

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. IV.—No. 96.] WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1889. [ONE PENNY.

**NOTICE.**

To prevent inconvenience and loss of time during the first week of Session, Evening Class Students are requested to take out their Class Tickets before Monday, September 30th, if possible.

By payment of an additional fee of sixpence per quarter, Students will have the privilege of attending the Concerts and Entertainments arranged expressly for them in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evenings.

The Time Table is now ready, and may be had by applying at the offices, which are now open each evening till nine, to issue class tickets.

**Coming Events.**

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**THURSDAY, Sept. 12th.**—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. Jullien's Celebrated British Army Quadrilles. Stedman's 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.—Cycling Club.—Championship Race at Paddington.

**FRIDAY, Sept. 13th.**—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. Stedman's 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.—Military Band Practice, at 7.45.—Literary Society, Weekly Meeting, at 8.30.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

**SATURDAY, Sept. 14th.**—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. Stedman's Choir of 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.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in Room 12, Club-house.

**SUNDAY, Sept. 15th.**—Organ Recitals, at 12.30 and 4.—Library.—Open from 3 till 10 free.

**MONDAY, Sept. 16th.**—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Minstrel Troupe.—General Meeting, at 8.

**TUESDAY, Sept. 17th.**—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Boxing Club.—Usual Practice.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7, in Room 12, Club-house.

**WEDNESDAY, Sept. 18th.**—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.

**Organ Recitals,**

On **SUNDAY NEXT, SEPTEMBER 15th, 1889.**

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

Organist - - - - - MR. BREWSTER.

**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 .. .. " " " Institute. " "
  - 2 Miles Cycling Handicap .. .. " " " Junior Beaumont Harriers,
  - 220 Yards Handicap .. .. " " " Junior Section, and Boys of Technical School.
  - 200 Yards Handicaps .. .. " " " 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 1/2 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. DEELEY, 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, Seburt 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.

MEMBERS intending to enter for the Closed or Open Events are requested to send in their Entry Forms as soon as possible. We cannot accept any after Saturday, or first post Monday morning. Any member wishing to make one of a Tug-of-War Team, please communicate with Mr. Walter Marshall. It is necessary for the success of the meeting to have many friends at the Race Meeting, so we shall be glad if all our Institute Members will see that their acquaintances are well supplied with tickets. The price is, Admission to Ground, 1s.; Grand Stand and Reserved Enclosure (including admission), 2s. Tickets half-price before the day, and can be obtained from the gentlemen mentioned above, and at the Technical Schools Offices and General Offices of the Palace.

The Essex County Grounds (Grass Track) will be open for practice during the evenings from the 16th to the 20th inclusive. Admission, 3d. Preliminary heats of the 120 Yards Flat, "Beaumont Harriers," and 1 and 2 Miles Cycling, "Beaumont C.C.," will take place on the above Grounds, on Tuesday, the 17th, from 6 to 7 o'clock.

WALTER MARSHALL, } Hon. Secs.  
J. R. DEELEY, }

## Notes of the Week.

THE principal note of the week seems to me that the holidays are mostly finished, and that all of us are getting back to work again: a sad but healthy condition of things. We have come back to the gloom caused by the biggest and the hardest fought strike on record. Since everybody is talking about it, and since opinions are divided, and since they are held with great obstinacy, it follows that I had better for the moment, preserve my lips even from good words on this delicate subject. In this way I shall avoid giving offence to any. At the same time, I protest against the doctrine that a man who signs his name is to withhold his own opinions for fear of giving offence. What is the use of the public press, unless one fearlessly proclaims his opinions? For instance, I have the misfortune to belong to the Established Church of England, and am consequently a Protestant. I, therefore, hold certain views with regard to the Society called Jesuits. Now it would really astonish the readers of the *Journal* to know how wrathful one or two of the other readers become because I ventured to express this opinion in a recent number. As regards the strike, however, I wait, chiefly because I really have not been able to arrive at a conclusion whether the Dock Committee are able to pay the extra penny or not. If, for instance, I have only got a shilling in my pocket, and I want my portmanteau carried by someone for me, I cannot offer more than that shilling. This is elementary. Therefore, I hope that the leaders of the strike have made it quite clear to themselves that the Dock Committee have got more than that shilling.

LET us sing to the praise and memory of my own holiday. I have been living in a village: it has two tiny general shops where you can buy everything—bread, butter, cheese, bacon, eggs, fruit, flannel, cotton, pins and needles, paper and pens, and everything else that you want: there are two small public houses: the others are the houses of a squire, a clergyman, a doctor, two or three private persons, and two or three people who let their houses in the summer, and live in them in the winter. There is a school, with a very pretty house for the schoolmaster and his wife, who is also the mistress. The village stands on rising ground about a mile from the sea, where there is a little town and a splendid bay circled with glorious cliffs, and fringed by golden sands, facing the east, and bounded by two headlands. Above the village the ground still rises—indeed, there is not an inch in the whole place that is not on a slope—until it reaches the height of a thousand feet or so, when you arrive at a level where there is a moor. Now this moor is not, if you please, a little thing like Hampstead Heath or Epping Forest, or the last corner left of old Hainault. It is a vast and glorious moor twelve miles long and twenty broad: it is separated by a bit of cultivated ground from another equally great. The moor, on which one may wander for days together without meeting a creature, is an immense elevated plateau, across which the fresh air comes sweeping and whistling, driving the London fog and smoke out of your lungs, and filling them with the purest air that blows. It is covered with heather and heath, with whortleberries, here called bilberries, and wild raspberries. As it is now, such it has always been, without trees, save in hollows, and without human dwellers or habitations. Perhaps the red deer once roamed here, but I think not because there has never been any cover for them. There are grouse, but they are scarce. There must formerly have been something sacred about the place, because it is studded all over with tumuli, the tombs of dead chiefs—with stone circles, and other remains of prehistoric men. There are hills on the moor and there are valleys, and in the valleys there are little farms beside the streams which flow through these wild glens. On a fine and sunny morning one may wander upon the moor, or lie on the green warm slopes among the heather, listening to the only sound of the moor, the rustling of the heather and the humming of the bees. These admirable creatures never take a holiday: they are always diligent in the pursuit of business, and they know that the finest honey in the world is that which is got from the moor. Therefore they are perpetually coming out for the honey, and carrying it home to the hive—a noble example of industry and zeal for the advantage of others!

As for the little town by the bay, it consists of three streets, all very narrow, all up-hill, all smelling of fish and seaweed, and a good deal beside; because, to tell the truth, it is not the cleanest town in the world. Formerly they used to

send out a hundred fishermen every morning; now, owing to the employment of bigger craft, their occupation is mostly gone; only half-a-dozen men now go forth to fish. They catch salmon trout, herring, soles, and whiting for the most part. When you are fortunate enough to get any of their fish you understand what fish means. Fresh out of the water and into the frying pan, a sole, for instance, is a creature unknown to him who has to buy his fish of the fishmonger. Their business done the men sit about at the lower end of the town smoking pipes. I have always thought that a fisherman's lot is one of the happiest: he is no man's servant: his work is dangerous, but it is pleasant; there is excitement in it: it is true that he does not make much money, but he lives: it is a very healthy life, and his work is finished by the time that most people are beginning theirs: then for the rest of the day he sits and meditates. But, as I said, most of the fishermen have had to give up their trade at this place: they have gone to sea, and the town is full of their grass widows taking care of the children. There is also a sprinkling of good old retired captains, who once commanded the coasting vessels which trade up and down. Along this coast there lie half-a-dozen such towns as this built, where the cliff breaks down and makes a gap for the passage of a moorland stream; the houses climb up the hill-sides, the narrow courts are stairs and steps cut in the rock, and the boats lie on the sands.

THESE TOWNS were built after the division of the county into parishes. Consequently, their parish church has been generally built inland for the advantage of the farmers. Thus it happened that there was, until recently, no parish church in any one of them, and the people were neglected, and became like heathens, till John Wesley and his disciples went among them. The neglect has now been repaired, but they remain nearly all Wesleyans. The parish church of my little town, for instance, was, until the other day, a mile from the town. They have now built a new one too near the town, but the old church, now deserted, remains standing, and in it I heard of a very pretty custom—now no longer practised—more is the pity.

FORMERLY, when an unmarried girl died, every girl of the parish sent for the funeral a ribbon of any colour she chose. These were all tied together at one end, with a heart and a cross cut or carved, but I know not of what material. The bunch of ribbons was laid upon the pall and borne to the grave. After the funeral it was carried into the church and hung up from the ceiling in the chancel; and when, after many years, there came to be too many, a lot were fastened together. But they were never taken down, and if a portion of a ribbon chanced to fall it was taken outside, and buried in the churchyard. They have deserted the church now, as I have said. The new parish church is a mile nearer the town: the old church is only used for funerals. But the bunches of faded ribbons may still be seen hanging to the roof of the chancel, meet memorials each of some poor girl cut off before she had entered upon the fulness of life.

OTHER customs they have in this parish. At a funeral the coffin was preceded by two women in white dress: the pall-bearers wore white shawls, with a black shoulder scarf: and if it was a young person the women were all in white. Also at weddings the boys raced for ribbons. They all gathered at the church door, and waited till the ring was placed on the bride's finger. Then they ran to the bride's house, announcing the joyful news and receiving ribbons for reward. They then tied these round their arms, and ran back to meet the bridal party, and to dance and shout round them on their way home.

As I was within easy reach of the place, I spent two days and a night in visiting one of the most ancient and most interesting cities in the whole country. I shall not mention its name, but it is rather difficult to get at, and is not often visited, save for purposes of business. The town is now, and always has been, a great commercial centre: there are great docks in activity and full of ships; there is a broad estuary, up and down which the ships sail in safety: and the place is densely populated. It is filled with old houses, old churches, and narrow streets: there are more old houses in it than in any other town of England. There are delightful almshouses in it: there are lovely markets: there is an old school built in the time of Elizabeth: there is a house where Charles the First was entertained: a tavern where Taylor, the water poet, once slept in the reign of James the First: there is a magnificent old church

which wants nothing but painted glass to make it the most beautiful church in the world: there is a museum: and there is an institution where they have never discontinued the good old custom, which I thought had gone out with King Harry the Eighth, of strewing rushes on the floor instead of laying down a carpet. It is altogether what the Americans call an old-time place. This country has many such old towns, but on the whole this seems to me the most curious and interesting. Guess, gentle reader, the name of this old town.

THE institution of the annual holiday deserves a history of its own. Our ancestors had no holiday until the church got them the Sunday. Let us therefore remember that we owe the holiday to the church. The Greeks had festival days, and days when races and games were held, but they had no holiday for the acknowledged purpose of taking rest. The Romans were in the same deplorable condition. Cato, indeed, not considered an inhuman man, held the opinion that for a slave there should be nothing but work except at the time allowed for sleep. Well, for many centuries there were no holidays except the Sunday, and an occasional Saints day. Christmas was always kept, chiefly because it was made to take the place of the great Roman festival. Good Friday was not in this country observed as a general holiday until the year 1772, when Bishop Porteous wrote a pamphlet and preached a sermon upon the observance of the day, and the people began to shut up their shops on that day. Now, once we get the shutters up to mark a day, they are always, ever after, put up on that same day, and so we get another holiday. Easter Monday and Whit Monday are quite recent inventions as holidays. Now consider how far we have got. First, we all get the four Bank holidays. As a matter of fact we get Easter from Friday to Monday inclusive: we get Christmas from Christmas Day to the following Monday inclusive, unless Christmas Day falls early in the week: we have the Saturday half-holiday: and we have the Sunday. Then every clerk gets his fortnight at least in addition: schoolmasters get three or four solid months in the year: barristers get five months: and the class of merchants and professional people take from five to seven weeks on end. The next step will be that working men will have their fortnight too, *in full pay*, for the annual holiday, for the purpose of getting fresh air and exercise. But this happy day will not arrive in the present condition of things, and while capital and labour scowl at each other.

You see how one's thoughts come back to the strike. Truly, the great prophet wanted at the present moment is the man who will place the relations of capital to labour, and of labour to capital, on an equitable footing, fair to both, so that labour shall not be sweated and oppressed, nor shall capital be defrauded. I am one of those who believe that this great problem can, and should be, solved. But it must be approached without bad blood, and only by one who understands, what few of us do understand, the nature and special conditions of each trade. I mean that general principles can be laid down and accepted, but that actual practice must be modified to suit each trade. Let us hope that before these lines are printed, this strike at least may have come to an end. THE EDITOR.

## Palace Notes.

THE party of Paris trippers who are to occupy Paris during the week ending September 21st, are requested to meet Mr. O. H. Stursberg at 8.30 o'clock this evening (Wednesday) in the Technical Schools' Office.

THE printers have now in hand the completed list of results in the Science and Art, City Guilds, Ambulance, and Society of Arts examinations, and copies will very shortly be sent to successful students.

OUR sports will soon be an accomplished fact. Now is the time for all our athletically-disposed clientelae to send in their entries as directed by the notice on our first page, and for everybody to sell tickets to everybody he knows. Much will depend upon the work done for this meeting—much more than the success of this single meeting itself.

THE attention of intending Evening Class students is called to the notice on the front page, in the matter of taking out tickets before September 30th, and in that of the additional advantages offered students on a small additional payment.

IN consequence of the great success of the performance of Jullien's Celebrated British Army Quadrilles, by the band of H. M. Scots Guards, including the drummers and fifers and Queen's pipers, assisted by the band of the 2nd Volunteer (Essex) Brigade, E.D.R.A., on Saturday last, it will be repeated on Thursday, September 12th.

WE must remind our readers and the public generally that this is the last week of the Annual Exhibition of Pictures and Autumn Fête, and that it finally closes on Saturday next, September 14th. 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.]

## MEMBERS' SOCIAL DANCES.

Members are requested to take notice that they can obtain their tickets for the forthcoming dances, to be held in the Queen's Hall, on Monday and Tuesday, September 23rd and 24th, from 8 to 9.15 p.m., in the General Offices, from Monday next, 16th inst., to Thursday, 19th, inclusive. Tickets will admit a Member and friend. Members will much oblige by taking up their tickets as early as possible. Programmes will be 6d. each, and can be obtained when tickets are issued. Dancing will commence at 7.30 p.m. WALTER MARSHALL.

## BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

On Thursday, 12th inst., the B.C.C. Championship will be run off at Paddington track. Please be up as soon as possible, as it soon gets dark. Tickets of the Hon. Sec. D. JESSEMAN, Reporting Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, M.A.

On Friday last, the weekly meetings of the Society were resumed, Mr. Hawkins in the chair. The primary business of the evening was the consideration of the proposals of Sir E. H. Currie with reference to the future of the Society. After these had been discussed, together with the recommendations of the Committee, it was unanimously decided to ask Sir Edmund to receive the Committee, in order to gain a more complete knowledge of the proposed alterations. An interesting paper by Mr. J. Whittick upon "Don Quixote" was well received and criticised. Upon the application of the Secretary, auditors were appointed to receive the balance-sheet. The weekly meetings, which take place every Friday, at 8.30, in No. 11 room of the Club House, will be continued for the present, to which Palace Members are invited. The Secretary will be pleased to receive contributions for next Friday. C. J. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE.

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

Brigade Orders.—The whole Brigade to attend for general drill on Wednesday, the 18th September, at 9 p.m., in the Gymnasium. Full uniform. A. W. J. LAUNDY, Captain.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

After the 1st of October next, the Choral Society will meet every Tuesday and Friday, as during last season. Members of the Society will, after the above date, also have the privilege of attending concerts and entertainments to be arranged and held in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evenings. Any Member not having had a copy of the rules of the Society will oblige by applying to the Secretary. Rehearsal next Friday as usual, at 8 p.m., in No. 2 room in the Ladies' Social Rooms. There are vacancies in all the parts for singers of either notation, but we are particularly in want of Tenors and Basses. Intending Members should apply to the Secretary of the Society as early as possible. The quarter commences on the 1st of October, and the fees are 2s. per quarter for gentlemen, and 1s. per quarter for ladies, all music being lent free of charge from the Society's Library. A. W. J. LAUNDY, Hon. Sec.

## THE SCARLET DOMINO MINSTREL TROUPE.

Vice-President—ORTON BRADLEY, Esq., M.A.

Musical Director—MR. A. W. J. LAUNDY.

A General Meeting of the above troupe will be held on Monday next, at 8 p.m. F. A. GOLD, Hon. Sec.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

A meeting of the club was held on September 6th inst., at which fourteen Members were present; Mr. Beckett was elected to the chair. Various matters relating to the Winter Programme and the Annual General Meeting were discussed. It is also proposed at our Exhibition in October, to offer prizes, divided into three classes, viz., *Landscape, Architectural, and Portraiture*, and that in each class there shall be two prizes; an entrance fee of 1s. will be charged for any class. Fuller particulars and forms can be had of the Secretary. On Saturday, 7th inst., there was an outing to Wanstead Park, which was well attended; the result of the photographs taken will be judged at our next meeting, on September 20th, which is the Annual General Meeting. It is hoped that all Members will attend, as very important business will be brought forward.

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

P.S.—In the last notice, *Palace Journal*, August 21st, by a printer's error, the name of Mr. Laundry appeared by mistake instead of Mr. Lauday.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

A party of seventeen Ramblers took part in the outing on Saturday last to Buckhurst Hill. On our arrival there it commenced to rain, but this fortunately did not last long. In the grounds at the back of the "Roebuck Hotel," a large party from Spottiswood's Institute were holding their sports and garden party. We were just in time to see the 120 Yards' Blindfold Race, which was indeed very amusing. One of the competitors, in his haste to get off, fell over the legs of another, and on getting up started off in quite a different direction; the same occurred to the others, who diverged to the right of the course and made for the hedge. The three-legged and ladies' races were also very good, and caused much fun. We had a very nice tea at Mrs. Guy's, in a room just large enough for our party; after tea we commenced our ramble to Loughton,—some doubts being held as to the weather, we did not go very far, and on returning to Mrs. Guy's, the place seemed to have become quite full, so we thought it would be advisable to walk over to Chingford. On our way the harvest moon shone out beautifully, and lit up our pathway through lanes and fields until we reached Rigg's Retreat, where another party were assembled. It was 9 o'clock when we came to Chingford Station, and on such a lovely night, it was thought too early to return, so we continued on, passing Chingford Hotel and Connaught Waters to the Loughton Road again, past the "Roebuck" to the Buckhurst Hill Station. We arrived home soon after 11 o'clock, after a most enjoyable outing. The Annual General Meeting will be held to-night (Wednesday) in No. 12 room, Old School-buildings, at 8 p.m. prompt.

H. ROUT, Hon. Sec.

## EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription: 1s. per quarter, 3s. per annum; meeting nights, Tuesday and Saturday, from 7 p.m. Until the end of September, the Club will meet in the Old School-buildings, Room No. 15. Matches for the season will be arranged shortly. A General Meeting will be held on Saturday, September 28th, to receive the annual report, elect officers, enrol new members, etc.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

## People's Palace Junior Section.

## JUNIOR SWIMMING CLUB.

The Final Heat of the 90 Yards' Handicap took place in the Palace Bath, on Friday evening last; the result, after a close and exciting race, being as follows:—J. Regan (scratch), first; J. Reeves, 20 secs. start, second; F. J. Harvey, 5 secs. third. Handicapper, Mr. Ellis; starter, Mr. Newman.

F. J. HARVEY, Hon. Sec.

## JUNIOR BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

All Members are requested to attend at Wanstead every Wednesday and Saturday to practice for 200 Yards at Leyton. Please see Secretary or Assistant any evening at 8 o'clock. All entry forms can be obtained of the Secretary, and not to be sent in later than Saturday, the 14th inst.

J. FAYERS, Hon. Sec.  
F. GRIFFITHS, Assist. Sec.

## JUNIOR RAMBLERS.

On Saturday last, at 3 o'clock, we started for Loughton, arriving there at 4. We then rambled through the Forest in the direction of Ongar. The walk was delightful, also the blackberries that we found. After having tea, we started for home, all voting the ramble a success.

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

## The Great Carbuncle.

## A MYSTERY OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

AT nightfall, once, in the olden time, on the rugged side of one of the Crystal Hills, a party of adventurers were refreshing themselves, after a toilsome and fruitless quest for the Great Carbuncle. They had come thither, not as friends nor partners in the enterprise, but each, save one youthful pair, impelled by his own selfish and solitary longing for this wondrous gem. Their feeling of brotherhood, however, was strong enough to induce them to contribute a mutual aid in building a rude hut of branches, and kindling a great fire of shattered pines, that had drifted down the headlong current of the Amonosuck, on the lower bank of which they were to pass the night. There was but one of their number, perhaps, who had become so estranged from natural sympathies, by the absorbing spell of the pursuit, as to acknowledge no satisfaction at the sight of human faces, in the remote and solitary region whither they had ascended. A vast extent of wilderness lay between them and the nearest settlement, while, scant a mile above their heads, was that black verge, where the hills throw off their shaggy mantle of forest trees, and either robe themselves in clouds, or tower naked into the sky. The roar of the Amonosuck would have been too awful for endurance, if only a solitary man had listened, while the mountain stream talked with the wind. The adventurers, therefore, exchanged hospitable greetings, and welcomed one another to the hut, where each man was the host, and all were the guests of the whole company. They spread their individual supplies of food on the flat surface of a rock, and partook of a general repast; at the close of which a sentiment of good fellowship was perceptible among the party, though repressed by the idea that the renewed search for the Great Carbuncle must make them strangers again in the morning. Seven men and one young woman, they warmed themselves together at the fire, which extended its bright wall along the whole front of their wigwam. As they observed the various and contrasted figures that made up the assemblage, each man looking like a caricature of himself, in the unsteady light that flickered over him, they came mutually to the conclusion, that an odder society had never met, in city or wilderness, on mountain or plain.

The eldest of the group, a tall, lean, weather-beaten man, some sixty years of age, was clad in the skins of wild animals, whose fashion of dress he did well to imitate, since the deer, the wolf, and the bear, had long been his most intimate companions. He was one of those ill-fated mortals, such as the Indians told of, whom, in their early youth, the Great Carbuncle smote with a peculiar madness, and became the passionate dream of their existence. All who visited that region knew him as the Seeker, and by no other name. As none could remember when he first took up the search, there went a fable in the valley of the Saco, that for his inordinate lust after the Great Carbuncle, he had been condemned to wander among the mountains till the end of time, still with the same feverish hopes at sunrise—the same despair at eve. Near this miserable Seeker sat a little elderly personage, wearing a high-crowned hat, shaped somewhat like a crucible. He was from beyond the sea, a Doctor Cacaphodel, who had wilted and dried himself into a mummy, by continually stooping over charcoal furnaces, and inhaling unwholesome fumes, during his researches in chemistry and alchemy. It was told of him, whether truly or not, that, at the commencement of his studies, he had drained his body of all its richest blood, and wasted it, with other inestimable ingredients, in an unsuccessful experiment—and had never been a well man since. Another of the adventurers was Master Ichabod Pignort, a weighty merchant and selectman of Boston, and an elder of the famous Mr. Norton's church. His enemies had a ridiculous story, that Master Pignort was accustomed to spend a whole hour, after prayer-time, every morning and evening, in wallowing naked among an immense quantity of pine-tree shillings, which were the earliest silver coinage of Massachusetts. The fourth, whom we shall notice, had no name, that his companions knew of, and was chiefly distinguished by a sneer that always contorted his thin visage, and by a prodigious pair of spectacles, which were supposed to deform and discolour the whole face of nature to this gentleman's perception. The fifth adventurer likewise lacked a name, which was the greater pity, as he appeared to be a poet. He was a bright-eyed man, but

\* The Indian tradition, on which this somewhat extravagant tale is founded, is both too wild and too beautiful to be adequately wrought up in prose. Sullivan in his "History of Maine," written since the Revolution, remarks, that even then the existence of the Great Carbuncle was not entirely discredited.

wofully pined away, which was no more than natural, if, as some people affirmed, his ordinary diet was fog, morning mist, and a slice of the densest cloud within his reach, sauced with moonshine, whenever he could get it. Certain it is, that the poetry which flowed from him had a smack of all these dainties. The sixth of the party was a young man of haughty mien, and sat somewhat apart from the rest, wearing his plumed hat loftily among his elders, while the fire glittered on the rich embroidery of his dress, and gleamed intensely on the jewelled pommel of his sword. This was the Lord de Vere, who, when at home, was said to spend much of his time in the burial vault of his dead progenitors, rummaging their mouldy coffins in search of all the earthly pride and vainglory that was hidden among bones and dust; so that, besides his own share, he had the collected haughtiness of his whole line of ancestry.

Lastly, there was a handsome youth in rustic garb, and by his side, a blooming little person, in whom a delicate shade of maidenly reserve was just melting into the rich glow of a young wife's affection. Her name was Hannah, and her husband's Matthew; two homely names, yet well enough adapted to the simple pair, who seemed strangely out of place among the whimsical fraternity whose wits had been set agog by the Great Carbuncle.

Beneath the shelter of one hut, in the bright blaze of the same fire, sat this varied group of adventurers, all so intent upon a single object, that, of whatever else they began to speak, their closing words were sure to be illuminated with the Great Carbuncle. Several related the circumstances that brought them thither. One had listened to a traveller's tale of this marvellous stone, in his own distant country, and had immediately been seized with such a thirst for beholding it, as could only be quenched in its intensest lustre. Another, so long ago as when the famous Smith visited these coasts, had seen it blazing far at sea, and then felt no rest in all the intervening years, till now that he took up the search. A third, being encamped on a hunting expedition, full forty miles south of the White Mountains, awoke at midnight, and beheld the Great Carbuncle gleaming like a meteor, so that the shadows of the trees fell backward from it. They spoke of the innumerable attempts which had been made to reach the spot, and of the singular fatality which had hitherto withheld success from all adventurers, though it might seem so easy to follow to its source a light that overpowered the moon, and almost matched the sun. It was observable that each smiled scornfully at the madness of every other, in anticipating better fortune than the past, yet nourished a scarcely hidden conviction, that he would himself be the favoured one. As if to allay their too sanguine hopes, they recurred to the Indian traditions, that a spirit kept watch about the gem, and bewildered those who sought it, either by removing it from peak to peak of the higher hills, or by calling up a mist from the enchanted lake over which it hung. But these tales were deemed unworthy of credit; all professing to believe, that the search had been baffled by want of sagacity or perseverance in the adventurers, or such other cause as might naturally obstruct the passage to any given point, among the intricacies of forest, valley, and mountain.

In a pause of the conversation, the wearer of prodigious spectacles looked round upon the party, making each individual, in turn, the object of the sneer which invariably dwelt upon his countenance.

"So far, fellow-pilgrims," said he, "here we are, seven wise men and one fair damsel—who doubtless is as wise as any grey-beard of the company: here we are, I say, all bound on the same goodly enterprise. Methinks, now, it were not amiss, that each of us declare what he proposes to do with the Great Carbuncle, provided he have the good hap to clutch it. What says our friend in the bear-skin? How mean you, good sir, to enjoy the prize which you have been seeking, the Lord knows how long, among the Crystal Hills?"

"How enjoy it!" exclaimed the aged Seeker, bitterly. "I hope for no enjoyment from it—that folly has past long ago! I keep up the search for this accursed stone, because the vain ambition of my youth has become a fate upon me in old age. The pursuit alone is my strength—the energy of my soul—the warmth of my blood, and the pith and marrow of my bones! Were I to turn my back upon it, I should fall down dead, on the hither side of the Notch, which is the gateway of this mountain region. Yet, not to have my wasted lifetime back again, would I give up my hopes of the Great Carbuncle! Having found it, I shall bear it to a certain cavern that I wot of, and there, grasping it in my arms, lie down and die, and keep it buried with me for ever."

"Oh, wretch, regardless of the interests of science!" cried Doctor Cacaphodel, with philosophic indignation. "Thou art not worthy to behold, even from afar off, the lustre

of this most precious gem that ever was concocted in the laboratory of Nature. Mine is the sole purpose for which a wise man may desire the possession of the Great Carbuncle. Immediately on obtaining it—for I have a presentiment, good people, that the prize is reserved to crown my scientific reputation—I shall return to Europe, and employ my remaining years in reducing it to its first elements. A portion of the stone will I grind to impalpable powder; other parts shall be dissolved in acids, or whatever solvents will act upon so admirable a composition; and the remainder I design to melt in the crucible, or set on fire with the blowpipe. By these various methods I shall gain an accurate analysis, and finally bestow the result of my labours upon the world in a folio volume."

"Excellent!" quoth the man with the spectacles. "Nor need you hesitate, learned sir, on account of the necessary destruction of the gem; since the perusal of your folio may teach every mother's son of us to concoct a Great Carbuncle of his own."

"But, verily," said Master Ichabod Pignort, "for mine own part, I object to the making of these counterfeits, as being calculated to reduce the marketable value of the true gem. I tell ye frankly, sirs, I have an interest in keeping up the price. Here have I quitted my regular traffic, leaving my warehouse in the care of my clerks, and putting my credit to great hazard, and furthermore, have put myself in peril of death or captivity by the accursed heathen savages—and all this without daring to ask the prayers of the congregation, because the quest for the Great Carbuncle is deemed little better than a traffic with the Evil One. Now think ye that I would have done this grievous wrong to my soul, body, reputation, and estate, without a reasonable chance of profit?"

"Not I, pious Master Pignort," said the man with the spectacles. "I never laid such a great folly to thy charge."

"Truly, I hope not," said the merchant. "Now, as touching this Great Carbuncle, I am free to own that I have never had a glimpse of it; but be it only the hundredth part so bright as people tell, it will surely outvalue the Great Mogul's best diamond, which he holds at an incalculable sum. Wherefore, I am minded to put the Great Carbuncle on shipboard, and voyage with it to England, France, Spain, Italy, or into Heathendom, if Providence should send me thither, and, in a word, dispose of the gem to the best bidder among the potentates of the earth, that he may place it among his crown jewels. If any of ye have a wiser plan, let him expound it."

"That have I, thou sordid man!" exclaimed the poet. "Dost thou desire nothing brighter than gold, that thou wouldst transmute all this ethereal lustre into such dross as thou wallowest in already? For myself, hiding the jewel under my cloak, I shall lie me back to my attic chamber, in one of the darksome alleys of London. There, night and day, will I gaze upon it—my soul shall drink its radiance—it shall be diffused throughout my intellectual powers, and gleam brightly in every line of poetry that I indite. Thus, long ages after I am gone, the splendour of the Great Carbuncle will blaze around my name!"

"Well said, Master Poet!" cried he of the spectacles. "Hide it under thy cloak, sayest thou? Why, it will gleam through the holes, and make thee look like a jack-o'-lantern!"

"To think!" ejaculated the Lord de Vere, rather to himself than his companions, the best of whom he held utterly unworthy of his intercourse—"to think that a fellow in a tattered cloak should talk of conveying the Great Carbuncle to a garret in Grub Street! Have not I resolved within myself that the whole earth contains no fitter ornament for the great hall of my ancestral castle? There shall it flame for ages, making a noonday of midnight, glittering on the suits of armour, the banners and escutcheons that hang around the wall, and keeping bright the memory of heroes. Wherefore have all other adventurers sought the prize in vain, but that I might win it, and make it a symbol of the glories of our lofty line? And never on the diadem of the White Mountains did the Great Carbuncle hold a place half so honoured as is reserved for it in the hall of the De Veres!"

"It is a noble thought," said the Cynic, with an obsequious sneer. "Yet, might I presume to say so, the gem would make a rare sepulchral lamp, and would display the glories of your lordship's progenitors more truly in the ancestral vault than in the castle hall."

"Nay, forsooth," observed Matthew, the young rustic, who sat hand-in-hand with his bride, "the gentleman has bethought himself of a profitable use for this bright stone. Hannah here and I are seeking it for a like purpose."

"How, fellow!" exclaimed his lordship in surprise. "What castle hall hast thou to hang it in?"

"No castle," replied Matthew, "but as neat a cottage as any within sight of the Crystal Hills. Ye must know, friends, that Hannah and I being wedded the last week, have taken up the search of the Great Carbuncle, because we shall need its light in the long winter evenings; and it will be such a pretty thing to show the neighbours when they visit us. It will shine through the house, so that we may pick up a pin in any corner, and will set all the windows a-glowing, as if there were a great fire of pine-knots in the chimney. And then how pleasant, when we awake in the night, to be able to see one another's faces!"

There was a general smile among the adventurers at the simplicity of the young couple's project, in regard to this wondrous and invaluable stone, with which the greatest monarch on earth might have been proud to adorn his palace. Especially the man with spectacles, who had sneered at all the company in turn, now twisted his visage into such an expression of ill-natured mirth, that Matthew asked him rather peevishly, what he himself meant to do with the Great Carbuncle.

"The Great Carbuncle!" answered the Cynic, with ineffable scorn. "Why, you blockhead, there is no such thing in *verum naturâ*. I have come three thousand miles, and am resolved to set my foot on every peak of these mountains, and poke my head into every chasm, for the sole purpose of demonstrating to the satisfaction of any man one whit less an ass than thyself that the Great Carbuncle is all a humbug!"

Vain and foolish were the motives that had brought most of the adventurers to the Crystal Hills, but none so vain, so foolish, and so impious too, as that of the scoffer with the prodigious spectacles. He was one of those wretched and evil men whose yearnings are downward to the darkness, instead of heavenward, and who, could they but extinguish the lights which God hath kindled for us, would count the midnight gloom their chiefest glory. As the Cynic spoke, several of the party were startled by a gleam of red splendour, that showed the huge shapes of the surrounding mountains, and the rock-bestrewn bed of the turbulent river, with an illumination unlike that of their fire on the trunks and black boughs of the forest trees. They listened for the roll of thunder, but heard nothing, and were glad that the tempest came not near them. The stars, those dial-points of heaven, now warned the adventurers to close their eyes on the blazing logs, and open them, in dreams, to the glow of the Great Carbuncle.

The young married couple had taken their lodgings in the farthest corner of the wigwam, and were separated from the rest of the party by a curtain of curiously woven twigs, such as might have hung, in deep festoons, around the bridal bower of Eve. The modest little wife had wrought this piece of tapestry, while the other guests were talking. She and her husband fell asleep with hands tenderly clasped, and awoke from visions of unearthly radiance to meet the more blessed light of one another's eyes. They awoke at the same instant, and with one happy smile beaming over their two faces, which grew brighter with their consciousness of the reality of life and love. But no sooner did she recollect where they were, than the bride peeped through the interstices of the leafy curtain, and saw that the outer room of the hut was deserted.

"Up, dear Matthew!" cried she, in haste. "The strange folk are all gone! Up this very minute, or we shall lose the Great Carbuncle!"

In truth, so little did these poor young people deserve the mighty prize which had lured them thither, that they had slept peacefully all night, and till the summits of the hills were glittering with sunshine, while the other adventurers had tossed their limbs in feverish wakefulness, or dreamed of climbing precipices, and set off to realise their dreams with the earliest peep of dawn. But Matthew and Hannah, after their calm rest, were as light as two young deer, and merely stopped to say their prayers, and wash themselves in a cold pool of the Amonosuck, and then to taste a morsel of food, ere they turned their faces to the mountain side. It was a sweet emblem of conjugal affection, as they toiled up the difficult ascent, gathering strength from the mutual aid which they afforded. After several little accidents, such as a torn robe, a lost shoe, and the entanglement of Hannah's hair in a bough, they reached the upper verge of the forest, and were now to pursue a more adventurous course. The innumerable trunks and heavy foliage of the trees had hitherto shut in their thoughts, which now shrank affrighted from the region of wind, and cloud, and naked rocks, and desolate sunshine, that rose immeasurably above them. They gazed back at the obscure wilderness which they had traversed, and longed to

be buried again in its depths, rather than trust themselves to so vast and visible a solitude.

"Shall we go on?" said Matthew, throwing his arm round Hannah's waist, both to protect her and to comfort his heart by drawing her close to it.

But the little bride, simple as she was, had a woman's love of jewels, and could not forgo the hope of possessing the very brightest in the world, in spite of the perils with which it must be won.

"Let us climb a little higher," whispered she, yet tremulously, as she turned her face upward to the lonely sky.

"Come, then," said Matthew, mustering his manly courage and drawing her along with him, for she became timid again the moment that he grew bold.

And upward, accordingly, went the pilgrims of the Great Carbuncle, now treading upon the tops and thickly interwoven branches of dwarf pines, which, by the growth of centuries, though mossy with age, had barely reached three feet in altitude. Next, they came to masses and fragments of naked rock, heaped confusedly together, like a cairn reared by giants, in memory of a giant chief. In this bleak realm of upper air, nothing breathed, nothing grew; there was no life but what was concentrated in their two hearts, they had climbed so high, that Nature herself seemed no longer to keep them company. She lingered beneath them, within the verge of the forest trees, and sent a farewell glance after her children, as they strayed where her own green footprints had never been. But soon they were to be hidden from her eye. Densely and dark, the mists began to gather below, casting black spots of shadow on the vast landscape, and sailing heavily to one centre, as if the loftiest mountain peak had summed a council of its kindred clouds. Finally, the vapours welded themselves, as it were, into a mass, presenting the appearance of a pavement over which the wanderers might have trodden, but where they would vainly have sought an avenue to the blessed earth which they had lost. And the lovers yearned to behold that green earth again, more intensely, alas! than beneath a clouded sky, they had ever desired a glimpse of Heaven. They even felt it a relief to their desolation, when the mists, creeping gradually up the mountain, concealed its lonely peak, and thus annihilated, at least for them, the whole region of visible space. But they drew closer together, with a fond and melancholy gaze, dreading lest the universal crowd should snatch them from each other's sight.

Still, perhaps they would have been resolute to climb as far and as high between earth and heaven, as they could find foothold, if Hannah's strength had not begun to fail, and with that her courage also. Her breath grew short. She refused to burthen her husband with her weight, but often tottered against his side, and recovered herself each time by a feebler effort. At last she sank down on one of the rocky steps of the acclivity.

"We are lost, dear Matthew," said she mournfully. "We shall never find our way to the earth again. And, oh, how happy we might have been in our cottage!"

"Dear heart!—we will yet be happy there," answered Matthew. "Look in this direction, the sunshine penetrates the dismal mist. By its aid, I can direct our course to the passage of the Notch. Let us go back, love, and dream no more of the Great Carbuncle!"

"The sun cannot be yonder," said Hannah, with despondence. "By this time, it must be noon. If there could ever be any sunshine here, it would come from above our heads."

"But look!" repeated Matthew, in a somewhat altered tone. "It is brightening every moment. If not sunshine, what can it be?"

Nor could the young bride any longer deny, that a radiance was breaking through the mist, and changing its dim hue to a dusky red, which continually grew more vivid, as if brilliant particles were interfused with the gloom. Now, also, the cloud began to roll away from the mountain, while as it heavily withdrew, one object after another started out of its impenetrable obscurity into sight with precisely the effect of a new creation, before the indistinctness of the old chaos had been completely swallowed up. As the process went on, they saw the gleaming of water close at their feet, and found themselves on the very border of a mountain lake, deep, bright, clear, and calmly beautiful, spreading from brim to brim of a basin that had been scooped out of the solid rock. A ray of glory flashed across its surface. The pilgrims looked whence it should proceed, but closed their eyes with a thrill of awful admiration, to exclude the fervid splendour that glowed from the brow of a cliff, impending over the enchanted lake. For the simple pair had reached that lake of mystery, and found the long-sought shrine of the Great Carbuncle!

They threw their arms around each other, and trembled at their own success; for as the legends of this wondrous gem rushed thick upon their memory, they felt themselves marked out by fate—and the consciousness was fearful. Often from childhood upwards, they had seen it shining like a distant star. And now that star was throwing its intensest lustre on their hearts. They seemed changed to one another's eyes, in the red brilliancy that flamed upon their cheeks, while it lent the same fire to the lake, the rocks, and sky, and to the mists which had rolled back before its power. But, with their next glance, they beheld an object that drew their attention even from the mighty stone. At the base of the cliff, directly beneath the Great Carbuncle, appeared the figure of a man, with his arms extended in the act of climbing, and his face turned upward, as if to drink the full gush of splendour. But he stirred not, no more than if changed to marble.

"It is the Seeker," whispered Hannah, convulsively grasping her husband's arm. "Matthew, he is dead."

"The joy of success has killed him," replied Matthew, trembling violently. "Or perhaps the very light of the Great Carbuncle was death!"

"The Great Carbuncle," cried a peevish voice behind them. "The Great Humbug! If you have found it, prithee point it out to me."

They turned their heads, and there was the Cynic, with his prodigious spectacles set carefully on his nose, staring now at the lake, now at the rocks, now at the distant masses of vapour, now right at the Great Carbuncle itself, yet seemingly as unconscious of its light, as if all the scattered clouds were condensed about his person. Though its radiance actually threw the shadow of the unbeliever at his own feet, as he turned his back upon the glorious jewel, he would not be convinced that there was the least glimmer there.

"Where is your Great Humbug?" he repeated. "I challenge you to make me see it."

"There," said Matthew, incensed at such perverse blindness, and turning the Cynic round towards the illuminated cliff. "Take off those abominable spectacles, and you cannot help seeing it."

Now these coloured spectacles probably darkened the Cynic's sight, in at least as great a degree as the smoked glasses through which people gazed at an eclipse. With resolute bravado, however, he snatched them from his nose, and fixed a bold stare full upon the ruddy blaze of the Great Carbuncle. But scarcely had he encountered it, when, with a deep, shuddering groan, he dropped his head, and pressed both hands across his miserable eyes. Thenceforth there was, in very truth, no light of the Great Carbuncle, nor any other light on earth, nor light of Heaven itself, for the poor Cynic. So long accustomed to view all objects through a medium that deprived them of every glimpse of brightness, a single flash of so glorious a phenomenon, striking upon his naked vision, had blinded him for ever.

"Matthew," said Hannah, clinging to him, "let us go hence!"

Matthew saw that she was faint, and kneeling down, supported her in his arms, while he threw some of the thrillingly cold water of the enchanted lake upon her face and bosom. It revived her, but could not renovate her courage.

"Yes, dearest," cried Matthew, pressing her tremulous form to his breast,—“we will go hence, and return to our humble cottage. The blessed sunshine, and the quiet moonlight, shall come through our window. We will kindle the cheerful glow of our hearth, at eventide, and be happy in its light. But never again will we desire more light than all the world may share with us."

"No," said his bride, "for how could we live by day, or sleep by night, in this awful blaze of the Great Carbuncle?"

Out of the hollow of their hands they drank each a draught from the lake, which presented them its waters uncontaminated by an earthly lip. Then, lending their guidance to the blinded Cynic, who uttered not a word, and even stifled his groan in his own most wretched heart, they began to descend the mountain. Yet, as they left the shore, till then untrodden, of the spirit's lake, they threw a farewell glance towards the cliff, and beheld the vapours gathering in dense volumes, through which the gem burned duskiy.

As touching the other pilgrims of the Great Carbuncle, the legend goes on to tell, that the worshipful Master Ichabod Pignot soon gave up the quest, as a desperate speculation, and wisely resolved to betake himself again to his warehouse, near the town-dock, in Boston. But, as he passed through the Notch of the mountains, a war party of Indians captured our unlucky merchant, and carried him to Montreal, there holding him in bondage, till, by the payment of a heavy ransom, he had wofully subtracted from his hoard of pine-tree shillings. By his long absence,

moreover, his affairs had become so disordered, that, for the rest of his life, instead of wallowing in silver, he had seldom a sixpence-worth of copper. Doctor Cacaphodel, the alchemist, returned to his laboratory with a prodigious fragment of granite, which he ground to powder, dissolved in acids, melted in the crucible, and burnt with the blow-pipe, and published the result of his experiments in one of the heaviest folios of the day. And, for all these purposes, the gem itself could not have answered better than the granite. The poet, by a somewhat similar mistake, made prize of a great piece of ice, which he found in a sunless chasm of the mountains, and swore that it corresponded, in all points, with his idea of the Great Carbuncle. The critics say, that, if his poetry lacked the splendour of the gem, it retained all the coldness of the ice. The Lord de Vere went back to his ancestral hall, where he contented himself with a wax-lighted chandelier, and filled in due course of time, another coffin in the ancestral vault. As the funeral torches gleamed within that dark receptacle, there was no need of the Great Carbuncle to show the vanity of earthly pomp.

The Cynic, having cast aside his spectacles, wandered about the world, a miserable object, and was punished with an agonising desire of light, for the wilful blindness of his former life. The whole night long he would lift his splendour-blasted orbs to the moon and stars; he turned his face eastward, at sunrise, as duly as a Persian idolator; he made a pilgrimage to Rome, to witness the magnificent illumination of St. Peter's church; and finally perished in the great fire of London, into the midst of which he had thrust himself, with the desperate idea of catching one feeble ray from the blaze, that was kindling earth and heaven.

Matthew and his bride spent many peaceful years, and were fond of telling the legend of the Great Carbuncle. The tale, however, towards the close of their lengthened lives, did not meet with the full credence that had been accorded to it by those who remembered the ancient lustre of the gem. For it is affirmed, that, from the hour when two mortals had shown themselves so simply wise, as to reject a jewel which would have dimmed all earthly things, its splendour waned. When other pilgrims reached the cliff, they found only an opaque stone, with particles of mica glittering on its surface. There is also a tradition that, as the youthful pair departed, the gem was loosened from the forehead of the cliff, and fell into the enchanted lake, and that, at noontide, the Seeker's form may still be seen to bend over its quenchless gleam.

Some few believe that this inestimable stone is blazing, as of old, and say that they have caught its radiance, like a flash of summer lightning, far down the valley of the Saco. And be it owned, that, many a mile from the Crystal Hills, I saw a wondrous light around their summits, and was lured, by the faith of poesy, to be the latest pilgrim of the GREAT CARBUNCLE.

### Where was the other Witch?

WHEN the eccentric Harry Webb (noted for his freaks of absent-mindedness) was lessee of the Queen's Theatre in Dublin, he produced *Macbeth* with new scenic effects. Among the rest, clouds descended to conceal the exit of the three witches in the first scene.

Webb, anxious to discover how the scene worked, passed from the stage to the front, but he saw only two witches instead of three.

Rushing back on the stage, he asked, "Where's the other witch?" Then to Jenkins, the stage manager, "Fine him, sir: fine him a week's salary."

"Please, sir," explained that perturbed functionary, "it's yourself that missed the scene."

"Bless me, so it was! Dear me, give me a cloak; I'll go on in the next scene; and, Jenkins, fine yourself five shillings for suffering me to neglect my business."

"Sir!" exclaimed the dumbfounded Jenkins.

"Yes, five shillings. It ought to be ten, but I'll take five."

### Answers to Correspondents.

J. NETTLESHIP.—We have forwarded your letter (which, by the way, was not signed) to Messrs. Smith and Botwright, 6, Eldon Street, Finsbury, E.C., to whom all communications as to Advertisements should be addressed.

W. MARSHALL.—Have inserted as you see. The Sub-Editor would like to see you whenever you can call.

F. J. W.—Not at present. It is quite impossible to carry on the Library as usual, but, as you may have gathered already from the *Journal*, it will fully re-open on September 28th.

## LAST WEEK

OF THE ANNUAL

## EXHIBITION OF PICTURES

AND

## AUTUMN FÊTE.

Open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

## Programme of Arrangements.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11th, 1889.

AT 6.30.—IN QUEEN'S HALL.

## ORGAN RECITAL.

ORGANIST—MR. H. J. BAKER.

- |                       |                  |              |
|-----------------------|------------------|--------------|
| 1. Military Overture  | ... ..           | Mendelssohn. |
| 2. Slumber Song       | ... ..           | Weist Hill.  |
| 3. Offertoire in G    | ... ..           | Clark.       |
| 4. Intermezzo         | ... ..           | Boggetti.    |
| 5. Postlude in B Flat | ... ..           | West.        |
| 6. March...           | ... "Tannhäuser" | ... Wagner.  |

AT 7.45.—IN FLORAL HALL.

## People's Palace Military Band.

Conductor—MR. A. ROBINSON.

AT 8.0.—IN QUEEN'S HALL.

## Vocal &amp; Instrumental Concert.

## BAND OF H.M. SCOTS GUARDS

(By kind permission of COL. STRACEY).

CONDUCTOR MR. E. HOLLAND.

## STEDMAN'S

## Celebrated Choir of Boys &amp; Girls

SOLOISTS:

MISS AMELIA GRUHN AND MISS D. SAMUEL.

SOLO VIOLIN—MISS CARRIE SAMUEL.

ACCOMPANISTS:

MASTER FRANK PESKETT &amp; MR. AUGUSTUS TOOP.

- |  |         |
|--|---------|
| 1. GRAND MARCH AND CHORUS "Tannhäuser" | Wagner. |
|--|---------|

- |                                     |              |
|-------------------------------------|--------------|
| 2. VOCAL WALTZ "The Rose Queen" ... | A. G. Crowe. |
|-------------------------------------|--------------|

Solo—MISS AMELIA GRUHN.

INTRODUCTION.—*The assembling of the Children.*WALTZ.—*Children gathering the Roses.*

Beautiful roses, beautiful roses,

Blossoms so wild and fair,

Scenting the morning air.

Oh! lovely roses, queenly flow'rs divine,

Emblems of grace and beauty, let us entwine.

*Wearing the Garlands.*

Let's be joyous! Let's be joyous!

Like the wild birds, sweetly singing:

Why repine we? Why repine we?

While the skylark's notes are ringing.

Here are garlands!

See the lovely rosebuds twining,

'Neath the green leaves,

While the sunlight's brightly shining.

Hands around, and merrily sing,

Flow'rs abound, so pretty ones bring;

Deck ye all now with wreaths so gay,

And let us be happy to-day.

*Crowning the Rose Queen.*

With roses, blushing roses,

Let us proffer courtly duty.

With garlands, fragrant posies;

Greet the Queen of Beauty.

SOLO.—*The Rose Queen.*

I am the Queen

Of the roses so beauteous and sweet,

Whose colour so lovingly meet

In glorious sheen,

My reign has begun

And you must obey my call

Till the long shadows fall

At setting of the sun.

CHORUS.—*She is the Queen, etc.*SOLO.—*My reign has begun, etc.**Homage to the Queen of Beauty.*

Hail to the rose-crowned Queen!

Hail to her beauty bright

And hair of golden sheen.

Weave chaplets for her hair,

Add lustre to her grace.

Oh! beauteous one so fair,

So sweet and fair of face.

CODA.

Beautiful roses, beautiful roses,

Blossoms so wild and fair,

Scenting the morning air.

Oh! lovely roses, queenly flow'rs divine,

Emblems of grace and beauty,

Let us entwine.

She is the Queen, etc.

- |                   |                 |           |
|-------------------|-----------------|-----------|
| 3. OVERTURE... .. | "Rosamunde" ... | Schubert. |
|-------------------|-----------------|-----------|

- |          |                               |                    |
|----------|-------------------------------|--------------------|
| 4. DUETS | { a. "The Sailor's Lullaby" } | Dr. Chas. Vincent. |
|          | { b. "A Holiday" }            |                    |

MR. STEDMAN'S CHOIR OF BOYS AND GIRLS.

a.—Peacefully slumbering on the ocean

Seamen fear no danger nigh,

Winds and waves in gentle motion

Soothe them with their lullaby.

Is the wind tempestuous blowing,

Still no danger they descry,

The guileless heart its boon bestowing,

Soothes them with its lullaby.

b.—Brightly shines the sun

On our holiday,

All is bright and glad,

Sing, for our life is May,

Sing, with gladness, sing,

Join our happy throng,

Sing with us to-day,

Swell our joyous song.

In the morning o'er the waters

In a boat we'll gently glide,

When the sun is high above,

From the noontide rays we'll hide.

In the evening to sweet music  
We will dance upon the green,  
O were e'er such happy mortals  
Ever seen, ever seen.

- |                    |                           |
|--------------------|---------------------------|
| 5. SELECTION... .. | "Reminiscences of Handel" |
|--------------------|---------------------------|

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|----------------|---------------------|-----------|
| 6. SONG ... .. | "Never to Know" ... | Marzials. |
|----------------|---------------------|-----------|

MISS AMELIA GRUHN.

The air was dreamy with flowers,  
The room was lovely with light,  
The soft waltz tunes were floating  
Afar in the warm June night.  
And she danced with one and the other,  
She was far too lovely to care,  
And she never looked as she passed him by,  
Alone in the window there.

Never to know it, never,  
Never to know, ah! never,  
Never to know the heart that's aching,  
All for our sake, and almost breaking.

She came to the window one moment,  
She gazed afar in the night,  
She was dazed with too much dancing,  
Or dazzled with too much light;  
So he never moved from the shadow,  
So he found no word to speak,  
And he never saw, as she turned away,  
The tear on her young bright cheek.

The long, long years are over,  
The great seas roll between,  
They have utterly past asunder  
From all that might have been;  
Did he hear that she was another's,  
Did they say that he was dead,  
Oh! what did it matter, for saddest of all  
Was one little word unsaid.

- |  |         |
|--|---------|
| 7. SOLO CLARINET "Polka Caprice ... .. | Meyeur. |
|--|---------|

MR. W. UNDERHILL.

- |                                       |             |
|---------------------------------------|-------------|
| 8. OVERTURE "Il Conte d'Essex" ... .. | Mercadante. |
|---------------------------------------|-------------|

- |  |              |
|--|--------------|
| 9. VOCAL WALTZ "English Beauties" ... .. | A. G. Crowe. |
|--|--------------|

MR. STEDMAN'S CHOIR OF BOYS AND GIRLS.

*"Cherry Ripe."*

Cherry ripe, cherry ripe—ripe, ripe, I cry;  
Full and fair ones, come and buy.

If so be you ask me where  
They do grow, I answer there,  
Where the sunbeams sweetly smile  
There's the land of cherry isle.

*Drink to me only.*

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss within the cup,  
And I'll not ask for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
Doth ask a drink divine;  
But might I of Love's nectar sip  
I would not change for thine.

*"Haste to the Wedding."*

Oh! haste, haste, we're off to the wedding,  
Oh! haste, haste, and open the gate;  
Oh! haste, haste, or tears they'll be shedding,  
Oh! haste, haste, we must not be late.

*"Oh dear, what can the matter be."*

Oh! dear! what can the matter be,  
Johnny's so long at the fair?

He promised he'd buy me a fairing should please me,  
And then for a kiss, oh! he vowed he would tease me,  
He promised he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons,  
To tie up my bonnie brown hair.  
He promised he'd buy me a basket of posies,  
A garland of lilies, a garland of roses,  
A little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons,  
That tie up my bonnie brown hair.

*Here's to the Maiden."*

Now here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,  
Now here's to the widow of fifty;  
And here's to my loving and beautiful queen,  
And here's to the house-wife that's thrifty.

Let the toast pass, drink to the lass,  
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Now here's to the maid with her cheeks like the rose,  
Now here's to her, brown as a berry,  
And here's to the maiden whom you should propose,  
And here's to the girl that is merry.

*"Once I Loved."*

Once I loved a maiden fair,  
But she did deceive me;  
She with Venus might compare,  
In my mind, believe me.  
She was young, and among  
All our maids the sweetest,  
Now I say, ah! well-a-day,  
Brightest hopes are fleetest.  
Fare-thee-well, faithless girl,  
I'll not sorrow for thee;  
Once I held thee dear as pearl,  
Now I do abhor thee.

- |                      |                |             |
|----------------------|----------------|-------------|
| 10. SELECTION ... .. | "Falka" ... .. | Chassaigne. |
|----------------------|----------------|-------------|

- |                      |                     |         |
|----------------------|---------------------|---------|
| 11. MEDITATION... .. | "Ave Maria," ... .. | Gounod. |
|----------------------|---------------------|---------|

MISS D. SAMUEL.

Violin... .. MISS CARRIE SAMUEL.

Organ... .. MR. AUGUSTUS TOOP.

Piano... .. MASTER FRANK PESKETT.

Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum benedicta tu  
in mulieribus et benedictus fructus ventris tui Jesus Sancta  
Maria, ora pro nobis, nobis peccatoribus nunc et in hora  
mortis nostrae. Amen.

- |  |            |
|--|------------|
| 12. POLKA DE CONCERT "L'Oiseau du Bois" ... .. | Le Thiere. |
|--|------------|

SOLO PICCOLO—MR. M. BREWER.

- |  |               |
|--|---------------|
| 13. VOCAL WALTZ "Merry Little Drummers" ... .. | J. M. Coward. |
|--|---------------|

MR. STEDMAN'S CHOIR BOYS.

Rub-a-dub, dub, dub! Rub-a-dub, dub, dub!

Thus we march, thus we sing,

The drummer-boys who drum for the Queen.

When the troops march to war,

There of course all the merry little drummers are,

In the fight thus stand we—

Without us where would the army be?

Rub-a-dub! goes the drum

When from fighting we march home;

All the maidens smile so sweet,

While their hearts we beat.

Rub-a-dub, where we go,

All the lasses love us so.

Without little lads like we,

Where would the maidens be?

- |  |       |
|--|-------|
| 14. GALOP MILITAIRE "Pleine Carriere" ... .. | Bohm. |
|--|-------|

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

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Fifers and the Queen's Pipers, and the Band of the 2nd  
Volunteer (Essex) Brigade, E.D.R.A.

### The Hot-Springs of New Zealand.

FEW people, probably, know very much about the wonderful hot-springs of Te Ruapeka, and the subjoined account, by Mr. J. H. Kerry-Nicholls, in his book, "The King Country," will therefore, no doubt, be acceptable to our readers:—

"The township of Ohinemutu occupies one of the grandest situations in the whole of the Lake district. It is built on a slight eminence called Pukeroa, which rises with a gradual slope from the shores of Lake Rotorua, whose bright blue waters add a romantic charm to the surrounding country.

"In front, the broad surface of the lake spreads itself out in a circle of nearly twenty-five miles in circumference; and along the bright, sandy shore of this beautiful sheet of water small bays, fringed with trees, and jutting points clothed with the greenest vegetation, add variety to the attractive scene; beyond these, again, wide fern-clad flats roll away to the base of the distant hills, which, rising in the form of a complete semicircle around, seemed to have formed at some period or another the area of an immense lake-basin, until the waters, bursting into the rugged gorges, swept into the valleys of the country beyond. Some of the hills fall with a gentle slope to the very brink of the water; others send out their rock-bound spurs; while some, again, mountain high above the rest, have their tall summits clothed with dense forests; while deep ravines, thick with a marvellous growth of vegetation, send down their crystal streams to mingle with the fierce waters of the boiling springs, which skirt the lake and send forth their jets and clouds of steam for miles around.

"The native settlement, Te Ruapeka, is situated on a long peninsula, about one hundred yards wide at its broadest part, narrowing gradually towards its end, where it terminates in a sharp point, as it runs flatly out almost on a level with the waters of the lake.

"Every part of this strip of land, from one end to the other, is dotted about and riddled with thermal springs, some of which shoot out of the ground from small apertures, while others assume the form of large steaming pools. They are of all degrees of temperature, from tepid heat to boiling-point; and while you may cook your food in one, you may take a delicious bath in another, and get scalded to death in a third.

"In former times a *pa* stood at the farther end of the peninsula, but one stormy night a rumbling noise was heard, then a sound of hissing steam, the trembling earth opened, and the *pa*, with all its people, sunk bodily into the depths of the lake.

"All the *whares* of the settlement are built, after the native fashion, of *raupo*, with large recesses in front of the doorways, the woodwork of which is curiously carved, and forms a very good specimen of the Maori order of architecture. The *whares* are clustered promiscuously about the springs, and it is no unfrequent occurrence to see a stalwart savage, a buxom woman with a baby in her arms, a sprightly youth, or a dark-eyed damsel, come out from the carved portals of a hut in the primitive costume of our first parents, and jump into one of the many square stone baths dotted about, and with no other regard for their neighbours around than if they were so many carved images.

"The natives use these baths at all time of the day, and even at all times of the night—that is to say, if a man feels chilly in bed, he gets up and makes for his bath in order to get warm again. Bathing here seems to be a second nature, and the women and girls arrange afternoon bath parties, just as we might assemble our friends at an afternoon tea.

"There is something very delightful in bathing in the open in one of these thermal springs. I had my first and last Turkish bath in Constantinople, where the whole process had been so elaborately improved upon by all that Eastern art for luxury could devise that to go through the ordeal was positively painful, by reason of the state of luxuriousness to which it had been wrought. Here, all is primitive simplicity, ceremony is dispensed with, perfumes—at least, of 'Araby the blest'—are unknown. You sniff the fresh air, which in these parts feels like the elixir of life, plunge in, and sit for hours, while the time away in a soft, stimulating heat, beneath the glowing rays of the sun; and if you are not satisfied with this, to complete the luxury you may leave the bath and sit down, naked as you are, on a seat of heated slabs, where you may be steamed and 'vaporised' on the coldest day or the most frigid night, without fear of taking cold or being doubled up by rheumatism.

"Not only do the natives use the springs for bathing and curative purposes, and not only do they warm their houses by their means, but they actually bury their dead among them. I went down to the farther point of the native settle-

ment, where there is a small graveyard situated among boiling springs and steaming fissures that crop up everywhere over the ground, as if the volcanic fires below were just ready to burst forth and swallow up the living with the dead. Portions of curious carvings, old canoes, and grotesque figures in wood lay scattered about in every direction, and one was apt to wonder how it was that they had not long since been destroyed or carted off to grace some antiquarian museum, as relics of a rude art which is fast falling into decay. But these remnants of native industry were all *tapu*, and were as sacred in the eyes of the Maoris as would be a piece of the 'true cross' on the altar of a cathedral in Catholic Spain.

"There was a small dilapidated hut here filled with coffins containing the remains of several celebrated chiefs, and not far off was an oblong tomb, built of wood, surmounted by a cross, and as I gazed upon it and then upon the grotesque figures lying round, it seemed as if the darkness of heathenism had grappled here with the light of Christianity. It was sacred to the beloved wife of Rotohiko Haupapa, the giant chief of Rotorua. Immediately behind it was a spring with a temperature of a little over boiling-point—in fact, anywhere in the vicinity it was only necessary to sit upon the grass, and you would find the heat from below rise up at once, or to put your finger beneath the roots, when the soil would feel hot enough to cook an egg. It appeared strange that the dead should be buried in so singular a spot (unless they had done something very naughty when in the flesh), and as the hot water bubbled up and hissed through the fissures of the rocks, it seemed to whisper forth the sighs of those below. When walking around the *whares*, and noticing the various phases of Maori hot-spring life, I saw half-a-dozen members of the porcine tribe come quietly along with an easy self-satisfied air, as if they had just gone through their morning ablutions in the warm, bubbling fountains, and were going to root round for steamed potatoes, boiled cabbage, and other delicacies. Suddenly a half-naked Maori slunk out of his hut, with a long knife between his teeth. Quick as thought, and with the skill of a champion assassin, he seized the foremost pig by the hind leg. A prod from the knife, and the crimson blood of the murdered animal mingled with a rill of boiling water, which was running past in a hurry, as it were, to cool itself in the lake. A twist of the wrist, and the pig was jerked into a steaming pool, where the heated waters twirled and hissed as in a red-hot cauldron. Out again in an instant, and then he set to work to scrape off the bristles, which came away in flakes, as if they had simply been stuck on by nature by the aid of a little glue, and the skin of the porker gleamed white as snow beneath the sun. In two minutes more he was disembowelled, and then he was placed over a steam-hole with a couple of sacks over him, to be cooked for the evening meal. From the time that pig gaily walked the earth until the end of that terrible process, about fifteen minutes expired."

### Calendar of the Week.

September 12th.—The ancient Egyptian obelisk now standing on the Victoria Embankment, which is old enough for Moses to have seen, and which is probably called Cleopatra's Needle because it had nothing to do with Cleopatra, was placed in its present position on this date, 1878.

September 13th.—On this day, in 1520, at Bourn, in Leicestershire, was born the great William Cecil, ancestor of our present Marquis of Salisbury. Montaigne, the great French essayist, died, 1592.

September 14th.—The Duke of Wellington died, 1852, at Walmer, Kent. His loss occasioned as great a public mourning as the death of any one man has ever done. Longfellow's "Warden of the Cinque Ports" was inspired by the event.

September 15th.—On this day, in 1830, the first fully-equipped and complete line of railway (the Liverpool and Manchester) was opened, and had its first fatal accident. Mr. William Huskisson, a distinguished politician, being killed by Stephenson's engine, the "Rocket."

September 16th.—Dr. Pusey, founder of the sect of High Churchmen, called after him, died this day, 1882.

September 17th.—Mr. John Payne Collier, a literary critic of high standing, died this day, 1883.

September 18th.—On this day, in 1714, George I., the first of our present reigning house, landed in England.

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 able to pay £1,000 a week more in wages.—[ADVT.]

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SCIATICA,  
IN RUPTURES

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

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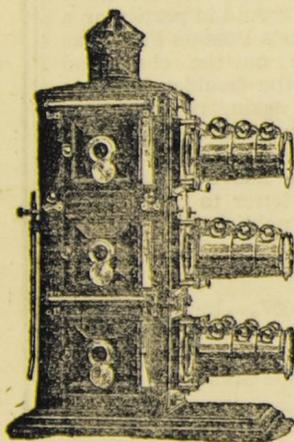
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