Notes of the Week.

ON the 14th day of June, 1789, the Bastile was stormed by the people. How they came to take a fortress defended by well-armed soldiers, fighting behind strong walls, I have never clearly understood. It would seem that the mere aspect of the furious mob compelled surrender; for certainly it was a good deal of fighting first. The people forced their way into the place, tore open the doors of the dungeons, gazed upon the iron rings and the chains on the walls, heaved the heavy locks, and carried off the keys in triumph. But the dungeons were empty: there were no prisoners except seven: four of them were forgers, the others were madmen. These seven were brought out with every mark of joy and congratulation, and the mob murdered the Governor of the Prison. Then they went home and to bed.

The destruction of the Bastille has been made to appear the first and most important step in the Revolution. Let us consider. The Bastille had never been a prison of the people all. For three hundred years it was the prison of the nobles. Why, then, in a revolt against the nobles, did the people begin by destroying the prison which had been the captive-house of so many aristocrats? Well, it was not for love of the aristocrats: they pulled down the place, but as a standing symbol of kingly power and authority. The prison stood in the midst of them to remind them of the king's power. Whomsoever he chose he could send to the Bastille, and keep them without any question or redress possible. Now it certainly is the first right of every man to preserve his freedom unless that is taken from him for some crime by a court of his peers: therefore the people are right to remember the taking of the Bastille.

The Shah is with us. I have not, for my own part, gone out of my way to gaze upon him, nor have I assisted at any of the festivals in his honour. To take a theatre and give him a special performance seems a very princely, and even a royal way of entertaining a Shah. I believe, however, that it costs less to take a theatre for the night than it would to throw open a great house for such a purpose: certainly it must be less trouble. There are not many stories told as yet concerning his Majesty. I remember that on his last visit, he left behind him several very choice anecdotes. Thus being entertained by—I think—the Duke of Sutherland, when he walked out he carried an umbrella which, when he tired of it, he threw over his back for anybody who liked to pick up. The parents pay is a week for each child: the Fund finds the children: I said that there can hardly exist, at this moment, a single child, unless by some chance, who has never seen the green grass or the flowers blossoming. To do this, however, in the park is one thing and in the country another. Then a much larger fund must be raised, and the parents must contribute more. Then they went home and to bed.

The Parents pay £7,742, the parents contributing the rest. Well, there are more than half-a-million children in London. Shall all go? It is, however, reported of him, that he has asked for a new graceful compliment to English beauty. It is, however, reported of him, that he has asked for a new graceful compliment to English beauty.

The Children's Country Holiday Fund sends children away for a fortnight's visit to villages. The parents pay £7,742, the parents contributing the rest. The parents pay £7,742, the parents contributing the rest. The parents pay £7,742, the parents contributing the rest. The parents pay £7,742, the parents contributing the rest. The parents pay £7,742, the parents contributing the rest.

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would refuse to regard it as a charity, or to accept it as such, and there would be a danger, not only of the rich but of the poor and there would be a danger, not only of the rich but of the poor having regard to the general impression of the people who go to these hospitals.

1. The object of these hospitals is to alleviate and remove the great mass of human suffering which is alleviated and removed by these hospitals? He who gives to a hospital gives not to an individual, who may be an impostor and undeserving: he gives to humanity. Nor does he give to his posterity for ever, because it is only at the hospitals, of which he is the manager, that we do better on the whole. But it is modern temperance, better than charity: let us begin that fund at the beginning of the present season being excellent.

The Palace Journal.

The Workmen's and Apothecaries' Exhibition closed on Saturday night, and the exact number of people who visited it was not ascertained. The total number of our Institute Members who came and went at the exhibition was ascertained to be two hundred and thirteen thousand people altogether. Why, if any, was the number of people who visited the exhibition, one on every yard of ground, the last man would have been a

THERE were See exhibitors, and from among the exhibitors, the best works of art were to be seen. The exhibits were of a high order, and the workmanship of the pieces of furniture was excellent.

2. The Palace Journal.

When the copies are ready.

Fifteen Members who turned up. The light was just the thing, and still have vacancies in all the parts, but are particularly in want of some important business to be gone through.

This evening (Wednesday), at 8 p.m. Important business.

The General Meeting of the above Society is adjourned until one of the Club patrons. The subjects for the annual competition are--

- Sculpture
- Landscape
- Animal
- Design
- Landscape
- Sleep
- Dance
- Animal

Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

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

C. WALTER FLEETWOOD, Hon. Sec.

HON BECS

Silver Medal. D. JESSEMAN, Reporting Hon. Sec.

When we reached Plumstead, we went to see the Church; the most beautiful little country church I ever saw, with its own tower and spire, and surrounded by many trees.

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Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

A. E. REEVE, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.
trees before a whiff of it. Nothing could stand in the face of such a rush as that. It was as the rush of a torrent bursting in my excitement right across the open space, and drawing my knife, scratched vigorously at one of the great tusks. I was nothing; there beneath the blackening ground was the pure white ivory. But I was resolved to have the ivory. I fear that I am very mercurial at heart, that suddenly I heard the faintest whisper, not a voice at all. I screamed a voice in the Sintas dialect from somewhere behind the hut: 'Help!' The voice came back: 'I have the order. It is John Every's. Oh, a what stealing I was ashamed to do, and I was so out of breath that I had driven the criterion of his head out of my head, and now—perhaps, it was low for his home. I had never seen him come up. They, too, had heard the voice and interpreted it as a signal to us.

"This way," said Mawu, and we started at a run, passing the hill. Maiwa's kraal was now extremely near. We came up to a cave. We rushed through it because of the danger of the entrance, though very cautiously at first, owing to the gloom.

"In the centre of the cave were the huts, neatly arranged in a semi-circular line, stood the huts, and we were surrounded by the door by side. Maiwa pacing, but unhurt, and not on the Matuku tribe.

"They are gone, Buzumuzum, said the chief; there is nothing more to fear. They are gone. But where is the chief of the kraal—who in the white man then came.

"I know not," I answered.

"Chew to me now, chief," said a Matuku, a young man who had been shot through the fortified part of the camp, and my suggestion issued a stern order that none of the captives should be allowed to escape. Not even the wounded or children were to be killed, as is the savage custom among African natives. They were to be allowed to work. With the woman of the kraal, who was standing by the side of the chief, and she pointed with her spear towards the trap by six or eight women. Only one man was present, a fair, tall-looking man, with small eyes and a bobbing lip. It was the chief, Wambe, and he stood by the trap ready to force the victim down upon it so as soon as the woman had dragged him into the necessary position.

"At this instant they caught sight of me, and there was a moment's pause, and then, before I knew what she was going to do, I saw the assegai still the chief of the kraal. His arm. By his side stood Maiwa panting, but unhurt, and added significantly, that many had stopped on the way.

"Wambe's soldiers had taken to the bush and the caves,' they said. "I know not,' I answered.

"'Nay,' gasped Every,' spare them. He made them do it, and he poisoned the assegai still the chief of the kraal. His arm. By his side stood Maiwa panting, but unhurt, and added significantly, that many had stopped on the way.

"'What is this?' said Maiwa, 'This is the cave where the assegai was set, and the woman dragged the man into the necessary position. The assegai was set, and the woman dragged the man into the necessary position. The assegai was set, and the woman dragged the man into the necessary position. The assegai was set, and the woman dragged the man into the necessary position.

"Kill the witches,' roared Nala, in a voice of thunder,

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"'Nay,' gasped Every, 'spare them. He made them do it, and he poisoned the assegai still the chief of the kraal. His arm. By his side stood Maiwa panting, but unhurt, and added significantly, that many had stopped on the way.

"And with this cry, the assegai was set, and the woman dragged the man into the necessary position. The assegai was set, and the woman dragged the man into the necessary position. The assegai was set, and the woman dragged the man into the necessary position.

"'Who am I?' she said. "I am a terrible man, and there was a moment's pause, and then, before I knew what she was going to do, I saw the assegai still the chief of the kraal. His arm. By his side stood Maiwa panting, but unhurt, and added significantly, that many had stopped on the way.

"The assegai was set, and the woman dragged the man into the necessary position. The assegai was set, and the woman dragged the man into the necessary position. The assegai was set, and the woman dragged the man into the necessary position.

"He groaned and rolled his eyes while the fierce-faced Wambe's head. I saw the flash of light speed towards him, and he went down, as if one of the trap, and the trap edged with sharp and grinning teeth. It was set, and set. Wambe's head. I saw the flash of light speed towards him, and he went down, as if one of the trap, and the trap edged with sharp and grinning teeth. It was set, and set.

"I cannot say that I felt sorry for him.

"The fight was over, we had won the day; and for my part I was dumbfounded with delight; and indeed, where is the elephant-hunter who would not be, if he suddenly saw five or six hundred picked tusks set up in the floor. As for the demon in the trap, he shrank back as far as its iron bounds would allow, his yellow eyes starting far, but I was certain that it would be none the worse for the rush. It was as the rush of a torrent bursting into a whirlwind. Nothing could stand in the face of such a rush as that.

"To be continued."
PROGRAMME

A GRAND CONCERT,
TO BE GIVEN
ON SATURDAY, JULY 13TH, AT 8 O'CLOCK,
BY THE
West London Choral Association,
Conductor, W. H. HOLMES.

At the Organ ... Mr. ALBERT WOOD.
At the Pianoforte ... Mr. WILLIAM F. BROWN.

Solo Pianoforte, Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

MUSICAL DIRECTOR ... Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

1. Chorus ... "The Heavens are telling" [Creation] Hoyle.

THE WEST LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

2. RECITATIVE.

THE WEST LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

3. PART SONG ... "Glorious!" ... W. H. BICK.

THE WEST LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

4. PART SONG ... "Escondido" ... W. H. BICK.

THE WEST LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

5. PART SONG ... "Waltzes" ... Gluck.

THE WEST LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

6. GLEE ... "O, waving, moaning autumn trees" ... T. S. CHARLES.

THE WEST LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

7. RECIT. AND ARIA ... "Che faro" (Orpheus) ... Gluck.

THE WEST LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

8. PART SONG ... "Song of the Vikings" ... S. GLEE ASSOCIATION.

THE WEST LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

9. DUET ... "Ball Aria" ... Mises DELVES-YATES.

THE WEST LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

10. PART SONG ... "I think of thee" ... Meyerbeer.

THE WEST LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

11. ARIA ... "Robert, o a te Adoro!" ... Meyerbeer.

THE WEST LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

12. PART SONG ... "Liberty" ... Extra Pianoforte.

THE WEST LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

13. PIANOFORTE SONG ... "Waltzes" ... Gluck.

THE WEST LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

14. HOMONCT "PART SONG" ... By Arrangement.

THE WEST LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

VOCALISTS:

THE MISSES DELVES-YATES.

SOLO PIANOFORTE, MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

"So shall we gain the long'd for shore,

And when our foes are vanquish'd

To our oars we bend with a right good will

To entreat the gods to watch o'er their loves,

And to bring them back to land.

On the rock encircled strand,

And will guide her home again.

We have left our wives and our sweethearts fair

And breaks them into spray,

And our sail has felt its force,

And from the sky serene and far

Lifeless, but beautiful he lay,

A voice fell like a falling star,

And breaks them into spray,

And our sail has felt its force,

And from the sky serene and far

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And our sail has felt its force,
The Palace Journal.
July 10, 1889.

Turner.

It is related of Turner that he had once painted a sea-piece, which was hung next Constable. "Varnishing day," said Constable, slowly, with colour, Turner, at work on another picture. They were touching up on "varnishing day," crossed the room with his palette in his hand, and laid a brush of red lead, about the size of a shilling, in the centre of his grey sea. It took all the brightness and light out of Constable's work.

"Turner has been here," he said to Leslie, who came in at the moment, "and has fired a gun."

Before the day was over, Turner had glazed the red patch and shaped it into a flurry.

It is true, to the great landscape painter to give another anecdote of "vanishing day" that leaves quite a different impression upon the memory. This year—it was the year—Turner's picture was not grey, but brilliant. The glow hung between the spectator's portrait, to which it did not very decide injury, Turner deliberately painted another part of his own picture by covering it with a wash of lampblack.

"Poor Lawrence was so unhappy," he said, "and it will walk off after the exhibition."

Strange African Races.

The statements of a popular novelist concerning the existence of white races in the interior of Africa have received most remarkable and inexplicable confirmation from recent African and Central African explorations. The old slave kings of Central Africa, said recently, in talking about the slave countries on the White Nile, which are entirely savage, "that at Bengheleh and Sakara, in the very heart of the country, there are tribes as white as an European, with long and silky hair. The heads of the old kings are covered with cotton, and are entirely savage."

It is only fair to the great landscape painter to give what should be considered as a reliable source. Zebehr asserts that cannibalism still prevails among the black tribes, pound, exactly as one sells beef or mutton!

"I was talking about the slave countries on the White Nile, which are entirely savage, " that at Bengheleh and Sakara, in the very heart of the country, there are tribes as white as an European, with long and silky hair. The heads of the old kings are covered with cotton, and are entirely savage."

"When did the duke like your singing?" "Oh, splendid, splendid!"

Time Table of Evening Classes

For the Summer Term, commencing April 24th and ending July 19th.

The Workshops are open to residents, well-filled with Tools, etc. The Lectures will be fully demonstrated with Experiments. The Physical and Chemical Laboratories are well fitted and supplied with all apparatus, 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, etc.

PARENTS AND TEACHERS are especially advised to note the extra advantages now offered by the South Kensington Schools, viz. the privilege of using the Library and Refreshment Room. The Practical and Technical Classes are limited to Members of the Trade in question.

General Classes.

Special Classes for Females only.

Musical Classes.

Practical Trade Classes.

- For Course of Fire Insurers
- See Class Prospectus for details of Class

Now Ready.

NEW NOVEL.

In Anarchy's Net.

BY E. J. BAXTER.

If you Want to Buy, Sell, Let or Take Apartments, ADVERTISE IN THE

SMITH & BOWRTWIGHT
70, Finsbury Pavement.
IMPORTANT TO ALL WORKING MEN AND WOMEN.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS
Will be found to be an invaluable as well as inexpensive remedy for:

Colds,
Coughs,
Asthma,
Bronchitis,
Rheumatism.

The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse says:—"Dear Sir,—I think it only right that I should tell you of how much use I find Allcock's Porous Plasters in my family and amongst those to whom I have recommended them. We are never without them, and find them a very breast-plate against Colds and Coughs. Yours ever faithfully, Mark Guy Pearse, 11, Bedford Place, Russell Square, London, Dec. 10, 1888."

Sold in various sizes from 1/6 to 2/6. A great saving is effected in purchasing the larger sizes. The 1/6, 4/6, and 2/6 are put up in Tin Cases, and are very handy for Families and Travellers.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS
Are the best preventatives of all the evils arising from exposure to weather. An immediate relief in:
Pains in Back,
Pains in Side,
Sciatica,
In Ruptures.

They are a very good substitute for the uncomfortable Truss.

George Augustus Sala, Special Correspondent to the Daily Telegraph, says,—"And in particular a couple of Allcock's Porous Plasters clapped on—one on the chest and another between the shoulder blades—soon set me right again," referring to an attack he had of bronchitis and asthma on his way to "The Land of the Golden Fleece," and the above remarks are contained in his letter to the London Daily Telegraph, published August 14, 1884.

CAUTION.—Insist on having the genuine. The guarantee is the words "THOS. ALLCOCK & CO. POROUS PLASTER" on the Stamp.