

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. IV.—No. 99.]

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]

NOTICE.

CLASS TICKETS are issued every day in the Schools Office until 9 p.m., excepting Saturday, when the Office closes at 1 p.m.

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.

AN EFFICIENT COOKERY SCHOOL is now available; Evening Lessons on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays; Day Lessons, Monday and Thursday afternoons. Full particulars at the School's Office.

THE PROGRAMME OF SACRED MUSIC for Sunday, appears in the Saturday edition of the *Journal*. This cannot be purchased on Sunday, so should be secured beforehand.

Coming Events.

THURSDAY, Oct. 3rd.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Dramatic Society.—General Meeting at 8 p.m., in Old Buildings.—Swimming Club.—Sixty Yards' Consolation Race.—Rambler's Club.—Committee Meeting at 9 p.m.

FRIDAY, Oct. 4th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Military Band Practice, at 7.45.—Literary Society.—Weekly Meeting, at 8.30.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

SATURDAY, Oct. 5th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Concert in Queen's Hall at 8.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in East Ante-room of Queen's Hall.—Rambler's Club.—Social Evening, Lecture-room, at 7.30.

SUNDAY, Oct. 6th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30 and 4.—Library.—Open from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY, Oct. 7th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.

TUESDAY, Oct. 8th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—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. 9th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m. Evening Students admitted from 7; General Public from 7.45.—Volunteer Fire Brigade.—General Drill in Gymnasium, at 10 p.m.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, OCTOBER 6th, 1889.

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

ORGANIST—MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.

ADMISSION FREE. ALL ARE WELCOME.

Notes of the Week.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS died on Monday week, and everybody who likes a good story well told—and who doesn't?—will feel the loss. Mr. Collins was not perhaps a giant of letters,—such a giant as Thackeray or Fielding,—but, in the matter of plot-construction, he was far away our greatest artist. It is, I think, an impossible thing to contemporaneously fix the position which any man will occupy in the esteem of posterity, but it seems to me that the cleverness of their structure alone will long keep alive "The Woman in White," and "The Moonstone." It may be said—indeed I think so myself—that many of Wilkie Collins's characters were mere marionettes used to work out intricacies of plot. Any such character painting and analysis as is to be found in Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," or Meredith's "Ordeal of Richard Feverel," may be looked for in vain in the writings of the novelist we have just lost. But surely there is something in a deftly-woven story, in the skilful building up of an absorbing plot, and its effective and dramatic carrying out. And I think there is a tendency to too rigidly measure the standing of any artist—novelist, poet, painter or musician—by the verdict of posterity. "Hang posterity," as one man said, "what has it done for me?" It is surely a great thing to have given pleasure to thousands of the people among whom one has lived, and to have gained the love and admiration of those whom one works for during one's lifetime. And, although posterity is a very fine thing, even it sometimes makes a mistake.

I suppose most people must be familiar now, from the daily papers, with the leading facts of Mr. Collins's life. But it may be here recorded that he was born in London in 1824. His father, Mr. William Collins, was a landscape painter of ability, and a Royal Academician. Wilkie Collins (who received his Christian name in compliment to his father's friend, Sir David Wilkie), after leaving school, spent a few years in a tea-merchant's office in the City. This, however, ill accorded with his personal inclinations, and he became a student at Lincoln's Inn. His literary work began with a biography of his father, published in 1848. His first novel, "Antonina; or, the Fall of Rome," he was long in obtaining a publisher for, and when, at last, after much alteration, it was given to the world, its success was not at all striking. The book shows strong evidence of the influence of Lytton. In 1851 he published an account of a walking tour in Cornwall. In 1852 and 1854 respectively, his stories, "Basil," and "Hide and Seek," saw the light of publicity. "After Dark," "The Dead Secret," and "The Queen of Hearts," followed one another yearly in 1856, 1857, and 1858. "The Woman in White," the book which raised him to the place he afterwards occupied, appeared in 1860. Published originally in "All the Year Round," and followed in the same magazine by "No Name," it has been said that much of the merit of the two tales was due to the editorship and assistance of Charles Dickens. Dickens certainly had quite a distinct genius as an editor, and could "invest with artistic merit" the most commonplace production. "My Miscellanies" came out in 1863, "Armadale" in 1866, "The Moonstone"—certainly one of his best books, some say quite the best—in 1868. His other novels, "Man and Wife," "Poor Miss Finch," "Miss or Mrs.?" "The New Magdalen," "The Law and the Lady," "Two Destinies," "The Haunted Hotel," "The Fallen Leaves," "The Black Robe," "I say No," and "The Evil Genius," came out at intervals up to 1886, and he leaves an unfinished story behind him, just

as his friend Dickens left "Edwin Drood." Personally, Mr. Collins was a very lovable man, and a great friend to young writers. When Mr. F. Fergus (Hugh Conway) published "Called Back," many prophesied the displacement of Wilkie Collins by the new star. But professional jealousy so little affected the older man, that he took great pains to assist the rising writer in elaborating his plots.

SOMEWHERE above I have mentioned Mr. George Meredith's "Ordeal of Richard Feverel." There has lately been published a cheap edition of Mr. Meredith's novels, and I think it should no longer be said that he is a writer unfamiliar to the multitude. Whoever is looking for a good novel, and is sick of the regularly manufactured stuff turned out by some writers who have "a sale," should, if he has not done so already, lose no time in making the acquaintance of Meredith's books. "Eva Harrington" may perhaps be a good one to begin upon, but I think there can be little doubt that "Richard Feverel" is his masterpiece. I have heard it said that Meredith is rather "above the heads" of ordinary people, but I cannot understand any reasonably intelligent man or woman failing to appreciate and enjoy his stories. They must not be floundered through in the stupid fashion so many people adopt in disposing of (it isn't reading) a novel. If all the good in a book could be extracted in a few hours' blundering "skim," it would not take a man of genius a year or two to write it. But a word to any lover of a novel who, not knowing Meredith, may find himself opposite a row of his books with the design of purchasing one to scrape acquaintance. Don't get "The Shaving of Shagpat," with the notion that you are buying a rather funny novel, because the book isn't a novel in the usual sense of the word at all. It is a gravely burlesque Eastern tale, which you may at first fail to appreciate.

WE, in East London, with thrice the need for them, are five or six times worse off for open breathing spaces—"lungs": it is considered epigrammatic to call them—than West London. True we have Epping Forest, a greater "lung" than all those of the West-end put together. But it is almost as far away from us as from the rest of the Londoners, and isn't available for a daily constitutional as is Hyde Park, St. James's, Green Park, Regent's Park, and the others for the Westerners. We have, however, Victoria Park, and down in Poplar there is a small "Recreation Ground" of eight or ten acres or so. Further away on the banks of the Lea, near the new gas works, where a multitude of small houses have sprung up within the last few years, on what was once Mackintosh's farm, there remains a small bit of open green, which a few of the residents wish to secure as an open space before the speculating builder finally swallows it. It is exactly in the right spot, and will probably not be dear to buy. If any reader should think of buying it for the purpose suggested, or even of only assisting to secure its purchase by someone else, he should write to Mr. R. Wild, B.A., 5, Montague Place, Poplar.

THE name of Eliza Cook has long been unfamiliar among us, and many were no doubt surprised by the news of her death into a confession that they had thought her dead already, for so soon does a "vogue" die out, if deprived of its usual sustenance. It is fifty years since Eliza Cook's first volume appeared, and forty since she started the journal called after her. It is fifteen years since the last volume bearing her name—a complete collection of the verse she had written—was published. Nothing which she wrote quite merited the title of poetry, but it was always inspired from sound principle, and often had a good, patriotic ring about it, which we might profitably encounter more frequently nowadays. If every writer of "drawing-room songs" reached but the standard of Eliza Cook, a weary weight of rubbish would be lifted from the music shelves of the female youth of this Kingdom.

ONE is justified in assuming that in Germany, Total Abstinence and Anti-Tobacco Leagues are unknown. Signor Crispi, the Italian statesman, relates that at his first interview with Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruh, proceedings were begun by the production of two enormous glasses of beer. Signor Crispi having excused himself from imbibing the contents of the one offered him, much to the astonishment of the Chancellor, on the ground that he drank only water, the Prince obligingly emptied both glasses. Very large pipes then appeared, Bismarck lit his own and handed

his guest the other. But poor Crispi doesn't smoke. "What!" exclaimed the astounded Chancellor, "you don't drink and you don't smoke! What sort of man are you then?"

I SUPPOSE if any ordinary person were asked off-hand at about what date he would place the decease of the last old London watchman,—the "Charley" of Tom and Jerry,—he would make a guess, putting at least forty or fifty years between that event and the present year. But he would be very wrong. William Mason, who died a few days ago at the age of 89, was the man. It must be remembered that our present police corps is only a creation of forty years ago, and that the "Charley" reigned—or tried to—in London till 1849.

SUB-EDITOR.

Palace Notes.

AGAIN the Palace is hard at work. Our classes opened on Monday night, and it was immediately found that 1,500 students had joined! This before beginning! New subjects are being taught, and anybody who wishes to learn anything not on the syllabus—and there are not many things in this condition—should communicate with the office, where he may very possibly hear of something to his advantage.

GREAT things are to be done in cookery this winter. TO-MORROW the first lesson will be given at three in the afternoon, by Mrs. Sharman, and there will be practical lessons after that, every Monday and Thursday afternoon, and on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings. The People's Palace Cookery School has a great future before it, and will, without a doubt, do incalculable good. Intending students should enter at once, or they may find themselves crowded out. The number admitted must be limited.

OUR regular concerts, of course, recommence now, to-night's being the first of the winter session. Our Sundays are to be still further brightened by the performance of portions of sacred oratorios, in the preparation of which Mr. Orton Bradley is taking very great pains. It should be particularly noted that the programmes of the Sunday music will appear in the Saturday edition of the *Journal*, which cannot be purchased on Sunday. Therefore, buy your *Journal* in time.

ANOTHER feather for the People's Palace cap! We have won a gold medal in the Social Science Section at the Paris Exhibition, and we musn't forget it. Let every student, every gymnast, everybody, in fact, connected in any way with the Palace, determine that no slovenly piece of work shall tarnish the lustre of that medal. If Nathaniel Hawthorne were among us now, he would write a delightful little fairy tale, with the medal as a talisman, and the good and bad work of the Palace fighting hard for the chance of brightening or smirching it.

GREATER things than ever in Art are to be done at the Palace now. At Essex House, just by the corner of Grove Road, day tuition will be given in every branch of art the Palace deals with. I advise nobody with artistic leanings to delay joining our Art Classes another minute, for they are filling at a great rate, and a little bird says that there are several good things in store for the Art Students if they will work, and show themselves deserving of greater facilities than ever being afforded them.

THE Students' Social rooms were opened on Monday evening, and were patronised to their fullest capacity. This is another new departure, and without doubt, a popular one.

It is proposed to form a Chess Club among the ladies attending our classes. Will the ladies who are interested in chess inquire at, or write to, the Schools' Office?

SUB-EDITOR.

Society and Club Notes.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

SEASON 1889.

At this period of the year it is usual to take a glance at the past, and to calmly take a survey of events which have now passed into history. Cricket is a pastime which has much to answer for; it is a game of great and growing popularity, a game which requires a considerable amount of skill, dexterity, and activity to bring out all its merits. It is not a violent exercise, and in this lies its chief charm. The P.P.C.C. season of 1889 has now to be counted among the events of the past. The management have much to congratulate themselves upon in the repeated success of the club. During the past season 11 matches were played, with the following result:—4 won, 3 lost, and 4 drawn games. Considering we played all the matches on our opponents' ground, the results may be considered very satisfactory. 793 runs were made against 725 by our opponents. Below will be found a table of the batting and bowling analysis:—

	BATTING ANALYSIS.				
	No. of innings.	Total runs.	Times not out.	Most in an innings.	Aver.
T. G. Carter (Capt.)	10	150	1	44	16.6
W. Everson	3	29	1	29	14.1
A. Bowman (Vice-Capt.)	10	93	1	35	10.3
A. Wainman	1	9	1	9	9
J. Ettridge	1	9	0	9	9
H. Sharman	11	92	0	23	8.4
J. Cowlin	2	15	0	14	7.1
H. W. Byard	12	53	2	17	5.3
F. A. Hunter	8	36	1	10	5.1
R. Hones	10	35	0	11	3.5
C. A. Bowman	8	25	1	16	3.4
G. A. Sheppard	8	24	0	13	3
F. Knight	4	8	1	4	2.2
H. J. Chatterton	3	0	0	0	0
S. A. Asser	1	0	0	0	0

* Signifies not out.

These are the only ones who have taken five wickets:—

	BOWLING ANALYSIS.				Aver.
	Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.	
T. G. Carter	8	4	13	5	2.3
A. Bowman	47.1	14	79	14	5.9
R. Hones	43	19	52	7	7.3
H. W. Byard	35	8	80	8	10.0

T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On account of the unsettled state of the weather the Committee have decided to abandon the ramble and tea on Saturday next, October 5th, and have arranged that a Social evening shall be held, by special leave of the Trustees, at the Palace instead, commencing at 7.30 p.m.; refreshments provided. Admission by ticket only, which can be obtained of the Secretary to-morrow night (Thursday), from 9 till 10 p.m.

H. ROU, Hon. Sec. pro tem.

PEOPLE'S PALACE VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE.

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

General Drill to-night (Wednesday), at 10 p.m., in the Gymnasium, and again on next Wednesday, at 10 p.m.; full uniform.

A. W. J. LAUNDY, Captain.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

The new quarter has now commenced, and all Members must be prepared to show the Secretary their vouchers. Rehearsals, as usual, on Friday and Tuesday, at 8 p.m.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

At the General Meeting of the above Society, held on Wednesday last, it was resolved to do away with all offices except that of Secretary, Mr. Laundy being elected for that post for the ensuing year. The meeting was then adjourned until to-night (Wednesday), at 8 p.m. Rehearsal also to-night of "Box and Cox."

A. W. J. LAUNDY, Hon. Sec. and Treas.

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription: 3s. per annum, or 1s. per quarter. Meeting nights, Tuesday and Saturday, from 7 p.m., in the East ante-room, at back of Queen's Hall. At the General Meeting, held in the East ante-room, on Saturday, 28th ult., the Rev. F. H. Dinns presiding, the following report was adopted:—

ANNUAL REPORT FOR YEAR ENDING SEPTEMBER 30TH, 1889.

The East London Chess Club has now completed its second year. The number of Members at present on the books is sixty-one, of whom thirty-two are Members of the Palace Institute, and twenty-nine are non-members. The admission of the latter to the club has contributed very largely to the degree of success that has been obtained. The attendance throughout the year has been taken by the Members in the matches and competitions that have been held. At the commencement of the season, Mr. I. Gunsberg played twenty-four games simultaneously, of which he won twenty, lost two, and drew two. This was the first occasion on which a player of the highest rank has given a similar exhibition in East London. During the winter months, fifteen matches with other clubs were played, our club winning eight, losing six, and drawing one. In the Junior Metropolitan Clubs' Competition, for which eight clubs entered, we obtained the third place. As this was our first match-playing season, these results may be considered very creditable. In these matches, the players of our club who made the best scores were, Messrs. H. Cudmore, E. J. Smith, C. E. Bacon, A. E. Hopwood, A. Clegg, and G. Haslam; while to Mr. C. E. Bacon belongs the distinction of having won the greatest number of games, viz., eight out of fourteen. A Handicap Tourney, for which twenty-four members entered, has been conducted to a successful issue, the winners of prizes being Messrs. H. Cudmore, C. W. Stevens, and H. Banks. In conclusion, the Members of the Club wish to offer their best thanks to the Trustees for the facilities that have been given them, and to the officials of the People's Palace for their kind assistance.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

The financial statement was audited by Messrs. A. Clegg and C. A. Stevens, and passed by the meeting. A vote of thanks was given to the Committee and the Hon. Secretary.

The following officers for the coming year were elected:—

President.—Sir Edmund Hay Currie.
Vice-Presidents.—The Beaumont Trustees.
Committee.—C. E. Bacon, Rev. F. H. Dinns, A. Clegg, F. R. Hall, H. Cudmore, C. A. Stevens, A. Druitt, A. G. Sowter.
Hon. Secretary.—E. J. Smith.

For the winter season just commencing twenty-one matches have been arranged. The club has entered for the Junior Metropolitan Clubs' Competition, in which twelve other clubs have engaged. For these twelve matches, the services of our strongest players will be required, while the other matches will give plenty of work to our rising members.

Full particulars of matches will be given in next week's *Journal*. Dr. J. W. Hunt has very kindly undertaken to give us an exhibition of simultaneous play, the details of which have to be arranged.

A Handicap Tourney will be commenced very shortly; entrance fee, 1s. Those Members desirous of entering are requested to give in their names at once.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director—MR. H. H. BURDETT.

Leader's photos will NOT be taken on Saturday next, the 5th inst., as was at first arranged. A further announcement will shortly be made.

F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

People's Palace Junior Section.

JUNIOR BEAUMONT CRICKET CLUB.

On Saturday, 28th inst., we played the Pioneer Cricket Club at Regent's Park, our opponents proving the victors: Beaumont Cricket Club, 37 for 7 wickets; Pioneer Cricket Club, 59 for 8 wickets.

T. J. SANDERSON, Hon. Sec.
J. FOCKNELL, Assist. Hon. Sec.

NOTE.—The Members of the Junior Section are requested to attend a General Meeting, at which Sir Edmund Hay Currie will preside, on Saturday next, at 8.30, in the room under the Library, to enter Members for the Harriers, Football and Ramblers' Clubs, and make other Club arrangements.

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.]

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN
ON WEDNESDAY, OCT. 2nd, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

VOCALIST:
MISS BLANCHE VAN HEDDEGHEM.

THE UNITY VOCAL QUARTET

(Under the Direction of Mr. VERNON LEE).

MR. VERNON LEE, MR. J. D. FITZGERALD,

MR. W. H. POCKLINGTON,

MR. WALTER SYCKELMOORE,

MR. W. H. WHEELER.

SOLO HARP—MISS MARY CHATTERTON.

SOLO PIANOFORTE—MISS BURGHEES

(Who will play on one of Messrs. Steinway & Sons' Concert Grand Pianofortes).

Musical Director to the People's Palace, Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

1. GLEE "Foresters, sound the cheerful horn" Sir H. R. Bishop.

THE "UNITY" VOCAL QUARTET.

Foresters, sound the cheerful horn
Hark to the woods away,
Diana with her nymphs this morn,
Will hunt the stag to bay.
At length return'd from healthful chase,
Let Bacchus crown the day;
While Venus, with seducing grace,
Shall all our toil repay.

2. SONG "Douglas Gordon" Kellie.

MISS BLANCHE VAN HEDDEGHEM.

"Row me o'er the strait, Douglas Gordon,
Row me o'er the strait, my love!" said she,
"Where we greeted in the summer, Douglas Gordon,
Beyond the little Kirk by the old, old trysting tree,"
Never a word spake Douglas Gordon,
But he looked into her eyes so tenderly,
And he set her at his side, and away across the tide,
They floated to the little Kirk, and the old, old trysting tree,
"Give me a word of love, Douglas Gordon,
Just a word of pity O my love!" said she,
"For the bells will ring to-morrow, Douglas Gordon,
My wedding bells, my love! but not for you and me.
They told me you were false Douglas Gordon,
And you never came to comfort me!"
And she saw the great tears rise,
In her lover's silent eyes,
As they drifted to the little Kirk,
And the old, old trysting tree.
"And its never, never, never Douglas Gordon
Never in this world that you may come to me,
But tell me that you love me Douglas Gordon,
And kiss me for the love that used to be!"
Then he flung away his sail, his oars, and rudder
And he took her in his arms so tenderly,
And they drifted on amain, and the bells may call in vain
For she and Douglas Gordon are drowned in the sea!

3. SONG "The Friar of Orders Gray" Reeve.

MR. WALTER SYCKELMOORE.

I am a Friar of Orders Grey,
And down the valley I take my way,
I pull not blackberry, haw, nor hip,
Good store of venison fills my scrip;
My long bead-roll I merrily chaunt,
Wherever I go no money I want.
And why I'm so plump, the reason I'll tell,
Who leads a good life is sure to live well;
What baron or squire, or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as the holy friar?
After supper of heaven I dream,
But that is fat pullets and clouted cream;
Myself by denial I mortify
With a dainty bit of a warden pie;
I'm clothed in a sackcloth for my sin,
With old sack wine I'm lined within.
A chirping cup is my matin song,
And the vesper bell is my bowl, ding! dong!
What baron or squire, or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar?

4. PIANOFORTE SOLO {Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2} .. Liszt

in C Sharp Minor

MISS BURGHEES.

5. SONG "Venetian Song" Tosti.

MR. VERNON LEE.

The night wind sighs our vessel flies
Across the dark lagoon,
The city sleeps and well she keeps
Her watch, the gentle moon;
For with her light she guides our flight,
Across the silver sea,
We are alone, the world my own
Doth hold but you and me.

The night is still, but soft winds fill
And swell the willing sail,
The wind is fair, the scented air
Brings perfume from the vale;
Then fly with me across the sea
And leave the world behind,
For here am I, to live or die,
As you prove hard or kind.

6. GLEE "Shall I Wasting in Despair" Hatton

THE "UNITY" VOCAL QUARTET.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die, because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?
Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well deservings, known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she meeker, kinder
Than turtle-dove or pelican;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve!
If she slight me when I woo,
I do scorn and let her go;
If she be not made for me,
What care I for whom she be?

7. SONG "The Heart Bow'd Down" Balfe.

MR. J. D. FITZGERALD.

The heart bow'd down by weight of woe,
To weakest hopes will cling;
To thoughts and impulse while they flow,
That can no comfort bring.
With those exciting scenes will blend
O'er pleasures pathway thrown,
But mem'ry is the only friend,
That grief can call its own.

The mind will in its worst despair
Still ponder o'er the past,
On moments of delight that were
Too beautiful to last.
Too long departed years extend,
Each vision with them flown,
But mem'ry is the only friend,
That grief can call its own.

8. HARP SOLO.

MISS MARY CHATTERTON.

9. GLEE "Crabbed Age and Youth" Stevens.

THE "UNITY" VOCAL QUARTET.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together,
Youth is full of pleasure,
Age is full of care.
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather,
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare:
Age I do abhor thee,
Youth I do adore thee;
O, my love, is young;
Age I do defy thee,
O sweet shepherd hie thee,
For methinks thou stayest too long.

10. SONG "Caller Herrin'" Lady Nairne.

MISS BLANCHE VAN HEDDEGHEM.

Wha'll buy caller herrin' ?
They're bonnie fish and hale-some farin' ;
Buy my caller herrin'
New drawn frae the Forth.
When ye were sleeping on your pillows,
Dreamt ye aught o' our pair fellows,
Darkling as they face the billows,
A' to fill our woven willows.

Caller herrin'.

An' when the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies clad in silk and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Toss their heads and screw their faces ;

Caller herrin'.

Woo neebor wives, come tent my tellin',
When the bonnie fish ye're sellin'
At a word be aye your dealin'
Truth will stand when a' things failin' ;

Caller herrin'.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?
There no brought here without brave darin',
Buy my caller herrin',
Ye little ken their worth,
Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?
O ye may ca' them vulgar farin' ;
Wives and mithers maist despairin'
Ca' them lives o' men.

Caller herrin'.

11. DUET "Friendship" Marzials.

MESSRS. WHEELER & POCKLINGTON.

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange the one to the other given;
My heart is his, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven.
His heart in me, keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him, his thoughts and senses guides;
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides.
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

12. PIANOFORTE SOLO "Home, Sweet Home" .. Thalberg.

MISS BURGHEES.

13. PART SONG "Sleep my sweet" Hatton.

THE "UNITY" VOCAL QUARTET.

Sleep, my sweet, my darling sweet,
I will watch the while
That no intruding step shall come
Near the slumber-isle.
I will chase the honey bee
Humming in his joy
Far away, my sweet from thee
Lest he should annoy,
And should break thy calm repose,
Or new sweets to sip,
Deeming it his favourite rose
Nestle on thy lip.

Sleep, my sweet, tho' here 'tis night,
Now thine eyes are hid,
And I'm longing for the light
Trembling 'neath each lid;
Soon thy dream will pass away,
Thou wilt ope thine eyes;
Ah! then 'twill be a golden day,
When two suns arise!
Sleep, my sweet, my darling sweet,
I will watch the while
Till, at last, thy fairy feet
Leave the slumber-isle.

14. SONG "I'm not myself at all" Lover.

MR. J. D. FITZGERALD.

I'm not myself at all, Molly, dear! Molly, dear!
I'm not myself at all;
Nothing caring, nothing knowing,
Sure, 'tis after you I'm going,
Faith, your shadow 'tis I'm growing,
Molly, dear! Molly, dear!
And, I'm not myself at all.
The other day, I went confessing,
And I asked the Father's blessing—
"But," says I "don't give me one entirely,
For I fretted so last year,
But the half of me is here—
So give the other half to Molly Brierly,"
Oh! I'm not myself at all.

Oh! I'm not myself at all, Molly, dear! Molly, dear!
My appetite's so small.
I once could pick a goose,
But my buttons is no use,
Faith, my lightest coat is loose,
Molly, dear! Molly, dear!
And, I'm not myself at all.
If thus it is I waste,
You'd better, love, make haste,
Before your lover's gone away entirely—
If you don't soon change your mind,
Not a bit of me you'll find,
And what 'ud you think of that, Molly Brierly?
Oh! I'm not myself at all.

Oh! my shadow on the wall, Molly, dear! Molly, dear!
Isn't like myself at all,
For, I've got so very thin—
That myself says, "Tisn't him,
But that purty girl, so slim, Molly, dear! Molly, dear!"
And, I'm not myself at all.
If thus I smaller grew,
All courting, love, of you,
'Tis you yourself should make up the deficiency—
So, just let Father Taaf,
Make you my better half,
And you will none the worse of the
Addition be.

Oh! I'm not myself at all.
I'll be not myself at all, Molly, dear! Molly, dear!
Till you my own I call.
Since a change o'er me there came,
Sure, you might change your name—
And, 'twould just come to the same.
Molly, dear! Molly, dear!
Oh! 'twould just come to the same.
For, if you and I were one,
All confusion would be gone,
And 'twould simplify the matter entirely;
And, 'twould save us so much bother,
When we'd both be one another—
So, listen, now, to rayson, Molly Brierly.
Oh! I'm not myself at all.

Better to Wait.

IT is always advisable to hear the end of a sentence. A literary man, for instance, once said to a lady,—
"Will you accept my hand—"
"Why," said the gushing maiden, "er—so sudden—so unexpected."
"Book on political economy?" proceeded the literary man, unmoved.
A similar story is told of another couple.
"How bright the stars are to-night," said he; "they are almost as bright as—"
"Oh, you flatter me!" she (expecting him to say "your eyes") interrupted.
"They were last night," he proceeded.

BEARS IN ALPINE ITALY.—A contributor to the *Scotsman* writes from Bergamo as follows:—The brown bear has almost vanished from Switzerland. Only in the Tyrol and some parts of the Engadine, where the creeping fur—the *Pinus pumilio*—offers a scarcely penetrable cover, is it yet to be found. In what is called Italian Switzerland, in the Bergamasque Alps, particularly, it is still, though at rare intervals, to be met with. The other day, shortly before dusk, near Mezzoldo, the brothers Paolo and Giuseppe Marieni, noted mountaineers and sportsmen, were apprised by a goat-herd that two bears were on the prowl in the locality called Valle Chinsa. They immediately took their rifles and started off in quest of the distinguished visitors. They soon came in sight of a fine she-bear, and a couple of well-placed shots in her hip and spine killed her outright. The other, a male, rather less formidable in stature, received one effective shot, and then rolled down the slope till he came to the brink of a precipice, and there he reclined at bay. The position was well chosen, for his assailants had to decide between the risk of themselves sliding over the precipice or of encountering the monster on his own ground. The thought of leaving him wounded, yet master of the situation, was not to be endured. Accordingly, Paolo Marieni, who had fired the shot, gradually and cautiously worked his way down to the bear, and, seizing one of his paws, tried to lay him on his back. But the animal had energy enough left to turn upon the sportsman and seize his leg between his teeth. The moment was a critical one. Another tug on the bear's part, and they would both have capsized over the precipice, but the sportsman had time to hit him several stunning blows on the snout, which made the barrel of his rifle break in his hand. The bear relaxed his hold of Paolo's leg, and almost immediately expired. With the assistance of some shepherds, the brothers Marieni had their two victims slung on poles and conveyed to Mezzoldo, the inhabitants of which turned out in force to welcome their fellow-townsmen.

The Minister's Black Veil.

A PARABLE.*

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE sexton stood in the porch of Milford meeting-house, pulling lustily at the bell-rope. The old people of the village came stooping along the street. Children with bright faces tript merrily besides their parents, or mimicked a graver gait, in the conscious dignity of their Sunday clothes. Spruce bachelors looked sidelong at the pretty maidens, and fancied that the Sabbath sunshine made them prettier than on weekdays. When the throng had mostly streamed into the porch, the sexton began to toll the bell, keeping his eye on the Reverend Mr. Hooper's door. The first glimpse of the clergyman's figure was the signal for the bell to cease its summons.

"But what has good Parson Hooper got upon his face?" cried the sexton in astonishment.

All within hearing immediately turned about, and beheld the semblance of Mr. Hooper, pacing slowly his meditative way towards the meeting-house. With one accord they started, expressing more wonder than if some strange minister were coming to dust the cushions of Mr. Hooper's pulpit.

"Are you sure it is our parson?" inquired Goodman Gray of the sexton.

"Of a certainty it is good Mr. Hooper," replied the sexton. "He was to have exchanged pulpits with Parson Shute, of Westbury; but Parson Shute sent to excuse himself yesterday, being to preach a funeral sermon."

The cause of so much amazement may appear sufficiently slight. Mr. Hooper, a gentlemanly person, of about thirty, though still a bachelor, was dressed with due clerical neatness, as if a careful wife had starched his band, and brushed the weekly dust from his Sunday's garb. There was but one thing remarkable in his appearance. Swathed about his forehead, and hanging down over his face, so low as to be shaken by his breath, Mr. Hooper had on a black veil. On a nearer view, it seemed to consist of two folds of crape, which entirely concealed his features, except the mouth and chin, but probably did not intercept his sight, farther than to give a darkened aspect to all living and inanimate things. With this gloomy shade before him, good Mr. Hooper walked onward, at a slow and quiet pace, stooping somewhat and looking on the ground, as is customary with abstracted men, yet nodding kindly to those of his parishioners who still waited on the meeting-house steps. But so wonder-struck were they, that his greeting hardly met with a return.

"I can't really feel as if good Mr. Hooper's face was behind that piece of crape," said the sexton.

"I don't like it," muttered an old woman, as she hobbled into the meeting-house. "He has changed himself into something awful, only by hiding his face."

"Our parson has gone mad!" cried Goodman Gray, following him across the threshold.

A rumour of some unaccountable phenomenon had preceded Mr. Hooper into the meeting-house, and set all the congregation astir. Few could refrain from twisting their heads towards the door; many stood upright, and turned directly about; while several little boys clambered upon the seats, and came down again with a terrible racket. There was a general bustle, a rustling of the women's gowns and shuffling of the men's feet, greatly at variance with that hushed repose which should attend the entrance of the minister. But Mr. Hooper appeared not to notice the perturbation of his people. He entered with an almost noiseless step, bent his head mildly to the pews on each side, and bowed as he passed his oldest parishioner, a white-haired great grand-sire, who occupied an arm-chair in the centre of the aisle. It was strange to observe, how slowly this venerable man became conscious of something singular in the appearance of his pastor. He seemed not fully to partake of the prevailing wonder, till Mr. Hooper had ascended the stairs, and showed himself in the pulpit, face to face with his congregation, except for the black veil. That mysterious emblem was never once withdrawn. It shook with his measured breath as he gave out the psalm; he threw its obscurity between him and the holy page, as he read the Scriptures; and while he prayed, the veil lay

* Another clergyman in New England, Mr. Joseph Moody, of York, Maine, who died about eighty years since, made himself remarkable by the same eccentricity that is here related of the Reverend Mr. Hooper. In his case, however, the symbol had a different import. In early life he had accidentally killed a beloved friend; and from that day till the hour of his own death, he hid his face from men.

heavily on his uplifted countenance. Did he seek to hide it from the dread Being whom he was addressing?

Such was the effect of this simple piece of crape, that more than one woman of delicate nerves was forced to leave the meeting-house. Yet perhaps the pale-faced congregation was almost as fearful a sight to the minister as his black veil to them.

Mr. Hooper had the reputation of a good preacher, but not an energetic one: he strove to win his people heavenward by mild, persuasive influences, rather than to drive them thither by the thunders of the Word. The sermon which he now delivered was marked by the same characteristics of style and manner as the general series of his pulpit oratory. But there was something, either in the sentiment of the discourse itself, or in the imagination of the auditors, which made it greatly the most powerful effort that they had ever heard from their pastor's lips. It was tinged, rather more darkly than usual, with the gentle gloom of Mr. Hooper's temperament. The subject had reference to secret sin, and those sad mysteries which we hide from our nearest and dearest, and would fain conceal from our own consciousness, even forgetting that the Omnipotent can detect them. A subtle power was breathed into his words. Each member of the congregation, the most innocent girl, and the man of hardened breast, felt as if the preacher had crept upon them, behind his awful veil, and discovered their hoarded iniquity of deed or thought. Many spread their clasped hands on their bosoms. There was nothing terrible in what Mr. Hooper said; at least, no violence; and yet, with ever tremor of his melancholy voice, the hearers quaked. An unsought pathos came hand in hand with awe. So sensible were the audience of some unwonted attribute in their minister that they longed for a breath of wind to blow aside the veil, almost believing that a stranger's visage would be discovered, though the form, gesture, and voice were those of Mr. Hooper.

At the close of the services the people hurried out with indecorous confusion, eager to communicate their pent-up amazement, and conscious of lighter spirits, the moment they lost sight of the black veil. Some gathered in little circles, huddled closely together, with their mouths all whispering in the centre; some went homeward alone, wrapt in silent meditation; some talked loudly, and profaned the Sabbath-day with ostentatious laughter. A few shook their sagacious heads, intimating that they could penetrate the mystery; while one or two affirmed that there was no mystery at all, but only that Mr. Hooper's eyes were so weakened by the midnight lamp as to require a shade. After a brief interval, forth came good Mr. Hooper also, in the rear of his flock. Turning his veiled face from one group to another, he paid due reverence to the hoary heads, saluted the middle-aged with kind dignity, as their friend and spiritual guide, greeted the young with mingled authority and love, and laid his hands on the little children's heads to bless them. Such was always his custom on the Sabbath-day. Strange and bewildered looks repaid him for his courtesy. None, as on former occasions, aspired to the honour of walking by their pastor's side. Old Squire Saunders, doubtless by an accidental lapse of memory, neglected to invite Mr. Hooper to his table, where the good clergyman had been wont to bless the food, almost every Sunday since his settlement. He returned, therefore, to the parsonage, and, at the moment of closing the door, was observed to look back upon the people, all of whom had their eyes fixed upon the minister. A sad smile gleamed faintly from beneath the black veil, and flickered about his mouth, glimmering as he disappeared.

"How strange," said a lady, "that a simple black veil, such as any woman might wear on her bonnet, should become such a terrible thing on Mr. Hooper's face!"

"Something must surely be amiss with Mr. Hooper's intellects," observed her husband, the physician of the village. "But the strangest part of the affair is the effect of this vagary, even on a sober-minded man like myself. The black veil, though it covers only our pastor's face, throws its influence over his whole person, and makes him ghost-like from head to foot. Do you not feel it so?"

"Truly do I," replied the lady; "and I would not be alone with him for the world. I wonder he is not afraid to be alone with himself!"

"Men sometimes are so," said her husband.

The afternoon service was attended with similar circumstances. At its conclusion the bell tolled for the funeral of a young lady. The relatives and friends were assembled in the house, and the more distant acquaintances stood about the door, speaking of the good qualities of the deceased, when their talk was interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Hooper

still covered with his black veil. It was now an appropriate emblem. The clergyman stepped into the room where the corpse was laid, and bent over the coffin to take a last farewell of his deceased parishioner. As he stopped, the veil hung straight down from his forehead, so that, if her eyelids had not been closed for ever, the dead maiden might have seen his face. Could Mr. Hooper be fearful of her glance, that he so hastily caught back the black veil? A person, who watched the interview between the dead and living, scrupled not to affirm, that, at the instant when the clergyman's features were disclosed, the corpse had slightly shuddered, rustling the shroud and muslin cap, though the countenance retained the composure of death. A superstitious old woman was the only witness of this prodigy. From the coffin, Mr. Hooper passed into the chamber of the mourners, and thence to the head of the staircase, to make the funeral prayer. It was a tender and heart-dissolving prayer, full of sorrow, yet so imbued with celestial hopes, that the music of a heavenly harp, swept by the fingers of the dead, seemed faintly to be heard among the saddest accents of the minister. The people trembled, though they but darkly understood him when he prayed that they, and himself, and all of mortal race, might be ready, as he trusted this young maiden had been, for the dreadful hour that should snatch the veil from their faces. The bearers went heavily forth, and the mourners followed, saddening all the street, with the dead before them, and Mr. Hooper in his black veil behind.

"Why do you look back?" said one in the procession to his partner.

"I had a fancy," replied she, "that the minister and the maiden's spirit were walking hand in hand."

"And so had I, at the same moment," said the other.

That night the handsomest couple in Milford village were to be joined in wedlock. Though reckoned a melancholy man, Mr. Hooper had a placid cheerfulness for such occasions, which often excited a sympathetic smile, where livelier merriment would have been thrown away. There was no quality of his disposition which made him more beloved than this. The company at the wedding awaited his arrival with impatience, trusting that the strange awe, which had gathered over him throughout the day, would now be dispelled. But such was not the result. When Mr. Hooper came, the first thing that their eyes rested on was the same horrible black veil which had added deeper gloom to the funeral, and could portend nothing but evil to the wedding. Such was its immediate effect on the guests, that a cloud seemed to have rolled duskiy from beneath the black crape, and dimmed the light of the candles. The bridal pair stood up before the minister. But the bride's cold fingers quivered in the tremulous hand of the bridegroom, and her death-like paleness caused a whisper, that the maiden who had been buried a few hours before, was come from her grave to be married. If ever another wedding were so dismal, it was that famous one, where they tolled the wedding knell. After performing the ceremony, Mr. Hooper raised a glass of wine to his lips, wishing happiness to the new-married couple, in a strain of mild pleasantry that ought to have brightened the features of the guests, like a cheerful gleam from the hearth. At that instant, catching a glimpse of his figure in the looking-glass, the black veil involved his own spirit in the horror with which it overwhelmed all others. His frame shuddered—his lips grew white—he spilt the untasted wine upon the carpet—and rushed forth in the darkness. For the Earth, too, had on her black veil.

The next day, the whole village of Milford talked of little else than Parson Hooper's black veil. That, and the mystery concealed behind it, supplied a topic for discussion between acquaintances meeting in the street and good women gossiping at their open windows. It was the first item of news that the tavern-keeper told to his guests. The children babbled it on their way to school. One imitative little imp covered his face with an old black handkerchief, thereby so affrighting his playmates that the panic seized himself and he well nigh lost his wits by his own waggery.

It was remarkable that of all the busybodies and impertinent people in the parish, not one ventured to put the plain question to Mr. Hooper, wherefore he did this thing. Hitherto, whenever there appeared the slightest call for such interference, he had never lacked advisers nor shown himself averse to be guided by their judgment. If he erred at all, it was by so painful a degree of self-distrust, that even the mildest censure would lead him to consider an indifferent action as a crime. Yet, though so well acquainted with this amiable weakness, no individual among his parishioners chose to make the black veil a subject of friendly remonstrance. There was a feeling of dread, neither plainly confessed nor carefully concealed, which

caused each to shift the responsibility upon another, till at length it was found expedient to send a deputation of the church, in order to deal with Mr. Hooper about the mystery, before it should grow into a scandal. Never did an embassy so ill discharge its duties. The minister received them with friendly courtesy, but became silent, after they were seated, leaving to his visitors the whole burthen of introducing their important business. The topic, it might be supposed was obvious enough. There was the black veil, swathed round Mr. Hooper's forehead, and concealing every feature above his placid mouth, on which, at times, they could perceive the glimmering of a melancholy smile. But that piece of crape, to their imagination, seemed to hang down before his heart, the symbol of a fearful secret between him and them. Were the veil but cast aside, they might speak freely of it, but not till then. Thus they sat a considerable time, speechless, confused, and shrinking uneasily from Mr. Hooper's eye, which they felt to be fixed upon them with an invisible glance. Finally, the deputies returned abashed to their constituents, pronouncing the matter too weighty to be handled, except by a council of the churches, if indeed, it might not require a general synod.

But there was one person in the village, unappalled by the awe with which the black veil had impressed all beside herself. When the deputies returned without an explanation, or even venturing to demand one, she, with the calm energy of her character, determined to chase away the strange cloud that appeared to be settling round Mr. Hooper, every moment more darkly than before. As his plighted wife, it should be her privilege to know what the black veil concealed. At the minister's first visit, therefore, she entered upon the subject with a direct simplicity, which made the task easier both for him and her. After he had seated himself, she fixed her eyes stedfastly upon the veil, but could discern nothing of the dreadful gloom that had so overawed the multitude: it was but a double fold of crape hanging down from his forehead to his mouth, and slightly stirring with his breath.

"No," said she aloud, and smiling, "there is nothing terrible in this piece of crape, except that it hides a face which I am always glad to look upon. Come, good sir, let the sun shine from behind the cloud. First lay aside your black veil; then tell me why you put it on."

Mr. Hooper's smile glimmered faintly.

"There is an hour to come," said he, "when all of us shall cast aside our veils. Take it not amiss, beloved friend, if I wear this piece of crape till then."

"Your words are a mystery too," returned the young lady. "Take away the veil from them, at least."

"Elizabeth, I will," said he, "so far as my vow may suffer me. Know, then, this veil is a type and a symbol, and I am bound to wear it ever, both in light and darkness, in solitude and before the gaze of multitudes, and as with strangers so with my familiar friends. No mortal eye will see it withdrawn. This dismal shade must separate me from the world: even you, Elizabeth, can never come behind it!"

"What grievous affliction hath befallen you," she earnestly inquired, "that you should thus darken your eyes for ever?"

"If it be a sign of mourning," replied Mr. Hooper, "I, perhaps, like most other mortals, have sorrows dark enough to be typified by a black veil."

"But what if the world will not believe that it is the type of an innocent sorrow?" urged Elizabeth. "Beloved and respected as you are, there may be whispers that you hide your face under the consciousness of secret sin. For the sake of your holy office do away this scandal!"

The colour rose into her cheeks, as she intimated the nature of the rumours that were already abroad in the village. But Mr. Hooper's mildness did not forsake him. He even smiled again—that same sad smile, which always appeared like a faint glimmering of light, proceeding from the obscurity beneath the veil.

"If I hide my face for sorrow, there is cause enough," he merely replied; "and if I cover it for secret sin, what mortal might not do the same!"

And with this gentle, but unconquerable obstinacy, did he resist all entreaties. At length Elizabeth sat silent. For a few moments she appeared lost in thought, considering, probably, what new methods might be tried, to withdraw her lover from so dark a fantasy, which, if it had no other meaning, was perhaps a symptom of mental disease. Though of a firmer character than his own, the tears rolled down her cheeks. But, in an instant, as it were, a new feeling took the place of sorrow: her eyes were fixed insensibly on the black veil, when, like a sudden twilight in the air, its terrors fell around her. She arose, and stood trembling before him.

"And do you feel it then at last?" said he mournfully.

She made no reply, but covered her eyes with her hand, and turned to leave the room. He rushed forward and caught her arm.

"Have patience with me, Elizabeth!" cried he passionately. "Do not desert me, though this veil must be between us here on earth. Be mine, and hereafter there shall be no veil over my face, no darkness between our souls! It is but a mortal veil—it is not for eternity! Oh! you know not how lonely I am, and how frightened, to be alone behind my black veil. Do not leave me in this miserable obscurity for ever!"

"Lift the veil but once, and look me in the face," said she. "Never! It cannot be!" replied Mr. Hooper.

"Then, farewell!" said Elizabeth. She withdrew her arm from his grasp, and slowly departed, pausing at the door, to give one long, shuddering gaze that seemed almost to penetrate the mystery of the black veil. But, even amid his grief, Mr. Hooper smiled to think that only a material emblem had separated him from happiness, though the horrors which it shadowed forth must be drawn darkly between the fondest of lovers.

From that time no attempt was made to remove Mr. Hooper's black veil, or by a direct appeal to discover the secret which it was supposed to hide. By persons who claimed a superiority to popular prejudice, it was reckoned merely an eccentric whim, such as often mingles with the sober actions of men otherwise rational, and tinges them all with its own semblance of insanity. But with the multitude, good Mr. Hooper was irreparably a bugbear. He could not walk the streets with any peace of mind, so conscious was he that the gentle and timid would turn aside to avoid him, and that others would make it a point of hardihood to throw themselves in his way. The impertinence of the latter class compelled him to give up his customary walk at sunset to the burial-ground; for when he leaned pensively over the gate, there would always be faces behind the gravestones, peeping at his black veil. A fable went the rounds, that the stare of the dead people drove him thence. It grieved him to the very depth of his kind heart, to observe how the children fled from his approach, breaking up their merriest sports, while his melancholy figure was yet afar off. Their instinctive dread caused him to feel more strongly than aught else, that a preternatural horror was interwoven with the threads of the black crape. In truth, his own antipathy to the veil was known to be so great, that he never willingly passed before a mirror, nor stooped to drink at a still fountain, lest, in its peaceful bosom, he should be affrighted by himself. This was what gave plausibility to the whispers that Mr. Hooper's conscience tortured him for some great crime too horrible to be entirely concealed, or otherwise than so obscurely intimated. Thus, from beneath the black veil, there rolled a cloud into the sunshine, an ambiguity of sin or sorrow which enveloped the poor minister, so that love or sympathy could never reach him. It was said that ghost and fiend consorted with him there. With self-shuddering and outward terrors, he walked continually in its shadow, groping darkly within his own soul, or gazing through a medium that saddened the whole world. Even the lawless wind, it was believed, respected his dreadful secret, and never blew aside the veil. But still good Mr. Hooper sadly smiled at the pale visages of the worldly throng as he passed by.

Among all its bad influences, the black veil had the one desirable effect of making its wearer a very efficient clergyman. By the aid of his mysterious emblem—for there was no other apparent cause—he became a man of awful power over souls that were in agony for sin. His converts always regarded him with a dread peculiar to themselves, affirming, though but figuratively, that, before he brought them to celestial light, they had been with him behind the black veil. Its gloom, indeed, enabled him to sympathise with all dark affections. Dying sinners cried aloud for Mr. Hooper, and would not yield their breath till he appeared: though ever, as he stooped to whisper consolation, they shuddered at the veiled face so near their own. Such were the terrors of the black veil, even when Death had bared his visage! Strangers came long distances to attend service at his church, with the mere idle purpose of gazing at his figure, because it was forbidden them to behold his face. But many were made to quake ere they departed! Once, during Governor Belcher's administration, Mr. Hooper was appointed to preach the election sermon. Covered with his black veil, he stood before the chief magistrate, the council, and the representatives, and wrought so deep an impression, that the legislative measures of that year were characterised by all the gloom and piety of our earliest ancestral sway.

In this manner Mr. Hooper spent a long life, irreproachable in outward act, yet shrouded in dismal suspicions; kind

and loving, though unloved, and dimly feared; a man apart from men, shunned in their health and joy, but ever summoned to their aid in mortal anguish. As years wore on, shedding their snows above his sable veil, he acquired a name throughout the New England churches, and they called him Father Hooper. Nearly all his parishioners, who were of mature age when he was settled, had been borne away by many a funeral: he had one congregation in the church, and a more crowded one in the churchyard; and having wrought so late into the evening, and done his work so well, it was now good Father Hooper's turn to rest.

Several persons were visible by the shaded candle-light in the death-chamber of the old clergyman. Natural connections he had none. But there was the decorously grave, though unmoved physician, seeking only to mitigate the last pangs of the patient whom he could not save. There were the deacons, and other eminently pious members of his church. There, also, was the Reverend Mr. Clark, of Westbury, a young and zealous divine, who had ridden in haste to pray by the bedside of the expiring minister. There was the nurse, no hired handmaiden of death, but one whose calm affection had endured thus long in secrecy, in solitude, amid the chill of age, and would not perish, even at the dying hour. Who but Elizabeth! And there lay the hoary head of good Father Hooper upon the death-pillow, with the black veil still swathed about his brow and reaching down over his face, so that each more difficult gasp of his faint breath caused it to stir. All through life that piece of crape had hung between him and the world: it had separated him from cheerful brotherhood and woman's love, and kept him in that saddest of all prisons, his own heart; and still it lay upon his face, as if to deepen the gloom of his darksome chamber, and shade him from the sunshine of eternity.

For some time previous, his mind had been confused, wavering doubtfully between the past and the present, and hovering forward, as it were, at intervals, into the indistinctness of the world to come. There had been feverish turns, which tossed him from side to side, and wore away what little strength he had. But in his most convulsive struggles, and in the wildest vagaries of his intellect, when no other thought retained its sober influence, he still showed an awful solicitude lest the black veil should slip aside. Even if his bewildered soul could have forgotten there was a faithful woman at his pillow, who, with averted eyes, would have covered that aged face, which she had last beheld in the comeliness of manhood. At length the death-stricken old man lay quietly in the torpor of mental and bodily exhaustion, with an imperceptible pulse, and breath that grew fainter and fainter, except when a long, deep, and irregular inspiration seemed to prelude the flight of his spirit.

The minister of Westbury approached the bedside. "Venerable Father Hooper," said he, "the moment of your release is at hand. Are you ready for the lifting of the veil, that shuts in time from eternity?"

Father Hooper at first replied merely by a feeble motion of his head; then, apprehensive, perhaps, that his meaning might be doubtful, he exerted himself to speak.

"Yea," said he, in faint accents, "my soul hath a patient weariness until that veil be lifted."

"And is it fitting," resumed the Reverend Mr. Clark, "that a man so given to prayer, of such a blameless example, holy in deed and thought, so far as mortal judgment may pronounce; is it fitting that a father in the church should leave a shadow on his memory that may seem to blacken a life so pure? I pray you, my venerable brother, let not this thing be! Suffer us to be gladdened by your triumphant aspect, as you go to your reward. Before the veil of eternity be lifted, let me cast aside this black veil from your face!"

And thus speaking, the Reverend Mr. Clark bent forward to reveal the mystery of so many years. But, exerting a sudden energy, that made all the beholders stand aghast, Father Hooper snatched both his hands from beneath the bed-clothes, and pressed them strongly on the black veil, resolute to struggle, if the minister of Westbury would contend with a dying man.

"Never!" cried the veiled clergymen. "On earth, never!"

"Dark old man!" exclaimed the affrighted minister, "with what horrible crime upon your soul are you now passing to the judgment?"

Father Hooper's breath heaved; it rattled in his throat; but, with a mighty effort, grasping forward with his hands, he caught hold of life, and held it back till he should speak. He even raised himself in bed, and there he sat, shivering with the arms of death around him, while the black veil

hung down, awful at that last moment, in the gathered terrors of a lifetime. And yet the faint, sad smile, so often there, now seemed to glimmer from its obscurity, and linger on Father Hooper's lips.

"Why do you tremble at me alone?" cried he, turning his veiled face round the circle of pale spectators. "Tremble also at each other! Have men avoided me, and women shown no pity, and children screamed and fled, only for my black veil? What, but the mystery which it obscurely typifies, has made this piece of crape so awful? When the friend shows his inmost heart to his friend; the lover to his best beloved; when man does not vainly shrink from the eye of his Creator, loathsomely treasuring up the secret of his sin; then deem me a monster, for the symbol beneath which I have lived, and die! I look around me, and, lo! on every visage a black veil!"

While his auditors shrank from one another in mutual affright, Father Hooper fell back upon his pillow, a veiled corpse, with a faint smile lingering on the lips. Still veiled, they laid him in his coffin, and a veiled corpse they bore him to the grave. The grass of many years has sprung up and withered on that grave, the burial-stone is moss-grown, and good Mr. Hooper's face is dust; but awful is still the thought that it mouldered beneath the Black Veil!

Swimming at the Palace.

THE ladies had a first-rate series of swimming competitions on Tuesday week, the report of which arrived too late for insertion in our last issue. Miss Elcho's pupils, however, acquitted themselves most creditably, and the Palace Ladies' Championship was won by Miss Annie Rawlings.

On Saturday afternoon and evening last, the Bath was extensively patronized, the occasion being, in the afternoon, a swimming competition, open to all the boys of the public elementary schools in the Tower Hamlets and Hackney divisions; and in the evening, one for lads under sixteen years of age residing in the same area. For both events, Mr. R. Wild officiated as starter, Mr. D. A. Low as judge, and Mr. A. G. Morrison as umpire. In the afternoon race the distance was two lengths, and the winners of heats in the second round were as follows:—Heat 1: E. Dellar, 1st; T. E. Turner, 2nd. Heat 2: A. Crawford, 1st; H. March, 2nd. Heat 3: S. Akers, 1st; S. Polyblank, 2nd. Heat 4: J. E. Clement 1st; F. Putt, 2nd. Heat 5: T. Pyner 1st; J. Hutchings, 2nd. Heat 6: C. Armstrong, 1st; S. Benjamin, 2nd. Heat 7: H. Mander, 1st; A. Parsons, 2nd. Heat 8: G. Wells, 1st; H. Isaacs, 2nd. Heat 9: W. Wilmott, 1st; S. Stunson, 2nd. Third Round.—Heat 1: J. E. Clement, 1st; H. March, 2nd. Heat 2: S. Akers, 1st; C. Armstrong, 2nd. Heat 3: T. Pyner, 1st; A. Crawford, 2nd. Heat 4: H. Mander, 1st; E. Dellar, 2nd. Fourth Round.—Heat 1: S. Akers, 1st; A. Crawford and H. March dead heat for second place. Heat 2: J. E. Clement, 1st; H. Mander, 2nd. Final Heat: H. Mander, 1st; J. E. Clement, 2nd; S. Akers, 3rd; H. March, 4th; A. Crawford, 5th.

In the evening event, which carried with it the title of champion amongst the youths of East London, the distance was four lengths, and the results were as follows:—First Round—Heat 1: E. C. Smith, 1st; H. C. Munsie, 2nd. Heat 2: D. Lewis, 1st; W. H. Last, 2nd. Heat 3: E. A. Maggs, 1st; W. Mahoney, 2nd. Heat 4: H. T. Bosanquet, 1st; G. T. Gray, 2nd. Heat 5: A. A. Nicholls, 1st; R. Wright, 2nd. Heat 6: J. H. Emerson, 1st; G. C. Bilbe, 2nd. Heat 7: C. Bliss, 1st; A. W. Watts, 2nd. Heat 8: W. S. Gales, 1st; W. H. Furneau, 2nd. Heat 9: P. Bull, 1st; F. J. Stone, 2nd. Heat 10: J. H. Regan, 1st; W. Daniels, 2nd. Heat 11: G. M. Neil, 1st; E. Thomas, 2nd. Heat 12: W. J. Bigg, 1st; M. H. McCaffrey, 2nd. Heat 13: C. W. Ireland, 1st; W. L. White, 2nd. Second Round.—Heat 1: E. Smith, 1st; E. Munsie, 2nd. Won by two yards. Heat 2: H. T. Bosanquet, 1st; G. T. Gray, 2nd. Won by a yard. Heat 3: H. Nicholls, 1st; J. H. Emerson, 2nd. Won by two yards. Heat 4: W. S. Gale, 1st; J. Furneau, 2nd. Won by a yard. Heat 5: J. H. Regan, 1st; W. Daniels, 2nd. Won by half a yard. Heat 6: G. M. Neil, 1st; W. L. White, 2nd. Won by two yards. Third Round.—Heat 1: J. H. Regan, 1st; G. M. Neil, 2nd. Won by two and a half yards. Heat 2: W. S. Gale, 1st; H. Munsie, 2nd. Won by a yard. Heat 3: S. Smith, 1st; W. Daniels, 2nd. Won by a yard. Fourth Round.—Heat 1: E. Smith, 1st; H. Munsie, 2nd. Won by two and a half yards. Heat 2: G. M. Neil, 1st; J. H. Regan, 2nd. Won by three yards. Final Heat: E. Smith, 1st; J. H. Regan, 2nd.; G. M. Neil, third; Munsie. Regan got slightly the best of the start, and was leading till entering

the third lap, when Smith grandly passed him and won by about five yards, Regan being about the same distance in front of Neil. Munsie retired in the second lap. Winner's time, 1 min. 46 secs. Smith's swimming was splendid throughout. The prizes will be distributed on October 9th.

People's Palace Social Dances.

ON Monday and Tuesday of last week two of those pleasant little dances were held, which were so popular last winter among the Members. Capital music and dancing filled the evening, and much enjoyment was extracted from the programme. Everything was done by the Members themselves, Mr. Walter Marshall being, as usual, a most efficient and painstaking Secretary. Miss Rosenway, of the Ramblers' Club, had charge of the ladies' cloak-room arrangements, assisted by Miss Rogers and Miss Hale, and although more than 300 cloaks were left with these ladies each evening, their amateur cloak-room keeping under heavy pressure never failed, and every lady recovered her own property without trouble. Messrs. Albu, A. and C. Bowman, Downing, Hulls, and H. Marshall, worked hard as stewards, and took good care of the gentlemen's cloak-room, while first-rate M.C.'s were found in Messrs. Rosenway, Clews, Deeley, Parish and Pyman. The only mishaps were that a lady mislaid a fan in the Queen's Hall, which she would like to find; and that a gentleman found somebody else's umbrella in the place where he expected to find his own, his separation from which is causing him some anxiety. Anybody or bodies who may have happened to come across the missing articles will greatly oblige the unfortunate owners by returning them to Mr. Walter Marshall.

Calendar of the Week.

October 3rd.—On this day, in 1691, was signed the famous Treaty of Limerick, which established William III. in sovereignty over Ireland as well as Great Britain.

October 4th.—Henry Carey, musician, died 1743, at London. Carey is by many upheld to be the composer of the National Anthem, and in "Sally in our Alley" has given us a simple ballad which will probably live as long as the English language. He died in great poverty.

October 5th.—Horace Walpole, born 1717, at Wareham, Dorsetshire.

October 6th.—On this day, in 1773, Louis Philippe was born at Paris. His political and regal career was a most instructive and varied one.

October 7th.—Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, born 1573, at Reading. Edgar Allan Poe, the half-mad genius of Baltimore, died 1849.

October 8th.—Nicola di Rienzi, Tribune of Rome, assassinated, 1354. Everyone will recollect him as hero of Lytton Bulwer's romance.

October 9th.—This is the day of St. Denis, properly named St. Dionysius, patron saint of France. He is said to have been beheaded during the persecution by Valerian, and to have subsequently picked up his head and taken it for a two miles' walk.

Data of History.

WHEN Leopold von Ranke began to collect facts for his history, a singular accident occurred in his native town. A bridge gave way one morning, and some persons were swept away in the current beneath. Von Ranke, who was absent at the time, on his return inquired into the details of the catastrophe.

"I saw the bridge fall," said one of his neighbours. "A heavy waggon had just passed over it and weakened it. Two women were on the bridge and a soldier on a white horse."

"I saw it fall," declared another, "but the waggon had passed over it two hours previously. The foot passengers were children, and the rider was a civilian on a black horse."

"Now," argued Von Ranke, "if it is impossible to learn the truth about an accident which happened at broad noon-day only twenty-four hours ago, how can I declare any fact to be certain which is shrouded in the darkness of ten centuries?"

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...	...	Tuesday	8.0-9.30	6 0
*Upholstery ...	Mr. G. Scarman	Monday	8.0-9.30	5 0
*Photography ...	Mr. H. Farmer	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Plumbing ...	Mr. G. Taylor	Monday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Cabinet Making ...	Mr. T. Jacob	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Filing, Fitting, Turning, Patn. Making & Mouldg. (Wh. 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	Tuesday	7.30-9.30	5 0
Cookery ...	Mrs. Sharman	Thursday	7.30-9.30	3 0
Practical	6.30-7.30	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

Science Classes.

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

Art and Design Classes

Are held at Essex House, Mile End Road.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Freehand & Model Draw.	...	Monday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Perspective Drawing ...	Mr. Arthur Legge	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Draw. from the Antique	Mr. A. H. G. Bishop	Thursday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Decorative Designing	Friday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Modelling in Clay, etc.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Etching ...	Mr. H. Costello	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Wood Carving ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Mon. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Reposé Work & Engv.	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.]	Tuesday	9.0-10.0	2 0
*Choral Society	Friday	7.30-10.0	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
Book-keeping—Elemen.	Thursday	9.0-10.0	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. —Adv. —Report.	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
French, Elementary ...	Mons. Pointin	Monday	9.0-10.0	4 0
" 2nd Stage	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Interme. 1st	9.0-10.0	4 0
" 2nd
" Elemen. 3rd
" Advanced
" Commrc. 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	0 0
(Class 2)	8.0-10.0	5 0
Writing ...	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 6
London University Exams. —Land Surveying and Levelling	Mr. W. Coleman	Friday	6.0-10.0	21 0
Ambulance—Nursing ...	Mr. F. C. Forth	Friday	7.30-8.30	20 0
Chess ...	Assoc. R. C. Sc. Dr. Stoker	Tuesday	3.30-5.30	...
...	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. Palmer	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. Liting, Instrument Making & Telegraphy	Mr. W. Slingo, A.I.E.E., and Mr. A. Brooker, Mdlst.	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
Frickwork and Masonry	Mr. A. Gronville	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 the Mathematics on payment of half fee.

Oct. 2, 1889.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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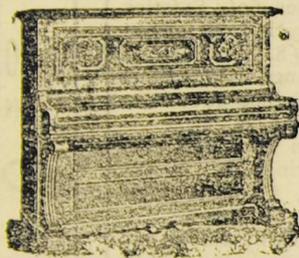
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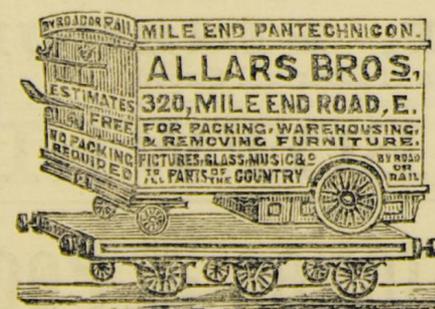
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