

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

Vol. III.—No. 76.]

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]

THE PALACE JOURNAL will be sent post free as soon as published to any address in the United Kingdom for 6/- a year, or 1/6 a quarter. Subscriptions must be prepaid.

Coming Events.

- THURSDAY, April 25th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
 Organ Recital, at 6.30.
 Special Easter Concert, Band of H.M. Scots' Guards, at 8.
 Ladies' Social Club.—Concert, at 8.
- FRIDAY, April 26th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
 Organ Recital, at 6.30.
 Special Easter Concert, Band of H.M. Scots' Guards, at 8.
 Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.
 Photographic Club.—Special Meeting, at 8.
- SATURDAY, April 27th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
 Special Easter Concert, Band of H.M. Scots' Guards, at 8.
 Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.
 Ramblers.—Buckhurst Hill.
 Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 5 till 7.
 Cricket Club.—Match with Juniors, Wanstead.
- SUNDAY, April 28th.**—Organ Recitals at 12.30 and 4.
 Library.—Open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY, April 29th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
 Ramblers.—Committee meeting, at 8.30.
 Shorthand Society.—Usual Meeting, at 8.
- TUESDAY, April 30th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
 Minstrel Troupe.—Rehearsal, 7.45 p.m.
 Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.
 Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 8 till 10.
 Sketching Club.—Time Sketching Evening, at 7.30.
 Parliament.—Usual sitting, at 8.
 Choral Society.—Rehearsals, at 7.30 and 8.45.
- WEDNESDAY, May 1st.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
 Concert, in Queen's Hall, in aid of Cricket Club, at 8.

Organ Recitals,

On **SUNDAY NEXT, APRIL 28th,**
 IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.
 AT 12.30 AND 4 O'CLOCK.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

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| 1. | Sonata No. 4 | Mendelssohn. |
| 2. | Berceuse | Delbruck. |
| 3. | Minuet from the overture to "Samson" | Handel. |
| 4. | Duet, "Quis est homo" (Stabat Mater) | Rossini. |
| 5. | Impromptu | Dr. E. J. Hopkins. |
| 6. | Jubilee Anthem | |

AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

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| 1. | Fugue No. 4 on the name of Bach | Schumann. |
| 2. | Song without words, No. 18 (Duet) | Mendelssohn. |
| 3. | Meditation | Guilmant. |
| 4. | Impromptu | |
| 5. | Kyrie Eleison | Mozart. |
| 6. | Jubilant March | Sir John Stainer. |

Notes of the Week.

THE recent death of M. Chevreul, the centenarian French scientist, was mentioned by the Editor last week in these notes, and since then I happened upon the case of an interesting old Englishman who celebrated his hundredth birthday two or three weeks ago. Mr. Joseph Sutherland, who took part as a powder-monkey in the battle of Trafalgar, and whose ship first brought home the news of the victory, is the healthy old gentleman in question. He is a native of Sheerness, and now lives, in good health and with a clear head, some few miles from that town, in the little village of Milton, close by Sittingbourne. There was a tough old fellow, who died here in the East End a few months ago, who was not a centenarian certainly, being, I think merely a youngster of ninety-six or so, but was interesting from the fact that he lost a leg at the battle of Waterloo, and had actually been stumping sturdily about on his wooden substitute (or, I should imagine, a succession of them) for over seventy-three years.

THERE was a report a week or so ago that Antocolsky, the great Russian sculptor, had died. This, it seems, was incorrect. It is right, I suppose, to call him a Russian sculptor, although he is of Jewish extraction, was born in Poland, and lives in Paris, because his art education was received at St. Petersburg, and his success is due to the patronage of the Czar. He is under fifty years of age, and his first success, years ago, when he was a student in the St. Petersburg Academy, was a carving in wood, representing an old Jew leaning out of window, threading a needle. But a first success did not mean immediate prosperity. Antocolsky went through pinching poverty at times, even needing food. He tried Berlin, but was worse off there than ever, and getting back to St. Petersburg, he set to work, with infinite pains and trouble, on his first masterpiece, "Ivan the Terrible," which made him famous. Still he was very poor, and one day, in a sort of desperation, he called upon Prince Gargarine, who was Vice-President of the St. Petersburg Academy, and laid his case before him. Prince Gargarine visited the sculptor's studio, the first of a brilliant train, including the Grand Duchess and the Czar himself. With the visit of the Czar, Antocolsky bade good-bye to his poverty for ever. The door-keepers at the Academy had all the money he had in his pockets that evening, and "The Czar has been with me, the Czar has been with me!" was all the speech that could be got out of him for the next twenty-four hours.

ANTOCOLSKY'S chief works, beside "Ivan the Terrible," are "Yaroslav," "Peter the Great," "Christ Bound," and "Spinoza."

A RECENTLY published life of Samuel Rogers, the poet, by Mr. P. W. Clayden, contains some very attractive new material. Rogers stands almost alone among poets as one who was never troubled by the haunting lack of pence, and odd-side lights are often thrown upon some of his peculiarities which were anything but poetical. One gathers that a very dominant passion with him was a love of personal warmth, and we have an opportunity of judging in what manner the presence of the mighty ocean impressed the poet in an extract from a letter written by him in 1808 during his stay at Brighton:—"I sometimes go to the music on the Parade," he writes, "but you remember it is a very cold place. Brighton at present is very full. The warmest place is the front of the Marine Library."

THIS reminds one of an anecdote of Rogers, related by John Forster, in his "Life of Dickens." Dickens gave a dinner party, at which both Rogers and Forster were present. On leaving, Forster helped the poet on with his coat. "Do you know how many waistcoats I wear?" asked Rogers. His friend was unable to guess. "Five, and here they are!" and he opened them, one after the other, Forster says, "in the manner of the grave-digger in Hamlet, and showed me every one."

PERSONALLY, I am very loth to believe that football can have a brutalising influence upon the characters of players and spectators, having played the game myself. But evidence which seems to point to this conclusion is getting thicker every day. A very serious case of what was little removed from manslaughter occurred a little while ago, and only the other day, a football match in the Northern Midlands ended in a general fight. And now a man who objects to something done by a referee, attempts to settle the question by kicking his chest in and leaving him dead.

In the matter, too, of the great rage for boxing which now prevails, there seems to me to be room for improvement. Good boxing is a very fine thing, and its revival among us is a matter for congratulation. But the manner of that revival is, I fear, not in every respect creditable. We have newspapers with whom a very few years ago indeed no name was too bad to hurl at the old prize-ring, or indeed very often, at ordinary glove-boxing, who follow the drunken footsteps of some of to-day's talk champions, both here and in America, in a spirit which would be rather fulsome in the cases of kings, emperors, and men of great genius. The men whose movements they report, are for the most part contemptible ruffians with more meanness and cowardice than it is easy to suppose a man, having the effrontery to call himself a fighter, could possibly possess, and a second-rate prize-fighter of the old school could probably make awful examples of the lot, one after another, without much trouble. Then the police, who a short time ago were so officious and interfering that it was almost impossible for anybody to hold the most harmless competition with proper gloves without the danger of being "run in," now actually and literally look on, and keep the door at "glove-fights," which for downright brutality beat anything ever seen in the old prize-ring. The gloves used in these fights protect nothing but the hands of the striker. As far as the person struck is concerned they might sometimes almost be knuckle-dusters. The rough leather tears and rasps the skin, while at the same time the knuckles within are kept safe and as capable of execution at the end of a fight as at the beginning. In the old days the men's hands after a little hard fighting became almost their tenderest spots.

THEN the conditions of these contests should be considered. In the old prize-ring, when a man was knocked down, the round was over, and he was taken for a short time to his corner and revived. In these "glove-fights," each round has to last a certain fixed time—usually three minutes—and if a man is knocked down in the first thirty seconds, he is compelled to stagger helplessly again and again to his feet, to be as often knocked down again by his magnanimous opponent, and without a chance of retaliating, until the stipulated time has expired. And it is not always that he is even allowed fair time to get his feet under him before he goes over again.

ALL this, of course, takes place among the professionals. Among the amateurs, as, of course, should be the case, a better spirit seems to prevail. But everything is not always as it should be, even here. The small howling crowd, which always seems to form some portion of the audience at a boxing display, is, I fancy, much to blame. A man boxing is to-day hounded on to do what he would have been hissed for doing five or six years ago, and little meannesses, such as hitting with the open palm, or the heel of the hand, which would then have ensured a hooting off the platform for the offender, are now considered rather evidences of smartness. Then, when, after a little sparring, it became evident that one of the men was hopelessly inferior to the other, I used to see the winner play lightly, and content himself with scoring points enough to win, without any ungentlemanly "showing-off." Now he is bawled at to "knock 'im out!" The shouters want to see blood—any blood—they don't care whose, so long

as it isn't their own, which they always manage to take great care of. They will hiss and hoot at good boxing, in which the boxers are not malicious, and roar and howl with delight at a couple of utter duffers scrambling about and swinging their arms like flails in a desperate attempt to break each others' faces. The striking with the palm and the heel of the hand is a very bad thing, which seems to be increasing. There is no reason why boxing should not be as gentlemanly a sport as fencing, but what would be said of the man who deliberately broke the button from his foil in order to inflict a dangerous thrust? The consequences would probably be much more serious than hitting with the unmuffled part of the hand in boxing, but I fail to see any difference in the morality of the two proceedings.

THE very great evil of these unfairnesses is generally lost sight of. Boxing, rowing, cycling, running, and all the other sports are looked upon as merely means of training the body—which of course they are, and very admirable means. But they are something better and higher than that—they are moral teachers of the most practical kind. Men are encouraged to do that which is sportsmanlike (which is only another name for honest and generous), and discouraged in all that is unsportsmanlike—mean and unworthy. This standard has always been a very high one, and anything likely to lower it in the most minute degree should be got rid of at once.

SUB-EDITOR.

Glycerine.

FEW people realise the importance of the use of pure commercial glycerine, and how it can be used and made available for purposes where no substitute is found that will take its place. As a dressing for ladies' shoes nothing equals it; it makes the leather soft and pliable without soiling the garments in contact. Where the feet sweat, burnt alum and glycerine—one of the former to two of the latter—rubbed on the feet at night, and a light or open sock worn, the feet washed in the morning with tepid water, will keep them during the day free from odour, so disagreeable to those persons who are sufferers. For bunions and corns, *cannabis indicus* and glycerine, equal parts, painted on the bunion or corn and bound around with Canton flannel, a few drops of liquid being added to the flannel where it comes in contact with the affected parts, will soon restore to health. As a face-lotion, oatmeal made in a paste with glycerine two parts, water one part, applied to the face at night with a mask worn over, will give in a short time, if faithfully pursued, a youthful appearance to the skin. As a dressing in the bath, two quarts of water with two ounces of glycerine scented with rose, which will impart a final freshness and delicacy to the skin. In severe paroxysms of coughing, either in coughs, colds, or consumption, one or two tablespoonfuls of pure glycerine, in pure rye-whisky, or hot, rich cream, will afford almost immediate relief; and to the consumptive a panacea is found by daily use of glycerine internally, in the proportion of one part of powdered willow-charcoal and two parts of pure glycerine. For diseased and inflamed gums, two parts of golden seal, one part of powdered burnt alum, and two parts of pure glycerine, made in a paste, and rubbed on the gums and around the teeth at night, strengthens and restores the gums to health, provided no tartar is present to cause the disease, which must be removed before applying. And finally, the epicure who relishes a nice breakfast-dish of fried fish will find "a feast for the gods" by frying the fish in glycerine to a brown, adding a small sprig of parsley when nearly done.

AFTER a long day's tramp, a tourist, who was pedestrianising the Highlands, came to a remote Highland village "twenty miles from anywhere," and was so charmed with the rural primitiveness of the place that he determined to put up for a few days. In conversation with a native he learned many particulars of the lives and customs of the inhabitants, and was curious to know how they managed in cases of illness, as there was no resident medical man. "Oh, we just gie them a tram," said Donald. "Yes, but suppose that does not make them any better?" persisted the tourist. "We just gie anither tram." "But you may go on and give them fifty drams," was the incredulous reply, "and yet not do them any good." "Aweel," retorted Donald, "gin feefy trams' all no mak' them petter, they just tesserve to dee."

Palace and Institute Notes.

ON Wednesday next, the 1st of May (May day), a special concert will be given by the Palace Choral Society and Orchestra in aid of the Cricket Club. Members should rally round, and not forget, that this being a benefit, a charge of three pence will be made at the entrance.

In the Librarian's report for March last Miss Black has put forward several interesting facts. During the month, 4,616 books were used, exclusively of those read on Sundays, this being a larger number by 78 than that shown by February. The largest relative number of these books were works of fiction, as is indeed usually the case. The favourite authors have been W. H. G. Kingston, Marryat, Dickens, Wilkie Collins, Alexandre Dumas, Rider Haggard, Harrison Ainsworth, Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss Braddon, Charles Reade, and Jules Verne; Lytton, Lever, and Gaboriau having apparently somewhat declined in favour since the previous month. A large number of technical books have also been borrowed, treating of a very great variety of subjects, as well as many volumes of topography, travels, history, poetry, biography, and mathematics. Eight hundred new readers' tickets have been issued during the month, and 454 new books have been added to the collection.

HERE is an anecdote for every friend of the People's Palace to read, and tell the next person he meets. Sir Edmund Currie was walking upon the Lees, Folkestone, one day last week, when a gentleman, who seemed a perfect stranger, said to him, "Sir Edmund, you've the finest Technical School in England at the People's Palace." Although, of course, Sir Edmund knew this already, he was very gratified to hear it again from an impartial judge, and said so. "Yes," rejoined the other, "I have a boy just come to my works from your school, and I find he knows *exactly what we want a lad to know*, so well, indeed, that I am going to apprentice him at once." The strange gentleman's works were a type-foundry, his name was Reed, and he was a son of Sir Edmund's old friend, the late Sir Charles Reed.

MR. REED's words are worth recollecting, both by employers of labour and parents, upon whom the great question of what to do with their boys is just breaking. When masters are glad to seize our boys in this fashion and set them up for life, one is convinced that our Schools, although only eighteen months old, are a felt power.

A FINE Easter always will diminish the attendance at the People's Palace, because people are glad to seize the opportunity to get out of London. Still, with 3,500 at the "Messiah" on Friday, and 10,000 to the Concerts and other amusements on Monday, the Palace did very well. The Concert in the afternoon and evening being specially well attended. The Scots Guards Band, Mr. Edward Holland conducting, with Madame Reichelmann and Mr. Arthur Weston as vocalists, delighting large and well-conducted audiences.

THE Swimming Bath was also opened on Easter Monday, and the crowd outside on that morning at 5.30, comprised chiefly of boys, speaks well for the success of that institution during the coming season. The numbers attending the first two hours being 279, reaching the magnificent total of 847 at the end of the day.

MISS BREADY, who is kindly making the necessary arrangements to provide the Ladies' Social Club with an excellent Concert on Thursday, had her name accidentally spelt "Brady" last week, for which I now apologise.

GYMNASIUM.—By kind permission of H.R.H. The Duke of Cambridge, K.G., Commander-in-Chief, there will be a Grand Gymnastic and Physical Drill Display in the Queen's Hall by members of the Army Gymnastic Staff from Aldershot, under the direction of Col. G. M. Onslow, H.M. Inspector of Gymnasias, on Wednesday afternoon and evening, May 8th, at 3 and 8 p.m. The programme will comprise, amongst other things, the new "Physical Drill with Rifles," as recently adopted in the British Army, etc., horizontal bar, parallel bars, fencing, vaulting horse, free gymnastics, Indian

clubs, etc., etc. Members and friends ought really not to let this splendid opportunity of witnessing gymnastics and other exercises in their perfect form and as they should be done pass.

MR. WERE has taken a little holiday, and hasn't told me anything this week about the Paris Trip; but anybody who wants to know anything about the matter will now find him in his office.

THE Members composing Party No. 6, which has July 6th to July 13th set apart for its visit to Paris, will meet tomorrow (Thursday) evening at 8.30, in the Secretaries' room, to make arrangements for "fraternally fraternising," as the sweep in "Valentine Vox" would say. This is a proceeding which I would specially recommend to every other party.

SUB-EDITOR.

Eggs and Egg Cookery.

Eggs are now at their cheapest. Last week we said something of Easter Eggs, and now we give a few practical hints on eggs in general and their treatment.

Every element necessary to the support of man is contained within an egg-shell, in the best proportions and in a palatable form. It is impossible to exaggerate the value of eggs as an article of food, whether from their universal use or the convenient form in which the food is preserved and presented, and the nutriment which they contain, yet the use of eggs in English families is much more restricted than it ought to be, and simply because any other mode of cooking than that of plain boiling is not understood. Frying, indeed, is often resorted to, but unless done with unusual care, the white is rendered hard, and a flavour of burnt fat is imparted which makes the egg indigestible. In other countries, pottery dishes, made of fire-proof clay, are used instead of the iron pan, and thus even on an ordinary stove the cooking can be done so slowly that the delicate characteristics of the egg are in no way impaired. Most persons cannot eat eggs plainly boiled unless they are new laid, but when dressed without the shell, good cooking eggs answer perfectly for eggs *sur le plat*, or for any of the dishes for which we give recipes.

The masters of French cookery are said to dress eggs in five hundred different ways, each method not only economical but salutary in the highest degree. For the scholar eggs are a most beneficial food. They contain phosphorus, which is brain food, and sulphur, which performs a variety of functions in the economy. For children eggs are the best of nutriment, for in a compact form they contain everything which is necessary for the growth of the youthful frame. It cannot, therefore, be too strongly impressed on housekeepers, that a liberal use of eggs is true economy, and that different modes of cooking eggs will greatly enhance both their attractiveness and dietetic qualities.

POACHED EGGS ON DEVILLED HAM.

Cut neat slices of cooked ham, and place them on the dish on which they are to be served; spread them with a devil-mixture made with a teaspoonful of curry paste or powder, one of sweet Chutnee, a little Worcester Sauce, and French mustard, mixed with a tablespoonful of salad oil; place the dish in a warm oven, and hold the hot salamander over until it is a frothy crust; have the poached eggs carefully drained and trimmed, and place one on each slice.

EGGS SUR LE PLAT.

Take a small flat dish on which the eggs are to be served, melt in it sufficient fresh butter to just cover the bottom, then break on as many eggs as are required, place some small pieces of butter on them, and bake in a sharp oven till the white is just set; serve them immediately or they will get hard.

STEAMED EGGS.

Butter small dariole moulds, and dust in a little pepper and salt, break an egg in each, and place the moulds in a stewpan with boiling water to reach half way up them, cover them with a buttered paper, and steam until the white is set. Cut a slice of toast into round pieces with a plain cutter, spread them with anchovy butter, and turn an egg on each piece.

EGGS AU GRATIN.

Boil three eggs ten minutes, put them into cold water and take off the shells, cut them into thick slices, and place each slice on a round of bread, previously fried crisp. Put into a stewpan a large spoonful of white sauce, two ounces of grated

Parmesan cheese, the juice of half a lemon, a little cream, and the yolks of two eggs, season to taste, and spread each slice with the mixture, cover with browned bread crumbs, and bake ten minutes. Serve on the same dish.

EGGS AU GRATIN FOR A BREAKFAST DISH.

Butter a small pie-dish, and pour in a little cream, dust in a little pepper and salt, and break in as many eggs as are required, season again, and cover with browned bread crumbs that are mixed with a little fresh butter, bake in a sharp oven till the eggs are cooked. Deep scallop shells may be used instead.

EGG PATTIES.

Boil the required number of eggs ten minutes, allowing half to each person, cut them into square pieces, and mix into a little good white sauce, add two tablespoonfuls of chopped ham or tongue, or the lean part of cold boiled, bacon a little chopped parsley and seasoning of salt and pepper, replace on the fire to just boil up, mix in the raw yolk of an egg and a very little lemon juice, and turn on to a plate to cool. Now line small patty-pans with puff paste, and place a spoonful of the egg in the middle of each; cut as many flat pieces of paste as there are patties, wet round the edge and cover them, egg them with beaten yolk, and bake in a brisk oven. Garnish nicely with fried parsley.

PETITES CROUSTADES OF EGGS.

Line some small cup-shaped moulds very thinly with paste, made with flour, yolk of egg, with a pinch of salt, and water, fill them either with rice or tapioca mixed with suet or fat, bake them a delicate colour, then turn them out and clean free from rice: when they are wanted fill them with a hot egg mixture, the same as for the patties, but omitting the raw yolk. Sprinkle browned bread crumbs on the top and garnish with fried parsley.

EGG SNOW.

Boil two eggs hard,—that is, for ten minutes,—take off the shell, and cut the white up rather fine, mix into a very little butter-sauce over the fire, season to taste, and place them on a slice of hot, well-buttered toast, pass the yolks through a sieve on to it, and bake for two or three minutes.

EGGS AND CREAM.

Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff broth, beat the yolks separately, season with pepper and salt, and mix with them two good tablespoonfuls of whipped cream; butter six or seven small soufflé-cups, strew in a coating of grated Parmesan cheese, and a little pepper and salt, sprinkle the top with grated Parmesan, and bake in a very hot oven for five minutes. Serve very quickly.

BUTTERED EGGS.

Melt two ounces of butter in a small stewpan, and break in three fresh eggs; season them with pepper and salt, and stir rather briskly over a hot part of the stove until they begin to thicken, dish on squares of hot-buttered toast. The eggs are done when they will stay on the toast without running off, but should not be cooked too much.

EGGS AND MACARONI.

Poach three eggs in salted boiling water very carefully, so that the white only is just set, take them up, drain, and trim them. Now have four ounces of macaroni boiled and cut into inch lengths, mix this into half a pint of creamy white sauce, season, and put a layer on a small flat dish; place the eggs on this, and cover them with the remaining macaroni; sprinkle over the whole the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs that have been passed through a wire-sieve, and place in the oven for a few minutes.

EGGS WITH CREAM.

Take small china soufflé-cups, butter, and pour in a teaspoonful of cream, dust in a little pepper, salt, and a very little grated Parmesan cheese; now break an egg in each; if the cups are very small keep out some of the white, dust again with pepper and salt, add a teaspoonful of cream, sprinkle a little grated Parmesan on the top of all; bake in a sharp oven until the white is set, serve immediately, or the preparation will harden.

EGGS WITH HAM.

Butter a small pie-dish, pour in sufficient cream to cover the bottom, season with pepper and salt, and sprinkle rather thickly with chopped ham or tongue; break in three or four eggs, pour on them a little cream; season again and sprinkle with the chopped ham; bake in a sharp oven and serve immediately.

Society and Club Notes.

[Club announcements should reach Mr. Arthur G. Morrison, the Sub-Editor, if possible, early on Monday morning. Those which arrive later are liable to crowding out. Monday evening is the very latest time for their receipt with any probability of publication in the following issue.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

The Brighton ramble was an unprecedented success. A large party of Ramblers met at London Bridge on Good Friday morning, and left by the 9.25 train for Epsom. The Vice-President of the Club, Mr. T. Fisher, met us on our arrival, and conducted us across country to Kingswood Church. The congregation were just leaving on our approach, among them being H. C. O. Bonsor, Esq., M.P., and Dr. Freshfield, to each of whom we were introduced. This introduction proved a most fortunate event: for we received a kindly invitation from each gentleman to lunch, and very gladly availed ourselves of Mr. Bonsor's hospitality. After inspecting the extensive grounds, the beautiful conservatories, &c., of our host, we set off to pay a brief visit to Gatton Hall—which made such an impression upon us last year. As we were quitting Gatton Hall we encountered Lord Hylton and Sir Edward Birkbeck, the former of whom very kindly invited us to inspect his grounds, which, unfortunately, we could not avail ourselves of, owing to our limited time. Arrived at Mr. Fisher's house, we were dined most sumptuously; and would take this opportunity of again thanking our generous host and his good lady, not only for his kindness, but also for the great interest he has ever maintained in the Club. It was late when we quitted the beautiful village of Merstham en route for Crawley, where we put up for the night, and from whence next morning we started direct for Brighton *via* Horsham. The southern queen of English watering places was reached early in the afternoon, and, favoured with extremely fine weather, succeeded in faring most admirably. Monday, a glorious day, was spent in rambling to Rottingdean and other places of interest in the immediate neighbourhood. We were all agreed that this, our latest holiday ramble, was unquestionably the greatest success that has attended an already long list of social triumphs.—On Saturday next we ramble to Buckhurst Hill, and tea at Mrs. Guy's. Members are requested to meet at Coborn Road Station at 3.40., and take tickets for Leytonstone.—A Committee meeting will be held on Monday next at 8.30 p.m.

H. ROUT,
W. H. MOODY, } Hon. Secs.

THE SCARLET DOMINO MINSTREL TROUPE.

Vice-President—ORTON BRADLEY, ESQ.

Musical Director—A. W. J. LAUNDY. Stage Manager—A. E. REEVE.

Rehearsal on Tuesday next at 7.45 p.m. There are vacancies for Banjoists and Musical Novelties, Violins, a Double Bass, Cornet, Trombone, Clarinet, Violoncello, and Drum.—All Members who have not paid their Subscription will kindly do so as soon as possible.

A. E. SELBY, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—ORTON BRADLEY, ESQ., M.A.

Mr. A. W. J. LAUNDY, Hon. Sec.; Mr. J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.

On the 1st May next we shall give a Concert, on behalf of the Palace Clubs, in the Queen's Hall, and after that date the Society will meet on Fridays only for rehearsals.—Members' Subscriptions are now due, and may be paid in the Technical Schools' Office any evening before 9 p.m.—Rehearsals as usual, Friday at 8 p.m., and Tuesday at 7.45 p.m., for the Ladies' Choir, and 8.45 p.m. for the Male Voice Choir.

Public Notice.—We have vacancies in all the parts, but are particularly in want of Tenors. The subscriptions are 1s. per quarter for ladies, and 2s. per quarter for gentlemen. All music is lent free of charge from the Society's Library.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Manager—Mr. A. W. J. LAUNDY. Stage Manager—Mr. JOHN GIBSON.

Property Master—Mr. JOHN HARGRAVES.

A full rehearsal of "Married Life" will be held this evening (Wednesday) at 8 p.m. All Members taking part in the above play are requested to attend punctually, as we shortly give a public performance in the Lecture Hall.

ARTHUR E. REEVE, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

Speaker—Mr. WALTER MARSHALL.

Tuesday, April 16th.—In gatherings where political feeling tends to prevent fairness towards one's opponents, it is difficult to light upon a subject in which party prejudice or the eternal Irish question can be sunk for a hour or two. We were in the happy position to have such a Debate on this date. Mr. Callard (S. Paddington) moved, "That in the opinion of this House, some scheme should be devised to enable the poorer classes of population to retire at the latter portion of their lives." The Hon. Opener met with great support from both sides of the House, he being in the rare and enviable position of being respected by both parties. The following spoke in support:—Messrs. Taylor (Strand), Whittick (Maidstone), Maynard (Merionethshire), Ive (Premier), and Hawkins (Manchester.) Mr. Ring had the temerity to oppose the motion, perhaps thinking he was best serving his aristocratic constituents of Kensington by so doing. Mr. Callard having replied, the House saw a novel thing, the proposal being carried *nem con.* At the close of the Debate, a question arose between the Leader of Opposition and the Speaker as to who was the proper interpreter of the Rules; the Speaker being adjudged victor by several lengths the House adjourned.—Tuesday next, April 30th. All "M.P.'s" are requested to attend early, in order to claim a seat and hear the Premier's Opening Speech upon the Home Rule Bill. This Debate will be the *grand finale* of the Session.

JOHN H. MAYNARD, Hon. Sec.

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

We hope to have a very good Concert next Thursday. Miss Bready has invited a party of friends, who have kindly promised to perform. The dance will be held next Wednesday instead of this evening.

L. A. ADAM.

LADIES' GYMNASIUM.

Director—SERGT. H. H. BURDETT.

A Ladies' Gymnastic and Calisthenic Competition for Members of the Gymnasium will be held on Thursday, May 23rd, for which medals will be given. Entrance-fee, 6d. Those Members wishing to compete are requested to give their names to the Hon. Sec. Fuller particulars will be duly announced.—The Annual Gymnastic and Calisthenic Display will take place Friday, May 31st.—The Gymnasium will be opened as usual on Tuesday next.

SELINA HALE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

Friday and Saturday last were capital days for cricket, the Members turning up in force. On Monday we journeyed to Epping, particulars in next week's *Palace Journal*.—Tickets for the benefit Concert, to be held in the Queen's Hall on May-day, can be had from the Secretary or any of the Committeemen. Members of the Palace wishing to join this Club would oblige the Secretary by sending their names; terms 3s.; no entrance-fee.—A novel cricket match will be played on Saturday next, at Lake's Farm, Wanstead, between eleven Members of the People's Palace Cricket Club and twenty-two Juniors (eleven Technical School and eleven Junior Section boys), play to start at 3.30 sharp. The following will represent the above Club:—H. W. Byard, J. Cowlin, J. Fox, F. Knight, A. Bowman, C. A. Bowman, Styles, R. Hones, L. Goldberg, G. Sheppard, T. G. Carter (Capt.). Members of the Palace invited.

T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The representatives of the Club attended the meeting of delegates from Sketching Clubs, held at the West London School of Art on Wednesday last. About eight Clubs were represented, and the announcement that the Beaumont Sketching Club, People's Palace, would compete was received with applause. After the usual preliminaries the subjects for the competition were voted for, and the under-mentioned were decided upon:—

Figure	A Critical Moment.
Animal	Interrupted.
Landscape	Break of Day.
Sculpture	Sleep.
Design	Labour.

Sketches in oil or water-colour, pencil, charcoal, or pen and ink, must not exceed 30 by 25 inches in length or breadth, and may be

mounted on or in white or tinted mounts, having a margin of not more than 4 inches, and must be placed in plain oak frames. The Exhibition will be held at the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, W., in October next. Two prizes, 1st and 2nd, will be awarded for each subject. No person is allowed to send in more than one illustration of each subject.—The next Time Sketching evening will be held on Tuesday next, 30th April, at 7.30 p.m., in the Photo-room, Technical Schools.—The subjects for the Monthly Exhibition to be held on Monday, the 6th May, are as under:—

Figure	A Love Letter.
Animal	A Horse.
Landscape	Moonlight.
Marine	A Stiff Breeze.
Design	An Easter Card.
Still Life	A Study.

The Sketches contributed to the Reeves' Exhibition by the Members, will also be criticised on the evening of the Exhibition.

C. WALTER FLEETWOOD, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

At a Committee meeting of the Club, held on the 12th inst., the conditions relating to the Competition for the Amateur Photographer Silver and Bronze Medals, for the best and second best Landscapes, were settled. They are as follows:—

- 1.—All Members of the Club are entitled to compete.
- 2.—The Landscapes photographed must be within a radius of ten miles of the People's Palace, and exposure made between October 1st, 1888, and May 15th, 1889.
- 3.—No competitor to take more than one prize.
- 4.—Any number of pictures, not exceeding six, may be sent in, and must be delivered at the General Offices of the Palace, addressed to the Secretary, on or before May 15th.
- 5.—No name must appear on the print, but the title and a *nom de plume* must be legibly written on the front of the mount.
- 6.—The name and address of the competitor, together with the date and place of exposure, written on a separate piece of paper, must be enclosed in an envelope (with the *nom de plume* on the outside), and delivered with the prints as above.
- 7.—The photographs may be printed by any process, or on any paper.
- 8.—All pictures must be entirely the work of the Member competing—exposure development, printing, and mounting, and the negatives to be produced on demand of the Committee.
- 9.—All pictures for competition must be new work, and shall not have been exhibited elsewhere.
- 10.—Pictures shall be unframed.

A Special Meeting of the Club will be held on Friday next, the 26th inst., at 8 p.m., for the purpose of discussing and settling the Summer Programme. The attendance of all Members is particularly requested.

WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec.

ALEXANDER ALBU, Assist. Hon. Sec.

A Gentle Reminder.

The *Berliner Börsen Kurier* states that a few days ago the Emperor appeared at six o'clock in the morning at the barracks of a certain Berlin regiment. Six o'clock was the hour fixed for instruction. The Emperor was punctual, but the officer was not. The Emperor waited patiently, walking up and down the drill-ground till the captain, whose feelings on seeing His Majesty may better be imagined than described, arrived. The Emperor then requested that the lesson should take place. When it was finished the officer reported to his colonel what had occurred, and went back to his rooms prepared for the worst. All day he waited anxiously, but nothing happened. Knowing with what rapidity all military affairs are managed in the German army, he went to bed lost in amazement, but thinking the sentence for his fault must be worse than even he imagined, as it was so long coming. The next morning he went about his duties as usual, and when he got home, to his horror, he found the Emperor's Chamberlain waiting to see him. He had brought a packet from the Emperor which, when opened, contained—an alarum.

ONE GORDON, a vocalist of the last century, rashly accused Handel of accompanying him badly, and added that he would jump upon the harpsichord and smash it if the composer did not change his style. "Let me know when you will do that," said the Saxon Master, "and I will advertise it. I am sure more people will come to see you shump dan will come to hear you sing!"

An Irish reporter lately described some heavy drops of rain as varying in size "from a shilling to eighteenpence."

Whitechapel.

A DOZEN graphically-written descriptions of Whitechapel, by people who have never seen the place, but have heard as much about it as most have, would probably be as amusing in the reading, to those acquainted with the district, as the most extravagant of the fables once so frequently quoted as articles of current French belief in the matter of English manners and customs ever were to the English people themselves. A horrible black labyrinth, think many people, reeking from end to end with the vilest exhalations; its streets, mere kennels of horrent putrefaction; its every wall, its every object, slimy with the indigenous ooze of the place; swarming with human vermin, whose trade is robbery, and whose recreation is murder; the catacombs of London—darker, more tortuous, and more dangerous than those of Rome, and supersaturated with foul life. Others imagine Whitechapel in a pitiful aspect. Outcast London. Black and nasty still, a wilderness of crazy dens into which pallid wretches crawl to die; where several families lie in each fetid room, and fathers, mothers, and children watch each other starve; where bony, bleared wretches, with everything beautiful, brave, and worthy crushed out of them, and nothing of the glory and nobleness and jollity of this world within the range of their crippled senses, rasp away their puny lives in the sty of the sweater. Such spots as these there certainly are in Whitechapel, and in other places, but generalities are rarely true, and when applied to a district of London so large as that comprised under the name of Whitechapel, never. For Whitechapel, as understood colloquially, goes some distance beyond the bounds set by the parish authorities of St. Mary, and includes much of Aldgate and Spitalfields, besides a not inconsiderable fragment of Mile End. Any visitor with preconceived notions of the regulation pattern, traversing the whole length of this region by the main road, from Houndsditch and the Minories to the London Hospital, is apt to be surprised. The place might be Borough High Street, except that it is wider and airier and busier. In the stretch of road mentioned are four railway stations, and the road itself forms a crowded omnibus and tramcar route. On the right, as we leave the Minories, is the Aldgate Meat Market, a row of shops used by butchers from time immemorial. Says Ralph, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle":—"Ancient, let your colours fly, but have a great care of the butchers' hooks at Whitechapel; they have been the death of many a fair ancient." Hundreds of carcasses hang here in rows, and dozens of wagons loaded with hides stand in the roadway. Just along here, in the middle of the road, four days in the week the great hay market is held, and the neighbourhood is full of misplaced-looking countrymen. Nearly opposite Hill's (once Newton's) the old gabled public-house, which looks as little like a public-house and much like an office or warehouse as possible, that realistic old deceiver, De Foe, tells us he lived during the Great Plague, and watched the terrified nobility making all haste from the City away from the infection into Essex.

The line of stalls along the south side of the road is worth studying. A number of them are bookstalls in the proprietorship of misanthropic men of gloomy and grim appearance, who seem incessantly brooding over the decline in the book-stall trade of late years, since the second-hand booksellers who keep shops have increased in numbers and business shrewdness, and leave little saleable to the humble stalls. Now-a-days chances are considerably against one's finding unique first editions in the streets, and these lowly brothers of Quaritch are impelled to label "Blair's Sermons" and odd volumes of "Bell's Poets" as being "rare" and "curious," although inconsistently included in the batch marked, "all these 3d." But Whitechapel need not be ashamed of its bibliographical features, for further down the road, nearly opposite each other, are George's and Gladding's second-hand book shops, which most book-hunters know. Old Mr. Gladding's premises (old Mr. Gladding must be very old now) were specially built for the trade when people lived in Mile End who would be horrified at the suggestion of living anywhere near it now. Mr. George is known for his wholesale purchases.

There are many other evidences of the commercial respectability of Whitechapel. One of its best known establishments must be by a long period the oldest business in London—probably in England. This is Mears and Stainbank's bell foundry, established in 1570. The several other business houses in the neighbourhood, whose ages run into three figures, retire into new-fledged juvenility by comparison

with the hoary seniority of the concern with day-books for three hundred and eighteen years. The sweater and vamped in Whitechapel work side by side with houses of quiet, good old English uprightness and independence. If we were in want of any piece or pieces of cabinet-work of the very best quality and most conscientious workmanship possible, we would, rather than anywhere else, go to a certain unpretending and unproclaimed old firm in Whitechapel—not in the main street either.

Many parts of this main road seem fragments of the High Street in some busy, old-fashioned country market-town, and the presence on market-days of the hay wains and their attendants heightens the illusion. The row of gabled shops on the north side, opposite the obelisk, is the most noticeable of these parts.

Down near the London Hospital, and opposite the Pavilion Theatre, is a terrace of shops called The Mount, so called for a very good and plain reason, but one that would scarcely be guessed. Indeed, some of the shopkeepers themselves might be astonished to know that upon the ground under their premises, as comparatively late as well into the last century, there stood a fort or redoubt, bearing the name of their terrace, and constructed for the defence of London.

But let us get out of the main road. Turn back toward the stalls again, but before plunging into any 'dirty alley, look at this grinning Italian with a white rat. With the aid of a square bit of rag, the cultured rodent is rapidly made to assume the successive characters of an old woman, a monk, and a stiff, pink-nosed corpse. Then he is stood on a board, covered up, and made to disappear altogether, turning up, upon investigation, in the cap of the most amazed boy among the onlookers. This having been accomplished without a word, but with a great exhibition of white teeth on the part of the *impresario*, an expeditious evaporation of the surrounding boys is the first indication that the hat is coming round, and almost before his hand can drag it from his head, poor Giuseppe is alone. Bless you, Giuseppe, take these coppers; not given in the sacred name of charity, but in the hope that they may induce you to keep your rat, and not, at this angry moment, resort to the aid of a barrel-organ to extort that which your unobtrusive performance fails to earn!

Further along a female compatriot of Giuseppe—Marina, perhaps—very clean as to her white head-gear, and very bedraggled as to her skirts, stands by a wire cage of lovebirds, and waits for the pennies that rarely come to procure the coloured paper "fortunes" lying in the little box inside the cage. Along the gutter from Giuseppe to Marina a dozen stalls contain the most surprisingly miscellaneous assemblage of celery and comic songs, hairbrushes and fish, ribbons and roasting-jacks, door-keys and cabbages, trousers and tenpenny nails in existence.

We make a small excursion into Mansell Street, which is quiet. All about here, and in Great Allie Street, Tenter Street, and their vicinities, the houses are old, large, of the very shabbiest-genteel aspect, and with a great appearance of being snobbishly ashamed of the odd trades to which many of their rooms are devoted. Shirt-making in buried basements, packing-case, or, perhaps, cardboard box-making, on the ground-floor; and glimpses of very dirty bald heads, bending over cobbling, or the sorting of "old clo' through the cracked and rag-stuffed upper windows. Jewish names—Isaacs, Levy, Israel, Jacobs, Rubinsky, Moses, Aaron—wherever names appear, and frequent inscriptions in the homologous letters of Hebrew. Many of these inscriptions are on the windows of eating-houses, whose interior mysteries are hidden by muslin curtains; and we occasionally find a shop full of Hebrew books, and showing in its window remarkable little nick-nacks appertaining to synagogue worship, and plated tapers of various colours.

Beyond these streets, toward the end of Leman Street, in Goodman's Fields—they were fields two hundred years ago, and old Stow, earlier still, used to buy three pints of fresh milk for a half-penny at Goodman's dairy—Goodman's Fields Theatre stood, in which Garrick made his first London appearance, and took the town by storm. "There are a dozen dukes of a night at Goodman's Fields sometimes," the poet Gray remarked in a letter to a friend describing the wonderful success which attended Garrick's early efforts.

We are tired, perhaps, of all this respectability. Petticoat Lane is before us when, in returning, we regain the corner of Mansell Street, and along Petticoat Lane we disappointedly make our way. For Petticoat Lane isn't Petticoat Lane at all, but Middlesex Street, and, this afternoon, as the dusk comes, it is very quiet, and has actually most responsible-looking offices and warehouses all along the right-hand side of its clean and regular width. As Hog Lane, with its sunny hedgegrows and one or two pleasant

citizens' houses; as Petticoat Lane, with its thievery and squalor and old clothes; and as Middlesex Street, with its warehouses, this thoroughfare has lived through a chequered existence. Nowadays, we fear we must reluctantly confess the most enthusiastic slummer could scarcely achieve the memorable and once proverbial feat of entering Petticoat Lane with his pocket handkerchief safely in its appointed place, and, half-way through, observing it gracefully fluttering from the door-post of a clothes shop, with its marking neatly picked out, because, even if, with patience and perseverance, he succeeded in getting it stolen, there isn't a shop where handkerchiefs of any kind hang at the door in all Petticoat Lane. But one may still enjoy the consolation of having something stolen in Petticoat Lane if a visit be made on Sunday, when the road and pavement is still put to its traditional uses.

But long may Sandys Row remain for the benefit of the disappointed pilgrim to Petticoat Lane. Why the other end of Middlesex Street is called Sandys Row we cannot imagine, unless the sprouting respectability of the former disdains association with the humble grime of the latter. For where Middlesex Street dwindles into Sandys Row, the pavement is narrow and often encroached upon by the stock of the shops, and the intrepid explorer slips and staggers on the foul, greasy slime which carpets the irregular cobble-stones of the roadway. In the murky, dusty gloom of the old clothes-shops, no patch of the walls can be seen, and all but a scant passage-way in each shop seems a solid conglomeration of unhealthy-looking stock. Jewesses of enormous circumference block these passage-ways, and unclean Jews, of the very lowest class, with unkempt hair and rancid complexions, keep a sharp look-out over the articles which hang in heavy bunches in the street, occasionally smoothing or re-arranging them with their black-nailed paws. Old military stores and accoutrements, and reasty mildewed saddlery, form a large proportion of the things offered for sale, and who in the world buys them, and what they do with them when they get them, are mysteries we have never penetrated. Mangy busbies, battered lancers' helmets, and even the three-cornered hats Greenwich pensioners wore years ago—who can have any possible use for these? And there are wooden water-bottles in a state of defilement which would prevent a pig drinking from them, and odoriferous knapsacks and wallets over which no respectable slug would crawl. Then there are equally enigmatic bundles of rust-eaten bayonets, bundles of broken spurs, and hammerless pistols of the most useless character. Who in creation wants these things, and how do these shopkeepers extract a living from them?

At the end we have Artillery Lane, Gun Street, and Raven Row. Dirt, ragshops, and small beer-houses. Sometimes a peep down a clogged grating, or over a permanent shutter, into the contaminated breath of a sweater's lair, where poisoned human lives are spun into the apparel which clothes the bodies of wholesome men. Through White's Row, or Dorset Street, with its hideous associations, into busy Commercial Street, with its traffic, its warehouses, its early lights, and the bright spot in this unpleasant neighbourhood, Toynbee Hall and Institute, and St. Jude's Church, whose beautiful wall-mosaic of Time, Death, and Judgment has its own significance here, in the centre of the scattered spots which are the recent sites of satanic horrors.

Fashion Street, Flower and Dean Street, Thrawl Street, Wentworth Street. Through which shall we go to Brick Lane? Black and noisome, the road sticky with slime, and palsied houses, rotten from chimney to cellar, leaning together, apparently by the mere coherence of their ingrained corruption. Dark, silent, uneasy shadows passing and crossing—human vermin in this reeking sink, like goblin exhalations from all that is noxious around. Women with sunken, black-rimmed eyes, whose pallid faces appear and vanish by the light of an occasional gas-lamp, and look so like ill-covered skulls that we start at their stare. Horrible London? Yes.

Brick Lane is a comparatively cheerful, although not a patrician, thoroughfare. The Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association is no longer here, and public-houses occupy the street corners. Here German-Hebrew provision shops display food of horrible aspect; greasy yellow sausages, unclean lumps of batter fried in grease; and gruesome polonies and other nondescript preparations repellent to look upon. Very pleasant, no doubt, for those who have been brought up on them, but not appetising to any person who has never enjoyed that advantage.

Some years ago, it was fashionable to "slum"—to walk gingerly about in dirty streets, with great heroism, and go back West again, with a firm conviction that "something

must be done." And something must. Children must not be left in these unscoured corners. Their fathers and mothers are hopeless, and must not be allowed to rear a numerous and equally hopeless race. Light the streets better, certainly; but what use in building better houses for these poor creatures to render as foul as those that stand? The inmates may ruin the character of a house, but no house can alter the character of its inmates.—"Cockney Corners," by Arthur G. Morrison.

Popular Errors about Snakes.

THE *Madras Mail* contains a copy of a paper by Lieutenant Ferguson on Snakes. King Solomon acknowledged that there were "three things which are too wonderful for me; yea, four which I know not;" and one of these was "the way of a serpent upon a rock;" and for years the mode of progression of a snake remained to men of science as much a mystery as it was to Solomon. It is thought that the absence of limbs is a great disadvantage to snakes, but the fact is, their ribs take the place of limbs, so that, instead of having two pairs, they sometimes have over 200. Aristotle thought they had as many ribs as there are days in the month, but in fact the number varies, and reaches 400 in pythons. The movements of the snake's ribs have been likened to those of a caterpillar's legs. Each vertebra supports a pair of ribs which act like a pair of legs, having the extremities connected together by a broad plate; the hind part of this plate is free, and when the ribs are moved forward, this end is raised, so that it takes hold of any roughness or irregularity of the ground. When rapid motion is required, some portion of the body in front gains a purchase by means of the ventral shields on some projection in the ground, the ribs are drawn together on alternate sides, throwing the body into alternate curves, some portion of the hinder part of the body gains a purchase, and the fore-part is straightened out. It is an error to think that they move forward in a series of vertical coils, or that they move with rapidity. Mr. Ferguson once followed a large snake, and found a smart walk sufficient to keep up with it.

Nor do snakes exercise any fascination over their victims. Pepsy alleged that they ejected poison on larks in full flight so that they fell into their mouths; but, in fact, chickens, rats, guinea-pigs, rabbits, hens, show no fear of snakes when given to the latter in a cage. A hen has been known to roost on a python, and one has been known to peck at a snake's tongue in motion, evidently taking it for an insect or worm. When it has killed its prey, either by constriction or poison, the snake is supposed to salivate or lubricate the meal by means of its tongue. This is not the case, as the tongue is too small to lubricate the tiniest bird. The snake moves its head about the prey, feeling with its tongue for the right part to begin upon, and when that is in its mouth, but not till then, the salivary glands begin to aid deglutition. The functions of a snake's tongue have also been the subjects of popular error. Job speaks of the viper's tongue slaying one, and Shakespeare is full of similar remarks. The tongue is really a very delicate organ of touch, for the eyes are so placed that the snake cannot see in front or below, and by means of its tongue it literally feels its way.

The stories of two-headed snakes owe their origin to the existence of a species, *Bungarus fasciatus*, which possesses an abrupt rounded tail that is sometimes mistaken for a second head. The popular notion that every snake is poisonous is of course absurd, but the proportion of poisonous to harmless snakes is much less than is generally supposed. In India only one genus in ten is poisonous, and the same proportion is probably accurate as to individuals also. In all Southern India there are only twelve kinds of poisonous snakes, the largest being the hamadryad, which reaches fifteen feet in length. A bite from one of these would probably produce death in three minutes; it has the reputation of being fierce and ready to attack on the slightest molestation. The cobra is timid; the charmers who play a pipe in front of it do not attract it by the music, for it is nearly deaf, but by the movement from side to side which is followed by the snake. The bites of some species of poisonous snakes are not fatal at all, and merely produce a little pain and swelling of the injured member.

Glad To Hear It.—An American minister, renewing his subscription to his denominational paper, adds this postscript:—"There is one pulpit in this city where, from week to week, prayer is made for those who have the conduct of the public press."

PROGRAMME OF CONCERTS

TO BE GIVEN ON

Wednesday, Thursday & Friday,

APRIL 24th, 25th & 26th, 1889,

BY THE

BAND OF H.M. SCOTS GUARDS

(By kind permission of COLONEL STRACEY.)

Conductor Mr. E. HOLLAND.

ON WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1889.

At 6.30.—ORGAN RECITAL.

ORGANIST—MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

(Organist to People's Palace.)

1. OVERTURE "Oberon" Weber.
2. BARCAROLE IN F Bennett.
3. OFFERTOIRE IN G Wely.
4. THE BETTER LAND Cowen.
5. INTERMEZZO "Forget me Not" Macbeth.
6. ANDANTE IN A FLAT Hoyte.
7. WEDDING MARCH Mendelssohn.

At 8.—In the Queen's Hall.

BAND OF H.M. SCOTS GUARDS.

1. OVERTURE .. "Light Cavalry" Suffe.
2. SELECTION OF Schuman's songs:—
"The Old Goblin"—"The Reaper's Song"—"Sicilienne"
—"From Foreign Parts"—"Soldiers' March"—"The
Wild Horseman"—"Hunting Song"—"The Merry
Peasant" (Bass solo).
3. VALSE "Tanzjubilaten" Fahrbach.
4. SOLO CORNET .. "Ave Maria" Gounod.
Adapted from Bach's 1st Prelude.
(MR. G. UNDERHILL.)
5. GAVOTTE "Saidie" Amilon.
AN INTERVAL OF FIVE MINUTES.
6. OVERTURE .. "La Gazza Ladra" Rossini.
7. SOLO E flat CLARINET "Playful Kittens" H. Young.
(MR. KETSKEMITY.)
8. GRAND SELECTION .. "Faust" Gounod.
Synopsis: "Choral des Epées"—"Duo, Laisse-moi con-
tempier"—"Chœur, Kermesse"—"Valse et Chœur,
Ainsi que la brise légère"—"Chanson du Roi de Thulé"
"Chœur, Le Mort de Valentin"—"Chœur des Soldats,
Gloire immortelle."—Finale.
9. NEW BOULANGER MARCH "Le Père la Victoire" Louis Gannes.

At 8.—In the Gymnasium.

GYMNASTIC DISPLAY,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF SERGEANT H. H. BURDETT.

ON THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1889.

At 6.15.—ORGAN RECITAL.

ORGANIST—MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

(Organist to People's Palace.)

1. OVERTURE IN C Mendelssohn.
2. CAVATINA Raff.
3. FUGUE IN G MINOR Bach.
4. THE CHORISTER Sullivan.
5. GAVOTTE IN A Hollins.
6. MARCH MODERNE Lemare.

At 8.—In the Queen's Hall.

BAND OF H.M. SCOTS GUARDS.

1. OVERTURE .. "Il Conte d'Essex" Mercadanted.
 2. SELECTION from the Comic Opera "Pepita" Lecoq.
 3. VALSE "Rosen aus dem Souden" Strauss.
 4. SOLO EUPHONIUM .. "Nazareth" Gounod.
(MR. W. ARCHER.)
 5. GAVOTTE "Herzliebchew" Burald.
- AN INTERVAL OF FIVE MINUTES.
6. OVERTURE .. "Le Brasseur de Preston" Adam.
 7. POLLACA DE CONCERT "L'Oiseau du Bois" Le Thiere.
Solo Piccolo—(MR. M. BREWER.)
 8. SELECTION ON IRISH SONGS AND DANCES.
Including: "The Minstrel Boy"—"Molly Bawn"—
"The Legacy"—"Teddy O'Rourke"—"St. Patrick's
Day"—"The Pretty Maid Milking her Cow"—
"Savourneen Delish"—"The Irish Washerwoman"—
"Thady, your Gander"—"Let Erin remember"—"My
lodging is on the cold ground"—"Peggy Bawn"—"St.
Patrick was a Gentleman"—"Garry Owen"—"The
Last Rose of Summer"—"Paddy Flaherty"—"The
Rocky Road to Dublin"—"The Harp that once
through Tara's Halls."
 9. MARCH "Tivoli" Lehndhart.

ON FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1889.

At 6.30.—ORGAN RECITAL.

ORGANIST—MR. CHARLES HANCOCKS,

(of the Royal Normal College.)

1. PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN D Bach.
2. SONG WITHOUT WORDS (No. 18, Duet) Mendelssohn.
3. CONCLUDING VOLUNTARY IN D Smart.
4. PASTORALE S. B. Whitney.
5. ANDANTE IN B MINOR Batiste.
6. OFFERTOIRE IN A Wely.

At 8.—In the Queen's Hall.

BAND OF H.M. SCOTS GUARDS.

1. OVERTURE "Maritana" Wallace.
2. SELECTION "Erminie" Jacobowski.
3. VALSE "Tendresse" Waldtenfel.
4. CLARINET SOLO .. "5th Air Varied" Brepant.
(MR. W. UNDERHILL.)
5. GAVOTTE "Klang von Rhein" Latann.

AN INTERVAL OF FIVE MINUTES.

6. OVERTURE "Don Juan" Mozart.
7. SOLO CORNET "Ständchen" (Serenade) Schubert.
Mr. G. UNDERHILL.
8. SELECTION "Battala de los Castillejos" Marin.
9. GALOP MILITARE .. "Pliene Carriere" Bohm.

Calendar of the Week.

April 25th.—Day of St. Mark, Evangelist and Martyr. All over England, but more especially in the north and in Scotland, very remarkable beliefs prevailed as to St. Mark's Eve. It was said that any person watching a churchyard during the night would see a visionary procession of the persons who were to die in the parish during the ensuing year. Young women chose this time for the well-known nut divination, the nuts being placed in a row on the hearth, one from each girl.

If you love me pop and fly,
If not lie there silently.

Oliver Cromwell was born on this day in 1599.

It was also the birthday of the first Prince of Wales, subsequently King Edward II., 1284.

April 26th.—On this day, in 1711, at Edinburgh, David Hume was born, who afterwards became the great philosopher and historian. Although his family was an old one, it was in David's time poor, and he first earned his living as a merchant's clerk at Bristol.

April 27th.—Edward Gibbon, the great historian, was born on this day, 1737, at Putney. Besides the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and his other monumental works, he left a very admirable autobiography.

Old Stow mentions that on April 27th, 1546, "being Tuesday in Easter week, William Foxley, pot-maker for the Mint in the Tower of London, fell asleep, and so continued sleeping, and could not be wakened with pinching, cramping, or otherwise burning whatsoever till the first day of term, which was fourteen days and fifteen nights. The causes of his thus sleeping could not be known, although the same were diligently searched after by the King's physicians and other learned men; yea, and the King himself examined the said William Foxley, who was in all points found at his waking to be as if he had slept but one night; and he lived more than forty years after in the Tower." So that these extraordinary fits of sleep are not confined to our own day or to France, where one or two recent cases may be remembered. Of many cases of this nature which are upon record, an over-proportion refer to females.

April 28th.—On this day, 1772, there died here, at Mile End, an old goat which had enjoyed great contemporary celebrity. She had been twice round the world in ships bound on voyages of discovery, the first, the *Dolphin*, under Captain Wallis; and the second, the renowned *Endeavour*, under Captain Cook. Just previous to her death, the Lords of the Admiralty had signed a warrant, admitting her to the privileges of an in-pensioner of Greenwich Hospital. She did not live, however, to take up residence. She wore upon her neck a silver collar with an inscription by Dr. Johnson.

Charles Cotton, the poet, Walton's collaborator in the "Compleat Angler," was born April 28th, 1630, at Ivingdean.

April 29th.—This will be the birthday of General Boulanger, who has maintained, lately, such a terrible to-do in France. He will be fifty-two. Frenchmen are fond of coincidences in date, so it will be well to look out for something startling from General Boulanger on Monday next. Perhaps he will present himself in Paris again.

Dr. Dionysius Lardner died on this day, in 1859, at Naples. He was a most voluminous scientific writer, and the editor and part writer of "Lardner's Cyclopædia," which consisted of 134 volumes. He was Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy at University College until 1840, when the philosopher eloped with a married lady. This prevented his returning to England, so after a lecturing tour in the United States he lived on the Continent. He was, although successful, never brilliant or original, and there is very little for which he is worth remembering.

April 30th.—This will be the birthday of Sir John Lubbock, to whom we owe the Bank holidays of this and last week. Sir John, who was born in 1834, is a great example of a man not content with mere money-getting. A wealthy banker, the best of his life has been devoted to scientific investigation and to philanthropic work. His natural history books are standard works.

May 1st.—It is utterly impossible, in the small space available here, to say much of May-day. Everybody knows the old English May-day customs, and has heard of the last standing London May-pole, that in the Strand. There is still a very fine May-pole at the little village of Ickwell, a few miles from Biggleswade, in Bedfordshire, and this is the only place I know of where anything like the old English May-day observations still flourish.

Letter to the Editor.

ST. JUDE'S PICTURE EXHIBITION.

DEAR SIR,—I want to bring home to your readers the excellence of the Exhibition, which is now open free of charge at St. Jude's, in Whitechapel. It is in every way such a splendid privilege for the East End to obtain a yearly view of "the cream of the cream" skimmed from the West End galleries (in which if I may vary my metaphor, a few gems are usually set in a weary and hopeless mass of false metal) that I cannot help regretting that more should not take advantage of it. The number of visitors to the gallery in the course of one day has not reached this year a higher level than 2,500, which cannot be regarded as by any means a considerable number, out of a population of 800,000. And yet there is scarcely a picture in this Exhibition which is not well worthy of occupying the time of the most artistic Member of the People's Palace. The Exhibition contains, among other pictures of almost equal merit, Mr. Holman Hunt's "Triumph of the Innocents" (which Ruskin once pronounced the greatest religious picture of our time), Sir John Millais' portrait of Gladstone, Hubert Herkomer's "Briton Riviere," and Briton Riviere's own "Old World Wanderers," Dickinson's "General Gordon," Watts' "Carlyle," and "Lord Lawrence," and last, but not least, Crane's "Bridge of Life." Besides these, it also contains works by such artists as Turner, Claude, Rosa Bonheur, Constable, Vicat Cole, Hook, Burne-Jones, Linnell Cooper, Frith and Gainsborough. Millet's "Love's Letter" is as delightful as a love letter itself, and Dickinson's "John Bright" will remind your readers of the great man that has just passed from us. If there are any among the artists I have enumerated whose names are "Greek" to your readers, then there is all the more reason why they should come and translate those unknown quantities into their plain English equivalent, in the shape of that elevated pleasure for eye and mind which Art alone can give. If they are lovers of Art, let them come to indulge their love: if they are not, let them come to create it.—I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

HAROLD SPENDER.

It was announced last month that the Queen Bee of the Chinese Empire had at last been selected, the choice falling on a niece of the Empress-Dowager. This is how the process of selection was carried on. The candidates, after two siftings, were reduced to thirty-one, all, of course, of Manchu extraction. These thirty-one young ladies were conveyed in carts to the palace in the early morning of the 28th October. On their arrival a splendid banquet was set before them, after which they were ushered into the presence of the Empress-Dowager by groups of four and five. Her Majesty wore on the occasion an apricot-yellow silk dress, with a black velvet jacket. Each girl carried a tablet bearing her name and age, also the name of her father, banner, etc., which was presented to the Empress while the girl stood before her. After some interrogations, and in no few cases even monitory words for having continued to shave the forehead, Her Majesty formed her opinion of the candidate, which, when unfavourable, was signified by handing the girl's tablet to one of the eunuchs with the order to present the rejected aspirant with a roll of silk. The girl with her silk was then taken back to her cart, never more to participate in the Imperial matrimonial competition. On this occasion sixteen of the girls were released from further appearances at the palace, to the joy, perhaps, of some who may consider the Imperial dignity dearly purchased at the price. The next selection was made on the 6th November, when the candidates were further reduced.

"On the top and surface," said a street preacher, the other day, "things are often clean and right, but it is when we look below that we appreciate the meanness and deceptions of our fellow-creatures." He had evidently been buying a barrel of apples.

A MESSENGER was seen to walk up the aisle of a church during service and call out a physician. The pastor, who was about to begin his sermon, hesitated and said: "Brethren let us pray for a sick man who is in great danger. Dr. Grosgrain has been called to see him."

IN Arctic Alaska, the natives keep all young wolves that they catch, and train them as dogs for teams. Dogs and wolves are reared together. The dogs are more than half wolf, and have the characteristics of those animals. They are without affection, but obey their master through fear. One dog in each team makes himself master and overseer. If any dog shirks he will punish him. If he cannot get at him when in harness, he will not forget to give him chastisement when released at night.

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