

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

Vol. IV.—No. 94.]

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]

Coming Events.

THURSDAY, Aug. 29th.—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 1st Northamptonshire Regiment and others. 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.—Cycling Club.—Run to Woodford.

FRIDAY, Aug. 30th.—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 1st Northamptonshire Regiment and others. 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.—Military Band Practice, at 7.45.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

SATURDAY, Aug. 31st.—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 1st Northamptonshire Regiment and others. 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.—Cycling Club Garden Party at Buckhurst Hill.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in Room 12, Club-house.—Special General Meeting of Club Representatives, at 8.—Rambler's Club.—To Cycling Club Garden Party.

SUNDAY, Sept. 1st.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30 and 4.—Library.—Open from 3 till 10 free.

MONDAY, Sept. 2nd.—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 H.M. Scots' Guards, and others. 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, Sept. 3rd.—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 H.M. Scots' Guards, 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, Sept. 4th.—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 H.M. Scots' Guards, and others. 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.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, SEPTEMBER 1st, 1889.

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

ADMISSION FREE.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE Athletic Meeting and Sports

WILL BE HELD AT THE
ESSEX COUNTY CRICKET GROUND, LEYTON.
On Saturday, September 21st, 1889,

Commencing at Two p.m.

OPEN EVENTS—3 p.m.

- 1/2-Mile Ordinary Bicycle Scratch Race, 2 Prizes, Value 5 Guineas and 2 Guineas.
- 1 Mile (mixed) Bicycle Handicap, Four Prizes, Value 8 Guineas, 4 Guineas, 2 Guineas and 1 Guinea.
- 2 Miles (mixed) Bicycle Handicap, Four Prizes, Value 8 Guineas, 4 Guineas, 2 Guineas and 1 Guinea.
- 120 Yards Flat Handicap, Four Prizes, Value 8 Guineas, 4 Guineas, 2 Guineas and 1 Guinea.
- 1 Mile Flat Handicap, Four Prizes, Value 8 Guineas, 4 Guineas, 2 Guineas and 1 Guinea.

VALUE OF PRIZES ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED.

CLOSED EVENTS—2 p.m.

- 120 Yards Handicap Open to Members of Beaumont Harriers.
 - 880 Yards Handicap " " Beaumont Cycling Club.
 - 1 Mile Cycling Handicap " " " " " "
 - 2 Miles Cycling Handicap " " " " " "
 - 220 Yards Handicap " " " " " "
 - 200 Yards Handicaps " " " " " "
- Junior Section, and Boys of Technical School.
Throwing the Cricket Ball.
Tug-of-War—weight not to exceed 38 stone—Four in a Team.

Handicappers—Open events: Cycling, H. H. GRIFFIN, Esq.
Flat Events: A. J. FOWDEN, Esq., and S. T. BROWN, Esq.

ENTRANCE FEES:—

- 2/6 each Open Event, 4/6 two events (Members 1/6 each event).
- Closed Events, 1/- each event. Boys Event, 6d.
- Tug-of-War, 3/- per Team.

The Track (grass) is the finest in England, and holds the 1/4 and 3/4 Mile Bicycle Records.
Entries close on Saturday, September 14th, 1889, to the Hon. Secs., W. MARSHALL, 54, Sutherland Road, Bow, and J. R. DEEBLEY, 35, Claremont Road, Forest Gate, and at the People's Palace, Mile End, E., from whom Entry Forms and particulars may be obtained.

A MILITARY BAND WILL ATTEND.

Admission to Ground, 1/- Grand Stand Enclosure, 2/-

Tickets purchased before the day half-price, and may be had of—

J. Howard, Leyton Road, Leyton; "Forest Glen" Hotel, and "Forest Gate" Hotel, Forest Gate; E. Ransley, 264, Commercial Road, E.; G. Leggett, Sebert Road, Forest Gate; Buckingham & Adams, Queen Victoria St., E.C.; J. Grose, Old Jewry, E.C., etc.

Frequent Trains from Liverpool Street and Fenchurch Street to Leyton.

Notes of the Week.

PEOPLE who are acquainted with our great infirmaries for the poor, and the admirably-managed hospitals of to-day, may find a difficulty in believing what are nevertheless the facts of the management (or its reverse) of Workhouse Infirmaries thirty years ago. Dr. Joseph Rogers has just published "Reminiscences of a Workhouse Medical Officer," which is one of the most startling and shocking books I have ever seen. Dr. Rogers was appointed Medical Officer to the Strand Union in 1856, and his book describes a condition of affairs then existing which are almost incredible. Dying paupers, huddled together in miserable sheds, infection stalking unhindered about these "Infirmaries," and into the adjacent neighbourhoods, drunken and brutal attendants, dirt and unwholesomeness everywhere. Dr. Rogers used to

find the nurses helplessly drunk even in the early morning. The master of the workhouse, who under the arrangements then in force, also controlled the infirmary, and who had formerly been porter, made a practice of giving out all wine, brandy, or other stimulants requisitioned by the doctors for the patients at about seven o'clock in the morning, and as many of the unfortunate creatures sold their allowances, and the majority of the remainder had them stolen, the doctor's morning visit usually found the nurses in various stages of intoxication. Another master who held office in connection with an infirmary in Dr. Rogers's time had a pleasant habit of swearing at the doctors, or the lady visitors, or anybody else whom his refined discrimination pointed out as a desirable target for bad language, and although this exemplary guardian of the sick and dying was known among other things to have twice thrown a bucketful of water over a female inmate, to have kicked an old woman of sixty-eight violently in the thigh, to have twice kicked a sick boy in the back, and to have saluted Emily Brown with a volley of his accustomed rhetoric on her applying at the workhouse to be allowed to see her husband die, still no attempt was made either on the part of the Guardians or of the Local Government Board toward removing him from office, or indeed, even toward reprimanding him. A striking insight into the estimation in which the sufferings of the poor and afflicted were then held, is afforded by Dr. Rogers's account of the result of his ordering linseed tea for certain patients. He had to apply to the Board of Guardians for authority to procure the linseed, and when this authority was obtained, and Dr. Rogers imparted the fact to head-nurse Massingham (a lady who had governed the Infirmary for years as with a scourge, and who was in a perpetual state of fuddlement); head-nurse Massingham was so startled as to jump at least a foot from the ground, with the exclamation, "My God! linseed tea in a workhouse!"

THE next great exhibition, after the close of that which so many of our Members are visiting at Paris, will be a "World's Fair" in America—exactly where is not by any means settled—in 1892, in commemoration of the arrival of Columbus four hundred years before. 1892 is likely to be a very busy year in the United States, as the Presidential election will then take place, and the two great events are likely to jostle considerably. *The Detroit Free Press* severely comments on the "oversight of Columbus in blundering into America in the year of a Presidential election."

THE naval manœuvres now in progress cannot fail to be of immense service, and at the same time are affording reassuring evidence that our navy is after all not quite so incompetent as it has sometimes been called. We learn, however, certain defects in the speed qualities of our largest ships, and in the delicate mechanism connected with the great guns, which we might otherwise have disastrously found out only when they came into serious action. We have facilities for carrying out these manœuvres which no other nation with a navy can command, and if our navy ceases to be the most powerful and effective in the world for want of practical training, it will be our own fault.

HERE is an anecdote of shameful disrespect to two American citizens. The United States' warship, *Rush*, boarded and captured two British sealers on some fisheries pretence, and placed an American on each to convey it to a United States port. But the captured crews very unkindly shut the American citizens up, and sailed gaily off to Victoria, British Columbia, where the Yankee captors were ignominiously put ashore—a very long way from home indeed.

THOSE of our Members who have had the misfortune to be shut out by numbers from our Paris trips, may take some small consolation, if the Eiffel Tower has had any attraction for them, in the fact that a company has been formed to erect a larger tower still here in London. Sir Edward Watkin, of the South Eastern Railway, is the moving spirit, and the sites already suggested are the South Kensington Exhibition Grounds and Leicester Square. SUB-EDITOR.

THE WEATHER.—"And how are we to-day, my dear madam?"
"Well, doctor, the cold I caught the day before yesterday is rather better; but the one I caught on Monday week is ever so much worse—and I caught a brand new one last night."

Palace Notes.

THE following of our students have passed the recent Science and Art Examinations in Advanced Practical Chemistry:—
1st.—Williams, Percy. 2nd.—West, Henry W.; May, John R.; Parker, Charles L.; Clement, Albert, E.; Cole, John W.; Robb, John; Pring, William.

THOSE who were prevented joining our Paris trips earlier are still having good luck. There are three vacancies now in the week September 7th to September 14th, and one in the following week, September 14th to September 21st. Mr. Were is the gentleman upon whose devoted head will fall the duty of taking the names of the first four among the crowd of applicants, who will find him in the Schools Office.

STILL the Fête continues a great success. The Palace is much indebted to the kindness of its gas-fittings contractor, Mr. W. G. Cannon, who has lent the fittings for the illumination at the cost of his own expenses only.

THE People's Palace Athletic meeting is driving ahead fast. Particulars will be found on the front page.

THE Trustees intend holding a Swimming Competition open to the boys attending the Elementary Schools in the Tower Hamlets and Hackney School Board divisions. Last year's competition was wonderfully successful. The date proposed for this year's event is September 28th, at two in the afternoon. Several medals—gold, silver, and bronze—will be given, and the competition will be confined to *bonâ fide* schoolboys, not more than six of whom must be sent from one school.

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.]

THE BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The last of the monthly exhibitions for the season was held on Monday, 12th August; an exceptionally good show of sketches was contributed by the members. The rapid improvement in out-door sketches was very obvious. We hope that the Members will now devote their whole time and energy to illustrating the subjects for the "Clubs Competition." It is expected that the exhibition will be held at the "Society of British Artists," Suffolk Street, early in October. Sketches in oil or water colour, pencil, charcoal, or pen and ink, must not exceed 30 by 25 inches in length or breadth, and may be mounted on or in white or tinted mounts, having a margin of not more than four inches, and must be placed in plain oak frames; two prizes, first and second, will be awarded for each subject. The subjects for illustration are as under:—

Figure	A Critical Moment.
Animal	Interrupted.
Landscape	Break of Day.
Sculpture	Sleep.
Design	Labour (a Lunette).

The Committee have decided upon the undermentioned subjects for our own yearly competition:—

Figure	Anticipation.
Landscape Sketch within 20 miles of People's Palace.	
Still Life	Optional.
Design	Optional.

It is the intention of the Committee to make the yearly exhibition the largest and most successful of any yet held by the club, and we hope for the energetic support of the Members to this end. The Members' attention is called to the regulation that "No Member will be awarded more than one prize, and that prize-takers must deposit with the Committee an original sketch. The sketches thus acquired will be the property of the club, and if considered worthy will be framed at the club's expense; this will enable the club to found a collection of sketches. We hope that Members who are prize-winners will present the club with sketches worthy of themselves and of the club. Notice will be duly sent to the Members stating the time fixed for the criticism of sketches, and we hope all those intending to compete will have their sketches in an advanced condition. The Members must upon no account miss this opportunity. C. WALTER FLEETWOOD, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

Very few Members turned up on Saturday last, the storm was rather too much for them. I trust, however, we shall be favoured with the best weather that's made next Saturday, when our Garden Party will be given at the "Roebuck," Buckhurst Hill. Everybody will be welcome who is fortunate enough to obtain a ticket (price rs. 3d., including tea and dance, etc.). They may be had of any of the Members—you can tell them by their badges—who who will not be too proud to oblige you with any number. D. JESSEMAN, Reporting Sec.

The first Annual Garden Party and Athletic Sports of the above club will be held in the grounds of the "Roebuck," Buckhurst Hill, on Saturday next, 31st inst. During the afternoon the following events will be decided, commencing at 3 p.m.:

1. EGG AND SPOON RACE.—Two prizes; entrance fee, 6d.
2. OBSTACLE RACE.—Two prizes; entrance fee, 6d.
3. SACK RACE.—One prize; entrance fee, 6d.
4. THREE-LEGGED RACE.—Two prizes; entrance fee, 6d.

All the events are open to Members and friends. Entries will be received up till the last post on Thursday. Youens's Full Quadrille Band has been engaged, and will play selections during the afternoon. Tea will be served at 6 p.m. The grounds will be illuminated at dusk. Provision will be made in case of wet weather. Tickets, including tea, rs. 3d. each, can be had of any of the Members of the Cycling Club; of Messrs. W. Marshall, H. Rosenway, and H. Rout; at the General Offices; or of

JAMES H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.,
Hope Lodge, Carisbrooke Road,
Walthamstow.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last, in spite of the thunder-storm, which only continued for about half an hour, a cheerful party of Ramblers rambled to Chingford, one of the finest centres for a forest walk. On leaving the station we turned to the left and proceeded in the direction of Old Chingford Church, which stands in the midst of a grove of elm trees, and is well covered with ivy. After a most minute inspection of the church and the general surroundings, we went to Mrs. Nun's for tea; and after tea we walked back to the station, and took the road which—by-the-bye was of a very tenacious character—on our right, and leaving Queen Elizabeth's Lodge and the Connaught Waters on our left, we went along the lane beside the Chingford Hotel, which brought us out by Buckhurst Hill, where we had a magnificent view of the fireworks that were being displayed at the Alexandra Palace for Mr. Pain's benefit. As it was rather early when we reached Buckhurst Hill, it was decided to walk back along the Woodford Road towards the station; and had the ground not been quite so moist, the ramble would have been a very pleasant one indeed. On Saturday next, August 31st, we ramble to the Beaumont Cycling Club Garden Party, which will be held at the "Roebuck," Buckhurst Hill. The sports commence at 3.30 p.m., and tickets can be obtained of

H. ROUT, Hon. Sec.

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription: Members of the Palace, rs. 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 Tuesday, and Saturdays, from 7 p.m. As the winter matches with other clubs will soon be arranged, I shall be glad to receive 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 Junior Section.

JUNIOR RAMBLERS.

On Saturday last we rambled to Broxbourne, leaving Bethnal Green Junction at 2.40. We arrived at our destination about 4.30. After a spin on the river we rambled through the country lying between Kye House and Broxbourne, being impressed by the scenery, which is very pretty about here. Coming to Broxbourne we went in for a good tea, after which we journeyed home, having had a delightful day in spite of the rain.

B. LOLOSKY, Hon. Sec.
E. P. SEABOURNE, Assist. Sec.

JUNIOR BEAUMONT CRICKET CLUB.

In bad weather on Saturday we met the Fairfield C.C. on our ground at Wanstead. After some good play, the match resulted in

a victory for the Fairfield C.C. by an innings and six runs, the scores being:—

BEAUMONT, two Innings	60
FAIRFIELD, one Innings	66
J. SANDERSON, Hon. Sec.		
J. POKNELL, Assist. Sec.		

Answers to Correspondents.

THOMAS D. CROSSFIELD.—Subscriptions received. We do not know of any specification of the organ; but perhaps the builders, Messrs. Lewis & Co. of Brixton, may be able to help you.

L. H. J.—By referring to "Palace Notes" in last week's *Journal*, you will see that the Library is to re-open on September 28th.

F. C.—Not altogether; but we should imagine that few Members know so much that joining a class would be of no service to them, and even these will gain by attending the Gymnasium.

E. LUCOCK.—Subscriptions to hand.

S. W.—Your advertisement should be sent to Messrs. Smith and Botwright, 6, Eldon Street, Finsbury, E.C.

The Humours of Cricket.

INNUMERABLE are the curious incidents and funny yarns related in connection with cricket. One of the most amusing of them was related to us by old Tom Lockyer, the one time Surrey wicket keeper.

It was in a match between the All England Eleven and a local twenty-two. A rural wielder of the willow went to the wicket and had his off stump knocked clean out of the ground the very first ball he received. The other two stumps remained standing, and the bumpkin, instead of retiring to the pavilion, still kept his ground.

"You're out, sir," said old Tom, who was behind the wicket; and for reply he got—

"Not me!"

"Nonsense," replied Lockyer; "look at that stump knocked down. You're out fair enough."

"Am I?" returned the countryman; "well, I shan't go out. If there's one stump down there's two up, and in our county we're like members of Parliament—we go by the majority."

But he had to go.

Akin to this is a good story told of Harry Jupp, the famous Surrey batsman. Jupp never would retire from his wicket if there was the slightest chance of remaining. On one occasion, in playing back, he knocked his stumps down. It was his annual benefit at his native place, though, and he proceeded leisurely to rearrange his wicket. Headless of remonstrances as to the absurdity of this unnecessary attention, the stumps were scrupulously prepared, and bails affixed. "Out?" was his exclamation, when it was gently hinted to him that his innings was over. *Out?* not me; *not at Dorking.* And he did not go out, as the field subsequently found to their cost—cost of seventy-four runs.

Sometimes umpires are strangely remiss in their duties, owing either to lack of knowledge or partiality. Thus Fuller Pilch refused to give Mr. E. M. Grace out on his first appearance on the St. Lawrence ground at Canterbury. The batsman was palpably out, leg before wicket, before he had scored. Pilch, on being remonstrated with on his obviously unfair decision, however, defended himself with the ingenuous explanation that he "wanted to see if this 'ere Muster Grace could bat."

Another story of Dr. E. M. Grace and Thornbury cricket: It is little short of high treason to give "the Doctor" out in the Gloucestershire village where he reigns supreme the king of cricket.

On one occasion, though, the umpire, with a momentary influx of courage, did give his decision against the bat.

"What!" shouted the doctor; "what did you say?"

"Not out," replied the umpire, evidently thinking prudence was after all the better part of valour; "not out: doctor knows best."

At a one-day's match in Ireland, with five balls to the over a smart colour sergeant of the Fifty-Sixth Regiment (Pompadors) was umpire. Four balls had been bowled; the next was wide.

Umpire: "Wide, over!"

On being remonstrated with that it could not be the over, the last ball being wide, he exclaimed with true military eloquence—

"As you were!"

Princess Frederica of Hanover at the People's Palace.

ON Saturday afternoon last, Princess Frederica of Hanover came to the Palace to distribute the medallions and certificates to the successful students of the St. John Ambulance Association classes in the metropolitan centre, which includes the City and Port of London, and the East End, the ceremony taking place in the Queen's Hall. The Princess, who was accompanied by her husband, Baron von Pawel-Rammingen, was received by Sir V. Kennett-Barrington, Chairman of the Association, Lady Kennett-Barrington, Sir H. Perrott, Sir Edmund Hay Currie, The Rev. Harry Jones, and others, and conducted to the platform, which was prettily decorated with choice flowers. The total number of students in attendance at the classes during the year was 1,157, of whom 45 (19 women and 26 men) obtained medallions, and 147 women, 83 nurses, and 422 men obtained certificates. Of the total number of medallions and certificates, the Princess on Saturday presented 300 to the winners.

Sir V. Kennett-Barrington, in welcoming the Princess, said the occasion was a particularly interesting one to himself, because it was not the first time that her Royal Highness had associated herself with him in his ambulance work. More than twelve years ago she rendered him much material and moral support in the work of the Red Cross on the Spanish frontier during the civil war there. He thought it safe to predict that as long as the Princess remained in this country she would never be so near war and its terrors as she was then. In the midst of our peace and prosperity, however, there was suffering enough, and too much. Our mines, manufactures, railways, workshops, and even our homes were the scenes of many accidents and much illness, which entailed a great deal of suffering.

It was the object of the Association, by spreading knowledge, to reduce the suffering as much as it was possible to do so. There was much unnecessary suffering when people were injured in transferring them to their homes and to hospitals, owing to a lack of knowledge as to what to do, and the Association were striving, by their classes, to put it in the power of every person to do the right thing in the case of accident or sudden illness until the doctor arrived. The nursing classes formed an important part of their work. Sickness visited most homes, and the women were taught in those classes to more efficiently perform their natural duties of alleviating the sufferings of other members of their families. Another branch of the work had been formed in response to the wishes of many of those who had passed through the classes of the Association—the Ambulance Brigade, which had depôts in different large towns. This brigade was made up of persons who had passed through the classes, and had by periodical practice kept themselves perfect in the knowledge they had acquired. They were always ready collectively to assist in case of any large accident, or to attend in transporting injured and sick persons from one place to another, or were ready in their individual capacity to do what they could immediately an accident happened. The fourth branch of the work was the organisation of their manufacturing department, and it had proved a very important one. Last year they sold or gave away over 500 stretchers, and they distributed 35,000 copies of their text-book. As many as 80,000 certificates had been awarded by the Association, and over a quarter of million of persons had received instruction in the classes. In India and the Colonies the work was spreading rapidly, and the knowledge obtained at the classes was even more important out there than here, as doctors were much scarcer. Last year 22,000 certificates and three medallions were awarded, and they believed the progress would be even more rapid in the future.

Only recently the Queen had graciously incorporated the association as the ambulance department of the order of St. John, and had so placed their work on a firm foundation, and given it that stability and continuity which were the only things wanting to make its success certain. He was happy to say that the Directors of the great railways in this country were now cordially supporting the work of the Association. Classes were being found in connection with the great railway depôts, and large numbers of the employés were attending them. The need there was for railway men being instructed was made apparent by the fact that 900 men and women were killed on the railways every year, and a very much larger number injured. The police had shown themselves anxious to be instructed, and their knowledge had enabled them to render splendid services to suffering persons. They would have the means of saving life in many cases of acci-

dent, and members of the force had frequently been complimented by the hospital doctors for the skilful manner in which they had rendered first aid. He next referred to the work in the mining districts, mentioning that there were 600,000 men employed in the mining industries, and there were 1,000 killed and 50,000 injured in accidents every year. The work was being vigorously pushed forward among miners, and would be pressed forward in every part of the kingdom during the current year. (Cheers.)

Princess Frederica then presented the awards to students of the following classes:—People's Palace, St. John's Gate (male and female), Houndsditch Board School teachers (female), Wesleyan Medical Mission (female), Christ Church Mission, East India Dock Road (male), City of London Y.M.C.A. (male), Plaistow Congregational Public Schools (male), and Finsbury Polytechnic (male).

Sir E. H. Currie then asked her Royal Highness to present a certificate from the Royal Humane Society to William E. Gardner, for saving the life of William Turner in the Regent's Canal, Mile End, on June 26th last. He said there was no doubt that the St. John Ambulance Association was doing an enormous amount of good throughout the kingdom, and nowhere was it doing more good than in the East End of London. Last winter they had as many as 500 students at the People's Palace, and the average attendances at the ambulance classes were higher than any other class. The story of the saving of the life of William Turner was that the boy fell into the canal, and Gardner, who was working close by, hearing a noise, ran out just as the lad sank for the third time. A number of men were trying to reach him with poles, but Gardner at once dived in and succeeded in saving the boy's life. He thought a no more appropriate place could have been chosen for such a presentation than a Palace dedicated to the people. (Loud Cheers.)

The Princess then presented the certificate amid loud cheering.

After a few remarks from Dr. Steel, a very cordial vote of thanks was passed to her Royal Highness for her kindness in attending and presenting the awards.

Baron von Pawel-Rammingen, in returning thanks, said: "If there is anything which gives true pleasure to the Princess it is encouraging good, noble, and useful work. I therefore assure you the Princess is highly pleased to come here this afternoon to present the well-merited certificates. In her name, as well as my own, I beg to thank you for the very cordial reception you have given us. (Cheers.)"

Very cordial votes of thanks were then passed to the Secretary of the Association, Mr. C. Alan Palmer, the Chairman, and Sir Edmund Hay Currie, and the proceedings terminated.

He was even with him.

A YOUNGSTER, who has a deposit account in a savings bank, called the other morning and asked to withdraw five shillings of his hard-earned cash.

"We don't bother with anything less than a sovereign. If you want £1 you can have it, but nothing less."

"But it is printed in the pass book that sums of five shillings and upwards will be received on deposit."

"Yes; but that's a different thing. You can deposit less than £1."

The youth was thoughtful for a moment, and then he said—

"Well, let me have £1 in silver."

The money was gracefully doled out to him. He put five shillings into his pocket, and handed the remainder back with the remark "that he wished to deposit the money."

The bank clerk reached for his ruler, and was inclined to be indignant; but when his wrath faded into a smile he said they'd have to send out a fire alarm and amend the rules.

A SCIENTIST, who had plenty of spare time on his hands, declares that a cubic inch of air in an ordinary room contains 30,318,000 particles of dust, and they contain all kinds of deadly things which injure the lungs and other delicate portions of the interior department. This shows how great a risk a man runs when he indulges in the prevalent fashion of breathing. It has got to be, according to scientists, about as much as a man's life is worth to breathe; but there are persons who will continue to do it or die in the attempt.

RESERVE is often an instinctive measure of self-defence against egotism and slander. The unreserved person, however charitable, is in constant danger of bearing false witness against his neighbour.

Peter Goldthwaite's Treasure.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

(Continued from page 175.)

IT was the first day of the January thaw. The snow lay deep upon the house-tops, but was rapidly dissolving into millions of water-drops, which sparkled downwards through the sunshine, with the noise of a summer shower beneath the eaves. Along the street, the trodden snow was as hard and solid as a pavement of white marble, and had not yet grown moist in the spring-like temperature. But, when Peter thrust forth his head, he saw that the inhabitants, if not the town, were already thawed out by this warm day, after two or three weeks of winter weather. It gladdened him,—a gladness with a sigh breathing through it,—to see the stream of ladies, gliding along the slippery side walks, with their red cheeks set off by quilted hoods, boas, and sable capes, like roses amidst a new kind of foliage. The sleigh bells jingled to and fro continually, sometimes announcing the arrival of a sleigh from Vermont, laden with the frozen bodies of porkers, or sheep, and perhaps a deer or two; sometimes of a regular market man, with chickens, geese, and turkeys, comprising the whole colony of a barn-yard; and sometimes of a farmer and his dame, who had come to town partly for the ride, partly to go a-shopping, and partly for the sale of some eggs and butter. This couple rode in an old-fashioned square sleigh, which had served them twenty winters, and stood twenty summers in the sun beside their door. Now, a gentleman and lady skimmed the snow, in an elegant car, shaped somewhat like a cockleshell. Now, a stage sleigh, with its cloth curtains thrust aside to admit the sun, dashed rapidly down the street, whirling in and out among the vehicles that obstructed its passage. Now came, round a corner, the similitude of Noah's ark, on runners, being an immense open sleigh, with seats for fifty people, and drawn by a dozen horses. This spacious receptacle was populous with merry maids and merry bachelors, merry girls and boys, and merry old folks, all alive with fun, and grinning to the full width of their mouths. They kept up a buzz of babbling voices and low laughter, and sometimes burst into a deep, joyous shout, which the spectators answered with three cheers, while a gang of roguish boys led drive their snow-balls right among the pleasure party. The sleigh passed on, and when concealed by a bend of the street, was still audible by a distant cry of merriment.

Never had Peter beheld a livelier scene than was constituted by all these accessories: the bright sun; the flashing water-drops; the gleaming snow; the cheerful multitude; the variety of rapid vehicles; and the jingle-jangle of merry bells, which made the heart dance to their music. Nothing dismal was to be seen, except that peaked piece of antiquity, Peter Goldthwaite's house, which might well look sad externally, since such a terrible consumption was preying on its insides. And Peter's gaunt figure, half-visible in the projecting second story, was worthy of his house.

"Peter! How goes it, friend Peter?" cried a voice across the street, as Peter was drawing in his head. "Look out here, Peter!"

Peter looked, and saw his old partner, Mr. John Brown, on the opposite sidewalk, portly and comfortable, with his furred cloak thrown open, disclosing a handsome surtout beneath. His voice had directed the attention of the whole town to Peter Goldthwaite's window, and to the dusty scarecrow which appeared at it.

"Isay, Peter," cried Mr. Brown again, "what the devil are you about there, that I hear such a racket, whenever I pass by? You are repairing the old house, I suppose,—making a new one of it,—eh?"

"Too late for that, I am afraid, Mr. Brown," replied Peter. "If I make it new, it will be new inside and out, from the cellar upwards."

"Had not you better let me take the job?" said Mr. Brown, significantly.

"Not yet!" answered Peter, hastily shutting the window; for, ever since he had been in search of the treasure, he hated to have people stare at him.

As he drew back, ashamed of his outward poverty, yet proud of the secret wealth within his grasp, a haughty smile shone out on Peter's visage, with precisely the effect of the dim sunbeams in the squalid chamber. He endeavoured to assume such a mien as his ancestor had probably worn, when he gloried in the building of a strong house for a home to many generations of his posterity. But the chamber was very dark to his snow-dazzled eyes, and very dismal too, in con-

trast with the living scene that he had just looked upon. His brief glimpse into the street had given him a forcible impression of the manner in which the world kept itself cheerful and prosperous, by social pleasures and an intercourse of business, while he, in seclusion, was pursuing an object that might possibly be a phantasm, by a method which most people would call madness. It is one great advantage of a gregarious mode of life, that each person rectifies his mind by other minds, and squares his conduct to that of his neighbours, so as seldom to be lost in eccentricity. Peter Goldthwaite had exposed himself to this influence, by merely looking out of the window. For a while, he doubted whether there were any hidden chest of gold, and, in that case, whether it was so exceedingly wise to tear the house down, only to be convinced of its non-existence.

But this was momentary. Peter, the destroyer, resumed the task which fate had assigned him, nor faltered again, till it was accomplished. In the course of his search, he met with many things that are usually found in the ruins of an old house, and also with some that are not. What seemed most to the purpose, was a rusty key, which had been thrust into a chink of the wall, with a wooden label appended to the handle, bearing the initials, P. G. Another singular discovery was that of a bottle of wine, walled up in an old oven. A tradition ran in the family, that Peter's grandfather, a jovial officer in the old French war, had set aside many dozens of the precious liquor, for the benefit of toppers then unborn. Peter needed no cordial to sustain his hopes, and therefore kept the wine to gladden his success. Many halfpence did he pick up, that had been lost through the cracks of the floor, and some few Spanish coins, and the half of a broken sixpence, which had doubtless been a love-token. There was likewise a silver coronation medal of George the Third. But, old Peter Goldthwaite's strong box fled from one dark corner to another, or otherwise eluded the second Peter's clutches, till, should he seek much further, he must burrow into the earth.

We will not follow him in his triumphant progress, step by step. Suffice it, that Peter worked like a steam-engine, and finished, in that one winter, the job, which all the former inhabitants of the house, with time and the elements to aid them, had only half done in a century. Except the kitchen, every room and chamber was now gutted. The house was nothing but a shell,—the apparition of a house,—as unreal as the painted edifices of a theatre. It was like the perfect rind of a great cheese, in which a mouse had dwelt and nibbled, till it was a cheese no more. And Peter was the mouse.

What Peter had torn down, Tabitha had burnt up; for she wisely considered, that, without a house, they should need no wood to warm it; and therefore economy was nonsense. Thus the whole house might be said to have dissolved in smoke, and flown up among the clouds, through the great black flue of the kitchen chimney. It was an admirable parallel to the feat of the man who jumped down his own throat.

On the night between the last day of winter and the first of spring, every chink and cranny had been ransacked, except within the precincts of the kitchen. This fated evening was an ugly one. A snow-storm had set in some hours before, and was still driven and tossed about the atmosphere by a real hurricane, which fought against the house, as if the prince of the air, in person, were putting the final stroke to Peter's labours. The framework being so much weakened, and the inward props removed, it would have been no marvel, if, in some stronger wrestle of the blast, the rotten walls of the edifice, and all the peaked roofs, had come crashing down upon the owner's head. He, however, was careless of the peril, but as wild and restless as the night itself, or as the flame that quivered up the chimney, at each roar of the tempestuous wind.

"The wine, Tabitha!" he cried. "My grandfather's rich old wine! We will drink it now!"

Tabitha arose from her smoke-blackened bench in the chimney-corner, and placed the bottle before Peter, close beside the old brass lamp, which had likewise been the prize of his researches. Peter held it before his eyes, and looking through the liquid medium, beheld the kitchen illuminated with a golden glory, which also enveloped Tabitha, and gilded her silver hair, and converted her mean garments into robes of queenly splendour. It reminded him of his golden dream.

"Mr. Peter," remarked Tabitha, "must the wine be drunk before the money is found?"

"The money is found!" exclaimed Peter, with a sort of fierceness. "The chest is within my reach, I will not sleep till I have turned this key in the rusty lock. But first of all let us drink!"

There being no corkscrew in the house, he smote the neck of the bottle with old Peter Goldthwaite's rusty key, and decapitated the sealed cork at a single blow. He then filled two little china teacups, which Tabitha had brought from the cupboard. So clear and brilliant was this aged wine, that it shone within the cups, and rendered the sprig of scarlet flowers at the bottom of each more distinctly visible than when there had been no wine there. Its rich and delicate perfume wasted itself round the kitchen.

"Drink, Tabitha!" cried Peter. "Blessings on the honest old fellow, who set aside this good liquor for you and me! And here's to Peter Goldthwaite's memory."

"And good cause have we to remember him," quoth Tabitha, as she drank.

How many years, and through what changes of fortune and various calamity had that bottle hoarded up its effervescent joy, to be quaffed at last by two such boon companions! A portion of the happiness of a former age had been kept for them, and was now set free, in a crowd of rejoicing visions, to sport amid the storm and desolation of the present time. Until they have finished the bottle, we must turn our eyes elsewhere.

It so chanced that on this stormy night Mr. John Brown found himself ill at ease, in his wire-cushioned arm chair, by the glowing grate of anthracite which heated his handsome parlour. He was naturally a good sort of a man, and kind and pitiful, whenever the misfortunes of others happened to reach his heart through the padded vest of his own prosperity. This evening he had thought much about his old partner, Peter Goldthwaite, his strange vagaries, and continual ill luck, the poverty of his dwelling at Mr. Brown's last visit, and Peter's crazed and haggard aspect when he had talked with him at the window.

"Poor fellow!" thought Mr. John Brown. "Poor, crack-brained Peter Goldthwaite! For old acquaintance' sake I ought to have taken care that he was comfortable this rough winter."

These feelings grew so powerful, that, in spite of the inclement weather, he resolved to visit Peter Goldthwaite immediately. The strength of the impulse was really singular. Every shriek of the blast seemed a summons, or would have seemed so, had Mr. Brown been accustomed to hear the echoes of his own fancy in the wind. Much amazed at such active benevolence, he huddled himself in his cloak, muffled his throat and ears in comforters and handkerchiefs, and thus fortified, bade defiance to the tempest. But the powers of the air had rather the best of the battle. Mr. Brown was just weathering the corner by Peter Goldthwaite's house, when the hurricane caught him off his feet, tossed him face downward into a snow-bank, and proceeded to bury his protuberant part beneath fresh drifts. There seemed little hope of his reappearance earlier than the next thaw. At the same moment his hat was snatched away, and whirled aloft into some far distant region, whence no tidings have as yet returned.

Nevertheless, Mr. Brown contrived to burrow a passage through the snowdrift, and with his bare head bent against the storm, floundered onward to Peter's door. There was such a creaking and groaning, and rattling, and such an ominous shaking throughout the crazy edifice, that the loudest rap would have been inaudible to those within. He therefore entered, without ceremony, and groped his way to the kitchen.

His intrusion, even there, was unnoticed. Peter and Tabitha stood with their backs to the door, stooping over a large chest, which, apparently, they had just dragged from a cavity, or concealed closet, on the left side of the chimney. By the lamp in the old woman's hand, Mr. Brown saw that the chest was barred and clamped with iron, strengthened with iron plates, and studded with iron nails, so as to be a fit receptacle in which the wealth of one century might be hoarded up for the wants of another. Peter Goldthwaite was inserting a key into the lock.

"Oh, Tabitha!" cried he, with tremulous rapture, "how shall I endure the effulgence? The gold!—the bright, bright gold! Methinks I can remember my last glance at it, just as the iron-plated lid fell down. And ever since, being seventy years it has been blazing in secret, and gathering its splendour against this glorious moment! It will flash upon us like the noon-day sun!"

"Then, shade your eyes, Mr. Peter!" said Tabitha, with somewhat less patience than usual. "But, for mercy's sake, do turn the key."

And, with a strong effort of both hands, Peter did force the rusty key through the intricacies of the rusty lock. Mr. Brown, in the meantime, had drawn near, and thrust his eager visage between those of the other two, at the instant

that Peter threw up the lid. No sudden blaze illuminated the kitchen.

"What's here?" exclaimed Tabitha, adjusting her spectacles, and holding the lamp over the open chest. "Old Peter Goldthwaite's hoard of old rags."

"Pretty much so, Tabby," said Mr. Brown, lifting a handful of the treasure.

Oh, what a ghost of dead and buried wealth had Peter Goldthwaite raised, to scare himself out of his scanty wits withal! Here was the semblance of an incalculable sum, enough to purchase the whole town, and build every street anew, but which, vast as it was, no sane man would have given a solid sixpence for. What, then, in sober earnest, were the delusive treasures of the chest? Why, here were old provincial bills of credit, and treasury-notes, and bills of land banks, and all other bubbles of the sort, from the first issue, above a century and a half ago, down nearly to the Revolution. Bills of a thousand pounds were intermixed with parchment pennies, and worth no more than they.

"And this, then, is old Peter Goldthwaite's treasure!" said John Brown. "Your namesake, Peter, was something like yourself; and, when the provincial currency had depreciated fifty or seventy-five per cent., he bought it up, in expectation of a rise. I have heard my grandfather say, that old Peter gave his father a mortgage of this very house and land, to raise cash for his silly project. But the currency kept sinking, till nobody would take it as a gift; and there was old Peter Goldthwaite, like Peter the second, with thousands in his strong box, and hardly a coat to his back. He went mad upon the strength of it. But never mind, Peter! It is just the sort of capital for building castles in the air."

"The house will be down about our ears!" cried Tabitha, as the wind shook it with increasing violence.

"Let it fall!" said Peter, folding his arms, as he seated himself upon the chest.

"No, no, my old friend Peter," said John Brown. "I have house-room for you and Tabby, and a safe vault for the chest of treasure. To-morrow we will try to come to an agreement about the sale of this old house. Real estate is well up, and I could afford you a pretty handsome price."

"And I," observed Peter Goldthwaite, with reviving spirits, "have a plan for laying out the cash to great advantage."

"Why, as to that," muttered John Brown to himself, "we must apply to the next court for a guardian to take care of the solid cash; and if Peter insists upon speculating, he may do it, to his heart's content, with old PETER GOLDTHWAITE'S TREASURE."

A Good Gamekeeper.

AN English sportsman engaged a strong, powerful, red-headed Highlander to act as gamekeeper on his English estate. The Highlander having been a considerable time at his post before there were any prosecutions of poachers, his master began to suspect that after all his north-countryman was not such a good hand at catching poachers as he had been led to believe.

Determined to find out whether he was vigilant or not, the gentleman one dark night disguised himself, took a fowling piece, and went out to poach on his own grounds. He had not fired above a shot or two when he was suddenly pounced upon from behind, the gun wrenched from his hand, his precious person subjected to a perfect hurricane of kicks and cuffs and blows, and harder Gaelic epithets, whereby he was knocked down and rendered half insensible.

On being able to explain who he was, the gamekeeper evinced great sorrow, asked a thousand pardons, and explained to his honour: "Ye see, I likes aye to send them hame wi' a sarkfull o' sair banes, and then they dinna come pack in a hurry; because, ye see, they canna, for some o' them, yer honour, are maistly ready for ta coffin be the time they get hame, an' syne they dinna gie us onie mair bather ava." The sportsman went home, took to his bed, hovered between life and death for a fortnight, recovered at last, and raised his gamekeeper's wages fifty per cent.

THE SPICE OF LIFE.—Assistant-Editor: "Here are two telegrams—one to the effect that war in Europe is inevitable, the other that peace is assured."

Editor-in-Chief: "Which did we publish yesterday?"

Assistant-Editor: "War."

Editor-in-Chief: "Then use peace to-day. People want variety."

The Duke's Mistake.

THERE are many stories told about the great Duke of Wellington which, whatever their other merits, do not possess the chief merit of being true. In fact, it seems to be the fate of eminent men to become the centres of legends; and the worst of it is that sometimes we find the same legend told about half a dozen different persons, so that the true history of it is apt to grow hopelessly obscured. Here, however, is a story about the Duke of Wellington, the truth of which can be vouched for; nor is truth its only merit, for it is decidedly funny, and carries more than one moral in its train.

One morning, then, when the duke was at breakfast, he received a letter in an unknown and rather illegible handwriting. With a view to obtaining a clue to its contents, he put on his eye-glasses and scrutinised the signature, which he read, "C. J. London." "Oh!" said his grace, "the Bishop of London, to be sure. What does the bishop want of me, I wonder?"

Then he began at the beginning, and read the note carefully through, an expression of bewilderment and perplexity gradually overspreading his face as he did so. The writer craved his grace's pardon for the intrusion, and requested, as a personal favour, that the duke would kindly permit him to come and see his famous Waterloo breeches.

"Why, the bishop must have gone mad!" exclaimed the duke, as he let his glasses fall. "See my Waterloo breeches! What in the world does the man want to see my breeches for? However, I'm sure I've no objection, if he has a curiosity about them. A queer whim, though, for a bishop to take into his head."

Next morning the Bishop of London, on sorting his pile of correspondence, found among it a letter bearing a dual crest. He opened it, and read as follows:—

"MY DEAR LORD,—You are perfectly welcome, as far as I am concerned, to come and inspect the breeches I wore at Waterloo whenever you like. It's true I haven't a notion where they are; but I daresay my valet knows, and I will communicate with you more definitely in a day or two. Yours very faithfully,

"WELLINGTON."*

"The poor duke!" ejaculated the Bishop of London, in a voice of the profoundest commiseration. "I always thought it was foolish of him to enter political life after his military career. Why couldn't he have been content to retire on his laurels? Politics, and all the excitement he has undergone about Reform, Catholic Emancipation, and what not, have been too much for him. It's evident that his brain's turned. He must be hopelessly insane. What a dreadful thing for the country, to be sure!"

So the worthy bishop, with many sighs, went into his study and wrote a kind letter to the Duke of Wellington, remembering that persons who are mentally afflicted must be dealt with tenderly. He thanked his grace for his kindness, but assured him, as delicately as he could, that he was not in the least anxious to inspect the historical relics in question; and begged that the duke would give himself no further trouble in the matter as far as he, the Bishop of London, was concerned.

It was now the duke's turn to be astonished. "I can't have been dreaming," he said, in his perplexity. "And yet the bishop's first letter was plain enough." Then he did what he ought to have done in the first instance—he called his secretary, Colonel B., and laid the whole matter before him.

"I'm afraid it is your grace who has made the mistake," said Colonel B., an irrepressible smile flitting over his face as he examined the two letters. "The first letter is not from the Bishop of London at all; nor does the writer say anything about the breeches you wore at Waterloo."

"Not from the bishop!" exclaimed the duke. "Yes, it is. The signature is as clear as can be—'C. J. London.' The initials stand for Charles James."

"It is from Mr. C. J. London, a scientific gentleman who is preparing an important work on Forest Trees," replied the secretary; "and what he wants to see is your grace's avenue, the Waterloo Beeches as they are called, leading up to your front door at Strathfieldsaye. Shall I write and give him your permission?"

And thus it fell out that both duke and bishop were ultimately convinced of each other's sanity.

Moral: If ever you have occasion to write to an elderly gentleman with defective eyesight, write distinctly; and if ever your receive a letter which puzzles you, get someone with better eyesight than your own to read it before you send an answer.

* It is not pretended that this letter is verbally accurate. Its substance, however, may be relied on.

Narrow Escapes.

IT is a popular belief that the cat is hard to kill, but some men would seem to be possessed of more than the nine lives which that favoured animal is supposed to enjoy, as the following incidents will show.

A signalman while crossing the line at Ettingshall station with that indifference to approaching trains which characterises his tribe, was struck by a buffer of the "Flying Scotchman" express. After performing a complicated series of evolutions in mid-air, and diving down an embankment 20ft. deep, he alighted on his feet in an adjoining meadow. The bystanders, who fully expected to see him fall to pieces, were filled with astonishment as they observed him return quietly to his post, and continue his duties as though nothing had happened.

The deepest unpremeditated fall which we find recorded, occurred from the Terrace of Berne, in Switzerland, which is between six and seven hundred feet high. On this lofty promenade, on the 25th May, 1654, a student named Theobald Wenigapfii was taking the air, when his philosophical reflections were cut short as he stepped over the edge, and, after a flight through space, found himself uninjured on the ground below. It was said that he was wearing a wide academic gown, which filled with air, and, spreading out around him like a balloon, prevented him from attaining any considerable velocity during his descent. The following inscription recording the event is cut on a stone by the wall which surrounds the promenade:—

"In honour of the Almighty and Miraculous Providence of God, and as a memorial to posterity, this stone is erected on the spot from which Mr. Theobald Wenigapfii, when a student, fell on the 25th May, 1654, after which accident he lived 30 years, a minister of Keryerse, and died in an advanced age on the 25th November 1694."

A terrible adventure befell Mr. John Holman, a farmer of Perran, Cornwall. On the evening of Sunday, March 3rd, 1816, while crossing a common on his way home, he mistook his way, owing to a heavy mist falling. Unfortunately, the mouth of a disused mine shaft lay in his path, which being, as is usual, unprotected and open for any adventurous spirit to explore, the farmer stepped into the trap and made an involuntary but speedy descent of ninety-six feet, plunging into a pool of water which lay at the bottom to a depth of nine feet.

Alternately swimming and clinging to projecting points on the side of the shaft, he kept himself afloat till daybreak, when he perceived a shelf of rock, whereon he managed to climb. The day was spent in vain cries for help, and at length overcome by his exertions he fell asleep. But he was not allowed to enjoy much repose, for the ledge being very narrow, he fell off into the water, and as it was now night he was unable to recover his position.

This night, therefore, was spent like the last, in constant efforts to keep afloat, till another day dawned, and he was enabled once more to regain his perch. No voice was now left him to call for help, and he tried to attract notice by throwing stones into the water. So passed another day and night, and it was Wednesday morning before a search party arriving at the mouth of the mine heard the splashing of a stone. A rope was lowered, which Holman with difficulty secured round his body, and he was drawn out of his prison.

A dog once fulfilled the injunction of returning good for evil by saving the life of his would-be-destroyer. A Mr. Potter, of St. Blazey, in Cornwall, possessed a large mastiff, but as it betrayed dangerous proclivities, he determined to get rid of it. For this purpose he took it to a mine shaft of tremendous depth, and attempted to throw it in, but the dog objecting to be thus disposed of, a terrific struggle took place, resulting in both the combatants falling down the shaft. Neither of them were killed, however, though Mr. Potter's legs were broken, and he lay on the spot where he fell for sixteen hours, during which time the dog, casting out all thoughts of revenge, howled his loudest, with the result that assistance arrived and both were rescued.

The phrase "within an ace of death" had a literal example a few years ago. Colonel Gilmor, author of "Four Years in the Saddle," states that on one occasion he was shot at by a man who ran off. The colonel felt a sudden shock and turned quite sick, but followed the man who had fired, and killed him before he could escape. He found the ball had gone through two coats, and stuck in a pack of cards, which were in his left side pocket, every card in the pack being penetrated, except the last—an ace of spades.

ANNUAL
EXHIBITION OF PICTURES

AND
AUTUMN FÊTE.

Programme of Arrangements.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28th, 1889.

AT 6.30.—IN QUEEN'S HALL.

ORGAN RECITAL.

ORGANIST—MR. J. BROMLEY.

- 1. Offertoire in F... .. *Batiste.*
- 2. Cavatina *Raff.*
- 3. Sonata No. 2 *Mendelssohn.*
- 4. Impromptu.
- 5. "There is a green hill" *Gounod.*
- 6. Festal March *Smart.*

AT 7.45.—IN GROUNDS (weather permitting).

Thames Iron Works Band.

CONDUCTOR—MR. N. COLEOPY

(Late Bandmaster of the 57th Regiment).

- 1. LANCERS ... "Beautiful" *Bousquet.*
- 2. MARCH ... "Light of Foot" *Lataun.*
- 3. OVERTURE ... "Le Diademe" *Hermann.*
- 4. VALSE... .. "Mia Cara" *Bucolossi.*
- 5. POLKA... .. "Bonne Chance" *C. Godfrey.*
- 6. OVERTURE ... "British Knight" *Hare.*
- 7. VALSE "Soldaten Leider" *Gung'l.*
- 8. SELECTION ... "Don Pasquale" *Donizetti.*
- 9. GALOP... .. "Boulette" *Coote, Jun.*

AT 8.0.—IN QUEEN'S HALL.

Vocal & Instrumental Concert.

BAND OF THE

1st Northamptonshire Regiment

CONDUCTOR - MR. J. A. PEPPERELL.

VOCALISTS:

MRS. HELEN TRUST

AND

MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.

- 1. OVERTURE "Il Conte D'Essex" ... *Mercadante.*
- 2. SONG ... "The Children's Home" ... *Cowen.*

MRS. HELEN TRUST.

They played in their beautiful garden,
The children of high degree,
Outside the gates the beggars
Passed on in their misery;
But there was one of the children
Who could not join in the play,
And a little beggar maiden
Watched for him day by day.

Once he had given her a flow'r,
And, oh, how he smiled to see
Her thin white hands thro' the railings
Stretched out so eagerly.
She came again to the garden,
She saw the children play;
But the little white face had vanished,
The little feet gone away.

She crept away to her corner,
Down by the murky stream;
But the pale, pale face in the garden
Shone thro' her restless dream;
And that high-born child and the beggar
Passed homeward side by side,
For the ways of men are narrow,
But the gates of heaven are wide.

- 3. VALSE... .. "Rêverie" *Waldteufel.*
- 4. SELECTION "Yeoman of the Guard" *Sir A. Sullivan.*
- 5. SONG ... "The Longshoreman" ... *Chesham.*

MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.

I'm Longshoreman Billy o' Portsmouth town,
A fine old skipper I be;
And I worry the lubbers as they come down
To spend a few hours at the sea.
With glass to my eye ev'ry ship I descry,
From a "P. an' O." boat to a whaler;
I yarn all the while in true nautical style,
And all think that Billy's a sailor!

But I ain't no sailor bold,
And I never was upon the sea;
If I chanc'd to fall therein, it's a fact I couldn't swim,
And I quickly at the bottom should be.
But we'll give three hearty cheers
For the sailor roving free;
With a heave ho haulee, and a cheer for little Polly,
The Queen, and our ships at sea!

My yarns about shipwrecks and foes made to fly,
Always pay as a matter of course;
While aboard of the *Victory*, wasn't it I
Who with Nelson held friendly discourse?
And Nelson he'd often say, "Billy, you dog,"—
When he came up on deck from below, sir,—
"Here's some baccy to chew, and the price of some
grog;"
The same as *you* might, you know, sir!
But I ain't no sailor bold, etc.

Now, there's many attending my song who may say
What a fraudulent skipper am I;
But some Lords o' the Adm'ralty, Westminster way,
With Longshoreman Billy might vie!
Of our drawing-room captains I'd have ye to larn
Some 'ad better by far 'ave been tailors,
Like Billy, they've always got plenty o' *yarn*,
But there ain't many of 'em are sailors!
But I ain't no sailor bold, etc.

- 6. POLKA "La Tour Merveilleuse" ... *Fahrbach.*

- 7. NEW SONG ... "Young Love" ... *Otto Cantor.*

MRS. HELEN TRUST.

Young love sang merrily a song at morn,
In spring-time when the world was gay;
Ere flowers had blossomed on the thorn,
Or cuckoos chanted loud their lay,
Young love sang joyously a song at morn.

He sang of happiness, of hope, of May,
When tender joys, like purest buds, are born,
When nothing droopeth wearily forlorn,
Nor any voice despairingly doth say—
Ah, well-a-day that nothing sweet can stay.

At evening in the dying year, young love,
When mists along the river banks hung grey,
And raindrops pattered,
With trembling tears and bended head
And heaving bosom lay.

He wept, the summer fled so fast away;
Trembling, he heard chill winter's foot,
And winds that sighed like mourners o'er a bier,
While nature's various voices all did say—
Well-a-day.

Young love sang joyously a song at morn, etc.

- 8. VALSE... .. "Tanzjubilanten" *Anon.*

- 9. SELECTION ... "Nell Gwynne" *Planquette.*

- 10. SONG "The Knight with a snowy plume" *H. R. Bishop.*

MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.

There came from the wars on a jet-black steed,
A knight with a snowy plume;
He flew o'er the heath, like a captive freed
From a dungeon's dreary gloom.

And gaily he rode to his lordly home,
But the towers were dark and dim;
And he heard no reply when he called for some
Who were dearer than life to him.

The gate, which was hurled from its ancient place,
Lay mould'ring on the bare ground;
And the knight rushed in, but saw not a trace
Of a friend, as he gazed around!

He flew to the grove, where his mistress's lute,
Had charmed him with love's sweet tone,
But 't was desolate now, and the strings were mute,
And she, he adored, was gone!

But a cypress grew where the myrtle's bloom
Once scented the morning air,
And under its shade was a marble tomb,
And Rosalie's name was there.

- 11. GAVOTTE ... "Wilkommen" *Kluss.*

- 12. SONG "Within a mile of Edinboro' Town"

MRS. HELEN TRUST.

'Twas within a mile of Edinboro' town,
In the rosy time of the year,
Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was down,
And each shepherd woo'd his dear.
Bonnie Jockie blythe and gay,
Kissed young Jenny making hay,
The lassie blush'd and frowning cried, "Na, na, it winna do,
I canna canna winna mauna buckle to."

Young Jockie was a wag that never wad wed,
Though long he had followed the lass,
Contented she earned and eat her own bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grass.

Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily,
Yet still she blush'd and frowning cried, "Na, na, it winna do,
I canna canna winna mauna buckle to."

But when he vow'd he wad make her his bride,
Though his flocks and herds were not few,
She gi'ed him her hand and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true.
Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily,
At Kirk she no more frowning cried, "Na, na, it winna do,
I canna canna winna mauna buckle to."

- 13. MARCH ... "Valarous" *Millars.*

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

HUNDREDS

OF

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

On VIEW in EXHIBITION COURTS.

FLORAL HALL, with Fountain and Waterfall, Splendidly Illuminated
with Gas and Thousands of Fairy Lamps at Dusk. GROUNDS
Illuminated with Gas, &c., &c.

ADMISSION—Adults, Threepence; Children, One Penny.

GREAT COLLECTION OF MONKEYS

From the Alexandra Palace,

On View from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Extra Admission to Monkey House, ONE PENNY.

Calendar of the Week.

August 29th.—On this day is celebrated the beheading of John the Baptist. On this day the Royal George went down, having on board 1,100 persons, including the admiral, captain, officers, and crew, and 300 women, who came on board to see the ship off. Of the 1,100 all but 200 were drowned.

August 30th.—A good many kings and queens seem to have died on this day, among them the famous Cleopatra.

August 31st.—Other kings died on this day. The most important man of all was a tinker, who died 1688, and was buried in Bunhill Fields Cemetery. His name was John Bunyan, who wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress."

September 1st.—Partridge shooting begins. Louis XIV. of France died, 1715.

September 2nd.—Great outbreak in Paris of the Revolutionary mob, 1792. The Prince de Lambelle was murdered. The Great Fire of London began on this day, 1666. It broke out near Fish Street, and lasted till the 6th. Very few people seem to have been destroyed in the fire; they had time to run away and camped about all round London in the fields. The whole heart of the city was burned out, and in fact very few churches or other monuments remain in the City of London of a date older than 1666.

September 3rd.—Oliver Cromwell died, 1658.

September 4th.—Day of St. Cuthbert, the most popular saint of the north of England. On this day, 1870, the French Republic was proclaimed. It now appears exceedingly likely that before very long something else will be proclaimed in France. At any rate the time is come round for a new revolution. In this more happy country we turn out the ministers, and start with a new cabinet, which is a great deal less trouble than making a new constitution.

Employing a Hermit.

THERE is a certain wealthy merchant of the shoddy type who owns a country seat, upon which he has expended extravagant sums. He left one little nook of his magnificent domain in a state of wild and uncultivated nature. In this savage corner of his estate, the owner conceived the novel idea of erecting a hermitage, and immediately proceeded to gratify his odd fancy by having built, in the heart of its tangled underwood and shrubbery, a quaint, rude structure, such as first-class hermits are popularly supposed to affect.

Delighted with the romantic appearance of his hermitage, and filled with a new sense of the wild beauty of its location, the gentleman of *bizarre* taste determined to perfect his work by employing one who could bring satisfactory credentials to occupy the hermitage. But here he encountered a difficulty. Hermits who thoroughly understand their business he found it impossible to reach by the ordinary mediums of advertising. They don't take the papers regularly to see what society is doing; consequently, the advertisement which he kept standing for weeks met with no response.

The advertisement which the gentleman had put in all the papers ran as follows:—

"Wanted, a good hermit: one who does not know how old he is, has forgotten how to talk, has no opinion upon the Irish question, is warranted not to wash, and who eats roots, preferred. An anchorite who can meet these conditions can anchor right here permanently. Address," etc.

No applicants for the situation appearing, he finally decided that it would be impossible to obtain his beau ideal hermit, so he thus modified his advertisement:—

"Wanted, a dirty, ragged man, who hates work, to live in a house on my estate free of charge. None but the friendless need apply; a good salary and comfortable surroundings for the right kind of a man."

Two or three hundred wretched old tramps answered this advertisement on the day it appeared; but a young one was selected and appointed proprietor of the hermitage, and for a few days everything went well. The abnormal appetite of this hermit for bread and roast beef was not in accord with the gentleman's preconceived ideas of the cravings of a hermit's inner man. In other respects, however, the hermit was highly satisfactory, and the gentleman gave him his first week's wages without a murmur.

Then the hermit asked permission to have half a day off; said he wanted to run up to London and buy a few little things that he needed.

The gentleman protested against such unhermit-like conduct, and endeavoured to show how utterly inconsistent it would be for one of his profession to ride in a railway carriage. "What will they think of you sitting there in your cowl?" he added.

"That it's a cowl day—that's all," replied the hermit, who is suspected of having been born in Sligo.

Finding that the hermit could not be dissuaded from his purpose, the gentleman gave a reluctant consent, with the understanding that the thing should not happen again while he was hermiting at his hermitage.

Well, the hermit went to town, and immediately proceeded to eat and drink vigorously. After that another freak seized him. He went to a barber's shop and had a clean shave and a shampoo, and then he indulged in a Turkish bath. At this latter place the opportunity presented itself, and he stole the entire outfit of another bather—a dandy—which he donned, leaving in their stead his cassock, cowl, girdle, sandals and staff.

Late that night, after many adventures in town, he reached the hermitage, where he was confronted by his astonished patron, who, when convinced of the identity of his late hermit, bitterly reproached him. "You have abused my trust in you, and ruined your prospects," he said. "In a few short hours you have undone the work that fifteen years of slovenliness and hunger and exposure will not replace. As a hermit you are no longer available. Go!"

And the hermitage is now vacant.

Little Men.

IT is a very remarkable but no less well-known fact, that a large proportion of the famous deeds done in this world is accomplished by men of diminutive stature. It would seem that Nature, in denying her sons physical greatness, compensates them by superior mental endowments. The following names taken carelessly, and from time to time, from records of noble or memorable deeds of various kinds, will be found sufficient to corroborate this statement.

Peter the Hermit, the enthusiastic instigator of the crusades in the eleventh century, who set out through Hungary with a crowd of 30,000 men, all captivated by his wonderful harangues, to drive the Mohammedans from Jerusalem, was a man of small and even ungainly appearance. And yet what enterprise ever congregated together such hosts of chivalry, such high-born warriors, such renowned leaders, as the Crusades?

John Wesley, the founder of Wesleyanism, was a small man. Pope, the most polished rhymster of any age was a tiny, deformed being, all twisted; and punished by constitutional illness. Coming to men who we might expect to be physically splendid, since their fame was derived from battles and warfare, we find that some of the greatest naval and military commanders have been small men.

Robert Blake, the Commonwealth Admiral, was so small that the Warden of Merton College, Oxford, refused him a Fellowship on no better grounds than that he disliked men so unimposing in stature. He was not 5ft. 6in. in height. Napoleon Bonaparte, the "little corporal," as his soldiers affectionately called him, was very short, but somewhat rotund in figure. General Gordon was a small man.

Turning again to another class of men, we find that Brunel, the distinguished engineer, the designer of the *Great Eastern*, and the director of the Thames Tunnel, was a small man of a nervous temperament. The terrible Marat, that bloodthirsty wretch whose cry was for ever "murder! blood!" who instigated many of those horrible crimes of the French Revolution, was a hideous little man with a big head.

Warren Hastings, the famous Governor-General of India, was also a little man.

Goldsmith was small, but heavy and thickset, not at all resembling one's ideal poet.

Beethoven, the composer of the most delicious music ever heard—that is to say, of the class—was a small man, but, like Goldsmith, his build was sturdy.

There is a popular notion that Lord Randolph Churchill is a very little man. This has largely grown through the caricatures, which always represent him as very diminutive. This idea is, however, a mistake, as though not a very big man, Lord Randolph Churchill is not a very small one, and is above the average height.

J.T.T. BRUNSKILL
CHINA,
Glass and Earthenware
DEALER,
508, MILE END RD., E.

By the Globe Bridge.

Dinner Sets & Tea Sets,
IN GREAT VARIETY.

Agent for
County Fire and Provident
Life Offices.

READ

"GREAT
THOUGHTS."

Smith & Botwright,
ADVERTISING AGENTS,
6, ELDON STREET,
(Continuation of Liverpool Street)
FINSBURY
Receive Advertisements for
all Papers, and insert
them at lowest Office Rates.

Reduction for a Series.

NEAREST CITY OFFICE

FOR

The Times

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And all the leading Journals.

ESTIMATES FREE BY POST.

IMPORTANT.
TO PALACE MEMBERS.

FOR SALE AND WANTED
Advertisements under this heading will be
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FOR SALE.

BICYCLES from 30/-; Tricycles, 60/-; Safeties, 60/- Clearing out. New Bicycle from £4 10s. The "Beaumont" Specialite, £8. New Safeties, £5. Repairs, Hire, Exchange. Machines stabled. Special terms to Palace Members. Ransley's, 264, Commercial-road, E.

BICYCLE (50-in.) Cheap, in thorough condition; bent handles, ball bearings, &c. W. T. c/o Smith & Botwright, 70, Finsbury-pavement, E.C.

CRICKET.—Whalebone Spliced Bat (cost 15/-), Carpet Bag, Ash Stumps, Chamois Leg Guards. All nearly new. The lot, 25/- Can be seen 84, Crofton Road, Peckham.

TRICYCLE, Folding Excelsior, by Baylis and Thomas, in good condition and in perfect order; room wanted; folds to 22 inches; will be sold, a bargain to immediate purchaser, can be seen by appointment.—S. J., c/o Smith and Botwright, 70, Finsbury-pavement, E.C.

The following are the charges for advertisements:—

Private advertisements, *prepaid*, 3 words 1d.
Trade advertisements, } " 3 " 2d.
in Private Columns } " 3 " 2d.

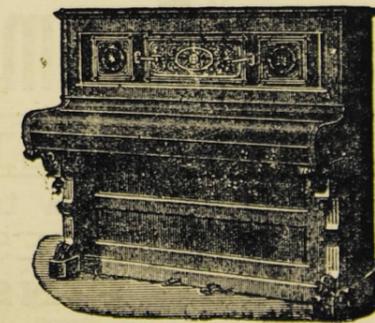
Considerable reduction is made for a series of insertions in the Trade Columns. An extended scale of charges can be had on application, or an Estimate will be given for any Advertisement. Illustrations prepared, if desired.

JARRETT & GOUDGE,

Manufacturers of High-Class
PIANOFORTES.

UNSURPASSED FOR GREAT DURABILITY, TOGETHER WITH

Purity of Tone,
Excellence of Touch,
Artistic Design,
AND
General Finish.



Every Instrument
Guaranteed for 7 years.

Prices from 10/6 per month.

LIBERAL DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

NOTE.—In consequence of the great demand for these Pianos, Messrs. J. & G. have felt it necessary to entirely rebuild their premises, enlarging them twice the size, and now respectfully invite a visit to the finest Pianoforte show-rooms at the East-End of London.

308, MILE END ROAD, nearly opposite People's Palace.
City Warehouse—6, NEW BROAD STREET, E.C. Steam Works—TRIANGLE ROAD, HACKNEY, E.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE PER POST.

J. & G. are the ONLY Manufacturers in the district. Purchase direct from THEM, and save 25 per cent.

THE
METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL,
 KINGSLAND ROAD, E.

Patron—THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Chairman—JOHN FRY, ESQ.

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THE NEW BUILDING FOR 160 BEDS IS NOW COMPLETE.

The Hospital is conducted on Strictly Provident Principles.

ACCIDENTS AND CASES OF URGENCY ADMITTED AT ALL HOURS FREE.

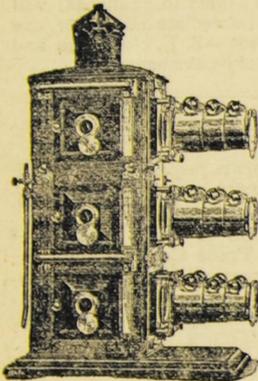
THE CHARITY HAS NO ENDOWMENT.

Funds urgently needed for Furnishing, Opening, and maintaining the New Wards.

Bankers { Glyn, Mills & Co.
 LLOYDS, BARNETTS & BOSANQUETS, LTD.

CHARLES H. BYERS, Secretary.

W. H. HUMPHRIES & CO.,
 MAGIC LANTERN, DISSOLVING VIEW
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Sole Makers of the DRAYTON WIDE-
 ANGLE AUTOMATIC CAMERAS.

No baseboard to cut off angle of view; the most simple and compact instrument extant. Lenses and Photographic Goods at Low Prices. See our high-class Magic Lanterns and Slides. Limelight and Mineral Oils adapted. Patent triple-rack Lantern Binoculars, from £6. Full size single lanterns, 4-in. Condensers, from £1 10s. Oxygen Gas, 4d. per foot. Lanterns and Slides let on hire.

W. H. HUMPHRIES & CO.

SHOW ROOMS:

268, Upper St., Islington, N.

Omnibuses & Trams from all parts pass door.

FACTORY:

Elfort Rd., Drayton Park, N.

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PRICE ONE SHILLING.

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PURE.

The Mineral Water Beverages supplied to the People's Palace Refreshment Rooms are absolutely Pure and Refreshing.

They are also supplied to some of the most Eminent Refreshment Contractors and Caterers.

These Waters are manufactured in all the usual varieties, and orders by post or wire promptly attended to.

A. TERREY,

26 & 28, CLIFTON STREET, FINSBURY, E.C.

OPEN DAILY, FREE!

W. SYMONDS'

Musical Instrument Warehouse

AND OLD CURIOSITY SHOP,

193, DRURY LANE

(One door from High Holborn),

LONDON.

Violins from 5s. to £10; Italian Strings, Best quality, 3d. each; Violin Cases, 3s. 9d. each; Violin Bows from 1s. upwards; Cornets from 15s.; Clarionets from £1 5s.; Accordians from 4s.; Harmonium Accordians from £1 10s.; Banjos from 2s. 9d. to £5; B flat Flutes from 2s. 9d.; Concert Flutes, 8 keys, from 16s.; Anglo Concertinas by Lachenal and Jones, from £1 10s.; German Concertinas from 2s. 6d. each. A large quantity of other Musical Instruments too numerous to mention.

Frooms AND Pianos.
 CO.'S

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

Please note our Business is now transferred to
 NEW PREMISES,

6, ELDON STREET, FINSBURY, E.C.

(Continuation of Liverpool Street).

SMITH & BOTWRIGHT,

ADVERTISING AGENTS AND CONTRACTORS,
 Late of 70, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, E.C.