided success. On entering we were shown into the Durbar, which is most tastefully adorned with Indian carved wood, and has various Eastern arms on each side. The Museum contains reminiscences of different voyages in the *Sunbeam*, and the appearance is greatly enhanced by electric lights being inserted in tortoiseshell which give a most charming effect. There are also specimens from different mines in Australia, curious pieces of pottery, stone, money, etc., etc. In a glass case there is a magnificent collection of coral, one piece of which is said to be about the largest that has ever been procured. After leaving the museum, and proceeding along a small corridor, which is decorated with a variety of original sketches, we emerged into the Library, where there are several log books and journals written by Lady Brassey, some of which have been translated into different languages. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Mascoll for his kindness; and then it was agreed that we should join the Parliament and Literary Societies' Excursion at Buckhurst Hill instead of going to Barnes. Arrived at the former place, Mrs. Guy's establishment had a very garden party field appearance, and it was extremely apparent that the Members and their friends had a very merry time. After tea some of our Members rambled to Chingford, via Connaught Waters, and from there to High Beech, and back to Buckhurst Hill.—On Saturday next, July 6th, we ramble to Abbey Wood. Members are requested to meet at Coborn Road Station, at 3.25 p.m., and take return tickets to South Woolwich; fare, 9d. The train leaves Liverpool Street Station at 3.22, and calls at the intermediate stations as follows:—Bishopsgate, 3.24; Bethnal Green, 3.27; Globe Road, 3.29; Coborn Road, 3.32; Stratford Market, 3.37; and arrives at North Woolwich at 3.54, where we shall cross the River Thames by the ferry to South Woolwich.

H. ROUT, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

The First Annual Garden Party and Athletic Sports will be held in the grounds of the "Eagle Hotel," Snaresbrook, on Saturday, the 20th inst. During the afternoon the following events will be decided, commencing at 2.45 p.m. sharp:—

1. Two Miles' Handicap, 3 Prizes. Entrance Fee, 1s.
2. Obstacle Race .. 2 Prizes. " " 6d.
3. Sack Race .. 1 Prize. " " 6d.
4. Three-Legged Race 2 Prizes. " " 6d.

All the events are open to Members, but friends introduced and nominated by Members are invited to take part in those numbered 2, 3, 4, and entries, with the fee, must be sent in not later than the 15th July to the Secretary. An efficient Band has been engaged, and will play selections during the day. The grounds will be illuminated at dusk with hundreds of Vauxhall lamps and Chinese lanterns, and Dancing will take place during the evening on the lawn. (Provision will be made in case of wet weather.) Tea will be provided at reasonable charges. Tickets, 1s., can be had of any of the Members, or of

J. R. DEELEY, Hon. Sec.,
35, Claremont Road, Forest Gate.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director—Mr. H. H. BURDETT.

On Saturday, the 22nd ult., the Leaders visited Henley-on-Thames, the occasion being their annual outing, which was kindly provided by the Trustees. The majority left Aldgate at 8.33 a.m., arriving at Henley about 11.15. Luncheon was served at noon at the "White Hart Hotel," after which we took boats and rowed to Marlow and back, some of us indulging in a swim. The weather was delightful, and the scenery enchanting. Returning to Henley about 5.30 p.m., we had just nice time for a wash before dinner, which was served at six. Mr. Burdett took the chair. We reached Aldgate a little before 12 p.m. The Leaders take this opportunity of thanking the Trustees for a most enjoyable outing. The Leaders' photos will be taken on Saturday, the 6th inst., at 4 p.m.—On July 20th, the Leaders, assisted by some Members of the Gymnasium, will give a Display at the Crystal Palace. The display will take place in the Central Hall, and will commence about 6.30 p.m. For further particulars see posters and hand-bills, which will be distributed as soon as possible. Any Member of the Palace who would like to go can obtain tickets of either Mr. Nelson, Mr. Wright, or Mr. Hunter. Return fare and admittance, 1s. 4d., by either the L.B. & S.C. or L.C. & D. Railways. The following displays will be given in the Gymnasium:—

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------------------|
| Wednesday, 3rd July | } By Leaders and Junior Section. |
| Thursday, 4th " | |
| Friday, 5th " | |
| Saturday, 6th " | |

The Gymnasium will be opened on Monday, the 8th inst., as usual, for Members' practice.

ALBERT E. JACOBS, } Hon. Secs.
F. A. HUNTER, }

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

On Saturday last the Club held the Third Road Handicap (15 miles) of the season, which proved as successful as the Five and Ten Miles races. The handicapping was good. Sixteen entries.

- Prizes, 1st.—Handsome Marble Clock.
" 2nd.—Plated Biscuit Box.
" 3rd.—Plated Breakfast Combination.

RESULT.

		Start.		Handicap Time.		Time.	
		min.	secs.	min.	secs.	min.	secs.
Stevens ..	1st	4	30	57	30	62	0
H. Ransley ..	2nd	2	45	58	0	60	45*
J. Burley ..	3rd	4	30	60	45	65	15
J. Howard ..	4th	scratch		61	30	61	30
M. Moyle ..	5th	scratch		63	0	63	0

* Claim disputed.

On the road home the B.C.C. visited the Palace Literary Society at Buckhurst Hill. They were having a jolly time, but being very dusty and tired, the Cyclists were unable to join the merry party in the dance.

D. JESSEMAN, Reporting Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

A Cabinet Council was held on Thursday last. The Ministers present were Messrs. A. Albu, G. Billings, H. Hawkins, and W. H. Taylor.

People's Palace Junior Section.

JUNIOR BEAUMONT CRICKET CLUB.

On Saturday, June 22nd, we played a match on our own ground against the Laurel C.C., gaining a very easy victory by an innings and 77 runs. Harvey and Winyard especially distinguished themselves by their batting, and Frith (Capt.) by his bowling, taking 7 wickets for 5 runs.

JUNIOR BEAUMONT.		LAUREL.	
Pocknell ..	0	Harding ..	2-0
Newport ..	4	Nichols ..	2-0
Gurr ..	1	Kendall ..	3-0
Harvey ..	13	Butsford ..	6-6
Branch ..	1	Hankin ..	0-0
Sanderson ..	1	Wilson ..	0-3
Winyard not out ..	24	Smith ..	13-1
Frith (Capt.) ..	0	Worboys ..	1-3
Young ..	2	Scott ..	1-0
Handley ..	0	Prestly ..	7-0
W. Frith ..	64	Yeoman ..	0-2
Extras ..	21	Extras ..	0-4
Total ..	131	Total ..	54

Central American Ruins.

THERE are in Mexico and Central America many remains of antiquity. In the former country the principal consist of temples and structures intended for defensive purposes. It is the opinion of the best informed travellers and scholars that those remains are of undoubtedly high antiquity; they are most massive in their character, and display remarkable evidences of taste and skill. The temples were in nearly all cases pyramidal in form, terraced, and truncated, and ascended by flights of steps usually built on an inclined plane, which runs up the centre of one of the sides, generally that opposed to the rising sun. Some writers prefer calling them altars, as an edifice was usually built on the summit and constituted the temple proper.

The great temple of Mexico consisted of an immense square area, surrounded by a wall of stone and lime eight feet thick, with battlements ornamented with many stone figures in the form of serpents. The extent of this inclosure, which occupied the centre of the ancient city, may be inferred from the assertion of Cortez, that it might contain a town of 500 houses. It was paved with polished stones, so smooth that the horses of the Spaniards could not tread them without slipping. In the centre of this grand area arose the great temple, an immense pyramidal structure of five stages, faced with stone, 300 feet square at the base and 120 feet high, truncated, with a level summit, upon which were two towers, the shrines of the divinities to whom it was consecrated; and it was there that the sacrifices were performed and the eternal fire was maintained. One of these shrines was dedicated to Tezcatlipoca; the other to Huitzilpochtli. These deities sustained the same relation to each other in Mexican mythology as Brahma and Siva in that of the Hindoos.

According to Clavigero, there were forty similar structures, of small size, consecrated to the separate divinities, as well as dwellings for the priests' attendants, and seminaries for the instruction of the youth, together with ponds and fountains, groves and gardens, etc. The early accounts of this great temple are sustained by the imposing ruins of Papantla, Xoxachalco, Misantla, Quemada, and many other monuments. Solis speaks of eight temples in the city of Mexico of nearly equal grandeur with the great temple, and the same writer estimates that those of smaller size number fully 2,000, dedicated to as many idols of different names, forms, and attributes. Torquemada estimates the number of temples in the Mexican Empire at 40,000, and Clavigero makes the number far greater.

It is believed that the pyramids of Teotihuacan, within eight leagues of the city of Mexico, on the plains of Otumba, are probably among the most ancient monuments of Mexico. There are two principal ones, dedicated, according to tradition, to the sun and moon respectively. It has been variously stated that the height of the larger is 150, 171, and 221 feet; it is 680 feet square at the base, covering eleven acres, and

being nearly equal in extent to the great pyramids of Cheops in Egypt. The pyramid of Cholula has four stages, and when measured by Humboldt was 160 feet high by 1,400 square at the base, covering an area of forty-five acres.

The temples of Central America correspond in some respects with those of Mexico. The artificial terraces or pyramidal elevations seem to have been usually less in size, but they were covered with more extensive buildings, which were marked by broad stairways leading directly to their principal entrances. On some of these terraces a single building was erected, but in the larger ones there were usually four, arranged so as to form a court or area. They were substantially built, the walls being in all cases of great thickness. Most of them were one story high, but there were many of two, and some of three stories; in these cases, each successive story was smaller than the one below it. The fronts were usually of stone, though sometimes stuccoed and covered with elaborately carved figures and ornaments, many of them, no doubt, symbolical. The interiors were divided into narrow corridors and dark chambers, which were arched, or, rather, the roofs were formed of overlapping courses of stones. The walls of the corridors were often stuccoed and covered with paintings and figures in bas relief. In some of them tablets have been found with elaborate and artistic sculptures and hieroglyphics. In these chambers are still found the remains of idols and altars, and evidences of ancient sacrifice.

In Honduras are found the remains of edifices corresponding generally with those just described, but associated with grand monoliths intricately carved. They seem to have been planted in the areas, perhaps also on the steps and summits, of the ancient structures. These ruins extend all the way down into South America, and similar ones were found by the early Spanish conquerors when they discovered the riches of Peru and the wealth of the Incas.

Catching Tigers.

THE author of "Three Years of a Wanderer's Life" says that he once saw three young tigers, larger than Newfoundland dogs, loose on the deck of a British steamer crowded with several hundred Mecca pilgrims. The cage in which they were confined was large, and barred on each side with a partition running along its middle, which had a drop-door. The man who had charge of the animals would drive them over to one side of the cage, close the partition, and clean out the other side at his leisure; then, barring up the clean side, he would open the partition and drive the tigers back, while he went through the same performance on the other side.

One morning he neglected to put up the bars on the side he had finished, and so drove the tigers out of the opposite side of the open cage. The animals, on obtaining their liberty, took different directions, and crouching in the nearest corners lay snarling and exposing their teeth, showing unmistakable signs of nothing but fear—a most dangerous fear. There was little confusion. The side of the deck was simply deserted, and the crowd gazed in interest at a respectful distance.

"Mr. Fleuss, the third officer, myself, and the keeper, each placed ourselves before a tiger, barring their exit should they attempt to move away. Fleuss inquired if the tigers had been fed that day. They had not; they had always been fed on living fowls. Fleuss called for three chickens from the hen-coop. Taking these, he threw one in the face of each tiger. The chickens seemed simply motionless, glued to the spot, so instantaneous was the fixing of teeth and claws. Fleuss then went deliberately up to a tiger, coolly took the loose skin of the back of the neck with one hand and the root of the tail with the other, and, putting out his full strength, dragged the heavy brute along the deck to the cage, and forced it through the open bars. The animal had no object but that of retaining its prey. It growled fearfully; its eyes blazed; its teeth crushed through the chicken; its unshathed claws clasped and pierced the quivering body. Red-hot irons would hardly have made it loosen its grip of the bird. Then the keeper and I helped Fleuss carry the other two tigers into the cage."

This Mr. Fleuss is the gentleman who invented the well-known diving apparatus which bears his name.

EASILY REMEDIED.

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOUR (wrathfully): "Couldn't you manage to have a little less of your daughters' duet-playing?"
PRACTICAL PARENT: "I'll tell you what! You marry one of them; that'll soon stop it!"

Maiwa's Revenge:

OR
THE WAR OF THE LITTLE HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

(Printed by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans.)

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued).

“THAT evening we camped upon the top of the cliff, up which we had so barely escaped, and next morning, at the first breaking of the light, we rolled away the stones with which we had blocked the passage some days before, and descended to the hill-side beneath. Here the bodies, or rather the skeletons of the men who had fallen before my rifle, still lay about. The Matuku soldiers had left their comrades to be buried by the vultures. I descended the gully into which poor Gobo had fallen and searched for his body, but in vain, although I found the spot where he and the other man had struck, together with the bones of the latter, which I recognised by the waist-cloth. Either some beast of prey had carried Gobo off, or the Matuku people had disposed of his remains, and also of my express rifle which he carried. At any rate, I never saw or heard any more of him.

“Once in Wambe's country, we adopted a very circumspect method of proceeding. About fifty men marched ahead in loose order to guard against surprise, while as many more followed behind. The remaining hundred were gathered in a bunch between, and in the centre of these men I marched, together with the girl who was personating Maiwa, and all my bearers. We were disarmed, and some of my men were tied together to show that we were prisoners, while the girl had a blanket thrown over her head, and moved along with an air of great dejection. We headed straight for Wambe's place, which was at a distance of about twenty-five miles from the mountain-pass.

“When we had gone some five miles we met a party of about fifty of Wambe's soldiers, who were evidently on the look-out for us. They stopped us, and their captain asked where we were going. The head-man of our party answered that he was conveying Maiwa, Wambe's runaway wife, together with the white hunter and his men, to be given up to Wambe in accordance with his command. The captain then wanted to know why we were so many, to which our spokesman replied that I and my men were very desperate fellows, and that it was feared that if we were sent with a smaller escort, we should escape, and bring disgrace and the wrath of Wambe upon their tribe. Thereon this gentleman, the Matuku captain, began to amuse himself at my expense, and mock me, saying that Wambe would make me pay for the soldiers that I had killed. He would put me into the ‘Thing that bites,’ in other words, the lion trap, and leave me there to die like a jackal caught by the leg. I made no answer to this, though my wrath was great, but pretended to look frightened. Indeed there was not much pretence about it, I was frightened. I could not conceal from myself that ours was a most hazardous enterprise, and that it was very possible that I might make acquaintance with that lion trap before I was many days older. However, it was quite impossible to desert poor Every in his misfortune, so I had to go on, and trust to Providence, as I have so often had to do before and since.

“And now a fresh difficulty arose. Wambe's soldiers insisted upon accompanying us, and what is more, did all they could to urge us forward, as they were naturally anxious to get to the chief's place before evening. But we, on the other hand, had excellent reasons for not arriving till night was closing in, since we relied upon the gloom to cover our advance upon the koppie which commanded the town. Finally, they became so importunate, that we were obliged to flatly refuse to move faster, alleging as a reason that the girl was tired. They did not accept this excuse in good part, and at one time I thought that we should have come to blows, for there is no love lost between Butianas and Matukus. At last, however, either from motives of policy, or because they were so evidently outnumbered, they gave in and suffered us to go our own pace. I earnestly wished that they would have added to the obligation by going theirs, but this they absolutely declined to do. On the contrary, they accompanied us every foot of the way, keeping up a running fire of allusions to the ‘Thing that bites’ that jarred upon my nerves and discomposed my temper.

“About half-past four in the afternoon we came to a neck or ridge of stony ground, whence we could plainly see Wambe's town lying some six or seven miles away; and three thousand feet beneath us. The town is built in a valley, with the exception of Wambe's own kraal, that is situated at the mouth

of some caves upon the slope of the opposing mountains, over which I hoped to see our impi's spears come flashing in the morrow's light. Even from where we stood, it was easy to see how strongly the place was fortified with schences and stone walls, and how difficult of approach. Indeed, unless taken by surprise, it seemed to me quite impregnable to a force operating without cannon, and even cannon would not make much impression on rocks and stony koppies filled with caves.

“Then came the descent of the pass, and an arduous business it was, for the path—if it may be called a path—was almost entirely composed of huge water-worn boulders, from the one to the other of which we had to jump like so many grasshoppers. It took us two hours to get down, and travelling through that burning sun, when at last we did reach the bottom, I for one was pretty nearly played out. Shortly afterwards, just as it was growing dark, we came to the first line of fortifications, which consisted of a triple stone wall pierced by a gateway, so narrow that a man could hardly squeeze through it. We passed this without question, being accompanied by Wambe's soldiers. Then came a belt of land three hundred paces or more in width, very rocky and broken, and having no huts upon it. It was in hollows in this belt that the cattle were kraaled in case of danger. On the further side were more fortifications and another small gateway shaped like a V, and just beyond and through it I saw the koppie we had planned to seize looming up against the line of mountains behind.

“As we went I whispered my suggestions to our captain, with the result that at the second gateway he halted the cavalcade, and addressing the captain of Wambe's soldiers, said that we would wait here till we received Wambe's word to enter the town. The other man said that this was well, only he must hand over the prisoners to be taken up to the chief's kraal, for Wambe was ‘hungry to begin upon them,’ and his ‘heart desired to see the white man at rest before he closed his eyes in sleep,’ and as for his wife, ‘surely he would welcome her.’ Our leader replied that he could not do this thing, because his orders were to deliver the prisoners to Wambe at Wambe's own kraal, and they might not be broken. How could he be responsible for the safety of the prisoners if he let them out of his hand? No, they would wait there till Wambe's word was brought.

“To this, after some demur, the other man consented, and went away, remarking that he would soon be back. As he passed me he called out with a sneer, pointing as he did so to the fading red in the western sky—‘Look your last upon the light, White Man, for the ‘Thing that bites’ lives in the dark.’

“Next day it so happened that I shot this man, and, do you know, I think that he is about the only human being who has come to harm at my hands for whom I do not feel sincere sorrow, and in a degree, remorse.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ATTACK.

“JUST where we halted ran a little stream of water. I looked at it, and an idea struck me: probably there would be no water on the koppie. I suggested this to our captain, and, acting on the hint, he directed all the men to drink what they could, and also to fill the seven or eight cooking pots which we had with us with water. Then came the crucial moment. How were we to get possession of the koppie? When the captain asked me, I said that I thought we had better march up and take it, and this accordingly we went on to do. When we came to the narrow gateway we were, as I expected, stopped by two soldiers who stood on guard there and asked our business. The captain answered that we had changed our minds, and would follow on to Wambe's kraal. The soldiers said no, we must now wait.

“To this we replied by pushing them to one side, and marching in single file through the gateway, which was not distant more than a hundred yards from the koppie. While we were getting through, the men we had pushed away ran towards the town calling for assistance, a call that was promptly responded to, for in another minute we saw scores of armed men running hard in our direction. So we ran too, for the koppie. As soon as they understood what we were after, which they did not at first, owing to the dimness of the light, they did their level best to get there before us. But we had the start of them, and with the exception of one unfortunate man who stumbled and fell, we were well on to the koppie before they arrived. This man they captured, and when fighting began on the following morning, and he refused to give any information, they killed him. Luckily they had no time to torture him, or they would certainly have done so, for these Matuku people are very fond of torturing their enemies.

“When we reached the koppie, the base of which covers about half an acre of ground, the soldiers who had been trying to cut us off halted, for they knew the strength of the position. This gave us a few minutes before the light had quite vanished to reconnoitre the place. We found that it was unoccupied, fortified with a regular labyrinth of stone walls, and contained three large caves and some smaller ones. The next business was to post the men to such advantage as time would allow. My own men I was careful to place right at the top. They were perfectly useless from terror, and I feared that they might try to escape and give information of our plans to Wambe. So I watched them like the apple of my eye, telling them that should they dare to stir they would be shot.

“Then it grew quite dark, and presently out of the darkness I heard a voice—it was that of the leader of the soldiers who had escorted us—calling to us to come down. We replied that it was too dark to move, we should hit our feet against the stones. He insisted upon our descending, and we flatly refused, saying that if any attempt was made to dislodge us we would fire. After that, as they had no real intention of attacking us in the dark, the men withdrew, but we saw from the watch-fires that were lit around that they were keeping a strict watch upon our position.

“That night was a wearing one, for we never quite knew how the situation was going to develop. Fortunately we had some cooked food with us, so we did not starve. It was, however, lucky that we had drunk our fill before coming up, for, as I had anticipated, there was not a drop of water on the koppie.

“At length the night wore away, and with the first tinge of light I began to go my rounds, and stumbling along the stony paths make things as ready as I could for the attack, which I felt sure would be delivered before we were two hours older. The men were cramped and cold, and consequently low-spirited, but I exhorted them to the best of my ability, bidding them remember the race from which they sprang, and not show the white feather to a crowd of Matuku dogs. At length it began to grow light, and presently I saw long columns of men advancing towards the koppie. They halted under cover at a distance of about a hundred and fifty yards, and just as the dawn broke a herald came forward and called to us. Our captain stood up upon a rock and answered him.

“‘These are the words of Wambe,’ the herald said. ‘Come forth from the koppie, and give over the evil-doers, and go in peace, or stay on the koppie and be slain.’

“‘It is too early to come forth as yet,’ answered our man, in fine diplomatic style. ‘When the sun sucks up the mist, then will we come forth. Our limbs are stiff with cold.’

“‘Come forth even now,’ said the herald.

“‘Not if I know it, my boy,’ said I to myself; but the captain replied that he would come out when he thought proper, and not before.

“‘Then make ready to die,’ said the herald, for all the world like the villain of a transpontine piece, and stalked majestically back to the soldiers.

“I made my final arrangements, and looked anxiously at the mountain crest a couple of miles or so away, from which the mist was now beginning to lift, but no column of smoke could I see. I whistled, for if the attacking force had been delayed or made any mistake, our position was likely to grow pretty warm. We had barely enough water to wet the mouths of the men, and when once it was finished, we could not hold the place for long in that burning sun.

“At length, just as the sun rose in glory over the heights behind us, the Matuku soldiers, of whom some fifteen hundred were now assembled, set up a queer whistling noise, which ended in a chant. Then some shots were fired, for the Matuku had a few guns, but without effect, though one bullet passed just by a man's head.

“‘Now they are going to begin,’ I thought to myself, and I was not far wrong, for in another minute the body of men divided into three companies, each about five hundred strong, and, heralded by a running fire, charged us on three sides. Our men were now all well under cover, and the fire did us no harm. I mounted on a rock so as to command a view of as much of the koppie and plain as possible, and yelled to our men to reserve their fire till I gave the word, and then to shoot low, and load as quickly as possible. I knew that, like all natives, they were sure to be execrable shots, and that they were armed with weapons made out of old gas-pipes, so the only chance of doing execution was to let the enemy get right on to us.

“On they came with a rush; they were within eighty yards now, and as they drew near the point of attack, I observed that they closed their ranks, which was so much the better for us.

“‘Shall we not fire, my father?’ sung out the captain.

“‘No, confound you!’ I answered.

“‘Sixty yards—fifty—forty—thirty. Fire, you scoundrels!’ I yelled, setting the example by letting off both barrels of my elephant-gun into the thickest part of the company opposite to me.

“Instantly the place rang with the discharge of two hundred and odd guns, while the air was torn by the passage of every sort of missile, from iron pot legs down to slugs and pebbles coated with lead. The result was very prompt. The Matukus were so near that we could not miss them, and at thirty yards a lead-coated stone out of a gas-pipe is as effective as a Martini rifle, or more so. Over rolled the attacking soldiers by the dozen, while the survivors, fairly frightened, took to their heels. We plied them with shot till they were out of range,—I made it very warm for them with the elephant-gun, by the way,—and then we loaded up in quite a cheerful frame of mind, for we had not lost a man, whereas I could count more than fifty dead and wounded Matukus. The only thing that damped my ardour was that, stare as I would, I could see no column of smoke upon the mountain crest.

“Half-an-hour elapsed before any further steps were taken against us. Then the attacking force adopted different tactics. Seeing that it was very risky to try to rush us in dense masses, they opened out into skirmishing order, and ran across the open space in lots of five and six. As it happened, right at the foot of the koppie the ground broke away a little in such fashion that it was almost impossible for us to search it effectually with our fire. On the hither side of this dip Wambe's soldiers were now congregating in considerable numbers. Of course we did them as much damage as we could while running across, but this sort of work requires good shots, and that was just what we had not got. Another thing was, that so many of our men would insist upon letting off the things they called guns at every little knot of the enemy that ran across. Thus the first few lots were indeed practically swept away, but after that, as it took a long while to load the gas-pipes and old flint muskets, those who followed got across in comparative safety. For my own part, I fired away with the elephant-gun and repeating carbine till they grew almost too hot to hold, but my individual efforts could do nothing to stop such a rush, or perceptibly lessen the number of our enemies.

“At length there were at least a thousand men crowded into the dip of ground within a few yards of us, whence those of them who had guns kept up a continued fusillade upon the koppie. They killed two of my bearers in this way, and wounded a third, for being at the top of the koppie these men were most exposed to the fire from the dip at its base. Seeing that the situation was growing most serious, I at length, by the dint of threats and entreaties, persuaded the majority of our people to cease firing useless shots, to reload, and prepare for the rush. Scarcely had I done so when the enemy came for us with a roar. I am bound to say that I should never have believed that Matukus had it in them to make such a determined charge. A large party rushed round the base of the koppie, and attacked us in flank, while the others swarmed wherever they could get a foothold, so that we were taken on every side.

“‘Fire!’ I cried, and we did with terrible effect. Many of their men fell, but though we checked we could not stop them. They closed up and rushed the first fortification, killing a good number of its defenders. It was almost all cold steel work now, for we had no time to reload, and that suited the Butiana habits of fighting well enough, for the stabbing assegai is a weapon which they understand. Those of our people who escaped from the first line of walls took refuge in the second, where I stood myself, encouraging them, and here the fight raged fiercely. Occasionally parties of the enemy would force a passage, only to perish on the hither side beneath the Butiana spears. But still they kept it up, and I saw that, fight as we would, we were doomed. We were altogether outnumbered, and to make matters worse, fresh bodies of soldiers were pouring across the plain to the assistance of our assailants. So I made up my mind to direct a retreat into the caves, and there expire in a manner as heroic as circumstances would allow; and while mentally lamenting my hard fate and reflecting on my sins, I fought away like a fiend. It was then, I remember, that I shot my friend the captain of our escort of the previous day. He had caught sight of me, and making a vicious dig at my stomach with a spear (which I successfully dodged) shouted out, or rather began to shout out, one of his unpleasant allusions to the ‘Thing that—’ He never got as far as ‘bites,’ because I shot him after ‘that.’

(To be continued.)

WORKMEN'S & APPRENTICES' INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

GRAND CONVERSAZIONI

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL,

BY

The Boys of the People's Palace Technical Day
Schools,

ON THE EVENINGS OF WEDNESDAY, 3rd, THURSDAY, 4th,
FRIDAY, 5th, AND SATURDAY, 6th JULY, FROM 8 TO 10,

ALSO ON THE

AFTERNOONS OF THURSDAY, FRIDAY, AND SATURDAY,
FROM 2.15 TO 4.15.

PROGRAMME.

DEMONSTRATIONS IN CHEMISTRY.

UNDER MR. A. P. LAURIE AND MR. F. G. POPE.

Ames, J. E.; Bye, Thos.; Clark, S.; Clements, A. E.; Cole, J. W.;
Dawson, A. E.; Drawmer, C.; Harlow, H.; Holmes, J. E.;
Hughes, Wm. A.; Levy, J.; Lucas, Thos. H.; Muckleston, W. J.;
Newman, C.; Palmer, W. M.; Robb, J.; Von Bohr, J.

DEMONSTRATIONS IN ELECTRICITY

UNDER MR. F. C. FORTH AND MR. G. J. MICHELL.

Austin, H.; Bloxham, R.; Finnis, J. R.; Lumsden, Alex.;
McConnell, W.; Driscoll, G.; Kitchen, F.; Dodd, F. J.

PRACTICAL WORK IN CARPENTRY.

UNDER MR. W. GRAVES AND MR. EMMERSON.

Aldridge, J.; Clark, J. J.; Langdon, Elias; Lowe, F. J.;
Waite, J.; Willshire, E.; Wingfield, E.; Woodcock, Wm.

PRACTICAL WORK IN FILING, FITTING, ETC.

UNDER MR. A. W. BEVIS AND MR. MILLER.

Brown, G.; Brinkman, W. J.; Ford, R.; Gravener, F. W.;
Howell, F. S.; King, G. V.; Purcell, J.; Smith, S.;
White, W. H.

LATHE-WORK.

UNDER MR. A. W. BEVIS AND MR. MILLER.

Allen, A. W.; Barnett, Hyam; Barrett, J.; Bissett, W.;
Francis, Arthur; Hill, A. J.; Hitchcock, R.; Moxhay, E. W.;
Pattison, S.; Sawden, H.; Thomas, W.; Vale, H. B.

PRACTICAL WORK IN PATTERN MAKING AND MOULDING.

UNDER MR. A. W. BEVIS AND MR. D. MILLER.

Broadbent, R.; Parrish, R.; Pratt, F. W.; Priestly, G. W.;
Sainsbury, E.; Wright, Robert.

WOOD CARVING.

UNDER MR. PERRIN.

Harwood, Edgar; McCardle, F.; Sides, M. H.; Taylor, F. W.;
Wingfield, R.

FREEHAND AND MODEL DRAWING,

AND

MODELLING IN CLAY.

UNDER MR. A. LEGGE AND MR. BISHOP.

Amor, G. W.; Bourne, F. W.; Beirne, S.; Butler, Horace;
Coram, W. H.; Carr, H. G.; Clark, B.; Dixon, John;
Durrant, E. W.; Hull, E.; Judd, A. E.; Kearney, R.; Merritt,
Geo. L.; Taylor, W.; Toyne, R.; Wenn, A. J.; Wilson, R.

REPOUSSE WORK & ENGRAVING.

UNDER MR. DANELS.

Connoll, W. J.; Edwards, J. G. B.; Nutter, A.; Paskell, A. E.;
Plester, A.

MACHINE DRAWING.

UNDER MR. E. J. BURRELL.

Alderton, H.; Birkett, F. C.; Beirne, E.; Bersey, W.; Davis, G.;
Hassall, A. E.; Miller, W.; Parker, G. F.; Phillips, H. A.

BUILDING DRAWING.

UNDER MR. THOMAS BREMNER.

Burton, E. T.; Everett, James; Henley, C. N.; Kite, G. P.;
Robinson, Wm.; Wingfield, W. J.

PRACTICAL SOLID GEOMETRY.

UNDER MR. E. J. BURRELL.

Atlee, C.; Bassett, E. H.; Bosworth, C.; Hazell, A.; Thomas,
A. E.; Willmott, G.

The whole under the direction of the Head Master,
Mr. D. A. LOW.

ORGAN RECITALS,

AT SIX O'CLOCK.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 3RD.

ORGANIST—MR. ALFRED HOLLINS,

Organist to the People's Palace.

1. OVERTURE "RUY BLAS" Mendelssohn.
2. ANDANTE Hoyte.
3. TOCCATA AND FUGUE IN C Bach.
4. GAVOTTE Merkel.
5. ALLEGRETTO IN B MINOR Guilmant.
6. SCHERZO H. Turner.

FRIDAY, JULY 5TH.

ORGANIST—MR. R. T. GIBBONS, F.C.O.,

Organist of the Grocers' Company's Schools.

1. OVERTURE (La Clemenza di Tito) Mozart.
2. ANDANTE IN A Batiste.
3. ORGAN CONCERTO IN F (No. 5) Handel.
4. CARILLONS DE DUNKERQUE Turpin.
5. WEDDING MARCH Mendelssohn.
6. ANDANTE IN G Hopkins.
7. SILVER TRUMPETS Viviani.

SATURDAY, JULY 6TH.

ORGANIST—MR. R. T. GIBBONS, F.C.O.,

Organist of the Grocers' Company's Schools.

1. OVERTURE (Samson) Handel.
2. ANDANTE IN E Batiste.
3. SELECTION (Faust) Gounod.
4. AIR "Hush ye pretty" (Acis) Handel.
5. MARCH (Bridal) Gibbons.
6. DANCE OF WILL O'WISPS (Faust) Bertior.
7. HUNGARIAN MARCH (Faust) Bertior.

SELECTIONS OF MUSIC

TO BE PLAYED AS FOLLOWS:

ON WEDNESDAY, AT 8 O'CLOCK—

By kind permission of Col. R. B. WILSON and Officers,

Band of 1st Northamptonshire Regiment

Conductor—MR. A. W. PEPPERELL.

1. MARCH "Sweet Spirit" Anon.
2. OVERTURE "Romantique" Kela Biter.
3. VALSE "The River of Years" Liddell.
4. SELECTION "Airs by Tosti" Arr. Poucher.
5. POLKA "Run Wild" Jones.
6. PICCOLO SOLO "The Wren" Damare.
7. SELECTION "Nadgy" Chassaigne.
8. VALSE "Memories" Lowthian.
9. QUADRILLE "Paul Jones" Coote.
10. NATIONAL FANTASIA "Episodes in a Soldier's Life" Kappey.

ON THURSDAY, AT 8 O'CLOCK—

By kind permission of Col. R. B. WILSON and Officers,

Band of 1st Northamptonshire Regiment

Conductor—MR. A. W. PEPPERELL.

1. MARCH "Flying Colours" Bucalossi.
2. OVERTURE "Masaniello" Aubey.
3. VALSE "Donna Juanita" Strauss.
4. SELECTION "Indiana" Audran.
5. POLKA "Mon Chef D'oeuvre" Delbruck.
6. SONG "Golden Love" (Cornet Solo) Arr. Pepperell.
7. SELECTION "Sultan of Mocha" Cellier.
8. VALSE "Sweet Vows" Roder.
9. DANSE "Henry VIII." Sullivan.
10. FANTASIA "A Burlesque" Kappey.

ON FRIDAY, AT 8 O'CLOCK—

The Polytechnic Military Band.

CONDUCTOR—MR. T. SCAMELL.

ON SATURDAY, AT 8 O'CLOCK—

Thames Iron Works Military Band.

Conductor—MR. N. COLEOPY (late B.M. 57th Regt.).

1. MARCHE DE CONCERT "Tenth Hussars" Leonard.
2. OVERTURE "La Ruche D'Or" Brepsant.
3. GAVOTTE "Tootsie" D. Godfrey, sen.
4. SELECTION "Mikado" Sullivan.
5. VALSE "Il Bacio" Arditi.
6. TROMBONE SOLO "Death of Nelson" Brahams.
7. GALOP "Marée Montante" Desormes.

GYMNASTIC DISPLAYS

Under the direction of Mr. H. H. BURDETT,

WILL BE GIVEN AS FOLLOWS:—

- WEDNESDAY AT 8, BY THE INSTITUTE MEMBERS.
THURSDAY THE JUNIORS.
FRIDAY MEMBERS & JUNIORS.
SATURDAY

Calendar of the Week.

July 4th.—Translation of St. Martin. There are two days in the year sacred to the memory of St. Martin—November 11th, and July 4th. St. Martin was Bishop of Tours, and died in 396. He was born in Hungary, became a Christian at the age of eighteen, and associated himself with Hilary of Poitiers, the most learned of the Gauls. For a time he became a hermit, but was forced to leave his solitude in order to become Bishop of Tours. There are few of the mediæval saints whose life was more admirable than that of St. Martin. His reputation spread not only over France but into England, which is proved by the fact, that his name still remains in the Church Calendar.

This day was, like St. Swithin's, supposed to be prophetic, and if it was dry there would be a good harvest; if it rained there would be rain every day for twenty days to come. On this day died Samuel Richardson, author of "Clarissa," in the year 1761. This is the Day of Independence, celebrated as the national festival in America, because it was on this day, 1776, that the United States declared their independence.

July 5th.—This is a day to be celebrated by actresses. On this day was born Sarah Siddons, 1755: her maiden name was Kemble. On this day died Dorothea Jordan, 1816, whose maiden name was Bland.

July 6th.—Battle of Sedgmoor was fought on this day, 1685. It was a battle ably conceived and badly executed. The Duke of Monmouth had with him about 4,000 troops, tolerably well armed, but composed of undisciplined country lads. The Royal forces were camped in the middle of Sedgmoor, and it was decided to attack them by night. The officers of the Royal troops were drinking or drunk, the men were asleep, and the attack would certainly have succeeded but for the fact that Monmouth's men could not get across a deep dyke which at this point ran across Sedgmoor. The result of the battle was, that in half-an-hour or so the rebel troops were flying in all directions, and the Duke himself was riding away in hopes of reaching the coast.

A good many noted people died on this day, among them Henry II., 1189; Sir Thomas More, beheaded in 1533; and Edward VI., 1553.

July 7th.—Died Edward I. of England, 1307; Richard Sheridan, 1816; and John Huss, burned as a heretic in 1415. It matters very little now what the exact opinions of John Huss were. The great point for us to notice is that he was burned for having the audacity to think for himself at all. Let us always remember that independently of any opinions, such men as John Huss must be regarded as martyrs to the most sacred of all liberty, that of conscience.

July 8th.—Peter the Hermit died, 1115. He was the monk who preached the first Crusade, and led through Europe a vast rabble, consisting of hundreds of thousands of poor ignorant rustics, who believed that the Lord would hand over Jerusalem to them on their first appearance in the land. All these poor wretches were destroyed in Asia Minor. Much as the world owes to the Crusades for spreading abroad knowledge of men and nations, it would have been better for the world had Peter the Hermit never been born at all. In the end he proved himself a coward, and died in comparative obscurity.

Edmund Burke died this day, 1797.

July 9th.—This is a curiously neglected day. Two or three obscure saints mark the day. Two or three forgotten kings died. An ex-President of the United States also died on this day,—but who can remember ex-Presidents of Republics? Two or three writers are also connected by birth or death with the 9th of July. The most distinguished man of the day is Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died on July 9th, 1228.

July 10th.—John Calvin was born, and died on this day. We do not love the doctrines of Calvin, but we respect the man, because, like John Huss, he dared to think for himself. He proved himself, however, incapable of allowing free thought in others; when he was in power in Geneva, he condemned Servetus to be burned to death for alleged atheism. I very much fear that Calvin's toleration of freedom went very little way beyond his own opinions. Indeed, one seldom finds any theologian who is able to tolerate the existence of other theologians except upon compulsion.

Julian Hawthorne.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE was educated for a civil engineer, and had no intention of becoming a professional writer until he was about twenty-five, when, as he says, he was "offered the alternative of taking his family down to Central America to watch him dig a canal or of attempting to earn his living by his pen." Just before this time (1872) he had received fifty dollars for his first story, "Love and Counter Love," published in *Harper's Weekly*. Having decided to adopt literature as a profession, Mr. Hawthorne bought several reams of paper, and wrote a novel in three weeks. The manuscript of this story, "Bressant," was lost in the post and never found, although the author finally re-wrote it and published the new version in London the following year.

Although Julian Hawthorne is one of the few younger American writers who possesses a charming, keen, and vigorous style that makes attractive whatever he writes, and has for years made his way with his pen, his literary career has been by no means unchequered. He himself confesses that his serial, "Garth," in *Harper's*, was cut short at the suggestion of the publishers, that not more than half his short stories found an American publisher, and that the brilliant little romance, "Archibald Malmaison," was refused by all the leading publishers of New York and Boston when first written, but, when it finally appeared seven years later, had a larger sale than all his other stories combined.

Mr. Hawthorne at the time did all his work at night, writing from eight o'clock in the evening until sunrise. "Fortune's Fool" was largely written on this plan.

"He who fights and runs away."

THE idea contained in the famous lines which are so often quoted occurs in the works of several writers, and some have traced it up to Tertullian, who, it is believed, may have adopted it from a line ascribed to Menander. The following are some of the versions in which this idea is found:—

"He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Will never live to fight again."

MENNIS & SMITH, 1656.

The next couplet is from a collection of Apothegms, by A. Grafton, 1542, first gathered and compiled in Latin by Erasmus, and "now translated into English by Nicholas Udall":—

"That same man that runneth awaie
Maie again fight another daie."

These are from Butler's "Hudibras":—

"For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."
"In all the trade of war, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat;
For those that run away, and fly,
Take place at last of th' enemy."

While in Ray's "History of the Rebellion" are these:—

"He that fights and runs away
May turn and fight another day;
But he that is in battle slain
Will never rise to fight again."

HE CURED HIM.

A LAD suffering from an aggravated case of hiccoughs, entered the market recently.

"What's the matter?" said a butcher in the market.

"I—hic—got—hic—the—hic—hic—hiccoughs."

"You have, eh? Where's that half sovereign that was on the desk when you went out this morning?" angrily inquired the butcher, for the lad had been in the market earlier.

"I didn't see no half sovereign," answered the lad, who began to turn pale.

"Let me see your pockets."

The lad emptied his pockets, but there was no coin there.

"I guess I must have been mistaken about that money," said the butcher with a smile. "How's your hiccoughs?"

"They're gone," replied the lad.

The cure had worked.

THE RISING GENERATION.—Folks getting up in the morning.

Visitors to the People's Palace

ARE PARTICULARLY REQUESTED TO INSPECT THE

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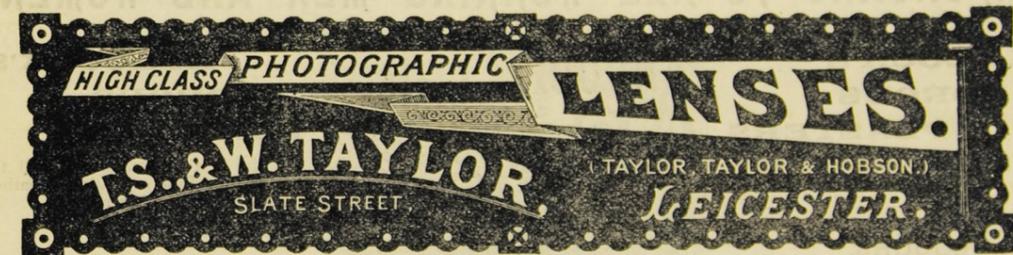
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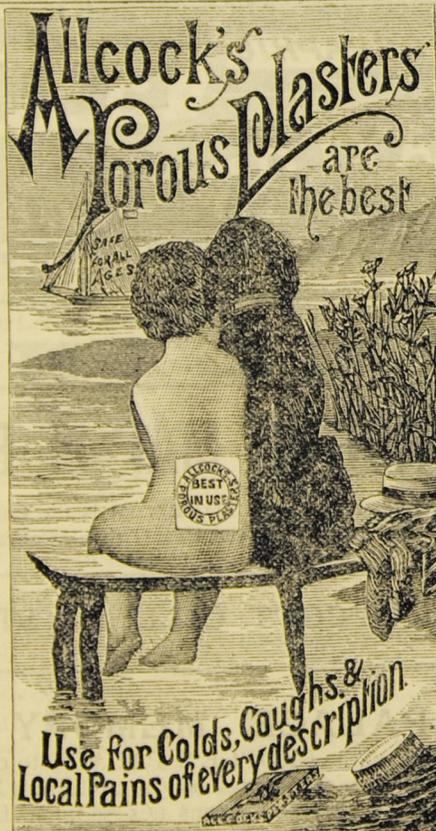
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GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, Special Correspondent to the *Daily Telegraph*, says:—"And in particular a couple of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS clapped on—one on the chest and another between the shoulder blades—soon set me right again," referring to an attack he had of bronchitis and asthma on his way to "The Land of the Golden Fleece," and the above remarks are contained in his letter to the *London Daily Telegraph*, published August 14, 1885.

CAUTION.—Insist on having the genuine. The guarantee is the words "THOS. ALLCOCK & CO. POROUS PLASTER" on the Stamp.