

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

Vol. V.—No. 105.]

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]

THE PALACE JOURNAL will be sent post free as soon as published to any address in the United Kingdom for 6/- a year, or 1/6 a quarter. Subscriptions must be prepaid. VOLUME III. is now ready, neatly bound in cloth, 4/6. Covers for binding, 1/6.

NOTICE.

CLASS TICKETS are issued every day in the Schools Office until 9 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 Schools Office.

Coming Events.

THURSDAY, Nov. 14th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

FRIDAY, Nov. 15th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Military Band Practice, at 7.45.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

SATURDAY, Nov. 16th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Junior Harriers.—Run.—Rambler's Club.—To the Temple.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.—Technical Schools' Rambling Club.—To Ilford.—Chess Club.—Dr. Hunt's Simultaneous Exhibition.—Choral Society.—Social Evening.—Technical Schools' Harriers.—Run.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 5.—Junior Football Club.—Match with Fairfield Road School.

SUNDAY, Nov. 17th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY, Nov. 18th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Sketching Club.—General Meeting at Essex House, at 7.45.

TUESDAY, Nov. 19th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 7.30.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in East Ante-room of Queen's Hall.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 20th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Students' Dance in Exhibition Building, at 8.—Entertainment in Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m. Evening Students admitted from 7; General Public from 7.30.

Organ Recitals,

On **SUNDAY NEXT, NOVEMBER 17th, 1889.**

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, AT 12.30, 4, AND 8 O'CLOCK.

ORGANIST—MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.,

Organist to the People's Palace.

At 4 o'clock, Organ Recital and Sacred Songs.

ADMISSION FREE.

Notes of the Week.

THE air is full of strikes. Some are just finished, some are beginning, some are in full blast, some are threatened. The working men are, of course, quite within their rights to strike if they please. Every man may take any lawful means to improve his condition, and surely there can be no way more simple than to say, "My price is so much; pay me that or you won't have me at all." At the same time, a strike is a wasteful way of settling a dispute. One would rather see the case referred to arbitration with the exhibition of open books. I suppose, however, that the reading about so many strikes was the cause of my getting a queer vision or dream, which came like the following.

I THOUGHT that everybody had struck, and that everybody had been successful. The bakers' wages had been doubled and their time halved: the dockers had got a shilling an hour extra: the lightermen had settled the night job business to their own complete satisfaction: the shoemakers, tailors, carpenters—everybody, had succeeded in getting increased pay after long and weary strikes, in which the women and children, worn and wasted with privation, had dropped by hundreds, and typhoid fever had carried off thousands. That, in fact, wages had risen all along the line, so that strikers were jubilant. Then I perceived that in spite of their joy there were murmurs that the new condition of things was worse than the old. For, first of all, the price of everything was gone up: bread was doubled: boots, clothes, furniture, rent (in consequence of the dearth of provisions), coals, every necessary of life, had increased in price a hundred per cent. Why? Because, if increased wages have to be paid an increased charge must be made. Master bakers, it seems, refused to produce bread at a loss: master tailors refused to go on, unless they could make a profit. Also, the value of capital having immensely gone down in consequence of decreased dividends, there was not half the bulk of trade at home. And, since things could no longer be produced at home at the same price as that charged by foreign houses, the whole of the export trade was lost. Therefore very few workmen were wanted—and those who were employed were no better off than before because prices had all gone up. The trade of London Port had all gone to Liverpool, Bristol, Glasgow, Newcastle, Hamburg, and Antwerp, because the ships could no longer pay the increased dock dues. Then angry voices rose, and this and that, and other reasons were alleged for the public misfortunes. But no one dared to tell the truth, which was that the men and their employers had treated each other like enemies instead of friends, and when the cry for higher wages arose the masters did not meet the men with open books, which showed they were making no more than a fair percentage on their capital and their own labour: and the men did not begin by demanding such a day's pay as would leave the masters that fair percentage. More I saw in my dream: how the masters had now ceased to regard the men as anything more than machines for work: how at the docks, instead of taking all in turn, they picked out the strongest and would not employ the others: and in all kinds of work they thought of nothing but how to get the most out of the men by driving work.

I do not pretend to a knowledge of political economy, but I confess that this dream startled me. In America, I am told, the relations of man and employer are habitually those of two natural enemies. This has never been the case in this country, even in the bad old days when Trades' Unions were regarded as criminal conspiracies. Always there has been, save under very exceptional circumstances, or some loyalty of

man to master, some kindness of master to man. Nay, it seems to me that society cannot continue, that a country is doomed to destruction or to revolution, when this kindly feeling can no longer exist. Therefore, I distrust above all things the formation of companies in the place of firms, because a company is governed by Board, and a Board knows nothing of its employes.

We were talking last week about the new African Company. Since then terrible news—more terrible than anything that has ever come from Africa, has arrived. Emin Pasha is entirely defeated, and is a fugitive. Dr. Peters is dead: the whole of Central Africa is handed over to the most fanatic Mohammedans in the world, and to the slaves. Now the horrible slave-trade will begin again with all its terrors of villages massacred, women and children driven down to the shore, slaves packed like sardines in the cruel dhows and carried across to Arabia, there to be sold and dispersed about the realms of Mohammed the Prophet. What are we to do? We cannot sit down and do nothing. I suppose we shall have to send out a fleet of fifty swift armed steamers and blockade the shore, so that when the slavers come down with their slaves they will not be able to embark them. But what will happen then to the miserable slaves? There is going to be trouble, very considerable trouble.

If it were not for the horrors practised by the slave-hunters we might let things go on, because a slave in Turkey or Persia is not in the least like a slave in the United States before the war. He is not despised on account of his black skin and his wool: he is treated as one of the family: if he is liable to be flogged, so is his master: he is simply a member of the household who cannot leave it.

VERY different is the lot of the negro in the Land of Freedom. He is no longer a slave: that is true: nobody therefore looks after him any longer. He is not allowed to go to a white man's hotel: he is not allowed to take a place in the theatre, except in the gallery: in the churches he is not allowed to take the Sacrament: in the Young Men's Christian Associations even, he is not allowed to become a member: and now they are proposing to take from him his vote. He is no longer to be considered a man at all. Everybody may vote in the States: the newly-arrived Italian, German, or Irishman, but not the educated negro. This is a queer outcome of the Civil War of 1861-65, which was waged almost entirely on behalf of the negro. Sometimes I am inclined to thank Heaven that I am a Briton. Certainly, like Mr. John Morley, I am ready to swear that I am "dead against" interfering with our institution of a limited sovereignty, where we have a figurehead who reigns but does not rule, who leads but does not command, and who is not changed at the cost of five millions' sterling every year, once in four years; and where a negro is not continually reviled and ill-treated on account of his colour.

A HUNDRED years ago the chrysanthemum was brought to these shores. It was really a hundred and twenty-five years ago, but we are now celebrating the centenary of this most beautiful flower. It was called chrysanthemum from the golden colour of its flowers—but what are they now? Gold, red, pink, every conceivable colour. They are of all colours and of all sizes. They turn the autumn into summer. They give the lie to the old talk about autumn's pale blossoms. Of all modern flowers they have been the most successfully cultivated. There are now actually seven hundred varieties, and the flower grows very well in London gardens, almost as well as the hollyhock and the sunflower.

It is a long time—twelve years—twenty years—since the discovery was made that sound and form have a correspondence—in other words that form can be produced by sound. Take a sheet of glass: sprinkle sand lightly over this: then draw the bow over the strings of a violin close to the glass. A vibration is set up and the sound arranges itself into distinct patterns. They are geometrical for the most part—circles and sections of circles as might be expected. This, I say, has been known for a long time. But now go to the Arts and Crafts Exhibition at the New Gallery and you will see a much more wonderful thing. A lady gifted with a very beautiful voice produces pictures by singing through a tube upon a prepared surface. These pictures are simply beyond all expression. Art cannot touch them: no pencil could produce them: no brush could imitate them. They are shells and serpents and flowers: they are groups of

bullrushes shaken by the wind: they are submarine forests: it is impossible to say what they are: but they possess a weird and wonderful beauty. And they show the connection between form and sound.

THIS, to my mind, is more wonderful than the pictures themselves. Beauty of form, of sound, of thought, then, is not a mere dream of the artist: it is a real created quality to be grasped by the senses. A lady who has a lovely voice sings, and lo! we are carried away: a piece of music is played, and our hearts fly upwards: this lady sings into a tube, and behold! her lovely notes are translated into curves, lines, and involutions of the most wonderful, the most amazing beauty. I know not yet what will come of this discovery, but I think that great and unexpected things may be a consequence.

THE Lord Mayor's Show is over, and I did not see it. Pity, because it was the 700th anniversary of the London mayoralty. Exactly seven hundred years ago, in the year 1189, Henry Fitz Alwyn was made Mayor—not Lord Mayor, if you please—there were no Lord Mayors until the first year of Edward III., and perhaps the title was not regularly adopted until the time of Richard III., that is the year 1482, or nearly three hundred years later. Dick Whittington was not Lord Mayor, but only Mayor of London. Gresham, however, was Lord Mayor. There was no show for many hundreds of years. One Sir John Norman first began the show, which was a water pageant, and no doubt very fine in the days when the Thames was the real thoroughfare of the city. When the water pageant ceased, the real spirit went out of the Lord Mayor's show. If I were an Alderman, I would send a deputation of showmen to Belgium to report upon the way they do the thing there, then we might get up a show worth looking at.

Two most important dinners have been given this week—so important that they have been chronicled in all the papers: so important that they have stood side by side, in big type, with such news as the Massacre of Peters, the Flight of Emin, and the great things which shake the world. One of them was given in honour of a shop which has sold soap for a hundred years.—Dear me! How very remarkable!—The other was given in honour of a showman,—Barnum by name—a person who has, for purposes of profit, been running circuses, shows, dwarfs, and giants about his native country for fifty years. They put a real live Lord in the chair, and his Lordship, or some other speaker at this Banquet, was good enough to refer to Barnum the showman as one of America's most distinguished sons. Really! What has America done of late that she should be thus treated? One of her most distinguished sons! And a showman! One of the most distinguished children of the greatest Republic that the world has ever seen! Play up for the showman, America's most distinguished son! Play up, Pandæon Pipes and drum!

EDITOR.

Royalty on the Stage.

IT may surprise some to learn that members of the English royal family have publicly taken part in a stage play. The play—Addison's *Cato*—was performed at Leicester House on January 4th, 1748, the characters of Portius, Juba, Marcia, and Lucia being played by the Prince of Wales, Prince Edward, Princess Augusta, and Princess Elizabeth. The training of the young performers, and the conduct of the rehearsals were undertaken by the famous Quin, who was afterwards pensioned by the King. We do not know what success attended the performance, but the contemplated production of *Lady Jane Grey* did not take place. Quin was elated at the honours conferred upon him, and when the King effectively delivered his first speech from the throne, he exclaimed, "Ay, I taught the boy to speak." Quin gained a great deal by royalty's favours, and his salary during the last season at Covent Garden Theatre was £1,000—a large income then for an actor.

ON a sign, over a store in a New England village, the following was painted: "Dry Goods; by John Bagster; Who Wishes to get Married." This sign drew all kinds of customers. The single ladies went as a matter of course, and the married men told their wives to go, under the impression that they could easily get good bargains out of such a great fool.

Palace Notes.

THE advent of the Phonograph in the People's Palace last Wednesday was a tremendous success. Between three and four thousand were present, and every one went away delighted. It was feared that a crush might take place, so hundreds were turned away when it was considered that the audience had reached fairly large proportions. These unfortunates, however, need not despair, as it has been arranged for Mr. Lewis Young to visit us again with Edison's wonderful instrument on the 8th January next. This is a date which should be made a note of.

TO-NIGHT we have a first-rate selection of humorous recitals, by Mr. Harland Lemon, a gentleman who has had the honour of delivering what we shall hear before royalty. There are not so many first-class reciters about that we can afford to miss an opportunity like this, and I quite anticipate a large gathering. There will be intervals of music.

NEXT Wednesday, Professor André will give us a very novel and amusing entertainment of magic and music.

THE following extracts from Miss James's report for October, to the Library Committee, will be read with some interest:—

"The Library re-opened on Saturday, the 28th September, and has been well attended since that date, excepting in the early morning, when very few persons avail themselves of the privilege of access to the paper stands. This being the case, it has been found expedient to alter the hour of opening to the public from 7.30 to 8 o'clock a.m.

"The number of persons admitted through the turnstiles has been 38,265, from October 1st to 31st. The number of books out during that time was 5,897, not including books out in boys' room on Sundays. The number of readers entered on the register has been 947. There has been a steady increase in the attendance of ticket-holders, as the following totals will show: first week, 1,162; second week, 1,219; third week, 1,318; fourth week, 1,442. The average Sunday attendance of ticket-holders has been 999. The books presented to the Library during the month numbered 204.

"Two more tables for readers have been added to the Library, owing to the great crush in the evenings."

THE St. John Ambulance Course of Lectures for Women will begin on Tuesday next, November 19th, at 8 o'clock, in the Lecture Hall, and the tickets for the whole course are to cost only a shilling.

THE second of the Student's Monthly Dances will take place next Wednesday, and, of course, will be a splendid success. This being so, I would draw special and particular attention to Mr. Marshall's notice under "Club Notes." Of course everybody benefitting by these pleasant festivities should be prepared to afford the thing some little practical support.

It will be noticed from the announcement of the Choral Society, under "Club Notes," that the repetition of the recent performance of the "Woman of Samaria" will take place on Sunday, the 1st of December, at four o'clock. On Saturday, the 23rd of November, Mr. Hollins' Benefit Concert will be given.

SUB-EDITOR.

To Copy from Common Ink.

ANY common black ink or writing fluid can be made into a good copying ink by adding some sugar or other saccharine matter to it.

To prepare it, dissolve an ounce of lump sugar in one pint and a half of writing fluid. Within five or six hours after writing letters or other documents with this prepared ink, they can be copied by pressure on damp unsized paper. If old writing be wet with a weak solution of sulphate of iron, to which a small portion of sugar syrup has been added, a faint reproduction can be taken with firm pressure upon unsized paper, with the result of rendering the original much paler than before, as this process simply dissolves the original ink used and transfers it.

To copy printing ink, damp the surface with a weak solution of acetate of iron and press on any paper of an absorbent nature.

Society and Club Notes.

[Club announcements should reach 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.

President—SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.

The Smoking Concerts in connection with the above club, which were a great success last winter, were resumed on Saturday last, in the swimming bath. The attendance of students was not very large, the attractions in the Queen's Hall, perhaps, accounting for this. The following gentlemen did everything they could to make the evening enjoyable: Messrs. Horace Hawkins, Arnold, Esmond, Notley, Enwood, C. A. Bowman, Turtle, and others. Mr. Tomlin's piano solo, "Love Dreamland's Waltz," was much appreciated, and Mr. Constable's presiding at the piano, added greatly to the evening's enjoyment.

It is proposed to hold the next Concert on Saturday week, in the swimming bath, when ladies are kindly invited. No smoking will be permitted. Those ladies and gentlemen who intend giving their services would greatly oblige by bringing their music.

T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

A General Meeting will be held this (Wednesday) evening, 13th inst., at 8.30 p.m., in the Lecture Hall, and will be followed by a Committee Meeting.

Students of the Palace desirous of joining the club are requested to bring their vouchers, and old members are also invited to attend.

Saturday next, 16th, we visit Knight Templar's Hall, and Temple Church, meeting at the Fleet Street end of Chancery Lane, at 3 p.m.

A. MCKENZIE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHESS CLUB.

Subscription:—3s. per annum, or 1s. per quarter; member's meet on Tuesday and Saturday, from 7 p.m., in the East Anteroom; entrance through the Library.

On Saturday next, Dr. Hunt will play twenty games simultaneously. Play to commence at 8 o'clock. We hope to see a good muster on that occasion. Visitors are invited.

Entries for the Handicap Tourney will close on 16th inst.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

STUDENTS' MONTHLY DANCES.

The next Dance will be held next Wednesday, 20th inst., commence at 8 p.m. sharp. Admittance by class ticket only. Though 300 Students took advantage of the dance last month, only 92 bought programmes, so that instead of paying for itself the dance showed a deficit. As the Trustees have no funds at their disposal to bear the loss on these dances, it is absolutely necessary, if they are to be continued, that those who take advantage of the dance should, in common fairness, purchase a programme. Some scores of the Students find amusement by watching, and to them I would suggest the value of supporting the dance by buying a list of dances. I am compelled to mention, that unless the dances are self-supporting the series will be discontinued, and with it, of course, the Christmas dances in the Queen's Hall. I hope no Student will forget the dance next Wednesday, 8 till 11, in the Exhibition Buildings. The programmes will be threepence each, and can be obtained from the Stewards the same evening.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

The first Social Evening of the season will be held on Saturday next, November 16th, in the Exhibition Buildings, when the gentlemen of the Orchestral Society will join us. A small charge will be made for programmes to defray expenses.

We meet as usual on Friday at 8 o'clock, and on Tuesday, ladies at 7.30, and gentlemen at 8.45.

Each member is requested to take a copy of the music in preparation, or, if they do not, to let Mr. Thomas know, otherwise they are held responsible for it. Members are also requested to return any other music they may have.

We shall repeat our performances of the "Woman of Samaria," on Sunday, December 1st, at 4 o'clock.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—We shall have vacancies for contraltos, tenors, and basses, and are now studying "Samson," "Stabat Mater," Glees, &c.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS'
RAMBLING CLUB.

VISIT TO THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW

Left turn! forward! Were the words of command given to twenty-eight of our Ramblers, accompanied by six of the Harriers, who had lined up two deep at the top of the stairs at Fenchurch Street Station. Although the streets were crowded, the boys managed to keep their line fairly well; occasionally it was broken into, but from no fault of the boys. We marched down Fenchurch Street, Lombard Street, and across to the Mansion House, up Cheapside, and on entering Newgate Street, we saw a procession with banners and flags crossing at the end; thinking this was part of the show and that we were late, the order to "double" was given, this frightened a few nervous people, who thought a panic had taken place, and resulted in their making way for us. It may have been that they thought we were part of the procession; let that be as it may, we gained a good sight of what was to be seen, which we found out afterwards was only a few going to join the others at the Guildhall. We next followed a part of the route, and were much amused and interested at the sight of the shop windows, usually stored with goods, now crowded with ladies dressed in all colours of the rainbow. We finally took our stand opposite St. Paul's, on the kerb stone of the pavement, where we resolutely stood and resisted all attacks from the surging mob. Feeling hungry we dispatched two boys for food, and shortly afterwards each of the thirty-four boys was busily devouring a bun and a jam tart. While waiting nearly an hour, much fun was seen, but more was in store, as the show was sighted, and the solution of the difficult problem had begun, of how the immense crowds in the middle of the road could be cleared to allow the procession to pass. Three mounted police led the way, one in the centre to split the crowd, and one on either side, advancing sideways, their horse's heads turned to the centre, wedging the people to the sides, just as a double road sweeping machine with the brushes at an angle sweeps the mud into the gutter. This would have hindered our view, only fortunately the curb of the pavement was high. The chief features in the procession which interested the boys were the groups illustrating the sports and pastimes of Old England. The hawking party, keepers bearing hawks on perches, followed by ladies and gentlemen dressed in Old English costume, shooting at the butts, archers practising with crossbows, tilting at the ring, the May tree decked with flowers, the Queen of Beauty and her maids of honour, ladies and gentlemen with spears going "pig sticking," the Lord of Misrule, the King of Wisdom, a boy of jesters with baubles and bladders, and the bagpipes, all of which the boys thoroughly enjoyed. Then came the procession of the Sheriffs, Aldermen, City Marshall, and lastly, the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, in the state carriage, attended by his chaplain, sword and mace bearers. Having seen the procession, which took a little over half-an-hour to pass us, we proceeded homeward through the crowded streets. We found it necessary, in order to keep our party together, not only to link arms as we had done before, but also to catch hold of the coat tails of those in front, thus making it impossible to lose the leader if all kept their hold. Notwithstanding these ingenious devices, three or four managed to lose themselves, or at any rate to get detached from the main body.—Next week we propose visiting Ilford, and seeing over some paper mills, and the Britannia Dry Plate Works.

A deputation from the Members waited on the Committee, and asked for printed rules and a card of membership. The Committee stated that they would put their request on the Agenda for the next Committee Meeting, when it should have their full and careful consideration, and if the Committee met it favourably they would draw up the same, to be submitted for their (the Members) approval.

A. Fryer has been elected on the Committee in place of W. Wallis, who has resigned, being unable to attend the meetings. The following new Members have been enrolled this week:—J. Eve, A. W. Wild, J. Cairns, G. Mitchell, A. Welsh, F. W. Taylor, F. Dalton, Higgins, Castagnola, H. Pattison, Sawle.

A. W. B.

SKETCHING CLUB.

A General Meeting of the old and new Sketching Clubs is to be held at Essex House on Monday next, November 18th, at 7.45, to consider the question of amalgamation, and arrange as to the winding up of the old club. Members of both the old and new clubs are requested to attend.

ARTHUR LEGGE, Art Master.

People's Palace Junior Section.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL CLUB.

Match with Broad Street, Ratcliff, Football Club. We played the above club on our ground last Saturday afternoon, the result being a victory for the visitors by 4 goals to 2.

Team: Hardwick (goal); Turpin and Loudon (backs); Morton Clement, Latilla (half-backs); Newport, Stevens, McCardle, Lake-man, Gurr (forwards). Next Saturday, we play Fairfield Road Board School.

L. G. L.

JUNIOR RAMBLERS.

Our ramble on Saturday was to the Old Roman Bath in the Strand. Meeting at the Bank, we proceeded by way of Queenhithe and Temple Lane to the Strand, going this way to avoid the crowds of people that thronged the streets to see the Lord Mayor's Show. On reaching the Strand, we were taken at once to our destination. The bath is supposed to be of enormous age, and was discovered by the Earl of Essex, before whose time it had been used as a boathouse. The water that fills it comes direct from Hampstead Heights, not through any pipes, but simply through the earth: it is built of curious Roman bricks, 14½ inches long, 9½ wide, and is some 5 feet deep. Close to it is a plunge bath, built of white marble, which was formerly used by Queen Elizabeth, and having in our own days been patronised by Charles Dickens. This proved a most interesting ramble, and we should advise those who have not seen it to lose no time in doing so.

L. G. L.

A Dummy Arrested.

IN "Recollections of Paul Bedford," we are told that during a provincial tour of the celebrated Adelphi company in "Jack Sheppard," the cast of which included Mrs. Keeley, Mr. Yates, Wright, Paul Bedford, etc., a very ludicrous incident happened *en route*. They used to play, as a "curtain-raiser," a farce entitled "Deeds of Dreadful Note," and in the piece a dummy performed—in dumb show, of course—a prominent part. This dummy was life-size, and to conceal it from curious observation, it was enclosed in a capacious bag that entirely extinguished the figure. But once in the hurry of packing at Newcastle, the bag was mislaid, and the only substitute at hand was a potato sack, which just reached the neck of the figure, leaving the head exposed to view, and in that state it was deposited in the luggage van. The company had to change trains between Newcastle and York, and as the York train was about to start, our anxious manager inquired if the luggage was all right, adding, "Where is the Victim?" and looking into the van, found that the dummy had disappeared. In his despair, he instructed Lyon to rush to the other train and endeavour to recover the lost one. Lyon succeeded, and throwing the sack across his shoulder, trotted along the platform, to the great horror and dismay of the passengers, whose heads were thrust out of the carriage windows in wonder and amazement; for, be it understood, the head of the "Victim" hung behind the figure of Lyon, and at every step the agile bearer took, the head of the figure wobbled up and down; consequently, the lookers-on took the actors for a gang of body-snatchers.

Arrived at York, they housed at Eldridge's Royal Hotel, and during dinner the waiter entered in consternation and whispered something in the ear of the chief, who said: "Tell him to come in."

In he came. It was the Chief Inspector of Police, and he displayed in his right hand a paper, and said:

"Gentleman, I don't wish to be unpleasant, but when you have done dining I must ask you to accompany me. This is my warrant from the Lord Mayor to arrest you as a set of body-snatchers."

A roar of laughter greeted this speech of the "man in blue." The dummy was sent for, and was duly and formally introduced to the constable, who of course joined in the general hilarity, and offered all sorts of apologies; and after being invited to take a glass of wine, the emissary of the Lord Mayor withdrew.

A MAN who keeps a livery-stable had a mule for sale, and hearing that a friend in town wanted to buy one, he sent him the following, written on a post-card: "Dear Friend,—If you are looking for an AI mule, don't forget me.—Yours," etc.

JUDGE: "If, as you say, you found this woman so violent and headstrong even during the engagement, why did you marry her?" Abused Husband (meekly): "I—I didn't marry her. She married me."

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN

ON SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16th, 1889,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

HANDEL'S ORATORIO,

JUDAS MACCABÆUS,

TO BE GIVEN BY

The Popular Musical Union.

President—THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, K.G.

Vice-President—H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF FIFE.

Hon. Musical Director—LEO F. SCHUSTER, Esq.

VOCALISTS:

MISS MARGARET HOARE. MISS BAYLEY.

MISS FLORENCE HOSKINS. MR. CHARLES WADE.

MR. BERTRAM LATTER.

CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA OF THE POPULAR
MUSICAL UNION.

CONDUCTOR - - MR. W. HENRY THOMAS.

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

ARGUMENT.

Lamentations for the death of Mattathias (the father of Judas Maccabæus and Simon), by whom the Jewish people had been roused to resist the cruelties and oppressions of Antiochus Epiphanes, the Syrian King, in his attempt to suppress their religion and liberties.—The divine favour revoked.—Judas recognised as leader.—Appeal to the patriotism of the people, and their response.—The value of liberty.—Preparations for war.—Pious trust in God, and heroic resolve to conquer or die.—Celebration of the victories gained over the armies of Appolonius the Governor of Samaria, and Seron, the Deputy-Governor of Cælesyria; and the valour of Judas.

Renewal of war by a division of the Syrian army from Egypt, under Gorgias, and the despondency it occasions amongst the Israelites.—Judas again arouses the failing courage of his people, and they set out to meet the enemy.—Those who remain behind utter their detestation of the Heathen Idolatries, by which the Sanctuary at Jerusalem had been desecrated, and their determination only to worship the God of Israel.—Feast of the dedication at Jerusalem, after Judas and his followers had recovered and restored the Sanctuary, and re-established the liberties of his country.—Return of Judah from his final victory over Nicanor and his confederates.—Celebration of peace, and national thanksgiving.

PART I.

OVERTURE.

SCENE.—*Modin*.

ISRAELITES, *Men and Women lamenting the death of MATTATHIAS, Father of JUDAS MACCABÆUS.*

CHORUS.

Mourn, ye afflicted children, the remains
Of captive Judah, mourn in solemn strains;
Your sanguine hopes of liberty, give o'er;
Your hero, friend, and father is no more.

RECIT.—*Simon*.

Not vain is all this storm of grief,
To vent our sorrows gives relief.
Wretched indeed; but let not Judah's race
Their ruin, with desponding arms, embrace;

Distractful doubt, and desperation,
Ill become the Chosen Nation,
Chosen by the great I AM,
The Lord of Hosts, who, still the same,
We trust will give attentive ear
To the sincerity of pray'r.

AIR.—*Israelitish Woman*.

Pious orgies, pious airs,
Decent sorrow, decent pray'rs,
Will to the Lord ascend, and move
His pity, and regain his love.

CHORUS.

O Father, whose Almighty pow'r
The heav'ns, and earth, and seas adore,
The hearts of Judah, Thy delight,
In one defensive band unite,
And grant a leader bold and brave,
If not to conquer, born to save.

RECIT. ACCOMPANIED.—*Simon*.

I feel the Deity within,
Who, the bright Cherubin between,
His radiant glory erst display'd.
To Israel's distressful pray'r
He hath vouchsaf'd a gracious ear,
And points out Maccabæus to their aid.
Judas shall set the captive free,
And lead us on to victory.

AIR.

Arm, arm, ye brave; a noble cause,
The cause of Heav'n, your zeal demands;
In defence of your nation, religion, and laws,
The Almighty Jehovah will strengthen your hands.

CHORUS.

We come, we come in bright array,
Judah, thy sceptre to obey.

RECIT.—*Judas*.

'Tis well, my friends; with transport I behold
The spirit of our fathers, famed of old
For their exploits in war;—Oh, may their fire
With active courage you, their sons, inspire;
As when the mighty Joshua fought,
And those amazing wonders wrought,
Stood still, obedient to his voice, the sun,
Till kings he had destroy'd, and kingdoms won.

AIR.

Call forth thy pow'rs, my soul, and dare
The conflict of unequal war:
Great is the glory of the conquering sword
That triumphs in sweet liberty restor'd.

DUET.

[Come ever-smiling Liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund train
For thee we pant and sigh, for thee
With whom eternal pleasures reign.]

CHORUS.

Lead on, lead on, Judah disdains
The galling load of hostile chains.

RECIT.—*Judas*.

So will'd my Father, now at rest
In the eternal mansions of the blest:
"Can ye behold," said he, "the miseries
"In which the long-insulted Judah lies?
"Can ye behold their dire distress,
"And not, at least, attempt redress?"
Then faintly, with expiring breath,
"Resolve, my Sons, on liberty or death."

Accompanied.

We come, O see, thy sons prepare
The rough habiliments of war,
With hearts intrepid and revengeful hands,
To execute, O Sire, thy dread commands.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Disdainful of danger, we'll rush on the foe,
That thy pow'r, O Jehovah, all nations may know.

RECIT.—Judas.

Haste we, my brethren, haste we to the field,
Dependant on the Lord, our strength and shield.

CHORUS.

Hear us, O Lord, on thee we call,
Resolv'd on conquest, or a glorious fall.

SCENE.—The same.

The ISRAELITES celebrating the return of JUDAS from the victories
over APPOLLONIUS and SERON.

CHORUS.

Fall'n is the foe; so fall thy foes, O Lord,
Where warlike Judas wield his righteous sword.

RECIT.—Israelitish Woman.

Well may we hope our freedom to receive,
Such sweet transporting joys thy actions give.

DUET AND CHORUS.

Sion now her head shall raise,
Tune your harps to songs of praise.

RECIT.—Israelitish Woman.

O let eternal honours crown his name,
Judas, first Worthy in the rolls of fame;
Say, "He put on the breast-plate as a giant,
"And girt his warlike harness about him.
"In his acts he was like a lion,
"And like a lion's whelp roaring for his prey."

AIR.

From mighty kings he took the spoil,
And with his acts made Judah smile.
Judah rejoiceth in his name,
And triumphs in her hero's fame.

DUET AND CHORUS.

Hail, hail, Judea, happy land!
Salvation prospers in his hand.

PART II.

RECIT.—Judas.

[Thanks to my brethren: but look up to Heav'n!
To Heav'n let all glory all praise be giv'n;
To Heav'n give your applause, nor add the second cause,
As once your fathers did in Midian,
Saying, "The sword of God and Gideon."
It was the Lord that for his Israel fought,
And this our wonderful salvation wrought.]

AIR.

[How vain is man who boasts in fight
The valour of gigantic might,
And dreams not that a hand unseen
Directs and guides this weak machine.]

ENTER AN Israelitish Messenger.

RECIT.—Messenger.

O Judas, O my brethren!
New scenes of bloody war
In all their horrors rise.
Prepare, prepare,
Or soon we fall a sacrifice
To great Antiochus: From th' Egyptian coast
(Where Ptolomy hath Memphis and Pelusium lost)
He sends the valiant Gorgias, and commands
His proud victorious bands
To root out Israel's strength, and to erase
Ev'ry memorial of the sacred place.

RECIT.—Simon.

Be comforted—Nor think these plagues are sent
For your destruction, but for chastisement.
Heav'n oft in mercy punisheth, that sin
May feel its own demerits from within,
And urge not utter ruin—Turn to God,
And draw a blessing from his iron rod.

AIR.

The Lord worketh wonders
His glory to raise,
And still as he thunders,
Is fearful in praise.

RECIT.—Judas.

My arms! against this Gorgias will I go.
The Idumean Governor shall know
How vain, how ineffectual his design,
While rage his leader, and Jehovah mine.

AIR.

Sound an alarm—your silver trumpets sound,
And call the brave, and only brave around.
Who listeth, follow—to the field again—
Justice, with courage, is a thousand men.

CHORUS.

We hear, we hear the pleasing dreadful call;
And follow thee to conquest—if to fall,
For laws, religion, liberty, we fall.
[Exit Judas with the Army.]

RECIT.—Israelitish Man.

[Ye worshippers of God!
Down, down with the polluted altars, down;
Hurl Jupiter Olympus from his throne,
Nor reverence Bacchus with his ivy crown
And ivy wreathed rod!
Our fathers never knew him, or his hated crew,
Or, knowing, scorn'd such idle vanities.]

Israelitish Woman.

No more in Sion let the virgin throng,
Wild with delusion, pay their nightly song
To Ashtoreth, yclep'd the Queen of Heaven;
Hence to Phœnicia be the goddess driv'n;
Or be she, with her priests and pageants, hurl'd
To the remotest corner of the world;
Ne'er to delude us more with pious lies.

AIR.

Wise men, flatt'ring, may deceive you
With their vain mysterious art;
Magic charms can ne'er relieve you,
Nor can heal the wounded heart.
But true wisdom can relieve you,
Godlike wisdom from above;
This alone can ne'er deceive you,
This alone all pains remove.

DUET.—Israelitish Woman.

O never, never bow we down
To the rude stock, or sculptur'd stone:
But ever worship Israel's God,
Ever obedient to his awful nod.

CHORUS.

We never, never will bow down
To the rude stock, or sculptur'd stone
We worship God, and God alone.

SCENE—Mount Sion.

ISRAELITISH PRIESTS, etc., having recovered the Sanctuary.

AIR.—Priest.

Father of Heav'n, from thy eternal throne,
Look with an eye of blessing down,
While we prepare, with holy rites,
To solemnize the Feast of Lights.
And thus our grateful hearts employ,
And in thy praise
This altar raise
With carols of triumphant joy.

RECIT.—Israelitish Woman.

O grant it, Heav'n, that our long woes may cease,
And Judah's daughters taste the calm of peace;
Sons, brothers, husband, to bewail no more,
Tortur'd at home, or haycock'd in the war.

AIR.

So shall the lute and harp awake,
And sprightly voice sweet descant run,
Seraphic melody to make,
In the pure strains of Jesse's Son.

RECIT.—Israelitish Messenger.

[From Capnarsalama, on eagle wings I fly,
With tidings of impetuous joy!
Came Lysias, with his host array'd
In coat of mail; their massy shields
Of gold and brass flash'd lightning o'er the fields,
While the huge tow'r-back'd elephant display'd
A horrid front; but Judas, undismay'd,
Met, fought, and vanquish'd all the rafeul train.
Yet more, Nicanor lays with thousands slain;
The blasphemous Nicanor, who defied
The living God, and in his wanton pride
A public monument ordained
Of victories yet ungained.
But lo! the conqueror comes; and on his spear,
To dissipate all fear,
He bears the vaunter's head and hand,
That threaten'd desolation to the land.]

SCENE—Near Jerusalem.

ISRAELITISH YOUTHS AND MAIDENS meeting JUDAS on his return
from the victory over NICADOR.

SEMI-CHORUS.

See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Sports prepare, the laurels bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.
See the godlike youth advance,
Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance:
Myrtle wreaths and roses twine,
To deck the hero's brow divine.

CHORUS.

See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Sports prepare, the laurels bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

A MARCH.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

Sing unto God, and high affections raise,
To crown this conquest with unmeasur'd praise.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17th, 1889.

AT 12.30.—ORGAN RECITAL.

ORGANIST - MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.,
Organist to the People's Palace.

- 1. Allegretto in B minor Guilmant.
- 2. Fantasie and Finale (Sonata, No. 10) Rheinberger.
- 3. "Angels ever bright and fair" Handel.
- 4. Berceuse Spinney.
- 5. Marche Triomphale Archer.
- 6. Prayer "Temple ouvre-toi" Gounod.
- 7. Organ Piece on "Ite missa est" Lemmens.

AT 4.—ORGAN RECITAL & SACRED CONCERT

ORGANIST - MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.,
Organist to the People's Palace.

VOCALISTS:

MISS AMANDA IRA ALDRIDGE.
MR. JOHN AMBROSE.

- 1. LARGHETTO in B flat Merkel.
- 2. AIR "Honour and Arms" Handel.
MR. JOHN AMBROSE.
Honour and arms, scorn such a foe,
Tho' I could end thee at a blow,
Poor victory to conquer thee,
Or glory in thy overthrow.
Vanquish a slave that is half slain?
So mean a triumph I disdain.
Honour and arms, scorn such a foe,
Tho' I could end thee at a blow,
Poor victory to conquer thee,
Or glory in thy overthrow.
- 3. FANTASIA Silas.
- 4. AIR "O thou that tellest" (Messiah) .. Handel.
MISS AMANDA IRA ALDRIDGE.

Recit.

Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call
His name Emmanuel; God with us.

Air.

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the
high mountain.
O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice
with strength! Lift it up, be not afraid. Say unto the cities of
Judah, behold your God. O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion,
arise; shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen
upon thee.

- 5. POSTLUDE Tours.
- 6. ARIA "Pro Peccatis" Rossini.
MR. JOHN AMBROSE.
Pro Peccatis suae gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum.
Vidit suum dulcem natum
Morientem desolatum
Dum emicit spiritum.
- 7. PASTORALE Wely.
- 8. AIR "God shall wipe away all tears" .. Sullivan.
(The light of the world)
MISS AMANDA IRA ALDRIDGE.

The Lord is risen; He will dwell with men, and they shall
be His people!
And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.
There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying,
neither shall there be any more pain.
For the former things are passed away.
Behold I make all things new, saith the Lord.

- 9. MARCH (OP. 145) Merkel.

AT 8.—ORGAN RECITAL.

ORGANIST - MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.,
Organist to the People's Palace.

- 1. Concerto, No. 6 Handel.
- 2. The Righteous shall enter (from Oratorio "Death
and Life") Gounod.
- 3. Postlude in E flat Wely.
- 4. Vesper Bells Spinney.
- 5. Toccata in F Bach.
- 6. God shall wipe away all tears (from the "Light of
the World") Sullivan.
- 7. March Scotson Clark.

The May-pole at Merry Mount.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

There is an admirable foundation for a philosophic romance, in the curious history of the early settlement of Mount Wollaston, or Merry Mount. In the slight sketch here attempted, the facts recorded on the grave pages of our New England annalists, have wrought themselves, almost spontaneously, into a sort of allegory. The masques, mummeries, and festive customs, described in the text, are in accordance with the manners of the age. Authority on these points may be found in Strutt's Book of "English Sports and Pastimes."

BRIGHT were the days at Merry Mount when the May-pole was the banner-staff of that gay colony! They who reared it, should their banner be triumphant, were to pour sunshine over New England's rugged hills, and scatter flower-seeds throughout the soil. Jollity and gloom were contending for an empire. Midsummer eve had come, bringing deep verdure to the forest, and roses in her lap, of a more vivid hue than the tender buds of spring. But May, or her mirthful spirit, dwelt all the year round at Merry Mount, sporting with the summer months, and revelling with autumn, and basking in the glow of winter's fireside. Through a world of toil and care, she flitted with a dreamlike smile, and came hither to find a home among the lightsome hearts of Merry Mount.

Never had the May-pole been so gaily decked as at sunset on midsummer eve. This venerated emblem was a pine tree, which had preserved the slender grace of youth, while it equalled the loftiest height of the old wood monarchs. From its top streamed a silken banner, coloured like the rainbow. Down nearly to the ground the pole was dressed with birchen boughs, and others of the liveliest green, and some with silvery leaves, fastened by ribands that fluttered in fantastic knots of twenty different colours, but no sad ones. Garden flowers and blossoms of the wilderness, laughed gladly forth amid the verdure, so fresh and dewy, that they must have grown by magic on that happy pine tree. Where this green and flowery splendour terminated, the shaft of the May-pole was stained with the seven brilliant hues of the banner at its top. On the lowest green bough hung an abundant wreath of roses, some that had been gathered in the sunniest spots of the forest, and others, of still richer blush, which the colonists had reared from English seed. Oh, people of the golden age, the chief of your husbandry was to raise flowers!

But what was the wild throng that stood hand in hand about the May-pole? It could not be that the fauns and nymphs, when driven from their classic groves and homes of ancient fable had sought refuge, as all the persecuted did, in the fresh woods of the West. These were Gothic monsters, though perhaps of Grecian ancestry. On the shoulders of a comely youth uprose the head and branching antlers of a stag; a second, human in all other points, had the grim visage of a wolf; a third, still with the trunk and limbs of a mortal man, showed the beard and horns of a venerable he-goat. There was the likeness of a bear erect, brute in all but his hind legs, which were adorned with pink silk stockings. And here again, almost as wondrous, stood a real bear of the dark forest, lending each of his forepaws to the grasp of a human hand, and as ready for the dance as any in that circle. His inferior nature rose half way, to meet his companions as they stooped. Other faces were the similitude of man or woman, but distorted or extravagant, with red noses pendulous before their mouths, which seemed of an awful depth, and stretched from ear to ear in an eternal fit of laughter. Here might be seen the salvage man, well known in heraldry, hairy as a baboon, and girdled with green leaves. By his side, a nobler figure, but still a counterfeit, appeared an Indian hunter, with feathery crest and wampum belt. Many of this strange company wore fool's caps, and had little bells appended to their garments, tinkling with a silvery sound, responsive to the inaudible music of their gleesome spirits. Some youths and maidens, were of soberer garb, yet well maintained their places in the irregular throng, by the expression of wild revelry upon their features. Such were the colonists of Merry Mount, as they stood in the broad smile of sunset round their venerated May-pole.

Had a wanderer, bewildered in the melancholy forest, heard their mirth, and stolen a half-affrighted glance, he might have fancied them the crew of Comus; some already transformed to brutes, some midway between man and beast, and the others rioting in the flow of tipsy jollity that foreran the change. But a band of Puritans, who watched the scene, invisible themselves, compared the masques to those devils

and ruined souls with whom their superstition peopled the black wilderness.

Within the ring of monsters, appeared the two airiest forms that had ever trodden on any more solid footing than a purple and golden cloud. One was a youth in glistening apparel, with a scarf of the rainbow pattern crosswise on his breast. His right hand held a gilded staff, the ensign of high dignity among the revellers, and his left grasped the slender fingers of a fair maiden, not less gaily decorated than himself. Bright roses glowed in contrast with the dark and glossy curls of each, and were scattered round their feet, or had sprung up spontaneously there. Behind this lightsome couple, so close to the May-pole that its boughs shaded his jovial face, stood the figure of an English priest, canonically dressed, yet decked with flowers, in heathen fashion, and wearing a chaplet of the native vine leaves. By the riot of his rolling eye, and the pagan decorations of his holy garb, he seemed the wildest monster there, and the very Comus of the crew.

"Votaries of the May-pole," cried the flower-decked priest; "merrily, all day long, have the woods echoed to your mirth. But be this your merriest hour, my hearts! Lo, here stand the Lord and Lady of the May, whom I, a clerk of Oxford, and high priest of Merry Mount, am presently to join in holy matrimony. Up with your nimble spirits, ye morris dancers, green men, and glee maidens, bears and wolves, and horned gentlemen! Come, a chorus now, rich with the old mirth of merry England, and the wilder glee of this fresh forest; and then a dance, to show the youthful pair what life is made of, and how airily they should go through it! All ye that love the May-pole, lend your voices to the nuptial song of the Lord and Lady of the May!"

This wedlock was more serious than most affairs of Merry Mount, where jest and delusion, trick and fantasy, kept up a continual carnival. The Lord and Lady of the May, though their titles must be laid down at sunset, were really and truly to be partners for the dance of life, beginning the measure that same bright eve. The wreath of roses, that hung from the lowest green bough of the May-pole, had been twined for them, and would be thrown over both their heads, in symbol of their flowery union. When the priest had spoken, therefore, a riotous uproar burst from the rout of monstrous figures.

"Begin you the stave, reverend sir," cried they all; "and never did the woods ring to such a merry peal, as we of the May-pole shall send up!"

Immediately a prelude of pipe, cittern, and viol, touched with practised minstrelsy, began to play from a neighbouring thicket, in such a mirthful cadence, that the boughs of the May-pole quivered to the sound. But the May Lord, he of the gilded staff, chancing to look into his lady's eyes, was wnderstruck at the almost pensive glance that met his own.

"Edith, sweet Lady of the May," whispered he, reproachfully; "is yon wreath of roses a garland to hang above our graves, that you look so sad? Oh, Edith, this is our golden time! Tarnish it not by any pensive shadow of the mind; for it may be, that nothing of futurity will be brighter than the mere remembrance of what is now passing."

"That was the very thought that saddened me! How came it in your mind too?" said Edith, in a still lower tone than he; for it was high treason to be sad at Merry Mount. "Therefore do I sigh amid this festive music. And besides, dear Edgar, I struggle as with a dream, and fancy that these shapes of our jovial friends are visionary, and their mirth unreal, and that we are no true Lord and Lady of the May. What is the mystery in my heart?"

Just then, as if a spell had loosened them, down came a little shower of withering rose leaves from the May-pole. Alas, for the young lovers! No sooner had their hearts glowed with real passion, then they were sensible of something vague and unsubstantial in their former pleasures, and felt a dreary presentiment of inevitable change. From the moment that they truly loved, they had subjected themselves to earth's doom of care and sorrow, and troubled joy, and had no more a home at Merry Mount. That was Edith's mystery. Now leave we the priest to marry them, and the masques to sport round the May-pole, till the last sunbeam be withdrawn from its summit, and the shadows of the forest mingle gloomily in the dance. Meanwhile, we may discover who these gay people were.

Two hundred years ago, and more, the old world and its inhabitants became mutually weary of each other. Men voyaged by thousands to the West; some to barter glass beads, and such like jewels, for the furs of the Indian hunter; some to conquer virgin empires; and one stern band to pray. But none of these motives had much weight with the colonists of Merry Mount. Their leaders were men who had sported so long with life, that when Thought and Wisdom came, even these unwelcome guests were led astray

by the crowd of vanities which they should have put to flight. Erring Thought and perverted Wisdom were made to put on masques, and play the fool. The men of whom we speak, after losing the heart's fresh gaiety, imagined a wild philosophy of pleasure, and came hither to act out their latest day-dream. They gathered followers from all that giddy tribe, whose whole life is like the festal days of soberer men. In their train were minstrels, not unknown in London streets; wandering players, whose theatres had been the halls of noblemen; mummers, rope-dancers, and mountebanks, who would long be missed at wakes, church-ales, and fairs; in a word, mirthmakers of every sort, such as abounded in that age, but now began to be discountenanced by the rapid growth of Puritanism. Light had their footsteps been on land, and as lightly they came across the sea. Many had been maddened by their previous troubles into a gay despair; others were as madly gay in the flush of youth, like the May Lord and his Lady; but whatever might be the quality of their mirth, old and young were gay at Merry Mount. The young deemed themselves happy. The elder spirits, if they knew that mirth was but the counterfeit of happiness, yet followed the false shadow wilfully, because at least her garments glittered brightest. Sworn triflers of a lifetime, they would not venture among the sober truths of life, not even to be truly blest.

All the hereditary pastimes of Old England were transplanted hither. The King of Christmas was duly crowned, and the Lord of Misrule bore potent sway. On the eve of Saint John, they felled whole acres of the forest to make bonfires, and danced by the blaze all night, crowned with garlands, and throwing flowers into the flame. At harvest time, though their crop was of the smallest, they made an image of the sheaves of Indian corn, and wreathed it with autumnal garlands, and bore it home triumphantly. But what chiefly characterised the colonists of Merry Mount, was their veneration for the May-pole. It has made their true history a poet's tale. Spring decked the hallowed emblem with young blossoms and fresh green boughs, Summer brought roses of the deepest blush, and the perfected foliage of the forest; Autumn enriched it with that red and yellow gorgeousness, which converts each wildwood leaf into a painted flower; and Winter silvered it with sleet, and hung it round with icicles, till it flashed in the cold sunshine, itself a frozen sunbeam. Thus each alternate season did homage to the May-pole, and paid it a tribute of its own richest splendour. Its votaries danced round it once at least in every month; sometimes they called it their religion, or their altar; but always, it was the banner-staff of Merry Mount.

Unfortunately there were men in the new world, of a sterner faith than these May-pole worshippers. Not far from Merry Mount was a settlement of Puritans, most dismal wretches, who said their prayers before daylight, and then wrought in the forest or the corn-field, till evening made it prayer-time again. Their weapons were always at hand, to shoot down the straggling savage. When they met in conclave, it was never to keep up the old English mirth, but to hear sermons three hours long, or to proclaim bounties on the heads of wolves and the scalps of Indians. Their festivals were fast-days, and their chief pastime the singing of psalms. Woe to the youth or maiden who did but dream of a dance! The selectman nodded to the constable; and there sat the light-heeled reprobate in the stocks; or, if he danced, it was round the whipping-post, which might be termed the Puritan May-pole.

A party of these grim Puritans, toiling through the difficult woods, each with a horse-load of iron armour to burthen his footsteps, would sometimes draw near the sunny precincts of Merry Mount. There were the silken colonists, sporting round their May-pole; perhaps teaching a bear to dance, or striving to communicate their mirth to the grave Indian; or masquerading in the skins of deer and wolves, which they had hunted for that especial purpose. Often, the whole colony were playing at blind man's buff, magistrates and all with their eyes bandaged, except a single scapegoat, whom the blinded sinners pursued by the tinkling of the bells at his garments. Once, it is said, they were seen following a flower-decked corpse, with merriment and festive music, to his grave. But did the dead man laugh? In their quietest times, they sang ballads and told tales, for the edification of their pious visitors; or perplexed them with juggling tricks; or grinned at them through horse-collars; and when sport itself grew wearisome, they made game of their own stupidity, and began a yawning match. At the very least of these enormities, the men of iron shook their heads and frowned so darkly, that the revellers looked up, imagining that a momentary cloud had overcast the sunshine, which was to be perpetual there. On the other hand, the Puritans

affirmed, that, when a psalm was pealing from their place of worship, the echo which the forest sent them back, seemed often like the chorus of a jolly catch, closing with a roar of laughter. Who but the fiend, and his bondslaves, the crew of Merry Mount, had thus disturbed them? In due time, a feud arose, stern and bitter on one side, and as serious on the other as anything could be among such light spirits as had sworn allegiance to the May-pole. The future complexion of New England was involved in this important quarrel. Should the grisly saints establish their jurisdiction over the gay sinners, then would their spirits darken all the clime, and make it a land of clouded visages, of hard toil, of sermon and psalm for ever. But should the banner-staff of Merry Mount be fortunate, sunshine would break upon the hills, and flowers would beautify the forest, and late posterity do homage to the May-pole.

After these authentic passages from history, we return to the nuptials of the Lord and Lady of the May. Alas! we have delayed too long, and must darken our tale too suddenly. As we glance again at the May-pole, a solitary sunbeam is fading from the summit, and leaves only a faint golden tinge, blended with the hues of the rainbow banner. Even that dim light is now withdrawn, relinquishing the whole domain of Merry Mount to the evening gloom which has rushed so instantaneously from the black surrounding woods. But some of these black shadows have rushed forth in human shape.

Yes, with the setting sun, the last day of mirth had passed from Merry Mount. The ring of gay masques was disordered and broken; the stag lowered his antlers in dismay; the wolf grew weaker than a lamb; the bells of the morris dancers tinkled with tremulous affright. The Puritans had played a characteristic part in the Maypole mummeries. Their darksome figures were intermixed with the wild shapes of their foes, and made the scene a picture of the moment, when waking thoughts start up amid the scattered fantasies of a dream. The leader of the hostile party stood in the centre of the circle, while the rout of monsters covered around him, like evil spirits in the presence of a dread magician. No fantastic foolery could look him in the face. So stern was the energy of his aspect, that the whole man, visage, frame, and soul, seemed wrought of iron, gifted with life and thought, yet all of one substance with his headpiece and breastplate. It was the Puritan of Puritans; it was Endicott himself!

"Stand off, priest of Baal," said he, with a grim frown, and laying no reverent hand upon the surplice. "I know thee, Blackstone!* Thou art the man who couldst not abide the rule even of thine own corrupted church, and hast come hither to preach iniquity, and to give example of it in thy life. But now shall it be seen that the Lord has sanctified this wilderness for his peculiar people. Woe unto them that would defile it! And first for this flower-decked abomination, the altar of thy worship!"

And with his keen sword Endicott assaulted the hallowed May-pole. Nor long did it resist his arm. It groaned with a dismal sound; it showered leaves and rosebuds upon the remorseless enthusiast; and finally, with all its green boughs, and ribands, and flowers, symbolic of departed pleasures, down fell the banner-staff of Merry Mount. As it sank, tradition says, the evening sky grew darker, and the woods threw forth a more sombre shadow.

"There," cried Endicott, looking triumphantly on his work, "there lies the only May-pole in New England! The thought is strong within me, that, by its fall, is shadowed forth the fate of light and idle mirthmakers, amongst us and our posterity. Amen, saith John Endicott."

"Amen!" echoed his followers. But the votaries of the May-pole gave one groan for their idol. At the sound, the Puritan leader glanced at the crew of Comus, each a figure of broad mirth, yet, at this moment, strangely expressive of sorrow and dismay.

"Valiant captain," quoth Peter Palfrey, the Ancient of the band, "what order shall be taken with the prisoners?"

"I thought not to repent me of cutting down a May-pole," replied Endicott, "yet now I could find in my heart to plant it again, and give each of these bestial pagans one other dance round their idol. It would have served rarely for a whipping post!"

"But there are pine-trees enow," suggested the lieutenant. "True, good Ancient," said the leader. "Wherefore, bind the heathen crew, and bestow on them a small matter of stripes a-piece, as earnest of our future justice. Set some of the rogues in the stocks to rest themselves, so soon as Providence shall bring us to one of our well-ordered settle-

* Did Governor Endicott speak less positively, we should suspect a mistake here. The Rev. Mr. Blackstone, though an eccentric, is not known to have been an immoral man. We rather doubt his identity with the priest of Merry Mount.

ments, where such accommodations may be found. Further penalties, such as branding and cropping of ears, shall be thought of hereafter."

"How many stripes for the priest?" inquired Ancient Palfrey.

"None as yet," answered Endicott, bending his iron frown upon the culprit. "It must be for the Great and General Court to determine, whether stripes and long imprisonment, and other grievous penalty, may atone for his transgressions. Let him look to himself! For such as violate our civil order, it may be permitted us to show mercy; but woe to the wretch that troubleth our religion!"

"And this dancing bear," resumed the officer. "Must he share the stripes of his fellows?"

"Shoot him through the head!" said the energetic Puritan. "I suspect witchcraft in the beast."

"Here be a couple of shining ones," continued Peter Palfrey, pointing his weapon at the Lord and Lady of the May. "They seem to be of high station among these misdoers. Methinks their dignity will not be fitted with less than a double share of stripes."

Endicott rested on his sword, and closely surveyed the dress and aspect of the hapless pair. There they stood, pale, downcast, and apprehensive. Yet there was an air of mutual support, and of pure affection, seeking aid and giving it, that showed them to be man and wife, with the sanction of a priest upon their love. The youth, in the peril of the moment, had dropped his gilded staff, and thrown his arm about the Lady of the May, who leaned against his breast, too lightly to burthen him, but with weight enough to express that their destinies were linked together, for good or evil. They looked first at each other, and then into the grim captain's face. There they stood, in the first hour of wedlock, while the idle pleasures, of which their companions were the emblems, had given place to the sternest cares of life, personified by the dark Puritans; but never had their youthful beauty seemed so pure and high as when its glow was chastened by adversity.

"Youth," said Endicott, "ye stand in an evil case, thou and thy maiden wife. Make ready presently; for I am minded that ye shall both have a token to remember your wedding day!"

"Stern man," cried the May Lord, "how can I move thee? Were the means at hand, I would resist to the death. Being powerless, I entreat! Do with me as thou wilt; but let Edith go untouched!"

"Not so," replied the immitigable zealot. "We are not wont to show an idle courtesy to that sex, which requireth the stricter discipline. What sayest thou, maid? Shall thy silken bridegroom suffer thy share of the penalty, besides his own?"

"Be it death," said Edith, "and lay it all on me!"

Truly, as Endicott had said, the poor lovers stood in a woeful case. Their foes were triumphant, their friends captive and abased, their home desolate, the benighted wilderness around them, and a rigorous destiny, in the shape of the Puritan leader, their only guide. Yet the deepening twilight could not altogether conceal that the iron man was softened: he smiled at the fair spectacle of early love; he almost sighed for the inevitable blight of early hopes.

"The troubles of life have come hastily on this young couple," observed Endicott. "We will see how they comport themselves under their present trials, ere we burthen them with greater. If, among the spoil, there be any garments of a more decent fashion, let them be put upon this May Lord and his Lady, instead of their glistening vanities. Look to it, some of you."

"And shall not the youth's hair be cut?" asked Peter Palfrey, looking with abhorrence at the love-sick and long glossy curls of the young man.

"Crop it forthwith and that in the true pumpkin-shell fashion," answered the captain. "Then bring them along with us, but more gently than their fellows. There be qualities in the youth which may make him valiant to fight, and sober to toil, and pious to pray; and in the maiden, that they may fit her to become a mother in our Israel, bringing up babes in better nurture than her own hath been. Nor think ye, young ones, that they are the happiest, even in our lifetime of a moment, who misspend it in dancing round a May-pole!"

And Endicott, the severest Puritan of all who laid the rock foundation of New England, lifted the wreath of roses from the ruin of the May-pole, and threw it, with his own gauntleted hand, over the heads of the Lord and Lady of the May. It was a deed of prophecy. As the moral gloom of the world overpowers all systematic gaiety, even so was their home of wild mirth made desolate amid the sad forest. They returned to it no more. But, as their flowery garland

was wreathed of the brightest roses that had grown there, so, in the tie that united them, were intertwined all the purest and best of their early joys. They went heavenward, supporting each other along the difficult path which it was their lot to tread, and never wasted one regretful thought on the vanities of Merry Mount.

Galley Slaves.

THE galley, a long, low, narrow vessel of war, having sails, but chiefly propelled by rows of oars on each side, was used as a part of the fleet of all maritime nations from the earliest historic times down to nearly the close of the eighteenth century. The vessel drew but little water, and was especially convenient for coast service; but the advancement in the art of navigation, and especially the improvements in gunnery, at last put an end to this class of ships, which, it was said, "had dominated the maritime world for over three thousand years."

In the most ancient times, to row in the galleys was considered honourable; but as the work was very laborious, and it was difficult to procure voluntary recruits for it, the ancient nations used to put their prisoners of war to this service. Then it became customary to condemn criminals to the work.

In the Middle Ages the galley rowers were convicts and infidel prisoners, who were chained to the benches. The Turks retaliated, and put captured Christians to the same labour.

In France, Spain, and the Italian Republics, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the galleys were used as the means of punishment for all criminals; even those who had committed capital crimes were thus utilised. Heretics were particularly sought out for this purpose; and in France vagrants, beggars, poachers, etc., were employed, and, as even all these did not suffice to man the benches, slaves were bought from the Turks, negroes were brought from Guinea, and Indians were kidnapped in the New World.

Galley slaves were subjected to the greatest indignities and cruelties. Their heads and faces were shaved, they were always chained to their benches, and they rowed entirely naked, being only allowed to wear clothing when in port. They were seldom released, even when their time of service was accomplished. Henry IV. ordered the captains of all galleys to retain prisoners for six years, even although condemned for a shorter time; and under Louis XIV., galley slaves sentenced for only two or three years were often retained for fifteen years, and more. Criminals preferred mutilation, and even death, to labour in the galleys. The galleys in France were abolished in 1748. They had been gradually going out of use in that and other countries for some years.

The Pay of M.P.'s Abroad.

SOME curious statistics have just been published concerning the salaries given to members of Parliament by various foreign nations. To begin with France; the senators and deputies receive the same remuneration—namely, £1 sterling a day. In Belgium, each member of the Chamber of Representatives gets £17 a month. In Denmark the members of the Landsting are paid about 15s. per day. In Portugal the Peers and Commons are given an equal sum, which is £67 a year. In Sweden the members of the Diet receive £66 for a session of four months, but they have to refund a fine of 12s. for every day's absence. That is not a bad idea. In Switzerland the members of the National Council get 10s. per diem, and those of the Council of State 6s. to 10s. In the United States, Congressmen are paid £208 a year, and are allowed an indemnity for travelling expenses. In Norway the members of the Storting receive 14s. a day during the session, which lasts about six weeks. In Italy the senators and deputies are not paid, but they are allowed travelling expenses and certain privileges. In Spain the members of the Cortes are also unpaid, but they enjoy many advantages and immunities. In Greece the Senators get £20 a month, and the deputies £10. In Germany the representatives receive an average of 10s. a day. In Austria the pay is the same as in France, £1 a day. England is the only country where members of Parliament are entirely unpaid and have no special immunities of a valuable nature.

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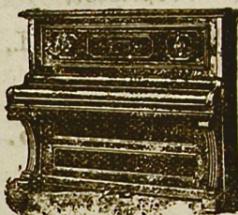
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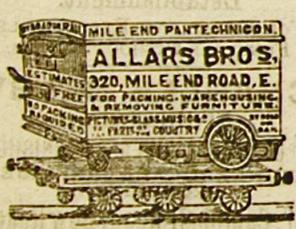
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