

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLES PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. V.—No. 119.]

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1890.

[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 IV. is now ready, neatly bound in cloth, 4/6. Covers for binding, 1/6.

## NOTICE.

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.

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

## Coming Events.

THURSDAY, Feb. 20th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

FRIDAY, Feb. 21st.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Choral Society Rehearsal, at 8.

SATURDAY, Feb. 22nd.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Ramblers' Club.—To Newgate, at 2.45.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 5.—Junior Chess and Draughts Club, at 8.—Technical Schools' Harriers.—To Great Eastern Railway Works with Ramblers.—Technical Schools' Football Club.—Technical Schools' Ramblers.—To Great Eastern Railway Works with Harriers, at 9.15 a.m.—Chess Club Practice, at 7.—Military Band.—Social Dance, at 8.—Popular Entertainment in Queen's Hall, at 8.

SUNDAY, Feb. 23rd.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY, Feb. 24th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

TUESDAY, Feb. 25th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Chess Club Practice, at 7.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 26th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Junior Chess and Draughts Club, at 8.—Gymnastic Display by Pupils of the Normal School for the Blind.

## Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, FEBRUARY 23rd, 1890,

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, AT 12.30 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 National Drink Bill has been sent in by Mr. Dawson Burns. It amounts to a good deal considered as a total, namely, £132,213,276. This shows an increase of £7,597,930 in last year's bill, and many excellent people are weeping at the sad news. But a comparison of the average for the last ten years, with the preceding ten years' average, shows a decrease of more than ten millions in the year, with a very largely increased population. We do not, in fact, drink so much as we did. But, our excellent friends say, we still drink a great deal more than we should. That is to say, some of us do—not all. If we take the population to be 37,808,892, we find that this year's bill means an expenditure per head of £3 9s. 11d. in the year, that is to say, of 2½d. a day, or a pint-and-a-half of ale. That is not much. But as half the population are women, most of whom drink little and many nothing: and as another third are children, we may set down each man's share at something like £6 a year, that is to say at less than 4d. a day. Now really, my dear teetotal friends, fourpence a day is not much to spend in beer, and as beer really means to a good many of us the society, conversation, and relaxation of the evening, it is not an average to cause materials for groaning.

For my own part I consider (and I practice what I think that beer or wine in strict moderation is not only pleasant, but also most useful, if not in some cases necessary. But the beer must be good, and the wine must be good: and considering the abominable adulterations of beer—with salt for instance—I would very strongly advise young men to live without the use of beer: yet not, as some do, to elevate temperance to the rank of a religion. And when they hear of all the millions that are every year spent in drink, let them ask themselves what all the millions mean reduced to the individual member of society.

I THINK that a word of praise from myself, as one of a very crowded audience which assembled on Monday last week to see the gymnastic performance of the lady gymnasts, will be considered as representing the feelings of all who were present. Sergeant Burdett has surpassed his record: a better-drilled—may I say, more soldier-like?—company of gymnasts has never been shown anywhere. Their evolutions were exact, graceful and harmonious. I saw not one case of mistake. The singing to the dumb-bell exercise was very pleasant. And I really do not know which I admired most—the pleased faces of the audience: or the happy and smiling faces of the girls. The audience was composed entirely of the gentler sex; but, thanks to the Director, one or two gentlemen, among whom was the well-known Royal academician, Mr. John Pettie, managed to find a seat. There was a picture of the performance in the *Daily Graphic*; it contained a very admirable likeness of Sergeant Burdett.

Do butchers smoke in their own shops? I cannot remember ever to have seen them doing so. And I hope they will not begin, because certain experiments conducted in Paris have conclusively proved that meat, whether raw or cooked, has a remarkable power of absorbing the poisonous qualities of tobacco. Thus, pieces of beef subjected to tobacco fumes were given to a dog, which died an hour afterwards, poisoned by the tobacco. Rats have also been poisoned in the same way. It is plain, therefore, first that we ought not to buy meat of butchers who smoke among their joints; next, that we ought never to eat food in a room where



men habitually congregate and smoke; and thirdly, that we should never smoke in a room where meat is kept. I dare say a single pipe would matter little, but a room full of men all smoking together might be highly dangerous, if there was a piece of meat in a cupboard.

I SAID a few words last week about the evil influence of Party. No better illustration offers than the waste of the evening when the Queen's Speech was read. For Party purposes—it could have been for no other reason—the Opposition wasted the whole evening in an attempt to show that the action should be taken by the House in consequence of the publication by the *Times* of the famous forged letters. Why, if such a thing were done, there would be an end at once of press freedom. We should go back to the old days when the papers gave imaginary names to living statesmen. Mr. Balfour would be calling on the House to prosecute the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Star*, and the *Daily News*. Sir William Harcourt would call out for a prosecution against the *Saturday Review*. The *Spedator* would be denounced by Mr. Gladstone; the *St. James's Gazette*, by Mr. Morley and Sir George Trevelyan. A whole evening wasted: a whole evening spent in obstructing the business of the nation. That is what Party did for the country on the first evening of Parliament.

SUPPOSE we chose our representatives with special instructions not to chatter, not to obstruct the business of the country, and never to impede any Government except upon such issues as legitimately belong to Party. For instance, the Conservatives want to keep the House of Lords: the Liberals want to abolish or to reform the House of Lords. This is a party question. It is not a party question when the Government bring forward the Budget, and when they bring in Bills for the better administration of the country in any branch.

In the old days the members of Parliament belonged each to his own Borough. It is to this practice that I would return. Why should a Borough choose a stranger? Why should it not send its own man to Parliament, as it used to do? Let each town be represented by a man of the town. Then we should silence a good many political agitators: we should make their profession difficult for those who want to live by politics: we should take a good deal of possible mischief-making out of Party; and we should, I am firmly persuaded, have once more a dignified, responsible, grave, and serious House of Commons.

I HOPE that everybody has read Stanley's long letter to Colonel Evan Smith. It was published in *extenso* with a map in the *Times* of Thursday, February 13th. Anything more interesting and absorbing I do not remember to have read. The account of the ivory raiding, with its attendant cruelties and horrors, is appalling. But what can be done? The only chance, it seems to me, is to carry out the plan formerly attempted: to appoint European governors of provinces, and to trust to their gradual growth of influence and power. It will be many centuries before Africa is civilised—indeed, I doubt the power of civilising negroes, so long as they live in the tropics, beyond a certain point. And I am one of those benighted people, who still hold that the white man, and especially that kind of white man called Teutonic, he who peoples Great Britain, the best and most industrious part of Ireland, the whole of Germany, and the noblest part of the United States, is a very, very superior creature to the negro, even at his best.

Two or three years ago I published a little paper in *Longman's Magazine*, called the "Endowment of the Daughter." I attempted to show how the ordinary professional or commercial man—I did not include the very struggling—might by certain annual payments, secure for his daughter, at any chosen age—say, twenty-five, thirty-five, forty—such an annuity as would at least secure for her the daily bread. A good deal of discussion was raised, but some people have acted on my suggestion, and I hope that a good many more will also do so. Now, I am rejoiced to see, one of our great insurance companies is making a new departure in this direction. It allows insurances to be made, subject to the choice at a certain age, of having the money then paid in full, instead of waiting till death. How will this work? Many a man now who lives past the usual span has to go on paying a heavy premium when his money-getting powers are over.

Everybody knows such a case. Now, suppose such a man arrives at sixty: he has, say, enough money to pay for his own support: the payment of the heavy premium cripples him: the money would be invaluable to his children. Very good: he takes the money at that time; he gives it to his children for their advancement in his life instead of all his children for their advancement in his life instead of the only death: he is relieved of the premium: the only loss is that he has less to leave at his death. Is not this sensible? Well: the Post Office-Authorities offer the same convenience year after year. They will sell you a deferred annuity, or a sum of money after a term of years, or an insurance on your death. But the people do not respond. They do not understand yet the enormous advantages of securing provision for old age. I should like to form a society, called the Old Age Provision Society, and to enlist in it all the young men from seventeen to thirty. Between these years enough may be saved and invested to secure a modest competence for old age. But the young will not understand that they will some day grow old. Can we found this Society? Will any one come forward and become its Secretary and Organiser? If he will, he may be assured that he will immortalise himself as one of the greatest benefactors possible of the working man. But he would have to devote himself entirely—all his thoughts and all his evenings—to the task of creating public interest on the subject.

ON Saint Valentine's Day, the postman arrived at the usual hour, with no more than the usual bag. I remember the time when he went about with an immense bag, accompanied by another man, staggering under a second immense bag. Then every lad and lass expected a Valentine and got it. Now St. Valentine is dead and gone. Poor St. Valentine! Does the Roman Catholic Church still remember him? I know not. He was a priest of Rome, who in the third century was beaten with clubs and then beheaded. His remains were deposited in the Church of St. Praxedes in Rome, when a gate in the town wall, now the *Porta del Popolo*, was named after him *Porta Valentini*. The saint has nothing to do, of course, with the customs of this day. These are a survival of an old Pagan festival, called the *Lupercalia*, in honour of Pan and Juno, when the names of girls were put into a box and drawn by chance by the young men. But I fancy they were allowed to choose each other in spite of the lottery. In quite recent times, it was believed that the first unmarried person of either sex met on the morning of St. Valentine's Day would be wife or husband. Thus, Gay writes:—

Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind,  
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,  
I early rose just at the break of day,  
Before the sun had chased the stars away:  
A field I went amid the morning dew  
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do),  
The first I spied—and the first swain we see—  
In spite of fortune shall our true love be.

EDITORS have to endure plainness of speech whenever somebody fancies that his toes are trodden upon. Last week, for instance, I echoed a prophecy which has been made long ago, and which is now openly advanced and discussed by every one who knows the state of the Colonies. It was to the time that the time will inevitably come when they will assert their independence. A leading article appeared on the subject two or three days ago—I think in the *Times*—in the same sense. Now I get a post card—not even decent concealment of an envelope, you see—a bare plain truth-telling post-card. "You are a pretty fellow," it begins—well—I may have thought that I am a pretty fellow, but I never ventured to say so. "You do not know—or care perhaps—" the last clause is cruel indeed—"that the very existence of the people of East London depends largely upon the maintenance of the Empire, with the trade relation!" My anonymous well-wisher, not only the people of East London, but the people of all Great Britain depend upon the trade of the country. Some day, if we are so foolish as to throw away this trade by bad Government, bad masters, or bad workmen, we shall demonstrate that fact by all of us starving. But I am glad you take so enlightened a view. "While our wisest statesmen, both at home and in the Colonies, are striving to tighten the bonds that hold the Empire together," my friend, you see, is no Gladstonian. "You abuse your position, sowing seeds of disintegration, putting ideas into people's heads which are simply poisonous." Readers of the *Palace Journal*, have you picked up any of those seeds? Have you got into your heads any of these poisonous seeds? If so—comb your hair: comb them out quickly.

A PLAIN rendering of the inevitable future is not, I hope and trust, a sowing of poison-seeds. Not so, my outspoken friend. Much more foolish is he who shuts his eyes to the course of the stream, and tries to think that it runs up hill. Rather more than a hundred years ago, after the expenditure of money by millions, and lives of our brave soldiers and sailors by thousands, we succeeded in driving the French out of North America. It was a tough job—about the toughest job we ever got through. No greater service was ever rendered to a colony by the mother country. The last general who fought for the French uttered a very singular prophecy. He said, "Now that the English have turned us out of the colonies, the colonist will turn out the English." A hard saying; but the wiser sort have expected it: the unwise, who were then governing the country, did not expect it. Yet it actually came to pass. In only twelve years' time it came to pass. We fought, to keep our colonies; we got beaten by the Americans; we have never been friends since. Now, with that grand lesson before us, let us meet the inevitable, and when the great Austral Federation takes place, let it start with the same affection towards the old home as it now holds. And then, I think, neither the trades of East London will suffer, nor the greatness, honour, and might of the English-speaking race.

It is proposed to reprint in the *Palace Journal* some famous old stories, which may be new to many of our readers. We shall begin with Washington Irving, and his *Legend of Rip Van Winkle*.

EDITOR.

### Palace Notes.

NEXT Wednesday is to witness a very interesting entertainment in our Queen's Hall—nothing less than a Gymnastic display by blind people; they are students at the Normal School for the Blind.

We are about to print in the *Journal*, commencing next week, a number of the short stories left us by the great writers of the earlier part of the century; Washington Irving, Edgar Allan Poe, and other famous authors will be drawn upon, and such of their stories printed as it may be supposed many East-enders have not yet encountered. Next week we begin with Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle."

THE Shorthand Society, which I mentioned last week, is to be a great success. Below I print extracts from the rules which will clearly indicate its character to intending members.

TITLE.—The name of the Society is the People's Palace Shorthand Society.

OBJECTS.—(1) To extend the art of shorthand writing by maintaining a practice class meeting weekly on Monday evenings at 8 o'clock, for general practice in writing from dictation, and for the discussion of shorthand principles. (2) To assist learners who are students of the People's Palace by correcting their exercises. (3) To maintain a circulating library, consisting of books, periodicals, etc., written in phonetic shorthand, technical and otherwise, and books printed in ordinary type interested in shorthand writing.

QUALIFICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP AND ELECTION OF MEMBERS.—Any Member of the People's Palace shall be eligible for Membership, provided that he has passed through the "Manual of Phonography," and understands the system, or failing this, that he attends a shorthand class in the People's Palace. Any Member thus qualified for Membership may be elected by the Council.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.—The Honorary Secretary, and the Council consisting of five Members of the Society, shall be appointed at each half-yearly meeting, and any Member is to be eligible for the same provided that he has passed through the "Manual of Phonography." The Honorary Secretary and Librarian respectively to be elected by the Society from the Council, of which they shall form part.

MEMBERSHIP FEES.—The subscription to the Society shall be 6d. quarterly, payable half-yearly or quarterly (in advance) at the option of the Members, but an entrance fee of 1s. shall be charged to members on entering the Society. Honorary Members will be admitted to the Society on payment of 2s. 6d. per annum.

LIBRARY RULES.—Books will be lent to the Members of the Society on the following conditions:—(1) That the book shall be returned within two weeks from the date borrowed. (2) That a fine of 1d. per week be imposed after the time above specified. (3) That any damage occurring during the period of loan shall be made good by the borrower, and in the event of the loan being lost, the value thereof shall be refunded. (4) Books are not transferable among Members without the consent of the Librarian, and no Member may borrow more than one book at a time. (5) The Library is under the sole management of the Librarian.

THE Members of Art Classes should take note of the prizes to be offered by the Fannmakers' Company for original designs in fans, fan leaves, and fan sticks. The value of these prizes is to be £250, and the freedom of the Company goes with certain of them. Mr. T. Davis Sewell is the Clerk of the Company, to whom, at the Guildhall, all applications, etc., should be made.

It will interest our engineering students to hear that Professor Kennedy is to deliver a lecture on "The New North Bridge," on Wednesday, April 23rd, when Mr. Baker's lantern slides will illustrate this very important subject.

THERE are still a few vacancies in the Girls' Junior Section. Members must be between the ages of thirteen and sixteen, and must pay a subscription of 6d. a month. They will have the privilege of attending classes two nights in each week, and the Gymnasium on one night.

A CONVERSAZIONE in connection with our Art Classes at Essex House will be held on Saturday, March 29th; further particulars will be given in due course.

SUB-EDITOR.

### Society and Club Notes.

[Club announcements should reach the Sub-Editor, if possible, early on Monday morning. Monday evening is the very latest time for their receipt with any probability of publication in the following issue.]

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB.

Don't forget next Saturday, Feb. 22nd, the Cycling Club's Second Annual Cinderella, at the Bromley Vestry Hall, M.C.'s, Messrs. W. Marshall and H. Rosenwald, Stewards, Messrs. H. Bright, V. Dawson, J. Howard, and D. Jesseman. The *bonnie bouche* of the evening will be the Cycling Club's quadrilles. Refreshments will be supplied by Mr. G. Hay, of the Broadway, Stratford. The Beaumont Challenge Shield, presented by Captain Beaumont, L.C.C., and Mr. N. L. Cohen, will be on view, by the kind permission of the club champion, Mr. J. Howard. On Thursday last the Palace Club was well represented at the "Eastern Hotel," Limehouse, the occasion being the Smoking Concert given by Mr. H. Ransley to celebrate the opening of his new cycle premises. The chair was taken by Mr. J. H. Burley. The following clubs were also represented—Carlton Rovers, Gwynne C.C., Millwall Athletic, Millwall Rovers, St. Paul's C.C., Ravensbourne B.C.—15 members of the club were present at the City of London B.C.'s grand smoking concert held at the "Champion Hotel," Aldersgate Street, on Friday last. The chair was occupied by Major Knox Holmes, and Superintendent Foster, of the City Police, successively. Captain Bruno Holmes contributed towards the songs of the evening, and Mr. George Spencer gave his drawing-room entertainment, entitled "Facial Fancies." He demonstrated the possibility of two-facedness by smiling on the right side of his face whilst frowning on his left. The Unity Cycling Club gave a very successful photo-lantern display at the "King's Arms," Bishopsgate Churchyard, E.C., on Saturday last, the subject being a tour through Wales on a Lightning Tandem Safety. The views had been taken by Members of the club while on their tour; the Palace Club were well represented. The admirable scenery shown on the screen showed what an acquisition cycling must be to a photographer; members of the photographic class should note this. Coming festivities to be supported by the club—Saturday, February 22nd, Cinderella of the Palace Cycling Club, at the Bromley Vestry Hall, tickets, 1s. 6d. each; Saturday, March 1st, the Mohican Minstrels, at the Beaumont Hall, tickets, 1s., 6d., and 3d. each (don't forget that the leading members of these minstrels are Members of the Palace Cycling Club); the Gauntlet's Smoking Concert, at the "Falstaff," Eastcheap.—Ladies and gentlemen wishing to join the Palace Cycling Club can obtain all the necessary information from Mr. H. Bright, 68, Litchfield Road, Bow; or of the Hon. Sec., J. Burley, Hope Lodge, Walthamstow.

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

Practice will be held in No. 10 Room this week. It is hoped that all Members will endeavour to keep up the excellent attendance of the last few weeks, as we have a very short time in which to prepare the "Messiah" for performance on Good Friday. The next Social Evening will be held on March 8th.

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



# PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOL RAMBLERS' CLUB.

Thirty-one of our Members equipped with umbrellas, water-proofs and gaiters, trudged through the swampy ground, and amid the pelting rain to see the glass-blowing and bottle works of Mr. J. E. Curle. Arriving there, we were not long in encircling one of the large furnaces, at which three men were at work. The rain and mud was for the time being a trouble of the past: all were eager on watching the glass blowers, making bottles of all sizes and shapes, from a baby's feeding bottle, to the dark blue and ribbed bottles, universally adopted by doctors for poisons. The process of making a bottle is very simple. The glass is first melted in crucibles, and if required to be coloured, the colouring mixture is added, oxide of cobalt for blue, cuprous oxide for red, oxide of chromium for green, etc. The end of a blow pipe or a piece of ordinary hydraulic tube about half inch in diameter, and five feet long is inserted in the molten glass, which clings to it. By turning the rod round and round, the required quantity can be accurately judged, and kept from falling off. This is then rolled on an iron plate, until it is of the right consistency and shape for inserting in the mould. The mould is an iron box in halves, the inside being the shape of the bottle to be made. The glass which is still clinging to the end of the blow-pipe is inserted in the mould, which is then closed. The operator now blows down the tube, and this forces the glass against the sides of the mould. It is next taken out, the blow-pipe broken off, and the bottle handed over to another man to finish off the neck. This he does by reheating it, fixing the bottle on the end of a rod, and rotating it backward and forward by rubbing the palm of the left hand against the rod, stretched across the two arms of a chair, and by means of a tool in the right hand, mills the rim, and finishes off the neck. The bottle has now to be annealed by passing it very slowly through an oven 20 feet long; it is put in at the hot end, and taken out at the cold, thus it is gradually cooled and thoroughly annealed. If this were not done the bottle would fly into pieces in the process of cooling, or, at any rate, would do so on the first touch it received. One man can blow about seventy moderately-sized bottles in an hour, more than one a minute. This is very hard work, and in summer time is extremely trying to the constitution, and prevents them, the men say, from either sleeping or eating. In many large works they use compressed air in place of the human lungs. When this improvement, so evidently beneficial to the men, was first introduced, they received it with much prejudice, and in many shops struck against it. Other very interesting, but somewhat similar processes, were going on at other furnaces. The workmen allowed us to blow the bottles and to try our lungs by blowing large glass bubbles, which burst into a thousand pieces. Mr. Forth had a smoking pipe made for him about four feet long, while I had a pair of ornamental ladders on stands, and many of the boys got various trophies of different kinds. All seemed to thoroughly enjoy their visit, and with many thanks to Mr. Curle we left. Mr. Forth and Dr. Nacnair, who were pleased, had joined our party, took those boys whose directions led them across the park, while I took the remainder to the Victoria Park Station. Next week we visit the G.E.R. Locomotive Works, Stratford. The Harriers having accepted our invitation, they will meet us at Stratford Church, at 9.15 a.m. Many of the teachers and their wives have already accepted the invitation for March 15th, so we may hope for a good meeting. See report of the combined Committee meeting of the three day-school clubs. Our present Committee, in accordance with rule, will resign office on March 31st. It is, therefore, necessary to elect a new Committee, which will be done by ballot in the following way:—Members wishing to stand as candidates for the new Committee must give in their names on or before the 3rd of March; a voting paper will be then sent to each member containing the names of all the candidates, which must be filled up and brought in at the General Meeting, on the 15th of March; each Member will have ten votes—one for the Secretary, one for the Treasurer, and eight for the Committee, but not more than two votes are to be given to any one candidate. The result of the poll will be read out at the General Meeting.—New Members: A. Course, C. Newman.

A.W.B.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather last Saturday, only a few attended the ramble over Gray's Inn Hall and Library. On entering, we were met by Mr. Douthwaite, the librarian, and his friend Mr. Bariajo, whom, you may remember, we became acquainted with at Guildhall. Mr. Douthwaite had invited his friend to help in interesting our party, and had taken the trouble to prepare historical facts and information connected with the Inn; therefore it was most unfortunate that there were not more there to enjoy his hospitality, as the place is easy of access by omnibus. We entered the hall door, passing under a beautiful carved oak screen into the hall, which is the oldest part of the Inn and was completed in 1560. Its chief architectural attractions are its timber roof, carved wainscot, and emblazoned windows. The arms of a great number of eminent lawyers, who have received their legal education in the Society, are emblazoned on the windows and oak panels.—among others, Francis Bacon. There are numerous oil paintings of eminent judges in the hall and student's room; also portraits of

Queen Elizabeth, Charles I., and others. Mr. Douthwaite explained to us the ceremony of calling to the bar, which used to be prepared for by so many terms and so many dinners, and also told us several anecdotes connected with the student's orders of dress, etc., and who in the time of Henry VIII., through getting into bad repute in their masks and revels, were not allowed out after six o'clock. Had the weather been fine we should have had an opportunity of seeing the tree planted by F. Bacon in the garden, as it was otherwise we learned from an old plan the extent of the grounds which surround the buildings. Having seen the Benchers' Library and Students'-room, we passed on to the Reference Library, where there are a vast number of books, and were shown the old register, with the signatures of great men who had been admitted members; an illustrated volume of masks and revels, which were celebrated in the hall, in commemoration of Her Majesty's Jubilee, 1887; some old manuscripts, beautifully written; also the oldest printed book the library possessed, printed in 1488. Mr. Douthwaite then invited us to partake of refreshment in tea, etc., which was equally enjoyed. Without hesitation we may say those who could have attended this ramble and did not missed a treat. Saturday, 22nd.—Those who have given in their names for Newgate, please meet outside at 2.45 p.m. As the applications were within the limited number no ballot has been necessary. March 1st.—No ramble in the afternoon, but in the evening we intend paying a visit to the Beaumont Hall, to hear the Mochican Minstrels, many of the troupe being old Members of our Club. Tickets can be obtained of Messrs. Marshall and Downing.

A. MCKENZIE, } Hon Secs.  
W. POCKETT, }

## PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

### THIRD SEASON.

Here we are again, all alive and kicking, there is no killing us! Influenza, bah! Doctors, pooh! Black draughts, pshaw! I bite my honest thumb at them all. A stout heart and a contented mind are man's best portion here below, and they generally pull him through. Look at me, dying the other week, and my humble dwelling wrapped in premature gloom, and the mal-odour of camphor, still I—[This won't do,—we have cut out your personal ailments.—Ed.]—Entering upon our Third Season, a goodly number of old Members turned up at a General Meeting on Wednesday last, in the Old School-buildings—which, by-the-bye, the Juniors seem to take full advantage of. Mr. F. Knight was voted to the chair, and the Hon. Sec. opened the proceedings with the minutes of last meeting; election of officers was the next item on the agenda. The President and Vice-Presidents were elected subject to their approval. Captain, Mr. A. Bowman; Vice-Captain, Mr. Hugh Sharman; Committee, Messrs. H. W. Byard, C. A. Bowman, F. Knight, R. Hones, J. Munro, L. Goldberg; Hon. Sec. and Treas. Mr. T. G. Carter, A. and C. Bowman were elected to represent the club on the Club Union with the Secs. Several alterations were made in the club rules; it was decided to raise the subscription from 3s. to 5s. for the season, payable in two instalments of 2s. 6d. each. It was also decided to change the club colours, Messrs. Bowman Brothers being requested to submit sample caps. The list of fixtures was read by the Secretary, and will be printed in the *Palace Journal* as soon as complete. It was resolved to play a friendly game at the end of April, between an eleven of the P.P.C.C. and 22 of the Juniors. Should this catch the eye of the Juniors' Secretary, I shall be pleased to hear from him.

T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

## SCHOOL CLUBS JOINT MEETING.

A Combined Committees' Meeting of the Ramblers, Harriers, and Football Clubs was held on Friday, Feb. 14th, 1890. Mr. Castle in the chair. Mr. Bevis proposed the following resolution as coming from the Ramblers' Committee: "That a half-yearly general meeting of the three clubs shall be held on March 15th, 1890, and shall consist of a tea, sports, business meeting, concert, and magic lantern entertainment. With the exception of the invitation sent out to the teachers (and if married) their wives, the tea to be strictly confined to the members of the three clubs; furthermore, that the teachers' wives be asked to help in preparing and arranging the tea. Mr. Bevis stated in favour of the proposition, that should it be agreed to, the Palace authorities have kindly offered us the use of the Lecture Hall, and the utensils for the tea; and he believed that such a tea under the management of the ladies, would be thoroughly appreciated by all, and not bear the character of the ordinary school treat. This resolution was seconded by Moxhay, and unanimously carried. Proposed by Cleverley, seconded by Alderton, that two tickets for the general meeting and concert be given to each member, exclusive of his own ticket, and a limited number be sold at 6d. each, should they require more. This was carried unanimously. The secretaries of the various clubs were authorised to send out the invitations, and make all the necessary arrangements. The meeting adjourned till Wednesday, at 4.15.

V. POOLE, } Secretaries.  
H. HOWARD, }  
A. WORLEDGE, }

## PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

At our first dance, which took place on Saturday last in the Exhibition-buildings, and which was very well attended and proved a great success, all our Members were busily engaged, some as M.C.'s, some as cloak-room officers, and some as musicians, so that we hold the unique position of being the only class in the People's Palace that provides band and all other necessities for a dance—with the exception of the officers of the ladies' cloak-room, for whose help on Saturday last we are very grateful—from our own Members. Some gentleman, under the false impression that he had brought an umbrella to the dance, took away that of another gentleman, to whom the Secretary will be glad to hand it when returned. Members are requested to attend the practices well this week, so as to give a good performance in the Queen's Hall on Saturday next.

W. SPILLER, Hon. Sec.  
P. SHELLEY, Assist. Hon. Sec.

## STUDENTS' SOCIAL DANCES.

The next Students' Dance will take place on Saturday, March 15th, instead of next Wednesday, as previously announced. Admission by Class Ticket. The Cinderella Calico Fancy Dress Dance will be held on April 9th (Wednesday in Easter week). It is necessary all students and friends who obtain invitation tickets to remember the dress need not be composed entirely of calico, but the main idea is to copy a fancy dress in the cheapest materials. Full particulars on this subject can be seen in the Social-room. The tickets, giving a lady student the privilege of introducing a gentleman friend, and *vice versa*, will be issued on Monday, 3rd March, at 8.30, in Social-room, and the following evening, if they are not disposed of. Early application is absolutely necessary, the number being limited; tickets are not transferable. Programmes must be obtained at the same time as the tickets. Books will be on view next Monday.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director.—MR. H. H. BURDETT.

On Friday evening last, at a Committee Meeting of the Boxing Class, it was decided to hold an Open Boxing Competition, under the A.B.A. rules, on Monday, March 24th; final bouts on Monday, March 31st. Four weights, viz., 8-st. 4-lbs. and under, 9-st. and under, 10-st. and under, 11-st. 4-lbs. and under; 2-lbs. allowed for costume. A massive gold medal for the winner of each weight; entrance fee, 2s. 6d. Further particulars and entry forms to be had of Mr. Burdett. Mr. C. J. Funnell was elected Vice-Captain in place of Mr. G. Josephs (resigned).

F. A. HUNTER, Hon Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL HARRIERS' CLUB.

The rain prevented us from running the Paper Chase, which we arranged for last Saturday. Next Saturday, we accept the kind invitation of the Ramblers, to accompany them to the Great Eastern Railway Works, at Stratford. For particulars as to time and place of meeting, please refer to the Ramblers' report.

F. G. C.

## Girls' Gymnastics at the People's Palace.

IN the great recreative, educational, and social work of the People's Palace one of the most satisfactory developments has been the department devoted to girls and young women. The classes for dress-making, millinery, and cooking have been full to overflowing throughout the year; while physical culture has been amply carried out under the skilful management of Mr. H. H. Burdett. In the girls' and young women's gymnastic and calisthenic classes there are now some 250 Members, and of these rather over 100 took part in a display last night before a crowded "gallery." Sir Edmund and Lady Currie and Mr. Walter Besant were among those who watched intently the extremely pretty proceedings. To a lively quick-step march upon the piano entered the "squad," whose first performance was to be upon the parallel bars. All the girls wore a becoming uniform made by themselves, consisting of a full blouse reaching to the knees, ample knickerbockers, dark stockings, canvas shoes and red sashes. The first exercises were gone through with credit and precision; and then followed the graceful evolutions performed with the "bar-bells," a straight wooden stave, about four feet in length, and slightly weighted at each end. In these exercises, ninety-two girls took part, and they came in with military steadiness of step. The evolutions with the bars were first gone through; and then came a series of most tortuous runs and circles, carried through with an accuracy

little short of wonderful, when one considered that though Sergeant Burdett was watching them from the stage, they had no sign nor word to guide them, save the music. When at last they appeared in an entirely inextricable maze, they seemed gradually to unravel themselves, and marched out as firmly as they had entered, apparently not at all fatigued by their exertions. Next followed the gymnastics—feats upon the vaulting horse; which it must be confessed the girls did not perform with as much strength or grace as their teacher, who "led the way." Indeed, it may be questioned whether such severe exercise as the somersaulting is not too great a risk for a girl's delicate spine. Such was decidedly the opinion of many of the ladies present. In the Indian club display the time was capitally kept, and the exercises had been carefully arranged with a view to developing the muscles and chest. The dumb-bell exercise was performed by the same exponents as those who had previously handled the bar bells so gracefully, and was enlivened by pretty catches of such old songs as "The Union Jack of Old England," sung with a fresh clearness that dispelled the least fear as to "loss of wind." Finally the girls broke into a merry whistle that would not perhaps compare with Mrs. Shaw's finished performances, but which was very bright and spontaneous. Some "free exercises" arranged by Mr. Burdett, and the complicated evolutions of the "running maze," completed this interesting and pretty display. The girls for the most part are drawn from the dressmaker, milliner, machinist, and pupil-teacher class; and this wholesome invigorating training proves of the greatest value to their health and development. With very few exceptions the girls were of average height and good physique, several possessing noticeably good figures. Sir Edmund Currie told with pardonable pride how some of them were in the habit of going to the smaller clubs and "homes" for working girls of the district, and voluntarily giving instruction in gymnastics to those yet poorer than themselves.—*St. James's Gazette*, Feb. 11.

## Letter to the Editor.

### ESSEX COUNTY CRICKET CLUB.

DEAR SIR,—The above Cricket Club are in great difficulties. The sum of £800 has to be raised before the end of March, and the very uncertain course of voluntary subscription has been adopted for that purpose. At a special meeting held last week, the proposals for increasing the annual subscription, or for issuing debenture bonds, were both rejected in favour of the first-mentioned method. Certain members are sanguine of the result; others, though working hard, are quite the reverse; but the majority of members don't seem to care two straws whether the club goes to smash or not. As a matter of fact, it has never had a fair trial, having been burdened with debt from its very start. I sincerely hope the Leyton people will be successful in their endeavours, but I am forced to confess that matters look rather the reverse of rosy. Are there any enthusiastic cricketers, students of the People's Palace, or, in fact, anyone who is willing to subscribe a little towards the £800? I shall be very pleased to forward any subscriptions that I may receive to Mr. Betts, the Secretary of the Club.

I am, your obedient servant,

T. G. CARTER,

Hon. Sec. People's Palace Cricket Club.  
7, Ferns Road, Romford Road, E.

## Answers to Correspondents.

J. BURLEY.—Your book-post packet was fastened so as to prevent inspection, and for this we had to pay.

C. DOUGLAS-HAMILTON.—You ask for the *Journal* for one month, but only enclose two stamps instead of six. This day's issue is being sent, and if you send the remaining stamps the others will follow.

A. B.—There are very good reasons for not allowing male attendance indiscriminately, as you would probably soon find if it were done.

[NOTICE.—THE CONCLUSION OF THE ACCOUNT OF A CYCLE TOUR IN FRANCE, THE FIRST INSTALMENT OF WHICH APPEARED LAST WEEK, TOGETHER WITH OTHER MATTER, IS UNAVOIDABLY HELD OVER TILL NEXT ISSUE.—ED.]

A MODEL DRIVER.—Former Employer: "I'm surprised to find that you have become such a careful driver, Mike. You used to be the most reckless driver in the streets. You ran into half-a-dozen different carriages, to my certain knowledge."

Mike: "I'm drivin' a mighty light waggon now, an' it's me own."



# PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN  
ON WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19TH, 1890,  
AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

## HANDEL'S "SAMSON," THE PEOPLE'S PALACE Choral Society and Orchestra.

SOLOISTS:  
MRS. HELEN TRUST. MISS EMILY HIMING.  
MR. BERNARD LANE. MR. GLADNEY WOLFF.  
MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.  
ORGANIST MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.  
CONDUCTORS:  
MR. ORTON BRADLEY AND MR. W. R. CAVE.

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

### PART I. OVERTURE.

SCENE.—Before the Prison in Gaza.  
SAMSON, *Mind and in chains. Attendant leading him.*

RECITATIVE. MR. BERNARD LANE.  
SAMSON.—This day, a solemn feast to Dagon held  
Relieves me from my task of servile toil;  
Unwillingly their superstition yields  
This rest, to breathe heav'n's air, fresh blowing,  
Pure, and sweet.

Enter a troop of the PRIESTS and WORSHIPPERS O DAGON,  
celebrating his festival.

#### CHORUS.

Priests, etc.—Awake the trumpet's lofty sound;  
The joyful sacred festival comes crown'd,  
When Dagon king of all the earth is crown'd.

Air. MRS. HELEN TRUST.  
Philistine Woman.—Ye men of Gaza, hither bring  
The merry pipe and pleasing string,  
The solemn hymn, and cheerful song;  
Be Dagon gaid'd by every tongue.

#### CHORUS.

Awake the trumpet's lofty sound;  
The joyful sacred festival comes crown'd,  
When Dagon king of all the earth is crown'd.

RECITATIVE.  
MR. BERNARD LANE and MISS EMILY HIMING.

SAMSON.—Why by an Angel was my birth foretold,  
If I must die betray'd, and captiv'd thus,  
The scorn and gaze of foes? O cruel thought,  
My griefs find no redress; they inward prey,  
Like gangren'd wounds, immedicable grown.  
MICAH.—Matchless in might! once Israel's glory, now her grief!  
We come (thy friends well known) to visit thee.  
SAMSON.—Welcome, my friends!

MICAH.—Which shall we first bewail, thy bondage or lost sight?  
SAMSON.—Oh, loss of sight! of thee I must complain.  
Oh, worse than beggary, old age, or chains!  
My very soul in real darkness dwells!

Air. MR. BERNARD LANE.  
Total eclipse! no sun, no moon,  
All dark amidst the blaze of noon!  
O glorious light! no cheering ray  
To glad my eyes with welcome day!  
Why thus depriv'd Thy prime decree?  
Sun, moon, and stars are dark to me.

#### CHORUS.

ISRAELITES.—O first created beam, and thou, great word,  
Let there be light! and light was over all;  
One heav'nly blaze shone round this earthly ball,  
To Thy dark servant life by light afford.

MANOAH.—Brethren and men of Dan, say where's my son  
Samson, fond Israel's boast? Inform my age.

MICAH.—As signal now in low dejected state,  
As in the height of pow'r; see where he lies.

RECITATIVE (accompanied). MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.  
MANOAH.—The good we wish for often proves our bane;  
I pray'd for children, and I gained a son,  
And such a son, as all men hail'd me happy;  
But who'd he now a father in my stead?

The blessing drew a scorpion's tail behind:  
This plant, select and sacred, for awhile  
Ensnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound,  
His foe's derision, captive, poor and blind.

Air. MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.  
Thy glorious deeds inspir'd my tongue,  
Whilst airs of joy from thence did flow;  
To sorrows now I tune my song,  
And set my harp to notes of woe.

RECITATIVE (accompanied). MR. BERNARD LANE.  
SAMSON.—Justly these evils have befall'n thy son,  
Sole author I, sole cause.  
My grief for this forbid mine eyes to close, or thoughts  
to rest:

But now the strife shall end; me overthrow,  
Dagon presumes to enter lists with God;  
Who thus provok'd will not connive, but rouse  
His fury soon, and His great Name assert.  
Dagon shall stoop, ere long be quite despoil'd  
Of all those boasted trophies won by me.

Air. MR. BERNARD LANE.  
Why does the God of Israel sleep?  
Arise with dreadful sound,  
With clouds encompass'd round,  
Then shall the heathen hear Thy thunder deep.

The tempest of Thy wrath now rase,  
In whirlwinds them pursue.  
Full fraught with vengeance due,  
Till shame and trouble all Thy foes shall seize.

#### CHORUS.

ISRAELITES.—Then shall they know that He, whose Name  
Jehovah, is alone all o'er the earth, but One,  
Was ever the Most High, and still the same.

#### RECITATIVE.

MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE and MR. BERNARD LANE.  
MANOAH.—For thee, my dearest son—must thou meanwhile  
Lie, thus neglected, in this loathsome plight.

SAMSON.—It should be so. Why should I live?  
Soon shall these orbs to double darkness yield.  
My genial spirits droop, my hopes are fled;  
Nature in me seems weary of herself;  
My race of glory run, and race of shame,  
Death, invocated oft, shall end my pains,  
And lay me gently down with them that rest.

#### CHORUS.

ISRAELITES.—Then round about the starry throne  
Of Him who ever rules alone,  
Your heavenly guide and aid shall climb;  
Of all this earthly grossness quit,  
With glory crown'd for ever sit,  
And triumph over Death, and thee, O Time!

### PART II.

SCENE.—The same. SAMSON, MICAH, and ISRAELITES.

#### RECITATIVE.

MR. BERNARD LANE and MISS EMILY HIMING.  
SAMSON.—My evils hopeless are, one pray'r remains,  
A speedy death to close my miseries.

MICAH.—Relieve Thy champion, image of Thy strength,  
And turn his labours to a peaceful end.  
Air. MISS EMILY HIMING.

Return, O God of Hosts! behold Thy servant in distress,  
His mighty griefs redress, nor by the heathen be they told.

#### CHORUS.

ISRAELITES.—To dust his glory they would tread,  
And number him amongst the dead.

RECITATIVE. MISS EMILY HIMING, MR. BERNARD LANE  
and MRS. HELEN TRUST.

MICAH.—But who is this, that so bedeck'd and gay,  
Comes this way sailing like a stately ship?  
'Tis Dalila, thy wife.

SAMSON.—My wife? my traitress! let her not come near me  
Dalila.—With doubtful feet, and wav'ring resolution;  
I come, O Samson, dreading thy displeasure;  
But conjugal affection led me on,  
Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt.  
Glad if in aught my help or love could serve to expiate  
my rash, unthought misdeed.

#### Air. MRS. HELEN TRUST.

Dalila.—With plaintive notes and am'rous moan,  
Thus coos the turtle left alone, thus bid me say:  
Air. MRS. HELEN TRUST.

My faith and truth, O Samson, prove;  
But hear me, hear the voice of love;  
With love no mortal can be cloyed,  
All happiness is love enjoyed.

RECITATIVE. MISS EMILY HIMING, MR. BERNARD LANE  
and MRS. HELEN TRUST.

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With love no mortal can be cloyed,  
All happiness is love enjoyed.

RECITATIVE. MR. BERNARD LANE.  
SAMSON.—Favour'd of heaven is he who finds one true;  
How rarely found!—his way to peace is smooth

#### CHORUS.

ISRAELITES.—To man God's universal law, gave power to keep his  
wife in awe;  
Thus shall his life be ne'er dismay'd, by female usurpa-  
tion sway'd.

RECITATIVE. MISS EMILY HIMING, MR. BERNARD LANE,  
and MR. GLADNEY WOLFF.

MICAH.—No words of peace, no voice enchanting fear,  
A rougher tongue expect,—here's Harapha,  
I know him by his stride and haughty look.

Enter HARAPHA and PHILISTINES.

HARAPHA.—I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance;  
I am of Gath, men call me Harapha:  
Thou know'st me now: of thy prodigious might  
Much have I heard, incredible to me!

In this displead'd, that never in the field  
We met, to try each other's deeds of strength:  
I'd see if thy appearance answers loud report.

SAMSON.—The way to know, were not to see, but taste.  
HARAPHA.—Ha! dost thou then already single me?  
I thought that labour and thy chains had tamed thee.

Had fortune brought me to that field of death,  
Where thou wrought'st wonders with an ass's jaw,  
I'd left thy carcass where the ass lay dead.

SAMSON.—Boast not of what thou would'st have done, but do.  
HARAPHA.—The honour certain have won from thee  
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out;  
To combat with a blind man I disdain.

Air. MR. GLADNEY WOLFF.  
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.  
SAMSON.—Can'st thou then for this, vain boaster? yet take heed;  
My heels are fettered, but my hands are free.

Thou bulk of spirit void, I once again,  
Blind, and in chains, provoke thee to the fight.

HARAPHA.—O Dagon! can I hear this insolence,  
To me unuseful, not rendering instant death!

Duet. MR. BERNARD LANE and MR. GLADNEY WOLFF.  
SAMSON.—Go, baffled coward, go, lest vengeance lay thee low;  
In safety fly my wrath with speed.

HARAPHA.—Presume not on thy God, who under foot has trod  
Thy strength and thee, at greatest need.

RECITATIVE. MISS EMILY HIMING.  
MICAH.—Here lies the proof,—if Dagon be thy god,  
His glory is concerned; let him dissolve  
Those magic spells that gave our hero strength:  
Then know whose god is God: Dagon of mortal make,  
Or that Great One Abram's sons adore.

#### CHORUS.

ISRAELITES.—Hear, Jacob's God, Jehovah, hear!  
O save us, prostrate at Thy throne!  
Israel depends on Thee alone;  
Save us, and show that Thou art near.

RECITATIVE. MR. GLADNEY WOLFF.  
HARAPHA.—Dagon, arise, attend thy sacred feast;  
Thy honour calls this day adorns me.

CHORUS.  
Philistines.—To song and dance we give the day,  
Which shows Thy universal sway.  
Protect us by Thy mighty hand,  
And sweep this race from out the land.

### PART III.

SCENE.—The same. SAMSON, and ISRAELITES.

RECITATIVE. MISS EMILY HIMING, MR. BERNARD LANE,  
and MR. GLADNEY WOLFF.

MICAH.—More trouble is behind; for Harapha  
Comes on again, speed in his steps and look.

SAMSON.—I fear him not, nor all his giant brood.

Enter HARAPHA.  
HARAPHA.—Samson, to thee our love thus bid me say:  
"This day to Dagon we do sacrifice  
With triumph, pomp, and games; we know thy strength  
Surpasses human race; come, then, and show  
Some public proof, to grace this solemn feast."

SAMSON.—I am an Hebrew, and our law forbids  
My presence at Philistine religious rites.

HARAPHA.—This answer will offend; regard thyself.  
SAMSON.—Myself! my conscience and internal peace!  
Am I so broke with servitude, to yield  
To such absurd commands? to be their fool,  
And pray before their god? I will not come.

HARAPHA.—My message gives thee speed, brooks no delay.  
Air. MR. GLADNEY WOLFF.

Presuming slave! to move their wrath;  
For mercy sue, or vengeance due  
Dooms in one fatal word thy death:  
Consider, ere it be too late, to ward th' unerring shaft of fate.

CHORUS.  
ISRAELITES and PHILISTINES.—Fixed in His everlasting seat,  
Jehovah rules the world in state.  
Great Dagon  
His thunder roars, heaven shakes, and earth's agast.  
The stars, with deep amaze,

#### CHORUS.

Remain in steadfast gaze;  
Jehovah is of Gods the first and last.

RECITATIVE. MISS EMILY HIMING and MR. BERNARD LANE.  
MICAH.—Consider, Samson, matters now are strain'd  
Up to the height, whether to hold or break.  
He's gone, whose malice may inflame the lords.  
SAMSON.—Shall I abuse this consecrated gift,  
Of strength, again returning with my hair  
By vanquishing it in honour to their god,  
And prostituting holy things to idols?

MICAH.—How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach;  
'Tis heaven alone can save both us and thee.

#### CHORUS.

ISRAELITES.—With thunder armed, great God arise;  
Help, Lord, or Israel's champion dies;  
To Thy protection this Thy servant takes,  
And save, O save us, for Thy servant's sake.

RECITATIVE. MR. BERNARD LANE, MR. GLADNEY WOLFF  
and MISS EMILY HIMING.

SAMSON.—Be of good courage; I begin to feel  
Some secret impulse, which doth bid me go.

MICAH.—In time thou hast resolved, again he comes.  
Enter HARAPHA.

HARAPHA.—Samson, this second message sends our lords:  
"Haste thee at once, or we shall engines find  
To move thee, though thou wert a solid rock."  
SAMSON.—Yah were their art if tried; I yield to go. [Exit HARAPHA.]

MICAH.—So may'st thou act as serves His glory best.  
SAMSON.—Let but that Spirit (which first rushed on me  
In the camp of Dan) inspire me at my need:  
Then shall I make Jehovah's glory known:  
Their idol gods shall from His presence fly,  
Scattered like sheep before the God of Hosts.

#### Air. MR. BERNARD LANE.

Thus when the sun in 's watery bed,  
All curtain'd with a cloudy red,  
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave;  
The wandering shadows, ghastly pale,  
All troop to th' infernal jail,  
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave.

#### [Exit, led by his Attendant.]

RECITATIVE. MISS EMILY HIMING.  
MICAH.—With might endued above the sons of men,  
Swift as the lightning glance His errand execute,  
And spread His Name among the heathen round.

#### Air. MISS EMILY HIMING, and CHORUS.

MICAH and ISRAELITES.  
The Holy One of Israel be thy guide,  
The Angel of thy birth stand by thy side:  
To fame immortal go, Heaven's thee strike the blow:  
The Holy One of Israel is thy guide.

#### RECITATIVE.

Old Manoah, with youthful steps, makes haste  
To find his son, or bring us some glad news.

#### Enter MANOAH.

RECITATIVE. MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.  
MANOAH.—I come, my brethren, not to seek my son,  
Who at the feast doth play before the lords;  
But give you part with me, what hopes I have  
To work his liberty.

#### Air. MRS. HELEN TRUST, and CHORUS.

Philistines.—Great Dagon has subdued our foe,  
And brought their boasted hero low:  
Sound out his power in notes divine,  
Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and wine.

#### RECITATIVE.

MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE and MISS EMILY HIMING.  
MANOAH.—What noise of joy was that? it tore the sky.  
MICAH.—They shout and sing to see their dreaded foe  
Now captive, blind, delighting with his strength.  
MANOAH.—Could my inheritance but ransom him,  
Without my patrimony, having him the richest of my  
MICAH.—Sons care to nurse  
Their parents in old age; but you, your son.

#### Air. MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.

MANOAH.—How willing my paternal love,  
The will to share of filial care,  
And part of sorrow's burden prove!  
Tho' wandering in the shades of night,  
Whilst I have eyes, he wants no light.

#### RECITATIVE.

MISS EMILY HIMING and MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.  
MICAH.—Your hopes of his delivery seem not vain,  
In which all Israel's friends participate.  
MANOAH.—I know your friendly minds, and—  
(A symphony of horror and confusion.)  
Heaven, what noise? Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.  
CHORUS.  
Philistines (a little distance).  
Hear us, our God! O hear our cry!  
Death! ruin! fallen! no help is nigh:  
O mercy, heav'n, we sink, we die!  
Enter an ISRAELITISH MESSENGER.



RECITATIVE. Mr. BERNARD LANE.  
 Messenger.—Where shall I run, or which way fly the thoughts  
 Of this most horrid sight? O countrymen,  
 You're in this sad event too much concerned.  
 Micah.—The accident was loud, we long to know from whence.  
 Messenger.—Let me recover breath; it will burst forth.  
 Manoaah.—Suspend in news is torture; speak it out.  
 Messenger.—Then take the worst in brief. Samson is dead.  
 Manoaah.—The worst indeed!  
 Messenger.—Unwounded of his enemies he fell,  
 At once he died destroy, and was destroyed.  
 The edifice (where all were met to see)  
 Upon their heads and on his own he pulled.  
 Manoaah.—O lastly overstrong against thyself!  
 A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge,  
 Glorious, yet dearly bought.  
 Air. Miss EMILY HIMING.  
 Micah.—Ye sons of Israel, now lament:  
 Your spear is broke, your bow unbent!  
 Your glory's fled;  
 Amongst the dead great Samson lies;  
 For ever, ever closed his eyes.  
 CHORUS.  
 Israelites.—Weep, Israel, weep a louder strain;  
 Samson, your strength, your hero's slain.  
 A DEAD MARCH.  
 Enter ISRAELITES, with the body of SAMSON.  
 SOLI. Mr. WILLIAM CUNLIFFE and Mrs. HELEN TRUST,  
 AND CHORUS.  
 Manoaah and Israelites.—Glorious hero, may thy grave  
 Peace and honour ever have;  
 After all thy pains and woes,  
 Rest eternal, sweet repose.  
 Israelitish Woman.—The virgins, too, shall on their feastful days  
 Visit his tomb with flowers, and there bewail  
 His lot, unfortunate in nuptial choice.  
 Virgins.—Bring the laurels, bring the bays,  
 Strew his hearse, and strew the ways.  
 Israelitish Woman.—May every hero fall like thee,  
 Thro' sorrow to felicity.  
 Virgins.—Bring the laurels, bring the bays,  
 Strew his hearse, and strew the ways.  
 Israelites.—Glorious hero, may thy grave peace and honour ever have;  
 After all thy pains and woes, rest eternal, sweet repose.  
 A DEAD MARCH.  
 RECITATIVE. Mr. WILLIAM CUNLIFFE.  
 Manoaah.—Come, come, no time for lamentation now:  
 No cause for grief; Samson like Samson fell,  
 Both life and death heroic. To his foes  
 Ruin is left; to him eternal fame.  
 Air. Mrs. HELEN TRUST.  
 Israelitish Woman.—Let the bright Seraphim in burning row,  
 Their loud upbraid angel-trumpets blow:  
 Let the Cherubim choirs, in tuneful choirs,  
 Touch their immortal harps with golden wires.  
 CHORUS.  
 Israelites.—Let their celestial concerts all unite,  
 Ever to sound his praise in endless morn of light.

## Legends of the Province House.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

### IV.

#### OLD ESTHER DUDLEY.

OUR host having resumed the chair, he as well as Mr. Tiffany and myself, expressed much eagerness to be made acquainted with the story to which the loyalist had alluded. That venerable man first of all saw fit to moisten his throat with another glass of wine, and then, turning his face towards our coal fire, looked steadfastly for a few moments into the depths of its cheerful glow. Finally, he poured forth a great fluency of speech. The generous liquid that he had sipped, while it warmed his age-chilled blood, likewise took off the chill from his heart and mind, and gave him an energy to think and feel, which we could hardly have expected to find beneath the snows of fourscore winters. His feelings, indeed, appeared to me more excitable than those of a younger man; or, at least, the same degree of feeling manifested itself by more visible effects, than if his judgment and will had possessed the potency of meridian life. At the pathetic passages of his narrative, he readily melted into tears. When a breath of indignation swept across his spirit, the blood flushed his withered visage even to the roots of his white hair; and he shook his clinched fist at the trio of peaceful auditors, seeming to fancy enemies in those who felt very kindly towards the desolate old soul. But ever and anon, sometimes in the midst of his most earnest talk, this ancient person's intellect would wander vaguely, losing its hold of the matter in hand, and groping

for it amid misty shadows. Then would he cackle forth a feeble laugh, and express a doubt whether his wits—for by that phrase it pleased our ancient friend to signify his mental powers—were not getting a little the worse for wear. Under these disadvantages, the old loyalist's story required more revision to render it fit for the public eye than those of that series which have preceded it; nor should it be concealed, that the sentiment and tone of the affair may have undergone some slight, or perchance more than slight metamorphosis, in its transmission to the reader through the medium of a thoroughgoing democrat. The tale itself is a mere sketch, with no involution of plot, nor any great interest of events, yet possessing, if I have rehearsed it aright, that pensive influence over the mind, which the shadow of the old Province House flings upon the loiterer in its courtyard.

The hour had come—the hour of defeat and humiliation—when Sir William Howe was to pass over the threshold of the Province House, and embark, with no such triumphal ceremonies as he once promised himself, on board the British fleet. He bade his servants and military attendants go before him, and lingered a moment in the loneliness of the mansion, to quell the fierce emotions that struggled in his bosom as with a death-throb. Preferring, however, to have deemed his fate, had his fate, had his fate, he would claim to the narrow territory of a grave, within the soil which the king had given him to defend. With an ominous perception that, as his departing footsteps echoed adown the staircase, the sway of Britain was passing for ever from New England, he smote his clinched hand on his brow, and cursed the destiny that had flung the shame of a dismembered empire upon him.

"Would to God," cried he, hardly repressing his tears of rage, "that the rebels were even now at the door-step. A blood-stain upon the floor should then bear testimony that the last British ruler was faithful to his trust."

The tremulous voice of a woman replied to his exclamation. "Heaven's cause and the king's are one," it said. "Go forth, Sir William Howe, and trust in heaven to bring back a Royal Governor in triumph."

Subduing at once the passion to which he had yielded only in the faith that it was unwitting, Sir William Howe became conscious that an aged woman was leaning on a golden-headed staff, was standing betwixt him and the door. It was old Esther Dudley, who had dwelt almost immemorial years in this mansion, until her presence seemed as inseparable from it as the recollections of its history. She was the daughter of an ancient and once eminent family, which had fallen into poverty and decay, and left its last descendant no resource save the bounty of the king, nor any shelter except within the walls of the Province House. An office in the household, with merely nominal duties, had been assigned to her as a pretext for the payment of a small pension, the greater part of which she expended in adorning herself with an antique magnificence of attire. The claims of Esther Dudley's gentle blood were acknowledged by all the successive governors; and they treated her with the punctilious courtesy which it was her foible to demand, not always with success, from a neglectful world. The only actual share which she assumed in the business of the mansion, was to glide through its passages and public chambers, late at night, to see that the servants had dropped no fire from their flaring torches, nor left embers crackling and blazing on the hearths. Perhaps it was this invariable custom of walking her rounds in the hush of midnight, that caused the superstition of the times to invest the old woman with attributes of awe and mystery; fabled that she had entered the portal of the Province House, none knew whence, in the train of the first Royal Governor, and that it was her fate to dwell there till the last had departed. But Sir William Howe, if he ever heard this legend, had forgotten it.

"Miss Dudley, why are you loitering here?" asked he, with some severity of tone. "It is my pleasure to be the last in this mansion of the king."

"Not so, if it please your Excellency," answered the time-stricken woman. "This roof has sheltered me long. I will not pass from it until they bear me to the tomb of my forefathers. What other shelter is there for old Esther Dudley, save the Province House, or the grave?"

"Now heaven forgive me!" said Sir William Howe to himself. "I was about to leave this wretched old creature to starve or beg. Take this, good Mistress Dudley," he added, putting a purse into her hands. "King George's head on these golden guineas is sterling yet, and will continue so, I warrant you, even should the rebels crown John Hancock their king. That purse will buy a better shelter than the Province House can now afford."

"While the burden of life remains upon me, I will have no other shelter than this roof," persisted Esther Dudley, striking her staff upon the floor with a gesture that expressed immovable resolve. "And when your excellency returns in triumph, I will totter into the porch to welcome you."

"My poor old friend!" answered the British General, and all his manly and martial pride could no longer restrain a gush of bitter tears. "This is an evil hour for you and me. The province which the king intrusted to my charge is lost. I go hence in misfortune—perchance in disgrace—to return no more. And you, whose present being is incorporated with the past—who have seen governor after governor, in stately pageantry, ascend these steps—whose whole life has been an observance of majestic ceremonies, and a worship of the king—how will you endure the change? Come with us! Bid farewell to a land that has shaken off its allegiance, and live still under a royal government, at Halifax."

"Never, never!" said the pertinacious old dame. "Here will I abide; and King George shall still have one true subject in his disloyal province."

"Beshrew the old fool!" muttered Sir William Howe, growing impatient of her obstinacy, and ashamed of the emotion into which he had been betrayed. "She is the very moral of old-fashioned prejudice, and could exist nowhere but in this musty edifice. Well, then, Mistress Dudley, since you will needs tarry, I give the Province House in charge to you. Take this key, and keep it safe until myself, or some other Royal Governor, shall demand it of you."

Smiling bitterly at himself and her, he took the heavy key of the Province House, and delivering it into the old lady's hands, drew his cloak around him for departure. As the general glanced back at Esther Dudley's antique figure, he deemed her well fitted for such a charge, as being so perfect a representative of the decayed past—of an age gone by, with its manners, opinions, faith, and feelings, all fallen into oblivion or scorn—of what had once been a reality, but was now merely a vision of faded magnificence. Then Sir William Howe strode forth, smiting his clinched hands together, in the fierce anguish of his spirit; and old Esther Dudley was left to keep watch in the lonely Province House, dwelling there with memory; and if hope ever seemed to flit around her, still it was memory in disguise.

The total change of affairs that ensued on the departure of the British troops did not drive the venerable lady from her stronghold. There was not, for many years afterwards, a Governor of Massachusetts; and the magistrates, who had charge of such matters, saw no objection to Esther Dudley's residence in the Province House, especially as they must otherwise have paid a hireling for taking care of the premises, which with her was a labour of love. And so they left her the undisturbed mistress of the old historic edifice. Many and strange were the fables which the gossips whispered about her, in all the chimney-corners of the town. Among the time-worn articles of furniture that had been left in the mansion, there was a tall, antique mirror, which was well worthy of a tale by itself, and perhaps may hereafter be the theme of one. The gold of its heavily-wrought frame was tarnished, and its surface so blurred, that the old woman's figure, whenever she paused before it, looked indistinct and ghost-like. But it was the general belief that Esther could cause the governors of the overthrown dynasty, with the beautiful ladies who had once adorned their festivals, the Indian chiefs who had come up to the Province House, to hold council or swear allegiance, the grim provincial warriors, the severe clergymen—in short, all the pageantry of gone days—all the figures that ever swept across the broad plate of glass in former times—she could cause the whole to reappear, and people the inner world of the mirror with shadows of old life. Such legends as these, together with the singularity of her isolated existence, her age, and the infirmity that each added winter flung upon her, made Mistress Dudley the object both of fear and pity; and it was partly the result of either sentiment, that, amid all the angry license of the times, neither wrong nor insult ever fell upon her unprotected head.

Indeed, there was so much haughtiness in her demeanour towards intruders, among whom she reckoned all persons acting under the new authorities, that it was really an affair of no small nerve to look her in the face. And to do the people justice, stern republicans as they had now become, they were well content that the old gentle woman, in her hoop-petticoat and faded embroidery, should still haunt the palace of ruined pride and overthrown power, the symbol of a departed system, embodying a history in her person. So Esther Dudley dwelt, year after year, in the Province House, still reverencing all that others had flung aside, still faithful to her king, who, so long as the venerable dame yet held her post, might be said to retain one true subject in New

England, and one spot of the empire that had been wrested from him.

And did she dwell there in utter loneliness? Rumour said, not so. Whenever her chill and withered heart desired warmth, she was wont to summon a black slave of Governor Shirley's from the blurred mirror, and send him in search of guests who had long ago been familiar in those deserted chambers. Forth went the sable messenger, with the starlight or the moonshine gleaming through him, and did his errand in the burial-ground, knocking at the iron doors of tombs, or upon the marble slabs that covered them, and whispering to those within: "My mistress, old Esther Dudley, bids you to the Province House at midnight." And punctually as the clock of the Old South told twelve, came the shadows of the Olivers, the Hutchinsons, the Dudleys, all the grandees of a bygone generation, gliding beneath the portal into the well-known mansion, where Esther mingled with them as if she likewise were a shade. Without vouching for the truth of such traditions, it is certain that Mistress Dudley sometimes assembled a few of the staunch, though crestfallen old Tories, who had lingered in the rebel town during those days of wrath and tribulation. Out of a cobwebbed bottle, containing liquor that a royal governor might have snatched his lips over, they quaffed healths to the king, and babbled treason to the Republic, feeling as if the protecting shadow of the throne were still flung around them. But, draining the last drops of their liquor, they stole timorously homeward, and answered not again if the rude mob reviled them in the street.

Yet Esther Dudley's most frequent and favoured guests were the children of the town. Towards them she was never stern. A kindly and loving nature, hindered elsewhere from its free course by a thousand rocky prejudices, lavished itself upon these little ones. By bribes of gingerbread of her own making, stamped with a royal crown, she tempted their sunny sportiveness beneath the gloomy portal of the Province House, and would often beguile them to spend a whole play-day there, sitting in a circle round the verge of her hoop-petticoat, greedily attentive to her stories of a dead world. And when these little boys and girls stole forth again from the dark mysterious mansion, they went bewildered, full of old feelings that graver people had long ago forgotten, rubbing their eyes at the world around them as if they had gone astray into ancient times, and become children of the past. At home, when their parents asked where they had loitered such a weary while, and with whom they had been at play, the children would talk of all the departed worthies of the province, as far back as Governor Belcher, and the haughty dame of Sir William Phipps. It would seem as though they came of the knees of these famous personages, whom the grave had hidden for half-a-century, and had toyed with the embroidery of their rich waistcoats, or roughly pulled the long curls of their flowing wigs.

"But Governor Belcher has been dead this many a year," would the mother say to her little boy. "And did you really see him at the Province House?" "Oh, yes, dear mother! yes!" the half-dreaming child would answer. "But when old Esther had done speaking about him he faded away out of the chair." Thus, without affrighting her little guests, she led them by the hand into the chambers of her own desolate heart, and made childhood's fancy discern the ghosts that haunted there.

Living so continually in her own circle of ideas, and never regulating her mind by a proper reference to present things, Esther Dudley appears to have grown partially crazed. It was found that she had no right sense of the progress and true state of the Revolutionary war, but held a constant faith that the armies of Britain were victorious on every field, and destined to be ultimately triumphant. Whenever the town rejoiced for a battle won by Washington, or Gates, or Morgan, or Greene, the news, in passing through the door of the Province House, as through the ivory gate of dreams, became metamorphosed into a strange tale of the prowess of Howe, Clinton, or Cornwallis. Sooner or later, it was her invincible belief, the colonies would be prostrate at the footstool of the king. Sometimes she seemed to take for granted that such was already the case. On one occasion, she startled the townspeople by a brilliant illumination of the Province House, with candles at every pane of glass, and a transparency of the king's initials and a crown of light in the great balcony window. The figure of the aged woman, in the most gorgeous of her mildewed velvets and brocades, was seen passing from casement to casement, until she paused before the balcony, and flourished a huge key above her head. Her wrinkled visage actually gleamed with triumph, as if the soul within her were a festal lamp.

"What means this blaze of light? What does old



Esther's joy portend?" whispered a spectator. "It is frightful to see her gliding about the chambers, and rejoicing there without a soul to bear her company."

"It is as if she were making merry in a tomb," said another.

"Pshaw! It is no such mystery," observed an old man, after some brief exercise of memory. "Mistress Dudley is keeping jubilee for the King of England's birthday."

Then the people laughed aloud, and would have thrown mud against the blazing transparency of the king's crown and initials, only that they pitied the poor old dame, who was so dismally triumphant amid the wreck and ruin of the system to which she appertained.

Oftentimes it was her custom to climb the weary staircase that wound upward to the cupola, and thence strain her dimmed eyesight seaward and countryward, watching for a British fleet, or for the march of a grand procession, with the king's banner floating over it. The passengers in the street below would discern her anxious visage, and send up a shout—"When the golden Indian on the Province House shall shoot his arrow, and when the cock on the Old South spire shall crow, then look for a Royal Governor again!"—for this had grown a byword through the town. And at last, after long, long years, old Esther knew, or perchance she only dreamed, that a Royal Governor was on the eve of returning to the Province House, to receive the heavy key which Sir William Howe had committed to her charge. Now it was the fact, that intelligence bearing some faint analogy to Esther's version of it, was current among the townspeople. She set the mansion in the best order that her means allowed, and arraying herself in silks and tarnished gold, stood long before the blurred mirror to admire her own magnificence. As she gazed, the gray and withered lady moved her ashen lips, murmuring half aloud, talking to shapes that she saw within the mirror, to shadows of her own fantasies, to the household friends of memory, and bidding them rejoice with her, and come forth to meet the governor. And while absorbed in this communion, Mistress Dudley heard the tramp of many footsteps in the street, and looking out at the window, beheld what she construed as the Royal Governor's arrival.

"Oh, happy day! oh, blessed, blessed hour!" she exclaimed. "Let me but bid him welcome within the portal, and my task in the Province House, and on earth, is done!"

Then with tottering feet, which age and tremulous joy caused to tread amiss, she hurried down the grand staircase, her silks sweeping and rustling as she went, so that the sound was as if a train of spectral courtiers were thronging from the dim mirror. And Esther Dudley fancied, that as soon as the wide door should be flung open, all the pomp and splendour of bygone times would pace majestically into the Province House, and the gilded tapestry of the past would be brightened by the sunshine of the present. She turned the key—withdraw it from the lock—unclosed the door—and stepped across the threshold. Advancing up the courtyard, appeared a person of most dignified mien, with tokens, as Esther interpreted them, of gentle blood, high rank, and long-accustomed authority, even in his walk and every gesture. He was richly dressed, but wore a gouty shoe, which, however, did not lessen the stateliness of his gait. Around and behind him were people in plain civic dresses, and two or three warworn veterans, evidently officers of rank, arrayed in a uniform of blue and buff. But Esther Dudley, firm in the belief that had fastened its roots about her heart, beheld only the principal personage, and never doubted that this was the long-looked-for governor, to whom she was to surrender up her charge. As he approached, she involuntarily sank down on her knees, and tremblingly held forth the heavy key.

"Receive my trust! take it quickly!" cried she; "for methinks death is striving to snatch away my triumph; but he comes too late. Thank heaven for this blessed hour! God save King George!"

"That, madam, is a strange prayer to be offered up at such a moment," replied the unknown guest of the Province House, and courteously removing his hat, he offered his arm to raise the aged woman. "Yet, in reverence for your gray hairs and long-kept faith, heaven forbid that any here should say you nay. Over the realms which still acknowledge his sceptre, God save King George!"

Esther Dudley started to her feet, and hastily clutching back the key, gazed with fearful earnestness at the stranger; and dimly and doubtfully, as if suddenly awakened from a dream, her bewildered eyes half recognised his face. Years ago, she had known him among the gentry of the province; but the ban of the king had fallen upon him! How, then, came the doomed victim here? Proscribed, excluded from mercy, the monarch's most dreaded and hated foe, this New

England merchant had stood triumphantly against a kingdom's strength; and his foot now trode upon humbled royalty, as he ascended the steps of the Province House, the people's chosen Governor of Massachusetts.

"Wretch, wretch that I am!" muttered the old woman, with such a heartbroken expression, that the tears gushed from the stranger's eyes. "Have I bidden a traitor welcome? Come, Death! come quickly!"

"Alas, venerable lady!" said Governor Hancock, lending her his support with all the reverence that a courtier would have shown to a queen. "Your life has been prolonged until the world has changed around you. You have treasured up all that time has rendered worthless—the principles, feelings, manners, modes of being and acting, which another generation has flung aside—and you are a symbol of the past. And I, and these around me—we represent a new race of men—living no longer in the past, scarcely in the present, but projecting our lives forward into the future. Ceasing to model ourselves on ancestral superstitions, it is our faith and principle to press onward, onward! Yet," continued he, turning to his attendants, "let us reverence, for the last time, the stately and gorgeous prejudices of the tottering past!"

While the Republican Governor spoke, he had continued to support the helpless form of Esther Dudley; her weight grew heavier against his arm; but at last, with a sudden effort to free herself, the ancient woman sank down beside one of the pillars of the portal. The key of the Province House fell from her grasp, and clanked against the stone.

"I have been faithful unto death," murmured she. "God save the King!"

"She hath done her office!" said Hancock, solemnly. "We will follow her reverently to the tomb of her ancestors; and, then, my fellow-citizens, onward—onward! We are no longer children of the past!"

As the old loyalist concluded his narrative, the enthusiasm which had been fitfully flashing within his sunken eyes, and quivering across his wrinkled visage, faded away, as if all the lingering fire of his soul were extinguished. Just then, too, a lamp upon the mantelpiece threw out a dying gleam, which vanished as speedily as it shot upward, compelling our eyes to grope for one another's features by the dim glow of the hearth. With such a lingering fire, methought, with such a dying gleam, had the glory of the ancient system vanished from the Province House, when the spirit of old Esther Dudley took its flight. And now, again, the clock of the Old South threw its voice of ages on the breeze, knolling the hourly knell of the past, crying out far and wide through the multitudinous city, and filling our ears, as we sat in the dusky chamber, with its reverberating depth of tone. In that same mansion—in that very chamber—what a volume of history had been told off into hours, by the same voice that was now trembling in the air. Many a governor had heard those midnight accents, and longed to exchange his stately cares for slumber. And as for mine host, and Mr. Bela Tiffany, and the old loyalist, and me, we had babbled about dreams of the past, until we almost fancied that the clock was still striking in a bygone century. Neither of us would have wondered, had a hoop-petticoated phantom of Esther Dudley tottered into the chamber, walking her rounds in the hush of midnight, as of yore, and motioned us to quench the fading embers of the fire, and leave the historic precincts to herself and her kindred shades. But as no such vision was vouchsafed, I retired unbidden, and would advise Mr. Tiffany to lay hold of another auditor, being resolved not to show my face in the Province House for a good while hence—if ever.

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Blinks (a lawyer): "Certainly, sir, certainly; open all you please."

"Well, here is a letter my wife has written to your wife, and handed me to deliver. I feel pretty sure there's something unpleasant in it about me. I wish you'd open it, and if there is just burn it."

"Humph! Does my wife know your wife is going to write to her?"

"Yes."

"And if my wife doesn't get this letter she'll soon find it out, won't she?"

"Of course."

"On second thoughts, I believe there is a new law which makes it a penal offence to open a wife's letters. I couldn't take the risk, sir; indeed I couldn't."

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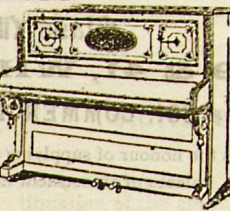
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Any make of Machine supplied at a large discount for Cash, or  
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Mar. .. 13, 27	Sept. .. 11, 25
April .. 10, 24	Oct. .. 9, 23
May .. 8, 22	Nov. .. 13, 27
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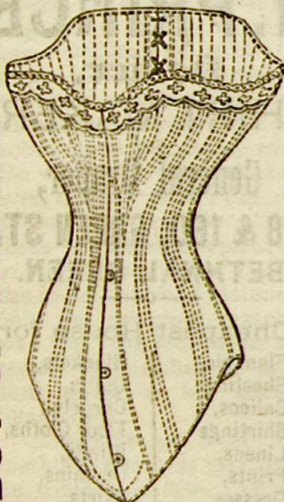
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Special Bottles, post free from obser-  
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SALES BY AUCTION of Every Description of Property.  
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6 or 12 stamps. Nickel  
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Good Ladies' Button or Lace  
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