

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E

VOL. V.—No. 122.]

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, 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, Mar. 13th.**—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.
- FRIDAY, Mar. 14th.**—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, Mar. 15th.**—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Rambler's Club.—Students' Social Dance.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 5.—Students' Social Dance, at 7.30.—Junior Chess and Draughts Club, at 8.—Technical Schools' Harriers, Ramblers and Football Club Tea, Sports and Entertainment, at 5.30.—Chess Club Practice, at 7.—Junior Harriers' Club.—Paper Chase, at Wanstead, 3.45.—Popular Entertainment in Queen's Hall.—Mr. Sexton's Choir, with Humorous Selections, at 8.
- SUNDAY, Mar. 16th.**—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY, Mar. 17th.**—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Clubs' Union Meeting, at 8.30.—Shorthand Society.—Weekly Meeting, at 8.—Gymnastic Display by female Members of Gymnasium, in Queen's Hall, at 8, ladies only admitted.
- TUESDAY, Mar. 18th.**—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, Mar. 19th.**—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.—Students' Entertainment in Queen's Hall. Mr. Conway Thornton's "Facts and Fancies," at 8.

Organ Recitals,

On **SUNDAY NEXT, MARCH 16th, 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 most important event of this week has been the sharp frost of Sunday and Monday. The thermometer actually touched Zero in Kent and Sussex, while in London it went down to 11 or 21 degrees of freezing. This is most unusual for the month of March. At the same time it is not unprecedented. In the year 1855 there was an intense frost which lasted till the month of March. In the year 1709, there was a three month's frost, lasting into March. In the year 1076, there was a frost which lasted from November till April: and in 1035, a frost on Midsummer day destroyed all the fruits of the earth. This has been a very remarkable year for exceptional weather. Let us hope that we are now going to settle into a more comfortable swing.

It is said that it has become almost impossible to enlist recruits in the South of England. If this is so, it is a very serious thing, because an army we must have, and if we cannot get an army of volunteers we must have an army of conscripts. There ought to be no difficulty in getting good men to enlist: two things only seem needful for the purpose. First, that the soldiers' shilling a day shall be a real shilling—and not reduced by stoppages to fourpence as it is now: next, the Government shall employ for messengers, writers, and the lower grade clerks, none but men who have served in the army and navy. A great deal has been done already for the soldier. First of all, flogging has been absolutely abandoned. In the year 1859, it was enacted that soldiers should be reduced from first class to second class before the punishment could be inflicted: next, in 1868, flogging was abolished in time of peace: it is now abandoned in time of war. The deaths in the army has been reduced from 17 per 1,000 to half that amount by attention to sanitary measures. Now for a young fellow of spirit, there would seem no better choice than to enlist for seven years, from nineteen to six and twenty, with the certainty that after that time he would receive some appointment for life in the Civil Service. He will be well fed, well dressed, have employment of a light kind, with the chance, which all soldiers enjoy, of seeing a campaign and having a little fighting. Yet the first essential is that he should feel certain that the country will reward him for having lost or thrown away his trade, by providing for him when his fighting days are done.

THE influenza is not yet gone, but it seems to have spent its force. We are now able to trace its course. It first appeared in Southern Russia in October of last year. By the middle of November it had spread over the whole of Russia. By the middle of December it had covered the whole of the Continent. In January it had established itself here, and in the United States of America, where it killed about 12,000 people. In February it had got to Mexico and Central America. And there, for ought I know, it is still.

MR. ASTOR, of New York, is dead. He was remarkable for his great wealth and for his quiet and unostentatious life. He was always afraid that if he paraded his wealth, the people would take it from him. Americans, however, have too great a respect for rich men to take their money from them. They are quite safe, unless the pressure of the poorer classes becomes too great. Then there may be revolutions. Meantime the Astor family have a million a year—not dollars, but pounds. Their income is over a million a year: it is nearly £3,000 a day—£125 an hour—two pounds a minute—tenpence a second! What a pity to have to die and go away and give

up all that money! All of us have had dreams of being rich—such dreams come to us when we most feel the hardships of poverty. But to be enormously, crushingly, overwhelmingly rich—who would like that? Consider! Three thousand pounds a day! What could be done with it?

SUPPOSE one had this offer. "You shall have as much money as Astor—you shall have £3,000 a day for your income—on the condition that you spent it all every day and left nothing." If the money was accepted on that condition, it is safe to say that most men would be driven mad in a month by the possession of so much money and the duty of spending it. The only way out of it that I can imagine would be to keep all that you might really be able to spend—say five or even ten pounds a day—and to give the rest to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the reduction of the National Debt.

Who would be enormously rich? On the other hand, it must be a very pleasant thing indeed at a certain time in life to feel oneself beyond the reach of unkind Fortune, and able to gratify every reasonable desire. As for the time of life, I am afraid that everybody between eighteen and eighty feels that he has arrived at that precise period. Without any cant, a certain amount of wealth is a most desirable and delightful thing. It is good to have some means. Those who possess means have acquired it, my young friends, by habits of thrift. When are we going to found that Society for Thrift and Insurance of Old Age that we are always talking of? Wanted a young man with enthusiasm and courage to lead in the cause and make it a success.

ON the other hand, it is a most dreadful thing to be poor. It is so dreadful and horrid that we should resolve to discourage everybody from becoming poor. Let us be kind to our neighbours, and love our fellow man. Let us impress upon him that he really must not get poor: it is his own fault, generally, if he is poor: and if he gives way to the temptation of becoming poor it will be really the worse for him. We may assure him that we will give him nothing except hard work, for which he will get paid. Some people, you see, in every generation, are poor by profession. They beg: they tramp: they knock at doors of lonely country houses and ask for food. Let us give to nobody: especially not to those who sing along the streets: and as for the children whom they lead with them, let us forbid the practice, and take the children from them. "Gridling along the main drag,"—they call their occupation: and it is said to pay very well as a profession.

WE must be very near Mothering Sunday. This Sunday is the middle of Lent. There was formerly a custom for lads and girls in service to go home on this day to see their parents: hence the name. The origin of the custom I have never been able to discover. Probably it arose from the necessity of granting a break in the long fast of Lent. People were always revolting against the tyranny of this custom, which, however, it may have proved profitable to those spiritually minded, was always a stumbling block to the rest of the world. Therefore we were permitted on this day to enjoy a simple feast, consisting mainly of furnety, that is, grains of wheat boiled in milk: or else peas fried in butter with pepper and salt. Pancakes were also made for this day—they were in some parts called *carlings*—and simnel cakes, that is to say, cakes made of fine flour, coloured with saffron, and enriched with currants and spice.

THE Forth Railway Bridge is finished and opened. It is so high that St. Paul's Cathedral would stand beside it, reckoning from rock to the top of the highest tower, and be lower than the bridge. The broadest span is so broad that it would reach nearly across the Green Park from Piccadilly to Buckingham Palace. This done, everything is possible. The next thing will be a bridge across the Channel. After that, a bridge across the Atlantic will seem a comparatively easy thing. This would be a very useful bridge indeed. We should be able to get from London to New York, which is about 2,600 miles, in 52 hours, or two days and four hours. Think of that!

As for the use of the Forth Bridge, all this expense has been incurred, and all this amazing display of ingenuity and skill just to shorten the journey between London and the

North of Scotland by 20 miles or half-an-hour. Great as is the admiration of the world at the construction of such a bridge, it hardly seems worth quite so much money.

IN the year 1811, there began in the month of March a series of very daring extraordinary riots which lasted for five years. Does any one now remember the Luddites? It was in the county of Nottingham. The hosiery industry, which employed a large part of the population, had been for some time in a depressed state, and consequently a reduction in wages. In revenge, the people began to destroy the stocking frames. They assembled in bands of half-a-dozen, or even sixty strong, attacked a house, destroyed the frames and went away. Nobody was ever caught, though all kinds of rewards were offered, and though an Act of Parliament made it death to destroy a stocking frame. This destruction went on for five years and a half, during which a thousand stocking frames and a great number of lace machines were destroyed. Then the people seem to have discovered that they were doing more harm to themselves than to their employers, and they suddenly left off. This kind of destruction out of revenge is exactly the same thing as if in a dispute about wages on a railway the men were to destroy all the engines and tear up all the lines. But it was at the very beginning of combination. The first thing that people understand is revenge and destruction: the last, self support and combined action.

EDITOR.

Palace Notes.

READERS should look in another column for the second of Miss Clifford's excellent papers on recent additions to our library. Biography is the subject this time, and the books reviewed deal with some very interesting lives.

THE performance of Mr. Sexton's Choir is to take place next Saturday, not to-night, as I expected last week. This is a concert with humorous features, and will provide much enjoyment.

THE Literary Class is to meet next Friday at 8.30.

NEXT Monday the ladies of the Gymnasium will give a display in the Queen's Hall, when ladies only will be admitted.

NEXT Wednesday evening will be devoted to the clever entertainment of Mr. Conway Thornton, entitled "Facts and Fancies."

SUB. EDITOR.

LIZARDS are the most good-natured little animals possible. "I have often seen," said a recent writer, "at the old trestle at Mary's Landing, a little lizard and sometimes two perch upon the head and back of an adult, and there be allowed to sit for nearly an hour. The sharp claws of these youngsters seemed at times dangerously near the eyes and ears of the patient old one, but it offered no resistance, and when I forced such burdened lizards to move, it was always with a deliberateness that suggested that they were really averse to disturbing those resting upon them. Again, adults would often rest upon each other in what appeared to be a most uncomfortable manner for the one beneath, often pressing the head of the latter into the sand, completely blinding it for a time; yet I never saw the slightest evidence of ill humour not even when they were being fed. Often it happened that some sleepy fellow would quietly snap up the fly towards which another lizard was cautiously crawling, yet no fight ensued. Anything more trying than this to humanity cannot be imagined, yet the lizards took every such occurrence as a matter of course."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS never marked his name on his pictures, except in the instance of Mrs. Siddons's portrait as the "Tragic Muse," when he wrote his name upon the hem of her garment. When Mrs. Siddons first saw the picture, she went near to examine the pattern of it, which appeared to be a beautiful classic embroidery; she then perceived it contained his name. On remarking about it to Sir Joshua, who was present, he very politely said: "I could not lose the honour this opportunity offered me for my name going down to posterity on the hem of your garment."

Recent additions to the Library.

BIOGRAPHY.

Emily Brontë. By A. Mary T. Robinson. (*Eminent Women Series.*) We are glad to welcome anything that will give us a deeper insight into the strange and melancholy genius of Emily Brontë. She is perhaps the least understood of the three clever sisters, and until quite lately the dust lay thick upon her solitary novel, "Wuthering Heights." A wide knowledge of Emily's character will help us to interpret many of the pages of her book: for she did not possess those qualities which usually go to make up a great novelist. Her experience was limited, her range of character far from wide, her view of life was intensely narrow, yet she had an imagination of the rarest power, which concentrated itself on a tragic and passionate study of human ingratitude and suffering. There are many to be found now to appreciate the book, and to marvel at the bold handling of the subject; but there were few or none who spoke one word of praise, or hinted at future fame, before the grass had grown thick upon her grave. It is difficult to touch, however, lightly upon the lives of the Brontës without sounding a melancholy note, and perhaps this handbook has dealt a little morbidly as possible with the most ill-fated of the three sisters; but we feel throughout that despite the keen desire, and the brave resolute will, there is a sense of thwarted purpose and failure, and can realise the bitterness of her sister Charlotte's regretful cry, in the early days of Emily's death, "She died in a time of promise."

The book is full of interest, and there is a brief sketch of "Wuthering Heights" that may stimulate every reader, who is not acquainted with the story, to get the book for himself. There are many glimpses of the Brontë family life, and a mournful chapter devoted to the unhappy brother Bramwell. In mentioning Emily Brontë's poetry, the whole of the remarkable poem beginning—

"No coward soul is mine,"

is quoted. Its profound thought and noble expression place it on a level with some of the finest poetry of this century.

Seekers after God. By Rev. T. W. Farrar, D.D. "Seekers after God" is the title Canon Farrar has given to a little book which deals with the lives of the Roman Seneca, of Epictetus, and of Marcus Aurelius, well-known moralists, among ancient philosophers. Seneca was born probably about a few years before the commencement of the Christian Era, Epictetus some fifty years afterwards, and Marcus Aurelius about A.D. 121. We see that without even being Christians they lived at a time when the teaching of Christ had begun to stir the world, and it is strange to note how their teaching met the new teaching of Christ. Pagans as they were, they were seekers after the highest truth, and as Canon Farrar reminds us, people sometimes write and talk as though Pagan truth were one thing, and Christian truth another; but truth can never contradict truth, and these heathen philosophers had glimpses in their natural religion of the same Divine light that has been revealed to us. We, with our superior gifts, our surer hopes, with all the knowledge and enlightenment of centuries, fall often far short of the moral attitude that their stern moralists of old reached, through simplicity of life under grave temptations, and rigid self-denial; there is much we might well imitate in an age that tends to make even Christianity luxurious. Their stoicisms may never have reached the grandeur of Christianity, and they were not able to touch the highest truths, but this little book reveals to us the great integrity and virtue of what we call their heathen lives. It is more especially the lives of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius that awaken our admiration, but the life of Seneca, if marred by many less worthy characteristics, is full of interest, and we wish there had been space for a fuller examination of his writings.

Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola. By Professor Pasquale Villari. Translated by Luida Villari. There have been but few recent lives of Savonarola of any note, owing perhaps to the fact that though all Europe rang with his name for more than two centuries after his death, his name seems for the most part to have slipped out of remembrance during the eighteenth century, or if mentioned at all, as in Bayle's Dictionary, it was with contumely and ridicule. This makes such a comprehensive biography as Professor Villari's doubly valuable; and he has spared no research into the history of those stormy times of Italy, and has collected reliable documents which add interesting details to his narrative. A history of Savonarola must be a history of the time in which he lived. He reflected the high spirit of the Renaissance, as he was among the first to realize that the fifteenth century

was struggling with the throes of a new life, and without being actually the leader of any one particular party or sect, he was the prophet of a new civilization. We have one side of Savonarola beautifully portrayed in George Eliot's "Romola," but it may be called the artistic, rather than the historical side, and readers of "Romola" will do well to study the life and times of the prophet and martyr whose influence is so skilfully woven into that noble story.

Martyrs and Saints of the First Twelve Centuries. Studies from the Lives of the Black Letter Saints of the English Calendar. By the Author of "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family." The first part of this book deals with the Early Martyrs, from the Prosecutions of the First Century down to the warfare with the Barbarism of the North, and we find many well-known and beautiful names. It is worthy to notice what has been pointed out to us in the first chapter that the word *legend* which has ceased to mean for us any actual facts, but rather the imaginative story which surrounds it, originated in the *legenda collecta* of the martyrdoms which were read out on the days of commemoration, and were simple statements of what had really taken place at the time; but as years went on these statements received more colouring, until they present to us now a series of beautiful and picturesque stories, which may contain, nevertheless, imbedded in them some actual history.

Correspondence of Sir Henry Taylor. By Edward Dowden. Henry Taylor may be called a connoisseur in the art of letter writing, and we have here a selection of his correspondence that is interesting from its variety. There are letters to and from poets, politicians, statesmen, intimate friends and relatives, which throw many lights on his character, and make him appear to be surrounded by a host of pleasant friends, with whom he is ever ready to exchange ideas.

L. M. H. CLIFFORD, Assist. Librarian.

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 RAMBLING CLUB.

The proposed visit to Buckhurst Hill fell through owing to the unsettled state of the weather last Saturday. On March 15th, there will be a Social Dance in the Exhibition-buildings; admission to be obtained by class tickets. On the 16th inst., a ramble has been arranged over Nevill's Bakery, Harrow Road, Leytonstone, E., but unfortunately the hour is late, viz., 10 o'clock, that being the only time when we could see their process of bread-making, and all who can are requested to be outside the building at 10 o'clock sharp. March 22nd.—British Museum, 2.30 p.m., when Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen, the famous Assyrian lecturer, has promised to lecture to us; Members can bring a friend on this occasion. March 26th.—East London Water Works, Old Ford, E., meeting at Old Ford Station (N.L.R.) at 6.30 p.m. March 29th.—Westminster Abbey, when the very Rev. Dean Bradley has promised to conduct the party, which being limited names should be given at once, as the list will close on March 22nd, when a ballot will be taken if necessary. Committee meeting, March 13th, 8.30 p.m.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

Our Social Evening, held last Saturday, passed off very successfully. In spite of the inclemency of the weather, a large company assembled, and dancing was kept up briskly throughout the evening to the strains of an excellent band, provided by one of the gentlemen of the Orchestral Society. Many thanks are due to the members of the Committee who attended to the requirements of the company. Members are reminded that there are only a few more practices before we give our next concert, consequently it is of great importance that they should attend all the remaining practices, in order that we may not only equal but surpass our former achievements.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE CLUBS' UNION.

WALTER MARSHALL, Chairman.

Our first meeting took place on Monday, February 24th. Fifty delegates being present. Club reports were read, and the discussion as to our future movements was adjourned to the next meeting, which will take place on Monday, March 17th, at 8.30 p.m.

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

STUDENTS' SOCIAL DANCES.

The next Students' Dance takes place on Saturday, March 15th, at 7.30 p.m. Admission obtained by class ticket: programmes, 3d. each. The Calico Fancy Dress Ball will be held in the Queen's Hall, on Wednesday, April 9th, 1890 (Easter week). Quadrilles at 7.30 p.m. till 1 a.m., permission having been given for the extension of time. Nearly all the tickets are issued, the few for disposal may be obtained to-morrow and Friday. Programmes, 1s., must be obtained at the same time as the tickets are issued; Calico Fancy Dress indispensable. It being a Calico Dance, students and friends are requested to obtain inexpensive materials for their fancy dress costumes, which may consist of cotton black satins, velveteens, as well as all cotton goods, cotton laces, hose, etc. Students, when obtaining tickets, are particularly requested to state the characters they will represent, as it is intended to issue a programme to the personate them; it will also avoid duplication of costumes. A balcony will be set apart for visitors. Tickets, 6d. each, can be had next Monday. Arrangements have been made whereby costumes can be had on hire at a cheap rate; particulars can be obtained on Monday next, at 8.30, in the Lecture Hall.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SKETCHING CLUB.

The following are the subjects for our next Monthly Exhibition—

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|--------------------|--|
| Figure | Mirth. |
| Landscape | Spring. |
| Still Life | Metal. |
| Design | Based on a flower; flower to be named. |
| Modelling | Based on a flower. |
| Wood Carving | A frieze. |

C. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB.

The Eastern Counties' Road Club opened the Cycling season on Saturday last. About thirty Members had assembled at the "Eagle" by 4.30, notwithstanding the rain and sleet. The Smoking Concert was very good, but owing to the small muster, was brought to an early close. Let us hope that March 22nd, our opening date, will be more propitious. I shall be very pleased to settle all outstanding accounts of Cinderella as soon as possible, and to receive unsold tickets. On Friday last, a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Woodford Meet was held at the "King's Arms," Bishopsgate, Mr. J. Burley in the chair. The balance sheet for 1889 was presented, and showed a balance on the right side of nearly £4. This compares favourably with that of the preceding year, when a similar amount appeared on the other side of the sheet. A meeting of delegates of clubs north of the Thames will take place on Thursday, 20th inst., at the National Cyclists' Union Offices, Basinghall Street, E.C., with regard to the Woodford Meet of 1890. Next Thursday, Mr. Ted Williams gives a Benefit Smoking Concert, at the "Forest Gate" Hotel, the headquarters of the Beaumont Harriers. I trust as many of the Cycling Club will be present as possible. Members will recollect Mr. Williams at both our Smoking Concerts, when he sang "Our Village," and "I do not like our Prisons." I have a few tickets to dispose of, at 6d. each. On Friday, the City of London Smoking Concert and Photo Lantern Show takes place, at the "Champion" Hotel, Aldersgate Street; tickets, 1s. each. Those who want brazing done expeditiously and well should call at Crokers'. His new gas forge is always ready, and is a vast improvement on the ordinary forge, as he practically demonstrated to the writer on Saturday last.

HINTS FOR CYCLISTS.—1. Be sure that your saddle is of the right height from the pedals. The reach should be such that the foot can be placed under the pedal when at the lowest point. 2. The point of the saddle should be about three inches behind the crank axle, and not over the pedals; the vertical position, as this latter is called, throws the weight of the rider on the point of the saddle, which is most injurious. 3. A rider should sit well to the back of his saddle, which should be well behind his work, and push out in front, using the saddle as a fulcrum. Next week I may give a few hints on pedalling.

J. H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL RAMBLERS', HARRIERS', AND FOOTBALL CLUBS.

Fifty-six Ramblers, fifteen Harriers, and three Members of the Football Club met in the Gymnasium last week, to practice for the sports for next Saturday. Judging by the interest manifested by the boys, all the races and contests bid fair to give much amusement. Perhaps, among the most laughable will be the sack race, the millers' and sweeps' contest, and the blindfold and wheelbarrow race; and the most exciting, the hopping contest, the cock fight, the leap-frog and stilt races. The tug-of-war will naturally cause a strong party feeling among the clubs. In order that the Members of each club may be distinguished from the others, rosettes will be worn, the Ramblers having blue, the Harriers red, and the Football Members yellow. At 4.30, we retired to the Lecture Hall to practice the songs, recitations, and music for the concert. We have no lack of either quality or quantity of talent among the masters and boys. The ladies are busy making arrangements for the tea, and all seem bent on making the evening a success; some have promised to make cakes, others to give flowers for decorating the table, platform, etc., or to help in some way to the evening's enjoyment. Sir Edmund and Lady Currie have promised to be present. Members of the clubs are particularly requested to purchase their tea tickets early. Any warning to be at tea punctually at 5.30 is not, I think, needed. The sports will take place at 6.30, and the concert at 8. There will be only fifty tickets sold for the sports and concert, this with the 300 tickets given to the Members will bring all the hall well filled. Tickets, 6d.; obtained from the Secretaries, or any of the Members, price 6d.; the Club are reminded to bring their voting papers on the 15th, properly filled in, and sealed up in an envelope. The Committee thank Mr. Bowden for his letter, pointing out their inaccuracy in their report of the visit to the G.E.R. Locomotive Works, and giving the correct facts.

A. W. B.

People's Palace Junior Section.

CONCERT.

On Saturday last, we held our Second Monthly Concert. Commencing at 8 o'clock, we went through the following programme:—1. Byford, piano valse; 2. Hiron, comic song; 3. Brockington, life selections; 4. Mr. Murdoch, comic song; 5. Hiron, comic song; 6. Schotter, piano, gavotte; 7. Fayers, comic song; 8. Hiron, recitation; 9. Bowman, comic song; 10. Schotter, song; 11. Life selections; 12. Mr. Murdoch, comic song; 13. Fayers, comic song; 14. Parker, comic song. All these items were got through by 9.40, when we finished up with the National Anthem. I take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Murdoch, on behalf of the lads, for so kindly coming forward with two of his excellent comic songs. Our concert was very successful, and I think if the outside world could hear some of our piano playing reciting and singing, they would be greatly surprised.

L. G. LOTHWER.

JUNIOR HARRIERS'.

A run out on Wednesday next, at 8.30, from Class-room; and a paper chase on Saturday next, at 3.45 sharp. All Members are requested to turn up at Lake's Farm, instead, not later than 3.30; if possible, catch the 3.5 train from Coborn Road. Subscriptions are now overdue, those who have not paid them, will kindly do so without further delay.

JOHN S. FAYERS, Hon. Sec.
E. GRIFFITHS, Assis. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE JUNIOR RAMBLERS.

Last Saturday, March 8th, our ramble was over Messrs. Jarrett and Goudge's pianoforte manufactory, Hackney, E. Arriving there about 3.30, we were cautiously conducted over their premises, commencing with the planing machinery, which planes the wood open air for periods of three and four years to thoroughly shrink it. The planes consist of two knives, which do their work very quickly and neatly. Going upstairs, we saw the frames being made for the wires to be put on; the wires when tightened are at a strain of about nine or ten tons. The iron frames used in Jarrett and Goudge's pianos are made at Bonnybridge Works, Scotland. Next we saw the process of voicing and polishing, then downstairs was the room for tuning and putting the instruments together. Last of all we saw the piano ready to be sent to one of the agents or the purchaser. During our visit steam was kept on specially to show us the working. Thanking the gentlemen who kindly conducted us, we left, having spent a very pleasant afternoon among the pianos.

HENRY J. GARDNER, Acting Hon. Sec.
E. SEABOURNE, Assis. Sec.

An Australian "New Chum."

"NEW CHUM" is the generic name applied by Australian colonists to all new-comers who seek a home, *plus* a fortune of course, in the far south land. In modern days it has lost some of its significance, but still to an "old hand" a new chum is as easily "spotted" as a country cousin at Westminster by a Londoner. There is a peculiarity of manner, a "spic and spanness" about his costume, that mark him with an unmistakable brand in the eyes of the colonist.

Be he ever so wary, the "new chum" will betray himself. In the restaurant he will call for "half of bitter," and the waiter will inquire, "Bitters, sir! yessir! sherry and bitters for one." In course of time he will learn it is English ale the diner requires, and the waiter will know he has caught a "new chum." And as a veteran versed in the idioms of the language once remarked, "He don't swear Colonial." But a year of experience will change all that, and the most exacting veteran will find little cause for complaint in the raciness of his diction.

The new chum probably arrives burdened with extraordinary apparel and a sheaf of letters of introduction, to present which would perhaps involve a twelvemonth of travel, addressed, as they are, to people who reside in places thousands of miles distant from each other. And what becomes of him? There is a month perhaps of high life at some fashionable hotel, and then the new chum vanishes. He is absorbed in the varied busy life of the community. Perhaps some "squatter," as the great sheep farmers who own vast tracts of pasture land are named, an old friend of the new chum's family, will come down to the city and carry the fledgling into the distant country. Say twelvemonths hence you will see him again, a thin, wiry, bronzed fellow, whose collar fits uneasily about a neck unaccustomed to restraint. "Colonial experience" has done it: an experience more prodigal in kicks than hap'ence. He has been a "rouse-about," a most expressive phrase, which carries a world of meaning in it. "Rouse-about" is the servant of many masters; every one on the sheep station regards him as a creature whose lot it is to be "chived."

Like poor Joe, the new chum is "allus being moved on." If a mob of unruly horses have to be looked after at some unpleasantly early hour in the morning, Jones, the new chum, has got to do it. Unhappy Jones! Perhaps it is only a twelvemonth since he gave a wine party to a select circle of undergraduates at Oxford; now he has to drink villainously black tea from a "billey," in the congenial company of a lot of station hands, who address him in offensively familiar terms. Happless young man if he assume "airs!"

"Now then, Mister—adjective—adjective—Jones, when you've done a-scenting of your hair, and waxing your—adjective—moustache, perhaps you'll condescend to fry the chops and get the 'tucker' ready."

But Jones has his revenge. In the course of time new chum Brown, also in pursuit of "colonial experience," comes on the station. Jones is now an "old hand" and applies the torture with much unction to the home-sick Brown. The process of licking new chums into shape is regarded as a system highly beneficial to the morals and character of British youth. If he pass successfully through it, he will have made some good friends—rough, it may be, but very probably true and sterling. But before his experience is completed, he will have suffered not only buffets of dignity, but buffets of body. He will no doubt have performed some astounding feats of agility in mid air, propelled from the back of a "buckjumper."

"Quiet youngster? Ain't a quieter moke on the station; perfect lamb, ain't you, Bendigo? Now then, up you go, 'mister.' Let go his tail, Bill!"

There is a bound in the air, and the brute doubles itself up in a half circle, leaving poor Jones, for one brief moment, high up in the saddle, the next to be flung on the dusty ground of the stockyard.

After a twelvemonth of this drastic treatment, the new chum will have had all his newness rubbed off, and perhaps will go down to Sydney, Melbourne, or Brisbane for a holiday. It will be as a glimpse of Paradise for him—dances, picnics, theatres; and all the pleasures of life will be renewed. And how he will enjoy them! But some morning the train will take him back again, beyond the region of hospitable homes, iced claret, and champagne, pretty women, and waitzes to the haunt of "Yankee Jack," the profane shepherd, and "Bloodhound Billy," the aboriginal stockman.

The days of the gold-seeker, full of romance, comedy, and tragedy, are fast passing out of colonial life. Their twi-

light lingers in Queensland. In its back country, one may still come upon the "rush"—the scenes of Ballarat and Sandhurst repeated in miniature. Down in a gully once covered with bracken, or the tangle of wild creepers and the young gum trees, you may see a stream yellowed with the mud washed from its banks. Here and there are white tents or iron-covered huts, the homes of the miners and the storekeepers. Weary of waiting in the city, disillusioned with regard to the saving help of introductory letters, the new chum has, perhaps, gone to the "msh." After voyages by sea, coach, drives by land, and many a mile on foot, he at last reaches the golden gully. He shudders as he looks down into its damp, gloomy valley. "Night has come; he shoulders his 'swag'—all that is left of the outfit prepared by the hand of sister and mother—and trudges along the narrow track to the camp. The silence, full of that weird, mysterious influence, which seems to haunt the Australian bush, is broken by the sad, long-drawn note of the curlew. He reaches the first hut, and a dog rushes at him, barking and snapping. Then a light flickers through the chinks of the rough slab walls, and a woman, bearing a lantern, comes to the door.

"Yes, Mister. This is the diggin's."

Then he questions the thin, pale-faced creature, who, with dragged hair and sloven dress, leans wearily against the door-post.

"Month ago there were nigh on a hundred men here, Gone? Oh, yes; some cleared out, some dead, fever 'n' ague; those tents are theirs. No; there ain't no one here but the old man 'n' me. Of course it's a 'duffer,' not a spec. It was 'bogus,' but my old man he's a stickler, 'n' he never give up to the last. Now he's down, fever 'n' ague, 'n' I wish we were dead 'n' done with it."

Next morning, with the sunbreak, the new chum climbs out of the sodden leaves and breath of decay in the valley to the crimson dawn of the hills. What becomes of him? Who knows? Perhaps he will wander till the forest closes round him, and the dread words "lost in the bush!" are whispered in his ears, by every leaf that stirs in the night wind; or, perhaps, he will find the track that leads him back to men, to hope, and, peradventure, to fortune.

Carrying the Joke too far.

THE other day a fruit dealer, incensed by the liberties taken by the loafers with his wares displayed at the door, placed a half-gallon of cayenne pepper in a basket, labelled them "New Zealand Cherries," and hung it in a conspicuous place in front of his stand.

In a few minutes the next-door shopkeeper sauntered up, inquired how trade was, picked up a New Zealand cherry, placed it in his mouth, and suddenly left to attend a customer. The Rev. Dr. Bolly next came up, observed that the news from the East was not very encouraging, and—ah! it was years since he had eaten a New Zealand cherry; whereupon he ate one, remarked that it was superb, wiped his weeping eyes on his coat sleeve, supposed that New Zealand was getting warmer every year, wished the dealer good morning, and departed, lamenting the growing weakness of his eyes in the sunlight.

A lady with her two children next appeared, stopped to admire the cherries, asked if she mightn't just taste them—she had never seen any before—supplied the children, and walked away—walked away with a face fiery with scorn and anger, while the children set up a howl that brought all the people to the doors and windows, and drove all the policemen from the street. Thus the fun went on all the morning. The fruit dealer never laughed so much in all his life. The occupants of the adjacent and opposite shops and a shoal of small boys learned what was up, watched, and joined in the ringing roar as each new victim tried the cherries.

Finally, a solemn looking countryman lounged up, inquired the price of them ere New Zealand cherries, invested in a pint, put one in his mouth, took it out again, gave the fruit dealer a lingering look of mild reproach, pulled off his coat and "waded" into him. When he left, the fruitman with tendencies to practical jokes had a blue eye, a red nose, a purple face, a sprained wrist, and several bushels of fruit scattered among the small boys, while a shout of laughter was going up from the onlookers.

Host: "Why did you strike my dog? He only sniffed at you."

Visitor: "Well, you don't expect me to wait till he has had a taste of me, do you?"

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN

ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12TH, 1890,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

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

VOCALISTS :

MISS MONTAGU-CONYERS.

MISS EMILY HIMING.

MR. J. KIRKLEY CAMPBELL.

MR. ALFRED MOORE.

PIANO :

MASTER HORACE BARTON

AND

MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

MR. W. H. PENNINGTON,

One of the Gallant "Six Hundred," will Recite the

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

1. DUET .. "The Sailor Sighs" .. Balfe.

MISS EMILY HIMING AND MR. J. KIRKLEY CAMPBELL.

The sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,
As all its less'ning turrets blueely fade;
He climbs the mast to feast his eyes once more
And busy fancy fondly lends her aid.
Ah! now each dear domestic scene he knew
Recalled and cherished in a foreign clime,
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view,
Its colours mellow'd not impaired by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart
Through all the horrors of the stormy main,
This the last wish that would with life depart,
To see the smile of her he loves again
When morn first faintly draws her silver line
Or Eve's grey cloud descends to drink the wave,
When sea and sky in midnight darkness join,
Still, still he views the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit lightly hovering o'er,
Attends his little bark from pole to pole;
And when the beating billows round him roar
Whispers sweet hope to soothe his troubled soul.
Carved is her name in many a spicy grove,
In many a plantain forest waving wide
Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,
And giant palms o'erarch the golden side.

But lo! at last he comes with crowded sail,
Lo! o'er the cliff what eager figure bends;
And hark what mingled murmurs swell the gale
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.
'Tis she! 'tis she!

'Tis she! 'tis she herself! she waves her hand.
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas furled,
Soon thro' the whitening surge he springs to land
And clasps the maid he singles from the world.

2. SONG .. "Orpheus with his Lute" .. Sullivan.

MISS MONTAGU-CONYERS.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing;
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun, and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
E'en the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

3. SONG .. "The Wonders of the Deep" .. W. H. Jude.

MR ALFRED MOORE.

I'll sing to-night of the mighty deep and of comrades brave who fell,
Old England's flag their winding sheet, their dirge the canon's knell;

And how the good ship sailed along in her glory and her pride,
In dreams I'll think of messmates gone who fought, who won, who died.

And this shall be my song, as my bark sweeps along,
Sweet mem'ries of home I'll ever keep, I'll ride the angry foam;
And I'll soon come home to tell of the wonders of the deep.

In solemn midnight of the deep, when stars shine bright and clear,
Low murm'ring tones from watery graves seem wafted through the air;

In dreams lov'd angel forms, I see with their harps of gold so sweet,

Calling old comrades from the gloom and the wonders of the deep.
And this shall be my song, etc.

4. PIANOFORTE SOLO (Selection from "Carneval") Schumann.

MASTER HORACE BARTON.

5. SONG .. "Fame, the Fiddler" .. Molloy.

MISS EMILY HIMING.

In the peaceful village the maidens spin,
The lads they carry the harvest in,
They never long for the city's din,
Till once there comes, as the tale is told,
Fame, the Fiddler, so grim and old;
He gives one touch with his magic bow,
And one and all away they go.
Dance, dance, see how they follow him,
Here, there, just as he beckons them;
Life lasts only a day, one brief hour of play,
Dance on, poor old humanity,
While you may.

In the dim cathedral and cloisters gray,
Thro' the crowded city, by night and day,
'Mid tears and laughter he takes his way,
To himself he laughs, in the shadows dim,
As he hears them talk in scorn of him;
Then he gives one touch of his magic bow,
And one and all away they go.
Dance, dance, etc.

Husband, father, child, and wife,
All that's good in life,
Lost for ever in the strife,
In that mad, mad strife.
Nobody cares, or thinks, or stays,
When once that mocking fiddler plays;
'Tis only a touch of his magic bow,
And one and all, away they go.
Dance, dance, etc.,
Dance till the curtain shall fall for aye.

6. SONG .. "My Heart's in the Highlands" Adolf Jensen.

MR. J. KIRKLEY CAMPBELL.

My heart's in the highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer,
Chasing the wild deer and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valour the country of worth,
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow,
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below,
Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer,
Chasing the wild deer and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

7. VOCAL POLKA .. "Staccato" .. Müller.

MISS MONTAGU-CONYERS.

Vieni, vieni ognor fedel
A posarti sul mio cor,
E sara la vita un ciel
Di delizia puro, amor.
Ah! ah! ah!

Fine al martir
Dolce mio ben, mei ben,
Tanta soffrir
Corona himen,
Ah! ah!

E sara la vita un ciel.
Ah! ah!
Di puro amor.
Ah! ah!

8. RECITATION .. "Horatio", .. Macanlay.

MR. W. H. PENNINGTON.

9. SONG .. "The Captain of the Lifeboat" .. Louis Diehl.

MR. ALFRED MOORE.

Would you like to hear a tale of what a man could do,
If you'll gather round the capstan, boys, I'll tell the tale to you;
'Tis about a mate of mine, you remember old Jim Brown,
'Twas the night afore his wedding, when the Bonny Lass went down:

He was rigging up his hut just to make it snug and trim,
For next morning little Polly was to give her hand to him:
He was singing to himself, for his heart was full of joy,
When he heard a shouting from the pier and the call of help ahoy.

Ahoy, with a yeo heave ho, let the good ship go,
For the tide is high and the breezes blow with a yeo heave ho,
Pullee, haullee, ho, as away from the shore we go.

Out he rushed upon the sand, there was little Polly there,
With the salt wind in her pretty cheek and bonny golden hair;
For 'twas Jem was in command of our jolly lifeboat crew,
And to-morrow was his wedding, and what has Jem to do.
Then he looked in Polly's face and he took her trembling hand,
For the last time it might be, and she seemed to understand;
I must go, sweetheart, he said, 'tis my duty I must do,
But there's One above will guard me, love, and bring me back to you.
Ahoy, etc.

Then we pulled across the bar just before the wreck went down,
And we saved the men and women, and we brought them to the town,
And next morning Jem and she they were wedded man and wife,
And we danced to keep their wedding, and we wished them luck and life.

Then Polly upstood, and she said, my lads, said she,
I thought you'd break my heart last night when taking Jem from me;
But whenever duty calls he'll be ready still again,
For I'll give him up, God bless him, tho' it break my heart in twain.
Ahoy, etc.

10. SONG .. "Kate O'Shane" .. Linley.

MISS EMILY HIMING.

The cold winds of autumn wail mournfully here,
The leaves round me falling are faded and sere,
But chill tho' the blast be, and threatening the storm,
My heart, full of fondness, beats gladly and warm.
Oh, Dennis, dear, come back to me,
I count the hours away from thee,
Return, O never part again,
From thine own darling, Kate O'Shane.

'Twas here we last parted, 'twas here we first met,
And ne'er has he caused me one tear of regret,
Tho' seasons may alter, their change I defy,
My heart's one glad snmmer, when Dennis is nigh.
Oh, Dennis, dear, come back to me, etc.

11. PIANOFORTE SOLO .. "Ballade in A flat" .. Chopin.

MASTER HORACE BARTON.

12. SONG .. "The Shamrock" .. W. Jackson.

MR. J. KIRKLEY CAMPBELL.

There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
'Twas Saint Patrick himself sure that set it,
And the sun on his labour with pleasure did smile,
And the dew from his eye often wet it.
It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake and the mireland,
And he call'd it the dear little Shamrock of Ireland.

That dear little plant still grows in our land,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin;
Whose smiles can bewitch, and whose eyes can command
In each climate they ever appear in.
For they shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake and the mireland,
Just like their own dear little Shamrock of Ireland.

That dear little plant that springs from our soil,
When it's three little leaves are extended,
Denotes from the stalk we together should toil,
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended.
And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake and the mireland,
From one root should branch like the Shamrock of Ireland.

13. SONG .. "Marnie's Wedding" .. Roedel.

MISS MONTAGU-CONYERS.

Come over the hills with garlands and flowers,
Come over the hills away;
With laugh and song they're passing along,
For ah! there's a wedding to day!
And Robin is dressed in all his best,
And some one is by his side;
His hat is doffed, and his head aloft,
For I am to be his bride!
Ding dong! ding dong! the bells a-song,
And lanes all sweet with May,
As side by side away we stride,
For this is our wedding day!

The folk all smile as down the aisle
We pass with stately tread;
I'll love and obey, "O yes!" I say,
And Janet she shakes her head.
Now Robin is bold, and ere he's told,
He's kissed me three times three;
The lads so gay, then turn away,
For ah! they're jealous you see.
Ding dong! the song is loud and long,
As now we haste away,
O side by side, and I'm a bride,
And this is our wedding day!

Away we tramp to the village green,
And Robin he blushes so red,
As they drink our health, "Good luck and wealth
To him and the girl he's wed,"
As the old folk bless us ere we go,
They brush away a tear;
There's a lonely spot in the hillside cot
That's known us for many a year.
Ding dong! ding dong! the bells' sweet song
Shall ring in our hearts for aye,
And love shall sing e'en as they ring
On this our wedding day!

14. SONG .. "Captain Dando" .. Roedel.

MR. ALFRED MOORE.

Captain Dando went to sea,
And a right little, tight little barque had he;
When he spied a Frenchman on his lee,
"Hurrah!" cried Captain Dando.
And he hoisted his flag, and gave a shout,
"Steady, my lads, run the long guns out,
We shall have to fight, I make no doubt!"
Said the brave old Captain Dando.

"Haul down that flag!" the Frenchman cried,
As he came along o' Dando's side.
"Well, that's a game that must be tried,"
Said the brave old Captain Dando.
So they ranged longside, and blazed all day,
Till Dando's timbers were shot away,
But "never say die" he still did say;
And "I mean it too," said Dando.

When the Frenchman into a rage flew he;
"Haul it down! or I'll blow you out of the sea."
"Well, that's a thing don't frighten me,"
Said the brave old Captain Dando.
But what could the poor little schooner do?
For her masts were gone, and her sides in two;
So down she went with her noble crew,
And down went Captain Dando.

But just as the Frenchman sailed afar—
For he thought he had done for the British Tar—
Up came the flag on a floating spar,
And upon the spar was Dando!
For that's the Britisher's way, you know;
He never will take a knock-down blow,
And if ever he sinks, he comes up so!
Like the brave old Captain Dando.

15. RECITATION "The Charge of the Light Brigade" Tennyson.

MR. W. H. PENNINGTON.

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flashing round a summer sky.

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

IN the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and employed the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market-town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Terry Town. The name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it, for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighbouring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the country still continues under the sway of some witching power that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions; and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighbourhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the night-mare, with her whole nine-fold, seems to make it the favourite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the revolutionary war; and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege that the body of the trooper, having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head; and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known at all the country firesides by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there

for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative—to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great state of New York, that population, manners and customs, remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream; where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbour, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane; who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut; a state which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weather-cock, perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His school-house was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copybooks. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours, by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window shutters; so that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out; an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot. The schoolhouse stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch-tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school, who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity; taking the burthen off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents"; and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it, and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school-hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, it behoved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers, whose children he instructed. With these he lived successfully a week at a time; thus going

the rounds of the neighbourhood, with all his wordly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labours of their farms; helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the cows from pasture; and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ngratiating. He found favour in the eyes of their mothers, by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighbourhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him, on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the millpond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus by divers little makeshifts, in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labour of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighbourhood; being considered a kind of idle gentleman-like personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farmhouse, and the addition of a super-numerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver teapot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays! gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overran the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent millpond; while the more bashful country bumpkins hang sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half itinerant life, also, he was a kind of travelling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house; so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's History of New England Witchcraft, in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvellous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spellbound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover, bordering the little brook that whimpered by his schoolhouse, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination: the moan of the whip-poor-will* from the hill-side; the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl, or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fireflies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if by chance a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought or drive away evil

* The whip-poor-will is a bird which is only heard at night. It receives its name from its note, which is thought to resemble these words.

spirits, was to sing psalm tunes;—and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe at hearing his nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was, to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvellous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them wofully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars; and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney-corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no spectre dared to show its face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night!—With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window!—How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted spectre, beset his very path!—How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him!—and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness, and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was—a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled one evening in each week to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was, withal, a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold, which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden time; and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart towards the sex, and it is not to be wondered at that so tempting a morsel soon found favour in his eyes, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundary of his own farm; but within those, everything was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks, in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm tree spread its broad branches over it, at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well formed of a barrel, and then stole sparkling away through the grass to a neighbouring brook that bubbled along among alders and dwarf willows.

(To be continued.)

"JURY," said a western judge, "you kin go out and find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own, get the one the last jury used."

Time Table of Classes.

SESSION 1889-90.

The Winter Session commenced on Monday, January 6th, 1890. The Classes are open to both Sexes of all ages. The Art Classes are held at Essex House, Mile End Road. As the number attending each class is limited, intending Students should book their names as soon as possible. By payment of an additional fee of Sixpence per Quarter Students will have the privilege of attending the Concerts and Entertainments arranged expressly for them in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday Evenings. Only those engaged in the particular trade to which the class refers can join either the Practical or Technical Classes at the terms stated in the Time Table. Further particulars may be obtained upon application at the Office, Technical Schools, People's Palace.

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

Practical Trade Classes.

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

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

Special Classes for Females only.

| SUBJECT. | TEACHER. | DAY. | HOURS. | FEES. |
|--|-------------------|----------|-----------|-------|
| Dressmaking... | Mrs. Scrivener | Monday | 5.30-7.0 | 5 0 |
| Millinery | Miss Newall | Friday | 7.30-9.30 | 5 0 |
| Cookery—Prac. Household | Mrs. Sharman | Monday | 8.0-9.30 | 5 0 |
| " High-class Prac. Demonstration | Mrs. Pitcher | Friday | 7.30-9.30 | 5 0 |
| " " " | Mrs. Sharman | Thursday | 3.5 & 6-8 | 10 6 |
| Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc. | Mr. Michell | Friday | 8.0-9.30 | 2 6 |
| Elocution | Mrs S. L. Hasluck | Tuesday | 8.0-9.30 | 5 0 |
| " Shakespeare | " | " | 6.0-7.30 | 5 0 |

Science Classes.

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

Per Session. * Fee 2/- per Session to members of any other Science, Technical and Trade Classes. Members of these classes can join the Electric Laboratory and Workshop Practice Class. By payment of 12/6 students may attend the Laboratory three nights a week. Special classes will be held to prepare students for the City Guilds Examinations, in oils and paints, colours and varnishes. Every facility will be given for students desiring special instruction or wishing to engage in special work. A class in Assaying will be started, fee 2/- Students are supplied free with apparatus and a lock-up cupboard. A deposit of 2/6 will be required to replace breakages.

Art and Design Classes

Are held at Essex House, Mile End Road.

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

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

Musical Classes.

| SUBJECT. | TEACHER. | DAY. | HOURS. | FEES. |
|----------------------|---|--------------|-----------|-------|
| *Singing, Elementary | Mr. Orton Bradley | Thursday | 8.0-9.0 | 2 0 |
| " Advanced | " [M.A.] | Tuesday | 9.0-10.0 | 2 0 |
| *Choral Society | " | Friday | 7.30-10.0 | 2 0 |
| Orchestral Society | Mr. W. R. Cave | Tuesday | 8.0-10.0 | 2 0 |
| Military Band | Mr. Robinson | Saturday | 5.0 | 2 6 |
| Pianoforte | { Mr. Hamilton } { Mrs. Spencer } | M. T. Th. F. | 4.0-10.0 | 9 0 |
| Violin | { Under the direc. } { of Mr. W. R. Cave } | Monday | 6.0-10.0 | 5 0 |
| " | " | Tuesday | 6.0-10.0 | 5 0 |

Per Quarter.

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

General Classes.

| SUBJECT. | TEACHER. | DAY. | HOURS. | FEES. |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------|--------------|-----------|-------|
| Arithmetic—Elementary | Mr. A. Sarll, A.K.C. | Friday | 9.0-10.0 | 2 6 |
| " Intermediate | " | " | 8.0-9.0 | 2 6 |
| " Advanced | " | " | 7.0-8.0 | 2 6 |
| Book-keeping—Elemen. | " | Thursday | 8.0-9.0 | 4 0 |
| " Interme. | " | " | 9.0-10.0 | 4 0 |
| " Advanced | " | " | 7.0-8.0 | 4 0 |
| Civil Service—Boy Clerks | Mr. D. Isaacs, B.A. | Tuesday | 6.30-10.0 | 12 0 |
| Female Clerks (Prelim.) | " | " | | |
| Excise (Beginners) | " | " | 6.15-8.45 | 10 0 |
| Customs (Beginners) | " | " | | |
| Lower Div. (Prelim.) | " | " | 8.0-10.0 | 12 0 |
| (Competitive) | " | " | | |
| Excise & Customs (Adv.) | " | Tuesday | 8.45-10.0 | 12 0 |
| Female Clerks (Com.) | " | Thursday | | |
| Male Telegraph Learners | " | " | 6.15-8.45 | 10 0 |
| Boy Copyists | " | Thursday | | |
| Female Tele. Learners | " | " | 8.0-9.0 | 4 0 |
| Female Sorters | " | " | | |
| Shorthand (Pitman's) Ele. | Messrs. Horton and Wilson | Friday | 8.0-9.0 | 4 0 |
| " Advan. | " | " | 9.0-10.0 | 4 0 |
| " Report. | " | " | 9.0-10.0 | 5 0 |
| French, Elementary | Mons. Pointin | Monday | 7.0-8.0 | 4 0 |
| " 2nd Stage | " | " | 8.0-9.0 | 4 0 |
| " Interme. 1st | " | " | 9.0-10.0 | 4 0 |
| " 2nd | " | " | 9.0-10.0 | 4 0 |
| " Elemen. 3rd | " | " | 9.0-10.0 | 4 0 |
| " Advanced | " | " | 7.0-8.0 | 4 0 |
| " Commrc. Corres. | " | Friday | 8.0-9.0 | 4 0 |
| German, Advanced | Herr Dittell | " | 7.0-8.0 | 4 0 |
| " Beginners | " | " | 8.0-9.0 | 4 0 |
| " Intermediate | " | " | 8.0-9.0 | 4 0 |
| Elocution (Class 1) | Mr. S. L. Hasluck | Thursday | 6.0-7.30 | 5 0 |
| (Class 2) | " | " | 8.0-10.0 | 5 0 |
| Writing | Mr. T. Drew | Tuesday | 8.0-10.0 | 2 6 |
| London University Exams. | Mr. W. Coleman | Mon. & Fri. | 6.0-10.0 | 31 6 |
| * Land Surveying and Levelling | Mr. F. C. Forth | Friday | 7.30-8.30 | 20 0 |
| Ambulance—Nursing | Dr. Stoker | Saturday | 3.30-5.30 | 7 0 |
| Chess | Mr. Smith | Tuesday | 7.0-9.0 | 1 0 |
| Literary | Mr. H. Spender | Tu. and Sat. | 8.0-10.0 | 1 0 |
| " | " | Friday | 8.0-10.0 | 1 0 |

Per Quarter.

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

Technical Classes.

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

Per Session.

* Free to those taking Practical Classes.

† Members of these classes can join the Mathematic on payment of hal. fee.

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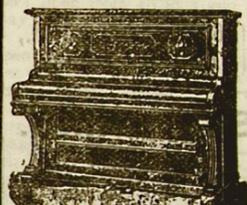
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Hosiery,
SHIRT MAKER,
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Respectfully announce the dates
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(Held for 55 years), which are appointed
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and 4th Thursdays of the
Month, as follows:

| | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| Feb. .. — 27 | Aug. .. 14, — |
| Mar. .. 13, 27 | Sept. .. 11, 25 |
| April. .. 10, 24 | Oct. .. 9, 23 |
| May .. 8, 22 | Nov. .. 13, 27 |
| June .. 12, 26 | Dec. .. 11, — |
| July .. 10, 24 | |

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Electric Bells, Burglar Alarms,
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Students supplied with all parts
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Machines Sold on the Hire
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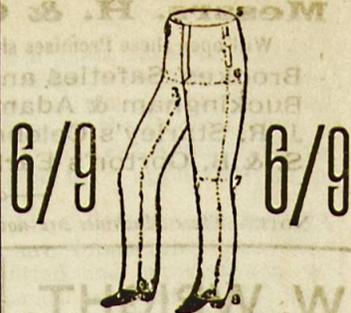
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Special Bottles, post free from obser-
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Specialité
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Made to Measure.



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39 & 41, WHITEHORSE ST.,
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MANUFACTURING
JEWELLER OPTICIAN,
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Repairs, Plating & Gilding
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No Deposit or Security required, and no charge for Carriage or
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FRESH BUTTERS.

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Good Ladies' Button or Lace
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Best and cheapest in the
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