

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLES PALACE, MILE END, E.

Vol. IV.—No. 98.]

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 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.

THURSDAY, Sept. 26th.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Dramatic Society.—General Meeting at 8 p.m., in Old Buildings.—Swimming Club.—Sixty Yards' Consolation Race.—Ramblers' Club.—Committee Meeting at 9 p.m.

FRIDAY, Sept. 27th.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Military Band Practice, at 7.45.—Literary Society.—Weekly Meeting, at 8.30.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

SATURDAY, Sept. 28th.—Library Re-opens.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m. Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in East Ante-room of Queen's Hall.—Swimming Competition for Boys of the Public Elementary Schools in the Hackney and Tower Hamlets Divisions, at 2 p.m.—Swimming Competition for Youths of East London under sixteen years of age, at 7 p.m.

SUNDAY, Sept. 29th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30 and 4.—Library.—Open from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY, Sept. 30th.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m. Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Choral Society.—General Meeting, at 8 p.m., in Old Buildings.—Minstrel Troupe.—General Meeting, at 8 p.m., in Old Buildings.—Evening Classes for the Winter Session commences.

TUESDAY, Oct. 1st.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m. Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in East Ante-room of Queen's Hall.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2nd.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Library open from 10 to 5, and from 6 to 10, free.—Volunteer Fire Brigade General Drill in Gymnasium, at 10 p.m.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m. Evening Students admitted from 7; General Public from 7.45.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, SEPTEMBER 29th, 1889.

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

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

- | | | |
|--|---------|-------------|
| 1. Introduction and Theme, with variations | | Hesse. |
| 2. Cavatina | | Raff. |
| 3. Fugue in D minor | | Bach. |
| 4. Air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth" | | Handel. |
| 5. Impromptu | | |
| 6. Wedding March | | Mendelssohn |

AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

- | | | |
|----------------------------------|---------|-----------|
| 1. Sonata No. 2 | | Guilmant. |
| 2. Larghetto in D | | Mozart. |
| 3. Toccata in F | | Bach. |
| 4. Impromptu | | |
| 5. Ave Maria | | Hinselt. |
| 6. Fix'd in His everlasting seat | | Handel. |

ADMISSION FREE.

Notes of the Week.

IN another part of this Journal is published a paper on the comparative wages of the agricultural labourer and the docker. The rustic has decidedly the best of it—though bad is the best. Yet the rustic flocks up to the great towns every week by hundreds. This phenomena is going on simultaneously over the whole world: the towns are increasing rapidly: the country is becoming depopulated. This is observed in every part of these islands: in Germany: in Australia: in America: wherever the country does not belong to the hands which till it. In France, for instance, where the greater part of the land is divided into small properties farmed by their owners, the population of the country districts stand still. A good many reasons have been proposed to account for this rush to the towns: the spread of education is supposed to make the lads discontented: the agricultural depression has done thousands out of work: the light and animation of town life tempts others from the country: and so forth.

THERE are one or two reasons which seem forgotten why the rustic should flock to town. In all times the country has been unable to support all those born on the soil. Until recently there was a continual drain on the country by the wars which sent the recruiting-sergeant all over the country. Let us remember that the long war which begun in 1792, and lasted until 1815, required armies numbering hundreds of thousands, always being wasted by battle and by sickness—that the navy demanded a hundred thousand sailors, also always being wasted and renewed. When peace came, the country wanted time to recover its waste of population: that time arrived and the villages were filled again: but except for the comparatively short war of the Crimea, which cost us 60,000 men, there has never been a similar drain on the flesh and blood of the country. A population greater than the country can keep, added to the loss of demand for labour by agricultural depression, seems sufficient in itself to account for the influx to towns.

ADD to this that in all times the cleverest and most ambitious youngsters have always gone to town to make their fortunes and we want no more reasons. Dick Whittington, who was the son of a Gloucestershire gentleman, would not stay in the country when he could try his luck in London. He is the type of all who exchange the tranquil and obscure life of the country for the battle of the town where many are trampled on and few succeed. But for those who do succeed, how great is the success? Why, the pavements of the City ring with the names of those who have conquered fortune.

I ALLUDED last week to the collapse of the American Knights of Labour. I have before me a singular illustration of one way in which the Association has been defeated. It is in an American paper which laments that the American is no longer American: he is a resident with interests abroad. He is an Irishman always conspiring, subscribing, intriguing, and fighting in the supposed interests of his native country: he is an Italian, a Scandinavian, a German, always with his interests centred in Europe. The ostensible object of the Knights of Labour was interpreted by employers to dictate to them whom they should employ and at what rates of wages. And in order to "out-manceuvre" the Association, and to produce in the labour market the same competition as is found in all manufacturing and producing markets, the immigration from Europe—hitherto natural—had to be

"stimulated" and forced. European cities were canvassed for their idlers. Trade was drummed up in Hungary, Tuscany, and Silesia; in Transylvania, Sicily, and the Neapolitan provinces; in Germany, Finland, and Norway; in Cornwall, Kerry, and Donegal. Everywhere the foreign market was scoured by lynx-eyed emigration agents anxious to make a few dollars. They were not fastidious as to whom they sent. They cared little whether the men they turned over to us had been criminals or corner-boys, Anarchists from Central Europe, Socialists from Mannheim, Invincibles from Ireland, Mafiaists and Carbonari from Italy, the low-browed Hungarian, and the treacherous Finn. Every man, regardless of his character or his antecedents, was put upon the list and bundled off to America. What wonder that wild-oats thus recklessly sown should ripen with the effluxion of time? What wonder that dragon's teeth should spring up and prove a curse? What wonder that weeds thus planted in the sweet garden of American life should one day outgrow and overshadow the flowers? What wonder that our civilization should to-day stand confronted by the spectacle of a million tramps? I do not blame employers. They were forced to this, perhaps, in the interest of self defence. I do not blame the Knights of Labour. They may have been forced into a union by the changing conditions by which they were confronted, though I fear they will eventually have to dissolve, confronted by lower wages and still worse conditions than those which existed at the time of their incorporation.

How many letters does each of us get in a year? If in Great Britain and Ireland, forty; if in Australia, thirty-five; if in Switzerland, thirty; in Belgium, twenty-five; the United States, twenty; and in Russia, two. This is a good supply of letters, but as half the population are below the age of writing or receiving letters, these figures have to be doubled for the rest; and, since half of these who are of age only write occasional family letters to each other, they may be quadrupled for the men who write. And when all is done, every man in business of any kind will be ready to complain that he has more than his share; but, really, this does seem a very creditable pile of letters to be carried backwards and forwards every year. Russia, of course, stands lowest: only two to every inhabitant. Since there are 80,000,000 of Russians, or perhaps more, this makes a paltry matter of 160,000,000 of Russian letters every year. And since there are 30,000,000 of our noble selves, with forty for each inhabitant, we reach the much more respectable figure of 1,200,000,000 letters for our postmen to carry round.

I HAVE the greatest respect for the Post Office, and for the way in which its business is conducted: I always point to it as to the one department which is better managed,—more intelligently, with greater certainty, and less red tape, than any public office one knows. It has one fault,—in London,—at least. It persists in a nine to ten evening delivery: who wants letters at ten o'clock? It is the time when all business is over: when most of us are thinking of bed: and when all of us are tired of the day's work. And at that time, bang goes the postman's knock, and we are presented with a pile of letters; we don't want to read them but we must: and then, perhaps, farewell to a night's rest. Let us,—oh! let us have our evenings at peace: and let our postmen rest.

FOR my own part, though City men would never consent, I should like two deliveries a day, morning and afternoon: I should even prefer one—there is a great satisfaction in feeling that no more letters can come after the morning delivery. It is one of the highest and purest delights I know to feel that the postman has done his worst.

THERE has been a great banquet in a town called Peapack, New Jersey. This illustrious city is unknown to me. The banquet consisted entirely of people named Smith. They sat down 3,000 strong; the oldest of them was Col. Peter Z. Smith, and he was born in 1808. Now I like the name of Smith: it is a good striking name, and suits every kind of profession. John Smith may be a poet or he may be a plumber. It does for everything. There is, I believe, some sort of prejudice to the name. Now it is not so common as either Brown or Jones, and it is a great deal prettier.

DISASTERS and shipwrecks at sea, with sufferings from exposure and starvation in an open boat, occur to-day in much the same way as they did in the old times when the shipwreck seemed almost part of the voyage. One day last week, an Isle of Man steamer, seeing a small black speck

bobbing in the water, put about, and found the battered wreck of a steamer's life-boat with two men in her. These were taken on board the steamer. One of them died immediately; the other was speedily brought round. They were the survivors of a steamer of 200 tons, with a crew of ten and one passenger, which foundered in a heavy gale: the two men, swimming about for a quarter of an hour, came upon the boat floating bottom upwards. They clambered on and clung to this frail raft for two days and a night, of course, without food: then the boat righted, and they got inside her half full of water. Picture, if you can, the horrors of those two nights, clinging to the keel of a boat in the open sea! Or if you can picture the sinking of the ship which went down so quickly that those who were below had not even time to get on deck. I have always thought that a shipwreck has in it more of the elements of terror and pity than any other kind of disaster. The clinging together of husband and wife, of father and daughter, the expectation of death, certain to come yet deferred from hour to hour, while the vessel slowly sinks down: the chances and changes of this mortal life have little to put in comparison with such a time of agony and horror; and there is always somebody who escapes to tell the tale. If it had not been for this boat, for instance, who would have known anything about the sudden foundering of this ship, and the loss of all her hands? EDITOR.

Palace Notes.

THE Palace is taking its short rest after the summer work, preparatory, however, to a very early return to the heavy demands of the winter. Everybody should now look up the Schools' Office, and enlist himself or herself in a class. For which of us will not be the better for learning something new?

THE gymnasium, of course, will fill early. In another page will be found a return of our first great sports, at which the Members of the clubs recruited from the gymnasium distinguished themselves. Let us all try to make these sports a greater success every year. Everybody's thanks are due this year to Messrs. Marshall and Deeley, and their Committee for their capital work. SUB-EDITOR.

Twopence Halfpenny an Hour.

By E. M. W.

IN reading the daily correspondence on the subject of the strike, both in the morning and evening papers, I have several times been struck by seeing comparisons drawn between the 5d. an hour paid to the dock labourer, and the 2½d. an hour averaged by the agricultural labourer. The casual docker, say the writers of these letters, is by no means so strong a man or so good a worker as the villager, who is content with his ten or eleven shillings a week, therefore why should his wages be so much better? No one seems to have pointed out the curious weakness of this line of "argument," and as it is a contention easily grasped by the large public, which lacks either the power or the inclination to investigate facts for itself, I should like to enter a protest against it.

In the first place, 2½d. in the country goes as far as 5d. in London. 1s. 6d. or 2s. a week is enough to rent a three or four roomed cottage, there, while the docker must pay from 3s. to 5s. a week for a single room. I have seen a docker's wife with six children living in a room belonging to a well-known public company, for which she paid 5s. a week. Rats sported over the one bed, and gnawed what food there was in the cupboard, and the place was in such a tumble-down condition that I could see the street outside between the frame work of the window, and the brick work of the wall. The labourer's cottage may be a cave of the winds, in fact often is, owing to ill-fitting and badly placed doors and windows; the chimney may smoke, and the roof may be leaky, but it is a considerable improvement on the dwelling of the docker.

In the second place, the labourer can, and as a rule does find various opportunities of adding a trifle to his own week's wage. He can send his children out gleaning, blackberrying, and nutting; his wife—in really rural districts—can bake her own bread in the baking house which is shared by three or four neighbours; rabbits may be kept for sale or for home consumption, almost entirely on the produce of the hedges; a few fowls may subsist in the poorest cottages; and with proper management, spring chickens may bring in several shillings just when the long winter has sorely tried the family finances. None of these possibilities are open to the docker.

In the third place, if his parish is blessed with a parson worth his salt, or a squire with any sense of duty, the agri-

cultural labourer is not absolutely friendless when illness or misfortune overtakes him; he may at least count upon the occasional pudding or basin of soup from the rectory table, and perhaps some substantial help in money or kind from his landlord at the Hall. And even if the parson is too poor himself to give away much, and the squire is non-resident or non-existent, still there may be a little human sympathy to lighten the labourer's burden; for the country labourer is an individual; he cannot well starve or die unknown.

But who is there for the docker to turn to when he is in trouble? I lived once for six months in the midst of about six hundred people of the docker class, and during all that time not a single parson of any persuasion came into the place, save only the Roman Catholic priest, who looked after the half-dozen families connected with his own church. And London landlords do not bear much resemblance to country squires; they do not exactly invite their tenants to ask for help if they are in distress.

Lastly, the countryman has the inestimable benefit of fresh air, so that he draws in health with every breath he takes; his food goes half as far again in sustaining life; and if he falls ill, he has at least plenty of pure ozone to aid his recovery. London smoke and London fog are less nourishing, if more substantial.

So much for the relative position of the docker and the agricultural labourer, and the comparative affluence of 5d. as compared with 2½d. an hour. But there is another side to the picture.

With all his chances of earning or saving money, his low rent, his healthy surroundings, and his potential friends in higher places, the agricultural labourer lives on the verge of starvation. I know districts not fifty miles from London where the children in winter look as white and pinched and unhealthy from want of food as any little Londoners. The air may be pure and rents may be low, but your agricultural labourer is paid as a rule not by the week, but by the day, and if the weather is bad or work on the farm slack he has to stop at home. There are six working days in the week, and it may rain, or snow, or freeze, an average of two days out of the six during four or five months of the year. The ordinary labourer gets at the outside 2s. a day, 8s. a week through the winter will not maintain a family in affluence. The rent probably has been laid by out of the extra pound or so earned by overtime in the harvest season, for in the country it is mostly paid half-yearly, so from one horrible anxiety the country labourer is free; he will not be turned out into the street, sick or well, if his 1s. 6d. is not forthcoming every Monday morning. But there is the club subscription to pay, for the services of the parish doctor when required, and the wife and children must have decent clothes to go to church or chapel in, because, you see, in the country the labourer is an individual, everyone knows him, and he knows everybody, and he has too much self-respect to let his family be seen in rags. He doesn't go to the pawnbroker when he is hard up for money. He must be in desperate straits before the possibility of selling his furniture occurs to him. He stops at home when he sees no work, and knocks up a shelf for the "missus," or mends a broken chair or cobbles a worn-out boot, and the wife sits and darns the children's stockings, and washes their poor little frocks and pinnies, so that they look quite spruce and smart when Sunday comes. And meanwhile they live on bread and tea, helped down by a taste of the jam made in the summer; or potatoes, boiled with the bit of bacon, which is to supply proteids for them all throughout the week. But the cottage looks tidy, and the remains of the last baking are neatly stored on the bread-shelf which hangs from the rafter, giving a spurious air of plenty; there is a little fire on the hearth, made of sticks gathered by the wayside, or "brash" bought cheap of the farmer when he cut his hedges last spring; and there are two or three carefully tended plants blooming behind the clean little curtain in the window. So we write to the papers and say, "Look at the Agricultural Labourer with his 2½d. an hour! How happy and contented he is! How comfortably he lives!" And we fold our hands and sigh over his folly in wishing to exchange all these blessings for the misery of London. And when we learn from some broken-down docker, bankrupt in health as well as worldly goods, that he was once an agricultural labourer down in the country, we think, if we don't say, what a fool he was not to have stuck to agriculture.

But the shameful truth is that the agricultural labourer lives just as near starvation as does the casual docker, and all his thrift and self-respect and industry cannot avail to save his old age from the workhouse, so long as his average wage is 2½d. an hour. And he will never get more, until he, too, learns what may be done by combination.

Society and Club Notes.

[Club announcements should reach Mr. Arthur G. Morrison, the Sub-Editor, if possible, early on Monday morning. Those which arrive later are liable to crowding out. Monday evening is the very latest time for their receipt with any probability of publication in the following issue.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

The Second Annual Meeting was held on Friday evening, the 20th inst., Mr. Lindsell in the chair. The Secretary read the Committee's report, which showed that there were 42 members on the register. The winter's programme had been contributed to by the Secretary on the carbon process, Mr. Edwards on the platinotype process, Mr. Farmer on modes of development, Mr. Livingston on "Intensification and Intensifiers," Mr. Downing on flash light photography, Mr. Hastings on the work of photographic societies, Mr. Gamble on the preparation and use of isochromatic plates, Mr. Hawkins on the wet plate process, and Mr. R. Beckett on the measuring of lenses. One Social meeting and two public lectures had been given. The summer programme had been carried out in its entirety. Kew, Richmond, Sewardston, Greenwich Park, Hampstead, and Hampstead Park had been visited, the prize for the best set of pictures taken at each of the outings having in most cases been awarded to Mr. T. Lawday. The technical outings, inaugurated through a hint from Mr. Hastings, had taken the form of several visits to the East London Waterworks, and the Committee hoped that during the winter a lecture, illustrated with the lantern, on the water supply of East London, would result therefrom. Exhibitions: The amateur photographer silver and bronze medals were given by Mr. Vice-President Hastings, and had been won in competition by Mr. William Barrett and Mr. Samuel J. Beckett respectively. At the Workmen's Exhibition held at the Palace, out of the five first class certificates awarded, four were carried off by members of the club, Messrs. Barrett, Beckett, Edwards, and Hawkins. At the City Guilds Examination, of the thirteen students that passed, ten were also members of the club. The average attendance during winter session was twenty-five, at the outings ten, and at the ordinary meetings during the summer thirteen. The report then stated the order of the Trustees relative to the suspension of the Institute portion of the Palace, and also of the existing clubs, and the Committee, whilst regretting any circumstances which rendered the disturbance of the club necessary, trusted that arrangements would be made by which no present member of the club would be refused membership in the new club to be formed from students of the photographic class. In conclusion, the Committee thanked all those gentlemen who had contributed to the winter's programme and otherwise helped on the work of the club. The Secretary, in moving the adoption of the report, stated fully the arrangements decided upon by the Trustees; and after a statement from Mr. Osborn (who had been requested by the members to attend the meeting), it was unanimously resolved to adjourn the meeting till Thursday, the 3rd Oct. next, at 9 o'clock. The auditors' statement was read, and showed a balance of £2 1s. 4d. in hand.

WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

Consolation Race on Thursday, sixty yards; final same night. Open to all Members who have not won a prize this season. No prize will be awarded unless a full heat is made up. This is the last race of the season.

E. C. BUTLER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

A General Meeting of the above Society will be held on Monday next, at 8 p.m., in the Old Schools, to elect officers for the forthcoming year. Rehearsals on Friday and Tuesday next, at 8 p.m., in No. 2 Room.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Manager—MR. A. W. J. LAUNDY. Stage Manager—MR. J. GIBSON. Property Master—MR. J. HARGRAVES.

The Annual General Meeting of the above Society will be held to-morrow (Thursday) at 8 p.m., in the Old Schools. Some important matter is to be discussed. All should attend.

A. E. REEVE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE.

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

A General Meeting of the Brigade will be held to-night (Wednesday), at 9 p.m., in the watch-room.

A. W. J. LAUNDY, Captain.

THE SCARLET DOMINO MINSTREL TROUPE.

Vice-President—ORTON BRADLEY, Esq., M.A.
Musical Director—Mr. A. W. J. LAUNDY.

We have one or two vacancies in the chorus for fairly good voices. There is also a vacancy for a good corner man, applications must be sent in as early as possible. A General Meeting of the troupe will be held on Monday next, at 8 p.m., in the Old Schools. Business: the election of officers, etc., for the forthcoming year.

H. A. GOLD, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

"One of the joys of rambling!" remarked every one who availed themselves of the excursion to Billericay on Saturday last. Although the weather at starting was far from promising, in fact so much so that it had quite a damping influence, still at Billericay we found it quite the reverse, Old Sol was there found in all his glory, and nature seemed all smiles. Of course the only thing to be thought of for the afternoon's programme was blackberrying, and with the very able and generous assistance of our host of the "Railway Hotel" (Mr. Brewer), who once again volunteered to act as guide, we penetrated the country, and discovered many quiet spots where the blackberry was to be found in wild profusion. Several of the party sustained some severe scratches from thorn and bramble, but no heed was given to such trivial matters, the sole absorbing purpose being to fill the basket.

This was accomplished in the course of an hour or so, and we returned to the hotel for tea, which had meanwhile been prepared for us. The exercise and bracing air had given all a keen appetite, and the meal was done justice to.

After tea another ramble through the town, and a quiet hour of rest and social entertainment closed the first part of the day, as the ladies who favoured us with their company had to leave by the 8.40 train for home. Having seen the ladies off, we retraced our steps to the hotel, and finished up the evening in a convivial fashion till bedtime.

Sunday opened up in a brilliant style, and we took advantage of the bright and sharp morning by taking a walk of two hours, returning in fine form to breakfast.

The weather was delightful all day, and we, wanting to obtain as much fresh air as possible, roamed about the beautiful country in lazy ecstasy.

Before concluding this very brief account of our ramble, we cannot lose the opportunity of here thanking our genial host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Brewer, for their kind interest in our party, and for the very able manner in which they entertained us. We cannot say more than that any holiday maker, requiring a temporary home amongst most delightful scenery, could not possibly do better than be entertained at the "Railway Hotel." We can honestly advise him to try it.

At 7 p.m. we were reluctantly compelled to leave our cosy quarters, for we had a six miles' drive to the station in order to catch the last up train, which was accomplished in due course, and our party separated, convinced that this ramble had been the best par excellence of any this season.

A Committee Meeting will be held to-morrow night (Thursday), in the Old School-buildings, at 9 p.m.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Members will not be permitted to take part in the Ramble and Social Evening to be held on Saturday, October 5th, unless they possess a ticket, which can be obtained of the Secretary on Monday next, September 30th, in the Secretaries' Room, Old School-buildings, from 8.30 till 10 p.m.

H. ROY, Hon. Sec. *pro tem.*

THE PRINTER'S WOOING.

The printer told of the "galley" loved,
To his friend both tried and true;
Yes, Ed., it may seem "comma"—cal
But I'll give the "case" to you.

Her eyes are "Diamond," teeth of "Pearl,"
Her lips are "read" and ripe;
There's "Non-pareil"—excuse my French—
Of beauty she's the "type."

She's hardly ever "out of sorts,"
In fact, she's good as "pi,"
She's got "a-gate" that cuts a "dash"—
My praise she'll "justify."

You ought to "semi-colon" her,
I "set up" with her at nights,
Her "form" "locked" in my fond "m-brace"—
She call's that woman's rights.

I've got her "solid," and, you bet
I'll "stick"; she's got the "quoin,"
I'm "going to press" my "chase" until
Both heart and hand we join.

From America.

The Seven Vagabonds.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

RAMBLING on foot in the spring of my life and the summer of the year, I came one afternoon to a point which gave me the choice of three directions. Straight before me, the main road extended its dusty length to Boston; on the left a branch went towards the sea, and would have lengthened my journey a trifle, of twenty or thirty miles; while, by the right hand path, I might have gone over hills and lakes to Canada, visiting in my way the celebrated town of Stamford. On a level spot of grass, at the foot of the guide-post, appeared an object, which, though locomotive on a different principle, reminded me of Gulliver's portable mansion among the Brobdingnags. It was a huge covered wagon, or more properly, a small house on wheels, with a door on one side and a window shaded by green blinds on the other. Two horses, munching provender out of the baskets which muzzled them, were fastened near the vehicle: a delectable sound of music proceeded from the interior; and I immediately conjectured that this was some itinerant show, halting at the confluence of the roads to intercept such idle travellers as myself. A shower had long been climbing up the western sky, and now hung so blackly over my onward path that it was a point of wisdom to seek shelter here.

"Halloo! who stands guard here? Is the doorkeeper asleep?" cried I, approaching a ladder of two or three steps which was let down from the wagon.

The music ceased at my summons, and there appeared at the door, not the sort of figure I had mentally assigned to the wandering showman, but a most respectable old personage, whom I was sorry to have addressed in so free a style. He wore a snuff-coloured coat and small-clothes, with white-top boots, and exhibited the mild dignity of aspect and manner which may often be noticed in aged schoolmasters, and sometimes in deacons, selectmen, or other potentates of that kind. A small piece of silver was my passport within his premises, where I found only one other person, hereafter to be described.

"This is a dull day for business," said the old gentleman, as he ushered me in; "but I merely tarry here to refresh the cattle, being bound for the camp meeting at Stamford."

Perhaps the movable scene of this narrative is still peregrinating New England, and may enable the reader to test the accuracy of my description. The spectacle—for I will not use the unworthy term of puppet-show—consisted of a multitude of little people assembled on a miniature stage. Among them were artisans of every kind, in the attitudes of their toil, and a group of fair ladies and gay gentlemen standing ready for the dance; a company of foot soldiers formed a line across the stage, looking stern, grim, and terrible enough to make it a pleasant consideration that they were but three inches high; and conspicuous above the whole was seen a Merry Andrew, in the pointed cap and motley coat of his profession. All the inhabitants of this mimic world were motionless, like the figures in a picture, or like that people who one moment were alive in the midst of their business and delights, and the next were transformed to statues, preserving an external semblance of labour that was ended and pleasure that could be felt no more. Anon, however, the old gentleman turned the handle of a barrel organ, the first note of which produced a most enlivening effect upon the figures, and awoke them all to their proper occupations and amusements. By the selfsame impulse, the tailor plied his needle, the blacksmith's hammer descended upon the anvil, and the dancers whirled away on feathery tiptoes; the company of soldiers broke into platoons, retreated from the stage, and were succeeded by a troop of horse, who came prancing onward with such a sound of trumpets and tramping of hoofs, as might have startled Don Quixote himself; while an old toper, of inveterate ill habits, uplifted his black bottle and took off a hearty swig. Meantime the Merry Andrew began to caper and turn somersaults, shaking his sides, nodding his head, and winking his eyes in as life-like a manner as if he were ridiculing the nonsense of all human affairs, and making fun of the whole multitude beneath him. At length the old magician (for I compared the showman to Prospero, entertaining his guests with a masque of shadows) paused, that I might give utterance to my wonder.

"What an admirable piece of work is this!" exclaimed I, lifting up my hands in astonishment.

Indeed, I liked the spectacle, and was tickled with the old man's gravity as he presided at it, for I had none of that

foolish wisdom which reproves every occupation that is not useful in this world of vanities. If there be a faculty which I possess more perfectly than most men, it is that of throwing myself mentally into situations foreign to my own, and detecting, with a cheerful eye, the desirable circumstances of each. I could have envied the life of this gray-headed showman, spent as it had been in a course of safe and pleasurable adventure, in driving his huge vehicle sometimes through the sands of Cape Cod, and sometimes over the rough forest roads of the north and east, and halting now on the green before a village meeting-house, and now in a paved square of the metropolis. How often must his heart have been gladdened by the delight of children, as they viewed these animated figures! or his pride indulged, by haranguing learnedly to grown men on the mechanical powers which produced such wonderful effects! or his gallantry brought into play (for this is an attribute which such grave men do not lack) by the visits of pretty maidens! And then with how fresh a feeling must he return, at intervals, to his own peculiar home!

"I would I were assured of as happy a life as his," thought I.

Though the showman's wagon might have accommodated fifteen or twenty spectators, it now contained only himself and me, and a third person at whom I threw a glance on entering. He was a neat and trim young man of two or three and twenty; his drab hat, and green frock coat with velvet collar, were smart, though no longer new; while a pair of green spectacles, that seemed needless to his brisk little eyes, gave him something of a scholar-like and literary air. After allowing me sufficient time to inspect the puppets, he advanced with a bow, and drew my attention to some books in a corner of the wagon. These he forthwith began to extol, with an amazing volubility of well-sounding words, and an ingenuity of praise that won him my heart, as being myself one of the most merciful of critics. Indeed his stock required some considerable powers of commendation in the salesman; there were several ancient friends of mine, the novels of those happy days when my affections wavered between the Scottish Chiefs and Thomas Thumb; besides a few of later date, whose merits had not been acknowledged by the public. I was glad to find that dear little venerable volume, the New England Primer, looking as antique as ever, though in its thousandth new edition; a bundle of superannuated gilt picture books made such a child of me, that, partly for the glittering covers, and partly for the fairy tales within, I bought the whole; and an assortment of ballads and popular theatrical songs drew largely on my purse. To balance these expenditures, I meddled neither with sermons nor science, nor morality, though volumes of each were there; nor with a Life of Franklin, in the coarsest of paper, but so showily bound that it was emblematical of the doctor himself, in the court dress which he refused to wear at Paris; nor with Webster's spelling-book, nor some of Byron's minor poems, nor half-a-dozen little testaments at twenty-five cents each.

Thus far the collection might have been swept from some great bookstore, or picked up at an evening auction room; but there was one small blue covered pamphlet, which the peddler handed me with so peculiar an air, that I purchased it immediately at his own price; and then, for the first time, the thought struck me, that I had spoken face to face with the veritable author of a printed book. The literary man now evinced a great kindness for me, and I ventured to inquire which way he was travelling.

"Oh," said he, "I keep company with this old gentleman here, and we are moving now towards the camp-meeting at Stamford."

He then explained to me, that for the present season he had rented a corner of the wagon as a bookstore, which, as he wittily observed, was a true circulating library, since there were few parts of the country where it had not gone its rounds. I approved of the plan exceedingly, and began to sum up within my mind the many uncommon felicities in the life of a book peddler, especially when his character resembled that of the individual before me. At a high rate was to be reckoned the daily and hourly enjoyment of such interviews as the present, in which he seized upon the admiration of a passing stranger and made him aware that a man of literary taste, and even of literary achievement, was travelling the country in a showman's wagon. A more valuable, yet not infrequent triumph, might be won in his conversations with some elderly clergyman, long vegetating in a rocky, woody, watery back settlement of New England, who, as he recruited his library from the peddler's stock of sermons, would exhort him to seek a college education and become the first scholar in his class. Sweeter and prouder yet would be his sensations, when, talking poetry while he sold spelling-books, he

should charm the mind, and haply touch the heart of a fair country schoolmistress, herself an unhonoured poetess, a wearer of blue stockings which none but himself took pains to look at. But the scene of his completest glory would be when the wagon had halted for the night, and his stock of books was transferred to some crowded bar-room. Then would he recommend to the multifarious company, whether traveller from the city, or teamster from the hills, or neighbouring squire, or the landlord himself, or his loutish hostler, works suited to each particular taste and capacity; proving, all the while, by acute criticism and profound remark, that the lore in his books was even exceeded by that in his brain.

Thus happily would he traverse the land; sometimes a herald before the march of Mind; sometimes walking arm in arm with awful Literature; and reaping everywhere a harvest of real and sensible popularity, which the secluded bookworms, by whose toil he lived, could never hope for.

"If ever I meddle with literature," thought I, fixing myself in adamant resolution, "it shall be as a travelling book-seller."

Though it was still mid-afternoon, the air had now grown dark about us, and a few drops of rain came down upon the roof of our vehicle, pattering like the feet of birds that had flown thither to rest. A sound of pleasant voices made us listen, and there soon appeared half-way up the ladder the pretty person of a young damsel, whose rosy face was so cheerful, that even amid the gloomy light it seemed as if the sunbeams were peeping under her bonnet. We next saw the dark and handsome features of a young man, who, with easier gallantry than might have been expected in the heart of Yankee-land, was assisting her into the wagon. It became immediately evident to us, when the two strangers stood within the door, that they were of a profession kindred to those of my companions; and I was delighted with the more than hospitable, the even paternal kindness, of the old showman's manner, as he welcomed them; while the man of literature hastened to lead the merry-eyed girl to a seat on the long bench.

"You are housed but just in time, my young friends," said the master of the wagon. "The sky would have been down upon you within five minutes."

The young man's reply marked him as a foreigner, not by any variation from the idiom and accent of good English, but because he spoke with more caution and accuracy than if perfectly familiar with the language.

"We knew that a shower was hanging over us," said he, "and consulted whether it were best to enter the house on the top of yonder hill, but seeing your wagon in the road—"

"We agreed to come hither," interrupted the girl, with a smile, "because we should be more at home in a wandering house like this."

I, meanwhile, with many a wild and undetermined fantasy, was narrowly inspecting these two doves that had flown into our ark. The young man, tall, agile, and athletic, wore a mass of black shining curls clustering round a dark and vivacious countenance, which, if it had not greater expression, was at least more active, and attracted readier notice, than the quiet faces of our countrymen. At his first appearance, he had been laden with a neat mahogany box, of about two feet square, but very light in proportion to its size, which he had immediately unstrapped from his shoulders and deposited on the floor of the wagon.

The girl had nearly as fair a complexion as our own beauties, and a brighter one than most of them; the lightness of her figure, which seemed calculated to traverse the whole world without weariness, suited well with the glowing cheerfulness of her face; and her gay attire, combining the rainbow hues of crimson, green, and a deep orange, was as proper to her lightsome aspect as if she had been born in it. This gay stranger was appropriately burdened with that mirth-inspiring instrument, the fiddle, which her companion took from her hands, and shortly began the process of tuning. Neither of us—the previous company of the wagon—needed to inquire their trade; for this could be no mystery to frequenters of brigade musters, ordinations, cattle shows, commencements, and other festal meetings in our sober land, and there is a dear friend of mine, who will smile when this page recalls to his memory a chivalrous deed performed by us, in rescuing the show-box of such a couple from a mob of great double-fisted countrymen.

"Come," said I to the damsel of gay attire, "shall we visit all the wonders of the world together?"

She understood the metaphor at once; though indeed it would not much have troubled me, if she had assented to the literal meaning of my words. The mahogany box was placed in a proper position, and I peeped in through its small round magnifying window, while the girl sat by my side,

and gave short descriptive sketches, as one after another the pictures were unfolded to my view. We visited together, at least our imaginations did, full many a famous city, in the street of which I had long yearned to tread; once, I remember, we were in the harbour of Barcelona, gazing townwards; next, she bore me through the air to Sicily, and bade me look up at blazing Ætna; then we took wing to Venice, and sat in a gondola beneath the arch of the Rialto; and anon she set me down among the thronged spectators at the coronation of Napoleon. But there was one scene, its locality she could not tell, which charmed my attention longer than all those gorgeous palaces and churches, because the fancy haunted me, that I myself, the preceding summer, had beheld just such a humble meeting-house, in just such a pine-surrounded nook, among our own green mountains. All these pictures were tolerably executed, though far inferior to the girl's touches of description; nor was it easy to comprehend, how in so few sentences, and these as I supposed, in a language foreign to her, she contrived to present an airy copy of each varied scene. When we had travelled through the vast extent of the mahogany box, I looked into my guide's face.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" inquired I, in the words of an old song.

"Ah," said the gay damsel, "you might as well ask where the summer wind is going. We are wanderers here, and there, and everywhere. Wherever there is mirth, our merry hearts are drawn to it. To-day, indeed, the people have told us of a great frolic and festival in these parts; so perhaps we may be needed at what you call the camp-meeting at Stamford."

Then in my happy youth, and while her pleasant voice yet sounded in my ears, I sighed; for none but myself, I thought, should have been her companion in a life which seemed to realise my own wild fancies, cherished all through visionary boyhood to that hour. To these two strangers, the world was in its golden age, not that indeed it was less dark and sad than ever, but because its weariness and sorrow had no community with their ethereal nature. Wherever they might appear in their pilgrimage of bliss, Youth would echo back their gladness, care-stricken Maturity would rest a moment from its toil, and Age, tottering among the graves, would smile in withered joy for their sakes. The lonely cot, the narrow and gloomy street, the sombre shade, would catch a passing gleam like that now shining on ourselves, as these bright spirits wandered by. Blessed pair, whose happy home was throughout all the earth! I looked at my shoulders, and thought them broad enough to sustain those pictured towns and mountains; mine, too, was an elastic foot, as tireless as the wing of the bird of paradise; mine was then an untroubled heart, that would have gone singing on its delightful way.

"Oh maiden!" said I aloud, "why did you not come hither alone?"

While the merry girl and myself were busy with the show-box, the unceasing rain had driven another wayfarer into the wagon. He seemed pretty nearly of the old showman's age, but much smaller, leaner, and more withered than he, and less respectably clad in a patched suit of gray; withal, he had a thin, shrewd countenance, and a pair of diminutive gray eyes, which peeped rather too keenly out of their puckered sockets. This old fellow had been joking with the showman, in a manner which intimated previous acquaintance; but perceiving that the damsel and I had terminated our affairs, he drew forth a folded document, and presented it to me. As I had anticipated, it proved to be a circular, written in a very fair and legible hand, and signed by several distinguished gentlemen whom I had never heard of, stating that the bearer had encountered every variety of misfortune, and recommending him to the notice of all charitable people. Previous disbursements had left me no more than a five-dollar bill, out of which, however, I offered to make the beggar a donation, provided he would give me change for it. The object of my beneficence looked keenly in my face, and discerned that I had none of that abominable spirit, characteristic though it be, of a full-blooded Yankee, which takes pleasure in detecting every little harmless piece of knavery.

"Why, perhaps," said the ragged old mendicant, "if the bank is in good standing, I can't say but I may have enough about me to change your bill."

"It is a bill of the Suffolk Bank," said I, "and better than the specie."

As the beggar had nothing to object, he now produced a small buff leather bag, tied up carefully with a shoe-string. When this was opened, there appeared a very comfortable treasure of silver coins, of all sorts and sizes; and I even fancied that I saw, gleaming among them, the golden plumage of that rare bird in our currency, the American Eagle. In this precious heap was my bank note deposited, the rate of exchange being considerably against me. His wants being

thus relieved, the destitute man pulled out of his pocket an old pack of greasy cards, which had probably contributed to fill the buff leather bag, in more ways than one.

"Come," said he, "I spy a rare fortune in your face, and for twenty-five cents more, I'll tell you what it is."

I never refuse to take a glimpse into futurity; so, after shuffling the cards, and when the fair damsel had cut them, I dealt a portion to the prophetic beggar. Like others of his profession, before predicting the shadowy events that were moving on to meet me, he gave proof of his preternatural science, by describing scenes through which I had already passed. Here let me have credit for a sober fact. When the old man had read a page in his book of fate, he bent his keen gray eyes on mine, and proceeded to relate, in all its minute particulars what was then the most singular event of my life. It was one which I had no purpose to disclose, till the general unfolding of all secrets; nor would it be a much stranger instance of inscrutable knowledge, or fortunate conjecture, if the beggar were to meet me in the street to-day, and repeat word for word, the page which I have here written. The fortune-teller, after predicting a destiny which time seems loth to make good, put up his cards, secreted his treasure-bag, and began to converse with the other occupants of the wagon.

"Well, old friend," said the showman, "you have not yet told us which way your face is turned this afternoon."

"I am taking a trip northward, this warm weather," replied the conjurer, "across the Connecticut first, and then up through Vermont, and maybe into Canada before the fall. But I must stop and see the breaking up of the camp-meeting at Stamford."

I began to think that all the vagrants in New England were converging to the camp-meeting, and had made this wagon their rendezvous by the way. The showman now proposed, that, when the shower was over, they should pursue the road to Stamford together, it being sometimes the policy of these people to form a sort of league and confederacy.

"And the young lady, too," observed the gallant bibliopoli, bowing to her profoundly, "and this foreign gentleman, as I understand, are on a jaunt of pleasure to the same spot. It would add incalculably to my own enjoyment, and I presume to that of my colleague and his friend, if they could be prevailed upon to join our party."

This arrangement met with approbation on all hands, nor were any of those concerned more sensible of its advantages than myself, who had no title to be included in it. Having already satisfied myself as to the several modes in which the four others attained felicity, I next set my mind at work to discover what enjoyments were peculiar to the old "Straggler," as the people of the country would have termed the wandering mendicant and prophet. As he pretended to familiarity with the devil, so I fancied that he was fitted to pursue and take delight in his way of life, by possessing some of the mental and moral characteristics, the lighter and more comic ones, of the devil in popular stories. Among them might be reckoned a love of deception for its own sake, a shrewd eye and keen relish for human weakness and ridiculous infirmity, and the talent of petty fraud. Thus to this old man there would be pleasure even in the consciousness, so insupportable to some minds, that his whole life was a cheat upon the world, and that, so far as he was concerned with the public, his little cunning had the upper hands of its united wisdom. Every day would furnish him with a succession of minute and pungent triumphs; as when, for instance, his importunity wrung a pittance out of the heart of a miser, or when my silly good-nature transferred a part of my slender purse to his plump leather bag; or when some ostentatious gentleman should throw a coin to the ragged beggar who was richer than himself; or when, though he would not always be so decidedly diabolical, his pretended wants should make him a sharer in the scanty living of real indigence. And then what an inexhaustible field of enjoyment, both as enabling him to discern so much folly and achieve such quantities of minor mischief, was opened to his sneering spirit by his pretensions to prophetic knowledge.

All this was a sort of happiness which I could conceive of, though I had little sympathy with it. Perhaps, had I been then inclined to admit it, I might have found that the roving life was more proper to him than to either of his companions; for Satan, to whom I had compared the poor man, has delighted, ever since the time of Job, in "wandering up and down upon the earth;" and indeed a crafty disposition, which operates not in deep-laid plans, but in disconnected tricks, could not have an adequate scope, unless naturally impelled to a continual change of scene and society. My reflections were here interrupted.

"Another visitor!" exclaimed the old showman.

The door of the wagon had been closed against the tempest, which was roaring and blustering with prodigious fury and commotion, and beating violently against our shelter, as if it claimed all those homeless people for its lawful prey, while we, caring little for the displeasure of the elements, sat comfortably talking. There was now an attempt to open the door, succeeded by a voice, uttering some strange, unintelligible gibberish, which my companions mistook for Greek, and I suspected to be thieves' Latin. However, the showman stepped forward, and gave admittance to a figure which made me imagine, either that our wagon had rolled back two hundred years into past ages, or that the forest and its old inhabitants had sprung up around us by enchantment.

It was a red Indian, armed with his bow and arrow. His dress was a sort of cap, adorned with a single feather of some wild bird, and a frock of blue cotton, girded tight about him; on his breast, like orders of knighthood, hung a crescent and a circle, and other ornaments of silver; while a small crucifix betokened that our Father the Pope had interposed between the Indian and the Great Spirit, whom he had worshipped in his simplicity. This son of the wilderness and pilgrim of the storm took his place silently in the midst of us. When the first surprise was over, I rightly conjectured him to be one of the Penobscot tribe, parties of which I had often seen in their summer excursions down our eastern rivers. There they paddle their birch canoes among the coasting schooners, and build their wigwam beside some roaring mill-dam, and drive a little trade in basket-work where their fathers hunted deer. Our new visitor was probably wandering through the country towards Boston, subsisting on the careless charity of the people, while he turned his archery to profitable account by shooting at cents, which were to be the prize of his successful aim.

The Indian had not long been seated, ere our merry damsel sought to draw him into conversation. She, indeed, seemed all made up of sunshine in the month of May; for there was nothing so dark and dismal that her pleasant mind could not cast a glow over it; and the wild man, like a fir-tree in his native forest, soon began to brighten into a sort of sombre cheerfulness. At length, she inquired whether his journey had any particular end or purpose.

"I go shoot at the camp-meeting at Stamford," replied the Indian.

"And here are five more," said the girl, "all aiming at the camp-meeting too. You shall be one of us, for we travel with light hearts; and as for me, I sing merry songs, and tell merry tales, and am full of merry thoughts, and I dance merrily along the road, so that there is never any sadness among them that keep me company. But, oh, you would find it very dull indeed, to go all the way to Stamford alone!"

My ideas of the aboriginal character led me to fear that the Indian would prefer his own solitary musings to the gay society thus offered him; on the contrary, the girl's proposal met with immediate acceptance, and seemed to animate him with a misty expectation of enjoyment. I now gave myself up to a course of thought which, whether it flowed naturally from this combination of events or was drawn forth by a wayward fancy, caused my mind to thrill as if I were listening to deep music. I saw mankind, in this weary old age of the world, either enduring a sluggish existence amid the smoke and dust of cities, or, if they breathed a purer air, still lying down at night with no hope but to wear out tomorrow, and all the to-morrows which make up life, among the same dull scenes and in the same wretched toil that had darkened the sunshine of to-day. But there were some, full of the primeval instinct, who preserved the freshness of youth to their latest years by the continual excitement of new objects, new pursuits, and new associates, and cared little, though their birthplace might have been here in New England, if the grave should close over them in Central Asia. Fate was summoning a parliament of these free spirits; unconscious of the impulse which directed them to a common centre, they had come hither from far and near; and last of all, appeared the representative of those mighty vagrants, who had chased the deer during thousands of years, and were chasing it now in the Spirit Land. Wandering down through the waste of ages, the woods had vanished around his path; his arm had lost somewhat of its strength, his foot of its fleetness, his mien of its wild regality, his heart and mind of their savage virtue and uncultured force; but here, untamable to the routine of artificial life, roving now along the dusty road, as of old over the forest leaves,—here was the Indian still.

"Well," said the old showman, in the midst of my meditations, "here is an honest company of us—one, two, three, four, five, six—all going to the camp-meeting at

Stamford. Now, hoping no offence, I should like to know where this young gentleman may be going?"

I started. How came I among these wanderers? The free mind, that preferred its own folly to another's wisdom; the open spirit, that found companions everywhere; above all, the restless impulse, that had so often made me wretched in the midst of enjoyments—these were my claims to be of their society.

"My friends!" cried I, stepping into the centre of the wagon, "I am going with you to the camp-meeting at Stamford."

"But in what capacity?" asked the old showman, after a moment's silence. "All of us here can get our bread in some creditable way. Every honest man should have his livelihood. You, sir, as I take it, are a mere strolling gentleman."

I proceeded to inform the company that, when Nature gave me a propensity to their way of life, she had not left me altogether destitute of qualifications for it; though I could not deny that my talent was less respectable, and might be less profitable, than the meanest of theirs. My design, in short, was to imitate the story-tellers, of whom Oriental travellers have told us, and become an itinerant novelist, reciting my own extemporaneous fictions to such audiences as I could collect.

"Either this," said I, "is my vocation, or I have been born in vain."

The fortune-teller, with a sly wink to the company, proposed to take me as an apprentice to one or other of his professions, either of which, undoubtedly, would have given full scope to whatever inventive talent I might possess. The bibliopoli spoke a few words in opposition to my plan, influenced partly, I suspect, by the jealousy of authorship, and partly by an apprehension that the *visd voce* practice would become general among novelists, to the infinite detriment of the book trade. Dreading a rejection, I solicited the interest of the merry damsel.

"Mirth," cried I, most aptly appropriating the words of L'Allegro, "to thee I sue! Mirth, admit me of thy crew!"

"Let us indulge the poor youth," said Mirth, with a kindness which made me love her dearly, though I was no such coxcomb as to misinterpret her motives. "I have espied much promise in him. True, a shadow sometimes flits across his brow, but the sunshine is sure to follow in a moment. He is never guilty of a sad thought, but a merry one is twin-born with it. We will take him with us; and you shall see that he will set us all a laughing before we reach the camp-meeting at Stamford."

Her voice silenced the scruples of the rest, and gained me admittance into the league; according to the terms of which, without a community of goods or profits, we were to lend each other all the aid, and avert all the harm, that might be in our power. This affair settled, a marvellous jollity entered into the whole tribe of us, manifesting itself characteristically in each individual. The old showman, sitting down to his barrel organ, stirred up the souls of the pigmy people with one of the quickest tunes in the music book; tailors, blacksmiths, gentlemen, and ladies, all seemed to share in the spirit of the occasion; and the Merry Andrew played his part more facetiously than ever, nodding and winking particularly at me. The young foreigner flourished his fiddle-bow with a master's hand, and gave an inspiring echo to the showman's melody. The bookish man and the merry damsel started up simultaneously to dance; the former enacting the double shuffle in a style which everybody must have witnessed, ere election week was blotted out of time; while the girl, setting her arms akimbo with both hands at her slim waist, displayed with such light rapidity of foot, and harmony of varying attitude and motion, that I could not conceive how she ever was to stop; imagining, at the moment, that Nature had made her, as the old showman had made his puppets, for no earthly purpose but to dance jigs. The Indian bellowed forth a succession of most hideous outcries, somewhat affrighting us, till we interpreted them as the war song, with which, in imitation of his ancestors, he was prefacing the assault on Stamford. The conjurer, meanwhile, sat demurely in a corner, extracting a sly enjoyment from the whole scene, and, like the facetious Merry Andrew, directing his queer glance particularly at me.

As for myself, with great exhilaration of fancy, I began to arrange and colour the incidents of a tale, wherewith I proposed to amuse an audience that very evening; for I saw that my associates were a little ashamed of me, and that no time was to be lost in obtaining a public acknowledgment of my abilities.

"Come, fellow-labourers," at last said the old showman, whom we had elected president; "the shower is over, and we must be doing our duty by these poor souls at Stamford."

"We'll come among them in procession, with music and dancing," cried the merry damsel.

Accordingly—for it must be understood that our pilgrimage was to be performed on foot—we sallied joyously out of the wagon, each of us, even the old gentleman in his white-top boots, giving a great skip as we came down the ladder. Above our heads there was such a glory of sunshine and splendour of clouds, and such brightness of verdure below, that, as I modestly remarked at the time, Nature seemed to have washed her face, and put on the best of her jewellery and a fresh green gown, in honour of our confederation. Casting our eyes northward, we beheld a horseman approaching leisurely, and splashing through the little puddles on the Stamford road. Onward he came, sticking up in his saddle with rigid perpendicularity, a tall, thin figure in rustic black, whom the showman and the conjurer shortly recognized to be, what his aspect sufficiently indicated, a travelling preacher of great fame among the Methodists. What puzzled us was the fact, that his face appeared turned from, instead of to, the camp-meeting at Stamford. However, as this new votary of the wandering life drew near the little green space, where the guide-post and our wagon were situated, my six fellow vagabonds and myself rushed forward and surrounded him, crying out with united voices—

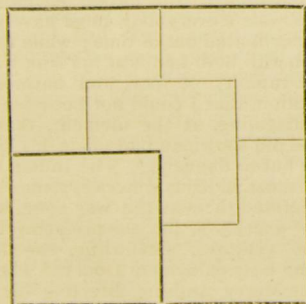
"What news, what news, from the camp-meeting at Stamford?"

The missionary looked down, in surprise, at as singular a knot of people as could have been selected from all his heterogeneous auditors. Indeed, considering that we might all be classified under the general head of Vagabond, there was great diversity of character among the grave old showman, the sly, prophetic beggar, the fiddling foreigner and his merry damsel, the smart bibliopolist, the sombre Indian, and myself, the itinerant novelist, a slender youth of eighteen. I even fancied that a smile was endeavouring to disturb the iron gravity of the preacher's mouth.

"Good people," answered he, "the camp-meeting is broke up."

So saying, the Methodist minister switched his steed, and rode westward. Our union being thus nullified, by the removal of its object, we were sundered at once to the four winds of Heaven. The fortune-teller, giving a nod to all, and a peculiar wink to me, departed on his northern tour, chuckling within himself as he took the Stamford road. The old showman and his literary coadjutor were already tackling their horses to the wagon, with a design to peregrinate southwest along the seacoast. The foreigner and the merry damsel took their laughing leave, and pursued the eastern road, which I had that day trodden; as they passed away, the young man played a lively strain, and the girl's happy spirit broke into a dance; and thus, dissolving, as it were, into sunbeams and gay music, that pleasant pair departed from my view. Finally, with a pensive shadow thrown across my mind, yet emulous of the light philosophy of my late companions, I joined myself to the Penobscot Indian, and set forth towards the distant city.

SOLUTION OF PUZZLE IN LAST ISSUE.



The landowner divides the residue of his property, after deducting his square quarter among his four sons, as indicated by the thin lines in the above diagram.

THERE is said to be a barber's sign near the Palais Royal, in Paris, bearing the legend in the vernacular, "Callicocapitair water, which colours the hair white. For the use of magistrates and young physicians."

People's Palace Athletic Meeting and Sports.

ON Saturday afternoon last, our sports, which have so long been looked forward to, were brought to a very successful issue. Unfortunately, however, the weather was cold and showery. Sir Edmund and Lady Currie were present, as well as the Rev. E. Hoskyns. The programme was an exceptionally heavy one, embracing five open and seven members' events, but, owing to the energy of the officials, proceedings terminated in good time. It was expected that Adams would lower the existing half-mile bicycle record for a grass track, but the rain, which fell early in the afternoon, completely destroyed any chances of seeing new figures created in this event, as the grass was thoroughly saturated when the competitors turned out, both in the heats and the final. Later on Burns, of the Kingsdale C.C., established a new record for two miles by going on after passing the post first in his heat, and completing the distance in 6 min. 9½ secs., a performance which he improved upon in the final, his figures reading 6 min. 8½ secs. The following were the officials:—Referee, G. W. Atkinson; judges of cycling, R. Cook, S. T. Brown; judges of flat-races, A. F. Gardner, Ralph Gale; timekeeper, A. J. Wilson; starter, R. Baker (professional). Handicappers—Cycling events: (open) H. II. Griffin; (closed) V. Dawson. Flat events: (open) S. T. Brown and A. J. Fowden; (B.H.) E. Bates; (closed) J. R. Deeley, F. A. Hunter, and W. Marshall. Hon. Secs., W. Marshall and J. R. Deeley.

ONE MILE BICYCLE HANDICAP (Beaumont C.C.).—Final Heat: H. Ransley, 20 yards' start, first; O. G. Stephens, 65, second; E. Ransley, 30, third; M. Moyle, scratch; V. Dawson, 55 yards' start; J. Burley, 100. Won easily by forty yards. Time, 3 min. 8½ secs.

200 YARDS' FLAT HANDICAP (boys).—A White, 15 yards' start, first; A. Wild, 15, second; H. B. Howard, scratch; E. A. Moxhay, 6 yards' start; W. Newling, 8; W. Sayers, 10; J. M. Rodger, 10; H. Pattison, 12. Won by five yards.

120 YARDS' FLAT HANDICAP (Beaumont H.).—Final Heat: E. Purkiss, 4½ yards' start, first; E. Marshall, scratch, second; J. R. Deeley, 4½ yards' start, third; E. C. Tibbs, 2½; H. Swain, 7½. Won by half a yard; inches divided second and third.

TWO MILES' BICYCLE HANDICAP (Beaumont C.C.).—Final Heat: J. Howard, scratch, first; M. Moyle, 80 yards' start, second; O. J. Stephens, 200, third; E. Ransley, 30; J. Green, 290. Won by fifteen yards; eight divided second and third. Time, 6 min. 25½ secs.

HALF-MILE FLAT HANDICAP (Beaumont H.).—J. Rowe, 30 yards' start, first; W. G. Silver, 30, second; J. Turnbull, 20, third; J. R. Deeley, scratch; E. C. Tibbs, scratch; Holland, 30; H. Swain, 38; E. Taylor, 46; A. H. Walker, 48; W. Jones, 50; A. E. Jacobs, 50; J. T. Bowling, 62; W. Hawkes, 64; W. Fielding, 85. Won by three yards; two divided second and third. Time, 2 min. 7½ secs.

HALF-MILE BICYCLE SCRATCH RACE (open).—Heat 1: F. Weatherley, Argus C.C., first; H. J. Howard, Champion of Essex, Essex C.C., second; D. W. T. Holloway, Dart B.C., third. Won by twenty yards. Time, 1 min. 23½ secs. Heat 2: J. H. Adams, fifty miles N.C.U. champion, Lewisham C.C., first; E. Ransley, Beaumont C.C., second. Won by thirty yards. Time, 1 min. 21½ secs. Heat 3: U. L. Lambley, Chelsea B.C., first; G. Leggett, Beaumont Harriers, second. Won by a foot. Time, 1 min. 25½ secs. Final Heat: U. L. Lambley, w.o. All three competitors qualified to ride in the final turned out, the order at the finish being—Adams, Lambley, and Weatherley. Lambley and Weatherley lodged a protest against Adams for cutting in at the corners, which the judges entertained, and ordered the men to ride again. Weatherley and Adams refused, so Lambley walked over.

200 YARDS' FLAT HANDICAP (Junior Beaumont Harriers and P.P. Junior Section).—W. G. Frith, 11 yards' start, first; J. Prudence, 14, second; H. J. Gardner, 8, third; J. S. Fayers, scratch; F. J. Harvey, 4; E. Griffiths, 6; M. M'Caffrey, 10; A. Schafer, 12; J. Bowman, 12; G. Nash, 12. Won by ten yards; a yard divided second and third. Time, 24½ secs.

ONE MILE BICYCLE HANDICAP (open; first in each heat and fastest loser to start in final).—Heat 1 (Ordinaries): J. Howard, Beaumont C.C., 40 yards' start, first; F. Straight, Kingsdale C.C., 150, second; R. Pretty, Stratford, 115, third; H. D. Faith, L.B.C., scratch; G. Standley, Argosy B.C., 80 yards' start; F. R. Gough, Carlton Rovers, 100; R. Stone, Gauntlet C.C., 120; T. Tessier, Essex C.C., 120; W. H. Applebee, Walthamstow Rovers, 180; J. W. Dawson, Beaumont C.C., 200. Won by three yards. Time, 2 min. 58½ secs. Heat 2 (Safeties): H. G. Ransley, Beaumont C.C., 120 yards' start, first; R. E. Scales, Inflexible C.C., 50, second; F. Day, Kilburn, 100; W. Oldman, Hackney, 115; H. Keil, Hackney, 115; J. W. Hall, North Road C.C., 140; O. J. Stephens, Beaumont C.C., 150. Won by fifty yards. Time, 3 min. 2½ sec. Heat 3 (Ordinaries): T. J. Keeler, New Cross B.C., 40 yards' start, first; A. H. Banks, Bethnal Green, 170, second; E. Ransley, Beaumont C.C., 70; J. T. Curry, Chelsea B. and T.C., 90; F. G. Galley, Carlton Rovers, 100; G. H. Bryant, Leytonstone, 105; W. P. Ebsworth, Essex B. and T.C., 130; F. Applebee, Walthamstow Rovers, 150; J. A. Church, Essex C.C.C., 180; W. Fortescue, Walthamstow Rovers, 220. Won by two yards. Time, 3 min. 2½ secs. Heat 4 (Safeties): M. Moyle, Beaumont C.C., 100 yards'

start, first; De Launcey Dods, Catford, 120, second; R. Burns, Kingsdale C.C., 50; F. J. Doughty, Crusaders, 100; A. D. B. Harding, Stepney, 115; W. Richardson, Compton B.C., 130; W. H. Birdseye, Crusaders, 150; F. Glover, Beaumont, 160; F. Pike, Buckhurst Hill, 180. Burns's starter commenced proceedings by shoving him on to his face, and although Burns remounted, he had lost too much ground, and could not get up. Won by three yards. Time, 3 min. 4½ secs. Heat 5 (Ordinaries): W. Lotinga, L.A.C., 170 yards' start, first; J. H. Naylor, Hounslow C.C., second; D. W. T. Holloway, Dart B.C., 50; H. E. Sadd, Ipswich B.C., 90; E. A. Paine, Carlton Rovers, 105; H. J. Stone, Gauntlet C.C., 115; E. A. Mears, Daneville C.C., 130; T. Kyle, Essex B. and T.C., 130; H. E. Green, Catford C.C., 140. Won by eight yards. Time, 2 min. 58½ secs. Heat 6 (Safeties): W. E. Langton, Osborn C.C., 70 yards' start, first; F. Crowder, C.R.C.C., 120, second; H. Harris, Pilot C.C., 100; A. D. B. Harding, Stepney, 115; Morley Wood, Hornsey, 125; E. S. Cumming, Gauntlet C.C., 170; V. Dawson, Beaumont C.C., 180. Won easily by ten yards. Time, 2 min. 57½ secs. Heat 7 (Ordinaries): C. R. Mackenzie, Gauntlet C.C., 150 yards' start, first; U. L. Lambley, Chelsea B. and T.C., scratch, second; G. Leggett, Beaumont H., 40 yards' start; H. A. Gentle, Luton A.C., 70; W. H. Blanch, Inglefield C.C., 100; D. J. Godwin, Stratford, 115; F. J. Walsh, Unity C.C., 130; W. Smith, Manor Park C.C., 160; W. H. Dursley, Kingsland, 180. Won by twenty-five yards. Time, 2 min. 53½ secs. Heat 8 (Ordinaries and Safeties): S. R. Batson, Leyton, 100 yards' start, first; J. W. Cook, Stoke Newington C.C., 160, second; J. C. Benoy, Alpha C.C., 100; W. H. Chapman, Gauntlet C.C., 150; J. Green, Beaumont C.C., 160; H. Bridge, Upton Park, 170. Won by a length. Time, 2 min. 57½ secs. Final heat: C. R. Mackenzie, Gauntlet C.C., 150 yards' start, first; H. G. Ransley, Beaumont C.C., 120, second; W. Lotinga, L.A.C., 170, third; W. E. Langton, Osborn C.C., 70, fourth. Won by eight yards; three between second and third, and a yard divided third and fourth. Time, 2 min. 53 secs.

120 YARDS' FLAT HANDICAP (open; the handicap represented E. H. Pelling, scratch).—Heat 1: R. Richardson, Falcon H., 10 yards' start, first; L. W. Webster, L.A.C., 3, second; W. C. Roelink, Walthamstow H., 7½, third; E. Smith, unattached, 9½; J. W. Adams, unattached, 11; H. Swain, Beaumont H., 12. Won by a foot. Time, 12½ secs. Heat 2: S. A. Morris, Walthamstow H., 5½ yards' start, first; H. Paul, Tower A.C., 10½, second; F. Smyth, Southampton A.C., 8½, third; A. H. Brett, unattached, 7½; F. W. May, unattached, 8; J. P. Leggett, Beaumont H., 12. Won by half a yard. Time, 13 secs. Heat 3: T. Wyles, Spartan H., 9 yards' start, first; A. Enoch, West Ham C.P.T.C., 10, second; L. R. Ruse, Dreadnought S.C., 8, third; R. Thomas, unattached, 5½; E. Purkiss, Beaumont H., 11. Won by a yard. Time, 13½ secs. Heat 4: C. H. Elliston, Tower A.C., 7½ yards' start, first; G. Patterson, Old St. Paul's E.C., 8, second; C. Aspinall, Dunloe H., 10, third; E. C. Wood, unattached, 6½; J. D. Hutchins, unattached, 8½; W. W. Fielding, Beaumont H., 13. Won by a yard and a half. Time, 12½ secs. Heat 5: H. Marshall, Beaumont H., 9 yards' start, first; E. Hildred, unattached, 8½, second; H. R. Thompson, West Ham C.P.F.C., 8, third; H. Leapman, unattached, 7; H. Hicks, unattached, 7½; G. Coppard, unattached, 10. Won by half a yard. Time, 12½ secs. Heat 6: W. Jones, Beaumont H., 13 yards' start, first; W. E. Sayers, Leytonstone H., 7½, second; F. Sykes, unattached, 8, third; A. E. Aaronson, unattached, 7. Won by a yard. Time, 13½ secs. Final Heat: S. A. Morris, Walthamstow H., 5½ yards' start, first; R. Richardson, Falcon H., 10, second; H. Marshall, Beaumont H., 9, third; C. H. Elliston, Tower A.C., 7½, fourth. Won by a yard; a foot divided second and third. Time, 12½ secs.

220 YARDS' HANDICAP (Members).—Final Heat: G. Patterson, 9 yards' start, first; J. R. Deeley, 9, second; A. E. Jacobs, 16, third. Won by three yards. Time, 25½ secs.

TWO MILES BICYCLE HANDICAP (Open).—Heat 1 (Ordinaries): T. Tessier, Gauntlet C.C., 200 yards' start, first; F. R. Gough, Carlton Rovers, 180, second; U. L. Lambley, Chelsea B. and T.C., scratch; T. J. Keeler, New Cross B.C., 70 yards' start; J. H. Naylor, Hounslow C.C., 130; J. T. Curry, Chelsea B. and T.C., 160; D. Pott, Bow, 225; E. Meers, Daneville C.C., 230; J. Green, Beaumont C.C., 220. Won easily by fifty yards. Time, 6 min. 10½ secs. Heat 2 (Safeties): R. E. Scales, Inflexible C.C., 80 yards' start, first; T. Dolancey Dods, Catford, C.C., 200, second. Won by half a length. Time, 6 min. 13½ secs. Heat 3 (Ordinaries): G. Leggett, Carlton Rovers, 60 yards' start, first; W. P. Ebsworth, Essex B. and T.C., 230, second; W. H. White, Tooting B.C., 120; J. Standley, Argosy B.C., 130; G. Galley, Carlton Rovers, 180; H. E. Green, Catford C.C., 220. Won by a length. Time, 6 min. 15½ secs. Heat 4 (Safeties): R. Burns, Kingsdale C.C., 70 yards' start, first; J. Wass, New Cross B.C., 140, second; W. E. Langton, Osborn C.C., 120; F. G. Surman, Daneville C.C., 170; F. Day, Kilburn, 190; A. D. B. Harding, Stepney, 215; F. V. Soames, Lambeth Polytechnic, 230. Won by six yards. Time, 6 min. 3½ secs. Burns rode on to the 70 yards mark, and completed the full two miles in 6 min. 9½ secs. (Safety record for grass course). Heat 5 (Ordinaries): J. Howard, Beaumont C.C., 80 yards' start, first; T. Weatherley, Argosy B.C., scratch, second; H. D. Faith, L.B.C., scratch; D. W. T. Holloway, Dart B.C., 90 yards' start; H. A. Gentle, Luton A.C., 130; W. H. Blanch, Inflexible C.C., 170; S. E. Sadd, Ipswich B.C., 180; A. C. Piper, Bishop's Stortford, 200; F. J. Walsh, Unity C.C., 220; F. Straight, Kingsdale C.C., 280; H. G. King, Enterprise R. and A.C., 295; J. A. Church, Essex C.C., 300. Won by two lengths. Time, 5 min. 59 secs.

Final Heat: R. Burns, Kingsdale C.C., 70 yards' start, first; J. Wass, New Cross B.C., 140, second; R. E. Scales, Inflexible C.C., 80, third; F. R. Gough, Carlton Rovers, 180, fourth. Wass led until within 300 yards of the finish, when Burns went to the front, and ultimately won by a length; half that distance divided second and third. Time, 6 min. 11½ sec.

At the conclusion of the races Lady Currie presented the prizes, and accepted from the Committee a very beautiful bouquet. Votes of thanks to Lady Currie, Sir Edmund, and the various officials were carried by acclamation, and Sir Edmund returned thanks on behalf of Lady Currie, after which Mr. Marshall and Mr. Deeley responded for the officials.

ONE MILE HANDICAP (open; the handicap represented J. Kibblewhite, scratch).—E. J. Hill, Finchley H., 145 yards' start, first; H. L. Lachard, Polytechnic H., 142, second; V. Waterhouse, St. Paul's H., 125, third; F. Crocker, Finchley H., 98, fourth; C. E. Willers, Essex C. and A.A., 70; J. R. Deeley, Beaumont H., 82; R. A. Ashburner, unattached, 90; J. Reynolds, Waverley C.C., 112; E. H. Emerson, Morden H., 115; A. C. Hilton, unattached, 120; W. G. Silver, Beaumont H., 120; A. Dumble, Tower A.C., 120; F. Smyth, Southampton A.C., 120; A. E. Aaronson, unattached, 125; J. J. Rowe, Beaumont H., 125; E. Clegg, Cheshunt C.C., 125; T. Parry, unattached, 128; W. H. Lock, P.P. Gym., 130; S. T. Stursburg, unattached, 130; F. G. Washington, unattached, 132; H. J. Ramsden, unattached, 132; A. H. Colquhoun, West Ham I.F.C., 135; J. W. Gilbert, Battersea H., 135; G. H. Bryant, unattached, 135; F. G. Harding, Leytonstone H., 138; H. J. Murgatroyd, P.P. Gym., 138; J. T. Bowling, Beaumont H., 138; J. Tomkins, Highgate H., 140; G. W. Elkins, unattached, 140; P. H. Holland, Beaumont H., 145; E. C. Coles-Webb, Finchley H., 145; H. T. King, Oakley H., 145; E. J. Taylor, Beaumont H., 145; W. E. Hawkes, Beaumont H., 145; H. Swain, Beaumont H., 145; C. Musgrove, Highgate H., 145; A. Rowe, West Ham I.F.C., 145; H. F. Deane, P.P.B.C., 148; W. Pickett, P.P.B.C., 148; A. E. Howell, Islington A.C., 150; T. Hill, Walthamstow H., 150; G. Day, Peckham H., 150; B. T. Kirby, Oxford House F.C., 150; A. H. Walker, Beaumont H., 150; R. Sansome, unattached, 152; T. R. King, St. John's H., 152; H. Simmons, Tower A.C., 155; W. A. Dagnall, Beaumont H., 160; J. A. Brooke, Spartan H., 160; F. Farrell, St. Paul's H., 160; E. Taylor, Beaumont H., 160; H. Cornish, Paddington A.C., 162; W. E. Macfarlane, Spartan H., 162; H. Wallace, unattached, 162; S. H. Adams, Tower A.C., 165; E. J. Cousins, St. Augustine's H., 165; J. E. Alexander, Finchley H., 165; G. J. Tucker, Bedford and District A.C., 170; C. J. Gates, St. Augustine's H., 170; H. B. Mills, Clapton H., 170; J. Bowley, Polytechnic H., 172; J. Turnbull, Beaumont H., 175; W. F. Tyrell, Tower A.C., 175; C. Martin, Polytechnic H., 175; E. J. Green, Finchley H., 190; C. Davenport, Walthamstow H., 190; F. W. Barton, Polytechnic H., 200. Hill was in front 600 yards from the finish, and ultimately won by five yards; a yard separating second and third. Time 4 min. 23½ secs.

Calendar of the Week.

September 26th.—The day of St. Cyprian. St. Cyprian was reputed to be a magician, and upon his conversion to Christianity to have burned his books. He was martyred by the Emperor Diocletian. Lucknow was relieved on this date, 1857.

September 27th.—George Cruikshank, the great artist and caricaturist born, 1792.

September 28th.—On this day, in 1789, died Thomas Day, the author of the "History of Sandford and Merton," a remarkable juvenile book, little, I think, heard of now-a-days. He was born in Wellclose Square, St. George's-in-the-East.

September 29th.—The most notable thing about this day is that it is Michaelmas, and a great deal of rent is due. The New River was opened on this day, 1613.

September 30th.—On this day, 480 B.C., was born Euripides, the Greek tragic author. It is also the birthday of Pompey the Great. He was born in 106 B.C. George Whitefield, the demolition of whose chapel in Tottenham Court Road we mentioned a few weeks ago in "Notes of the Week," died, 1770.

October 1st.—Corneille, the great French dramatist, died, 1684, at Paris.

October 2nd.—Some of us may recollect the closing of Woolwich dockyard on this date, 1869. On this day, in 1850, Miss Biffin, the celebrated legless and armless lady, who was also an artist, died.

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.]

Time Table of Classes.

SESSION 1889-90.

The Winter Session will commence on Monday, September 30th, 1889. The Classes are open to both Sexes of all ages. The Art Classes are held at Essex House, Mile End Road. As the number attending each class is limited, intending Students should book their names as soon as 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. Only those engaged in the particular trade to which the class refers can join either the Practical or Technical Classes at the terms stated in the Time Table. Further particulars may be obtained upon application at the Office, Technical Schools, People's Palace.

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

Practical Trade Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Tailors' Cutting...	Mr. G. Searman	Tuesday	8.0-9.30	6 0
*Upholstery ...	Mr. H. Farmer	Monday	8.0-9.30	5 0
*Photography ...	Mr. G. Taylor	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Plumbing ...	Mr. T. Jacob	Monday	8.0-10.0	3 6
*Cabinet Making ...	Mr. A. W. Bevis	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Filing, Fitting, Turning, Patn. Making & Mouldg. (Wk. Sc.)	Mr. A. W. Bevis	M. & F.	7.30-9.45	5 0
*Carpentry and Joinery ...	Mr. W. Graves	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Wood Carving ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	5 0

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

Special Classes for Females only.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Dressmaking...	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	5.30-7.0	5 0
Millinery ...	Miss Newall	Friday	7.30-9.0	5 0
Cookery ...	Mrs. Sharman	Tuesday	7.30-9.30	5 0
" Practical ...	"	Thursday	7.30-9.30	7 6
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mr. Michell	Friday	8.0-9.30	2 6
Elocution ...	Mrs. S. L. Hasluck	Tuesday	6.0-7.30	5 0
"Shakespeare" ...	"	"	8.0-9.30	5 0

Per Quarter.

Science Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Prac. Pl. & Sol. Geom.—Ele.	Mr. D. A. Low	M. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
"—Adv.	(Wk. Sc.) M.I.M.E.	"	"	"
Mac. Con. & Draw.—Ele.	"	Tuesday	9.0-10.0	4 0
"—Adv.	"	"	8.0-10.0	4 0
Build. Con. & Draw.—Bgs.	Mr. S. F. Howlett	Thursday	7.0-8.0	4 0
"—Ele.	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
"—Adv.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Mathematics, Stage I.	Mr. E. J. Burrell	Tu. & Th.	7.45-8.45	4 0
" II.	"	Friday	8.45-9.45	4 0
Theoretical Mechanics	"	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
Sound, Light, and Heat	Mr. F. C. Forth	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
†Magism. & Electy.—Ele.	Mr. Slingo	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
"—Adv.	A.I.E.E., and	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
"—Prac.	Mr. Brooker	"	7.30-9.0	4 0
Inor. Chemis.—Theo., Ele.	Mr. A. P. Laurie	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
"	M.A., B.Sc.	"	"	"
" " Prac.	"	8.0-10.0	10 6	
" " Theo., Adv.	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " Prac.	"	8.30-10.0	12 6	
Organic Chemistry—Theo.	"	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
"—Prac.	"	Friday	8.0-10.0	10 6
"—Hours	"	M. Tu. & Fr.	7.0-10.0	15 0
Steam & the Steam Engine	Mr. A. W. Bevis	Thursday	7.45-8.45	4 0
Applied Mechanics	"	"	8.45-9.45	4 0

Per Session. * Fee 2/- per Session to members of any other Science, Technical and Trade Classes. † Members of these classes can join the Electric Laboratory and Workshop Practice Class.

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

Students are supplied free with apparatus and a lock-up cupboard. A deposit of 2/6 will be required to replace breakages.

Art and Design Classes

Are held at Essex House, Mile End Road.

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

* Per Session. † Per Quarter.
Day Classes are held for Landscape and Flower Painting, Still Life, and Monochrome Painting in Oil and Water Colours. For hours, fees, &c., apply for prospectus.

Musical Classes.

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

Per Quarter.

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

General Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Arithmetic—Elementary ...	Mr. A. Sarll, A.K.C.	Friday	9.0-10.0	2 6
" Intermediate ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	2 6
" Advanced ...	"	"	7.0-8.0	2 6
Book-keeping—Elemen...	"	Thursday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Interme...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Advanced	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
Civil Service—Boy Clerks	Mr. D. Isaacs, B.A.	Tuesday		
Female Clerks (Prelim.)	"	"	6.30-10.0	12 0
Excise (Beginners) ...	"	"	"	"
Customs (Beginners) ...	"	"	"	"
Lower Div. (Prelim.) ...	"	"	"	"
(Competitive)	"	"	"	"
Excise & Customs (Adv.)	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	12 0
Female Clerks (Com.) ...	"	Thursday	8.45-10.0	
Male Telegraph Learners	"	"	"	"
Boy Copyists ...	"	Thursday	6.15-8.45	10 0
Female Tele. Learners...	"	"	"	"
Female Sorters ...	"	"	"	"
Shorthand (Pitman's) Ele.	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Advan.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Report.	"	"	9.0-10.0	5 0
French, Elementary ...	Mons. Pointin	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " and Stage	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Interme. 1st "	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " 2nd "	"	"	"	"
" " 3rd "	"	"	"	"
" " Advanced ...	"	"	"	"
" " Commenc. Corres.	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
German, Advanced ...	Herr Dittell	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Beginners ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Intermediate ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Elocution (Class 1) ...	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	6.0-7.30	5 0
(Class 2) ...	"	"	8.0-10.0	5 0
Writing ...	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 6
"	Mr. W. Coleman	"	"	"
"	B.A. (Lond.)	"	"	"
London University Exams.	Mr. F. C. Forth	Friday	6.0-10.0	21 0
* Land Surveying and Levelling	Assoc. R. C. Sc.	Saturday	1.30-5.30	20 0
Ambulance—Nursing ...	Dr. Stoker	Tuesday	7.0-9.0	
Chess ...	Mr. Smith	Tu. and Sat	8.0-10.0	1 0

Per Quarter.

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

Technical Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Boot and Shoe Making ...	Mr. W. R. Adnitt	Thursday	8.30-10.0	5 0
Mechanical Engineering	Mr. D. A. Low	Friday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Photography ...	Mr. H. Farmer	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Carpentry and Joinery ...	Mr. W. Graves	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
*Printing (Letter Press) ...	Mr. E. R. Alexander	Monday	8.0-9.30	6 0
*Electrical Engineering—Elec. Litng. Instrument Making & Telegraphy	Mr. W. Slingo, A.I.E.E., and Mr. A. Brooker, Medist.	Friday	8.0-10.0	6 0
Laboratory and Workshop Practice ...	"	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	4 0
Plumbing ...	Mr. G. Taylor	Tuesday	8.30-10.0	5 0
Brickwork and Masonry	Mr. A. Grenville	Monday	8.0-9.30	7 6
*Cabinet Designing ...	Mr. T. Jacob	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0

Per Session.

* Free to those taking Practical Classes.

† Members of these classes can join † Mathematics on payment of half fee.

Sept. 25, 1889.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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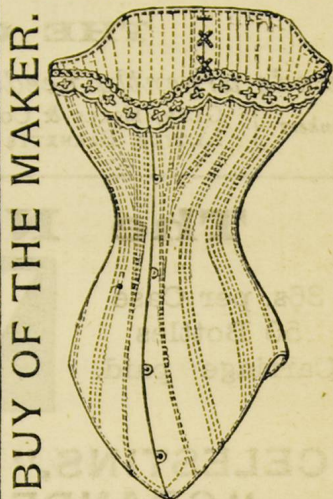
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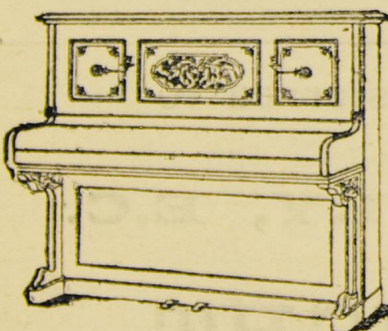
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