

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLES PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. IV.—No. 92.]

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 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.

## Coming Events.

- THURSDAY, Aug. 15th.**—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. Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8. International and other Bands. Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk. Admission—One Penny.—Exhibition of Monkeys from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Admission to Monkey House, One Penny extra.—Swimming Club.—Obstacle Race, 60 yards.—Cycling Club.—Run to Woodford.
- FRIDAY, Aug. 16th.**—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. Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8. International and other Bands. Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk. Admission—One Penny.—Exhibition of Monkeys from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Admission to Monkey House, One Penny extra.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 8 to 10.—Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Photographic Club.—Ordinary Meeting, at 8.
- SATURDAY, Aug. 17th.**—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. Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8. International and other Bands. Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk. Admission—Adults, Threepence, Children, One Penny.—Exhibition of Monkeys from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Admission to Monkey House, One Penny extra.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in Room 12, Club-house.—Ramblers' Club.—To Lytton Rowing Club Garden Party, Snaresbrook.
- SUNDAY, Aug. 18th.**—Organ Recitals, at 12.30 and 4.—Library.—Open from 3 till 10 free.
- MONDAY, Aug. 19th.**—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. Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8. Band of the Kettering Rifles, and others. Stedman's Celebrated Choir Boys and Girls. Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk. Admission—Adults, Threepence, Children, One Penny.—Exhibition of Monkeys from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Admission to Monkey House, One Penny extra.
- TUESDAY, Aug. 20th.**—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. Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8. Band of the Kettering Rifles, and others. Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk. Admission—Adults, Twopence, Children, One Penny.—Exhibition of Monkeys from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Admission to Monkey House, One Penny extra.—Boxing Club.—Usual Practice.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7, in Room 12, Club-house.
- WEDNESDAY, Aug. 21st.**—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. Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8. Band of the Kettering Rifles, and others. Stedman's Celebrated Choir of Boys and Girls. Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk. Admission—One Penny.—Exhibition of Monkeys from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Admission to Monkey House, One Penny extra.

## Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, AUGUST 18th, 1889.  
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, AT 12.30 AND 4 O'CLOCK.

ADMISSION FREE.

## Notes of the Week.

THE Poet-Laureate recently (on the sixth of the present month) celebrated his eightieth birthday. Eighty is a good age, but Lord Tennyson is a healthy old man, and there are prospects of his exceeding it by, let us hope, many years. It is reasonable to suppose that his poems have had an effect, and certainly a good one, upon the thoughts and manners of all the English-speaking people of the major part of the nineteenth century, and they will not be forgotten during the centuries to come. There are essential difficulties in estimating the lasting fame of contemporaries, and no doubt many men whom we look upon as among the immortals of our time, will be forgotten before the *Palace Journal* is dated A.D. 2000; but I do not expect that Tennyson will be one of them. In much of his work there is the essential truth which lives.

LORD TENNYSON'S age has been reached by very few of our poets. Samuel Rogers died at ninety-two; Wordsworth reached eighty. Tom Moore was seventy-three; and old Chaucer and his contemporary, John Gower, lived to seventy-two and seventy-five respectively. Longfellow was seventy-five when he died, and Dryden seventy. Wycherley was our only other great poet passing the threescore and ten years, and he was seventy-five. Keats died at twenty-five, Byron at thirty-six, and Burns at thirty-seven. Shelley was drowned at thirty. Goldsmith and Hood, two very different men, but whom one must always feel a sort of personal affection for, only lived to forty-six and forty-seven respectively, and poor Chatterton died by his own hand at eighteen. Shakespeare himself only attained fifty-two, Pope fifty-six, Scott sixty-one, Ben Jonson sixty-three, and Milton sixty-six. So that our Poet-Laureate has been spared to the world longer than by far the majority of this country's poets, and let us all hope he will live to exceed them all. In the *Athenaeum*, Mrs. Theodore Watts writes, with date "August 6th, 1889, at sunrise":—

Another birthday breaks: he is with us still.  
There thro' the branches of the glittering trees  
The birthday-sun gilds grass and flower: the breeze  
Sends forth methinks a thrill—a conscious thrill  
That tells yon meadows by the steaming rill—  
Where, o'er the clover waiting for the bees,  
The mist shines round the cattle to their knees—  
"Another birthday breaks: he is with us still!"

For Nature loves him—loves our Tennyson:  
I think of heathery Aldworth rich and rife  
With greetings of a world his song hath won:  
I see him there with loving son and wife,  
His fourscore years a golden orb of life:  
My proud heart swells to think what he hath done.

AND in the *Spectator* thus Mr. Alfred Austin:—

"Long may your green maturity maintain  
Its universal season; and your voice,  
A household sound, be heard upon our hearths . . .  
And when, like light withdrawn from earth to heaven,  
Your glorious gloaming fades into the sky,  
We, looking upward shall behold you there,  
Shining amid the young unaging stars."

It is a long time since a trial for murder attracted as much public attention as has that of Mrs. Maybrick; and I hope it will be a much longer time before other such indecent attacks upon, and attempts to interfere with the course of justice are made. Howling crowds have shouted at and mobbed a judge and jury who have done their best to

honestly discharge a most painful duty, and people who should have known better have backed up the screams of the mob. If irresponsible people all over the country are more capable of deciding the guilt or innocence of alleged criminals than the judge and jury who investigate the case, what is the use of judge and jury at all, and of all the expensive paraphernalia of our courts of law? Just consider the position in which the jury were placed. They had carefully weighed all the evidence, they had had the accused woman herself before them, defended, as she was, by the ablest counsel procurable. What more easy than for them to have returned a verdict of acquittal? It would be an easy and popular way out of a difficult and unpleasant position. Beside avoiding the terrible responsibility of depriving the wretched woman of her life, they would do a popular thing, and one which would please the crowd who shriek sympathy for Mrs. Maybrick because she is young and "interesting," but who wouldn't open their mouths to save fifty women from hanging if they were all poor, ugly, old, and ignorant. But in the teeth of all these persuasions, although in so complicated a case they might easily have found excuses to their own consciences for returning the prisoner not guilty, they preferred to be honest and do their duty, notwithstanding all personal considerations. And they did it honestly; and for this they were hooted. The judge's duty was perfectly clear. He had conducted the case with justice tempered wherever possible with consideration for the prisoner. The jury declared the prisoner guilty. What in the whole world was the judge to do but pass sentence? He passed sentence, as he might have done on a poor charwoman without dissent from anybody. And for this he was mobbed.

WHAT are we to expect from this sort of heroine-worship? Imitation. It is always the case; celebrated crimes always beget others in imitation, and when the criminal receives the amount of public sympathy which Mrs. Maybrick has received, the imitation may be expected to assume serious proportions. Sentimental considerations must never interfere with justice, or justice dies immediately; but what sentimental considerations could avail for Mrs. Maybrick I cannot understand; she is convicted, by men who know more of the case than any of us outsiders, of cruelly doing to death her own husband on his sick-bed, on pretence of nursing him as a wife should. We look for any redeeming feature in her conduct towards the man she swore to love, honour and obey, and what do we find? Unfaithfulness. And the virtuous ladies of Liverpool give her sympathy and bouquets!

It is of course a sad thing that any woman should hang, or for that matter, any man; but it would be no less sad if it were a poor ignorant brutish woman instead of a well-to-do educated and refined one, who has been taught better. Of course, if after the trial further evidence transpires, or even if a number of people think that there has been a mistake, a petition to the Home Secretary may be made. Let us also hope that very soon, in these circumstances, there may also be an appeal to a special Court; but these things are very different to reviling judge and jury, and trying the case again in newspapers printed to sell. Trial by jury is our proudest boast as Englishmen, and when a jury gives a verdict we don't like, we go in in our thousands and mob them!

SUB-EDITOR.

THE crafty farmer now brings forth  
A little piece of pine,  
And with a rush he marketh out  
The usual summer sign.

The legend which that pine contains  
Has often painted been;  
Its truth will be denied by none,  
'Tis, "Boarders taken in."

CURIOSITIES.—Rafters supported by the beams of the moon. Nails from the claws of a hammer. A bird's-eye view from the top of the morning. A receipt in full of the dews of eve. A leg of a toad-stool. A sheep from the pen that was mightier than the sword. A map of the state of matrimony. Knots from school-boards. A bill drawn on the banks of the Thames.

PROFESSOR (describing an ancient Greek theatre): "And it had no roof." Junior (sure that he has caught the professor in a mistake): "What did they do, sir, when it rained?" Professor (taking off his glasses and pausing angrily): "They got wet, sir."

## Palace Notes.

THE Pictures and the Fête still bring thousands to the Palace. And now we have the monkeys lately exhibited at the Alexandra Palace—all of them, excepting two chimpanzees, who died, and a white monkey now at the Zoological Gardens. Specimens of all the rarer kinds are on view, and altogether it is a most interesting exhibition. The man who has never seen a green monkey can complete his education in that respect, by an immediate visit to the People's Palace. There are in all something like forty different species on show.

In another column will be found an account of the camp-out of the Junior Section, in charge of Messrs. Burdett, Lowther, and Wright. We omitted, last week, to mention among the names of the masters who took care of the schoolboys on a similar occasion, those of Messrs. Bishop, Grenville, and Legge.

LETTERS about and accounts of the Paris trip continue to pour in, and where to find room for them in the *Journal* with all our present press of matter is a problem still unsolved. There is, however, one short letter from a lady in another column, after reading which those unfortunate members who have hitherto been left in the cold will welcome the news conveyed in the next paragraph.

THE news is that five more trippers are at the last moment unable to go, and that their places are now up for competition. The first five would-be Paris-trippers who apply will fill the following vacancies:—

August 17th to August 24th, one vacancy.  
" 24th " " 31st, one vacancy.  
" 31st " September 7th, one vacancy.  
September 7th to " 14th, one vacancy.  
" 14th " " 21st, one vacancy.

MR. WERE is the gentleman to apply to, and he will be in his office on Friday evening next, prepared to receive a charge of competitors, to accept subscriptions, to arrange for carriage drives, and to do Paris business generally.

HERE are still more of our examination results—some very high indeed:—

### MATHEMATICS.

Stage 2, 1st Class.—Hitchcock, R. J.; Parker, G. F.  
2nd Class.—Allen, A. W.; Austin, H.; Atlee, C.; Bassett, E. H.; Bosworth, C.; Bersey, W. C.; Birkett, F. C.; Bissett, Wm.; Burton, E. T.; Barnes, H.; Clark, J. J.; Courtenay, A.; Cole, J. W.; Dawson, A. E.; Finnis, I. R.; Griffith, A. E.; Howell, Thos.; Hill, A.; Hassell, A. E.; Langdon, Elias; Lelen, F.; Loudon, W. H.; Plester, A. C.; Paskell, A. E.; Seaton, Thos. P.; Sawden, Harold; Thomas, A. E.; Toartel, Adolphus; Von Bohr, John; White, Wm. H.; Watson, E. B.; Warman, Percy G.; Webber, George; Williams, Percy; Winfield, R. C.

Stage 1, 1st Class.—Batcheler, C.; Butler, R. W.; Bishop, J. E.; Barnett, Hyam; Coram, Wm. H.; Drammer, Arthur; Green, Louis E.; Gravener, F. W.; Hickman, J. G.; Holmes, J. E.; Hughes, Wm. A.; Henley, Charles N.; Jones, R.; Lumsden, A.; McGuire, W. J.; Marriner, E. L.; Orchard, F. R.; Page, F. C. J.; Pratt, F. W.; Reid, Wm.; Sainsbury, Edgar; Stock, Arthur; Scarlett, A. E.; Vale, Hy. B.; Wingfield, Samuel, W.; White, F. T.

2nd Class.—Ashford, W.; Amor, G. W.; Alderton, H.; Blackwell, Thos.; Brenmer, Thos.; Butler, W. C.; Broadbent, R.; Banks, John; Bye, Thos.; Beirne, Sidney; Bungard, Geo. N.; Bourne, F. W.; Bromige, A. E.; Brooks, Peter H.; Bryant, G. W.; Barlow, Archibald; Bosworth, Thos. E.; Bartrip, A.; Boustead, R. N.; Beard, Horace; Bloomfield, L.; Billington, E. L.; Barrett, J.; Bousher, A. H.; Caunt, F. R.; Carr, Hy. G.; Clark, G. T.; Cox, John A.; Clark, G. W.; Cox, Geo. C.; Connoll, Wm. J.; Donovan, John; Davis, G. A. D.; Durrant, E. W.; Driscoll, G. T.; Davies, A.; Dodd, F. J.; Dixon, J. A.; Davey, P. J.; Davies, Francis; Esmond, Chas. J.; Evans, C. F.; Everett, James; Eve, Hy. A.; Evans, E. J.; East, C. A.; Edwards, Jas. G. B.; Forrest, E. A.; Fuller, Ernest G.; Fox, Thos. H.; Finch, Arthur; Ford, R.; Francis, Arthur; Grover, Hy. C.; Ganley, W.; Hawkesworth, Jno. H.; Holmes, Arthur; Harlow, Hy. L.; Harry, Chas. J.; Hones, A. D.; Hawkins, W. F.; Hazell, H.; Jolly, E. G.; Johnson, C. W.; Jones, A.; Jessop, J. A.; Kearney, R.;

Knight, A. E.; Kimpton, James; Kite, G. P.; Leach, S. A.; Lowe, F. J.; Long, A.; Low, Jno. Inch.; Levy, Joseph; Murray, G. J.; McConnell, W.; Muckleston, W. J.; Miller, Wm. J.; Merritt, Geo. L.; Moon, P.; Maddin, W.; Milward, F. C.; McCardle, F.; Newman, C.; Polglase, Arthur; Parrott, Geo. A.; Parrish, R. C.; Pringle, George; Purcell, James; Rosenberg, Barnet; Robinson, Wink; Stock, G. T.; Smith, Frances R.; Sheen, W. E.; Shotton, Leonard; Slade, James; Seymour, Charles; Sampson, A. H.; Skinner, E. W.; Stoneham, Thomas; Smith, S. J.; Smith, T. F. S.; Simmonds, F. E.; Tanner, A. B.; Toyne, R. M.; Taylor, Walter; Thomas, F. H. H.; Waite, Joseph; Willshire, Egbert; Woodhams, W.; Wenn, Arthur J.; Warren, H.; Warrow, H. H.; Wild, A.; Winfield, J. C.; Watts, Ernest; Williams, D. J.; Wingfield, Wm. J.

### MODEL DRAWING.

1st Class.—Stoppis, G. W.  
1st Excellent.—Baker, S.; Davis, S. R.; Evans, E. H.; Billington, E. L.; Waterson, H. G.  
2nd Class.—Phillips, H. A.; Loudon, W. H.; Payze, J. A.; Taylor, W.; Durrant, E. W.; Carr, H. G.; Paskell, A. E.; Hockley, H.; Aldridge, J.; Crowley, J. A.; Driver, H.; Cole, J. E.; Ryan, G. F.; Butler, H.; Willshire, E.; Kearney, R.; Wilson, R. W.; Wingfield, S. W.; Barnett, H.; Amor, G. W.; Smith, S. G.; Scarlett, A. E.; Jay, R.; Burton, E. T.; Long, A.; Alderton, H.; Toyne, R. M.; Wenn, A. J.; Priestley, G. W.; Pratt, F. W.; Beirne, E. H.; Merritt, G. L.; Williams, D. J.; Clark, B.; Coram, W.; Bucks, M.; Austin, H.; Bernberg, J.; Birkett, F. C.; Rae, L.; Welch, A. J.; Samuel, J. A.; Cole, J. W.; Purcell, J. P.; Angus, H. F.; Layton, H.; Overnull, T.; Nott, J. F.

### PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

1st Class.—Nutter, A. E.; Purcell, J. P.; Hawkins, W. F.; Burnham, F. J.; Ford, R.  
1st Excellent.—Francis, A.; Davis, S. R.; Robinson, W. R.; Evans, E. H.; Angus, H. F.; Shoppis, G. W.; Billington, E. L.; Taylor, F. W.  
2nd Class.—Bucks, M.; Smith, S. G.; Howard, H. B.; Brooks, A.; Barrett, J.; Sides, M. H.; Thomas, Florence C.; Fletcher, A.; Connoll, W. J.; Patterson, S. C.; Harris, L.; Samuel, J. A.; Bloomfield, L.; Edwards, J. G.; Rolfe, E.

### INORGANIC CHEMISTRY.

Advanced, 2nd Class.—Hills, H. F.; Morgan, J.; May, J. R.; Phillips, W. H.; Wayland, S. E.  
Elementary, 1st Class.—Beckett, Christopher.  
Elementary, 2nd Class.—Aldrick, E. J.; Ferguson, R.; Manoni, S.; Quy, F.; Smith, Henry; Smith, P. W.; Wallace, William.  
Alternative Elementary, 1st Class.—Barnett, Hyam; Cox, G. C.; Gravener, F. W.; Lumsden, A. J.

Alternative Elementary, 2nd Class.—Ames, J. E.; Aldridge, J.; Bungard, G. W.; Butler, H.; Brooks, P. H.; Broadbent, R.; Bourne, F. W.; Bloxam, M.; Bloomfield, E.; Beard, H.; Bannerman, Charles; Bye, Thomas; Boustead, R. N.; Banks, John; Barlow, A. H.; Clark, S.; Carr, Henry G.; Clark, G. T.; Course, Arthur; Coram, W. H.; Drawmer, A. C.; Davies, G. A. D.; Driscoll, G. T.; Durrant, E. W.; Dodd, F. J.; Discori, J. A.; Edmunds, Samuel; Evans, Charles F.; Everett, James; Farley, G. H.; Grover, Henry C.; Hazell, H.; Hughes, William A.; Hickman, John G.; Hones, A. O.; Hewett, John W. R.; Harlow, Henry L.; Holmes, James E.; Ilett, E.; Jessop, John A.; Judd, A. E.; Jolly, E. G.; Jones, A.; Johnson, Chas.; Kearney, R.; Kitchin, F. G.; Knight, A. E.; Kimpton, Jas.; King, G. V.; Lawton, W. S.; Leach, S. A.; Lumsden, A. J.; Low, Jno. I.; Laken, Wm. J.; Low, F. J.; Murray, G. J.; Moon, P.; Merritt, G. L.; Muckleston, W. J.; Newman, R. C.; Newman, Chas. E.; Parrish, R. C.; Page, F. C. J.; Priestly, Geo. W.; Pratt, F. W.; Phillips, Wm. H.; Robb, Jno.; Stock, A. E.; Slade, James; Skinner, E. W.; Scarlett, A. E.; Sainsbury, Edgar; Toyne, R. N.; Taylor, W.; Weston, D.; Williams, D. J.; Woodhams, W.; Willshire, E.; White, F. J.; Wingfield, Samuel; Winfield, J. C.; Wells, G.; Wenn, Arthur J.; Watts, E.; Williams, W.; Warren, Geo. H.; Worrow, H. H.

### STEAM RESULTS.

Burrell, E. J., A1; Irwin, G. C., E2; Kensington, W., E2.

### ART RESULTS.

Edwin Evans, People's Palace Art Class, wins a NATIONAL PRIZE in the National Competition, the work for which is now being exhibited at the South Kensington Museum, Enamels Gallery, for a Design for a Carpet (coloured).

A. H. Bishop wins a NATIONAL PRIZE for Drawing of a Figure from the Antique.

ON Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday of next week, Mr. Stedman's splendid choir of boys and girls, who so delighted visitors to the Palace last year, will sing in the Queen's Hall, by special arrangement. This will be a really good thing.

ON a very early Saturday (which one I hope to announce next week), Princess Frederica will visit the Palace to distribute the prizes for the Ambulance Examinations. She will also be requested to present a testimonial from the Royal Humane Society to W. E. Gardner, for saving a lad from drowning.

PREPARATIONS are now going forward for the great People's Palace Athletic Sports and Races at Leyton, which have been fixed for Saturday, September 21st. Everything will be done to make the thing a great success, and first-rate men will compete in all the bicycle and foot races. More particulars next week.

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.]

### PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

ON Saturday last, eight Members took part in the second visit to Hampstead Heath; soon after leaving the railway station, we had quite a breezy walk across Parliament Hill, and the weather being very fine and fairly clear, could see Camden Town Cattle Market, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Houses of Parliament, and many other familiar buildings; and in the other direction Highgate Ponds and a great part of the Heath, to where it is divided by the Spaniards Road near the flagstaff. We passed round by the Highgate Ponds to Millfield Lane, a pretty shaded walk leading to the Spaniards Road, where we entered the Heath by the Row. Mr. Albu, who had his photographic camera with him, took two views before we proceeded further; then we rambled through innumerable paths of brake fern to North End. While tea was being prepared, he again arranged the apparatus to take two cottages with a grass plot immediately in front, railed in by a fence. At Mrs. Shee's, where we had tea, we were joined by another gentleman, a Member of the Palace Photographic Club; after tea we went down the Hendon Road, and returned through Child's Hill, and across the Heath to the flagstaff, where the Rosslyn Hill Band were playing. The weather was very favourable for walking, and we all enjoyed the outing very much.—In consequence of the small number of names received for the Boating Trip, the Committee have decided to abandon it altogether.—On Saturday next, August 17th, we ramble to the Lytton Rowing Club Garden Party, which will be held in the grounds of the "Eagle Hotel," Snaresbrook. The athletic sports will commence at 2.30 p.m. Tickets can be obtained of the Secretary.

H. ROUT, Hon. Sec.

### THE SCARLET DOMINO MINSTREL TROUPE.

Vice-President—ORTON BRADLEY, Esq.

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

Rehearsals will be discontinued until the second week in September, owing to the number of Members who are away for their holidays.

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

### PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

Rehearsal next Friday, at 8 o'clock. Members will please call at the General Offices to be informed where they will practice.

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

### PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

ON Saturday, 10th, the Members of the Club visited Hampstead Heath, where cameras were pitched at various parts, and twenty-five plates exposed; the results of some will be shown at our next ordinary meeting, on Friday, 16th, at 8 o'clock (Room 12, Old School-buildings).—Next outing will be to Beckett Gasworks, on the 24th inst.

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

## PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

The Obstacle Race, 60 yards, takes place to-morrow night, August 15th. On Thursday, August 1st, the trial heats of the 150 Yards' Handicap were swum off in the Palace Baths, the result being as follows:—First Heat: Newman, 25 secs., first; G. Gretton, 16 secs., second; H. J. Stone, 40 secs., third. Second Heat: Cokerton, 10 secs., first; H. Ellis, 18 secs., second; J. Ashford, scratch; E. C. Butler, 18 secs. On the following Thursday, August 8th, the final was decided, G. Gretton, the second man of the first heat, winning rather unexpectedly. Newman, 25 secs., led the way for over four lengths, closely pursued by the others, when Gretton, spurting strongly, managed to secure first place, and finished easily, Newman arriving second and Ellis third. Members are requested to turn up early to-morrow, as it is arranged to swim the final off same evening.

E. C. BUTLER, Hon. Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE.

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

Orders will be posted in the General Offices as usual. Officers on duty for the week ending August 24th, are Mr. A. E. Reeve and Mr. A. E. Selby.

A. W. J. LAUNDY, Captain.

## 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.

## Queer Music.

THE credit of the invention of pig music belongs to the Abbé de Baigne, a great musician, who supplied the court of Louis the Eleventh with many other curiosities in this way. The ingenious abbé was one day asked by the king if he thought it possible to produce musical sounds from the cries of pigs. The abbé thought it was possible, and received a grant of money from the monarch for that purpose.

With this money he proceeded to purchase a number of porkers, of different sizes and ages, and, after testing the pitch and quality of their voices, secured them fast, and arranged them in order in a large tent. He further constructed a keyed instrument, furnished with a number of wires, tightly drawn, corresponding with the number of animals. At that end of each wire which was inside the tent, and almost touching each pig, was a short, sharp spike, which, when moved by the action of the key, pricked the pig and made him squeak.

"By this means," says an old chronicler, "the abbé produced such harmony as to astonish the whole court."

That the cat has been pressed into the service of musical science appears from the account given by Juan Christoval, a Spaniard, of a procession which took place at Brussels at the fêtes in honour of Philip the Second. "The orchestra," says Christoval, "was upon a large car; in the middle sat a great bear, playing on a kind of organ—one not composed of pipes, as usual, but of twenty cats, separately confined in narrow cases, in which they could not stir. Their tails protruded from the top, and were tied to cords attached to the keyboard of the organ; and according as the bear pricked upon the keys, the cords were raised, and the tails of the cats were pulled to make them mew in bass or treble tones, as required by the nature of the airs." Live monkeys and other animals danced to this strange music; and "although," continues the chronicler, "Philip the Second was the most serious of mortals, he could not refrain from laughing boisterously."

THE UNEMPLOYED IN EAST LONDON.—At a time when much thought is being given to this matter, a practical suggestion may be of service. Last year more than £300,000 worth of foreign matches were purchased by inconsiderate consumers in this country, to the great injury of our own working people—so true is it that "Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart." If all consumers would purchase Bryant and May's matches, that firm would be enabled to pay £1,000 a week more in wages.—[ADVT.]

## At Lord's.

IT is difficult to conceive a more fascinating spectacle than that at Lord's on the occasion of a great match. The green turf is surrounded by magnificent trees of many-tinted foliage. The pavilion and the benches are full of brightly-dressed spectators. On such occasions the Coaching Club and Four-in-Hand Club also make a brave display with their gaily-caparisoned drags, and a multitude of carriages are drawn up on the Nursery side of the ground. One of the most popular contests of the season is, of course, that between Eton and Harrow. This match is made an excuse for a gigantic picnic, and while one (and the smaller) section of the visitors is absorbed in the play, the others are engaged in flirtations and small talk. Soft ripples of laughter float across the ground, and as the luncheon hour approaches the footmen become busily occupied in the spreading out of dainties on white cloths, and the popping of champagne corks grows so frequent as to resemble a miniature fusillade. The Eton and Harrow match is always the great attraction of the season. Once during the contest the number of visitors reached the enormous total of 18,000. The price of admission was then a shilling, but it has since been raised to half-a-crown, in order to prevent the ground from being inconveniently crowded during the match. The popularity of cricket in this country, as well as the great success of the Marylebone Club, may be judged (says the *Cricket and Football Field*) by the fact that the club has over 3,500 members, while 5,000 candidates are waiting for election. As the club only admits 156 new members every year, some of the candidates may expect to wait forty years for election. Those would-be-members, however, who are active cricketers receive priority of election, half of those admitted every year being selected players, while the other half are elected according to the date of their nominations. The annual subscription is £3, and the entrance fee £5, but life membership may be obtained on payment of £100. The Marylebone Cricket Club is just over a century old, having been established in 1787. The professional cricketers regularly employed at Lord's ground number forty-two, and their occupation is both pleasant and lucrative, for many of them are able to earn as much as £10 a week during the sixteen weeks of the cricket season. They are paid up to £6 for taking part in country matches, and for matches played at Lord's they receive £3 10s. if they win, and £3 if they lose. The ground bowlers get from £1 10s. to £2 10s. a week, besides the presents that they receive from members of the club, and they are thus able to make a very fair income. The Marleybone Club is most generous in all its dealings. Country teams coming to Lords have all their expenses paid by the club, which, nevertheless, when it plays out of London has to defray its own expenditure. The Middlesex County Club is allowed to use the ground, and to take all the gate-money received during its matches. The members of the Middlesex Club, however, are all members of the M.C.C., as are also all the principal amateurs belonging to county teams. A large sum of money is annually spent on the keeping of the ground in order, and the planting out of the flower beds by which it is ornamented, and for this purpose ten men are employed all the year round. The income of the club is, of course, principally derived from the subscriptions of members, which in 1888 amounted to £30,000. Considerable sums, however, are often netted in gate money, the Eton and Harrow match, for instance, having produced last year over £2,000, including the receipts at the grand stand; and £884 was paid for admission to the match between Oxford and Cambridge, as well as another £573 for seats on the grand stand. Altogether, the profits derived last year from admissions to the ground, and to the grand stand, amounted to £5,700; the inclemency of the season, however, caused the receipts to be less than usual. After many successive years of increasing prosperity, the Marylebone Cricket Club has now accumulated a great deal of wealth and property. The committee of the club has earned the confidence of cricketers throughout the world, and no one doubts that its wealth and power will always be directed towards the best interests of the national game of cricket.

T. G. CARTER.

MARC ANTHONY GRIG (the distinguished tragedian on a starring tour): "Me friend how is this? The house was cold last night—cold—cold—ca—hold! And yet I had distributed me good gold among the attendants to insure a hearty welcome and tumultuous applause."

Mr. Ochstein (the prosaic and Hebraic manager): "Golt? Two shillin's and dreepence. You don't get no dumtuous abblause for no two shillin's and dreepence. Dot don't get you no more as a gordial rezeption!"

## The White Old Maid.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE moonbeams came through two deep and narrow windows, and showed a spacious chamber, richly furnished in an antique fashion. From one lattice, the shadow of the diamond panes was thrown upon the floor; the ghostly light, through the other, slept upon a bed, falling between the heavy silken curtains, and illuminating the face of a young man. But, how quietly the slumberer lay! how pale his features! and how like a shroud the sheet was wound about his frame! Yes; it was a corpse, in its burial clothes.

Suddenly the fixed features seemed to move, with dark emotion. Strange fantasy! It was but the shadow of the fringed curtain, waving betwixt the dead face and the moonlight, as the door of the chamber opened, and a girl stole softly to the bedside. Was there delusion in the moonbeams, or did her gesture and her eye betray a gleam of triumph, as she bent over the pale corpse—pale as itself—and pressed her living lips to the cold ones of the dead? As she drew back from that long kiss, her features writhed, as if a proud heart were fighting with its anguish. Again it seemed that the features of the corpse had moved, responsive to her own. Still an illusion! The silken curtain had waved a second time, betwixt the dead face and the moonlight, as another fair young girl unclosed the door, and glided, ghost-like, to the bedside. There the two maidens stood, both beautiful, with the pale beauty of the dead between them. But she, who had first entered, was proud and stately; and the other, a soft and fragile thing.

"Away!" cried the lofty one. "Thou hadst him living! The dead is mine!"

"Thine!" returned the other, shuddering. "Well hast thou spoken! The dead is thine!"

The proud girl started, and stared into her face, with a ghastly look. But a wild and mournful expression passed across the features of the gentle one; and weak and helpless, she sank down on the bed, her head pillowed beside that of the corpse, and her hair mingling with his dark locks. A creature of hope and joy, the first draught of sorrow had bewildered her.

"Edith!" cried her rival.

Edith groaned, as with a sudden compression of the heart; and removing her cheek from the dead youth's pillow, she stood upright, fearfully encountering the eyes of the lofty girl.

"Wilt thou betray me?" said the latter, calmly.

"Till the dead bid me speak, I will be silent," answered Edith. "Leave us alone together. Go, and live many years, and then return, and tell me of thy life. He, too, will be here! Then, if thou tellest of sufferings more than death, we will both forgive thee."

"And what shall be the token?" asked the proud girl, as if her heart acknowledged a meaning in these wild words.

"This lock of hair," said Edith, lifting one of the dark, clustering curls, that lay heavily on the dead man's brow.

The two maidens joined their hands over the bosom of the corpse, and appointed a day and hour, far, far in time to come, for their next meeting in that chamber. The statelier girl gave one deep look at the motionless countenance, and departed—yet turned again and trembled, ere she closed the door, almost believing that her dead lover frowned upon her. And Edith, too! Was not her white form fading into the moonlight? Scorning her own weakness, she went forth, and perceived that a negro slave was waiting in the passage, with a wax-light, which he held between her face and his own, and regarded her, as she thought, with an ugly expression of merriment. Lifting his torch on high, the slave lighted her down the staircase, and undid the portal of the mansion. The young clergyman of the town had just ascended the steps, and bowing to the lady, passed in without a word.

Years, many years, rolled on; the world seemed new again, so much older was it grown, since the night when those pale girls had clasped their hands across the bosom of the corpse. In the interval, a lonely woman had passed from youth to extreme age, and was known by all the town, as the "Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet." A taint of insanity had affected her whole life, but so quiet, sad, and gentle, so utterly free from violence, that she was suffered to pursue her harmless fantasies, unmolested by the world, with whose business or pleasures she had nought to do. She dwelt alone, and never came into the daylight, except to follow funerals. Whenever a corpse was borne along the street, in sunshine, rain, or snow, whether a pompous train, of the rich and proud, thronged after it, or few and humble were the mourners,

behind them came the lonely woman, in a long white garment, which the people called her shroud. She took no place among the kindred or the friends, but stood at the door to hear the funeral prayer, and walked in the rear of the procession, as one whose earthly charge it was to haunt the house of mourning, and be the shadow of affliction, and see that the dead were duly buried. So long had this been her custom, that the inhabitants of the town deemed her a part of every funeral as much as the coffin-pall, or the very corpse itself, and augured ill of the sinner's destiny, unless the "Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet" came gliding, like a ghost, behind. Once, it is said, she affrighted a bridal party with her pale presence, appearing suddenly in the illuminated hall just as the priest was uniting a false maid to a wealthy man, before her lover had been dead a year. Evil was the omen to that marriage! Sometimes she stole forth by moonlight, and visited the graves of venerable Integrity, and wedded Love, and virgin Innocence, and every spot where the ashes of a kind and faithful heart were mouldering. Over the hillocks of those favoured dead would she stretch out her arms, with a gesture as if she were scattering seeds; and many believed that she brought them from the garden of Paradise; for the grave which she had visited were green beneath the snow and covered with sweet flowers from April to November. Her blessing was better than a holy verse upon the tombstone. Thus wore away her long, sad, peaceful and fantastic life, till few were so old as she, and the people of later generations wondered how the dead had ever been buried, or mourners had endured their grief, without the "Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet."

Still, years went on, and still she followed funerals, and was not yet summoned to her own festival of death. One afternoon, the great street of the town was all alive with business and bustle, though the sun now gilded only the upper half of the church-spire, having left the house-tops and loftiest trees in shadow. The scene was cheerful and animated, in spite of the sombre shade between the high brick buildings. Here were pompous merchants in white wigs and laced velvet; the bronzed faces of sea-captains; the foreign garb and air of Spanish creoles; and the disdainful port of natives of Old England; all contrasted with the rough aspect of one or two back settlers, negotiating sales of timber from forests where axe had never sounded. Sometimes a lady passed, swelling roundly forth in an embroidered petticoat, balancing her steps in high-heeled shoes, and courtesying, with lofty grace, to the punctilious obeisances of the gentlemen. The life of the town seemed to have its very centre not far from an old mansion that stood somewhat back from the pavement, surrounded by neglected grass, with a strange air of loneliness, rather deepened than dispelled by the throng so near it. Its site would have been suitably occupied by a magnificent Exchange, or a brick block, lettered all over with various signs; or the large house itself might have made a noble tavern, with the "King's Arms" swinging before it, and guests in every chamber, instead of the present solitude. But owing to some dispute about the right of inheritance, the mansion had been long without a tenant, decaying from year to year, and throwing the stately gloom of its shadow over the busiest part of the town. Such was the scene, and such the time, when a figure, unlike any that have been described, was observed at a distance down the street.

"I espy a strange sail yonder," remarked a Liverpool captain; "that woman in the long white garment."

The sailor seemed much struck by the object, as were several others, who, at the same moment, caught a glimpse of the figure that had attracted his notice. Almost immediately, the various topics of conversation gave place to speculations, in an undertone, on this unwonted occurrence.

"Can there be a funeral so late this afternoon?" inquired some.

They looked for the signs of death at every door—the sexton, the hearse, the assemblage of black-clad relatives—all that makes up the woeful pomp of funerals. They raised their eyes also to the sun-gilt spire of the church, and wondered that no clang proceeded from its bell, which had always tolled till now, when this figure appeared in the light of day. But none had heard that a corpse was to be borne to its home that afternoon, nor was there any token of a funeral, except the apparition of the "Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet."

"What may this portend?" asked each man of his neighbour.

All smiled as they put the question, yet with a certain trouble in their eyes, as if pestilence, or some other wide calamity, were prognosticated by the untimely intrusion among the living of one whose presence had always been associated with death and woe. What a comet is to the earth, was that sad woman to the town. Still she moved on, while the hum of surprise was hushed at her approach, and the

proud and the humble stood aside that her white garment might not wave against them. It was a long, loose robe of spotless purity. Its wearer appeared very old, pale, emaciated, and feeble, yet glided onward without the unsteady pace of extreme age. At one point of her course, a little rosy boy burst forth from a door, and ran, with open arms, towards the ghostly woman, seeming to expect a kiss from her bloodless lips. She made a slight pause, fixing her eye upon him with an expression of no earthly sweetness, so that the child shivered, and stood awe-struck, rather than affrighted, while the Old Maid passed on. Perhaps her garment might have been polluted even by an infant's touch; perhaps her kiss would have been death to the sweet boy within the year.

"She is but a shadow," whispered the superstitious. "The child put forth his arms, and could not grasp her robe!"

The wonder was increased, when the Old Maid passed beneath the porch of the deserted mansion, ascended the moss-covered steps, lifted the iron knocker, and gave three raps. The people could only conjecture that some old remembrance, troubling her bewildered brain, had impelled the poor woman hither to visit the friends of her youth; all gone from their home, long since and for ever, unless their ghosts still haunted it—fit company for the "Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet." An elderly man approached the steps, and reverently uncovering his gray locks essayed to explain the matter.

"None, Madam," said he, "have dwelt in this house these fifteen years ago—no, not since the death of old Colonel Fenwicke, whose funeral you may remember to have followed. His heirs, being ill-agreed among themselves, have let the mansion-house go to ruin."

The Old Maid looked slowly round, with a slight gesture of one hand, and a finger of the other upon her lip, appearing more shadow-like than ever, in the obscurity of the porch. But again she lifted the hammer, and gave, this time, a single rap. Could it be that a footstep was now heard, coming down the staircase of the old mansion, which all conceived to have been so long untenanted? Slowly, feebly, yet heavily, like the pace of an aged and infirm person, the step approached, more distinct on every downward stair, till it reached the portal. The bar fell on the inside; the door was opened. One upward glance, towards the church-spire, whence the sunshine had just faded, was the last that the people saw of the "Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet."

"Who undid the door?" asked many.

This question, owing to the depth of shadow beneath the porch, no one could satisfactorily answer. Two or three aged men, while protesting against an inference, which might be drawn, affirmed that the person within was a negro, and bore a singular resemblance to old Cæsar, formerly a slave in the house, but freed by death some thirty years before.

"Her summons has waked up a servant of the old family," said one half seriously.

"Let us wait here," replied another. "More guests will knock at the door anon. But the gate of the grave-yard should be thrown open!"

Twilight had overspread the town before the crowd began to separate, or the comments on this incident were exhausted. One after another was wending his way homeward, when a coach—no common spectacle in those days—drove slowly into the street. It was an old-fashioned equipage, hanging close to the ground, with arms on the panels, a footman behind, and a grave, corpulent, coachman seated high in front—the whole giving an idea of solemn state and dignity. There was something awful in the heavy rumbling of the wheels. The coach rolled down the street, till, coming to the gateway of the deserted mansion, it drew up, and the footman sprang to the ground.

"Whose grand coach is this?" asked a very inquisitive body.

The footman made no reply, but ascending the steps of the old house, gave three raps with the iron hammer, and returned to open the coach-door. An old man, possessed of the heraldic lore so common in that day, examined the shield of arms on the panel.

"Azure, a lion's head erased, between three flower de luces," said he; then whispered the name of the family to whom these bearings belonged. The last inheritor of its honours was recently dead, after a long residence amid the splendour of the British court, where his birth and wealth had given him no mean station. "He left no child," continued the herald, "and these arms, being in a lozenge, betoken that the coach appertains to his widow."

Further disclosures, perhaps, might have been made, had not the speaker suddenly been struck dumb, by the stern eye of an ancient lady, who thrust forth her head from the coach, preparing to descend. As she emerged, the people saw that her dress was magnificent, and her figure dignified, in spite

of age and infirmity—a stately ruin, but with a look, at once, of pride and wretchedness. Her strong and rigid features had an awe about them, unlike that of the white Old Maid, but as of something evil. She passed up the steps, leaning on a gold-headed cane; the door swung open as she ascended—and the light of a torch glittered on the embroidery of her dress, and gleamed on the pillars of the porch. After a momentary pause—a glance backwards—and then a desperate effort—she went in. The decipherer of the coat of arms had ventured up the lowest step, and shrinking back immediately, pale and tremulous, affirmed that the torch was held by the very image of old Cæsar.

"But, such a hideous grin," added he, "was never seen on the face of mortal man, black or white! It will haunt me till my dying day."

Meantime, the coach had wheeled round, with a prodigious clatter on the pavement, and rumbled up the street, disappearing in the twilight, while the ear still tracked its course. Scarcely was it gone, when the people began to question, whether the coach and attendants, the ancient lady, the spectre of old Cæsar, and the Old Maid herself, were not all a strangely combined delusion, with some dark purport in its mystery. The whole town was astir, so that, instead of dispersing, the crowd continually increased, and stood gazing up at the windows of the mansion, now silvered by the brightening moon. The elders, glad to indulge the narrative propensity of age, told of the long-faded splendour of the family, the entertainments they had given, and the guests, the greatest of the land, and even titled and noble ones from abroad, who had passed beneath that portal. These graphic reminiscences seemed to call up the ghosts of those to whom they referred. So strong was the impression, on some of the more imaginative hearers, that two or three were seized with trembling fits, at one and the same moment, protesting that they had distinctly heard three other raps of the iron knocker.

"Impossible!" exclaimed others. "See! The moon shines beneath the porch, and shows every part of it, except in the narrow shade of that pillar. There is no one there!"

"Did not the door open?" whispered one of these fanciful persons.

"Didst thou see it, too?" said his companion, in a startled tone.

But the general sentiment was opposed to the idea, that a third visitant had made application at the door of the deserted house. A few, however, adhered to this new marvel, and even declared that a red gleam, like that of a torch, had shone through the great front window, as if the negro were lighting a guest up the staircase. This, too, was pronounced a mere fantasy. But, at once, the whole multitude started, and each man beheld his own terror painted in the faces of all the rest.

"What an awful thing is this!" cried they.

A shriek, too fearfully distinct for doubt, had been heard within the mansion, breaking forth suddenly, and succeeded by a deep stillness, as if a heart had burst in giving its utterance. The people knew not whether to fly from the very sight of the house, or to rush trembling in, and search out the strange mystery. Amid their confusion and affright, they are somewhat reassured by the appearance of their clergyman, a venerable patriarch, and equally a saint, who had taught them and their fathers the way to Heaven, for more than the space of an ordinary lifetime. He was a reverend figure, with long, white hair upon his shoulders, a white beard upon his breast, and a back so bent over his staff, that he seemed to be looking downward, continually, as if to choose a proper grave for his weary frame. It was some time before the good old man, being deaf, and of impaired intellect, could be made to comprehend such portions of the affair as were comprehensible at all. But, when possessed of the facts, his energies assumed unexpected vigour.

"Verily," said the old gentleman, "it will be fitting that I enter the mansion-house of the worthy Colonel Fenwicke, lest any harm should have befallen that true Christian woman, whom ye call the 'Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet.'"

Behold, then, the venerable clergyman ascending the steps of the mansion, with a torch-bearer behind him. It was the elderly man, who had spoken to the Old Maid, and the same who had afterwards explained the shield of arms, and recognised the features of the negro. Like their predecessors, they gave three raps with the iron hammer.

"Old Cæsar cometh not," observed the priest. "Well, I wot, he no longer doth service in this mansion."

"Assuredly, then, it was something worse, in old Cæsar's likeness!" said the other adventurer.

"Be it as God wills," answered the clergyman. "See! my strength, though it be much decayed, hath sufficed to open this heavy door. Let us enter, and pass up the staircase."

Here occurred a singular exemplification of the dreamy state of a very old man's mind. As they ascended the wide flight of stairs, the aged clergyman appeared to move with caution, occasionally standing aside, and oftener bending his head, as it were in salutation, thus practising all the gestures of one who makes his way through a throng. Reaching the head of the staircase, he looked around, with sad and solemn benignity, laid aside his staff, bared his hoary locks, and was evidently on the point of commencing a prayer.

"Reverend Sir," said his attendant, who conceived this a very suitable prelude to their further search, "would it not be well, that the people join with us in prayer?"

"Well-a-day!" cried the old clergyman staring strangely around him. "Art thou here with me and none other? Verily, past times were present to me, and I deemed that I was to make a funeral prayer, as many a time heretofore, from the head of this staircase. Of a truth, I saw the shades of many that are gone. Yea, I have prayed at their burials, one after another, and the 'Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet' hath seen them to their graves!"

Being now more thoroughly awake to their present purpose, he took his staff, and struck forcibly on the floor, till there came an echo from each deserted chamber, but no menial, to answer their summons. They therefore walked along the passage, and again paused, opposite to the great front window, through which was seen the crowd, in the shadow and partial moonlight of the street beneath. On their right hand was the open door of a chamber, and a closed one on their left. The clergyman pointed his cane to the carved panel of the latter.

"Within that chamber," observed he, "a whole lifetime since, did I sit by the death-bed of a goodly young man, who, being now at the last gasp!"

Apparently, there was some powerful excitement in the ideas which had now flashed across his mind. He snatched the torch from his companion's hand, and threw open the door with such sudden violence, that the flame was extinguished, leaving no other light than the moonbeams, which fell through two windows into the spacious chamber. It was sufficient to discover all that could be known. In a high-backed, oaken arm-chair, upright, with her hands clasped across her breast, and her head thrown back, sat the "Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet." The stately dame had fallen on her knees, with her forehead on the holy knees of the Old Maid, one hand upon the floor, and the other pressed convulsively against her heart. It clutched a lock of hair, once sable, now discoloured with a greenish mould. As the priest and layman advanced into the chamber, the Old Maid's features assumed such a semblance of shifting expression, that they trusted to hear the whole mystery explained, by a single word. But it was only the shadow of a tattered curtain, waving betwixt the dead face and the moonlight.

"Both dead!" said the venerable man. "Then who shall divulge the secret? Methinks it glimmers to and fro in my mind, like the light and shadow across the Old Maid's face. And now 'tis gone!"

## Sailor Women.

A FEW weeks ago we mentioned in the *Journal* the cases of several women who had distinguished themselves as soldiers. There have also been many woman-sailors.

From time immemorial women have been considered an unlucky adjunct to a sea voyage. The legends of the ocean are nearly all antagonistic to the fair sex. A mermaid was looked upon as a sort of Garden-of-Eden sea serpent who enticed the jolly tar to his destruction, and a French legend has it that "the sea near St. Jean du Doight (Finistère) enrages itself at the sight of a woman." The more remote stories, perhaps, were not so severe on "nature's agreeable blunders," for, according to Pliny, the ancients had an idea that a storm at sea would disappear on a woman exhibiting herself to the winds; but, taken generally, nautical traditions are far from complimentary to ladies.

This, however, has not prevented women from facing the dangers of the sea and sneers of Neptune. One of the earliest records of sea voyages declares that about 500 B.C. a fleet was sent by the Carthaginians to sail beyond the straits of Gibraltar, and that the fleet consisted of "sixty ships of fifty oars and a great company of men and women to the number of 30,000."

Of individual instances of female daring at sea, one or two may be quoted to prove that the vocation of the sailor has not always been monopolised by men. In Von Archenholtz's "History of the Pirates" is given an account of

Ann Bonny and Mary Read, two Englishwomen, who not only encountered the dangers of the deep, but actually joined their fellow buccaneers in the various skirmishes incidental to pirate life. An equally fearless sailor warrior was Jean de Belville, who, in 1343, fitted out a fleet of ships, and, in revenge for the murder of her husband, burned every village on the coast she was able to reach.

The story of Hannah Snell will suggest itself to many readers as an instance of what a woman can accomplish in a vocation so seemingly unsuitable as that of a sailor. Hannah was born in 1723, and married a Dutch sailor, who, after squandering his wife's money, left her. Hannah, dressing herself as a man started in pursuit. She began as a soldier, deserted, and re-enlisted as a marine. She was several times wounded, but managed to conceal her sex until she heard that her faithless spouse had committed a murder, and, in consequence, had been stitched in a sack and thrown overboard, after which she donned her ordinary woman's attire, and returned to England.

In 1752, a young girl of thirteen ran away with her sweetheart. To prevent discovery, she dressed herself as a boy. A year afterwards, the couple separated, and the girl went to sea as a sailor. Twelve months afterwards, tired of seafaring life, she returned to London, and apprenticed herself to a Mr. Angel, in Southwark. A young woman, named Mary Parlour, fell in love with the smart apprentice, and they were actually married! Discovery ensued, and "Samuel Bundy," as the female husband called herself, joined a man-of-war. She subsequently deserted from the Navy, and joined the merchant service, but finally returned to her "wife," to whom she was greatly attached.

In the early years of the present century, a woman, dressed as a sailor, was brought before the Lord Mayor of London. Her story was a marvel in its way. She had been apprenticed by her father on board a Whitby collier when she was thirteen years old. For four years out of the stipulated seven, she had worked as a sailor without her sex being discovered. Her step-father had also bound her mother on board a vessel, and her mother had been killed while serving as a sailor.

An incident recorded in the *Nautical Magazine* for 1886, seems to prove that there still exist women who have no objection to shine in maritime history. In 1886, according to the *Magazine*, Mrs. Mary W. Coons, of New York, passed a brilliant examination for a certificate as shipmaster—or shipmistress—and pilot. On the receipt of the certificate she took command of the steam yacht *Elizabeth*.

Mrs. Coons was not the first of her sex who obtained a master's certificate. In 1884 Mrs. Mary M. Miller, of New Orleans, had undergone a similar examination, and undertook the captaincy of the merchant steamer *Saline*. It is hardly probable, however (unless human nature, in time to come, undergoes a metamorphosis incomprehensible to nineteenth century folk), that women will ever make a striking success in maritime occupations. Now and again, perhaps, a Lady Brassey will come to the front to prove that the attractions of the sea have not altogether lost their influence over the female mind, but it is not likely that Jack Tar's domain will ever be seriously invaded by that portion of humanity against whom grumpy old Neptune has a grudge.

## EACH TO HIS TASTE.

"I AM going to the seaside," said the milkman blithe and gay,  
 "For I love the ocean breezes and love the dashing spray.  
 Yes; I love the glorious sunset, love the calm, and love the squall,  
 But I think I love the water, in my business, best of all."  
 "That's the difference between us," said the grocer at his side,  
 "Though the ocean breeze is bracing, and I love the rolling tide,  
 Though I dearly love the billows, yet I can't forget the land,  
 And I think my young affection most is centred in the sand."

## AN OBLIGING ANIMAL.

Horse-dealer: "That's a beautiful hoss, sir, just beautiful. I wouldn't part with that hoss for the money to anyone but you."  
 Inexperienced Buyer: "But there seems to be something the matter with his ribs. Why, you can see every rib in his body."  
 Horse-dealer: "Yes, but just look at the advantage. How many hosses do you suppose there are whose ribs can be seen? Not one in ten, sir—not one in ten. Why, that hoss is so obliging, that if he had an idea that he had another rib stowed away somewhere he'd actually feel sad if he couldn't show it. Yes, sir, yes, sir! Shall we call it a bargain?"

## EXHIBITION OF PICTURES AND AUTUMN FÊTE, ON WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14th, 1889.

### Programme of Arrangements.

At 6.30.—IN QUEEN'S HALL.

### ORGAN RECITAL.

Organist, Mr. R. T. GIBBONS, F.C.O.

1. Overture, "L'Italiani in Algeri" .. .. . Rossini.
2. Air (from Judas) .. .. . Handel.
3. Selection (Dinorah) .. .. . Meyerbeer.
4. Minuet .. .. . Silas.
5. Lieder (No. 19) .. .. . Mendelssohn.
6. March in D .. .. . Beethoven.

At 7.30.—IN GROUNDS (weather permitting).

### Band of 2nd Volunteer (Essex) Brigade, E.D.R.A.

CONDUCTOR—MR. J. VENN.

1. QUICK STEP .. "Gallant Soldier" .. .. . Have.
2. WALTZ .. "Auf Wiedersehen" .. .. . C. Louthian.
3. OVERTURE .. "Les Fes aux Roses" .. .. . Marie.
4. QUADRILLE .. "Old London" .. .. . Williams.
5. SELECTION .. "Maritana" .. .. . Wallace.
6. WALTZ .. "The Bells" .. .. . Lasserre.
7. SCHOTTISCHE .. "Jungfrauen" .. .. . Hecker.
8. POLKA .. "Gralots" .. .. . R. de Vitbac.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

At 8.—IN FLORAL HALL.

### People's Palace Military Band.

CONDUCTOR—MR. A. ROBINSON.

At 8.—IN QUEEN'S HALL.

### Vocal & Instrumental Concert. INTERNATIONAL BAND.

CONDUCTOR—MR. F. G. HEIDLEMANN.

VOCALISTS:

MADAME SCHLUTER AND MR. ALFRED MOORE.

1. MARCH .. "Henry VIII." .. .. . Potter.
2. SONG .. "Entreat me not to leave thee" .. .. . Gounod.

MADAME SCHLUTER.

And Ruth said:— Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.

3. OVERTURE .. "Couronne d'Or" .. .. . Hermann.
4. WALTZ .. "Santiago" .. .. . Corbin.
5. SONG .. "Blow high, blow low" .. .. . Dibden.

MR. ALFRED MOORE.

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear  
The mainmast by the board;  
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,  
And love well stor'd  
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear;  
The roaring winds, the raging sea,  
In hopes on shore to be once more  
Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft, while mountains high we go,  
The whistling winds that scud along,  
And the surge roaring from below,  
Shall my signal be to think on thee,  
And this shall be my song:—  
Blow high, blow low, &c., &c.

And on that night when all the crew  
The mem'ry of their former lives  
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,  
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,  
I'll heave a sigh and think on thee;  
And as the ship rolls thro' the sea,  
The burden of my song shall be,  
Blow high, blow low, &c., &c.

6. SELECTION .. "Dorothy" .. .. . A. Cellier.
7. SPANISH DANCE .. "Poloma" .. .. . Hartmann.
8. SONG .. "Golden Years" .. .. . Edward Cutler.

MADAME SCHLUTER.

There are faces bright and sunny, and voices merry and sweet,  
And a rippling sound of laughter and patter of little feet;  
It is only the children playing in the sunlight with their toys,  
With never a dream of sorrow or a trouble amid their joys.

Play on, play on ye children,  
Play on in golden years,  
There's time enough for sadness,  
There's time enough for tears.

For the world that the children live in, is a world that is their's alone,  
We cannot enter its portals, nor can they pass our own;  
Whilst they in their play are sighing and women and men would be,  
It carries us back to childhood their happiness to see.

Play on, play on ye children,  
Play on in golden years,  
There's time enough for sadness,  
There's time enough for tears.

9. SELECTION .. "Faust" .. .. . Gounod.
10. SONG .. "Captain Dando" .. .. . J. L. Roedel.

MR. ALFRED MOORE.

Captain Dando went to sea,  
And a right little, tight little barque had he;  
When he spied a Frenchman on his lee,  
"Hurrah!" cried Captain Dando.  
And he hoisted his flag, and he gave a shout,  
"Steady my lads, run the long guns out,  
We shall have to fight, I make no doubt!"  
Said the brave old Captain Dando.

"Haul down that flag!" the Frenchman cried,  
As he came along o' Dando's side.  
"Well, that's a game that must be tried,"  
Said the brave old Captain Dando.  
So they ranged 'longside and blazed all day,  
Till Dando's timbers were shot away,  
But "never say die," he still did say;  
And "I mean it too," said Dando.

When the Frenchman into a rage flew he;  
"Haul it down! or I'll blow you out of the sea."  
"Well, that's a thing don't frighten me,"  
Said the brave old Captain Dando.  
But what could the poor little schooner do?  
For her masts were gone, and her sides in two;  
So down she went with her noble crew,  
And down went Captain Dando.

But just as the Frenchman sailed afar—  
For he thought he had done for the British Tar—  
Up came the flag on a floating spar,  
And upon the spar was Dando!  
For that's the Britisher's way, you know;  
He never will take a knock-down blow,  
And if ever he sinks, he comes up so!  
Like the brave old Captain Dando.

11. DANSE DE SATYRS .. .. . C. Le Thiere.

Piccolo Solo—MR. BOOTH.

12. SONG .. "By the sad sea waves" .. .. . J. Benedict.

MADAME SCHLUTER.

By the sad sea waves I listen while they moan,  
A lament o'er graves of hope and pleasure gone;  
I was young, I was fair, I had once not a care,  
From the rising of the morn to the setting of the sun.

Yet I pine like a slave  
By the sad sea waves,  
Come again, bright days  
Of hope and pleasure gone.

From my care last night by holy sleep beguil'd,  
In the fair dreamlight my home upon me smiled;  
O, how sweet 'mid the dew, every flower that I knew,  
Breathed a gentle welcome back to the worn and weary child.

I awoke in my grave,  
By the sad sea wave,  
Come again, dear dream,  
So peacefully that smil'd.

13. GALOP .. "Witches' Own" .. .. . Heidleman.

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### Calendar of the Week.

August 15th.—Birthday of Admiral Blake, Napoleon Bonaparte, Sir Walter Scott, and Edmund de Quincey. As for Napoleon Bonaparte, he belonged to a family which, when he rose in the world, they pretended was connected with a noble house of Italy. His father, however, occupied an obscure situation, and while Napoleon was sent into the artillery, his brothers became clerks to lawyers and in shops. This was the beginning of the great family of kings. The year in which Sir Walter Scott was born was 1771. It is remarkable that within four years were the births of Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and Charles Lamb. It may also be noted that Wellington and Napoleon were both born in the year 1769. The famous Joe Miller, jester, died on this day, 1738. He was a comic actor the beginning of the last century. He was remarkable for a grave and solemn face, and for saying the most famous things without the slightest change of countenance. He died in the year 1738, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Clement Danes, which was then on the site now occupied by King's College Hospital. On this day, 1812, the first steamboat carrying passengers began to run between Glasgow and Greenock, a little boat of twenty-five tons burden.

August 16th.—Gas first used in the London streets, 1807.

August 17th.—Frederick the Great of Prussia died, 1786. The two little princes were smothered in the Tower, 1483; and John Gower the poet died, 1408.

August 18th.—Battle of Gravelotte, 1870. The mention of this battle recalls a year which for excitement and interest has never been surpassed; it is impossible to believe that it is now nineteen years ago. Everybody over the age of thirty must have a clear recollection of that splendid year of sunshine, in which day by day the news was flashed across of the destruction of the French Empire. Disasters so overwhelming, defeat so ruinous, were never encountered before by the French nation. The battle of Gravelotte might not have been lost but for the bad management which sent troops into the battle without a sufficient supply of ammunition.

August 19th.—Pascal, French philosopher and mathematician, died, 1662. Balzac, French novelist, died, 1850.

August 20th.—Day of St. Bernard. Those who desire to read the life of one of the most interesting men, as well as one of the strongest, should read the life of St. Bernard.

August 21st.—Battle of Vimiera, 1808.

### How an Earl Conquered a Lion.

CRANTZ, in his "Saxon History," tells us of an Earl of Alsatia, surnamed, on account of his great strength, Lion, who was a favourite with Edward III. of England, and much envied, as favourites are always sure to be, by the rest of the courtiers.

On one occasion, when the king was absent, some nobleman maliciously instigated the Queen to make trial of the noble blood of the favourite, by causing a lion to be let loose upon him, saying, according to the popular belief, that if the earl was truly noble, the lion would not touch him. It being customary with the earl to rise at break of day, before any other person in the palace was stirring, a lion was let loose during the night and turned into the lower court. When the earl came down in the morning, with nothing more than a dressing-gown on, he was met by the lion, bristling his hair, and growling destruction between his teeth. The earl, not in the least daunted, called out, with a stout voice, "Stand, you dog!" At these words the lion crouched at his feet, to the great amazement of the courtiers, who were peeping out at every window to see the issue of their ungenerous design. The earl laid hold of the lion by the mane, turned him into his cage, and placing his night-cap on the lion's back, came forth without ever casting a look behind him.

"Now," said the earl, calling out to the courtiers, "let him amongst you all that standeth most upon his pedigree go and fetch my night-cap!"

### Letter to the Editor.

THE PARIS TRIPS.

SIR,—As one of the first party of the People's Palace ladies visiting Paris. I think I am only fulfilling a duty by writing to thank those who have rendered it possible for myself and others to spend such an enjoyable week in that beautiful city. We paid three visits to the exhibition, with which we were delighted; ascended the wonderful Eiffel Tower, from the various stages of which it is quite the fashion to write post cards (which are posted on the spot) to friends at home. We also visited the Madeleine, Louvre, Palais Royal, Arc de Triomphe, Napoleon's Tomb, Notre Dame, ascending the bell tower, Bois de Boulogne, Versailles, St. Cloud, Pottery of Sevres, and many other interesting places, and were favoured with fine weather the whole time.

Many thanks are also due to Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, of the Polytechnic, and also to Miss Fitch, of the Rue de Chaillot, for their kindness and consideration of us while we were there.

It is hardly necessary to say that we were all very pleased and satisfied with our trip. There is no need for extravagance, and the whole thing can be done (including the board, lodgings, etc., so liberally provided) for about £4.

[We have similar letters from Miss Bose and other ladies, for which, however, we have been unable to find space.—SUB-ED.]

### People's Palace Junior Section.

THANKS to the never-failing kindness and energy of Lady Currie, and the help of some of her friends, some 89 of the Junior Section have had a week's holiday, which has been spent at Dumpton Farm, near Ramsgate. On Saturday, the 3rd, we started away from the Palace at 4.30 a.m., Sir Edmund Hay Currie, early as it was, being there to see us leave, and as we drove out of the gates the lads (who were accompanied by Messrs. Burdett and Lowther) gave him three hearty cheers. After a safe journey down, and having hoisted our bags and rugs, etc., into a waggon, which had been sent to meet us from the farm, we walked on there, and found a good breakfast awaiting us, to which we did very ample justice. Having got our things stowed away in order in the two barns (which, by the way, were exceedingly clean and comfortable), we started off to Dumpton Gap and had a bath, the lads showing the good use they had made of the Palace Bath as regards swimming; the rest of the day was spent in rambling over, and exploring the neighbourhood. On Sunday, after breakfast, the lads were paraded for church, Mr. Lowther having had an interview with Rev. H. Bartram, who arranged a special service for us. I forgot to mention that Mr. Wright joined us on Saturday evening, bringing on a few of the lads, who could not leave by the morning train. Monday was passed in bathing, cricket, quoits, lawn tennis and yachting. On Tuesday, Mr. Burdett took about seventy out in the yacht *Rose*, and with a good breeze they were not long in getting close to Deal, and then tacking, got back to Ramsgate again about 5.20. On Wednesday, Sir Edmund and Lady Currie, with Master Currie, came over to Ramsgate for the purpose of being present at a gymnastic display to be given by the lads under their director, Staff-Sergt. H. H. Burdett, assisted by Instructor Wright. The lads went through their several drills very well indeed, Mr. Burdett giving his smart feats of swordsmanship in his usual style. After the display, Sir Edmund and Lady Currie went to the farm and inspected the dining and sleeping apartments. Thursday morning the lads were conveyed in three brakes to Canterbury, Sir Edmund accompanying us; on our arriving at the gates of the cathedral we were met by Lady Currie, who had gone on to Canterbury the previous evening. Canon Fremantle very kindly took us over the venerable old pile, showing and explaining everything to us. After this we had lunch, and then Fayers and Gardner, acting on behalf of the other lads, presented Lady Currie with a pencil case; the lads being most anxious to show the gratitude they felt to her ladyship for having so kindly collected the whole of the money for their outing. On Friday, all hands went for another sail, this time we made the Downs, and "all in the Downs the Fleet lay moored," and we sailed round some of the ships. On Saturday the lads had a farewell ramble round the town, many of them buying presents for the old folks at home. With much sorrow we left Ramsgate at four o'clock in the afternoon for home, reaching Holborn about eight, where we were met, and conveyed back to the Palace. I am glad to say that this has been a most successful trip in every way, thanks to the goodwill and energy thrown in to all the proceedings by those in charge.

E. L.

Time Table of Classes. SESSION 1889-90.

The Winter Session will commence on Monday, September 30th, 1889. The Classes are open to both Sexes of all ages. As the number attending each class is limited, intending Students should book their names as soon as possible.

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.

Table with 5 columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists Practical Trade Classes like Tailors' Cutting, Upholstery, Photography, etc.

Only those are eligible to attend classes in this section who are actually engaged in the trade to which these subjects refer, unless an extra fee be paid.

Special Classes for Females only.

Table with 5 columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists Dressmaking, Millinery, Cookery, etc.

Science Classes.

Table with 5 columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists Prac. Pl. & Sol. Geom., Mac. Con. & Draw., Build. Con. & Draw., etc.

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.

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Art and Design Classes.

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Per Session. Per Quarter.

Musical Classes.

Table with 5 columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists Singing, Elementary, Choral Society, etc.

Per Quarter.

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General Classes.

Table with 5 columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Civil Service, etc.

Per Quarter.

Per Course, to commence in April next. Students taking this subject are recommended to join the Class in Mathematics, Stage II.

Technical Classes.

Table with 5 columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists Boot and Shoe Making, Mechanical Engineering, etc.

Free to those taking Practical Classes. Members of these classes can join the Mathematics on payment of half fee.

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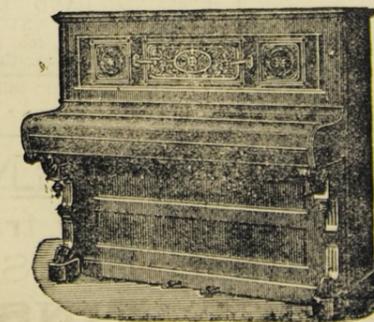
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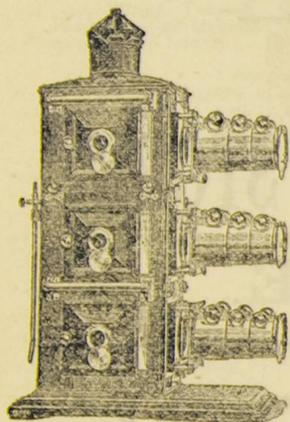
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