December 30, 1892.

THE PALACE JOURNAL.

FRIDAY, DEC. 30th, 1892.

PEOPLE'S PALACE
Club, Class and General
Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

SATURDAY, 31st.—Children's Enter-
tainment in the Queen's Hall at 3 p.m.
Admission, 3d. Entrance from the Queen's Hall at
8 p.m., Concert by the Philharmonic Society, Admission, 3d.

SUNDAY, Jan. 1st, 1893 (New Year's Day).—At 4 p.m. and 8.30 p.m.,
Sacred Concert and Christmas Carol Service. Admission Free.

MONDAY, 2nd.—Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m. in the Queen's Hall at 8 p.m., Lecture by Mr. Frederic Villiers, "War on a White Sheet," Admission, 3d. Day and Evening Classes resume work.

TUESDAY, 3rd.—Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m, Admission, 1d. Assigned to General Class, Class ant> General Class, Admissions 1d. Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, 4th.—At 8 p.m., in Queen's Hall, Concert by the Gipsy Choir. Admission, 2d. Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m.

THURSDAY, 5th.—Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m. Admission, 1d.

The library will be open each day during the week from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. On Sunday, open from 3 to 10 p.m. Admission Free.

This has been a busy week at the Palace, commencing on Sunday (Christmas Day), when over 2,000 of very poor children, many without shoes and stockings, were invited to breakfast by the Robin Society. The Hall presented a strange contrast, with the long tables all set and waiting for the children, and the cheerful and friendly faces of the helpers who came out so early, many having been here before 7 a.m., Mr. Osborn tendering his best thanks.

On Monday we had two capital concerts by the Pompadour Band, and on Tuesday by the Meier Family in the afternoon, and the Popular Band of the 4th V.B. East Surrey Regiment, with Mr. Arthur Weston as vocalist, delighted a crowded audience.

On Wednesday the Royal Holdfast Handbell Ringers in the afternoon, and the deservedly popular Welsh Choir in the evening, brought a large house together.

On Thursday a Costume Recital, under Mr. Sinclair Dunn, brought the holiday arrangements to a close.

TO-DAY (Friday) the readers of The Young Woman and The Young Homespree are to provide a Christmas dinner to 2,000 ragged school children.

Wishing our readers a very happy and bright New Year.

Dissolving Views.—A child's entertainment will be held on Saturday afternoon at 3.30, the subject being "The North Cape, or Land of the Midnight Sun," to be followed by the laughable adventures of the Chinaman and his pig, with other interesting and amusing views. Solonst, Miss Mary Austin, Admission, one penny.

On Saturday, at 8 o'clock, Mr. Horace Barton will give a pianoforte recital in the Music-room. Admission Free.

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TAKEN AT THEIR WORD.

VIIVER, the celebrated and witty artist, paid recently some time in Paris, on his return from his summer travels. He had hardly arrived when he was invited to dine with M.X., the musical amateur and rich capitalist. After the repast, the master and mistress of the house said to their agreeable guest:

"We hope that we shall have you often to dine with us—your plate will always be ready."

"Always?" said Vivier; "that is, in the fashionable sense of the word."

"By no means. We are not persons of such hollow politeness. Our home is yours. Come and dine with us whenever you please. We should be glad if it were every day." "In earnest?"

"Certainly; we should be delighted."

"Ah, well, since you are so cordial, I promise you I will do my best to be agreeable."

Next day, at six o'clock, Vivier presented himself.

"You see," said he, "that I have taken your invitation literally; I have come to dine."

"Ah, it is very kind of you. It is very charming," said his hosts.

The dinner was very gay, and the artist on taking leave received many compliments. The next day, as they were about to sit down to the table, Vivier again appeared.

"Here I am, exact, punctual, and faithful to my promise. But it is singular, he continued, fixing a searching and quizzical look upon the faces of his hosts, "it is singular. You appear surprised, Did you not expect me?"

"Oh, certainly, you give us much pleasure," said the Amphitryon.

Vivier sat down in his best vein, and seemed quite unconscious that he had all the burden of the entertaining, and that practically the conversation was mere monologue.

On the fourth day, at 6 o'clock precisely, the obstinate guest once more presented himself. This time coldness and constraint were predominant; and Vivier spoke of it.

"The mistress of the house replied—"It is only because we feared you would not fare well. We have so poor a dinner to-day."

"I thought you expected me; but it is of no consequence. I am not dainty. I wish only the pleasure of your society."

He seated himself with perfect composure, ate heartily, then, turning to Madame, exclaimed, "I could desire nothing better."

The next day—it was the fifth—Vivier arrived, as usual. The porter met him at the door.

"The Palace—" it is not at home. He dines out to-day.

"Ah, very well. But I forgot my great coat yesterday; I must take the servant for it." And darting up the staircase he knocked.

The door was opened—unsuspected apparition.

"Your porter is a simpleton," said Vivier, gaily. "He pretended that you had gone out. I knew that he was mistaken. But what long faces! what a sombre and melancholy air! Has anything happened? Tell me, that I may offer my sympathy."

All dinner-time the witty artist continued and redoubled his entreaties that the supposed misfortune might be confided to him. He complained of their reserve, and indulged himself in all sorts of conjectures and questions.

"Have you lost money in speculations?" inquired the philosopher. "Have you been wounded in your fortune—in your ambition?"

"Yes," at the dessert, bursting into a fit of laughter.

"I know what is the matter, and what it is. It is your involution, so cordially made, and so literally accepted. I thought that I would make the trial, suspecting that you would not endure me long. To-day you shut the door against me, and to-morrow, if I should return, you would throw me out of the window! I wish you good evening."

ONE of the favourite amusements of the true-born Briton is anathematizing the climate of his native land, from which, by the way, he seldom or never tries to escape. There are few of us without sufficient sympathy with that English sailor who, on coming up channel after a long voyage, exclaimed, "Thank goodness we've done with them eternal blue skies and that blinding sunshine. This taste of good old English fog puts fresh life into a fellow."

Queen Mary, University of London Archives, QMC/PP/14/14 December 30 1892
That in Derry had ever been seen, 
So the folks say.
She was dressed all so pretty and neat, 
For och! sure, love's a queer thing;
And was looking so wonderful sweet, 
If she gave him a small help along,
By saying, "Tim, sure, and you're very
But had stayed with my mother at home,
Faix! I wish that I never had come,
And looked at the colleen so smart,
For och! sure, etc.
"Shall I drive a bit o' the way, o' the way,
Then she looked up so pretty and sly,
With a bit of a laugh in her eye,
But he'd start wid his nonsense and play.
The early sun serenely shines upon the
SONG ...
Be given on
"THE SLEEPING QUEEN,"
By Mr. Sinclair Dunn.
To be given on Thursday, December 29th, 1892, at 8 p.m.

PART II.-MISCELLANEOUS.

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THE SLEEPING QUEEN.

DRAMATIC PERSONS.

MARIA DOLORES (Queen of Leon). . . SOPRANO
DENNIS ADAMS (Mac of Honour). . . CONTRALTO
MISS SUSSETA FENN.

SONG: "The Prince Minister."

Erect
I'm the regent—I'm the king—
I'll never act the patron more.

TRIO. . ."She is heartless!"

QUEEN, AGNES, and PHILIPPE.

"Oh! he not sinister,
With humble faces
"Oh be not sinister,
With humble faces
"The fierce sirocco of the battle?
Wake, lay thy hand in his,
And when thou wak'st, perchance,
Is breakin' his heart for your sake.

DRAYTON. . ."The Noontide Dream"

PHILIPPE.

Wake, for thy lover's nigh,
Beneath the starry gleam,
It was not all a dream,
To guard my love asleep;

THREE. . ."She is heartless!"

QUEEN, AGNES, and REGENT.

"Wake, laying thy hand in his,
And when thou wak'st, perchance,
Know, by thy beating heart,
To guard my love asleep;

How they kiss my mantle's fringe!
Thy smile auriferous
Is summer sun for us,
For a regent—for a king!

The young thing had twined in her auburn
His lady-love loosed from her auburn hair!

Erect. . ."The Noontide Dream"

PHILIPPE.

Wake, laying thy hand in his,
And when thou wak'st, perchance,
Know, by thy beating heart,
PROGRAMME OF SACRED CONCERT & ORGAN RECITAL
TO BE GIVEN ON
SUNDAY, 1st of JANUARY, 1893.

At 4 p.m.

VOCALIST—Mr. H. E. LEWIS.

5. CAROLS

4. AMEN

6. ORGAN

5. ANTHEM

4. CHORUS

3. ORGAN

2. CAROL

1. Overture

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Of the Father's Love begotten
Ere the world began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending, He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And fifty centuries shall pass away.

7. PASTORALE

8. VOCAL SOLO

9. CAROL

10. ORGAN SOLO

The Audience is cordially invited to stand and join in singing the Hymn.

At 8.30 p.m.

Carols, etc., by the People's Palace Sunday Afternoon Choir.

The first Noel! the Angel said:
When to certain shepherds in field they lay
In fields where they kept their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

Mr. H. E. LEWIS.

"O come, all ye faithful"... "O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
This Star drew nigh to the north-west,
And to follow the Star wherever it went.

Garden

Garden

Handel

"Mark my footsteps, my good page,
Thou shalt find the window open,
Freeze thy blood less coldly.
In his master's step he trod,
Where the snow layardonable.
Heat was in the very soul
Which the saint had gained.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Who said God's Son is born to-night,
Herdsmen beheld these Angels bright,
When Christ was born of Mary free,
A Being holy, in dwelling rude and wild;
Cradled all lowly, behold the Saviour Child,
Ne'er yet was regal state, of monarch proud and
A Being holy, in dwelling rude and wild;
Cradled all lowly, behold the Saviour Child,
Ne'er yet was regal state, of monarch proud and
A Being holy, in dwelling rude and wild;
Cradled all lowly, behold the Saviour Child,
Ne'er yet was regal state, of monarch proud and
A Being holy, in dwelling rude and wild;
Cradled all lowly, behold the Saviour Child,
Ne'er yet was regal state, of monarch proud and
A Being holy, in dwelling rude and wild;
Cradled all lowly, behold the Saviour Child,
Ne'er yet was regal state, of monarch proud and
A Being holy, in dwelling rude and wild;
Cradled all lowly, behold the Saviour Child,
Ne'er yet was regal state, of monarch proud and
A Being holy, in dwelling rude and wild;
Cradled all lowly, behold the Saviour Child,
Ah! how slowly wing’d the hours
Brightly dawns upon me, dawns upon me,
And far remote from thee, my native land.
When pining on a foreign strand.
To my ear, to my eye,
Brightly dawns upon me, dawns upon me,
Returning, yes, returning,
Thine, oh thou lone heart,
Fancy fly, fancy fly, swiftly, swiftly,
Returning, yes, returning home,
Dream, oh thou fond heart,
Morning’s gladsome ray.
From my exile far away.
Morning’s gladsome ray.
From countries far away.
O'er the raging main.
Paint the home of youth again.

MISS EDITH TEAPE.

"Merry little gipsy maid"

"Song of the Gipsies"

"The dream of home"

"The Longshoreman"

"The garden of sleep"

"Dear Love"

"Pro Phundo Basso"

"I Do Care"

"Three old maids of Lee" (in character)

"The garden of sleep"

"Pro Phundo Basso"

"I Do Care"

"Three old maids of Lee" (in character)

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"Pro Phundo Basso"

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"Three old maids of Lee" (in character)

"The garden of sleep"

"Pro Phundo Basso"

"I Do Care"

"Three old maids of Lee" (in character)
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15. **SONG** "The willow copse" M. Watson.

"The willow copse, the willow copse,
\[\text{Verse 1:}\]
Thou art glad to get out of it, rather.
Why, of course, I cannot compel you,
That are no more. Sad and weary her
The sun is on the hill.

17. **SONG** "The star of Bethlehem." Mr. E. A. Salford.

"The star of Bethlehem."
Afar unto where all day thy sea is
And every other star grew pale before
And when it shone in the great star shine,
And every other star grew pale before
A memory of thee, Italia.

18. **SONG** "Uncle Jack." Miss Edith Teape.

"Uncle Jack..."
I sat beside my window, and looked into
You and I are far apart, but the bright star shine,
I heard the church bells ringing, I saw
And where it shone the darkness was
There rang in the sweet melody
"Tis the falling of the flower
And every other star grew pale before
I heard the church bells ringing, I saw
It seemed to bid me follow, and I could not
And when she was a maid, she was not
And when she was a maid, she was not
A memory of thee, Italia.

19. **SONG** "Italia." Miss Edith Teape.

"Italia..."
My old self and its darkness seemed left
Thou art glad to get out of it, rather.
Yet fathers I now must appeal to:
I heard the church bells ringing, I saw
And every other star grew pale before
And when she was a maid, she was not
A memory of thee, Italia.

16. **SONG** "Italia." Mr. E. A. Salford.

"Italia..."
I stood where angels trod—
And after it was over, she smiled
I heard the church bells ringing, I saw
And when she was a maid, she was not
A memory of thee, Italia.

14. **SONG** "Italia." Mr. E. A. Salford.

"Italia..."
She was glad to get out of it, rather.
Why, of course, I cannot compel you,
That are no more. Sad and weary her
The sun is on the hill.


"Usie Jack..."
And where it shone the darkness was
And when she was a maid, she was not
A memory of thee, Italia.


"The willow copse..."
They were glad to get out of it, rather.
Why, of course, I cannot compel you,
That are no more. Sad and weary her
The sun is on the hill.

11. **SONG** "Romantic." Miss Gladys Conrad.

"Romantic..."
I stood where angels trod—
And after it was over, she smiled
I heard the church bells ringing, I saw
And when she was a maid, she was not
A memory of thee, Italia.

10. **SONG** "Mr. Frank Widdicombe and Mr. E. A. Salford.

"Mr. Frank Widdicombe and Mr. E. A. Salford..."
"Two Johns in love..."

9. **Duet** "Two Johns in love." Miss Minnie Readle.

"Two Johns in love..."
I stood where angels trod—
And after it was over, she smiled
I heard the church bells ringing, I saw
And when she was a maid, she was not
A memory of thee, Italia.

8. **Selection** on *Delight*. Miss Minnie Readle.

"Selection on *Delight*..."
I stood where angels trod—
And after it was over, she smiled
I heard the church bells ringing, I saw
And when she was a maid, she was not
A memory of thee, Italia.

7. **Duet** "Two Johns in love." Mr. Frank Widdicombe and Mr. E. A. Salford.

"Two Johns in love..."
Thou art glad to get out of it, rather.
Why, of course, I cannot compel you,
That are no more. Sad and weary her
The sun is on the hill.

6. **SONG** "Italia." Mr. E. A. Salford.

"Italia..."
I stood where angels trod—
And after it was over, she smiled
I heard the church bells ringing, I saw
And when she was a maid, she was not
A memory of thee, Italia.

5. **SONG** "Piccolo Solo." Mr. E. A. Salford.

"Piccolo Solo..."
I stood where angels trod—
And after it was over, she smiled
I heard the church bells ringing, I saw
And when she was a maid, she was not
A memory of thee, Italia.

4. **SONG** "Italia." Mr. E. A. Salford.

"Italia..."
I stood where angels trod—
And after it was over, she smiled
I heard the church bells ringing, I saw
And when she was a maid, she was not
A memory of thee, Italia.

3. **SONG** "Italia." Mr. E. A. Salford.

"Italia..."
I stood where angels trod—
And after it was over, she smiled
I heard the church bells ringing, I saw
And when she was a maid, she was not
A memory of thee, Italia.

2. **SONG** "Italia." Mr. E. A. Salford.

"Italia..."
I stood where angels trod—
And after it was over, she smiled
I heard the church bells ringing, I saw
And when she was a maid, she was not
A memory of thee, Italia.

1. **SONG** "Italia." Mr. E. A. Salford.

"Italia..."
I stood where angels trod—
And after it was over, she smiled
I heard the church bells ringing, I saw
And when she was a maid, she was not
A memory of thee, Italia.