

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. IV.—No. 90.]

WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]

THE PALACE JOURNAL will be sent post free as soon as published to any address in the United Kingdom for 6/- a year, or 1/6 a quarter. Subscriptions must be prepaid. VOLUME III. is now ready, neatly bound in cloth, 4/6. Covers for binding, 1/6.

In consequence of the Annual Exhibition of Pictures, the Library will be closed until further notice. Newspapers can be seen in the Queen's Hall every week-day, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.

The Library will be open on Sundays as usual: viz., from 3 to 10 p.m.

Coming Events.

THURSDAY, Aug. 1st.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Minstrel Troupe.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Cycling Club.—Run to Woodford.

FRIDAY, Aug. 2nd.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 8 to 10.—Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.—Lady Members' Paris Trip.—Depart from Victoria, 7.10 p.m.

SATURDAY, Aug. 3rd.—Junior Section Lads meet at Palace, 4.30 a.m., and leave Holborn Viaduct, 5.40, for Week's Holiday at Ramsgate.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Opening of the Annual Exhibition of Pictures and Autumn Fête, at 2 p.m.—Hundreds of Pictures on View till 10 p.m.—Band of H.M. Training Ship, *Exmouth*, and other Bands at Intervals.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8, by the Westminster Abbey Quartet.—Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk.—Admission, Threepence.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in Room 12, Club-house.—Cycling Club.—Run.

SUNDAY, Aug. 4th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30 and 4.—Library.—Open from 3 till 10 free.

MONDAY—Bank Holiday—Aug. 5th.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Annual Exhibition of Pictures and Autumn Fête.—Open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.—Hundreds of Pictures on View.—Floral Hall, with Waterfall and Fountain Illuminated at Dusk.—Bands in Grounds and Floral Hall at intervals.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 3 and 8.—Variety Entertainments.—Organ Recitals, and other Attractions.—Grounds Splendidly Illuminated with Gas at Dusk.—Ramblers Club.—To Hadley Wood.

TUESDAY, Aug. 6th.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Annual Exhibition of Pictures and Autumn Fête.—Open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.—Hundreds of Pictures on View.—Floral Hall, with Waterfall and Fountain, Illuminated at Dusk.—Bands in Grounds and Floral Hall at intervals.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.—Variety Entertainments.—Organ Recitals and other Attractions.—Grounds Splendidly Illuminated with Gas at Dusk.—Boxing Club.—Usual Practice.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7, in Room 12, Club-house.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 7th.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Annual Exhibition of Pictures and Autumn Fête.—Open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.—Organ Recital, Bands, Variety Entertainment, and other Attractions during the Evening.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.—Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, AUGUST 4th, 1889.

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

ADMISSION FREE.

Notes of the Week.

ON Wednesday last I accidentally found myself, while walking from Hampstead to King's Cross, an assistant at a very interesting ceremony. I had long been aware that the remains of Charles Dibdin, the poet, were lying in the great cemetery, the entrance of which is in Pratt Street, Camden Town, but I had never been able to gain admission, or to see his tomb. I was, therefore, delighted to find not only the gates open, but an extensive display of bunting, and a great crowd. They were, in fact, throwing open this cemetery as a public garden. Part of the ceremony consisted of the unveiling of a beautiful marble cross, erected to the memory of Charles Dibdin, close to his tomb. The Countess of Rosebery uncovered the cross, and declared the gardens open. I was too late to hear the oratory on the occasion, but I was in time to hear the band play the well-known airs, "Tom Bowling," "Hearts of Oak," and the rest.

Now this is real fame. Charles Dibdin has been dead seventy-five years. His songs are as fresh, as popular, and as moving now as when he wrote them. Who was it that said he would rather write the songs for the people to sing than make them laws? The spirit of Charles Dibdin is with us still animating and inspiring our hearts: nor does there seem any indication that he is going to be forgotten. How many men are there living to-day who can hope to be remembered a hundred years hence? For my own part I think the most likely man to survive is not he who is most on people's tongues, but some quiet man who has done some good and enduring work: how good,—how enduring,—we do not know, and do not even suspect. Nobody thought very much of Charles Dibdin when he was living; yet now, when he has been dead for seventy-five years, a cross is erected to his memory, and the people turn out in thousands to do him honour. Not a man or a woman in that crowd of Camden Town,—a suburb as much belonging to the people of the working classes as Bromley or Stepney,—but know those songs, and love the memory of the singer.

THERE is a curious little story which belongs to the annals of the Rosebery family which ends with the attendance at a woman's funeral of two husbands and suggests another which happened in Paris some years ago. A man died rather suddenly, and very suspiciously. It was believed that he was poisoned, but a *post mortem* examination failed to show the presence of any known poison. Further investigations, however, not only pointed to a certain vegetable poison, but also to a certain friend of the murdered man as the poisoner. He was accordingly arrested, and after some time, and many examinations by the magistrate after French fashion, the man was formally placed upon his trial, tried, found guilty, and executed. It must be understood that he occupied a good position in society.

NATURALLY his wife was plunged into the most profound grief by this horrible and shameful business. She did everything that a woman can do under such circumstances: procured the best counsel that could be had: and worked day and night to procure an acquittal, or a mitigation of the sentence. After all was over, and she was widowed, she was sitting alone one day when her husband's counsel called, and begged to see her. "First," he said, "I trust, madame, in the late melancholy business you believe that I did my best to procure a favourable verdict." She assured him that she fully believed that no one could have done better. "I have,

then," he said, "an announcement of a very startling character to make. It is this. Not only did we possess, on both sides, the most emphatic proof of your husband's guilt, so that an acquittal was impossible; not only did we know that he poisoned his friend—for which he was justly guillotined; but we also know that he was making active preparations to poison you—you, Madame, his wife. Had he not been discovered and arrested, you would now be a dead woman." The widow arose and put off her widow's weeds. Next year, and as long as they all lived, she, the lawyer, and the judge always dined together on the day when her husband was guillotined. For a woman regularly to dine with the judge who had condemned her husband to a shameful death, on the day of his death, is even more remarkable, I think, than for the dead wife to be buried by two husbands.

EDITOR.

Palace Notes.

THE tremendous work of our Science and Art Examinations has been got through, and the results will be published in weekly instalments in the Journal. Ours is such a gigantic Institution, that it is quite impossible to print the enormous number of passes in one issue. Here is the first batch:—

RESULTS—GEOMETRY.

1 A.—Wray, W. G.; Atlee, C. E.; Winfield, R. C.; Parker, G. F.; Williams, Percy.

2 A.—Henley, C. N.; Winch, W. H.; Bersey, W. C.; Batcheler, C. E.; Paskell, A. E.; Thomas, A. E.; Finnis, J. R.; Howell, Thomas S.; Bosworth, C. J. W.; Langdon, Elias; Mc Cardell, F.; Leleu, F. H.; Sawden, H.; Watson, E. B.; Hill, A.; White, W. H.; Baines, H.; Hitchcock, R. J.; Blackwell, T.; Birkett, F. C.; Burton, E. S.; Dawson, A. E.; McQuire, W. J.; Cole, J. W.; Allen, Alexander W.; Plester, Arthur; Bousher, A. H.; Hassall, A. E.; Vale, Henry B.; Butler, R. W.

1 E.—Winfield, J. C.; Gravener, F. W.; Bungard, G. N.; Duscoll, G. T.; Holmes, Jas. E.; Taylor, Walter; Bourne, F.; Watts, E.; Pratt, F. W.; Priestly, G. W.; Parrish, R. C.; Sainsbury, Edgar; Scarlett, A. E.; Moon, P.; Lunsden, A. J.; Stock, A. E.; Durrant, E. W.; Williams, D. J.; Wenn, A. J.; Butler, H.; Johnson, C. W.; Banks, John; Barnett, Hyam; Warrow, Harry; Taylor, F. W.; Billington, E. L.; Barrett, J.; Edwards, J. G. B.; Smith, G. G.; Pringle, G.; Hones, A. O.; Bryant, G. W.; Brooks, P.; Clark, G. T.; Wingfield, W. J.; Milward, F. C.; Fryer, F. W.; Hunter, H.; Slade, Jas.; Lowe, F. J.; Evans, Edwin J.; Muckleston, W. J.; Watson, D.; Parrott, G. A.; Caunt, F. R.; Harlow, Hy. L.; Long, A.; Harry, Chas.; Hickman, T. G.; Bye, Thomas; Eve, H.; Ford, R.; Pincell, J.; Connoll, Wm. J.; Hawkins, W. F.; Francis, A. H.; Willshere, Edward; Charles, S.; Johnson, A.; Harwood, E.; Clement, A. E.; Howard, H. B.; Wright, R.; Robinson, W. R.; Burnham, F. N.; Davis G. R.; Alderton, H.; Nutter, Arthur; Wood, J.; Beirne, G.; Carr, Hy. G.; Forrest, E. A.; Skinner, F.; Beirne, Edgar; Miller, W. J.; Drawmer, Arthur; Gauley, Walter; Hazall, H.; Wingfield, S.; Evans, C. F.; Aldridge, Joseph; Jones, A.; Rosenberg, B.; Smith, J. F. G.; Barlow, A. H.; Course, A. H.; Heaford, J. H.; Lucas, Arthur H.; Coram, W. H.

2 E.—Hughes, W.; Sampson, A. H.; Jessop, John A.; Eborall, Wm.; Page, F. C. J.; Amor, G. W.; White, F. T.; Bromige, A.; Sides, M. H.; Wild, A.; Buck, E. A.; Bryant, G. A.; Bloxam, R.; Tanner, A. B.; Banable, T. W.; Warmington, O. H.; Welch, A. J.; Laken, W. J.; Irwin, A.; Hall, G.; Backhouse; Allen, A. H.; Merritt, G. L.; Lock, A. E.; Stoneham, T. E.; Maddin, W.; Dixon, J. A.; Beard, H.; Hubert, E. C.; Brinkman, W. J.; King, G. J.; Kimpton, J. E.; Lloyd, T. G.; Dalton, F.; Thomas, F.; Kitchen, F. G.; Clark, B.; Newson, R. C.; Ilett, E.; Cox, G. C.; Fox, Thos. H.; Marett, E. C.; Finch, A. C.; Bousted, R. N.; Cox, J. A.; Clark, S. W.; Dodd, F. T.; Davie, F.; Williams, W.; Barlow, T. H.; Davison, Charles, T.; Buttes, W. C.; Everett, J.; Kearney, R.; Newman, C. E.; Edmunds, S.; Ames, J.; Willshire, Egbert; Judd, A. E.; Grover, H. C.; Jolly, E. G.; Jones, R.; Murray, G.; Woodhams, W. F.; Ashford, W. H.; Farley, G.; Toyne, R.; Holmes, A.; Shotton, L.; Warren, H.; McConnell, W.; Wells, G.; Lloyd, A. H.; Bartrop, A. C.; Nightingale, Charles; Smail, S. G.; Flynn, F. J.; Challis, E.; Turner, A. J.; Read, G. J.; Lamb, W.; Lamb, W.; Barnes, Alice; Osborn, Percy; Wintersgill, W.

SECTION I.

Pass.—Warner, W. G.; Wilson, Henry; Gibson, H. R.; Worrow, Isaac; North, F. W.; Gurr, A.; Sayers, W.; Tyler, Thomas H.; Sims, T.; Dayes, Allen; Broadway, Samuel W.; Gulley, E. W.; Kennedy, J.; Wray, R.; Boyd, T. A.; Durght, W. J.; Pattison, H. A.; Butcher, J. H.; Stone, W.; Andrews, J. T.

Batson, G. R.; Hewett, J. W. R.; Reid, L. J.; Rodger, J. M.; Atherton, G. E.; Stewart, B.; Dearden, C.; Jarvis, G.; Dunn, J. H.; Burrell, A.; Nicholls, W. H.; Hull, E. H.; Bolton, E. J.; Marriott, A.; Knight, A. E.; LeGall, W.; Huard, T. H.; Jarvis, G.; Orchard, E. A.; Young, W. E.; Makin, John H.; Williams, E. C.; Low, J.; East, C. A.; Bonfield, H.; Slade, W. G.; Smith, S. J.; Bosworth, T. E.; Bucks, M.; Thomas, Florence; Crocker, F.; Goldstein, P.; Bernberg, J.

THIRD GRADE EXAMINATION IN ART, 1889.—Scott, James, 2nd Class; Crowley, Job A., 2nd Class.

PERSPECTIVE (Theory and Practice).—Bishop, Alfred H. G., 2nd Class.

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES OF ORNAMENT.—Evans, Edwin H., 1st Class.

OUTLINE DRAWING FROM THE CAST, STAGE 3B.—Angus, Herbert F., pass.; Jesseman, Douglass, pass.; Colson, Julia, pass.; Crocker, Ford, pass.; Bishop, A. H. G., pass.

GREAT things are to be done at the People's Palace this winter. The great Winter Garden is to be built, as well as the splendid buildings for the front, and the Clock Tower. Many of the old temporary buildings will have to be altered or demolished. This will, during the operations, much contract the space available for use, and in view of this fact, and of the further fact that our educational work is growing enormously, the original 3,000 students having grown to 5,000 during last session, and promising to attain to more than 7,000 next, the Trustees will be compelled to suspend Institute operations, except in a modified form, till a more favourable time.

In another column is another letter from Mr. Thompson, containing more of his capital hints to Paris trippers. No tripper must miss reading this. There is also a letter from a member of another party, who wishes to call meetings of his fellow-trippers before starting. This, of course, should be done in every case.

THE first party of ladies for Paris will leave Victoria on Friday next, the 2nd of August, by the 7.10 train, in reserved carriages. The party will be accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, and a large Polytechnic party.

In the Fête and Picture Exhibition, which is to open on Saturday, the People's Palace will surpass itself. Preparations are in progress for illuminations and laying out of gardens and grottoes, such as have never been seen. There will be three times as many pictures as last year, and they will be pictures which one would travel fifty miles to see. The rich friends of the People's Palace (and they are many and generous) have stripped their walls of all that is good in pictures, and the great living artists have emptied their studios for the benefit of East London. The attendance should be tremendous. Pictures are being lent by Mr. Massey Mainwaring (a most superb collection), Messrs. J. S. Forbes, E. Armitage, G. F. Watts, E. N. Buxton, T. Faed, W. P. Frith, M. Colnaghi, S. Hoffnung, W. L. Thomas, J. S. Morgan, P. Ralli, J. R. Herbert, Agnew R. Lehmann, Lord Revelstoke, the Rt. Hon. W. H. Smith, and many others whose names I have forgotten. There are pictures besides these by those of the gentlemen already named who are artists, by Rubens, Tintoretto, Murillo, Teniers, Jan Steen, Wouvermans, Paul Potter, Reynolds, Quintin Matsys, Hobbema, Cuyp, Watteau, Vander Goyen, Van de Velde, Ostade, and to get later in history, by Millais, Favretto, Clays, Israels, Sidney Cooper, Macbeth Goodall, Holl, Millais, Waller, Pettie Calderon, Herring, Rosa Bonheur, Cattermole, G. A. Storey, David Cox, Sir F. Leighton, Hoppner, Lucas, Marcus Stone, Schmalz, and many more. There is that world-famed picture, "The Misers," by Quintin Matsys, the blacksmith-painter, and there are the copies of Hogarth's "Harlot's Progress," supposed to have been retouched by Hogarth himself, and the originals of which were destroyed.

WE shall print, from time to time, and begin this week, a selection of the short stories of that most delightful writer, Nathaniel Hawthorne. Next week, in Notes of the Week, I will speak further of Nathaniel Hawthorne and his works. In the meantime, I may say, for the benefit of members of our Literary Society, that Hawthorne was one of the greatest stylists who ever used the English language.

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.]

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription, Members of the Palace 1s. per annum; non-Members of the Palace 3s. per annum. During the Autumn Fête, the Club meetings will be held in the old school buildings, Room No. 12, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, from 7 p.m. As the winter matches with other clubs will soon be arranged, I shall be glad to receive the names of players who will take part in them. Those desirous of becoming Members, are requested to pay us a visit on Club night.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

This Society is adjourned until further notice, the room being required for the Autumn Fête. Will the Members who have any works from our Library, kindly leave them, addressed to the Sec., at the General Offices.

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

THE SCARLET DOMINO MINSTREL TROUPE.

Vice-President—ORTON BRADLEY, Esq.

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

A Rehearsal of the above Troupe will take place on Thursday evening next, at 8 o'clock, in No. 12 room in school buildings. Members are particularly requested to attend, as a Sketch is to be cast.

HENRY A. GOLD, Hon. Sec. and Treas.

PEOPLE'S PALACE VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE.

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

Brigade Orders will be posted in the General Offices for the week ending 10th August.

A. W. J. LAUNDY, Captain.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

Next Rehearsal, at 8 p.m. on Friday, August 16th. We have vacancies in all the parts, but are particularly in want of tenors. Applicants may be seen after any rehearsal.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last a small party met at Greenwich pier, about 3.15 p.m., and waited until 3.40 p.m., thinking perhaps some others might come; however, I suppose the previous rains and the long ramble to Eltham prevented them from coming. We walked through Greenwich Park on to Blackheath, which presented the usual Saturday afternoon appearance, being covered with cricketers; having spent a little time watching them we crossed the Common to the extreme corner leading to Morden College, which we entered. It has a very fine quadrangle, and is surrounded by 23 acres of beautiful grounds. We learned from an old gentleman that the College was founded in 1695, for decayed merchants, and that there were 40 residents there at the present time. He also invited us to call on our way back to hear some music, which we promised to do, and, wishing him good afternoon, proceeded by way of Kidbrook to Eltham. Arrived there, we took tea at a confectioner's, and while occupied in this pleasing pastime it rained in torrents, so we were thankful for the shelter. About 7 o'clock the rain had left

off, and we continued on to Eltham Palace, which was originally a dining hall in the reign of Edward IV., about 400 years old. It has the appearance of having been a very fine building, the ceiling and window frames were beautifully designed, and the building is surrounded by a moat. Our return journey across the fields to Lee was certainly not so interesting, the clayey soil and the recent rain made the walk very heavy and slippery, and we were not sorry when we came to the high road. When we again reached Morden College we found our friend had retired for the night, so we were disappointed. Greenwich appeared to be having quite a busy time as we passed through towards the pier, and when we reached the railway station the party separated, having well earned a night's repose, and I am certain not one needed rocking off to sleep.—On Monday next, Bank Holiday, we ramble to Hadley Wood, High Barnet; tea at "Two Brewers." Members are requested to meet at Bow station (N.L.R.), at 11.30 a.m., and take tickets to High Barnet.—A Committee meeting will be held in the old school buildings, on Thursday next, August 8th, at 9 p.m. Members wishing to take part in the boating trip are reminded that Friday, August 9th, is the last day for them to leave their names at the General Offices.

H. ROUT, Hon. Sec.

People's Palace Junior Section.

JUNIOR BEAUMONT CRICKET CLUB.

On Saturday last the Latimer C.C. brought down a strong team, in the hope of turning the tables upon us; but the game ended in a draw, greatly in our favour, we having 3 wickets to fall and only 4 runs to get. For the L.C.C., Latilla (15) and Smith (9) played well, while Frith, for our side, made 33. Scores:—

Table with columns for LATIMER and BEAUMONT, listing players and scores. Total for Latimer is 62, for Beaumont is 59.

The Smallest Republic in Europe.

ABOUT ten leagues from Oleron, in the Department of the Lower Pyrenees, lies the hamlet of Goust, situated on the summit of a high mountain. It consists only of a few scattered cottages, with a population of about a hundred persons, forming an industrious and striving community who support themselves by wool and silk weaving.

Belonging neither to France nor Spain, the hamlet constitutes a small, independent State, under the government of a council of aldermen, whose collective wisdom has the force of law. No rates nor taxes of any description are paid, for the republic of Goust possess neither a salaried clergyman, nor a mayor, nor any other officials. In the neighbouring parish of Laruns their children are baptised, their citizens married, and their dead buried.

The cemetery of Laruns adjoins the boundary of Goust, and the coffin with its occupant is made to slide down a channel specially dug out for that purpose, as the only road leading to Laruns is so steep as to be impracticable for the conveyance of heavy burdens on men's shoulders. The citizens of the republic attain a great age, and a goodly number of both sexes are centenarians.

The young men, as a rule, get their wives from abroad (!), chiefly from the Ossan valley, near Laruns. For centuries past the population has remained stationary, and their ancient manners, customs, and traditions have been preserved with remarkable fidelity. No one in this little State can be regarded as rich or poor, mean or respectable, or as occupying the relative position of master and servant.

Moreover, the tiny republic has a language of its own, a sort of a cross between French and Spanish, and understood hardly anywhere out of Goust.

HADN'T ANY DOUBT OF IT.—Mistress of the house: "Did you tell the lady I was out, Blivins?" Blivins: "Yis, mum." "Did she seem to doubt it!" "No, mum. She said she knew you wasn't."

Dr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

A YOUNG fellow, a tobacco pedler by trade, was on his way from Morristown, where he had dealt largely with the Deacon of the Shaker settlement, to the village of Parker's Falls, on Salmon River. He had a neat little cart, painted green, with a box of cigars depicted on each side-panel, and an Indian chief, holding a pipe and a golden tobacco-stalk, on the rear. The pedler drove a smart little mare, and was a young man of excellent character, keen at a bargain, but none the worse liked by the Yankees; who, as I have heard them say, would rather be shaved with a sharp razor than a dull one. Especially was he beloved by the pretty girls along the Connecticut, whose favour he used to court by presents of the best smoking tobacco in his stock; knowing well that the country lasses of New England are generally great performers on pipes. Moreover, as will be seen in the course of my story, the pedler was inquisitive, and something of a tattler, always itching to hear the news, and anxious to tell it again.

After an early breakfast at Morristown the tobacco pedler, whose name was Dominicus Pike, had travelled seven miles through a solitary piece of woods, without speaking a word to anybody but himself and his little gray mare. It being nearly seven o'clock, he was as eager to hold a morning gossip, as a city shopkeeper to read the morning paper. An opportunity seemed at hand, when, after lighting a cigar with a sun-glass, he looked up, and perceived a man coming over the brow of the hill, at the foot of which the pedler had stopped his green cart. Dominicus watched him as he descended, and noticed that he carried a bundle over his shoulder on the end of a stick, and travelled with a weary, yet determined pace. He did not look as if he had started in the freshness of the morning, but had footed it all night, and meant to do the same all day.

"Good morning, mister," said Dominicus, when within speaking distance. "You go a pretty good jog. What's the latest news at Parker's Falls?"

The man pulled the broad brim of a gray hat over his eyes, and answered, rather sullenly, that he did not come from Parker's Falls, which, as being the limit of his own day's journey, the pedler had naturally mentioned in his inquiry.

"Well, then," rejoined Dominicus Pike, "let's have the latest news where you did come from. I'm not particular about Parker's Falls. Any place will answer."

Being thus importuned, the traveller—who was as ill-looking a fellow as one would desire to meet in a solitary piece of woods—appeared to hesitate a little, as if he was either searching his memory for news, or weighing the expediency of telling it. At last, mounting on the step of the cart, he whispered in the ear of Dominicus, though he might have shouted aloud, and no other mortal would have heard him:

"I do remember one little trifle of news," said he. "Old Mr. Higginbotham, of Kimballton, was murdered in his orchard, at eight o'clock last night by an Irishman and a nigger. They strung him up to the branch of a St. Michael's pear-tree, where nobody would find him till the morning."

As soon as this horrible intelligence was communicated, the stranger betook himself to his journey again, with more speed than ever, not even turning his head when Dominicus invited him to smoke a Spanish cigar and relate all the particulars. The pedler whistled to his mare and went up the hill, pondering on the doleful fate of Mr. Higginbotham, whom he had known in the way of trade, having sold him many a bunch of long nines, and a great deal of pig-tail, lady's twist, and fig tobacco. He was rather astonished at the rapidity at which the news had spread. Kimballton was nearly sixty miles distant in a straight line; the murder had been perpetrated only at eight o'clock the preceding night; yet Dominicus had heard it at seven in the morning, when, in all probability, poor Mr. Higginbotham's own family had just discovered his corpse hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree. The stranger on foot must have worn seven-league boots to travel at such a rate.

"Ill news fly fast, they say," thought Dominicus Pike; "but this beats railroads. The fellow ought to be hired to go express with the President's Message."

The difficulty was solved by supposing that the narrator had made a mistake of one day in the date of the occurrence; so that our friend did not hesitate to introduce the story at every tavern and country store along the road, expending a whole bunch of Spanish wrappers among at least twenty horrified audiences. He found himself in-

variably the first bearer of the intelligence, and was so pestered with questions that he could not avoid filling up the outline till it became quite a respectable narrative. He met with one piece of corroborative evidence. Mr. Higginbotham was a trader; and a former clerk of his, to whom Dominicus related the facts, testified that the old gentleman was accustomed to return home through the orchard about nightfall, with the money and valuable papers of the store in his pocket. The clerk manifested but little grief at Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe, hinting, what the pedler had discovered in his own dealings with him, that he was a crusty old fellow, as close as a vice. His property would descend to a pretty niece who was now keeping school in Kimballton.

What with telling the news for the public good, and driving bargains for his own, Dominicus was so much delayed on the road, that he chose to put up at a tavern, about five miles short of Parker's Falls. After supper, lighting one of his prime cigars, he seated himself in the bar-room, and went through the story of the murder, which had grown so fast that it took him half an hour to tell. There were as many as twenty people in the room, nineteen of whom received it all for gospel. But the twentieth was an elderly farmer, who had arrived on horseback a short time before, and was now seated in a corner smoking his pipe. When the story was concluded, he rose up very deliberately, brought his chair right in front of Dominicus, and stared him full in the face, puffing out the vilest tobacco smoke the pedler had ever smelt.

"Will you make affidavit," demanded he, in the tone of a country justice taking an examination, "that old Squire Higginbotham of Kimballton was murdered in his orchard the night before last, and found hanging on his great pear-tree yesterday morning?"

"I tell the story as I heard it, mister," answered Dominicus, dropping his half-burnt cigar; "I don't say that I saw the thing done. So I can't take my oath that he was murdered exactly in that way."

"But I can take mine," said the farmer, "that if Squire Higginbotham was murdered night before last, I drank a glass of bitters with his ghost this morning. Being a neighbour of mine, he called me into his store, as I was riding by, and treated me, and then asked me to do a little business for him on the road. He didn't seem to know any more about his own murder than I did."

"Why, then, it can't be a fact!" exclaimed Dominicus Pike.

"I guess he'd have mentioned it if it was," said the old farmer; and he removed his chair back to the corner, leaving Dominicus quite down in the mouth.

Here was a sad resurrection of old Mr. Higginbotham! The pedler had no heart to mingle in the conversation any more, but comforted himself with a glass of gin and water, and went to bed, where, all night long, he dreamt of hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree. To avoid the old farmer (whom he so detested, that his suspension would have pleased him better than Mr. Higginbotham's), Dominicus rose in the gray of the morning, put the little mare into the green cart, and trotted swiftly away towards Parker's Falls. The fresh breeze, the dewy road, and the pleasant summer dawn, revived his spirits, and might have encouraged him to repeat the old story, had there been anybody awake to hear it. But he met neither ox-team, light waggon, chaise, horseman, nor foot-traveller, till, just as he crossed Salmon River, a man came trudging down to the bridge with a bundle over his shoulder, on the end of a stick.

"Good morning, mister," said the pedler, reining in his mare. "If you come from Kimballton or that neighbourhood, may be you can tell me the real fact about this affair of old Mr. Higginbotham. Was the old fellow actually murdered two or three nights ago, by an Irishman and a nigger?"

Dominicus had spoken in too great a hurry to observe at first, that the stranger himself had a deep tinge of negro blood. On hearing this sudden question, the Ethiopian appeared to change his skin, its yellow hue becoming a ghastly white, while, shaking and stammering, he thus replied:—

"No! no! There was no coloured man! It was an Irishman that hanged him last night, at eight o'clock. I came away at seven! His folks can't have looked for him in the orchard yet."

Scarcely had the yellow man spoken, when he interrupted himself, and, though he seemed weary enough before, continued his journey at a pace which would have kept the pedler's mare on a smart trot. Dominicus stared after him in great perplexity. If the murder had not been committed till Tuesday night, who was the prophet that had foretold it, in all its circumstances, on Tuesday morning? If Mr. Higginbotham's corpse were not yet discovered by his own family, how came the mulatto, at about thirty miles' distance

to know that he was hanging in the orchard, especially as he had left Kimballton before the unfortunate man was hanged at all. These ambiguous circumstances, with the stranger's surprise and terror, made Dominicus think of raising a hue and cry after him, as an accomplice in the murder; since a murder, it seemed, had really been perpetrated.

"But let the poor devil go," thought the pedler. "I don't want his black blood on my head; and hanging the nigger wouldn't unhang Mr. Higginbotham. Unhang the old gentleman! It's a sin I know; but I should hate to have him come to life a second time, and give me the lie!"

With these meditations, Dominicus Pike drove into the street of Parker's Falls, which, as everybody knows, is as thriving a village as three cotton factories and a slitting mill can make it. The machinery was not in motion, and but a few of the shop doors unbarred, when he alighted in the stable yard of the tavern, and made it his first business to order the mare four quarts of oats. His second duty, of course, was to impart Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe to the ostler. He deemed it advisable, however, not to be too positive as to the date of the direful fact, and also to be uncertain whether it were perpetrated by an Irishman and a mulatto, or by the son of Erin alone. Neither did he profess to relate it on his own authority, or that of any one person; but mentioned it as a report generally diffused.

The story ran through the town like fire among girdled trees, and became so much the universal talk, that nobody could tell whence it had originated. Mr. Higginbotham was as well known at Parker's Falls as any citizen of the place, being part owner of the slitting mill, and a considerable stockholder in the cotton factories. The inhabitants felt their own prosperity interested in his fate. Such was the excitement, that the "Parker's Falls Gazette" anticipated its regular day of publication, came out with half a form of blank paper, and a column of double pica emphasized with capitals, and headed HORRID MURDER OF MR. HIGGINBOTHAM! Among other dreadful details, the printed account described the mark of the cord round the dead man's neck, and stated the number of thousand dollars of which he had been robbed; there was much pathos also about the affliction of his niece, who had gone from one fainting fit to another, ever since her uncle was found hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree with his pockets inside out. The village poet likewise commemorated the young lady's grief in seventeen stanzas of a ballad. The selectmen held a meeting, and, in consideration of Mr. Higginbotham's claims on the town, determined to issue handbills, offering a reward of five hundred dollars for the apprehension of his murderers, and the recovery of the stolen property.

Meanwhile, the whole population of Parker's Falls, consisting of shopkeepers, mistresses of boarding-houses, factory girls, millmen, and schoolboys, rushed into the street, and kept up such a terrible loquacity, as more than compensated for the silence of the cotton machines, which refrained from their usual din out of respect to the deceased. Had Mr. Higginbotham cared about posthumous renown, his untimely ghost would have exulted in this tumult. Our friend Dominicus, in his vanity of heart, forgot his intended precautions, and mounting on the town pump, announced himself as the bearer of the authentic intelligence which had caused so wonderful a sensation. He immediately became the great man of the moment, and had just begun a new edition of the narrative, with a voice like a field preacher, when the mail stage drove into the village street. It had travelled all night, and must have shifted horses at Kimballton at three in the morning.

"Now we shall hear all the particulars," shouted the crowd.

The coach rumbled up to the piazza of the tavern, followed by a thousand people; for if any man had been minding his own business till then, he now left it at sixes and sevens, to hear the news. The pedler, foremost in the race, discovered two passengers, both of whom had been startled from a comfortable nap to find themselves in the centre of a mob. Every man assailing them with separate questions, all propounded at once, the couple were struck speechless, though one was a lawyer and the other a young lady.

"Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham! Tell us the particulars about old Mr. Higginbotham!" bawled the mob. "What is the coroner's verdict? Are the murderers apprehended? Is Mr. Higginbotham's niece come out of her fainting fits? Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham!"

The coachman said not a word, except to swear awfully at the ostler for not bringing him a fresh team of horses. The lawyer inside had generally his wits about him even when asleep; the first thing he did, after learning the cause of excitement, was to produce a large, red pocket-book. Meantime, Dominicus Pike, being an extremely polite young man,

and also suspecting that a female tongue would tell the story as glibly as a lawyer's, had handed the lady out of the coach. She was a fine, smart girl, now wide awake and bright as a button, and had such a sweet pretty mouth, that Dominicus would almost as lief have heard a love tale from it as a tale of murder.

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the lawyer, to the shopkeepers, the millmen, and the factory girls, "I can assure you that some unaccountable mistake, or, more probably, a wilful falsehood, maliciously contrived to injure Mr. Higginbotham's credit, has excited this singular uproar. We passed through Kimballton at three o'clock this morning, and most certainly should have been informed of the murder, had any been perpetrated. But I have proof nearly as strong as Mr. Higginbotham's own oral testimony, in the negative. Here is a note relating to a suit of his in the Connecticut courts, which was delivered me from that gentleman himself. I find it dated at ten o'clock last evening."

So saying, the lawyer exhibited the date and signature of the note, which irrefragably proved, either that this perverse Mr. Higginbotham was alive when he wrote it, or—as some deemed the more probable case, of two doubtful ones,—that he was so absorbed in worldly business as to continue to transact it, even after his death. But unexpected evidence was forthcoming. The young lady, after listening to the pedler's explanation, merely seized a moment to smooth her gown and put her curls in order, and then appeared at the tavern door, making a modest signal to be heard.

"Good people," said she, "I am Mr. Higginbotham's niece." A wondering murmur passed through the crowd, on beholding her so rosy and bright; that same unhappy niece whom they supposed, on the authority of the "Parker's Falls Gazette," to be lying at death's door in a fainting fit. But some shrewd fellows had doubted all along whether a young lady would be quite so desperate at the hanging of a rich old uncle.

"You see," continued Miss Higginbotham, with a smile, "that this strange story is quite unfounded, as to myself; and I believe that I may affirm it to be equally so in regard to my dear uncle Higginbotham. He has the kindness to give me a home in his house, though I contribute to my own support by teaching a school. I left Kimballton this morning to spend the vacation of commencement week with a friend, about five miles from Parker's Falls. My generous uncle, when he heard me on the stairs, called me to his bedside, and gave me two dollars and fifty cents to pay my stage fare, and another dollar for my extra expenses. He then laid his pocket book under his pillow, shook hands with me, and advised me to take some biscuits in my bag, instead of breakfasting on the road. I feel confident, therefore, that I left my beloved relative alive, and trust I shall find him so on my return."

The young lady courtesied at the close of her speech, which was so sensible and well worded, and delivered with such grace and propriety, that everybody thought her fit to be preceptress of the best academy in the State. But a stranger would have supposed that Mr. Higginbotham was an object of abhorrence at Parker's Falls, and that a thanksgiving had been proclaimed for his murder; so excessive was the wrath of the inhabitants on learning their mistake. The millmen resolved to bestow public honours on Dominicus Pike, only hesitating whether to tar and feather him, ride him on a rail, or refresh him with an ablution at the town pump, on the top of which he had declared himself the bearer of the news. The selectmen, by the advice of the lawyer, spoke of prosecuting him for a misdemeanour, in circulating unfounded reports to the great disturbance of the peace of the commonwealth. Nothing saved Dominicus, either from mob law or a court of justice, but an eloquent appeal made by the young lady in his behalf. Addressing a few words of heartfelt gratitude to his benefactress, he mounted the green cart and rode out of town, under a discharge of artillery from the schoolboys, who found plenty of ammunition in the neighbouring clay-pits and mud-holes. As he turned his head, to exchange a farewell glance with Mr. Higginbotham's niece, a ball, of the consistence of hasty pudding, hit him slap in the mouth, giving him a most grim aspect. His whole person was so bespattered with the like filthy missiles, that he had almost a mind to ride back and supplicate for the threatened ablution at the town pump; for though not meant in kindness, it would now have been a deed of charity.

However, the sun shone bright on poor Dominicus, and the mud, an emblem of all stains of undeserved opprobrium, was easily brushed off when dry. Being a funny rogue, his heart soon cheered up; nor could he refrain from a hearty laugh at the uproar which his story had excited. The handbills of the selectmen would cause the commitment of all the

vagabonds in the State; the paragraph in the "Parker's Falls Gazette" would be reprinted from Maine to Florida, and perhaps form an item in the London newspapers; and many a miser would tremble for his money bags and life, on learning the catastrophe of Mr. Higginbotham. The pedler meditated with much fervour on the charms of the young schoolmistress, and swore that Daniel Webster never spoke nor looked so like an angel as Miss Higginbotham, while defending him from the wrathful populace of Parker's Falls.

Dominicus was now on the Kimballton turnpike, having all along determined to visit that place, though business had drawn him out of the most direct road from Morristown. As he approached the scene of the supposed murder, he continued to revolve the circumstances in his mind, and was astonished at the aspect which the whole case assumed. Had nothing occurred to corroborate the story of the first traveller, it might now have been considered as a hoax; but the yellow man was evidently acquainted either with the report or the fact; and there was a mystery in his dismayed and guilty look on being abruptly questioned. When to this singular combination of incidents it was added that the rumour tallied exactly with Mr. Higginbotham's character and habits of life; and that he had an orchard, and a St. Michael's pear-tree, near which he always passed at nightfall; the circumstantial evidence appeared so strong, that Dominicus doubted whether the autograph produced by the lawyer, or even the niece's direct testimony, ought to be equivalent. Making cautious inquiries along the road, the pedler further learned that Mr. Higginbotham had in his service an Irishman of doubtful character, whom he had hired without a recommendation, on the score of economy.

"May I be hanged myself," exclaimed Dominicus Pike aloud, on reaching the top of a lonely hill, "if I'll believe old Higginbotham is unchanged, till I see him with my own eyes, and hear it from his own mouth! And as he's a real shaver, I'll have the minister or some other responsible man for an indorser."

It was growing dusk when he reached the toll-house on Kimballton turnpike, about a quarter of a mile from the village of this name. His little mare was fast bringing him up with a man on horseback, who trotted through the gate a few rods in advance of him, nodded to the toll-gatherer, and kept on towards the village. Dominicus was acquainted with the tollman, and while making change, the usual remarks on the weather passed between them.

"I suppose," said the pedler, throwing back his whip-lash, to bring it down like a feather on the mare's flank, "you have not seen anything of old Mr. Higginbotham within a day or two?"

"Yes," answered the toll-gatherer; "he passed the gate just before you drove up, and yonder he rides now, if you can see him through the dusk. He's been to Woodfield this afternoon, attending a sheriff's sale there. The old man generally shakes hands and has a little chat with me; but to-night, he nodded,—as if to say, 'charge my toll,'—and jogged on; for wherever he goes, he must always be at home by eight o'clock."

"So they tell me," said Dominicus.

"I never saw a man look so yellow and thin as the squire does," continued the toll-gatherer. "Says I to myself, to-night, he's more like a ghost or an old mummy than good flesh and blood."

The pedler strained his eyes through the twilight, and could just discern the horseman now far ahead on the village road. He seemed to recognise the rear of Mr. Higginbotham; but through the evening shadows, amid the dust from the horse's feet, the figure appeared dim and unsubstantial, as if the shape of the mysterious old man were faintly moulded of darkness and gray light. Dominicus shivered.

"Mr. Higginbotham has come back from the other world by way of the Kimballton turnpike," thought he.

He shook the reins and rode forward, keeping about the same distance in the rear of the gray old shadow, till the latter was concealed by a bend of the road. On reaching this point the pedler no longer saw the man on horseback, but found himself at the head of the village street, not far from a number of stores and two taverns, clustered round the meeting-house steeple. On his left was a stone wall and a gate, the boundary of a wood-lot, beyond which lay an orchard, further still a mowing-field, and last of all a house. These were the premises of Mr. Higginbotham, whose dwelling stood beside the old highway, but had been left in the back-ground by the Kimballton turnpike. Dominicus knew the place, and the little mare stopped short by instinct, for he was not conscious of tightening the reins.

"For the soul of me, I cannot get by this gate!" said he, trembling. "I never shall be my own man again till I see

whether Mr. Higginbotham is hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree!"

He leaped from the cart, gave the rein a turn round the gate-post, and ran along the green path of the wood-lot as if Old Nick were chasing behind. Just then the village clock tolled eight, and as each deep stroke fell Dominicus gave a fresh bound and flew faster than before, till, dim in the solitary centre of the orchard, he saw the fated pear-tree. One great branch stretched from the old contorted trunk across the path, and threw the darkest shadow on that one spot. But something seemed to struggle beneath the branch!

The pedler had never pretended to more courage than befits a man of peaceable occupation, nor could he account for his valour on this awful emergency. Certain it is, however, that he rushed forward, prostrated a sturdy Irishman with the butt-end of his whip, and found —, not indeed hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree, but trembling beneath it, with a halter round his neck, the old, identical Mr. Higginbotham!

"Mr. Higginbotham," said Dominicus, tremulously, "you're an honest man, and I'll take your word for it. Have you been hanged or not?"

If the riddle be not already guessed, a few words will explain the simple machinery by which this "coming event" was made to "cast its shadow before." Three men had plotted the robbery and murder of Mr. Higginbotham; two of them, successively, lost courage and fled, each delaying the crime one night, by their disappearance; the third was in the act of perpetration, when a champion, blindly obeying the call of fate, like the heroes of old romance, appeared in the person of Dominicus Pike.

It only remains to say that Mr. Higginbotham took the pedler into high favour, sanctioned his addresses to the pretty schoolmistress, and settled his whole property on their children, allowing themselves the interest. In due time the old gentleman capped the climax of his favours by dying a Christian death, in bed, since which melancholy event, Dominicus Pike has removed from Kimballton, and established a large tobacco factory in my native village.

A Buddhist Rock Temple.

"WE left," says the author of 'Through the Yang Tse Gorges,' "the narrow patches of beans and wheat, and the pine woods and bamboo groves sloping down the talus, and entered upon a ravine choked with conglomerate blocks, that have tumbled down from the overhanging peaks—1,500 feet high—until we reached a side valley on the right, bounded by precipices on both sides, with the smallest patches of cultivation here and there in apparently inaccessible spots. Our path led along a ledge about half-way up, with the dry river-bed of smooth pebbles below, adding additional dreariness to a scene already sufficiently desolate. I wandered on, wondering when I should come to the rock temple, in which I intended to pass the night, the valley getting even more desolate as I advanced, as if I were coming to the end of all things. The sun had already set behind the mountains on my left, but the tops of those on my right were still brilliantly illuminated. Suddenly a sharp turn discloses another steep valley, ending in a wall of conglomerate, below which is a fine wood of evergreen trees. The narrow path winds round and leads to the wood, through which ascends a fine stone staircase, announcing the approach to a temple. At length, a deep wide cave, which the trickling water has slowly excavated out of the mountain behind the wood, becomes visible, and I toil up the steep flight as the vesper bell sounds through the still twilight. Very rich and full sound the deep-toned strokes of the ancient single bell, such as all these Buddhist temples possess. A gate leads into a paved courtyard, whence another flight of steps ascends to a terrace, which runs in front of three spacious temples, all built under shelter of the huge overhanging cavern. A stone basin rises from the terrace, filled by the perpetual dripping from the roof of the cavern, some sixty feet above, and which, as one sits in the guest-room and looks out through it on to the wood, has all the appearance of a shower of rain. The cave called 'Lung Wang Tung,' or Dragon King Cavern, is about a hundred yards across the opening, and extends inward almost the same distance. At the back of it is a lake, which the priests say extends inwards an unknown distance; only one man has ever tried to explore it, and he never came back again. They objected to my launching their boat upon it, as this is never done but in times of drought, when they go upon the lake to solicit the dragon to turn himself round and produce rain. Were the dragon to come out at this opening and escape out of the country, according to Chinese superstition, there would be perpetual drought. Hence the three temples to shut him in safely."

Letters to the Editor.

PRACTICAL POINTS FOR THE PEOPLE'S PALACE PARIS PARTIES.

II.

DEAR SIR,—In submitting some more points for the *Journal*, one is in a quandary (having regard to your space, and the pulse of your readers) out of a crowd of matter, what to reject, and what to retain, therefore we will hurry down our own gleanings, trusting that, with your better knowledge, you will delete the stubble, or carry forward what you deem necessary.

THE EIFFEL TOWER.

If you wish to economise your time, and only be some three hours or so in doing "la tour Eiffel," be at the base thereof before 10 a.m.; on the other hand, if time is no object, and you want to beat record by going up higher than the majority, then arrange to be at the top at 2 p.m. on a sunlight day, and so attain five inches higher, this owing to expansion, then hire a glass and have a view of about 100 miles in every direction—a grand sight. If any of our fellow-students are financially interested, we congratulate them, the cost being some £160,000; the takings during the first seven weeks over £60,000, irrespective of enormous rentals, the present Company holding it for twenty years, and eminent scientists the world over, agreeing that for meteorological purposes it is unequalled.

VISITING CARDS.

Take a good stock of, being looked upon in many public places as establishing your *bonâ fides*, and procuring admission, where otherwise you may have difficulties.

TRAM CARS.

Patronize all that you can, a pleasant and excellent mode of seeing the city, fare on top 1½d., any distance.

STEAM-BOATS.

A good service, cheap and healthy, should you go to Versailles twice, as was the case with our party (and it is well worth the extra journey), let us recommend steam-boats as far as you can, about half way, thence on top of train, a novelty with splendid views, but very dirty going through the tunnels, which are an excellent institution for the blanchisseuse, returning to the city all the way by tram-car on the top, fare one franc, I think. Distance, about twelve miles.

"Early bird catches the worm." If you wish to study the characteristics of the people "tumble out" early, and see many things not to be observed later on in the day, for instance the flower and other markets; the goat-herds, perambulating the streets with their flocks, and playing a kind of flute, as notification to the inhabitants to bring down their jugs and receive the milk from the natural reservoirs. There is no fear of "Simpson" here; notice the tameness of the sparrows, flying in some cases on to the hands and shoulders of those who habitually feed them.

CHANGING CASH.

Do this at any of the numerous *depts* of the credit *hyonnais* in the city, receiving current rate, with certainty of good coinage. Small change is very handy, particularly a stock of half francs.

CEMENT THE NATIONS.

Remember that you are visiting a very sensitive and impressionable people, so for the honour of old England, don't forget to try and leave a good impression behind you, expressing thanks (*merci monsieur, madame, or mademoiselle*, as the case may be) for service rendered or courtesies received, and particularly don't ridicule those things which fail to reach your standard of what should be.

GUIDE BOOK.

I recommend Bemrose's, one of the best, published at ninepence, of any discount bookseller; the excellent photo-tints alone are worth the money. This for those who have been over the other side, as well as those who are going. I have studied Baedeker and Galignani, both of which are high class and good, but voluminous and expensive; Cook's (mostly all Cook); *Tit Bits* (excellent), but give the palm to Bemrose.

INTERPRETER AND GUIDE.

A good plan to have a kind of bird's-eye view of those things that one should see in the Exhibition, and avoiding many that numbers of us are acquainted with, having been into the Fisheries, Healtheries, Inventions, and People's Palace Exhibitions, is to place yourselves in the hands of a good man for one whole day, then at your leisure revisit.

ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

I have in this letter refrained from writing up places to visit, but having come across a Paris tripper who did not go up the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, situated at the apex of Paris, I venture to say that no one should think that they have seen the city until he has stood on the top of this magnificent and noble triumphal arch, the finest in existence, the cost of which approached a half million of pounds sterling; notice, particularly, the twelve noble avenues radiating around the same, nearly all sloping upwards to the arch.

Will you kindly find space to give expression to our feelings of satisfaction and thanks to the members of our party who contributed so much to the general enjoyment, and especially to the Rt. Hon. the Members for — well, of Parliament, who took the initiative by calling us together several times prior to starting.

Yours faithfully,

DRURY F. THOMPSON.

PARIS TRIP.

DEAR SIR,—Having entered my name on the list of those who start for Paris on August 17th, I should be glad of an opportunity to make the acquaintance of its members, in view of which I would suggest a meeting either during the present or the following week.

Will some one take the matter up, and by a postcard call a meeting, say, in the drawing-room, or, so far as I am personally concerned, anywhere else.

I am, yours faithfully,

W. MONK.

37, High Street, Shadwell, E.
July 27th, 1889.

Calendar of the Week.

August 1st.—Lammas Day. The word Lammas is a corruption of the word "loaf-mass," that is to say, when the first festival of harvest used to be held, and a loaf of bread was offered as the firstfruits of the season. The festival is one of Pagan origin, like so many more, introduced into a Christian festival, and dedicated to St. Peter under the name of St. Peter ad vincula. A great number of illustrious people died on this day, Queen Anne among others. On this day is the great rowing match on the Thames by young waterman. They used to row—perhaps they do still—from the "Old Swan" at London Bridge, to the "White Swan" at Chelsea, against an ebb tide. The prize was a waterman's coat and a silver badge; it was founded by one, Thomas Doggett, a native of Dublin, and a very popular actor in the early part of the eighteenth century.

On this day, 1831, New London Bridge was opened. The old bridge was first built about the year 800 or 900. In 1176 the stone bridge was built, which lasted over 650 years. It contained an immense number of stone arches of various sizes, with piers so bulky as to render navigation between them very dangerous. Until the year 1754, there were buildings on the top.

August 2nd.—William Rufus was killed on this day, 1100. The mystery of his death has never been completely cleared up, but probably it was an accident. The king's body was found by one, Purkiss, a charcoal burner. The family of Purkiss still survives on the same spot, and following the same profession.

Captain Marryat died on this day.

August 3rd.—James II., of Scotland, was killed at Roxburgh. Stephen Dolet, scholar, printer and Protestant, was born, 1546. The learned and pious Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Down, author of "Holy Living," and other works, died 1667. Richard Arkwright, who invented the rolling machine for spinning cotton, died, 1792.

August 4th.—This is the day of a very remarkable modern saint, viz.:—St. Dominic. He was born in the year 1170, and was a child of the church from his earliest days. It was he who established the Dominicans or Blackfriars. There is no doubt that Dominic himself was a man of the greatest devotion, courage and unselfishness. At the Reformation there were in England forty-three monasteries of Blackfriars, one of which was in London, and in Scotland fifteen.

On this day, 1492, Christopher Columbus set sail from Spain with the hope of reaching India by a westerly course. The voyage, as we know, ended in the discovery of America. Superstitious people, who do not like to begin anything on a Friday, may notice that this most successful and celebrated voyage in the world began on that day.

On this day, Walsingham Abbey, in Norfolk, was dissolved. For some reason or other this place was one of the most sacred spots for pilgrims in the whole of Europe. It was immensely rich, and people flocked there from every part of Europe. The chapel was an exact facsimile of the Santa Casa, or stone of the Virgin Mary, which was said to have been carried by angels to Loretto. English people believed that the Milky Way had been placed in the heavens in order to guide pilgrims to Walsingham Abbey. Very little remains of this great building; what there is stands in the gardens of the present owners of the estate.

August 5th.—Bank Holiday.

August 6th.—Shakespeare's widow died, 1623. Ben Jonson died, 1637. In the year 1848, the first of the many rumoured sea serpents was seen by H.M.S. *Dædalus* between the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena.

August 7th.—Died, 1821, Queen Caroline, the unlucky wife of George IV. They quarrelled on their honeymoon, and before they had been married a year they separated.

Time Table of Classes.

SESSION 1889-90.

The Workshops are replete with requirements, well filled with Tools, etc. The Lectures will be fully demonstrated with Experiments, Diagrams, Dissolving Views, Specimens, Practical Demonstrations, etc. The Lecture Rooms are commodious and well supplied with apparatus, etc. The Physical and Chemical Laboratories are well fitted and supplied with all apparatus required for a thorough practical instruction. Separate Lavatories and Cloak Rooms are provided for Male and Female Students. Students also have the privilege of using the Library and Refreshment Room. The Practical and Technical Classes are limited to Members of the Trade in question.

Practical Trade Classes.

| SUBJECT. | TEACHER. | DAY. | HOURS. | FEES. |
|---|---------------------------|----------|-----------|---------|
| *Tailors' Cutting... | ... | Tuesday | 8.0-9.30 | 5 s. d. |
| *Upholstery ... | Mr. G. Scarman | Monday | 8.0-9.30 | 6 0 |
| *Photography ... | Mr. H. Farmer | ... | ... | 5 0 |
| *Plumbing ... | Mr. G. Taylor | Thursday | 8.0-10.0 | 8 6 |
| *Cabinet Making ... | Mr. T. Jacob | M. & Th. | 8.0-10.0 | 5 0 |
| *Filing, Fitting, Turning, Patn. Making & Mouldg. Carpentry and Joinery ... | Mr. A. W. Bevis (Wh. Sc.) | M. & F. | 7.45-9.45 | 5 0 |
| | Mr. W. Graves | M. & Th. | 8.0-10.0 | 5 0 |

* Per Quarter. † Per Session.

Special Classes for females only.

| SUBJECT. | TEACHER. | DAY. | HOURS. | FEES. |
|--|----------------|----------|-----------|---------|
| Dressmaking... | Mrs. Scrivener | Monday | 5.30-7.0 | 3 s. d. |
| Millinery ... | ... | Friday | 7.30-9.0 | 5 0 |
| Cookery ... | Miss Newall | Tuesday | 7.30-9.30 | 5 0 |
| " Practical ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc. | Mr. Michell | Thursday | 8.0-9.30 | 2 6 |

Science Classes.

| SUBJECT. | TEACHER. | DAY. | HOURS. | FEES. |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------------|--------------|-----------|---------|
| Prac. Pl. & Sol. Geom.—Ele. | Mr. D. A. Low (Wh. Sc.) M.I.M.E. | M. & Th. | 8.0-9.0 | 5 s. d. |
| —Adv. | ... | ... | ... | 4 0 |
| Mac. Con. & Draw.—Ele. | ... | Tuesday | 9.0-10.0 | 4 0 |
| —Adv. | ... | ... | ... | 4 0 |
| Build. Con. & Draw.—Bgs. | Mr. S. F. Howlett | Thursday | 7.0-8.0 | 4 0 |
| —Ele. | ... | ... | ... | 4 0 |
| —Adv. | ... | ... | ... | 4 0 |
| Mathematics, Stage I. | Mr. E. J. Burrell | Tu. & Th. | 7.45-8.45 | 4 0 |
| " II. | ... | ... | ... | 4 0 |
| Theoretical Mechanics ... | ... | Friday | 8.45-9.45 | 4 0 |
| Sound, Light, and Heat ... | ... | ... | ... | 4 0 |
| Magnetism & Electy.—Ele. | Mr. Slingo | Tuesday | 7.45-8.45 | 4 0 |
| —Adv. | ... | ... | ... | 4 0 |
| —Prac. | Mr. Brooker | ... | 7.30-9.0 | 4 0 |
| Inor. Chemis.—Theo., Ele. | Mr. A. P. Laurie, M.A., B.Sc. | ... | 7.0-8.0 | 4 0 |
| " " Prac. | ... | ... | ... | 10 6 |
| " " Theo., Adv. | ... | Friday | 7.0-8.0 | 4 0 |
| " " Prac. | ... | ... | ... | 12 6 |
| Organic Chemistry—Theo. | ... | Monday | 7.0-8.0 | 4 0 |
| " " Prac. | ... | ... | ... | 10 6 |
| " " —Hours. | ... | M. Tu. & Fr. | 7.0-10.0 | 15 0 |
| Steam & the Steam Engine | Mr. A. W. Bevis (Wh. Sc.) | Thursday | 7.45-8.45 | 4 0 |
| Applied Mechanics ... | ... | ... | ... | 4 0 |

Per Session.

* Fee 2/- per Session to members of any other Science, Technical, and Trade Classes.

By payment of 12/6 students may attend the Laboratory three nights a week. Special classes will be held to prepare students for the City Guilds Examinations in oils and paints, colours and varnishes. Every facility will be given for students desiring special instruction or wishing to engage in special work. A class in Assaying will be started, fee 25/-

Students are supplied free with apparatus and a lock-up cupboard. A deposit of 2/5 will be required to replace breakages.

Art and Design Classes.

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

* Per Session. † Per Quarter.

Musical Classes.

| SUBJECT. | TEACHER. | DAY. | HOURS. | FEES. |
|--------------------------|-------------------|--------------|-----------|---------|
| *Singing, Elementary ... | Mr. Orton Bradley | Thursday | 8.0-9.0 | 5 s. d. |
| " Advanced ... | " [M.A.] | ... | ... | 2 0 |
| *Choral Society ... | ... | Tuesday | 7.30-10.0 | 2 0 |
| Orchestral Society ... | Mr. W. R. Cave | Tu. & Fri. | 8.0-10.0 | 2 6 |
| Military Band ... | Mr. Robinson | M., Th. & F. | 8.0-10.0 | 2 6 |
| Pianoforte ... | Mr. Hamilton | M. T. Th. F. | 4.0-10.0 | 9 0 |
| Violin ... | Mrs. Spencer | Monday | 6.0-10.0 | 5 0 |
| " " " " " " | ... | Tuesday | 6.0-10.0 | 5 0 |

Per Quarter.

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

General Classes.

| SUBJECT. | TEACHER. | DAY. | HOURS. | FEES. |
|---------------------------|------------------------------|----------|-----------|-------|
| Arithmetic—Elementary ... | Mr. A. Sarll, A.K.C. | Monday | 9.0-10.0 | 2 6 |
| " Intermediate | " | " | 8.0-9.0 | 2 6 |
| " Advanced ... | " | " | 7.0-8.0 | 2 6 |
| Book-keeping—Elemen. ... | " | Thursday | 8.0-9.0 | 4 0 |
| " Intermediate ... | " | " | 9.0-10.0 | 4 0 |
| " Advanced | " | " | 7.0-8.0 | 4 0 |
| Civil Service—Boy Clerks | Mr. D. Isaacs, B.A. | Tuesday | ... | ... |
| Female Clerks (Prelim). | " | " | ... | ... |
| Excise (Beginners) ... | " | " | 6.30-10.0 | 12 0 |
| Customs (Beginners) ... | " | " | ... | ... |
| Lower Div. (Prelim.) ... | " | " | ... | ... |
| " (Competitive) | " | " | ... | ... |
| Excise & Customs (Adv.) | " | Tuesday | 8.0-10.0 | 12 0 |
| Female Clerks (Com.) ... | " | Thursday | 8.45-10.0 | ... |
| Male Telegraph Learners | " | " | ... | ... |
| Boy Copyists ... | " | Thursday | 6.15-8.45 | 10 0 |
| Female Tele. Learners ... | " | " | ... | ... |
| Female Sorters ... | " | " | ... | ... |
| Shorthand (Pitman's) Ele. | Messrs. Horton and Wilson | Friday | 8.0-9.0 | 4 0 |
| " " Advan. | " | " | 9.0-10.0 | 4 0 |
| " " Report. | " | " | 9.0-10.0 | 5 0 |
| French, Elementary ... | Mons. Pointin | Monday | 7.0-8.0 | 4 0 |
| " " 2nd Stage | " | " | 8.0-9.0 | 4 0 |
| " " Interme. 1st " | " | " | 9.0-10.0 | 4 0 |
| " " 2nd " | " | " | ... | ... |
| " " Eleme. 3rd " | " | " | ... | ... |
| " " Advanced ... | " | " | ... | ... |
| " " Commrel. Corres. | " | Friday | 7.0-8.0 | 4 0 |
| German, Advanced ... | Herr Dittell | " | ... | ... |
| " " Beginners ... | " | " | ... | ... |
| " " Intermediate ... | " | " | ... | ... |
| Elocution (Class 1) ... | Mr. S. L. Hasluck | Thursday | 6.0-7.30 | 5 0 |
| (Class 2) ... | " | " | 8.0-10.0 | 5 0 |
| Shakespeare Class ... | " | Monday | 8.0-10.0 | 5 0 |
| Writing ... | Mr. T. Drew | Tuesday | 8.0-10.0 | 2 6 |
| London University Exams. | Mr. W. Coleman, B.A. (Lond.) | " | 6.0-10.0 | 21 0 |

Per Quarter.

Technical Classes.

| SUBJECT. | TEACHER. | DAY. | HOURS. | FEES. |
|--|-----------------------------------|--------|------------|---------|
| Boot and Shoe Making ... | ... | ... | 8.30-10.30 | 5 s. d. |
| Mechanical Engineering | Mr. D. A. Low | Friday | 9.0-10.0 | 5 0 |
| Photography ... | Mr. H. Farmer | ... | 8.0-10.0 | 5 0 |
| *Carpentry and Joinery ... | Mr. W. Graves | Friday | 8.0-9.0 | 4 0 |
| Printing (Letter Press) ... | Mr. E. R. Alexander | Monday | 8.0-9.30 | 6 0 |
| Electrical Engineering—Laboratory and Work—shop Practice ... | Mr. W. Slingo, and Mr. A. Brooker | Friday | 8.0-10.0 | 6 0 |
| Plumbing ... | Mr. G. Taylor | Monday | 8.30-10.0 | 4 0 |
| Brickwork and Masonry | ... | ... | 8.0-10.0 | 7 6 |
| *Cabinet Designing ... | Mr. T. Jacob | ... | 8.0-10.0 | 0 0 |

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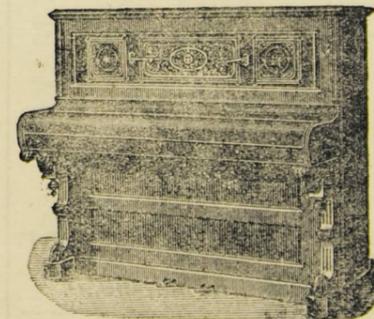
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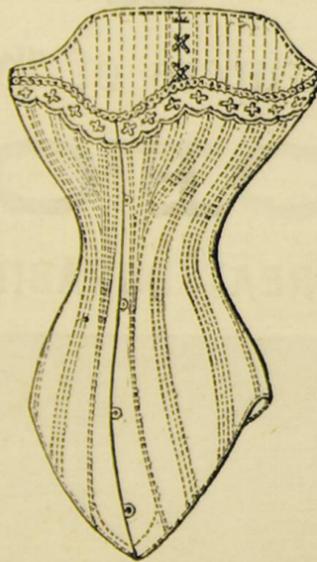
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