

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. V.—No. 129.]

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 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, May 1st.**—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.
- FRIDAY, May 2nd.**—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.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.
- SATURDAY, May 3rd.**—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.—Cricket Club.—Match with East Ham Amateurs, at East Ham.—Junior Chess and Draughts Club, at 8.—Technical Schools' Ramblers.—To Epping Forest, at 10.10.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.
- SUNDAY, May 4th.**—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY, May 5th.**—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Shorthand Society.—Weekly Meeting, at 8.—Ladies' Gymnastic Display, in Queen's Hall. Admission to ladies and parents only, by ticket.
- TUESDAY, May 6th.**—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, May 7th.**—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.—Concert by Choral and Orchestral Societies, in Queen's Hall, at 8.

Organ Recitals,

On **SUNDAY NEXT, MAY 4th, 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.

WE have notices of a *Conversazione* to be given by the Corporation of London in the Guildhall next month, in celebration of the penny postage. What an epoch in modern history is the penny postage! Before Sir Rowland Hill's Reforms, the rate of postage (beyond the limits of the London district office) varied from 4d. to 1s. 8d. for any single letter, a letter being interpreted to mean a single sheet of paper not exceeding one ounce in weight. Sir Rowland Hill's pamphlet exposed many of the commercial evils resulting from excessive taxation, and the difficulties and temptations arising from the complicated system of payments, and proposed to remove much mischief by enacting that the charge of postage from one post-town to any other post-town in the British Isles should be at a uniform rate, and that rate he suggested should be one penny for each half-ounce. The general public received the idea with enthusiasm, but the functionaries of the post office were loud in their protests, and the excitement must have been tremendous. Petitions in favour of the uniform penny postage poured into both Houses, and at last the measure was carried. Collectors of postage stamps are familiar with the much coveted "Mulready" envelope, designed by the clever artist Mulready, which was to supply an engraved envelope to be issued by the post office for the purpose of franking letters. The "Mulready," however, was but short-lived, and gave place to the plain envelope with the stamp embossed upon it. But there were some bits of poetry on the old "Mulready"—in both the lower corners of the envelope are pictured joyful recipients of news through the penny post. Great distances seemed to be straightway spanned by this new regulation; the poor could receive and send news without heavy payment; and the increase in universal correspondence fully justified Sir Rowland Hill's prophecies. What a revolution the penny post caused: think of the letters that come in now every day—indeed, every hour—and the time that is spent in answering them; yet correspondence is not what it was, the days of Lord Chesterfield and *Mdme. de Sevigné* are over; the penny post has changed our ways considerably. Go and look at some of those old yellow letters, compiled by our grandparents, carefully written from beginning to end, no corner wasted, often indeed crossed and re-crossed. How restrained in expression, how neatly worded, how elaborately each sentence is rounded off! Compare some such letter with any one you receive in the course of to-day! Study the differences, why, there is a whole volume of history in this comparison! How they must have been valued—those old faded letters! What a joy they must have been. Now we are content to receive a flippant little note, just covering one side of thick cream laid paper, with a few little remarks thrown carelessly off the pen, and a great many dashes, and not a few notes of interjection to fill up the gaps where grammar fails. But are not there some letters infinitely more interesting and natural, and "newsy," than those priggish, formal, stilted productions of our grandfathers and grandmothers? Infinitely, I have no doubt, but—

THE soul of the "tripper" may rejoice! The Isle of Man is to have its Eiffel Tower, and there is already a Douglas Head Suspension Bridge Company formed. Instead of the old-fashioned ferry, there will be a high level bridge to enable tourists to reach the Douglas Head more easily. There will be restaurants, two lifts, two saloons, and music and dancing on the floors of the Tower, and in this way the Douglas Head Suspension Bridge Company (doesn't the name itself suggest a bridge?) will further enhance the beauty and charms of Manxland.

Succi's fast of forty days is over, and the morbid curiosity and excitement caused by this experiment will, it is hoped, quietly subside. There may be a certain amount of scientific interest attached to this and like experiments, but there can be very little practical utility. The limit of human endurance has been already arrived at by many investigations, and here when the risk of permanent injury—if not of death—is wilfully encountered for the sake of gain, and the entertainment of a number of sightseers, the whole proceeding seems to merit a harder name than that of mere folly. To suffer the pains and inconvenience of voluntary starvation, must appear a curious pastime to those who have had to endure actual privation, and a very feeble sort of joke to those who are not quite sure of the morrow's dinner.

THERE were not a few disappointed faces to be seen last week outside some of the recreation grounds of the Metropolis. It was Paradise and the Peri over again! The County Council has declined to take over places which have been laid out as public gardens and playgrounds; consequently, many of these had to be closed. One cannot but regret that there should be any necessity for such a step, for the value of such places is great, especially in the poorer districts. Unfortunately, these last are already so over-rated, that it is difficult for them to afford to have them kept in proper order. But we must have our open spaces. It will never do to consent to their being closed, even for a short time. It is, perhaps, a sad thing that we can often only offer the churchyards for playground and recreation; but it would be infinitely sadder to close them altogether, or to entertain the idea that they may be closed for an indefinite time.

THAT was a curious scene, with a good deal of grim humour in it, that took place at Norfolk, U.S.A., when some coloured men tried to enforce an old statute which still exists in the State Law of Virginia. By this statute anyone wilfully guilty of idleness, shall be offered as a servant for a named period by public auction, the highest bidder claiming him, with the right to enforce labour by the State officials. It appears that two whites had been singled out by some coloured men as meriting wholesome chastisement, and in a short while preparations for the proceedings actually commenced. But in the meantime the two defaulters had rushed off to work with energy at a farm some way off, and it took no little time to pacify the disappointed negroes, and the indignant friends of the white men, who had assembled, to prevent the very strong measures that were to have been brought about. I wonder how a similar law would work with us? No tramps, no drones making homes of our prisons. After all, here in England, we can do as we please about working. It is nothing to our neighbour if we work, or if we eat the bread of idleness, or if we don't eat at all. There is no law to make us work, as there is no law that can prove to us the joy of honest work.

What are we all to talk about now that Succi has swallowed more than one spoonful of bouillon? Why, there must be much to hear from Mr. Stanley, who arrived in London last Saturday; and there is an International Health and Temperance Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall; and there is a strike on the Great Southern and Western Railway in Ireland; and no less than eighty-six designs have been sent in for the Great London Tower, which is to outrival the Eiffel Tower; and perhaps, too, the sun will shine a little during the coming week. L. M. H. C.

GENERAL SHERMAN was once a patient of the late Dr. Bliss. The doctor had been treating him for some time, and had given several different kinds of medicine, when, one day, on making his regular call, the General said to him: "Doctor, I don't seem to be getting any better, for all your medicine." "Well, General," replied the doctor jocosely, "perhaps you had better take Shakespeare's advice, and 'throw physic to the dogs.'" "I would, doctor," replied the sick man, as he turned his head on the pillow—"I would; but there are a number of valuable dogs in the neighbourhood, and I don't want to kill 'em off!"

"I WANT a dog's muzzle," said a little fellow, entering a shop. "Is it for your father?" asked the cautious shopkeeper. "No, course it isn't," replied the little fellow indignantly; "it's for our dog." The shopkeeper has resolved to be more guarded in the future when he asks customers questions.

Palace Notes.

THE Concert of the season will take place on Wednesday next, in which the People's Palace Orchestra will take the leading part.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for two First Aid and St. John Ambulance Courses to begin: for men, on Thursday, May 8th, and for women, on Tuesday, June 3rd. Tickets—which should be secured early—will be, for the course, one shilling.

THE "Nursing" course, which began on Tuesday last was attended by over sixty.

THE Penny Cookery Lectures on Monday evenings are still a thorough success, large numbers attending each week.

THE Swimming-bath will be reserved for ladies every Tuesday, beginning with May 6th next; and on the 13th an Entertainment will be given by the ladies, full particulars of which will appear next week.

SEVERAL members have expressed a wish to form a Tennis Club. This will be done at once. Mr. Ford will be glad to receive names of Students willing to join, any evening in the Social-room. The subscription will be five shillings for the season.

WE have received an admirable verbatim report, made by one of our Students, of the most interesting lecture delivered last week in the Queen's Hall, by Professor Kennedy, on the great Forth Bridge, which we regret we can find no room for this week. The matter is, however, so interesting to many of our clientelage, that we intend giving it as fully as possible next week, if space will permit.

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.

We are to give a Concert in the Queen's Hall, on May 7th. As we have to prepare new pieces for that occasion, it is important that Members should attend all the practices before that date. The practices this week will commence at a quarter to eight, punctually. Full particulars of the Singing Competition will be announced next week.

A. W. COURSE, Hon. Sec.

J. H. THOMAS, Hon. Librarian.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SKETCHING CLUB.

Our next Exhibition is postponed until Tuesday, May 20th, at 8.30 p.m. The following are the subjects:—

Figure	An Old Man.
Landscape	Fir Trees.
Still Life	Blossom.
Design	An Open Work Bracket.
Modelling	An Open Work Bracket.

CHAS. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

One who can imagine a combination of fog, rain, mud, mist, wind, and sleet, will have a pretty good conception of the trials of the cricketer last Saturday. Cricket and football crowds were small, mere handfuls to what a decent afternoon will bring out; and, in truth, I don't blame the folks who stay at home, and take their cricket and football in bed or at breakfast on Sunday morning. For such is the wickedness of man in these parts that Sunday newspapers are recognised institutions, and the athlete without his *Referee* on Sunday morning is rare. Next Saturday we journey to East Ham to play the amateurs of that rising place. Members are requested to take train to East Ham Station (L.T. & S. Railway); frequent trains from Fenchurch Street and Stepney. The ground

is situated at Shrewsbury Road, a few minutes' walk from the station. The team will be chosen from the following:—R. Hones, E. Goodwin, T. G. Carter, H. Sharman, G. Sharman, F. Knight, W. Everson, J. Munro, L. Goldberg, G. Sheppard, C. A. Bowman, and A. Bowman (Capt.). There are still a few vacancies for membership. Terms for the season, 5s. Subscriptions are now due. A Committee Meeting will be held after the match next Saturday.

T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB.

President—SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.

On Saturday last, what should have been an inter-club run, was carried out by nine Members of our own Club only. Probably the rain in the early part of the afternoon disheartened our *confères*, which, however, was not the case with our own Members, who are not by any means butterflies. After making our way to the "Eagle," and looking in vain for the three clubs that were to accompany us, we journeyed on to Lambourne End. Tea, to which we did justice, being over, several Members rambled through Hainault Forest, gathering foxgloves. The signal for mounting having been given, we made tracks for our country headquarters, the "Wilfrid Lawson," at Woodford, where a smoking-concert was held. Entry forms for the races to be returned to the Secretary at once, as to-day (Wednesday) is the last day for receiving same. Members please note that run cards are now ready. Cyclists wishing to join this Club should communicate with H. Bright, 67, Lichfield road, Bow, or of J. H. Burley, Hope Lodge, Walthamstow.

J. H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last twenty-three Members and friends met at the British Museum at 3 p.m., and were conducted by Mr. Fagan, the keeper of the prints and engravings, through that department; and our conductor made every endeavour to instruct us in art matters as we went from room to room. We first examined the wood engravings: the art, we were informed, originated through the use of playing cards, the stencil figures suggesting wood-cuts; the finest designer of the German School being Albrecht Dürer, and that of the Flemish, Stans Burgkman. Most of the engravers first commenced as working jewellers. The works of numerous engravers are arranged in point of quality, and were carefully studied. As the art progressed, the use of metal was introduced, and, although not so bold as the wood-cuts, the metal produced a clearer impression. Among this series of art are Woollett's, considered by connoisseurs to be the finest engravings England has produced. This artist's first work was done on a pewter pot in a public-house, when, by his father's good fortune in a lottery, he was sent to London and placed with one of the great masters, under whose tuition he developed into the finest of English engravers. Afterwards etching was introduced—a mode of engraving by which the impression is taken from an etched copper or steel plate, the plate being covered over with a waxen composition called an "etching ground," which is capable of resisting the action of acid. The etching-needle is a stylus, or instrument of steel, with a fine point, used for tracing outlines, etc., on the etching ground. By the application of nitric acid, the lines on the etching ground are bitten into, and the plate is prepared for printing impressions. The works of Anthony Van Dyck, Claude Lorrain, and Turner were severally examined, and our lecturer informed us the latter presented his paintings to the National Gallery on condition that one of his pictures should hang between two of Claude Lorrain's, whose works he so much admired. Mizotto's next claimed our attention. This is a mode of engraving or representation of figures on copper in imitation of painting in Indian ink, which effect is produced by scraping the lights on a black ground. We derived much instruction from the words of our lecturer, and shall be better able to appreciate this beautiful series of prints when next we visit the Museum. Having thanked Mr. Fagan for his kindness, we proceeded, under the escort of Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen, to visit the Egyptian Galleries. The first object to arrest attention was the throne of Queen Hatshepsu, who reigned about 1600 years before Christ. This queen, we learned, assumed the title of Pharaoh, and even adopted a masculine false beard to appear more kingly. In the same case with this throne are some sets of draughts-men in the form of lions' heads. This game appears to have been common among the ancient Egyptians. The domestic life of the people is fully illustrated by the contents of some of these cases. As the belief in the resurrection of the dead was very strong, all the articles necessary for use immediately on the return of life were buried with the corpse. Thus we find mirrors, combs, wigs, brushes, and pigments for painting eyebrows and cheeks, etc. There were also parched corn, loaves of bread, even trussed fowls (all in thorough preservation), intended for use on the journey through the underworld to the judgment hall of Osiris. Models of boats, such as were used to convey the dead across the Nile to the necropolis, are shown, with the body lying on a bier, and hired weeping women wailing for the dead. It was very touching to see the collection of sandals, many of them bearing plainly the

imprint of little feet, which have long since gone to rest. Sandals of little children, finely worked shoes which once belonged to elegant ladies, and fishermen's sandals of coarse matting are here, having long outlasted their wearers. In the side cases are specimens of early Egyptian art, painted images, almost invariably consisting of husband and wife in one sculpture, the natural appearance of the features showing them to be portraits, and contrasting with the conventional, stony appearance of the later sculptures; also vases of alabaster and porphyry for perfumes and sweetmeats, many of the elegant forms of which are now being copied by our own art potteries. Some beautiful little figures of silver, inlaid with gold, were also brought under our notice by Mr. Boscawen, who informed us that Niello work—the art of inlaying iron with silver—formerly believed to have been discovered about the thirteenth century, A.D., was now found to have been known to the Egyptians about the thirteenth century, B.C. Very interesting, too, were the tools of the workmen, the masons' mallets, chisels, adzes, sickles, etc. In the case containing these is also a weapon, certainly astonishing to find in ancient Egypt, that is a boomerang, hitherto considered peculiar to Australia. Passing the mummies of cats from Bubastis (the worship of which is probably a relic of Totemism), we came to the bones of Mykerinos, builder of the third pyramid. His mummy case, in a stone sarcophagus, was wrecked and lost, but the coffin and contents escaping from the sarcophagus, drifted to land in the South of Spain, whence it was brought to its present resting-place. A beautiful picture extends over one end of the gallery, representing the judgment of the soul after death. The soul (apparently in a jar) is placed in one scale, and a feather representing righteousness in the other; the hawk-headed deity is then conducting the deceased into the presence of Osiris, who dispenses rewards or punishment according to merit. On descending to the lower Egyptian Hall, numerous mural paintings, showing social scenes, such as a dancing party, the Egyptian equivalent of a modern tea party, plan of a gentleman's garden, with fishing pond, etc., were noticed, but of chief interest were a statue of one of the Hyksos, or shepherd kings, and the rosetta stone. The entrance of Joseph and his brethren into Egypt is believed to have taken place during the time of the Hyksos; hence, on the restoration of a native Egyptian to the throne, there arose a new Pharaoh "which knew not Joseph." The sculptured head is considered to represent a decidedly Turanian cast of countenance, akin to the Tartar. The rosetta stone—so-called from the place of its discovery—contains an inscription in Hieroglyphic, Demotic, and Greek, and it was by means of comparing this Greek with the other two that the first clue was discovered to the Egyptian inscriptions. Here our wanderings ceased, and with many thanks to Mr. Boscawen for his kindness in making our ramble so interesting and instructive, our little party broke up, hoping to meet again on Thursday evening, at 8 p.m., in the Lecture Hall, when Mr. Boscawen has kindly promised to give us an address on Babylon, illustrated by diagrams. Those who have had the pleasure of hearing him will not need urging to be present. Members who have failed to dispose of tickets for the lecture would greatly oblige by returning them to the undersigned at 7.15 p.m. on Thursday next. Saturday, May 3rd, no ramble; Saturday, May 10th, Greenwich Pier, 3 p.m., for ramble to Eltham Palace; Saturday, May 17th, Wimbledon. Arrangements will be announced next week.

NOTICE.—Ladies and gentlemen wishing to join the Club can do so at any of the rambles.

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

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL RAMBLERS' CLUB.

Last Saturday, April 26th, a party of thirty-nine Ramblers visited Messrs. Thos. Poulter & Sons' Paper and Printing Works, Rupert Street. The manager (Mr. Alexander) kindly took us round the workshops, and explained the process of printing. We were first shown the type, which was placed in an inclined box, containing a number of compartments of different sizes, in each of which were placed a certain number of types of a particular letter. The compositor appeared to be able to put his hand into the compartment which contained the letter that he wanted without removing his eyes from the manuscript that lay before him. When a page has been composed a cord is put round the types, to keep them temporarily together, and when sufficient pages have been composed for one side of the paper, they are placed in a hollow prism, called a "chase," and made tight by inserting pieces of wood between the pages and at the sides. The chase is then ready for the printer. Our attention was next directed to the printing machines, where we saw the chases in position; the ink being put on to the types by a set of rollers, the blank paper was passed in, and received the impression from the inked types, and was passed out printed on one side. On one of those printing machines they were printing *The Palace Journal*. The size of paper being sufficient for two Journals, two similar impressions were printed on one side, and two other similar impressions on the other side; the paper was then cut along the centre, and two Journals made from one sheet of paper. In the next room we saw the process of casting the type for printing handbills. We also saw several lithographic machines, which were very interesting. Our guide then took us to see the paper-cutting machine, which cuts off very fine shavings of paper, very suitable for paper-chases, etc. Having now seen all the

various machines, we thanked the manager for taking us round, and left the works, having had a short but very interesting ramble. The excursion next Saturday will be to Epping Forest; meet at Coborn Road Station at 10.10 a.m. Maximum cost, 1d. Members must bring their dinners with them. At the Committee Meeting held on Tuesday last, Mr. D. S. Macnair, Ph.D., F.C.S., was unanimously elected Honorary Member.

F. G. C.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOL OLD BOYS' CLUB.

An entertainment was given on Thursday evening last, in aid of the above Cricket Club. The opening pianoforte solo was played by Miss Cohn. Miss J. Philbrick gained an encore for her song, "The chimney corner," as also did Mr. Frank Pollard for his comic rendering of "English as she is spoke." Misses S. and C. Bawn were much applauded for their pianoforte duet, with bell accompaniment. Mr. Thomas Firth was encored for his song, "The king's own." Mr. G. S. Havard's recitation, "My first and last appearance on any stage," was well received, and Mons. E. Pointin gained general applause by his comic singing. The dissolving views by Messrs. Carley and Were, included the history of Mary, Queen of Scots, the Mediterranean, and a selection of Statue, Effect, and Comic Slides. Mr. Downing kindly assisted Mr. Were with the lantern.

E. J. WIGNALL.

People's Palace Junior Section.

CHESS & DRAUGHTS CLUB.

President—SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.

On Wednesday last, we successfully brought to a close our first Chess Competition, for two prizes. The handicapping was first class, and resulted in closely-contested games; the first prize being won by one game, three being tied for the second prize. The scores were as follows:—

	Played.	Won.	Lost.
R. Pogson (Captain, 1st Class)	6	5	1
M. Mahoney, 2nd Class	8	6	2
J. S. Burchill, 3rd Class	7	4	3
A. J. Burchill, 4th Class	7	4	3
McDonald (Vice-Captain, 2nd Class)	6	3	3
T. Branch, 4th Class	1	1	resigned
D. Dand, 4th Class			resigned

Members of the Junior Section are invited to join the above Club, the subscription being twopence a month, and twopence entrance fee. Intending Members should join at once and take part in the coming Draughts' Competition.

J. S. BURCHILL, Hon. Sec.

Class Notes.

RESULT OF JUNIOR SECTION SHORTHAND EXAMINATION.

The marks obtained by the Competitors in this Examination (out of a possible 100) were:—Regan, 100; Rose, 95; Pickering, 90; Loopee, 75; Newport, Perrott, 70; Clements, 65; Worthington, 60; Rye, Waygood, 50; Smith, Nichols, 40; Miller, 35; White, 30; Champerlain, Coveney, 20. Only three others sat.

W.M. R. KILBURNE, Instructor.

Answers to Correspondents.

W. H. TAYLOR.—A full report appeared in our issue of the week before last.

H. W.—It shall be forwarded in due course.

A STUDENT.—Such letters should be addressed to the Secretary of the Club in question, and should not be anonymous in any case.

A MASHER gazed intently at a giraffe for a few moments, and turning sadly away, sighed forth: "Oh, if I had a neck like that, what a collar I could wear!"

NOT THE PIG'S FAULT.—Wife: "On the 20th of March we shall celebrate our silver wedding. Don't you think we ought to kill the fat pig and have a feast?"

Husband: "Kill the pig! I don't see how the unfortunate animal is to blame for what happened twenty-five years ago."

The Duke of Cambridge at the People's Palace.

LAST Monday night the Duke of Cambridge presided at a great public meeting, held at the Palace, in regard to imperial federation. His Royal Highness was supported on the platform, among others, by Earl Rosebery, Lord Claud Hamilton, Sir Edmund H. Currie, Sir Frederick Young, K.C.M.G., Sir John Colomb, M.P., Mr. Spencer Charrington, M.P., Colonel Denison, of Toronto, and Mr. G. R. Parkin, of New Brunswick, who delivered a lecture, entitled "Imperial Federation: its connection with Work, Wages, and Food."

Sir E. H. Currie, in welcoming the Duke of Cambridge, said the people of the East-End were always pleased to see him in their quarter of the metropolis. They were under the deepest obligations to him for the valuable services he had rendered to the London Hospital from time to time. (Hear, hear.)

The Chairman, in opening the proceedings, said the question of imperial federation was one in which he took the deepest interest, and feeling that it was an absolutely non-political question, but at the same time one of great importance to the empire, he had no hesitation in taking the chair at that meeting. He could only speak of those interests more immediately connected with the position he had the honour of holding, and he had a strong feeling that whatever might be the commercial interests—and they could not be over-rated—the first consideration was security. (Cheers.) Without security commerce could not thrive and no country could prosper, and to obtain security good feeling must prevail. If the colonies were to take care of themselves they must do so in conjunction with the sentiments of the Mother Country; and if England was to assist the colonies she must do so in conjunction with the sentiments of the colonies. (Cheers.) There must be a give-and-take principle in this matter, and when once that principle was well established, the result must be security. They would then be able to turn their attention to commercial interests. He fully recognised the value of those questions, but he contended that security of the Empire was the first point, and that all other great interests must prosper as the result of that. (Cheers.)

Mr. G. R. Parkin then delivered his address. After alluding to the growth of the colonies, he said this was a great age of federations, and he considered that we, as the greatest industrial country, were bound to consolidate our strength for the preservation of our interests.

Lord Rosebery, in proposing a vote of thanks to the Duke of Cambridge for presiding, said he wanted to impress upon his countrymen that with English-speaking nations lay the future of the world. The British Empire occupied one-fifth of the globe, and then there was America, with its sixty to seventy millions of English-speaking inhabitants. When they considered that, they must see what an enormous influence for good—what a preponderating, overwhelming influence for good—must be occupied by the English-speaking nations in the times to come. It might well be that the influence should be welded into one great league—Australia, Canada, the United States, Great Britain, etc.—and so control the whole world. That might come, but before it could come they must federate. Before the British Empire could hold out its hand to the United States and say: "Let us form a league without the voice and permission of which no shot shall be fired in anger throughout the world," before that could take place the British Empire must speak as one. Great nations would rise in the colonies, no doubt; but there was one thing they could never have, however great, however powerful they might become, and that was the authority which the little word "home" gave every man throughout the British Empire. (Cheers.) In these islands were the title-deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race. In these islands we meant to keep them, and no one could take from us one particle of the historical authority, of the imperial reputation, which came from our descent and the locality we inhabited. We might lose our colonies. It would be a great and bitter blow for England, but England would survive, and would still be a great governing power in the world. What he wanted, however, specially to impress upon his audience and those outside was that we did not want to unite the empire from any sense of poverty on our part. We did not want to approach the colonies as beggars, but simply to ask them to join with us in such a league as would promote the prosperity and happiness of the race to which they and we belonged. There would in the future races be great names, great houses, great men of genius, both here and in

the colonies, but whatever men might rise up they could not wipe out those who had gone before. They could not wipe out Wellington, Marlborough, and Nelson, or forget Shakespeare, Milton, or Bacon. These were great names born to the whole English race, but in the first place, and especially to these islands. If there was to be a federated empire such as he hoped for, its home must be in these islands. In trying to unite our brethren across the seas, we should do so in a manner consistent with their self-respect and self-government, not in the attitude of supplicants, but of representatives of the ancestral glories of Great Britain. (Cheers.)

The motion was seconded by Sir J. Colomb, M.P., and unanimously carried.

The Duke of Cambridge briefly returned thanks, and the proceedings closed, after which His Royal Highness visited the Gymnasium, where the annual competitions were in progress, and expressed himself greatly pleased with the admirable display. The result of these competitions is given below:—

LEADERS' COMPETITION.—1st, W. T. Pentney, with 50 marks; 2nd, H. R. Jones, with 49 marks; 3rd, T. Burns, with 48 marks; 4th, A. C. Leach, with 45 marks.

NOVICES' COMPETITION.—1st, T. Billett, with 39½ marks; 2nd, R. Hyslop, with 39 marks.

FENCING COMPETITION.—J. McDougall won.

SINGLE-STICKS COMPETITION.—F. A. Hunter won.

INDIAN CLUBS COMPETITION.—Won by F. W. Chipps.

Foolhardy Actions.

IT is simply astonishing to what risks some people will expose themselves for the sake of a trifling wager. A short time ago, two labourers, having made a bet as to which could hang by the neck the longest, adjourned to some buildings in course of erection, in order to put the matter to the test. They both ascended a platform, but before one of them could adjust a rope round his neck, the platform gave way, and he fell a distance of eighteen feet, sustaining injuries which necessitated the attendance of a medical man. If the accident had occurred a short time later, after the rope had been adjusted, it would probably have had a far more serious result.

The Thames has often been the scene of these wild adventures. In 1731, a man jumped into the river from one of the bridges for a wager of half-a-crown, and thereby lost his life. In another case, a waterman made a bet that he and his dog would both leap from the centre arch of Westminster Bridge, and land at Lambeth within a minute of each other. When the attempt was made, however, the dog seized his master by the neck, and dragged him ashore.

A somewhat similar action was that of a man who in 1766 crossed the Thames in a butcher's tray, his only means of propulsion being his hands. He wore a cork jacket to provide against accident. This was the outcome of a wager, and a large sum of money depended on the result. So much interest was taken in the performance that "seventy boats, full of spectators, were present."

In 1841, a man who had gained considerable notoriety by his extraordinary feats, issued the following notice:—

"Challenge to the World for 100 guineas! Monday next, January 11th, 1841, and during the week, Samuel Scott, the American diver, will run from Godfrey's, White Lion, Drury Lane, to Waterloo Bridge, and leap into the water forty feet high from the bridge and return back within the hour every day during the week between one and two o'clock. S. Scott will be in attendance every day at the above house open to any wager."

From eight thousand to ten thousand persons assembled on the day in question to witness the leap. A scaffold was erected at the bridge, and this Scott mounted, and indulged in various performances preparatory to making the dive. He first put his head into a noose of a rope, and suspended himself for the space of a minute or two, after which he placed his feet in a similar position and swung with his head downwards. After this he again placed his head in a noose, exclaiming—

"Now I'll show you once more how to dance upon air before I dive," and then he let himself down as far as the rope would permit. In a very few moments it was quite evident to the spectators that he was dead, and when taken down this proved to be the case.

A man made a bet of two thousand guineas in 1797 that he would go into one of the great wheels of the waterworks at London Bridge while it was in its swiftest motion, with an

ebb tide, stay there five minutes, and come out again in a different part from that by which he entered. One condition was that the lower bucket of the wheel should be two feet from the bottom of the river. He expected to perform this "with safety, though not without accident."

Early in the present century the top of the spire of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, was destroyed by a thunder-storm. When the necessary repairs were being proceeded with, a thoughtless fellow, for a small wager, determined to be the first to reach the ball on the spire. He climbed up to the top, and then, to the terror of a large number of spectators, placed himself astride that portion of the spire which had been bent into a horizontal position by the storm. He had scarcely done this, however, when the whole gave way, and he fell, together with the ball and about a ton of stonework. The weight of the latter carried the fortunate fellow through three scaffoldings, but ultimately his clothes became entangled in the lumber, and he remained suspended in the air, and was soon released. The stonework, hurled from a height of two hundred feet, was forced nearly a yard beneath the surface of the pavement.

During a visit of the Duke of York to Admiral Rodney, at Spithead, in 1761, a sailor went up the mainmast of his ship, and stood upon his head on the top of the vane, waving his hat with his foot. The Duke made a present to the man, but requested him not to repeat so dangerous a performance.

Another foolhardy action was that of a man who, in 1803, decided on robbing the South Carolina Bank at Charleston, and with this object descended into the common sewer to cut a passage to the vaults where the cash was deposited. This occupied him ninety days, during which time he never took off his clothes, and only breathed the air passing through the drains. He never saw any light other than that of his lamp, and his body was in a prone condition the whole of the time. Food was lowered to him during the night by accomplices.

Theatrical Benefit Nights.

THE actors of the present day are inclined to think that they have a hard time of it, but one phase of an actor's life one hundred and fifty years ago shows that he now lies on a bed of roses comparatively. We refer to a benefit night, when an actor is likely to reap a goodly harvest. A century and a half ago he was supposed to call at the houses of his patrons and friends personally to solicit their support on the occasion.

It seems hard to imagine that the beautiful Mrs. Siddons, when a member in the country company of her father, Robert Kemble, had to so humiliate herself. Yet a writer of that day describes her as "walking up and down both sides of a street in a provincial town, dressed in a red woollen cloak, such as was formerly worn by menial servants, and knocking at each door to deliver the playbill of her benefit."

But an actor was "Their Majesties' Servant" then. If Thespis could not himself deliver his bills, he had to find a deputy, apologise, and explain. Thus we read in a Drury Lane playbill of May, 1723: "Bickerstaff being confined to his bed by his lameness, and his wife lying now dead, has nobody to wait on the quality and his friends for him, but hopes they'll favour him with their presence."

Again, on a playbill of 1739 there is an announcement:—"N.B.—I being in danger of losing one of my eyes, and advised to keep it from the air, therefore stir not out to attend my business at the theatre. On this melancholy occasion I hope my friends will be so indulgent as to send for tickets to my house, the corner of Bow Street, Covent Garden, which favour will be gratefully acknowledged by their obedient servant, Thomas Chapman."

In 1745 Sheridan explains that "as his benefit was not appointed till last Friday, he humbly hopes that such ladies and gentlemen as he shall omit to wait on will impute it rather to want of time than to a want of respect and knowledge of his duty."

Fancy, ye British householders, Henry Irving considering it his duty to call upon you with a playbill and a subscription book!

As satirising the mania of our countrymen for climbing high places, the favourite jest in Germany just now is of an Englishman ascending Mont Blanc, carrying a pair of steps to plant on the top so that he may obtain a better view.

PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT

TO BE GIVEN BY

CAPTAIN CHARLES READE,

IN THE

QUEEN'S HALL,

ON

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30th, 1890,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF
FIJI.With many instances of the extraordinary and amusing habits
and customs of the Fijians,*Illustrated by beautifully-coloured Limelight Views by MISS GORDON-CUMMING (Author of "At Home in Fiji") and other original sketches.*

SYLLABUS.

How I went out to Fiji—The girls at Savage Island—Thakambau crowned—The Annexation, my messmate hoists the British Flag—The epidemic of measles—The extraordinary way the natives dress their hair—How a wrecked Englishman was nearly made a meal of.

My adventures *en route* to the Cannibal country—I am considered to be "no good" for the fleshpot—Native etiquette—Their clever dances—How a native caricatured the bad points of the white man—Their marriage ceremonies, feasts and cannibalism.

How the Missionaries' wives saved some women from being eaten at the risk of their own lives—Pagan belief of the natives—The sago palm and pandanus tree—The different uses of the wonderful cocoa-nut tree—A horribly amusing account of the way in which a young man caused himself to be buried alive—Fijian pottery.

The King of the Cannibal Islands visits my ship—His characteristic speech—The wondrous change brought about through the efforts of Missionaries.

A REAL CANNIBAL FORK WILL BE EXHIBITED.

The Italian Banditti.

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

(Continued from page 290.)

HERE it was that I felt all the enthusiasm of my art suddenly awakened; and I forgot in an instant all my perils and fatigues at this magnificent view of the sunrise in the midst of the mountains of Abruzzi. It was on these heights that Hannibal first pitched his camp, and pointed out Rome to his followers. The eye embraces a vast extent of country. The minor height of Tusculum, with its villas and its sacred ruins, lie below; the Sabine hills and the Albanian mountains stretch on either hand; and beyond Tusculum and Frascati spreads out the immense Campagna, with its lines of tombs, and here and there a broken aqueduct stretching across it, and the towers and domes of the eternal city in the midst.

Fancy this scene lit up by the glories of a rising sun, and bursting upon my sight as I looked forth from among the majestic forests of the Abruzzi. Fancy, too, the savage foreground, made still more savage by groups of banditti, armed and dressed in their wild picturesque manner, and you will not wonder that the enthusiasm of a painter for a moment overpowered all his other feelings.

The banditti were astonished at my admiration of a scene which familiarity had made so common in their eyes. I took advantage of their halting at this spot, drew forth a quire of drawing-paper, and began to sketch the features of the landscape. The height on which I was seated was wild and solitary, separated from the ridge of Tusculum by a valley nearly three miles wide, though the distance appeared less from the purity of the atmosphere. This height was one of the favourite retreats of the banditti, commanding a look-out over the country; while at the same time it was covered with forests, and distant from the populous haunts of men.

While I was sketching, my attention was called off for a moment by the cries of birds and the bleating of sheep. I looked around, but could see nothing of the animals which uttered them. They were repeated, and appeared to come from the summits of the trees. On looking more narrowly, I perceived six of the robbers perched in the tops of oaks, which grew on the breezy crest of the mountain, and commanded an uninterrupted prospect. From hence they were keeping a look-out, like so many vultures; casting their eyes into the depths of the valley below us; communicating with each other by signs, or holding discourse in sounds which might be mistaken by the wayfarer for the cries of hawks and crows, or the bleating of the mountain flocks. After they had reconnoitred the neighbourhood and finished their singular discourse, they descended from their airy perch and returned to their prisoners. The captain posted three of them at three naked sides of the mountain, while he remained to guard us with what appeared his most trusty companion.

I had my book of sketches in my hand; he requested to see it, and after having run his eye over it, expressed himself convinced of the truth of my assertion, that I was a painter. I thought I saw a gleam of good feeling dawning in him, and determined to avail myself of it. I knew that the worst of men have their good points and their accessible sides, if one would but study them carefully. Indeed there is a singular mixture in the character of the Italian robber. With reckless ferocity he often mingles traits of kindness and good humour. He is not always radically bad, but driven to his course of life by some unmeditated crime, the effect of those sudden bursts of passion to which the Italian temperament is prone. This has compelled him to take to the mountains, or, as it is technically termed amongst them, "andare in campagna." He has become a robber by profession; but like a soldier, when not in action, he can lay aside his weapon and his fierceness and become like other men.

I took occasion, from the observations of the captain on my sketchings, to fall into conversation with him. I found him sociable and communicative. By degrees I became completely at my ease with him. I had fancied I perceived about him a degree of self-love, which I determined to make use of. I assumed an air of careless frankness, and told him that, as an artist, I pretended to the power of judging of the physiognomy; that I thought I perceived something in his features and demeanour which announced him worthy of higher fortunes; that he was not formed to exercise the profession to which he had abandoned himself; that he had talents and qualities fitted for a nobler sphere of action; that he had but to change his course of life, and in a legitimate career, the same courage and endowments which now made

him an object of terror would ensure him the applause and admiration of society.

I had not mistaken my man; my discourse both touched and excited him. He seized my hand, pressed it, and replied with strong emotion—"You have guessed the truth; you have judged of me rightly." He remained for a moment silent; then with a kind of effort he resumed—"I will tell you some particulars of my life, and you will perceive that it was the oppression of others, rather than my own crimes, which drove me to the mountains. I sought to serve my fellow-men, and they have persecuted me from among them." We seated ourselves on the grass, and the robber gave me the following anecdotes of his history:—

THE STORY OF THE BANDIT CHIEFTAIN.

I am a native of the village of Prossedi. My father was easy enough in circumstances, and we lived peaceably and independently, cultivating our fields. All went on well with us until a new chief of the Sbirri was sent to our village to take command of the police. He was an arbitrary fellow, prying into everything, and practising all sorts of vexations and oppressions in the discharge of his office. I was at that time eighteen years of age, and had a natural love of justice and good neighbourhood. I had also a little education, and knew something of history, so as to be able to judge a little of men and their actions. All this inspired me with hatred for this paltry despot. My own family, also, became the object of his suspicion or dislike, and felt more than once the arbitrary abuse of his power. These things worked together in my mind, and I gasped after vengeance. My character was always ardent and energetic, and, acted upon by the love of justice, determined me, by one blow, to rid the country of the tyrant.

Full of my project, I rose one morning before peep of day, and concealing a stiletto under my waistcoat—here you see it!—(and he drew forth a long, keen poignard)—I lay in wait for him in the outskirts of the village. I knew all his haunts, and his habit of making his rounds, and prowling about like a wolf in the grey of morning. At length I met him, and attacked him with fury. He was armed, but I took him unawares, and was full of youth and vigour. I gave him repeated blows to make sure work, and laid him lifeless at my feet.

When I was satisfied that I had done for him, I returned with all haste to the village, but had the ill-luck to meet two of the Sbirri as I entered it. They accosted me, and asked if I had seen their chief. I assumed an air of tranquility, and told them I had not. They continued on their way, and within a few hours brought back the dead body to Prossedi. Their suspicions of me being already awakened, I was arrested and thrown into prison.

Here I lay several weeks, when the prince, who was Seigneur of Prossedi, directed judicial proceedings against me. I was brought to trial, and a witness was produced, who pretended to have seen me flying with precipitation not far from the bleeding body, and so I was condemned to the galleys for thirty years.

"Curse on such laws!" vociferated the bandit, foaming with rage! "Curse on such a government! and ten thousand curses on the prince who caused me to be adjudged so rigorously, while so many other Roman princes harbour and protect assassins a thousand times more culpable! What had I done but what was inspired by a love of justice and my country? Why was my act more culpable than that of Brutus, when he sacrificed Cæsar to the cause of liberty and justice?"

There was something at once both lofty and ludicrous in the rhapsody of this robber chief, thus associating himself with one of the great names of antiquity. It showed, however, that he had at least the merit of knowing the remarkable facts in the history of his country. He became more calm, and resumed his narrative.

I was conducted to Civita Vecchia in fetters. My heart was burning with rage. I had been married scarce six months to a woman whom I passionately loved, and who was pregnant. My family was in despair. For a long time I had made unsuccessful efforts to break my chain. At length I found a morsel of iron, which I hid carefully, and endeavoured, with a pointed flint, to fashion it into a kind of file. I occupied myself in this work during the night-time, and when it was finished, I made out, after a long time, to sever one of the rings of my chain. My flight was successful.

I wandered for several weeks in the mountains which surround Prossedi, and found means to inform my wife of the place where I was concealed. She came often to see me. I had determined to put myself at the head of an armed band. She endeavoured, for a long time, to dissuade me; but find

ing my resolutions fixed, she at length united in my project of vengeance, and brought me, herself, my poignard. By her means I communicated with several brave fellows of neighbouring villages, who I knew to be ready to take to the mountains, and only panting for an opportunity to exercise their daring spirits. We soon formed a combination, procured arms, and we have had ample opportunities of revenging ourselves for the wrongs and injuries which most of us have suffered. Every thing has succeeded with us until now, and had it not been for our blunder in mistaking you for the prince, our fortunes would have been made.

Here the robber concluded his story. He had talked himself into complete companionship, and assured me he no longer bore me any grudge for the error of which I had been the innocent cause. He even professed a kindness for me, and wished me to remain some time with them. He promised to give me a sight of certain grottos which they occupied beyond Villettri, and whither they resorted during the intervals of their expeditions. He assured me that they led a jovial life there; had plenty of good cheer; slept on beds of moss; and were waited upon by young and beautiful females, whom I might take for models.

I confess I felt my curiosity roused by his descriptions of the grottos and their inhabitants; they realized those scenes in robber story which I had always looked upon as mere creations of the fancy. I should gladly have accepted his invitation, and paid a visit to these caverns, could I have felt more secure in my company.

I began to find my situation less painful. I had evidently propitiated the good will of the chieftain, and hoped that he might release me for a moderate ransom. A new alarm, however, awaited me. While the captain was looking out with impatience for the return of the messenger who had been sent to the prince, the sentinel who had been posted on the side of the mountain facing the plain of La Molara came running towards us with precipitation. "We are betrayed," exclaimed he. "The police of Fresecati are after us. A party of carabinieri have just stopped at the inn below the mountain." Then, laying his hand on his stiletto, he swore with a terrible oath, that if they made the least movement towards the mountain, my life and the lives of my fellow-prisoners should answer for it.

The chieftain resumed all his ferocity of demeanour, and approved of what his companion said; but when the latter had returned to his post, he turned to me with a softened air: "I must act as chief," said he, "and humour my dangerous subalterns. It is a law with us to kill our prisoners rather than suffer them to be rescued; but do not be alarmed. In case we are surprised, keep by me. Fly with us, and I will consider myself responsible for your life."

There was nothing very consolatory in this arrangement, which would have placed me between two dangers. I scarcely knew, in case of flight, which I should have most to apprehend from, the carbines of the pursuers, or the stilettoes of the pursued. I remained silent, however, and endeavoured to maintain a look of tranquillity.

For an hour was I kept in this state of peril and anxiety. The robbers, crouching among their leafy coverts, kept an eagle watch upon the carabinieri below, as they loitered about the inn; sometimes lolling about the portal; sometimes disappearing for several minutes; then sallying out, examining their weapons; pointing in different directions, and apparently asking questions about the neighbourhood. Not a movement, a gesture, was lost upon the keen eyes of the brigands. At length we were relieved from our apprehensions. The carabinieri having finished their refreshment, seized their arms, continued along the valley towards the great road, and gradually left the mountain behind them. "I felt almost certain," said the chief, "that they could not be sent after us. They know too well how prisoners have fared in our hands on similar occasions. Our laws in this respect are inflexible, and are necessary for our safety. If we once flinched from them, there would no longer be such a thing as a ransom to be procured."

There were no signs yet of the messenger's return. I was preparing to resume my sketching, when the captain drew a quire of paper from his knapsack. "Come," said he, laughing, "you are a painter,—take my likeness. The leaves of your portfolio are small,—draw it on this." I gladly consented, for it was a study that seldom presents itself to a painter. I recollected that Salvator Rosa in his youth had voluntarily sojourned for a time among the banditti of Calabria, and had filled his mind with the savage scenery and savage associates by which he was surrounded. I seized my pencil with enthusiasm at the thought. I found the captain the most docile of subjects, and, after various shiftings of position, I placed him in an attitude to my mind.

Picture to yourself a stern muscular figure, in fanciful bandit costume; with pistols and poignards in belt; his brawny neck bare, a handkerchief loosely thrown round it, and the two ends in front strung with rings of all kinds, the spoils of travellers; relics and medals hung on his breast; his hat decorated with various coloured ribands; his vest and short breeches of bright colours and finely embroidered; his legs in buskins or leggings. Fancy him on a mountain height, among wild rocks and rugged oaks, leaning on his carbine, as if meditating some exploit; while far below are beheld villages and villas, the scenes of his maraudings, with the wild Campagna dimly extending in the distance.

The robber was pleased with the sketch, and seemed to admire himself upon paper. I had scarcely finished, when the labourer arrived who had been sent for my ransom. He had reached Tusculum two hours after midnight. He brought me a letter from the prince, who was in bed at the time of his arrival. As I had predicted, he treated the demand as extravagant, but offered five hundred dollars for my ransom. Having no money by him at the moment, he had sent a note for the amount, payable to whomsoever should conduct me safe and sound to Rome. I presented the note of hand to the chieftain; he received it with a shrug. "Of what use are notes of hand to us?" said he. "Who can we send with you to Rome to receive it? We are all marked men: known and described at every gate and military post and village church-door. No; we must have gold and silver; let the sum be paid in cash, and you shall be restored to liberty."

The captain again placed a sheet of paper before me to communicate his determination to the prince. When I had finished the letter and took the sheet from the quire, I found on the opposite side of it the portrait which I had just been tracing. I was about to tear it off and give it to the chief.

"Hold!" said he, "let it go to Rome; let them see what kind of looking fellow I am. Perhaps the prince and his friends may form as good an opinion of me from my face as you have done."

This was said sportively, yet it was evident there was vanity lurking at the bottom. Even this wary, distrustful chief of banditti forgot for a moment his usual foresight and precaution, in the common wish to be admired. He never reflected what use might be made of this portrait in his pursuit and conviction.

The letter was folded and directed, and the messenger departed again for Tusculum. It was now eleven o'clock in the morning, and as yet we had eaten nothing. In spite of all my anxiety, I began to feel a craving appetite. I was glad therefore to hear the captain talk something about eating. He observed that for three days and nights they had been lurking about among rocks and woods meditating their expedition to Tusculum, during which time all their provisions had been exhausted. He should now take measures to procure a supply. Leaving me therefore in charge of his comrade, in whom he appeared to have implicit confidence, he departed, assuring me that in less than two hours we should make a good dinner. Where it was to come from was an enigma to me, though it was evident these beings had their secret friends and agents throughout the country.

Indeed, the inhabitants of these mountains and of the valleys which they embosom are a rude, half-civilised set. The towns and villages among the forests of the Abruzzi, shut up from the rest of the world, are almost like savage dens. It is wonderful that such rude abodes, so little known and visited, should be embosomed in the midst of one of the most travelled and civilised countries of Europe. Among these regions the robber prowls unmolested; not a mountaineer hesitates to give him secret harbour and assistance. The shepherds, however, who tend their flocks among the mountains, are the favourite emissaries of the robbers, when they would send messages down to the valleys, either for ransom or supplies.

The shepherds of the Abruzzi are as wild as the scenes they frequent. They are clad in a rude garb of black or brown sheepskin; they have high conical hats, and coarse sandals of cloth, bound round their legs with thongs similar to those worn by the robbers. They carry long staves, on which, as they lean, they form picturesque objects in the lonely landscape, and they are followed by their ever-constant companion, the dog. They are a curious questioning set, glad at any time to relieve the monotony of their solitude by the conversation of the passer by; and the dog will lend an attentive ear, and put on as sagacious and inquisitive a look as his master.

But I am wandering from my story. I was now left alone with one of the robbers, the confidential companion of the chief. He was the youngest and most vigorous of the band; and though his countenance had something of that dissolute

fierceness which seems natural to this desperate, lawless mode of life, yet there were traces of manly beauty about it. As an artist, I could not but admire it. I had remarked in him an air of abstraction and reverie, and at times a movement of inward suffering and impatience. He now sat on the ground, his elbows on his knees, his head resting between his clenched fists, and his eyes fixed on the earth with an expression of sad and bitter rumination. I had grown familiar with him from repeated conversations, and had found him superior in mind to the rest of the band. I was anxious to seize any opportunity of sounding the feelings of these singular beings. I fancied I read in the countenance of this one traces of self-condemnation and remorse; and the ease with which I had drawn forth the confidence of the chieftain encouraged me to hope the same with his follower.

After a little preliminary conversation, I ventured to ask him if he did not feel regret at having abandoned his family, and taken to this dangerous profession. "I feel," replied he, "but one regret, and that will end only with my life." As he said this, he pressed his clenched fists upon his bosom, drew his breath through his set teeth, and added with deep emotion, "I have something within here that stifles me; it is like a burning iron consuming my very heart. I could tell you a miserable story—but not now—another time."

He relapsed into his former position, and sat with his head between his hands, muttering to himself in broken ejaculations, and what appeared at times to be curses and maledictions. I saw he was not in a mood to be disturbed, so I left him to himself. In a little while the exhaustion of his feelings, and probably the fatigues he had undergone in this expedition, began to produce drowsiness. He struggled with it for a time, but the warmth and stillness of mid-day made it irresistible, and he at length stretched himself upon the herbage and fell asleep.

I now beheld a chance of escape within my reach. My guard lay before me at my mercy. His vigorous limbs relaxed by sleep—his bosom open for the blow—his carbine slipped from his nerveless grasp, and lying by his side—his stiletto half out of the pocket in which it was usually carried. But two of his comrades were in sight, and those at a considerable distance on the edge of the mountain, their backs turned to us, and their attention occupied in keeping a look-out upon the plain. Through a strip of intervening forest, and at the foot of a steep descent, I beheld the village of Rocca Priori. To have secured the carbine of the sleeping brigand; to have seized upon his poignard, and have plunged it in his heart would have been the work of an instant. Should he die without noise, I might dart through the forest and down to Rocca Priori before my flight might be discovered. In case of alarm, I should still have a fair start of the robbers, and a chance of getting beyond the reach of their shot.

Here then was an opportunity for both escape and vengeance; perilous indeed, but powerfully tempting. Had my situation been more critical, I could not have resisted it. I reflected, however, for a moment. The attempt, if successful, would be followed by the sacrifice of my two fellow-prisoners, who were sleeping profoundly, and could not be awakened in time to escape. The labourer who had gone after the ransom might also fall a victim to the rage of the robbers, without the money which he brought being saved. Besides, the conduct of the chief towards me made me feel certain of speedy deliverance. These reflections overcame the first powerful impulse, and I calmed the turbulent agitation which it had awakened.

I again took out my materials for drawing, and amused myself with sketching the magnificent prospect. It was now about noon, and every thing had sunk into repose, like the bandit that lay sleeping before me. The noontide stillness that reigned over these mountains, the vast landscape below, gleaming with distant towns, and dotted with various habitations and signs of life, yet all so silent, had a powerful effect upon my mind. The intermediate valleys, too, which lie among the mountains, have a peculiar air of solitude. Few sounds are heard at mid-day to break the quiet of the scene. Sometimes the whistle of a solitary muleteer, lagging with his lazy animal along the road which winds through the centre of the valley; sometimes the faint piping of a shepherd's reed from the side of the mountain, or sometimes the bell of an ass slowly pacing along, followed by a monk with bare feet, and bare, shining head, and carrying provisions to his convent.

I had continued to sketch for some time among my sleeping companions, when at length I saw the captain of the band approaching, followed by a peasant leading a mule, on which was a well-filled sack. I at first apprehended that this was some new prey fallen into the hands of the robbers; but the

contented look of the peasant soon relieved me, and I was rejoiced to hear that it was our promised repast. The brigands now came running from the three sides of the mountain, having the quick scent of vultures. Every one busied himself in unloading the mule, and relieving the sack of its contents.

The first thing that made its appearance was an enormous ham, of a colour and plumpness that would have inspired the pencil of Teniers; it was followed by a large cheese, a bag of boiled chestnuts, a little barrel of wine, and a quantity of good household bread. Every thing was arranged on the grass with a degree of symmetry; and the captain, presenting me his knife, requested me to help myself. We all seated ourselves round the viands, and nothing was heard for a time but the sound of vigorous mastication, or the gurgling of the barrel of wine as it revolved briskly about the circle. My long fasting, and the mountain air and exercise, had given me a keen appetite; and never did repast appear to me more excellent or picturesque.

From time to time one of the band was despatched to keep a good look-out on the plain. No enemy was at hand, and the dinner was undisturbed. The peasant received nearly three times the value of his provisions, and set off down the mountain highly satisfied with his bargain. I felt invigorated by the hearty meal I had made, and notwithstanding that the wound I had received the evening before was painful, yet I could not but feel extremely interested and gratified by the singular scenes continually presented to me. Every thing was picturesque about these wild beings and their haunts. Their bivouacs; their groups on guard; their indolent noontide repose on the mountain-brow; their rude repast on the herbage among rocks and trees; every thing presented a study for a painter; but it was towards the approach of evening that I felt the highest enthusiasm awakened.

The setting sun, declining beyond the vast Campagna, shed its rich yellow beams on the woody summits of the Abruzzi. Several mountains crowned with snow shone brilliantly in the distance, contrasting their brightness with others which, thrown into shade, assumed deep tints of purple and violet. As the evening advanced, the landscape darkened into a sterner character. The immense solitude around; the wild mountains broken into rocks and precipices, intermingled with vast oaks, corks, and chestnuts; and the groups of banditti in the foreground, reminded me of the savage scenes of Salvator Rosa.

To beguile the time, the captain proposed to his comrades to spread before me their jewels and cameos, as I must doubtless be a judge of such articles, and able to form an estimate of their value. He set the example, the others followed it; and in a few moments I saw the grass before me sparkling with jewels and gems that would have delighted the eyes of an antiquary or a fine lady.

Among them were several precious jewels and antique intaglios and cameos of great value; the spoils, doubtless, of travellers of distinction. I found that they were in the habit of selling their booty in the frontier towns; but as these in general were thinly and poorly peopled, and little frequented by travellers, they could offer no market for such valuable articles of taste and luxury. I suggested to them the certainty of their readily obtaining great prices for these gems among the rich strangers with which Rome was thronged.

The impression made upon their greedy minds was immediately apparent. One of the band, a young man, and the least known, requested permission of the captain to depart the following day, in disguise, for Rome, for the purpose of traffic; promising, on the faith of a bandit (a sacred pledge among them), to return in two days to any place he might appoint. The captain consented, and a curious scene took place; the robbers crowded round him eagerly, confiding to him such of their jewels as they wished to dispose of, and giving him instructions what to demand. There was much bargaining and exchanging and selling of trinkets among them; and I beheld my watch, which had a chain and valuable seals, purchased by the young robber-merchant of the ruffian, who had plundered me, for sixty dollars. I now conceived a faint hope that if it went to Rome I might somehow or other regain possession of it.*

In the meantime day declined, and no messenger returned from Tusculum. The idea of passing another night in the woods was extremely disheartening, for I began to be satisfied with what I had seen of robber-life. The chieftain now ordered his men to follow him, that he might station them at their posts; adding, that if the messenger did not

* The hopes of the artist were not disappointed—the robber was stopped at one of the gates of Rome. Something in his looks or deportment had excited suspicion. He was searched, and the valuable trinkets found on him sufficiently evinced his character. On applying to the police, the artist's watch was returned to him.

return before night, they must shift their quarters to some other place.

I was again left alone with the young bandit who had before guarded me. He had the same gloomy air and haggard eye, with now and then a bitter sardonic smile. I was determined to probe this ulcerated heart, and reminded him of a kind of promise he had given me to tell me the cause of his suffering. It seemed to me as if these troubled spirits were glad of any opportunity to disburthen themselves, and of having some fresh, undiseased mind with which they could communicate. I had hardly made the request when he seated himself by my side, and gave me his story in, as nearly as I can recollect, the following words.

STORY OF THE YOUNG ROBBER.

I was born at the little town of Frosinone, which lies at the skirts of the Abruzzi. My father had made a little property in trade, and gave me some education, as he intended me for the church; but I had kept gay company too much to relish the cowl, so I grew up a loiterer about the place. I was a heedless fellow, a little quarrelsome on occasion, and good-humoured in the main; so I made my way

very well for a time, until I fell in love. There lived in our town a surveyor or land-bailiff of the prince, who had a young daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen; she was looked upon as something better than the common run of our townfolk, and was kept almost entirely at home. I saw her occasionally, and became madly in love with her—she looked so fresh and tender, and so different from the sun-burnt females to which I had been accustomed.

As my father kept me in money, I always dressed well, and took all opportunities of showing myself off to advantage in the eyes of the little beauty. I used to see her at church; and as I could play a little upon the guitar, I gave a tune sometimes under her window on an evening, and I tried to have interviews with her in her father's vineyard, not far from the town, where she sometimes walked. She was evidently pleased with me, but she was young and shy; and her father kept a strict eye upon her, and took alarm at my attentions, for he had a bad opinion of me, and looked for a better match for his daughter. I became furious at the difficulties thrown in my way, having been accustomed always to easy success among the women, being considered one of the smartest young fellows of the place.

(To be continued.)

Time Table of Classes.
SESSION 1889-90.

The Spring Term commenced 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.	Mr. G. Scaman	Wednesday	7.30-9.0	5 0
Filing, Fitting, Turning,	Mr. A. W. Bevis			
Patn. Making & Mouldg.	(W.H. Sc.)	M. & F.	7.30-9.45	5 0
Carpentry and Joinery	Mr. W. Graves	Mon & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
Wood Carving	Mr. T. J. Perrin	M. Tu. & F.	7.30-9.30	5 0
Etching	Mr. Costello	Tu. & Th.	7.30-9.30	6 0
Photography	Mr. E. H. Farmer	Thursday	11.0-5.0	5 0
Repousse Work & Engraving.	Mr. Danels	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. Saril, 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	8.0-10.0	4 0
" Interme.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Advanced	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
Civil Service—Boy Clerks	Mr. G. J. Michell, 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 (Com.)	"	Thursday	8.45-10.0	
Male Telegraph Learners	"	"		
Boy Copyists	"	"		
Female Tele. Learners	"	Thursday	6.15-8.45	10 0
Female Sorters	"	"		
Shorthand (Pitman's) Ele.	Messrs. Horton and	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Advan.	Wilson	"	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	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Elemen. 3rd Stage	"	Tuesday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Intermediate	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Elemen. 2nd Stage	"	Friday	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Conversational	"	"	7.0-8.0	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	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	Mr. F. C. Forth	"	7.30-8.30	20 0
Levelling	Assoc. R. C. Sec.	Saturday	1.30-5.30	
Ambulance—First Aid	Dr. Milne	Tuesday	8.0-9.30	1 0
Chess	Mr. Smith	Tu. and Sat.	8.0-10.0	1 0
Type-Writing	Mr. R. W. Killburne, 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.]	Tuesday	9.0-10.0	2 0*
Choral Society	"	Friday	7.30-10.0	2 0*
Orchestral Society	Mr. W. R. Cave	Tu. and Fri.	8.0-10.0	2 0
Pianoforte	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
"	" Under the direc.	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Military Band	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
Cookery—Prac. Household	Mrs. Sharman	Monday	6.0-8.0	1s. 5c.
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 0†
" Demonstration	"	"	8.0-9.30	5 0*
Elementary Class, includ-	"	"	"	"
ing Reading, Writing,	Mr. Michell	Friday	8.0-9.30	2 6
Arithmetic, etc.	"	"	"	"
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.

H. CLOGG,
PRACTICAL
Cork and Surgical Boot Maker
To the London, German and other Hospitals,
175 & 177, HANBURY STREET, BAKER'S ROW
(Near the LONDON HOSPITAL).
Customers waited upon at their own residences, if required.

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.



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.

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

ALAN RAPER
610a,
MILE END ROAD.
Watches, Clocks
AND
Jewellery.
The Largest and Best Assortment in the East of London, at Store Prices.

W. J. KING
Merchant Tailor
AND
JUVENILE OUTFITTER,
16 & 18, Green St.,
BETHNAL GREEN, E.

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.



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.

Loss of Teeth is Loss of Health.
TEETH FITTED WITHOUT PAIN.
Teeth, 2s. 6d. to 1/1 is.
Ordinary Extractions, 1s.; Painless Extractions, 5s.
Sets, 1/1 is. to 1/10 10s.
MR. W. FAIRS,
Dental Surgeon,
586, Old Ford Road, E.



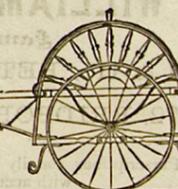
E. SLATER & CO.,
High-Class Ready-Made and Bespoke
TAILORS & OUTFITTERS.
WEST-END STYLE AND FIT.
MODERATE PRICES.
Makers of the BEAUMONT CLUB Bicycle Suit.
LARGE SELECTION OF LATEST GOODS TO SELECT FROM.
Indian, Colonial and Athletic Outfits on the Shortest Notice.
PATTERNS FREE.
143, MILE END ROAD, E.

E. RICHARDSON,
FAMILY BAKER,
Cook & Confectioner,
622,
MILE END RD.
Wedding Cakes, Luncheon and other Cakes. Biscuits of superior quality. Milk Scones. Contractor for Wedding and Evening Parties. Public or Private Tea Meetings.

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.

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.

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

