

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. V.—No. 126.]

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 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, April 10th.**—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Cycling Club.—Run to Woodford.—Evening Classes Re-assemble.
- FRIDAY, April 11th.**—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, April 12th.**—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.—Cycling Club.—Run to Buckhurst Hill.—Junior Chess and Draughts Club, at 8.—Performance of "Creation," in Queen's Hall, at 7.30.
- SUNDAY, April 13th.**—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY, April 14th.**—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.
- TUESDAY, April 15th.**—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.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.
- WEDNESDAY, April 16th.**—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.—Hypnotic Entertainment by Mr. Charles Rutland, in Queen's Hall, at 8.

## Organ Recitals,

On **SUNDAY NEXT, APRIL 13th, 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.

I SUPPOSE, by this time, we have all eaten our hot-cross buns. Somehow or other, as years go on, the sugar, the spice, the crispness seem to deteriorate. The delicacy of the flavouring is gone. We look at them, and feel they are not what they were! Is it possible the fault lies with ourselves? A bun of any sort is a joy to a child, and the hot-cross bun has double the charms of the ordinary penny bun. We used to eye them with affection, now we regard them in a critical spirit. We enjoyed them when they came in with every meal on Good Friday. Buns at breakfast, buns at luncheon, buns at tea! It was the only day in the year when parental discipline seemed to relax in favour of bun-eating. What great bun days those must have been early in the century, when we had the two Chelsea bun-houses; one calling itself *The Chelsea Bun-house*, and the other the real, old, original Chelsea Bun-house! Good folk used to walk a long way to taste these dainties, and pronounce on their respective merits, sitting outside on the benches in front of the old houses. What an innocent, refreshing pastime: bun-eating in the cool of the evening, after a long, sociable walk! Has the world grown too old now? We need not despair; we can still have tea and shrimps at Greenwich.

BY-THE-BYE, some of us may be shocked to find that this custom of bun-eating on Good-Friday, which we have come to consider almost as a Christian duty, has its origin in a Pagan rite of worshipping the Queen of Heaven with cakes, and is still practised in China, Mexico, and other countries. What heathens we are still!

ON Maundy Thursday the usual distribution of the Maundy money took place. Once upon a time the kings and queens used to wash the feet of as many poor men and women as they themselves were years old. This custom has gone out altogether, and the last recorded instance being, I believe, in the case of James II. Dainty Queen Elizabeth took the precaution to have the feet of her twenty-nine poor persons previously well washed and sweetened with herbs, not only once, but twice, before she could bring herself to face the ordeal. Now there is, of course, only the distribution of the royal alms, consisting of money and clothing. Royal Bounty is limited in the Civil List to £13,000 a year, and the Lord High Almoner has to settle, with the discretion and vigilance necessary to this post, who are eligible and worthy objects of charity. "Maundy" (Middle English, *mandee*, a command) is identical with the "Mandatum" of the rubric and anthem of the Missal of the fifth day of Holy Week. The mandatum referred to is—"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." Something for us all to remember, kings, queens, and Lord High Almoners, even though the washing of feet be done away!

WE ought to be glad to welcome any effort to improve labourers' cottages, and we hope that the bill that is to be brought forward for the improvement of the dwelling house of the poor may be well received. There have been doubtless many improvements of late years in this direction, but half the dwelling houses in the country are unfit for habitation, or at all events for human habitation. Ventilation and drainage have received more attention recently, but we very rarely find fitting accommodation for the families of the labouring man. Half the evils we have to contend with in our villages and cities arise

alike from inadequate accommodation. Many of the arrangements in these houses are a shame and disgrace, not to those who live in them, but to those who let and re-let them. Every cottage should have its bit of garden ground, which would guard at least against that crowding in of houses together, which excludes light and air, and fosters every form of sickness. It is to be hoped that a bill like the present proposed one will help to remove some of these plague spots from our midst.

How they manage things on the other side of the "herring pond"! We find that in America the gaols not only pay their own expenses, but the Detroit House of Correction has handed over to the civic authorities £3,000 profit; and this remarkable result has been achieved by prisoners making chairs. Whenever we have tried to do anything of the sort here, we have had an outcry from the labouring classes that the prisoners are taking employment out of honest hands; at least so it happened when mat-making became a favourite prison occupation. Yet we could never go back to that reason-crushing punishment of a treadmill that will grind only wind, and such like resources. If we get the prisons to do work that will lessen taxation, then the working man will perhaps not grumble at the monopoly of a single trade.

The south-east coast has been the scene of everything warlike but bloodshed. There has been an assault on Tolsford Hill. Cannons are roaring, shot is flying, bugles are sounding, military ardour is glowing! The latest bulletins tell us that Brighton is being stormed, and Willingdon has passed into the hands of the enemy. And yet notwithstanding these national disasters we are all holiday making, and the arts of peace do not suffer: for we hear of a Workmen's Exhibition at the Central Hall, Holborn; a new playground for East London in the Royal Victoria Gardens, Woolwich; and a new automatic machine which will take your photograph in five seconds for one penny.

L. M. H. C.

### Palace Notes.

NEXT Saturday will see a very fine performance of the "Creation," in the Queen's Hall. Early attendance will be necessary to secure seats.

THE Swimming Bath opened in good case on Monday, more than 1,500 swimmers using it; and the day was not a very warm one.

THE Wood-Carving Class is to be removed from Essex House, and will re-commence work for the session on Friday next, at the Palace.

WE regret having to announce the death of Mr. D. A. Isaacs, B.A., the tutor of the Civil Service Preparation Classes. His death will be a great loss to the classes hitherto under his care, who will, I am sure, express the deepest sympathy with Mrs. Isaacs in her heavy loss.

NEXT Wednesday is to be the occasion of a (to East-Enders) novel and an excellent entertainment in the Queen's Hall. Mr. Charles Rutland is to lecture and demonstrate on the entrancing subject of hypnotism—or mesmerism as we ordinary people are apt to call it. This, we can promise, will be not only an interesting and wonder-provoking entertainment, but a very funny one indeed in many parts of the programme.

IT must be borne in mind that the Evening Classes re-assemble on Thursday—to-morrow. The Penny Cookery Lectures begin on Monday next.

A SPECIAL Summer Course of Practical Instruction in Photography is to begin on Thursday, May 8th, in charge of Mr. Howard Farmer, assisted by Mr. C. W. Gamble, at the particularly low fee of five shillings for the course of three months. Particulars may be obtained at the Schools' Office.

THE Open Night Entertainment will be given by the Elocution Class and Choral Society to-morrow (Thursday) evening, at eight o'clock.

### 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 CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

Our rendering of the "Messiah," on Good Friday, showed a marked improvement both in chorus and orchestra; it was certainly the best performance we have given. The fact that nearly two thousand were turned away from the doors, shows that the patrons of the People's Palace appreciate our efforts, and we have good reason to congratulate ourselves on the result of our endeavours. The solos also were well rendered by the artists, whose services were secured for the occasion, and well merited the applause accorded them.

We shall give those choruses in "Samson" which were omitted in our last performance of that work, on Sunday afternoon the 27th April—not the 20th, as previously announced. Practice as usual this week in No. 10 Room.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—We now have a few vacancies for contraltos, tenors, and basses, who are good readers of either sol-fa or old notation. We shall commence the study of operatic music shortly.

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

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB.

Messrs. M. Moyle, O. Stephens and F. Glover went for the 100 miles gold "time medals" on Friday last. The distance had to be covered in ten hours to entitle the rider to a medal. The following are the times made:—M. Moyle (riding a "Referee"), 8 hours 49 min.; O. Stephens ("Demon"), and F. Glover ("Rover"), 9 hours 37 min. O. Stephens had the misfortune to have his back tyre come off when he had gone twenty miles, but by means of sundry pieces of copper wire managed to keep it on for the remainder of the distance. Twenty Members have gone to Brighton and six to Cambridge. Run next Thursday to Woodford. Next Saturday to Buckhurst Hill, returning in the evening to the "Wilfrid Lawson," to a Smoking Concert with Crown C.C.

JAMES H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE OLD BOYS' CRICKET CLUB.

Captain, W. Bissett; Vice-Captain, F. McCardle; Committee: J. Von Bohr, E. Birkett, J. Gurr, A. Thomas; Treasurer, E. J. Wignall; Hon. Secretary, A. H. Bowsher.

##### FIXTURES.

Date.	Opponents.	To be played at
April 12th	Club Match .. ..	Wanstead.
" 19th	Beaumont .. ..	"
" 26th	Holy Trinity .. ..	"
May 3rd	United .. ..	"
" 10th	Crown .. ..	Victoria Park.
" 17th	Boys' Society .. ..	Wanstead.
" 24th	Latimer .. ..	Victoria Park.
" 31st	Glendale .. ..	Wanstead.
June 7th	Technical Schools .. ..	"
" 14th	Technical Schools .. ..	Wanstead.
" 21st	Abbey 2nd XI. .. ..	"
" 28th	Eden .. ..	"
July 5th	Star .. ..	"
" 12th	Crown .. ..	"
" 19th	Beaumont .. ..	"
" 26th	Holy Trinity .. ..	"
Aug. 2nd	Boys' Society .. ..	"
" 9th	Latimer .. ..	Victoria Park.
" 16th	Glendale .. ..	Wanstead.
" 23rd	Eden .. ..	Victoria Park.
" 30th	Star .. ..	Wanstead.
Sept. 6th	Abbey 2nd XI. .. ..	Victoria Park.
" 13th	United .. ..	Wanstead.
" 20th	Latimer .. ..	Victoria Park.
" 27th	Glendale .. ..	Wanstead.

All Members of the Old Boys' Club wishing to join should communicate with the Secretary at once. Terms, 2d. per month, or 1s. the season; no entrance fee.

A. H. BOWSHER, Hon. Sec.

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE CHESS CLUB.

Subscription, 1s. per quarter or 3s. per annum. Meeting nights, Tuesday and Saturday, from 7 p.m., in the Old School-buildings.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

### Civilised Cannibalism.

THE subject of civilised cannibalism, if not particularly pleasant—for it reminds us how near akin we are in certain circumstances to wild beasts—is particularly interesting. By civilised cannibalism I do not mean such modified examples as we find now and then in the newspapers—the biting off of a man's ear in a brutal quarrel, or the gnawing of a man's fingers by some infuriated foe. I allude only to those happily rarer cases in which civilised human beings—generally owing to the pressure of imminent starvation—devour their fellow-creatures in hopes of sustaining their own lives. Most of these cases, of course, occur at sea. In our own days we have heard of at least two terrible tragedies of this kind. The survivors of the crew of the yacht *Mignonette* furnished one; the remnant of Lieut. A. Greely's party that was discovered near Cape Sabine on June 22, 1884, furnished another. Nor have examples been uncommon in the past.

In 1727, William Boyce, who was afterwards a captain in the Navy, was second mate of the *Luxborough*, a ship belonging to the South Sea Company. On June 25 she took fire in latitude 41°45' N., and longitude 20° E., and twenty-three men and boys abandoned her in the yawl, with neither provisions nor water. By July 6, fourteen had died from starvation and exposure, and portions of six of the dead had been devoured by their ravenous fellows. Fortunately, on July 8, the boat reached Newfoundland: but only seven of the crew lived to gain the shore, and one of them died from exhaustion a few hours later.

Sometimes nature, no matter how pressed she may be, loathes this frightful food. In 1759, the brig *Tyrrel*, from New York, was thrown on her beam ends in mid-Atlantic, and never afterwards righted. Most of the crew quitted her in a boat. They had with them only a peck and a half of sodden provisions, and no water; and in fifteen days all but three died. The chief mate then asked his companions if they would eat some of the flesh of the cabin boy, who had been the last to expire. They assented; but neither he nor they were able to swallow the unnatural food. Next morning the mate found his shipmates dead beside him. Four days later he managed to obtain a few barnacles, and with these he supported himself until, after twenty-three days' exposure, he was picked up.

The casting of lots has often preceded such tragedies. In 1765, the brig *Peggy* left Fayal for New York. Owing to long-continued foul weather she made such slow progress that all her provisions were consumed; and even the oil, candles, and leather on board were devoured long ere she drew anywhere near port. Lots were cast, and a negro servant of the captain was sacrificed and eaten. Sixteen days later a second victim was demanded; but the captain persuaded the crew to wait for some hours before killing the man, a sailor named David Flat, upon whom the lot fell. Flat lost his reason in the interval; but ere the time had expired, the *Susan*, of London, boarded the drifting vessel, and the castaways were rescued. It is satisfactory to be able to add that Flat subsequently recovered.

A very bad case of murder and cannibalism at sea happened in 1799. In June of that year six soldiers, forming part of the garrison of St. Helena, put to sea in a whaleboat with the object of deserting. They intended to get on board an American ship which was lying in the roads, but they missed her, and were carried out of sight of land. By June 26th all their small stock of provisions was consumed. On July 5th they cast lots, and the lot fell on one of their number, M'Kinnon by name. He was allowed to bleed himself to death. Three days later the boat was thrown ashore on the African coast, three of the men escaping and two being drowned.

I will conclude this horrible, but far from exhaustive, catalogue with mention of a case which, so far as I know, is unique, inasmuch as a woman appears as a chief actress in it.

In 1766 M. Viand and M. Desclau, two Frenchmen, who were in business in San Domingo, sailed thence in the brigantine *Tigre*, Captain La Couture. The captain's wife and son were also on board, together with a mate, nine seamen, and a negro slave. On February 16th the vessel went ashore on some rocks near the American coast, and on the 18th the crew managed to effect a landing. On March 5th Viand, Desclau, La Couture, the lady, the boy, and the negro set sail in a canoe for the mainland, but were soon stranded on an uninhabited island. La Couture and Desclau went on to seek assistance, but never returned. The others subsequently followed, deserting the boy, who seemed to be at death's door, and on April 20th they reached the continent, but found themselves utterly destitute. Viand thereupon killed the negro, Madame La Couture assisting him. After

devouring some of the body, the survivors met with a party of Englishmen, who attended to their wants. Madame La Couture's first care was to revisit the island on which she had left her dying son. Astonishing to relate, although he had been deserted for many days, he was found alive, and in time recovered.

In estimating the moral culpability of these frightful acts, the nature of the temptation should be borne in mind. Happily very few of us can even dimly realise it. Yet, grave though the temptation must have been in most of the cases which I have cited, it may be doubted whether strict ethics ever justify the murder of an offending human being. It is seldom or never possible for men afloat on the ocean or lost in an unknown land to truly say that all possibility of succour from outside has vanished. While there is life there is hope. And the weak have as much right as the strong to the natural chances—no matter how vague and doubtful they may be—of existence.

### A Seal-hunter's Varns.

CAPTAIN R—, like Sir Joseph Banks, is an excellent man, but he has his prejudices: he does not believe in mermaids! And yet Captain R— has seen more mermaids than the fisher who

"Oft beneath the silver moon  
Has heard, afar, the mermaid sing."

or than the visitor to Margate who records of the mermaid of that town the interesting fact that

"Away she went with a seagull's scream,  
And a splash of her saucy tail."

The captain is a seal-hunter, and thinks, with men of science, that the animals whose skins lie in thousands between the decks of his ship are none other the mermaids with "oary tails," beloved of seamen, who carry comb and mirror in their hands, and are always discovered in the midst of their toilet, braiding their locks of golden hair and "singing as they braided."

"Can you make that out?" asked the captain, pointing to an object near the Fife bank of the Tay.

A head and part of a body rose upright out of the water, glanced towards the steamer, dived, rose again, cast another inquiring glance in our direction, and then disappeared.

It looked like a man swimming.  
"At this distance and in this light," said the captain, "nothing is easier than to mistake a seal for a man; and if you could catch a glimpse of the plump face, the limpid eyes, and the hand-like paws, you would understand at once the origin of the mermaid."

Experienced men sometimes make mistakes with even larger objects. This the captain illustrated with an amusing personal anecdote.

A large whale visited the Tay year after year. Many attempts were made at capture, but without success. At last a party of whalers sighted her, and put off in a boat at dusk. The excitement was great. Nearly all Dundee turned out to watch the pursuit. The boat approached with caution the shoal on which the monster had been left by the tide. The spears were ready; the harpoon was raised to strike.

"The whale was taken," added the captain, with a smile; "but not on that occasion. It was a sunken rock we had sighted!"

The seals of which Captain R— is hunter are not the beautiful animals whose soft, silky fur is the delight and ambition of every lady. This is the Alaska seal, caught off the coast of America. The ships that leave Peterhead and Dundee in the early spring make for Greenland and the Arctic Regions, where there are millions of common seal whose fur is made into cheaper cloaks and tippets, whose skin is converted into Russia leather and levant, and whose oil is used for dressing flax and hemp.

The life of a seal-hunter has moments of excitement and adventure, preceded and followed by monotonous hours and days of watching and waiting.

The ship forces a path through the ice by ramming, cutting, sawing, and blasting. From the "crow's nest" at the masthead the skipper or his mate keeps a constant lookout, until the ice is seen to be black with seals. Then is the moment for action. Boats are lowered and guns are loaded, and the slaughter begins.

Seals lie near the edge of the floe, with their heads towards the water, and the task is to approach without disturbing them and in such a way as to prevent their escape into the sea. The head is the part aimed at, not only because it is the most vulnerable, but because a wound in any other place reduces the value of the skin by leaving a hole in the leather or fur.

PROGRAMME  
OF  
PERFORMANCE OF THE  
"CREATION,"

TO BE GIVEN BY  
The North London United Choral and Orchestral Society  
(PRESIDENT, SIR A. K. ROLLIT),  
ON SATURDAY, APRIL 12TH, 1890, at 7.30.

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

VOCALISTS:  
MISS WILLIS SHARMAN, MR. PERCY PALMER,  
MR. SYDNEY BECKLEY.  
Conductor, MR. THOMAS HIBBERD.  
Organist, MR. WALTER JACOBS.  
Orchestral Leader, MR. M. WIGGINTON.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION.—REPRESENTATION OF CHAOS.

RECITATIVE.

Raphael.

MR. SYDNEY BECKLEY.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth; and the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep.

CHORUS.

And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

RECITATIVE.

Uriel.

MR. PERCY PALMER.

And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness.

AIR.

Now vanish before the holy beams  
The gloomy shades of ancient night,  
The first of days appears.  
Now chaos ends, and order fair prevails.  
Affrighted fly hell's spirits black in throngs:  
Down they sink in the deep abyss  
To endless night.

CHORUS.

Despairing cursing rage attends their rapid fall.  
A new-created world springs up at God's command.

RECITATIVE.

Raphael.

And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so.

Now furious storms tempestuous rage,  
Like chaff, by the winds impelled are the clouds,  
By sudden fire the sky is inflamed,  
And awful thunders are rolling on high.

Now from the floods in steam ascend reviving showers of rain,  
The dreary wasteful hail, the light and flaky snow.

AIR.

Gabriel.

MISS WILLIS SHARMAN.  
The marvellous work behold amaz'd  
The glorious hierarchy of heaven;  
And to th' ethereal vaults resound  
The praise of God, and of the second day.

CHORUS.

And to th' ethereal vaults resound  
The praise of God, and of the second day.

RECITATIVE.

Raphael.

And God said, Let the waters under the heavens be gathered together to one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so. And God called the dry land earth, and the gathering of waters called He seas: and God saw that it was good.

AIR.

Rolling in foaming billows,  
Uplifted, roars the boisterous sea.  
Mountains and rocks now emerge,  
Their tops among the clouds ascend.  
Through th' open plains, outstretching wide,  
In serpent error rivers flow.  
Softly purling, glides on  
Through silent vales the limpid brook.

RECITATIVE.

Gabriel.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so.

AIR.

With verdure clad the fields appear,  
Delightful to the ravish'd sense;  
By flowers sweet and gay  
Enhanced is the charming sight.  
Here fragrant herbs their odours shed;  
Here shoots the healing plant.  
With copious fruit the expanded boughs are hung;  
In leafy arches twine the shady grove;  
O'er lofty hills majestic forests wave.

RECITATIVE.

Uriel.

And the heavenly host proclaimed the third day, praising God, and saying,

CHORUS.

Awake the harp, the lyre awake,  
And let your joyful song resound.  
Rejoice in the Lord, the mighty God;  
For He both heaven and earth  
Has clothed in stately dress.

RECITATIVE.

Uriel.

And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven, to divide the day from the night, and to give light upon the earth; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years. He made the stars also.

RECITATIVE.—(Accompanied.)

In splendour bright is rising now the sun,  
And darts his rays; a joyful happy spouse,  
A giant proud and glad  
To run his measur'd course.  
With softer beams, and milder light,  
Steps on the silver moon through silent night.  
The space immense of th' azure sky  
A countless host of radiant orbs adorn.  
And the sons of God announced the fourth day,  
In song divine, proclaiming thus His power:

CHORUS.

The heavens are telling the glory of God,  
The wonder of His work displays the firmament.

TRIO.

To day that is coming speaks it the day,  
The night that is gone to following night.

CHORUS.

The heavens are telling the glory of God,  
The wonder of His work displays the firmament.

TRIO.

In all the lands resounds the word,  
Never unperceived, ever understood.

CHORUS.

The heavens are telling the glory of God,  
The wonder of His work displays the firmament.

PART II.

RECITATIVE.

Gabriel.

And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.

AIR.

On mighty pens uplifted soars,  
The eagle aloft, and cleaves the air,  
In swiftest flight, to the blazing sun.  
His welcome bids to morn the merry lark,  
And cooing calls the tender dove his mate.  
From ev'ry bush and grove resound  
The nightingale's delightful notes;  
No grief affected yet her breast,  
Nor to a mournful tale were tun'd  
Her soft enchanting lays.

RECITATIVE.

Raphael.

And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth; and God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful all, and multiply.

Ye winged tribes, be multiplied,  
And sing on every tree; multiply,  
Ye finny tribes, and fill each wat'ry deep;  
Be fruitful, grow, and multiply,  
And in your God and Lord rejoice.

And the angels struck their immortal harps, and the wonders of the fifth day sung.

TRIO AND CHORUS.

The Lord is great, and great His might,  
His glory lasts for ever and for evermore.

RECITATIVE.

Raphael.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth, after his kind.

Straight opening her fertile womb,  
The earth obey'd the word,  
And teem'd creatures numberless,  
In perfect forms, and fully grown.

Cheerful, roaring, stands the tawny lion. With sudden leap  
The flexible tiger appears. The nimble stag  
Bears up his branching head. With flying mane,  
And fiery look, impatient neighs the noble steed.  
The cattle, in herds, already seek their food  
On fields and meadows green.

And o'er the ground, as plants, are spread  
The fleecy, meek, and bleating flocks.  
Unnumber'd as the sands, in swarms arose  
The host of insects. In long dimension  
Creeps, with sinuous trace, the worm.

AIR.

Now heaven in fullest glory shone;  
Earth smil'd in all her rich attire;  
The room of air with fowl is filled;  
The water swell'd by shoals of fish;  
By heavy beasts the ground is trod:  
But all the work was not complete;  
There wanted yet that wondrous being,  
That, grateful, should God's power admire,  
With heart and voice His goodness praise.

RECITATIVE.

Uriel.

And God created Man in His own image, in the image of God created He him. Male and female created He them. He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and Man became a living soul.

AIR.

In native worth and honour clad,  
With beauty, courage, strength adorn'd,  
Erect, with front serene, he stands  
A man, the lord and king of nature all.  
His large and arched brow sublime  
Of wisdom deep declares the seat!  
And in his eyes with brightness shines  
The soul, the breath and image of his God.  
With fondness leans upon his breast  
The partner for him form'd,  
A woman, fair and graceful spouse.  
Her softly smiling virgin looks,  
Of flow'ry spring the mirror,  
Bespeak him love, and joy, and bliss.

RECITATIVE.

Raphael.

And God saw every thing that He had made, and behold, it was very good. And the heavenly choir, in song divine, thus closed the sixth day:

TRIO.

Gabriel and Uriel.

On thee each living soul awaits;  
From thee, O Lord, all seek their food;  
Thou openest Thy hand,  
And fillest all with good:

Raphael.

But when Thy face, O Lord, is hid,  
With sudden terror they are struck;  
Thou tak'st their breath away,  
They vanish into dust:

Gabriel, Uriel, and Raphael.

Thou sendest forth Thy breath again  
And life with vigour fresh returns;  
Reviv'd earth unfolds new strength  
And new delights.

CHORUS.

Achieved is the glorious work;  
Our song let be the praise of God.  
Glory to His Name for ever.  
He sole on high exalted reigns.  
Hallelujah.

PART III.

DUET.

Adam and Eve.

By thee with bliss, O bounteous Lord,  
Both heaven and earth are stor'd.  
This world so great, so wonderful,  
Thy mighty hand has fram'd.

CHORUS.

For ever blessed be His power,  
His Name be ever magnified.

Adam.

Of stars the fairest, pledge of day,  
That crown't the smiling morn;  
And thou, bright sun, that cheer'st the world,  
Thou eye and soul of all;

CHORUS.

Proclaim in your extended course  
Th' almighty power and praise of God.

Eve.

And thou that rul'st the silent night,  
And all ye starry hosts,  
Ev'rywhere spread wide His praise  
In choral songs about.

Adam.

Ye mighty elements, by His power  
Your ceaseless changes make;  
Ye dusky mists, and dewy steams,  
That rise and fall thro' th' air;

CHORUS.

Resound the praise of God our Lord.  
Great His name, and great His might.

Eve.

Ye purling fountains, tune His praise;  
And wave your tops, ye pines.  
Ye plants, exhale, ye flowers, breathe  
To Him your balmy scent.

Adam.

Ye that on mountains stately tread,  
And ye that lowly creep;  
Ye birds that sing at heaven's gate,  
And ye that swim the stream;

Eve and Adam.

Ye creatures all, extol the Lord;

CHORUS.

Ye creatures all, extol the Lord;  
Him celebrate, Him magnify.

Eve and Adam.

Ye valleys, hills, and shady woods,  
Made vocal by our song,  
From morn till eve you shall repeat  
Our grateful hymns of praise.

CHORUS.

Hail! bounteous Lord! Almighty, hail!  
Thy word call'd forth this wondrous frame,  
The heavens and earth Thy power adore;  
We praise Thee now and evermore.

DUET.

Adam and Eve.

Adam. Graceful consort at thy side  
Softly fly the golden hours;  
Ev'ry moment brings new rapture,  
Ev'ry care is lull'd to rest.

Eve. Spouse adored, at thy side  
Purest joys o'erflow the heart;  
Life and all I have is thine;  
My reward thy love shall be.

Both. The dew-dropping morn, O how she quickens all!  
The coolness of even, O how she all restores!  
How grateful is of fruits the savour sweet!  
How pleasing is of fragrant bloom the smell!  
But, without thee, what is to me  
The morning dew, the breath of even,  
The sav'ry fruit, the fragrant bloom?  
With thee is every joy enhanced,  
With thee delight is ever new,  
With thee is life incessant bliss,  
Thine, thine it all shall be.

RECITATIVE.

Uriel.

O happy pair! and happy still might be  
If not misled by false conceit.  
Ye strive at more than granted is;  
And more desire to know, than know ye should.

QUARTET AND CHORUS.

MISS WILLIS SHARMAN, MISS MOSLEY, MR. PALMER,  
AND MR. BECKLEY.

Sing the Lord, ye voices all,  
Magnify His name thro' all creation,  
Celebrate His power and glory,  
Let His name resound on high.  
Praise the Lord. Utter thanks.  
Jehovah's praise for ever shall endure. Amen.

## Singular Funerals.

THERE is no quality more commendable than affection for animals when kept within the limits of reason. But the moment this excellent disposition runs into channels that instinct or custom has sanctified to the use of humanity, it becomes a fit subject for ridicule and for contempt. Both these feelings are excited by the story of the death and burial of a dog which had the good fortune to belong to a late Countess of M—. The facts were disclosed at the Carrickfergus Assizes during the hearing of an action to set aside the will of a deceased earl on the ground of insanity.

When the dog fell ill, the countess took it out in her carriage in order to obtain medical advice. It was afterwards laid upon the drawing-room carpet, where her ladyship knelt and wept over it, the noble earl kneeling at her side, and endeavouring to console her.

His lordship then took the dog in his arms and carried it to an open window to give it a little air. The countess raised a sad lamentation and exclaimed that her pet was dying. The earl assured her that this was not the case.

"I have seen many people die," said he, "and this is certainly not the way."

To convince his wife that the dog was not so near death as she supposed, he showed her the manner in which people commonly die. Stretching himself on the carpet, he lay quiet for a little time; then turned himself from side to side, distorted his features, worked his eyes into a ghastly stare, threw about his arms, went into convulsions, and wound up by becoming rigid.

Next morning the family were in great distress. The dog had died. The carcass was suffered to remain in the drawing room until evening, when it was removed to a lady's bedroom. There it was "waked" with all the lamentations, eulogies, and feasting that accompany this necessary preliminary to an Irish funeral. On the following day, a number of men and women were called in to make preparation for the funeral rites of the dead dog. A plumber produced a lead coffin for £4 11s., and a carpenter made an outer shell. The carcass was put into the coffin and taken on a car to the earl's castle, where it was interred amid the lamentations of the earl and countess.

Nor was the dead dog without mourners of his own four-footed kind. Fifty dogs were selected to attend the funeral in white scarfs, and positive orders were given that all the dogs in the parish should be present at the grave.

In this instance affection for the dog raised his obsequies almost to the level of those of men who have deserved well of their country. No excuse of the kind could be pleaded for the unusual demonstration that accompanied the funeral of a Scottish innkeeper. The motto of this gentleman appears to have been that familiar and delusive wish of the profligate, "a short life and a merry." His desire that jollity should not desert his remains impelled him to make provision in his will whereby his boon companions were required to empty their cups all day and all night in the presence of the dead. Whether or not this revolting wish of the testator was carried into effect is not told, but the ceremony that attended his interment was sufficiently eccentric to excite surprise and indignation.

His coffin was borne on the shoulders of men who had often shared his unwise hospitality, and who on this occasion showed their loyalty to his wishes by appearing, not in garments of solemn and sombre hue, but in holiday garb. A company of pipers, playing their liveliest airs, marched at the head of the procession, while a number of sword dancers brought up the rear. The ceremony ended with a carouse, for which the deceased innkeeper had left a considerable sum of money.

Less outrageous to the sentiments which so solemn an event naturally inspires, though hardly less curious, was the funeral of a gentleman of private means in the north of England. During life he had earned no little notoriety in consequence of many harmless eccentricities. He was described by that terse and pregnant phrase "a character," and was evidently anxious that this reputation should be emphasised rather than weakened by his death. He directed that his body should be placed in a coffin, and that every inch of the remaining space should be filled with snuff, while every snuff-taker in the village who cared to attend his funeral should receive a handsome snuff box full of excellent rappee.

This desire to be buried with material to which there has been a strong attachment in life is a relic of barbarism, of which many examples have been given. If may occasionally take a form to which objection may reasonably be raised, though, on the other hand, it is often of a kind that excites

respect. No one, for instance, could have any other feeling than that of respect when Mr. Lucombe, the celebrated horticulturist, insisted upon being buried in a coffin made from the wood of a tree from which he had propagated many of those evergreen plants with which his name is associated. On the contrary, there are few people who would not sympathise with the heir who fulfilled, and at the same time evaded, the request of his benefactor that he should be buried with the sum of £1,000 by placing in the coffin a cheque payable to the deceased.

A wish to defeat the aims of objectionable parties has been the originating motive of several eccentricities in connection with burials. One of the most interesting of these departures from custom concerns a noble family whose descendant occupies a minor position in political life at the present moment. A predecessor of his lordship, being in difficulties, sought to raise money by mortgaging his estate. With craft that baffled the astute drawer of the deed, this impecunious nobleman caused to be inserted a proviso that the mortgagees should not foreclose as long as his body remained above ground. His will contained instructions that his body should be placed in a stone coffin, and that the coffin should be deposited in a lofty tower and securely guarded. There the body lies to this day, the object of much curious speculation by persons who may not have hit upon so ready a way of eluding their creditors. It is only just, however, to the present holder of the title to add that the mortgage is being paid off.

The savage and inhuman conditions which the law attached to the burial of persons guilty of *felo de se* are of the past, though objection is still offered to the presence of such persons in consecrated ground. The strength of this opposition in many quarters even of Great Britain was recently illustrated in an exciting manner.

A farmer, in the county of Dublin, murdered his housekeeper, and afterwards committed suicide. Several attempts were made to bury the murderer and suicide in the churchyard at Clonaley, but were frustrated by the people, who assembled in large numbers, and used threats of violence. Two neighbouring graveyards were tried, with a similar result. The body was taken back to the house where the tragedy occurred, and at four o'clock in the morning was driven, with great secrecy, to the Balrothy Union burial ground. Again the men who bore the coffin were outwitted, and for several days every graveyard, for miles around, was carefully guarded, in order to prevent a secret interment. The suicide found a final resting place in a plot of ground upon his own farm.

HEALTHINESS OF THE PRINTER'S WORK.—Owing to the dust arising from type metal, and the tendency of the compositors to lean over the case while at work, it has been frequently asserted that the printing business is not conducive to long life. This is a mistake. There is scarcely any indoor occupation, when care as to eating and drinking is observed, which is healthier than that of printing. During the yellow fever periods in the Southern States they were singularly exempt, and this has also been the case in the cholera epidemics which have recently occurred in various States in South America. Recently the cholera prevailed in Chili, causing great mortality among the people, yet out of one hundred members of the Typographical Union of Valparaiso, not one member had been attacked. In the visitation of yellow fever in the fifties in Alabama and New Orleans, the printers were the last to leave their post of duty.

SMITH: "Then you've given up all idea of becoming a writer?"

Jones: "I have."

SMITH: "But I heard that you had all your plans matured, that you were going to avoid prolixity, write nothing but short, sharp, or sententious sentences, that, in fact, you were to be the great condenser."

Jones: "Yes, that was my plan exactly."

SMITH: "And an excellent one. A writer working on such a plan would find himself in great demand."

Jones: "I'm aware of it."

SMITH: "Why didn't you carry your plan out?"

Jones: "Well, to tell the truth, I could not think of anything to condense."

A PROGNOSTICATOR prints some rules, entitled "How to tell the Weather." What we have to tell the weather very often is not very complimentary, and it had better be told in a whisper.

## The Italian Banditti.

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

(Continued from page 253.)

"I DON'T believe a word of them," said the Englishman.

"But the robbers have been tried and executed."

"All a farce!"

"But their heads are stuck up along the road!"

"Old skulls accumulated during a century."

The landlord muttered to himself as he went out at the door, "San Gennaro! quanto soon singolari questi Inglesi!"

A fresh hubbub outside of the inn announced the arrival of more travellers; and from the variety of voices, or rather of clamours, the clattering of hoofs, the rattling of wheels, and the general uproar both within and without, the arrival seemed to be numerous.

It was, in fact, the procaccio and its convoy: a kind of caravan which sets out on certain days for the transportation of merchandise, with an escort of soldiery to protect it from the robbers. Travellers avail themselves of its protection, and a long file of carriages generally accompany it.

A considerable time elapsed before either landlord or waiter returned, being hurried hither and thither by that tempest of noise and bustle which takes place in an Italian inn on the arrival of any considerable accession or custom. When mine host re-appeared, there was a smile of triumph on his countenance.

"Perhaps," said he, as he cleared the table, "perhaps the signor has not heard of what has happened?"

"What?" said the Englishman drily.

"Why, the procaccio has brought accounts of fresh exploits of the robbers."

"Pish!"

"There's more news of the English Milor and his family," said the host, exultingly.

"An English lord? What English lord?"

"Milor Popkin."

"Lord Popkins? I never heard of such a title!"

"O sicuro! a great nobleman, who passed through here lately with mi ladi and her daughters. A magnifico, one of the grand counsellors of London, an almanno!"

"Almanno—almanno?—tut—he means alderman."

"Sicuro—Aldermanno Popkin, and the Principessa Popkin, and the Signorina Popkin!" said mine host, triumphantly.

He now put himself into an attitude, and would have launched into a full detail, had he not been thwarted by the Englishman, who seemed determined neither to credit nor indulge him in his stories, but drily motioned for him to clear away the table.

An Italian tongue, however, is not easily checked: that of mine host continued to wag with increasing volubility as he conveyed the reliques of the repast out of the room; and the last that could be distinguished of his voice, as it died away along the corridor, was the iteration of the favourite word, Popkin—Popkin—Popkin—pop—pop—pop.

The arrival of the procaccio had, indeed, filled the house with stories, as it had with guests. The Englishman and his companion walked after supper up and down the large hall, or common room of the inn, which ran through the centre of the building. It was spacious, and somewhat dirty, with tables placed in various parts, at which groups of travellers were seated; while others strolled about, waiting, in famished impatience, for their evening's meal.

It was a heterogeneous assemblage of people of all ranks and countries, who had arrived in all kind of vehicles. Though distinct knots of travellers, yet the travelling together, under one common escort, had jumbled them into a certain degree of companionship on the road; besides on the continent, travellers are always familiar, and nothing is more motley than the groups which gather casually together in sociable conversation in the public rooms of inns.

The formidable number, and formidable guard of the procaccio, had prevented any molestation from banditti;

but every party of travellers had its tale of wonder, and one carriage vied with another in its budget of assertions and surmises. Fierce whiskered faces had been seen peering over the rocks; carbines and stiletos gleaming from among the bushes; suspicious-looking fellows, with flapped hats, and scowling eyes, had occasionally reconnoitred a straggling carriage, but had disappeared on seeing the guard.

The fair Venetian listened to all these stories with that avidity with which we always pamper any feeling of alarm; even the Englishman began to feel interested in the common topic, and desirous of getting more correct information than mere flying reports. Conquering, therefore, that shyness which is prone to keep an Englishman solitary in clouds, he approached one of the talking groups, the oracle of which was a tall, thin Italian, with long aquiline nose, a high forehead, and lively prominent eye, beaming from under a green velvet travelling cap, with gold tassel. He was of Rome, a surgeon by profession, a poet by choice, and something of an improvisatore.

In the present instance, however, he was talking in plain prose, but holding forth with the fluency of one who talks well and likes to exert his talent. A question or two from the Englishman drew copious replies; for an Englishman sociable among strangers is regarded as a phenomenon on the continent, and always treated with attention for the rarity's sake. The improvisatore gave much the same account of the banditti that I have already furnished.

"But why does not the police exert itself and root them out?" demanded the Englishman.

"Because the police is too weak and the banditti are too strong," replied the other. "To root them out would be a more difficult task than you imagine. They are connected and almost identified with the mountain peasantry and the people of the villages. The numerous bands have an understanding with each other, and with the country round. A *gend'armes* cannot stir without being aware of it. They have their scouts everywhere, who lurk about towns, villages, and inns, mingle in every crowd, and pervade every place of resort. I should not be surprised if some one should be supervising us at this moment."

The fair Venetian looked round fearfully, and turned pale.

Here the improvisatore was interrupted by a lively Neapolitan lawyer.

"By the way," said he, "I recollect a little adventure of a learned doctor, a friend of mine, which happened in this very neighbourhood; not far from the ruins of Theodoric's castle, which are on the top of those great rocky heights above the town."

A wish was, of course, expressed to hear the adventure of the doctor by all excepting the improvisatore, who, being fond of talking and of hearing himself talk, and accustomed, moreover, to harangue without interruption, looked rather annoyed at being checked when in full career. The Neapolitan, however, took no notice of his chagrin, but related the following anecdote.

## ADVENTURE OF THE LITTLE ANTIQUARY.

My friend, the doctor, was a thorough antiquary; a little rusty, musty old fellow, always groping among ruins. He relished a building as you Englishmen relish a cheese—the more mouldy and crumbling it was, the more it suited his taste. A shell of an old nameless temple, or the cracked walls of a broken-down amphitheatre, would throw him into raptures; and he took more delight in these crusts and cheese-parings of antiquity than in the best-conditioned modern palaces.

He was a curious collector of coins also, and had just gained an accession of wealth that almost turned his brain. He had picked up, for instance, several Roman Consulars, half a Roman As, two Punic, which had doubtless belonged to the soldiers of Hannibal, having been found on the very spot where they had encamped among the Apennines. He had, moreover, one Samnite, struck after the Social War, and a Philistia, a queen that never existed: but above all, he valued himself upon a coin, indescribable to any but the initiated in these matters, bearing a cross on one side, and a pegasus on the other, and which, by some antiquarian logic, the little man adduced as an historical document, illustrating the progress of Christianity.

All these precious coins he carried about him in a leathern purse, buried deep in a pocket of his little black breeches.

The last maggot he had taken into his brain was to hunt after the ancient cities of the Pelasgi, which was said to exist to this day among the mountains of the Abruzzi; but about which a singular degree of obscurity prevails.\* He had made many discoveries concerning them, and had recorded a great many valuable notes and memorandums on the subject, in a voluminous book, which he always carried about with him, either for the purpose of frequent reference, or through fear lest the precious document should fall into the hands of brother antiquaries. He had, therefore, a large pocket in the skirt of his coat, where he bore about this inestimable tome, banging against his rear as he walked.

Thus heavily laden with the spoils of antiquity, the good little man, during a sojourn at Terracina, mounted one day the rocky cliffs which overhang the town, to visit the castle of Theodorice. He was groping about the ruins towards the hour of sunset, buried in his reflections, his wits no doubt woolgathering among the Goths and Romans, when he heard footsteps behind him.

He turned and beheld five or six young fellows of rough, saucy demeanour, clad in a singular manner, half peasant, half huntsman, with carbines in their hands. Their whole appearance and carriage left him no doubt into what company he had fallen.

The doctor was a feeble, little man, poor in look and poorer in purse. He had but little gold or silver to be robbed of; but then he had his curious ancient coin in his breeches pocket. He had, moreover, certain other valuables; such as an old silver watch, thick as a turnip, with figures on it large enough for a clock; and a set of seals at the end of a steel chain, that dangled half way down to his knees. All these were of precious esteem, being family reliques. He had also a seal ring, a veritable antique intaglio, that covered half his knuckles. It was a Venus, which the old man almost worshipped with the zeal of a voluptuary. But what he most valued was his inestimable collection of hints relative to the Pelasgian cities, which he would gladly have given all the money in his pocket to have had safe at the bottom of his trunk in Terracina.

However he plucked up a stout heart, at least as stout a heart as he could, seeing that he was but a puny little man at the best of times. So he wished the hunters a "buon giorno." They returned his salutation, giving the old gentleman a sociable slap on the back that made his heart leap into his throat.

They fell into conversation, and walked for some time together among the heights, the doctor wishing them all the while at the bottom of the crater of Vesuvius. At length they came to a small osteria on the mountain, where they proposed to enter and have a cup of wine together: the doctor consented, though he would as soon have been invited to drink hemlock.

One of the gang remained sentinel at the door; the others swaggered into the house, stood their guns in a corner of the room, and each drawing a pistol or stiletto out of his belt, laid it upon the table. They now drew benches round the board, called lustily for wine, and hailing the doctor as though he had been a boon companion of long standing, insisted upon his sitting down and making merry.

The worthy man complied with forced grimace, but with fear and trembling; sitting uneasily on the edge of his chair; eying ruefully the black-muzzled pistols, and cold naked stilettoes; and sipping down heartburn with every drop of liquor. His new comrades, however, pushed the bottle

bravely, and piled him vigorously: they sang, they laughed; told excellent stories of their robberies and combats, mingled with many ruffian jokes; and the little doctor was fain to laugh at all their cut-throat pleasantries, though his heart was dying away at the very bottom of his bosom.

By their own account they were young men from the villages, who had recently taken up this line of life out of the wild caprice of youth. They talked of their murderous exploits as a sportsman talks of his amusements; to shoot down a traveller seemed of little more consequence to them than to shoot a hare. They spoke with rapture of the glorious roving life they led, free as birds; here to-day, gone to-morrow; ranging the forests, climbing the rocks, scouring the valleys; the world their own wherever they could lay hold of it; full purses—merry companions—pretty women. The little antiquary got fuddled with their talk and their wine, for they did not spare bumpers. He half forgot his fears, his seal ring, and his family watch; even the treatise on the Pelasgian cities, which was warming under him, for a time faded from his memory in the glowing picture which they drew. He declares that he no longer wonders at the prevalence of this robber mania among the mountains; for he felt at the time, that had he been a young man, and a strong man, and had there been no danger of the galleys in the back-ground, he should have been half tempted himself to turn bandit.

At length the hour of separating arrived. The doctor was suddenly called to himself and his fears by seeing the robbers resume their weapons. He now quaked for his valuables, and above all for his antiquarian treatise. He endeavoured, however, to look cool and unconcerned; and drew from out his deep pocket a long, lank, leathern purse, far gone in consumption, at the bottom of which a few coins chinked with the trembling of his hand.

The chief of the party observed this movement, and laying his hand upon the antiquary's shoulder, "Harkee! Signor Dottore!" said he, "we have drunk together as friends and comrades, let us part as such. We understand you; we know who and what you are, for we know who everybody is that sleeps at Terracina, or that puts foot upon the road. You are a rich man, but you carry all your wealth in your head; we cannot get at it, and we should not know what to do with it if we could. I see you are uneasy about your ring; but don't worry yourself, it is not worth taking; you think it an antique, but it's a counterfeit—a mere sham."

Here the ire of the antiquary arose. The doctor forgot himself in his zeal for the character of his ring. Heaven and earth! his Venus a sham! Had they pronounced the wife of his bosom "no better than she should be," he could not have been more indignant. He fired up in vindication of his intaglio.

"Nay, nay," continued the robber, "we have no time to dispute about it; value it as you please. Come, you're a brave, little, old signor—one more cup of wine, and we'll pay the reckoning. No compliments—you shall not pay a grain—you are our guest—I insist upon it. So—now make the best of your way back to Terracina; its growing late. 'Buono viaggio!' And harkee! take care how you wander among these mountains—you may not always fall into such good company."

They shouldered their guns; sprang gaily up the rocks; and the little doctor hobbled back to Terracina, rejoicing that the robbers had left his watch, his coins, and his treatise unmolested; but still indignant that they should have pronounced his Venus an impostor.

The improvisatore had shown many symptoms of impatience during this recital. He saw his theme in danger of being taken out of his hands, which, to an able talker, is always a grievance, but to an improvisatore is an absolute calamity; and then for it to be taken away by a Neapolitan was still more vexatious; the inhabitants of the different Italian states having an implacable jealousy of each other in all things, great and small. He took advantage of the first pause of the Neapolitan to catch hold again of the thread of the conversation.

"As I observed before," said he, "the prowlings of the banditti are so extensive, they are so much in league with one another, and so interwoven with the various ranks of society—"

"For that matter," said the Neapolitan, "I have heard that your government has had some understanding with those gentry; or, at least, has winked at their misdeeds."

"My government?" said the Roman, impatiently. "Ay, they say that Cardinal Gonsalvi—"

"Hush!" said the Roman, holding up his finger, and rolling his large eyes about the room.

"Nay, I only repeat what I heard commonly rumoured in Rome," replied the Neapolitan, sturdily. "It was openly said, that the cardinal had been up to the mountains, and had an interview with some of the chiefs. And I have been told, moreover, that while honest people have been kicking their heels in the cardinal's ante-chamber, waiting by the hour for admittance, one of those stiletto-looking fellows has elbowed his way through the crowd, and entered without ceremony into the cardinal's presence."

"I know," observed the improvisatore, "that there have been such reports, and it is not impossible that government may have made use of these men at particular periods; such as at the time of your late abortive revolution, when your carbonari were so busy with their machinations all over the country. The information which such men could collect, who were familiar, not merely with the recesses and secret places of the mountains, but also with the dark and dangerous recesses of society; who knew every suspicious character, and all his movements and all his lurkings; in a word, who knew all that was plotting in the world of mischief;—the utility of such men as instruments in the hands of government was too obvious to be overlooked; and Cardinal Gonsalvi, as a politic statesman, may perhaps have made use of them. Besides, he knew that, with all their atrocities, the robbers were always respectful towards the church, and devout in their religion."

"Religion! religion?" echoed the Englishman.

"Yes, religion," repeated the Roman. "They have each their patron saint. They will cross themselves and say their prayers, whenever, in their mountain haunts, they hear the matin or the ave-maria bells sounding from the valleys: and will often descend from their retreats, and run imminent risks to visit some favourite shrine. I recollect an instance in point."

"I was one evening in the village of Frescati, which stands on the beautiful brow of hills rising from the Campagna, just below the Abruzzi mountains. The people, as is usual in fine evenings in our Italian towns and villages, were recreating themselves in the open air, and chatting in groups in the public square. While I was conversing with a knot of friends, I noticed a tall fellow, wrapped in a great mantle, passing across the square, but skulking along in the dusk, as if anxious to avoid observation. The people drew back as he passed. It was whispered to me that he was a notorious bandit."

"But why was he not immediately seized?" said the Englishman.

"Because it was nobody's business; because nobody wished to incur the vengeance of his comrades; because there were not sufficient gens-d'armes near to ensure security against the numbers of desperadoes he might have at hand; because the gens-d'armes might not have received particular instructions with respect to him, and might not feel disposed to engage in a hazardous conflict without compulsion. In short, I might give you a thousand reasons rising out of the state of our government and manners, not one of which after all might appear satisfactory."

The Englishman shrugged his shoulders with an air of contempt.

"I have been told," added the Roman, rather quickly, "that even in your metropolis of London, notorious thieves, well known to the police as such, walk the streets at noonday in search of their prey, and are not molested unless caught in the very act of robbery."

The Englishman gave another shrug, but with a different expression.

"Well, sir, I fixed my eye on this daring wolf, thus prowling through the fold, and saw him enter a church. I was curious to witness his devotion. You know our spacious, magnificent churches. The one in which he entered was vast, and shrouded in the dusk of evening. At the extremity of the long aisles a couple of tapers feebly glimmered on the grand altar. In one of the side chapels was a votive candle placed before the image of a saint. Before this image the robber had prostrated himself. His mantle partly falling off from his shoulders as he knelt, revealed a form of Herculean strength; a stiletto and pistol glittered in his belt; and the light falling on his countenance, showed features not unhandsome, but strongly and fiercely characterised. As he prayed, he became vehemently agitated; his lips quivered; sighs and murmurs, almost groans, burst from him; he beat his breast with violence, then clasped his hands and wrung them convulsively as he extended them towards the image. Never had I seen such a terrific picture of remorse. I felt fearful of being discovered watching him, and withdrew. Shortly afterwards I saw him issue from the church wrapped in his mantle. He re-crossed the square, and no doubt

returned to the mountains with a disburthened conscience, ready to incur a fresh arrears of crime."

Here the Neapolitan was about to get hold of the conversation, and had just precluded with the ominous remark, "That puts me in mind of a circumstance," when the improvisatore, too adroit to suffer himself to be again superseded, went on, pretending not to hear the interruption.

"Among the many circumstances connected with the banditti which serve to render the traveller uneasy and insecure, is the understanding which they sometimes have with innkeepers. Many an isolated inn among the lonely parts of the Roman territories, and especially about the mountains, are of a dangerous and perfidious character. They are places where the banditti gather information, and where the unwary traveller, remote from hearing or assistance, is betrayed to the midnight dagger. The robberies committed at such inns are often accompanied by the most atrocious murders; for it is only by the complete extermination of their victims that the assassins can escape detection. I recollect an adventure," added he, "which occurred at one of these solitary mountain inns, which, as you all seem in a mood for robber anecdotes, may not be uninteresting."

(To be continued.)

### Found on the Blotting Paper.

ONCE a shrewd contractor found himself at the same inn with a rival who always trod close on his heels. He was followed about and cross-questioned incessantly, and gave vague answers. Within half-an-hour of sending in the prices for the job to be contracted for, he went into the coffee-room, and sat himself down in a corner, where his rival could not overlook him. There and then he filled up his tender, and as he rose from the table, left behind him the paper on which he had blotted it. As he left the room, his rival caught up the blotting paper, and with the exulting glee of a consciously successful man, read the amount backwards.

"Done this time," was his mental thought, as he filled up his own tender £5 lower, and hastened to deposit it. To his utter surprise the next day, he found that he had lost the contract, and complainingly asked his rival how it was, for he had tendered below him.

"How did you know you were below me?"

"Because I found your blotting paper."

"I thought so. I left it on purpose for you, and wrote another tender in my bedroom. You had better make your own calculations next time."

THE PERSONALITY OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.—Napoleon the First was not, as is generally supposed, slight and insignificant looking. Captain Maitland in his "Narrative of the Surrender of Bonaparte" gives the following description of him: "He was then a remarkably strong, well-built man, about 5-ft. 7-in. in height, his limbs particularly well-formed, with a fine ankle and a very small foot. His hands were also small, and had the plumpness of a woman's rather than the robustness of a man's. His eyes were light grey, his teeth good, and when he smiled, the expression of his countenance was highly pleasing; when under the influence of disappointment, however, it assumed a dark and gloomy cast. His hair was very dark brown, nearly approaching to black. His complexion was a very uncommon one, being of a light, sallow colour, different from any other I ever met with."

A DROVE of wolves seen in Russia this winter was estimated to contain 5,000 of the creatures. As the man who estimated was up a tree for several hours, it is believed that his figures are tolerably correct.

He (pathetically): "All great men have smoked, my dear."

She (with animation): "Oh, if you will only give up smoking until you are great I shall be quite content."

"No, I do not like dogs. They disturb my patients and spoil the operations."

"You are a dentist, I suppose?"

"No, sir; I'm a burglar, and unless this dog nuisance is suppressed I may as well give up my profession at once."

**REDUCTION IN SEAMEN REQUIRED TO MAN A VESSEL.**—The use of steam in place of sailing vessels has caused a great reduction in the number of hands required. The following shows how greatly the tonnage per seaman has increased since the extensive use of steamers commenced:—

Year.	Tons per seaman.
1850 ... ..	93
1860 ... ..	137
1870 ... ..	215
1885 ... ..	340

**STATISTICS OF RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS.**—The 250 religious denominations of England and Wales have now about 47,000 places of worship, of which 25,857 have been certified and recorded by the Registrar-General. The sitting accommodation is for between fifteen and sixteen millions of persons. The ministers number 38,000, church and chapel officials 170,000, and communicants rather more than 3,000,000. The annual cost of the various efforts for the reformation of the people is £r6,000,000.

**EFFECTS OF DRYNESS ON PIANOS.**—It is a popular notion, says a trade journal, that pianos ought to be kept very dry. Nothing could be more fallacious. Pianos are not affected so much by heat or cold as by dryness. When a piano is put into an over-heated, dry room, the sounding board loses its shape, and gets flabby, and finally cracks. Keep a growing plant in your room, and so long as your plant thrives your piano ought to, or else there is something wrong with it. It should be noted how much more water will have to be poured into a flower-pot in the room where the piano is than in any other room.

THERE is only one physician to every 6,500 of the population in Russia, and yet the destitution among the members of the profession is alarming.

THE most comfortable throne in Europe is that of His Majesty King Alfonso of Spain. It is his nurse's lap.

## Time Table of Classes.

### SESSION 1889-90.

The Spring Term commences on Thursday, April 10th, 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 Rooms. 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, Cutting & Drap. Filling, Fitting, Turning, Patrn. Making & Mouldg. Carpenry and Joinery ...	Mr. G. Scarnan... Mr. A. W. Bevis... (W.L. Sec.)	Wednesday ...	7.30-9.0	5 0
Wood Carving ... ..	Mr. W. Graves ...	M. & F. ...	7.30-9.45	5 0
Etching ... ..	Mr. T. J. Perrin... Mr. Cestello ...	M. & Th. ... Tu. & Th....	8.0-10.0 7.30-9.30	5 0 6 0
Photography ... ..	Mr. E. H. Farmer	Thursday ...	11.0-5.0	5 0
Reposse' Work & Engraving	Mr. Daniels ...	Tu. & Th....	8.0-10.0	5 0

Only those engaged in the particular trade to which the Class refers can join the Practical Classes at the terms stated in the Time Table.

### General Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Art Class... ..	Mr. A. Legge ...	Mon. & Tues. ...	2.0-4.0	10 6
Arithmetic—Elementary ...	Mr. A. Sarll, A.K.C.	Monday ...	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
Intermediate ... ..	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Advanced ... ..	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
Civil Service—Boy Clerks	Mr. D. Isaacs, B.A.	Tuesday ...		
Female Clerks (Prelim.) ...	"	"		
Excise (Beginners) ... ..	"	"	6.30-10.0	12 0
Customs (Beginners) ... ..	"	"		
Lower Div. (Prelim.) ... ..	"	"		
(Competitive) ... ..	"	"		
Excise & Customs (Adv.) ...	"	Tuesday ...	8.0-10.0	12 0
Female Clerks (Comm.) ... ..	"	Thursday ...	8.45-10.0	
Male Telegraph Learners ...	"	"		
Boy Copyists ... ..	"	Thursday ...	6.15-8.45	10 0
Female Tele. Learners ... ..	"	"		
Female Sorters... ..	"	"		
Shorthand (Pitman's) Ele. ...	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday ...	8.0-9.0	4 0
Advanced ... ..	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Report ... ..	"	"	8.30-10.0	5 0
French, Elemen. 1st Stage ...	Mons. Pointin ...	Monday ...	7.0-8.0	4 0
Beginners ... ..	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Advanced A ... ..	"	Tuesday ...	7.0-8.0	4 0
Elemen. 3rd Stage ... ..	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Intermediate ... ..	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Elemen. 2nd Stage ... ..	"	Friday ...	7.0-8.0	4 0
Conversational ... ..	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Advanced B ... ..	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
German, Advanced ... ..	Herr Dittell	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
Beginners ... ..	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Intermediate ... ..	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0

### GENERAL CLASSES—Continued.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
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, B.A. (Lond.)	Mon. and Fri. ...	6.0-10.0	31 6
Literary ... ..	Mr. H. Spender, B.A.	Friday ...	8.0-10.0	2 6
Land Surveying and Levelling	Mr. F. C. Forth, Assoc. R.C. Sc.	Saturday ...	7.30-8.30 8.30-9.30	20 0
Ambulance—First Aid ... ..	Dr. Milne ...	Tuesday ...	8.0-9.30	1 0
Chess ... ..	Mr. Smith ...	Tu. and Sat. ...	8.0-1.0	1 0
Type-Writing ... ..	Mr. R. W. Kilburne, F.Sh.S.	Tuesday ...	6.0-9.0	10 6

### Musical Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Singing, Elementary ... ..	Mr. Orton Bradley,	Thursday ...	8.0-9.0	2 0*
Advanced ... ..	" [M.A.]	"	9.0-10.0	2 0*
Choral Society ... ..	"	Tuesday ...	7.30-10.0	2 0*
Orchestral Society ... ..	Mr. W. R. Cave ...	Friday ...	8.0-10.0	2 0
Pianoforte ... ..	Tu. and Fri. ...	"	8.0-10.0	2 0
" ... ..	Mr. C. Hamilton	M.T.W.Th.F. ...	4.0-10.0	9 0
" ... ..	"	"	"	"
Violin ... ..	Mrs. Spencer ...	Wed. & Fri. ...	3.0-9.0	9 0
" ... ..	"	Monday ...	6.0-10.0	5 0
Military Band ... ..	f Under the direc. of Mr. W. R. Cave	Tuesday ...	6.0-10.0	5 0
" ... ..	Mr. Robinson ...	Mon. Th. Fri. ...	8.0-10.0	2 6

\* Ladies admitted to these Classes at Reduced Fees, viz., 1s.

### Special Classes for Females only.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Dressmaking... ..	Mrs. Scrivener ...	Monday ...	5.30-7.0	5 0
" ... ..	"	"	7.30-9.0	5 0
" ... ..	"	Thursday ...	7.30-9.0	5 0
" ... ..	"	Friday ...	5.30-7.0	5 0
Millinery... ..	Miss Newall... ..	Tuesday ...	5.30-7.0	5 0
" ... ..	"	"	7.30-9.0	5 0
Cookery—Prac. Household	Mrs. Sharman ...	Monday ...	6.0-8.0	1n.Sc.
Penny Cookery Lecture ...	"	"	8.0-9.30	1 0†
Cookery—Prac. Household	Mrs. Pitcher... ..	Friday ...	7.30-9.30	5 0*
" High-class Prac. ... ..	Mrs. Sharman ...	Thursday ...	6.0-8.0	10 6†
" Demonstration... ..	"	"	8.0-9.30	5 0*
Elementary Class, includ- ing Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc... ..	Mr. Michell ...	Friday ...	8.0-9.30	2 6
Elocution ... ..	Mrs. Hasluck ...	Tuesday ...	6.0-7.30	5 0
" ... ..	"	"	8.0-9.30	5 0

\* Single Lesson, 6d. † Single Lesson, 1s. ‡ Single Lesson, 1d.

NO. 680, COMMERCIAL ROAD, E.  
(Opposite Burdett Road).

**Messrs. H. & G. RANSLEY**  
Will open these Premises shortly with a New Stock of  
Brookes' Safeties and Tricycles,  
Buckingham & Adams' Safeties.  
J. R. Starley's Celebrated Rover Safeties.  
S. & B. Gorton's Earlsdon Safeties.

NOTE.—These Machines are now on view at the Stanley Show.



**THE ALDGATE  
TURKISH BATHS.**

J. & H. NEVILL.

Gentlemen—44, High St., Whitechapel.  
Ladies—7, Commercial Road.

(Next door to Gardiner's.)

2s. 6d. before 6; 1s. 6d. after 6 p.m.  
And at London Bridge and Charing Cross.

**W. WRIGHT,**  
Photographer.

NEW STUDIOS:

422, MILE END ROAD.

Opposite People's Palace.

**E. C. PHILLIPS & CO.'S**  
FIRST CLASS

Pianofortes & Organs

For CASH or on EASY TERMS.

From 10/6 Month.

A Liberal Discount for Cash.

Every instrument guaranteed for 15 years.

EXTENSIVE SHOWROOMS:

415, MARE STREET, HACKNEY.

Pianofortes Tuned and Repaired equal to new  
at Moderate Charges. Estimates Free.



Established 1855.

**INDIARUBBER STAMPS.**

Best and cheapest in the World. For marking linen, or stamping books, papers, etc., invaluable. Two letter Monogram, 1s.; three letter, 2s.; name in full, 1s. 4d.; three-line Address, 2s. 6d. Round, oval, or square Business Stamp, from 4s.; Nickel Silver Pen and Pencil and Rubber Stamp, 2s. 6d. Postage, 2d. extra. Agents wanted. E. E. IRETON & Co., 92, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

**KING'S**  
Men's Tweed Trousers

FROM

**5/6**

NO BETTER IN LONDON.

Ready Made or Made to Measure.

Hundreds of Patterns to select from.

**W. J. KING**  
Merchant Tailor

JUVENILE OUTFITTER,

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BETHNAL GREEN, E.

**W. S. CROKER,**  
Cycle Manufacturer,

2, St. Stephen's Road, BOW, E.

Any make of Machine supplied at a large discount for Cash, or on easy payment system. Repairs of every description executed Promptly and Cheaply. All the latest pattern Machines let on hire.

Second-hand Machines Bought, Sold, or Exchanged. Fittings supplied and Repairs done for the Trade.

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**JARRETT & GOUDGE'S**

Celebrated Full Trichord, Iron-Framed, Check Action

**PIANOFORTES.**

From 10/6 per Month.

A Guarantee with every Instrument.

Unsurpassed for Quality of Tone.

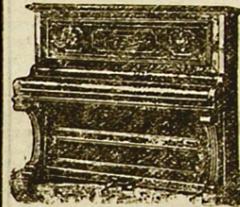
Magnificent Instruments at Manufacturers' Prices for Cash, or by Easy Terms.

City Warehouse: 6, NEW BROAD ST., E.C.

EAST END SHOW ROOM:

308, MILE END ROAD, E.

Steam Works: Triangle Rd., Hackney, E.



Loss of Teeth is Loss of Health.

TEETH FITTED WITHOUT PAIN.

Teeth, 2s. 6d.

to £1 1s.

Ordinary Extractions, 1s.; Painless Extractions, 5s.

Sets, £1 1s. to

£10 10s.

**MR. W. FAIRS,**

Dental Surgeon,

586, Old Ford Road, E.

**GIVEN AWAY!**

Your Rubber Stamp.

NAME in FULL or MONOGRAM,

mounted, post free for three

stamps, to CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN

BOND'S GOLD MEDAL

MARKING INK WORKS,

75, Southgate-road, London,

N. EBONITE INK; NO HEATING; each

containing a Voucher

6 or 12 stamps. Nickel

Pencil Case, with Pen,

Pencil and your Rubber Name in Full,

7 stamps.

**THE ROYAL MAKER.**



**HALL & CO.**  
17, Burdett Rd.  
Next to the Tabernacle.

CHEAPEST AND BEST HOUSE IN THE TRADE.

Rocking & Tricycle Horses, Baby Chairs, Bath Chairs,

Rugs, &c. Best Variety at the East End.

**ALAN RAPER**

610a,  
MILE END ROAD.

Watches, Clocks

AND  
Jewellery.

The Largest and Best Assortment in the East of Lond on, at Store Prices.

**DIAMONDS**

And other Precious Stones

MOUNTED or RE-SET

In 9, 15, or 18-carat Gold,

IN ANY STYLE.

Repairs, Re-Plating & Re-Gilding

of every description.

Money liberally advanced upon every

description of valuable property.

**W. PRINCE**

Hosiery,

SHIRT MAKER,

AND

General Draper,

158 & 160, GREEN ST.,

BETHNAL GREEN.

Cheapest House for

Flannels, Blankets,

Sheeting, Quilts,

Calicoes, Carpets,

Shirtings, Floor Cloths,

Linens, Blinds,

Prints, Curtains,

Dresses, Skirts.

SHIRTS MADE TO MEASURE.

The 2/6 Oxford Shirt is the best

can be made.

Closed 2 o'clock Thursdays.

**Notice! HARRY ERSKINE, the Great Hatter.**  
NOW OPEN the New Blue-Hat Warehouse,  
131, WHITECHAPEL ROAD, London Hospital.

MESSRS  
**C. C. & T. MOORE**  
Respectfully announce the dates  
of their old established  
**Periodical Sales**  
OF  
**ESTATES**  
AND HOUSE PROPERTY.

(Held for 55 years), which are appointed to take place at the Auction Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, on the 2nd 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	

Special attention given to Rent Collecting and the entire management of house property. Insurances effected.

Auction and Survey Offices:  
**144, MILE END RD., E.**

**W. PALMER,**  
Electrician,  
Electric Bells, Burglar Alarms,  
and Speaking Tubes fitted,  
**130, BURDETT ROAD,**  
**MILE END, E.**

Students supplied with all parts  
of Electrical Fittings.

**G. SEADEN,**  
Canning Town Cycle Works  
**155, BANK BUILDINGS,**  
**BARKING ROAD,**  
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Machines Sold on the Hire  
Purchase System, from 2/6  
per week.

Repairs on the Shortest Notice.

DORSET HOUSE. Est. 1850.

**H. TURTLE,**  
**244, MILE END ROAD,**  
(Opposite Globe Road.)  
**FRESH BUTTERS.**

The Best Fresh .. ..	1/6
The Best Brittany .. ..	1/4
Paris Fresh .. ..	1/2

(Usually sold as Brittany.)

**SALT BUTTERS.**

The Very Best Dorset .. ..	1/4
Good Mild or Salt .. ..	1/2
An excellent Butter .. ..	1/0
Pure Irish .. ..	0/10

N.B.—All our Butters are warranted absolutely pure.

**THE "LAMONT"**  
Cycle Hospital,  
**Beachcroft Rd., Leytonstone.**

First Class Repairer to the C.T.C.

Broken Heads,  
Broken Necks,  
Broken Bones,  
And all other ills a Cycle is heir to  
**EFFECTUALLY CURED.**

N.B.—Don't read this advertisement in  
future.

**MILE END AUCTION MART**  
330 & 332, MILE END ROAD.

**Messrs. W. UPTON & CO.**

Sell by Auction every Tuesday & Friday, at 7 p.m., a quantity  
of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE and EFFECTS.

Freehold and Leasehold Houses and Land sold by auction and privately  
**RENTS COLLECTED**

**ROGERS' "NURSERY"**  
**HAIR LOTION**



Destroys all Nits  
and Parasites in  
children's heads,  
and immediately  
allays the irrita-  
tion. Perfectly  
harmless.

Prepared only by **W. ROGERS,**  
Chemist, **Ben Jonson Road,**  
**Stepney, E.** Bottles 7d. and 1s.  
Of all Chemists and Perfumers.  
Special Bottles, post free from obser-  
vation, 15 Stamps.

THE  
**SCOTTISH**  
**Sanitary Laundry,**  
**131,**  
**MILE END ROAD.**

Specialité  
*Shirt and Collar Dressing.*

**CHARLES PAINE,**  
Glass Manufacturer,  
**39 & 41, WHITEHORSE ST.,**

**601, COMMERCIAL ROAD, LONDON, E.,**

Has the honour of supplying this popular resort; also the principal  
palaces of amusement in London, suburbs and provinces.

**C. C. TAYLOR & SON,**  
**10 & 12, MILE END RD., E.**

SALES BY AUCTION of Every Description of Property.  
VALUATIONS & SURVEYS FOR ALL PURPOSES.  
RENTS COLLECTED AND HOUSE PROPERTY MANAGED.

Insurances Effected in the Phoenix Fire, London and  
General Plate Glass, British Empire Mutual Life, and  
the Accident Insurance Companies.

**GROVER'S** (J. V. ROCKLEY,  
Proprietor,

150, The Grove, } Connected by { 26, Woodgrange Rd.,  
STRATFORD, } Telephone { FOREST GATE.

**PIANOS ON EASY TERMS.**

No Deposit or Security required, and no charge for Carriage or  
First Year's Tuning.

**GREIG & CO.,**

GENERAL

Furnishing Ironmongers and Shipchandlers,

**558, COMMERCIAL ROAD, E.**

(Near Stepney Station).

GAS FITTERS, LOCKSMITHS, BELL HANGERS, AND  
HOT-WATER ENGINEERS.

**WILLIAM FOX & SONS,**

Family Chemists,

**109 & 111, BETHNAL GREEN ROAD,**

AND

**72, BRIDPORT PLACE, HOXTON.**

All Prescriptions, Family Recipes, and Hospital Letters dispensed  
with accuracy and at Low Prices.

*Elastic Stockings, Enemas, Chest Protectors, Trusses, and all  
Surgical Appliances.*

**TROUSERS**

Made to Measure.



Usual Retail Price, 10/6

**F. HANSING,**  
179 & 181, Cable Street  
49, Green St., Bethnal Green,  
2-6, New Kent Road, S.E.  
9; Deptford Bridge, S.E.

**T. J. RIX,**  
Practical Watch Maker,  
MANUFACTURING  
JEWELLER OPTICIAN,  
ETC., ETC.

480, Bethnal Green Road, E.

Repairs, Plating & Gilding  
done for the Trade on the Premises.

ESTABLISHED 1862.  
Closed on Thursdays at Five o'clock.

**E. RICHARDSON,**  
**622,**  
**MILE END RD.,**  
**Baker & Pastrycook.**

Bride Cakes made to order.

Whole Meal and Vienna Bread.  
FAMILIES WAITED ON DAILY.

For Good and Cheap  
**BOOTS**

TRY

**J. SMITH,**  
213, Salmon's Lane,  
**LIMEHOUSE.**

Good Ladies' Button or Lace  
Boots from 2/11½; Gentleman's  
Lace or Side Spring Boots, 4/11.  
Dress Boots or Shoes at equally  
Low Prices. Note the Address.

ESTIMATES FREE.



Personal Superintendence.

**TEETH !!**

A Complete Set, ONE GUINEA.

A Single Tooth, 2/6.

**Burdett Road Dental Surgery,**  
**41, BURDETT ROAD.**