

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.



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[ONE PENNY.]

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
SHADOWS BEFORE	69
OUR EDUCATIONAL WORK	69
MEN WHO HAVE RISEN	70, 71
MUSICAL NOTES	71
PALACE GOSSIP	72, 73
PERSONAL AND HOME HYGIENE	73
CLASS NOTES	74
SOCIETY AND CLUB NOTES	75
THE HOUSE BY THE RIVER	76—78
WOMAN AND THE WEED.. .. .	78
HOW THE DEMONS WERE CONQUERED.. .. .	78—81
HUMGRUFFIN	81, 82
THE MEMBERS' COLUMN.. .. .	82
THE HOLY ROSE	83—86
WHAT MAKES CHRISTMAS HAPPY?	86—88
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	89
COMPETITIONS, PUZZLES AND PRIZES	89, 90
ADVERTISEMENTS	91, 92

Shadows Before

THE COMING EVENTS.

- THURSDAY.—Apprentices' Exhibition, open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Band of Scots Guards (in Queen's Hall) daily at 3.0 and 8.0. Organ Recitals at 6.30.
- FRIDAY.—The same.
- SATURDAY.—Exhibition open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Gymnastic Display in Queen's Hall at 6.0., followed at 8.0. by Vocal and Instrumental Concert.
- SUNDAY (XMAS DAY).—Institute entirely closed.
- MONDAY.—Specially-selected Programme of Amusements, including Gymnastic Displays, Concerts, Handbell Ringing, Wild Flower Collection, the celebrated Artful Museum, Scots Guards' Band, Dioramic Entertainment, &c., &c., from 10.0 to 10.0.
- TUESDAY.—Exhibition open from 10.0 a.m. to 10.0 p.m. Band of Scots Guards daily at 3.0 and 8.0. Organ Recitals at 6.30.
- WEDNESDAY.—Exhibition open from 10.0 a.m. to 10.0 p.m. Band of Scots Guards daily at 3.0 and 8.0. Organ Recitals at 6.0. Debating Society (School-buildings) at 8.30.

Our Educational Work.

THE most important, although perhaps not now the most prominent feature of the work carried on at the Palace, is the Educational advantages and opportunities offered in the various classes. The bringing of sweetness and light into the lives of the workers, saddened by monotonous, and often ill-requited toil, is undoubtedly a very desirable work; but for real effect—for an influence which shall "tell" upon the future of these lives, we must look to education. Unfortunately, although our deservings will inevitably be judged of by the public from the results of our first season's work, this part of our undertaking is the part which, for the present, is carried on under the greatest disadvantages. For music, we have the magnificent Queen's Hall; for the development of our bodies, a spacious and well-appointed gymnasium; the ladies have a cosy and tasteful boudoir; but the classes are packed away, almost out of sight, in an old building at the back of our grounds, and their utmost capacity is taxed to provide accommodation for the many classes at work, and when, to meet emergencies, other meetings than those of the classes have to be provided for, those responsible for the arrangements are driven to the verge of despair. Yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, the work is making good progress, and shows great promise, so that we look forward to the future with hope, and even confidence.

The pursuit of knowledge, if only for the sake of the pecuniary advantage which it may bring to its possessor, is in itself a good thing, though the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake is a better; and if at present the former motive is chiefly characteristic of our students, there is yet an undercurrent of the latter, which we ought to do our utmost to extend and encourage. Nor is it to be wondered at that it should be thus when we remember that it has been the diminution of our profits, actual and threatened, by the competition of better educated foreigners, which has forced the question of technical education into the prominent position it now holds. The question for us is rather how we may take advantage of the newly-awakened desire for knowledge, so as to lead the young people, coming under our influence, to seek it for its own sake.

Take for instance, the case of a young draughtsman or designer joining the Art School. His first object will be to extend his capacities, and improve his taste, so that he may produce more varied and attractive work, and in this he is stimulated by the thought that these acquirements will add to his pecuniary value in the world; but as he goes on his eyes are opened to new beauties of form and colour, and in the natural objects he sees around him; their delineation acquires a charm for him, and becomes a pleasure he will not willingly forego. So, too, with a young fellow joining the Civil Service class, with an eye to short hours, and a long salary: his studies brighten him up generally, and his interest is awakened on some literary or his-

torical subject; he finds in it a new object of thought, and is led to follow it up with pleasure as well as profit to himself, and often to others as well. These considerations are more or less applicable to all our classes; and such results are far more to be desired than mere success in Government or other examinations, however gratifying at the time. Why, then, should not some friends of the Palace, and of the rising generation, take counsel together to encourage and foster such results, by giving rewards of books and other suitable and useful aids to study, for what may be described as collateral work to that done in the classes, in preparation for examination? Prizes for the best essays on scientific, historical, literary, or other subjects; for the best original designs for houses for people of modest means; designs of mechanical contrivances; for the most artistic designs for furniture, and so on.

Such are some of the possibilities of our work. Of actualities, perhaps, the most remarkable are the great number of applications for the classes in dress-cutting for the ladies, and tailor's-cutting for the men—over two hundred for these alone,—and the crowding of over a hundred and twenty young people into two of our class-rooms every Friday evening to learn shorthand. Book-keeping and arithmetic too are much sought after. The regular attendance of, and the intelligent interest evinced by, the members of our handicraft classes is also exceedingly gratifying, and affords decisive evidence of the need of and desire for instruction, which will supplement mere workshop routine. In fact, there is not a class which does not give encouragement to those engaged in the work of instruction. But one thing is already evident, namely, that it will be impossible to extend many of our classes in our present buildings; and if they are to go on and prosper, the erection of the permanent buildings is a matter of most immediate and urgent importance, the accomplishment of which will be greatly hastened by the increased generosity of the Drapers' Company, announced by the Prince of Wales on the 10th instant.

Men who have Risen.

No. 3.—HORATIO NELSON.

IF ever there was a man who had a just title to the denomination of hero, it was Horatio Nelson. We mention him by the name in which he may be said to have "put on immortality." Most truly was it once said, in an apology for directing a letter simply to *Horatio Nelson*, Genoa,—“Sir, there is but one Horatio Nelson in the world!” The whole life of this extraordinary man was one continued blaze of heroic enterprise; he was ever panting after deeds of surpassing daring. He was never at ease, but in the midst of the battle and the tempest; he seemed to have no joy but in the mightiest of dangers; he made a sort of child's play of probabilities; and with a giant's strength wrestled with impossibility itself. From the dispatches and letters of Nelson, which are extant, a perfect text-work for the philosophy of enterprise might be formed. The many noble impulses and expiring resolves in which they abound—fall so pure, so patriotic, so worthy of the dignity of our nature—present lessons which no commentary could exhaust or lapse of time depreciate. “Oh! how I long,” said he in a letter to his wife, while yet only a captain in that navy which he was destined to lead to so many unrivalled triumphs, “to be an admiral, and in the command of an English fleet. I should either do much or be ruined. Mine is not a disposition for tame measures.”

In the partial engagement to which Admiral Hotham brought the French fleet in 1793, Nelson went on board the admiral's ship as soon as the firing grew slack in the van, and the *Ca Ira* and *Anseur* had struck,

when he proposed to the admiral to leave his two crippled ships, the two prizes, and four frigates, to themselves, and to pursue the enemy. The admiral, however, much cooler than his captain, observed “We must be contented; we have done very well.” “Now,” says Nelson in a letter, in which this interview is related, “had we taken ten ships, and allowed the eleventh to escape when it had been possible to have got at her, I could never have called it—well done.” Shortly after this in the action of Calvi, Nelson received a wound which destroyed the sight of his right eye. The English fleet, under Sir John Jervis, engaged and beat the more numerous fleet of Spain, off Cape St. Vincent, on the 14th of February, 1797. Nelson disabled several of the enemy's vessels, and received the surrender of the *San Josef*. A few days afterwards he determined to send the captured sword of the Spanish commander to the chief town of his native county. It was forwarded to the Mayor of Norwich, with the following letter:—“*Invincible*, off Lisbon, Feb. 26th, 1797. Sir,—Having the good fortune, on the most glorious 14th February, to become possessed of the sword of the Spanish rear-admiral Don Xavier Francisco Wintheysen, in the way set forth in the paper transmitted herewith; and being born in the county of Norfolk, I beg leave to present the sword to the city of Norwich, in order to its being presented as a memento of this event, and of my affection for my native county. I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant, Horatio Nelson.” The following account of the Battle of the Nile is from Southey's biography of our hero:—“The French fleet arrived at Alexandria on the 1st of July, 1798, and Brueys not being able to enter the port, moored the ships in Aboukir Bay, in a strong and compact line of battle. The advantage in numbers, ships, guns, and men was in favour of the French. They had thirteen ships of the line and four frigates, carrying 1,196 guns, and 11,230 men on board. The English had the same number of ships of the line and one fifty-gun ship, carrying 1,012 guns and 8,068 men. The English ships were all seventy-fours; the French had three eighty-gun ships, and one three-decker of 120 guns.” When Nelson saw the position of the French, he laid his plans, and determined to keep entirely on the outer side of the French line, and station his ships as far as he was able, one on the outer bow, and another on the outer quarter of the enemy. Captain Berry, when he understood the plan of battle, exclaimed, “If we succeed, what will the world say?” “There is no *if* in the case,” observed Nelson, “that we shall succeed is certain. Who may live to tell the story is a very different question.” As the squadron advanced, they were assailed by a shower of shot and shell from the batteries on the island; and the enemy opened a heavy fire from the starboard side of their whole line, within half-gun shot distance, full into the bows of our van ships. It was received in silence, the men on board every ship were employed aloft furling the sails, and below in tending the braces, and making ready for anchoring. A French brig was instructed to decoy the English, by manœuvring so as to tempt them towards a shoal lying off the island of Beguieres; but Nelson either knew the danger or suspected the deceit, and the lure was unsuccessful. Captain Foley led the way in the *Goliath*, outsailing the *Zealous*, which for some minutes disputed the place of honour. He felt that if the enemy were moored in line of battle in with the land, the best plan of attack would be to lead between them and the shore; he therefore kept on the inner side, and having opened fire on the *Conquerant*, shot away her masts in ten minutes, whilst the *Zealous* performed the like office for the *Guerilla*. Nelson was on board the *Vanguard*, with six colours flying in different parts of the rigging—lest they should be shot away, that they should be struck no British sailor thinks possible: when suddenly run on he veered half a cable, and opened a tremendous fire on the *Spartiate*. In a few minutes every man stationed at the

first six guns in the forepart of the *Vanguard's* deck was either killed or wounded.

Nelson himself received a severe wound on the head from a piece of langrage shot; and Captain Berry caught him in his arms as he was falling. The great effusion of blood occasioned an apprehension that the wound was mortal; and Nelson himself thought so. A large flap of the skin of his forehead cut from the bone, had fallen over the eye; and the other being blind he was in total darkness. When he was carried down to the cock-pit in the midst of a scene scarcely to be conceived, the surgeon quitted the poor fellow then under his hands that he might instantly attend the admiral. But Nelson would not suffer this. “No;” he said, “I will take my turn with my brave fellows.” Nor would he allow his own wound to be examined till every man who had been previously wounded was properly attended to. Fully believing that the wound was fatal, and that he was about to die—as he had ever wished in battle and victory—he called the chaplain, and desired him to deliver his dying remembrance to his wife. He then summoned his captains and officers, and thanked them for their loyal aid. But great indeed was the joy of the wounded men, and of the whole crew, when the surgeon, after an anxious examination, pronounced the wound superficial, and the life of the admiral in no danger.

The surgeon ordered him to remain quiet; but Nelson could not rest. In the confusion, he found his way up unassisted and unnoticed; and to the astonishment of every one, appeared on the quarter-deck, where he at once gave orders for the pursuit of the retreating French ships. With such success was the victory followed up that only four vessels out of all the French fleet escaped; and the victory was the most complete and glorious in the annals of naval history. “Victory,” cried Nelson, “is not a name strong enough for such a scene.” He called it a conquest. The British loss in killed and wounded amounted to 895. Westcott was the only captain who fell; 3,105 of the French, including the wounded, were sent on shore, and 5,225 perished.

After the battle of the Nile, a gentleman caused a medal to be struck in honour of the action; and at his own cost, gave it to every man in the victorious fleet. Many years after, when some of the men were dying in a distant land, they made it their last request that this medal should be sent home to their friends.

But the crowning glory of Nelson's career—the event which exalted his name to a level of that conquerer, whose surprising success at the head of the French armies had then begun to draw the attention of the civilised world, was the battle of Trafalgar—a battle which saved Europe, and lost England her greatest son.

On the 21st of October, 1805, Nelson met the French fleet under Admiral Villeneuve, seven miles east of Cape Trafalgar, there being a light breeze from the west. Nelson felt a sure presentiment of victory, but at the same time of death. The enemy tacked, in order, if necessary, to run back to Cadiz, but Nelson steered a little more to the north in order to cut off their van. He now asked Captain Blackwood, of the *Emylus*, who was on board the *Victory*, whether a signal was not wanted? The latter replied that he thought they all knew what they were about. But Nelson, strong in his own belief, ran up to the mast-head his last and most famous signal—“*England expects every man to do his duty*”—which was greeted with the heartiest cheers from every ship. Nelson led the weather-line in the *Victory*; but the lee-line under Collingwood, was the first to get into action. The British fleet comprised twenty-seven sail of the line, four frigates, a schooner, and a cutter; the combined French and Spanish fleets numbered thirty-three sail of the line, five frigates, and two brigs, and they had many more guns, 2,626 to our 2,148. The enemy's line was formed into the shape of a crescent, which ren-

dered the attack the more difficult. Collingwood began the action, and he was quickly surrounded by five French and Spanish ships, but finding they were damaging each other, they gradually drew off, and left Collingwood in single combat with the *Santa Anna*.

As the *Victory* bore down, she was made a mark by the enemy: her rigging was damaged, her wheel shot away, and fifty officers and men killed or wounded before she fired a shot. The foremost ships of the enemy, to the number of nineteen, closed round Nelson's column, leaving a gap of nearly a mile between the spot where Collingwood and his companions were engaging the remaining fourteen. Nelson's ship was first engaged with the *Sanctissima Trinidad*, then with the *Bucentaur*, a Frenchman of 80 guns, and lastly with the *Redoubtable*; that ship and the *Victory* getting locked together by their anchors.

The tops of the *Redoubtable* were filled with riflemen; and Nelson who, on going into action, had put on his finest and most conspicuous coat which, with the Star of the Bath, afforded an easy mark. The action had lasted about half-an-hour when he was struck by a musket ball, and fell on the quarter-deck; and on his captain asking him if he felt seriously hurt, he replied, “They have done for me at last, Hardy—my back-bone is shot through.” He was carried to the cock-pit, where it was found that the shot, entering the left shoulder, had lodged in the spine and inflicted a mortal wound.

While the hero lay there expiring, the battle raged furiously enough—the concussion of the firing causing him the most excruciating agony, though ever and anon he was cheered by the triumphant shouts of his victorious crew, as one after another of the enemy's ships struck their colours. He had also the joy of hearing from Captain Hardy before his death that he had gained a complete victory. His last words were spent in commending to his country's care Lady Hamilton, with whom he lived, and his daughter, and then exclaiming, “Thank God, I have done my duty!” He expired about three hours after receiving his wound.

Nelson had said almost prophetically when going into action that he should be content with 20 ships: 19 of the enemy's line actually struck at Trafalgar, and one blew up. The prisoners taken, including the troops on board, amounted to about 12,000. One Spanish and four French ships were taken a few days later. By this glorious victory the French navy was annihilated, and England was secured from all chance of invasion.

“When Britain first at heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang the strain—
Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,
Britons never shall be slaves!”

Musical Notes.

CONCERTS.—The concerts of the Scots Guards' band, in the Queen's Hall, which have taken place every afternoon and evening since the opening of the Apprentices' Exhibition, continue to attract very large audiences, especially on Wednesday and Saturday evenings. The afternoon concerts are not so well attended as those in the evening, but they will probably prove more attractive during the Christmas holidays. Among the vocalists who have sung on these occasions have been Madame Riechelmann, Miss Meredith Elliott, Mr. John Probert, Mr. Dyfed Lewis, and others whose names are equally well known in the artistic world.

ORGAN RECITALS.—The organ in the Queen's Hall is now played daily from six till seven o'clock. Only very small audiences have at present been attracted, but as the hour of the recital gets better known we may expect larger audiences. The Sunday recitals are to be given every Sunday, from 12.30 to 1.30 (excepting on Christmas Day) until further notice. These recitals have been very successfully given on Sundays by Mr. Victor Gollmick and Mr. Stretton Swan, and on week days by Mr. Edwin Barnes, Mr. Arthur Trickett, and Mr. Lewis D. Marsden. There are several promises of organ recitals from very celebrated organists, which have still to be performed. Among others, we expect to have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Alfred Hollins, the blind organist from the Royal Normal College, who has kindly promised to be with us at an early date.

Palace Gossip.

(By THE SUB-ED.)

"A Chiel's amang ye takin' Notes."

THERE is a lovely front-page picture in the current number of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* which is simply excellent in its way. It deals with the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to the Apprentices' Exhibition last Saturday week; and for point and detail—although only a penny—it can hardly be equalled. I say "hardly" advisedly, because, although in the Gymnasium sketch the Prince, Sir Edmund Currie, and my Lord Mayor are all very much pronounced, the artist has most unfortunately omitted another important personage—who, I may remark, was very much present. Of course, I refer to the sub-Editor of this Journal, who, although in immediate proximity to the Prince, does not figure at all in this otherwise excellent sketch. Curious. Yet I know he was there, for his "distangy" appearance was very much remarked upon; and his satisfaction at feeling himself in such goodly company has not even yet abated.

In the aforesaid picture there is a portrait of our popular gymnasium instructor, Sergeant Burdett, who, with a long drooping moustache, looks really charming. I have it on good authority that since he saw the picture in question the gallant sergeant has felt himself immensely flattered; but, in my opinion, it isn't half good enough, for it fails to convey to the uninitiated what a splendid fellow our instructor really is. (There, Mr. Burdett, lay that "flattering uncton to your soul.")

SPEAKING of pictures reminds me of the very fine photographic views of the People's Palace which Mr. E. H. Farmer was good enough to send to this "chiel" one day last week. They are well mounted, are capitally finished, and have the additional advantage of being remarkably true to nature; in fact, Mr. Farmer could not have held "the mirror up" more satisfactorily. In the view of the Gymnasium, Mr. Instructor Burdett and the stalwart Styles are apparently posing in an expectant attitude, but are none the less impressive for all that. The views of the Technical Day Schools (with the lads at work) are also well done; while the interior of the Refreshment-room is really beautiful. Many thanks, Mr. Farmer; and, in the words of my old friend, Nick Vedder Brough, "May you live long and brosbler."

ON Thursday afternoon last, the children from the Stepney Jewish Day Schools paid a visit to our Exhibition; and, although rather young to understand such things—some being mere toddlers—these little ones seemed highly interested; and, indeed, did not convey their gratification in "silent tones." On the contrary, they were most exhilarated; and especially so when buns, oranges, and the other creature comforts of this life were freely dispensed in the Refreshment-room. A merry time was also spent in the Queen's Hall, where the Scots Guards' band treated the juveniles to a specially-selected "humorous" programme.

OYEZ! Oyez!! Oyez!!! Be it known unto all men that ye Celebrated Artful Museum will open its doors to the eager crowds on the Day of Boxing; admission to the same being the humble d. Dont miss it—its a first-rate joke; and will, I doubt not, be enjoyed hugely by the Palace lads and lasses.

So the Billiard-room dispute—(Yes again, my friends, for we haven't done with this subject yet)—is likely to be settled after all; for they tell me that not only has a committee been organised, but that the officers have also been nominated. Had I known this earlier my Gossip pars. last week—wherein I pointed out the inestimable qualities of a certain Moody—would not have been printed, and the honour to which Stuttle (the appointed Hon. Sec.) is due would have been duly acknowledged. I have had an interview with this latter gentleman, and I informed him that I should publicly apologise for (unwittingly) ignoring his existence; but being—as he undoubtedly is—a very amiable fellow, he quickly dispelled my apprehensions, and together we laughed in concert.

AND so, of course, the great Moody cannot be elected after all. Never mind, Will, there's a chance for you yet—when the re-election of officers takes place—which, I believe, will transpire in January next. "Good evening!"

THE tickets for the forthcoming (January) conversaziones are out, and are being speedily distributed; but up to the time of going to press none have reached the far-famed sub-Editorial sanctum. The sub-Editor desires me to remark that he *supposes* the Hon. Secs. can take the hint!

ON Boxing Day, I hear that the famous gymnasts from the Polytechnic will entertain the multitudes to a couple of displays—one at eleven, t'other at eight. I suppose Harry Gray will be there—at least, I hope he will.

I BELIEVE the petition to Sir Edmund Currie—poor Sir Edmund, he's always receiving 'em!—for the formation, within the Palace, of a smoking concert and a social club (burning letters on which have already appeared in our "Letter" column) will be eventually successful; and I really trust it will be so, for it may do much to promote that "armony, gents, 'armony," so necessary where two or three are gathered together for sociability and friendliness of feeling. "Proteus" Wadkin and the gentle Valentine—Two Gentlemen, but *not* of Verona—have my very best wishes for a "happy issue" out of their united and untiring efforts; for nothing succeeds like success!

SINCE the above was written, I believe Sir Edmund has kindly responded to the memorial, regretting his inability to accede to the wishes of the petitioners, simply because there is not, at present, sufficient accommodation at the Palace for any more clubs. He adds, however, that their request will be granted as soon as "space permits"; so after all the Club is likely to be.

TOLD BY AN ENGINE DRIVER.

So you want me to tell you a story?—Well, perhaps I can manage a tale—But you mustn't expect any polish, and don't be surprised if I fail. Ah! You fancy I've had some adventures—I can count 'em by many a score—And regular thrillers they were, too; and many's the fright that I've bore! I remember one night in December, when the snow on the metals lay thick, And the weather was just o' that sort, sir, to make a man weary and sick; I'd to run the express from the Midlands, we were due up at London—Let's see, We left just exactly at midnight, which'd make it—a quarter to three. Well, we started away from the station, and the night it was frightfully cold, But my heart was a-brimmin' with joy, sir, as I thought of a fortune o' gold That I'd found in a sweet little lassie—who'd lived in the country, d'ye see, And on Christmas we were to be married—so what cared the weather to me? We were dashing along in fine style, sir, and were nearing what's called a decline, But the snow was a-fallin' so thickly that you couldn't see aught o' the line. Believe me, a rather bad time, sir—with the train going on at full speed, But although I felt uncommon jolly, my coolness of mind took the lead. Well, I hadn't a thought about danger; when my stoker he ups, and says he: "Say, guv'nor, d'you know that the metals are gradually getting less free? Before long we shall come to a standstill, for there in the valley below There's sure to be many a snowdrift, and how is the engine to go?" But I laughed as I answered his talking, and thinking he'd gone off his head, I tried to get up the more speed, sir—but 'twas true what my stoker had said, For I found that although an express, sir, my engine was getting a clog, And I thought that perhaps at the finish the train would get firm as a log. But to die like a rat in a corner—or rather get buried in snow, Was a prospect I didn't quite relish, and so I determined to go And cut right away through the snowdrifts—You smile; I was clever, you see—But, being hot-headed and young, sir, I thought that no danger could be. Then we piled up the canal still higher, till the flames darted out with a roar, And the sides of the engine seemed bursting, and white with the heat grew the door. Away and away like the lightning—the whistle a-shrieking like mad, Till I thought that all danger was over, and things after all weren't bad— Then there came such a terrible crashing, and a sound that I'll never forget, And then—I remembered no more, sir; so something had happened, you bet. Well, at last I recovered my senses, and when I had opened my eyes, I beheld such a sweet face above me which—fancy my greatest surprise— Belonged to my own little Jessie—a-sobbin' and ready to choke, And on rising to learn what was ailing, I found that my shoulder was broke! But, to make a long story a short 'un, I must tell you that near the decline, A goods train had run in a snowdrift, and so had got fixed on the line; The men who'd charge o' the engine, were found close at hand stiff and stark— And the snow having covered the vans, sir, they couldn't be seen in the dark. So our train, tearing madly along, sir, had met with a terrible crash With t'other one under the snowdrift—and that was the cause of the smash. By the greatest of mercies from Heaven, I managed to overcome death, But my stoker, poor Jim, was discovered just as he gave up his last breath. In addition, some twenty poor souls, sir, were found either dying or dead, And the wailing and crying was awful—at least, so my Jessie has said— For it seems that they found me unconscious, and for days quite despaired of my life, And they sent for the girl who they knew, sir, at Christmas I'd take unto wife. However, that's all of my story. You've no time to hear any more—? Well, perhaps, on the whole I am thankful—for such yarnin's a terrible bore, But if you should ever be passing, and 'ud care to drop in for a chat, You're as welcome as sunshine in May, sir—and what is more welcome than that?

I HEAR that on the Wednesday and Saturday following Christmas our gymnasium fellows are to give a public display in the Queen's Hall, which I believe will be followed by a short instrumental concert. After such a successful parade before the Prince, the Palace gymnasts begin to feel that they are capable of entertaining; and on the two above occasions a capital show may be expected. May I be there to see!

I WAS very glad to hear that Mons. Vaton, the popular French master at our evening classes, has been presented with a very handsome album, as a token of the esteem in which he is held by the pupils of his Intermediate Class. The following ladies and gentlemen had the pleasure of inscribing their autographs on the "presentation, page." Ladies: the Misses S. A. Buss, E. M. Godfrey, Julia Valentine and Rachel Marks; the sterner sex: Messrs. E. J. Muggford, R. Jones and the affable Alexander Albu. They may blush at seeing themselves in all the rudeness of bold type; but I can't help it—I can't indeed.

Personal & Home Hygiene.

By JOHN GOODFELLOW.

Lecturer on Hygiene at the Bow and Bromley Institute. Author of "Our Water," "Practical Physiological Chemistry," etc.

II.—THE DUTIES DEVOLVING ON FOOD.

THERE can be no doubt that the quality, quantity, and variety of the substances forming our food, determines to a larger extent than other considerations the state of the health of our bodies. We can easily understand why this should be when we consider that the character of our food determines in a large degree, the quality of the blood; and as the tissues live on nutriment drawn from the plasma, the state of the blood must react, either injuriously or favourably, on the nutrition of the tissues, according to whether the blood is of a poor quality or not. Hence the study of food is of the utmost importance to all who wish to preserve good health; and too much attention cannot be exercised in its selection and preparation.

Indeed we consider the first step towards good health is to select and practice a rational diet. Before we can, however, intelligently study the subject of food and its preparation, it is necessary to understand what duties devolve on the substances we use as food. It is well known that our bodies are continually undergoing change. All the tissues are continually wasting more or less, the degree and rapidity depending on a variety of circumstances, and these waste products are as continually being excreted from the body by various channels. It is clear then that if the tissues are constantly and gradually wasting, this loss must be replaced if the body is to be maintained in a proper state of health. The duty of compensating the body for this general decay devolves on the substances we use as food, so that one of the essentials of any food is that it must be able to make good the general loss sustained by the body. In young growing animals the tissues have the power, if supplied with adequate nourishment, not only to take up sufficient nutriment to balance the loss, but also to add fresh tissue to that already existing.

As long as the tissues retain this power of adding to themselves, the body increases in weight, though, as we shall see, the increase may not always be of advantage to the economy. But there is a limit to this growth, and sooner or later a time is reached when the tissues are no longer able to form new parts of the same nature as the original tissue. They are only able just to replace the loss, and the body neither loses nor gains, permanently, in weight.

But this condition only endures for a time. Presently the tissues are not able even to make good the loss, and from that time the body, gradually it is true, but not the less surely, decreases in weight. But food substances have another important duty to perform besides those enumerated above. The heat of the body is in health maintained at a constant temperature of 98° F. This fact distinguishes warm-blooded animals from cold-blooded animals, the temperature of the latter being approximately near that of surrounding objects, thus fluctuating, and not being constant. Now this heat is generated and maintained, as we shall see in a future article, by constant chemical action, and materials must be supplied for this purpose in the food we take.

The duties of food may be summarised as follows:—

- (1). To replace the continual loss sustained by the body.
- (2). To furnish material to build up new tissue in young growing animals.
- (3). To supply energy for performing work.
- (4). To supply combustible substances for maintaining the heat of the body.

[To be continued.]

THE good-natured Moreton—the able representative of the Beaumont F.C.—has been much exercised by my last week's remarks on his views as a loyal subject of Her Britannic Majesty. Filled with indignation, he burst into my sanctum the other night, and swore, by his "own sweet self," that a more fervent loyalist than himself never existed; that he *did* put his faith in Princes (rash Moreton!) and that he was only absent from the Exhibition Inauguration Ceremony by a (commendable) desire to please the fellows of his team, and not from any personal disrespect to His Highness of Wales. My heart waxed merry within me to hear such remarks; and the genial footballer quickly yielding to my sunny influence, took Dick Swiveller's advice—by o'erthrowing melancholy—and left my sanctum cordially muttering "May the wing of friendship never mcalt a feather!"

I SHOULD like to dwell for a moment or so upon the very successful height our Prize Competitions have attained. On Friday last I was engaged in the very pleasing occupation of prize-giving; and the lovely daughters of Eve and the younger sons of Adam who sought my office from two till nine came not singly, but in battalions, and on being presented with striking portraits of the Queen—excellently done in gold and silver—were sent very happy away. I should like to add a word for the competitors themselves; and I assure the world that some of the articles sent in for competition have spoken well for the ingenuity of the youthful competitors. Those pretty specimens of splashwork I shall never forget; I *did* hope that they would eventually adorn my sanctum, but the Competition Editor—unfeeling man—has secured them all; and so I, like the maiden who drew the lacteal from the crumpled cow, am left forlorn indeed.

MEMBERS and others who visit the Exhibition should not fail to take note of the very pretty automaton singing bird, which, in a handsome cage in the "reception-room" warbles in the most natural manner possible. Its note, I believe, is a cross between a canary and a goldfinch, and on being wound up, it opens its bill, sings, and elevates its tail in a very pretty way indeed. It has only recently been added to the Exhibition.

I HAD a most interesting half hour one day last week in company with Mr. T. Daniels, whose apprentices and appliances make such a goodly show in our Exhibition. From him I learnt the mysteries of the aneroid barometer, which, in this Exhibition, is for the first time manufactured in public. No mercury whatever is used, and to judge by the excellence of the articles shown me—of course, I don't understand such things—I should think that this gentleman, who I believe is already well known, will at no distant period take the lead in his interesting calling.

ON Thursday last, the 14th instant, the Polytechnic Etching Class, which is carried on so successfully under the direction of Mr. Costello, was visited by Sir Edmund Currie and Sir Henry Ackland, K.C.B. These gentlemen expressed themselves very much delighted with all they saw; and on leaving the Institute, Sir Henry Ackland purchased a proof of an etching which had been executed by Mr. K. A. Reynolds, who, although comparatively young as a student—this being indeed, but his second "plate"—has already shown considerable promise for the future.

Is it true that after a certain supper at the Palace one night last week one of the most distinguished Members felt, as Mrs. Gamp would say, so completely "indisposed" that he had to repair to the nearest hostelry, and there did, after many conjurations, imbibe small quantities of the merry peppermint? Is it true; should much like to know; because if there's one thing which I dislike it is insinuation—believing as I do in the Riddigorean Book of Etiquette—which says that "You may not hint; you *must* not hint. It says you mustn't hint, in print." 'Tis a mad world; and the merry Mephistopheles who told me this "cordial" incident may only be having a little jokelet. However, I trust that ere this, the Member in question has fully recovered, so that on Sunday next he can attack the British Christmas Indigestible with his accustomed youthful vigour.

IN concluding my remarks this week, I should like to thank as sincerely and as heartily as paper and ink will permit, those many fellows who, since I have been on this Journal, have done their level best in assisting me in my capacity as sub-Ed. This is essentially a time for paying compliments; but I should prefer something stronger than complimenting—which, nine cases out of ten is sheer humbug; yet it is difficult to express one's gratification at the many courtesies which a great number of the Palace Members have shown me since I have been among them. Many little jests have I had at their expense; which, given good-humoredly, I know have been as good-humoredly received. The "Chiel amang ye takin' Notes" has been careful not to o'erstep the bounds of friendship and propriety; and knowing this, I can only add that in the time to come the cordiality that has hitherto existed between the Members and myself will, I trust, only become the more strongly cemented. Believe me, as I wish you all—"A Happy Christmas, and a Bright New Year."

Class Notes.

CABINET CLASS. Teacher—THOS. JACOB.

The Cabinet Designing and Making Classes, which meet on Monday, Wednesday and Thursday, have been doing very steady work since the opening, although with an average of only six students each evening, and among those but one apprentice.

So profitably has the time been employed, that these classes have been able to contribute to the Apprentices' Exhibition a portion of a drawing-room, fitted with chimney-piece, over-mantel, tables, chairs, and settees—a type of the work it is proposed to continue, and which, it is hoped, may encourage many others, and particularly apprentices, to join the classes in the coming session.

The great object in view in this work has been to tie together the whole or as many of the classes as possible held at the People's Palace, and to produce something having a useful and marketable value rather than an isolated class-work.

In this instance no less than eleven or twelve classes have contributed to the result.

The short time, however, in which this work had to be completed rendered it necessary that the assistance of outside apprentices should be secured; but the selection of these has been by no means an easy task, owing to the backwardness of many in their third and fourth years. It is evident that many masters take apprentices chiefly to secure some paltry premium and cheap service, and then allow the youth to run about and pick up his information as best he can.

It is to be hoped that the establishment of such institutes as the People's Palace will ere long cause men to be more careful in tampering with the most important period of youth.

When this is done, some means ought to be found of exterminating the dealer—the common enemy of all industry—who cares nothing for the genuineness of any work, so long as it retains him a large profit.

TAILORS'-CUTTING CLASS. Teacher—T. D. HUMPHREY.

The attendance of the students in the Tailors'-Cutting Classes during the past quarter presents a very good average, and many of them have made considerable progress in knowledge of practical and systematic cutting. This is the more gratifying when the fact is considered, that many of those who have attended the classes had no previous knowledge whatever of the art and science of the profession. Never in the whole history of the trade have those associated with this important branch of industry had the advantage within their reach of an easy technical education in the higher elements of artistic and scientific tailoring. It is the custom with many of those who are not acquainted with the higher branches of tailoring to look upon those who are engaged in the trade as only mediocrities in both body and mind, and a section of the community not well fitted for any other branch of industry in which skill and intellectual culture is not really a necessity. This is a very common mistake, for to be a successful practitioner means to be an artist, and an anatomist—at least to possess sufficient knowledge of external anatomy to be enabled to draw a line of distinction between one form and another, and to dress each individual person in a manner best suited to his form, occupation, profession, and social position. For this reason, those whose aim and ambition it is to fill an advanced position in the trade or profession in which they intend to fit themselves, should consider well their present position and attainments, their mental and manual fitness for the duties, which in future years they aspire to successfully discharge.

It is imperative that they study steadily and systematically the scientific as well as the practical elements of the profession, and view the scientific principle, in itself true, to be suitable in its application. Adjust such by application, so as to fully apprehend that theory and practice graduate and harmonise. Search by self-thinking deeper, and never retrograde, but progress; so that each onward step will carry us nearer and nearer to the attainment of that ideal state of perfection in knowledge and manual dexterity which ought ever to be our aim to attain; doing this with earnestness and ambition to excel in that branch of industry in which the force of fortuitous events have placed us, we shall not fail to gain the great end of perfection in every art; always bearing in mind Dr. Whewell's aphorism, "We are all fellow students in the great Industrial University."

During the closing quarter the students have been engaged in several contests in drafting out the different kinds and styles of garments, and prizes of a suitable character have been presented to the victors, or those who were able to show that the hands were only employed to give expression to accurate ideas emanating from a higher state of mental culture.

In the ensuing quarter the contests for supremacy will be continued, and no doubt they will prove an incentive to students in making good use of their leisure hours. The first prize will be the new edition of M. T. Darwin Humphrey's work on "Scientific and Practical Cutting" (price 28s.). Prizes will also be given for superior skill in drafting, and for regular attendances. Selections will be given from Dr. Wampen's works, also from the works of American, German, and French authors.

Ladies' Pavilion.

EVERY means of rational enjoyment having been provided for the gentlemen Members of the Palace, it was but natural that the requirements of the ladies should be considered, and, thanks to the ceaseless energy of Sir Edmund Currie, the ladies have now been provided with a handsome apartment, furnished in excellent taste as a drawing-room; and I am sure that those who were present at the opening by Lady Currie must have been delighted with the pleasant aspect, and the warm welcome accorded them. Indeed, there were many "nods, becks, and wreathed smiles." All felt, for the time, relief from the leaden labour of life. But this is not all. As one of the joint secretaries of the Ladies' Social, I may say that we wish the Ladies' "Social" to be such to every member, and when we recollect that the ladies are soon to have a suite of four rooms to themselves, it behoves us at once to devise as many means as possible for the entertainment of our Members. It will not, of course, be forgotten that, owing to the many occupations followed by the Members, each has different tastes. One set may choose to read (and we have all the periodicals); another may like to do fancy work; others, again, may prefer conversation, and a fourth will recreate themselves by singing and playing. Already, several very pleasant evenings have been spent in this manner; but no matter how many sets the ladies may form themselves into, if a kindness of feeling pervades them all, there is little fear as to the Pavilion being a success beyond (I fancy) expectation. This feeling will lead the Members to help and amuse each other. For instance, how acceptable a well-delivered reading would be both to the younger and older ones; or a spirited recitation to enliven the evening's proceedings. And seeing how, of late years, the sphere of women's usefulness has increased, may I suggest, as another change, an occasional paper on Women's Occupations. We are a young society, and, as I mentioned above, composed of Members with varied experience. There are many societies with similar objects. Could we not form a small party, make visits, and whatever we find good in them adopt, and so become, as Dickens has said of his characters, not a copy of one, but a combination of the characteristics of many? Then, too, I lay great stress on occasionally having some general conversation. It would enlarge our minds, correct our ideas, make us more tolerant of each other and, by making our acquaintance closer, bring about that good feeling among us which is so essential. Thus should we, in turn, be visited by members from kindred societies, who may consider us worth imitating. I hope they may leave us with the impression that we are a body who "mix reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth."

Good Nature.—One cannot imagine any quality of the human mind whence greater advantages can arise to society than good nature; seeing that a man is a social being, not made for solitude, but conversation. It is more agreeable than beauty or even wit. It gives a pleasing expression to the countenance, and induces a multitude of the most amiable observations. It is, indeed, the origin of all society. Were it not for good nature, men could not exist together, nor hold intercourse with one another. In it lies the foundation of all generous feeling to our neighbours, and sympathy with every member of the human family.

Falsehood.—A liar is after all but little better than a thief. The man who, for the sake of the thing, purposely exaggerates and oversteps the mark, should be avoided by all men, and looked upon as unsafe and untrustworthy.

Friendship.—True friendship, the love of one man for another, is one of the greatest blessings of a lifetime. Hand in hand, so to speak, should men go through life together—shoulder to shoulder, trusting and reliable, firm and of a determined nature, each strong in the love of the other.

Society and Club Notes.

(By THE SUB-ED.)

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

This Club will hold a meeting to-night (Wednesday) at nine o'clock, in Room No. 4, School-buildings.

Last Saturday, the 17th, a capital match was played at Wanstead, between the Beaumont and the Forest Gate Alliance. Result—victory for the Alliance, by one to nil. E. Sherrell—one of our fellows—made a splendid run up; and Butterwick made two really excellent tries. I was also glad to hear that Cooper—who I have much faith in—played very well indeed. The Hart—not of Midlothian—but of the Beaumont, also played excellently, and I believe was the admiration of his *compères*. F. G. Gibson obtained the only goal on the other side.

All ye ardent footballists are requested to take heed that at Victoria Park, at Ground No. 2, on Saturday next, the Beaumont Football Club will engage the earnest attention of the Abbey. Kick-off at three of the clock.

The undersigned will gladly enrol any of the Palace fellows as members; for details, leave note at the bookstall barrier, or personally interview

T. MORETON, Hon. Sec.

PALACE RAMBLERS.

Just as Mrs. Witterly found the reaction after a Shakespearean tragedy so terribly depressing, so did, I imagine, the Hon. Sec. Bullock and his rambling crew find the Prince's visit to the People's Palace. Anyhow, last week no little ramble was indulged in, and if it was *not* owing to the Exhibition and to the Royalty, then it must have been to "one of those things which no fellow can understand, don't cher know."

But doubtless Bullock knows very well what he is about, and, —à la Faux—is preparing a tremendous surprise, which I hope will result in a "bust up" of the right sort. Already have the Ramblers seen something of our fearful and wonderful Babylon, but there remains many sights which they have yet to "do." How would it do, one of these bright days, to pay a visit to the places and things immortalised by glorious Dickens, concluding—appropriately enough—a week after, with a run down to Gads Hill? There are not a few interesting places about London which this great master has faithfully portrayed, notably Tom-all-Along's in Drury Lane—where Jo's friend Nemo was buried, where Lady Dedlock died, etc.; that Old Curiosity Shop, which, in Lincoln's Inn, identifies itself as the same that figures in the novelist's book; Fountain Court, the scene of that charming love match of John Westlock and Ruth Pinch, and a thousand and one places besides? Should think this idea was very feasible. What do you say, B.?

For next ramble please cast your optics on the numerous green-baized notice boards, or interview either of the twain:

F. W. BULLOCK, Hon. Sec.
E. J. DIGGINS, Assist. Hon. Sec.

LADIES' SOCIAL.

A very important meeting has been held in the Trustees' office for promoting the welfare of this branch of the Palace, and I believe a great number of ladies and gentlemen interested in the Palace work have volunteered all sorts of good things for the future.

Any lady Member will be received by either of the undersigned who are invariably to be found in the Ladies' Pavilion.

Miss S. E. BRADDOCK, } Hon. Secs.
Mrs. A. BELL, }

PALACE SCHOOLS FOOTBALL CLUB.

A match was played on Saturday last, at Victoria Park, the Palace Schools against the Broad Street Board School; our boys, who played in excellent fashion, losing by three to one. Goal—Barnes. Backs—Robb and Ramsden. Half-backs—Clements, Courtney, and Sawden. Forwards—Brooks, Howard, Griffiths, McCaule, and Weight.

Special matches are being arranged for the Xmas holidays.

Many thanks are due to Mr. Laurie, who has done much to forward the interests of this club; which at present is in a very flourishing condition.

A. HUNT, Hon. Sec.

EAST LONDON CHESS AND DRAUGHTS CLUB.

Subscription: One Shilling per Annum; Meeting-nights Wednesday and Saturday at 7 p.m. in Room 8, School-buildings.

For every information write or see

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

The first run of the above club was held on Saturday last, when the cyclists left the Palace at four o'clock for their headquarters, the Wilfrid Lawson Hotel, Woodford. Although the

roads were in a bad condition, the following members turned up, and had an excellent spin:—H. G. Slater (Captain), F. Payne, J. H. Burley, D. Hibbs, F. Glover, S. Ransby and brother, D. Jessenen, and Dawson.

On their return to the Palace at eight o'clock they were met by the other Members of the Club, and entertained to a dinner generously given by the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Glover.

The Vice-President, Mr. Ernest Flower, presided at the dinner, which took place in the School-buildings, and on the termination of the proceedings votes were passed thanking Mr. Flower for so ably presiding, and Mr. Glover for his kindness and consideration in providing the "inaugural feed."

The terms are:—Entrance Fee, One Shilling; Subscription, Three Shillings and Sixpence—payable in two instalments. For Honorary Members: Ladies, not less than Half-a-Crown; Gentlemen, not less than Five Shillings.

J. KILBRIDE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DEBATING SOCIETY.

On the night of Wednesday, the 14th inst., the Members of the above Society met to discuss the question of Imperial Federation. Our gifted Marshall occupied the chair, and there was a fairly good attendance of Members.

Mr. Wadkin, who opened the debate by proposing the resolution: "That in the opinion of this House, Imperial Federation is desirable," spoke at great length, and by his caustic remarks showed that he knew very well what he was talking about; and when he had finished his oration, Mr. L. Currie rose to suggest that the debate be adjourned, contending that although Mr. Wadkin had gone into detail, there was not sufficient time to combat his remarks. Messrs. Morton and Wilmott then spoke in turn; and at length Mr. Maynard rose to move the amendment: "That in the opinion of this House, Imperial Federation is *not* desirable."

This gentleman was followed by Messrs. Bullen, London, King, and Driscoll who joined in the debate with much warmth.

On the Chairman putting the resolution to the meeting it was carried by a majority of six; 22 voting for and 16 against.

For particulars re Membership, please write or see

SYDNEY THOMAS, Hon. Sec.

SOCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The four Conversaciones will be held the first week in January; on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday.

Each of the Palace Members can obtain an invitation card (which will admit a friend), on production of their Membership ticket, which entitles them to attend one of the four evenings.

Tickets are not transferrable. If Members are unable to attend the evening they have been invited, it will be necessary to find a friend to change with; the Secs. acting as the medium of exchange.

A number of enquiries have been received respecting the dress to be worn during the Conversaciones. The Trustees wish all Members to appear in morning dress.

A Committee Meeting will be held on Thursday, Dec. 22nd, at 8 p.m., when the four representatives of each Club are requested to attend. Business: Report of the Executive Committee. Sir Edmund Currie in the chair.

E. J. DIGGINS, } Hon. Secs.
WALTER MARSHALL, }

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

In consequence of counter attractions, only five Members and visitors turned out for the run on Saturday last. The pack started punctually at four o'clock, and after crossing Wanstead Flats, made a circuit of the park, eventually making the best of their way home across the fields. Owing to Jupiter Pluvius reigning supreme the roads and fields were in a somewhat soft condition—"not too soft, but just soft enough"—but notwithstanding this drawback, the run was greatly enjoyed by those taking part.

On Monday evening last, the Club held a General Meeting, when several present were elected to represent the Club on the Council.

There will be a Paper Chase on Boxing Day, starting from the Forest Gate Hotel at eleven o'clock, when visitors are cordially invited. A large muster is anticipated, and a most enjoyable run is expected to ensue.

Anyone requiring further information, may obtain same by applying to the gentlemen who delight in the names of

J. R. DEELEY, Hon. Sec.
E. J. CROWE, Assist. Hon. Sec.

SMOKING CONCERT AND SOCIAL CLUB.

Some three hundred noble autographs have been affixed to a petition addressed to Sir E. Currie praying that Members may be allowed to form a Club bearing the above title in the People's Palace. The politic Wadkin and the undersigned are confident of success—and really I don't see why they shouldn't be.

A. H. VALENTINE, Hon. Sec. (pro tem.)

The House by the River.

A GHOST STORY.

By WALTER BESANT.

I.

IN the year 1865 there happened a very strange thing, followed—at an interval—by things more strange still.

First of all, my uncle George came home. When uncle George was a young man he got into all the mischief possible at Poplar. He was turned out of a dozen situations; broke the hearts of all the girls; fought the police; got drunk; betted, and lost his money; and, in fact, was already a disgrace to the family, when they persuaded him to take ship and go abroad. This was in the year 1850: he went to Australia.

Then nothing more was heard about him. To have to go abroad in those days, meant that you were sent abroad for the good of your family. Once shipped aboard, the family sighed, and you were forgotten, save for the purpose of pointing a moral. As children, we learned what would happen if we "carried on," from the terrible example of uncle George.

But we never expected to see him. In fact we never did, as you shall hear. My father came home from business—he was a sail-maker by trade—one evening; it was in November, 1865, when I was a lad of eight, the eldest of five,—in a state of the greatest excitement. "Children!" he cried, "your uncle George has come home. He's coming to have supper with us! Wife, slip on your shawl, and get a bit of something tasty—if it's only a red herring."

"No," says my mother. "For that scapegrace, bread and cheese is good enough." "Scapegrace?" my father took her up short. "What do you mean? George has come home dressed like a swell. He's made money: he's made piles of money, I tell you. He's a rich man." My mother put on her shawl, and went out. At nine o'clock the supper was done to a turn—liver and lights fried in onions,—lovely.

"George said he'd be here at nine," said father. "It's a wonderful thing." This he had said a hundred times at least. "He tells me his property has gone up and up till he's worth three thousand pounds a year; and the land going up still. It's wonderful. Is that your uncle's step? No. He's an unmarried man, and—well—there—we can't say what mayn't happen."

We all waited quiet as lambs. But uncle George did not come.

At ten o'clock we ate up the supper, and went to bed. Uncle George would come next day.

But he didn't. Nor the day after. He never came at all. And so, as I said, we never saw uncle George, although he did come home. Where he went to, and why he never came back, we never learned; and now, I suppose, we never shall.

The news that he had been seen, and had then disappeared, spread all over Poplar, where lots of people still remembered George. Among them was a certain lady—Miss Nesbit by name—who had a dressmaker's shop, where she employed half-a-dozen girls. She was unmarried; about five and thirty years of age; and rather sharp in tongue and temper, which you may often observe in people who make their living by the work of girls. They said that she had been pretty once, but for some reason she never married.

She was the first to call as soon as the news spread. She was the last to leave off calling to ask if there

was any news. Why she took so much interest in uncle George we did not know.

Well, he never came. What was worse, he had not told my father where he came from; nor where his property lay; nor what his business had been. He told him nothing, except that he was rich. My father advertised: but there came no reply.

Then we gradually left off expecting that uncle George would come any day; and Miss Nesbit left off calling. And there came no news at all of uncle George. And never has there come any news, except in a queer, unexpected way. What you will make of it I don't know. But you shall hear, and judge for yourself. At all events, it has made all the difference to me.

II.

THERE are not many, perhaps, except those who live down that way, who know the narrow streets lying at the back of Limehouse Church—between that and the West India Docks. There's lots of stories can be told about those streets, but nothing more out-and-out strange than this one. In one of the smallest, which turns out of Emmett Street, and runs down to the river—it is so small that it has got no name, that I know of,—there stood an old-fashioned public house; one of the riverside houses—put up a hundred years ago for the accommodation of the river thieves. The rooms were low and wainscoted; the windows were small; the company that frequented it were chiefly lightermen, dock labourers, and the like; and although the house looked villainous, and was a dirty, grimy, blackguard-looking place enough, I never heard that it had a bad character, or that its landlord was in any danger of losing his license. Upstairs, the rooms were lighter than below. Two of them at the back looked out upon what had been a creek, made for business purposes in the old days, when there was along the river, north-bank and south-bank,—a series of docks, each capable of holding a barge or ship, with landing-places, creeks and stairs between them. These windows looked out over such a creek. At low tide, it was mud and ooze; at high tide the water flowed in, and could have floated a good-sized vessel. Now, however, no vessels, not even a barge, ever came up this creek. But some of the houses on one side of it looked over into it.

Now, I have not got the least proof that anything murderous ever took place in this house. So far as I have learned, it had as good a name as you would expect from the company which used it. But yet—well—you shall hear.

It was about the end of the year 1865—I learned this afterwards—the end of the year 1865,—mark the date,—that there began to be something wrong about the house. I have not been able to learn what it was first of all; but the barman, who had been there for ten years, and was remarkable for his strength and fighting skill when it came to a row, went away one day without giving notice, or asking for a month's wages. It was known that he had had a stormy scene with the landlady, who begged and prayed him to stay. But he would not. They got another barman. He, too, went away suddenly. Then the company began to fall off—I have heard from one who used the house, why. At a certain hour—I think about nine o'clock—everybody would be seized with a kind of trembling. The landlady would burst into tears, and cover her head with her apron. Then the men in the bar would finish their drink, and get away as fast as they could. This state of things did not last long. The place shut up its shutters, and everybody knew the reason why—the house was haunted.

No one would take it; and it remained without a tenant for ten years, namely, till the year 1875.

One day, when I was strolling about those streets, I happened to turn down this narrow lane, and I saw that the old haunted inn was being done up. Men were painting it outside and in; they were making the

roof weather-tight again; making good the floors; and repairing window sashes. Curious to see the place, I walked upstairs, and into the rooms. There was one upon which the workmen had not yet begun. I opened the door, and looked in. It was a large room, lighted by two windows, covered with dust and grime. I opened one, and looked out. Below me was the creek of which I have spoken; the tide high, and the water bright and dancing, as the tide rushed passed it up the river.

"Kind o' place where a man might be chucked out with the tide running out, and no chance of being picked up this side the Nore, isn't it? Nice sort o' house to bring a man to, especially a man with a lump o' money in his pocket, isn't it? His relations wouldn't look for him here, would they? Might advertise in the papers, and expect him to come back every day; but they wouldn't look for him here, would they?"

I declare that I heard these very words, as plain as could be. Oh; no doubt about it—not the shadow of a doubt. They were said quite loud, and slowly, with deliberation. I turned round—as one does for to reply—*there was no one in the room.* Then I began to tremble and to shiver; and, for a few moments, I could not stir from the place. Then I recovered, and ran out of the room as fast as I could, shutting the door behind me.

Down below there was a young painter, whistling while he went on with his work. I asked him, being now a little ashamed of my own fears, what they were going to do with the place.

"It's a institoot," he said; "young gentleman's agoing to run a institoot for the benefit of lads like you. There'll be a club and classes, and games, and singing, and gymnastics, and billiards; and you ain't agoing to keep company with your girl every night, but you are coming in here to learn things, and to keep out of mischief, which, to young lads like you," he concluded, being a about a year older than myself: "will be a boon."

I did, after a month or two, belong to that club, and a very good thing it was for me that I did. The rooms were all fitted up with one thing after another, and it so happened I had nothing to do with the room with the two windows overlooking the creek. Not, mind you, that I suppose there would have been any repetition of the voice I heard, but as a matter of fact, I never did go into that room at all.

One evening, after I had belonged to the club for three months, I was on my way there, and had just left our place in High Street, when I saw Miss Nesbit standing on the kerb, as if she was waiting for me.

"William," she said, "are you going to your club? I have got something very particular to say to you. May I walk a bit of the way with you?"

Of course I made no objection, and we walked along together.

"William," she said, "there's a thing which I have never told to anybody. But I must tell you,—it's about your uncle George—him that went abroad, and came home again, and disappeared. We were engaged, George and me. He was a wild young man I know. Oh! there were plenty to set me against him; and at last I threw him over for good—and I'd do it again, too"—she added fiercely, "if I caught him walking out with another girl again."

"Well?" I asked, "what's coming next?"

"You don't know the feelings of a woman, William; and so you can't understand that I've always loved George. I loved him then, and I've loved him ever since. And when I heard he had come home,—oh! my poor heart was like to burst." She gasped and sighed. "George is dead. I've been certain of that for a long time. Now there's no doubt in my own mind that he's dead, because I had a dream about him last night. We were walking together, you and me, William: just walking along like this—in this very street—I remember."

"Where were we going?"

"Just this way. I remember."

We went on, she continually nodding her head and saying "Yes, yes; it was this way; I remember."

Presently I turned out of Emmett Street.

"Yes, yes, yes; I remember," she cried.

Then I stopped at the door of the Institute.

"It's the house," she cried, "the same house."

I was a good deal surprised, but I said nothing, and went in. She followed me. It was early, and none of the fellows were there I knew. Therefore I said nothing.

"Come up stairs," she said eagerly. "In my dream we went upstairs."

This time she led the way. On the landing, she made straight for the door of the room overlooking the creek.

"Come," she said, "come, this is the room."

It was filled with tables and bottles and things for a chemistry class.

She stepped in without the least hesitation.

"We stood here, you and I, William, together, and I heard your uncle George's voice."

Then once more I heard the same voice, which I had heard before.

"Is this the kind of place where you'd expect to find a man's papers? Is the top shelf of the cupboard a safe? If a man had been chucked out o' window subsequent to a knock on the head and his pockets turned inside out, would it be likely that a bundle of papers tossed at the back of the top shelf would be left forgotten all these years, and found afterwards by the nephew of the very man? Is it likely?"

"That," said Miss Nesbit, "as near as I can make out, is what was said to me in my dream."

"Yes, but the same voice, I mean a man's voice said those words to me."

"Why not?" asked Miss Nesbit, "a man's voice said those words to me, too. I only repeated them to you."

I looked at her in amazement.

"You did not repeat them," I said, "why it was a man's voice, I say."

"Why not," she repeated, "as for that, why not a man's voice?"

It was a wonderful room. Suddenly, while she spoke, the room was changed. The bottles and blowpipes, and desks vanished. In their place was a room furnished with a table, chairs, a bed, and a sofa. Miss Nesbit vanished. In her place was a bearded figure, whom I recognised, because I had never seen him as my uncle George. His face was pale, and he had the air of a sailor, and of one who had been much to sea.

"Nephew," he said, "you have heard what I have said."

"I have heard," I replied.

"Then," he said, "act according, nephew."

I made straight for the cupboard. It reached from the floor to the ceiling. It was a narrow and deep cupboard. There was nothing at all upon the lower shelves. I drew a chair, and mounted it, to look at those higher up. At the back of the top shelf there was a packet of papers. I seized them, and without looking at them, crammed them into my pocket. Then I looked round me. The bed and sofa, the chairs and table slowly vanished. Miss Nesbit had gone: my uncle had gone. I was alone in the room.

Half-an-hour later I was found, when the fellows of the club came into the chemistry-room, lying on my back unconscious. They said I must have been smelling their abominable bottles.

But in my pocket was the bundle of papers.

A week later, I met Miss Nesbit on her way to chapel.

"Oh! William," she said, with a smile, "do you know, I had such an odd dream about you a week or two ago. It was about you and your uncle George, you know; and—and—a house somewhere."

"Is that all you dreamed," I asked her.
 "Why, what should there be more?"
 I said I would leave it to you. What do you make of it? For the papers I found in the cupboard were neither more nor less than the last will and testament of uncle George, executed in Australia, whereby he left all he had to my father. What do you make of it?
 We went out to Australia. The property is still going up. I belong to their best clubs, and am a member of the Victorian Parliament. In fact, I am a swell. The old man, no longer a sail-maker, of High Street, Poplar, is all day long occupied in watching the growth of the property.

But what do you make of it?

Woman and the Weed.

BY ANDREW LANG.

(Founded on a South American Myth.)

In the Morning of Time, when his fortunes began,
 How bleak, how un-Greek, was the Nature of Man!
 From his wigwam, if ever he ventured to roam,
 There was nobody waiting to welcome him home;
 For the Man had been made, but the woman had not,
 And Earth was a highly detestable spot.
 Man hated his neighbours; they met and they scowled,
 They did not converse but they struggled and howled,
 For Man had no tact—he would ne'er take a hint,
 And his notions he backed with a hatchet of flint.
 So Man was alone, and he wished he could see
 On the earth some one like him, but fairer than he,
 With locks like the red gold, a smile like the sun,
 To welcome him back when his hunting was done.
 And he sighed for a voice that should answer him still,
 Like the affable echo he heard on the hill:
 That should answer him softly and always agree,
 And oh, Man reflected, *how nice it would be!*
 So he prayed to the Gods, and they stooped to his prayer,
 And they spoke to the Sun on his way through the air,
 And he married the Echo one fortunate morn,
 And Woman, their beautiful daughter, was born!
 The daughter of Sunshine and Echo she came
 With a voice like a song, with a face like a flame;
 With a face like a flame, and a voice like a song,
 And happy was man, but it was not for long!
 For weather's a painfully changeable thing,
 Not always the child of the Echo would sing;
 And the face of the Sun may be hidden with mist,
 And his child can be terribly cross if she list.
 And unfortunate Man had to learn with surprise
 That a frown's not peculiar to masculine eyes;
 That the sweetest of voices can scold and can sneer,
 And cannot be answered—like men—with a spear.
 So Man went and called to the Gods in his woe,
 And they answered him—Sir, you would needs have it so;
 And the thing must go on as the thing has begun,
 She's immortal—your child of the Echo and Sun.
 But we'll send you another, and fairer is she,
 This maiden with locks that are flowing and free.
 This maiden so gentle, so kind, and so fair,
 With a flower like a star in the night of her hair.
 With her eyes like the smoke that is misty and blue,
 With her heart that is heavenly, and tender, and true.
 She will die in the night, but what need you mourn,
 You shall bury her body and thence shall be born
 A weed that is green, that is fragrant and fair,
 With a flower like the star in the night of her hair.
 And the leaves must ye burn till they offer to you
 Soft smoke, like her eyes that are misty and blue.
 And the smoke shall ye breathe and no more shall ye fret,
 But the child of the Echo and Sun shall forget:
 Shall forget all the trouble and torment she brings,
 Shall bethink ye of none such detestable things;
 And the sound of the wars with your brethren shall cease,
 While ye smoke by the camp-fire the great pipe of peace.
 So the last state of Man was by no means the worst,
 The second gift softened the sting of the first.
 Nor the child of the Echo and Sun doth he heed
 When he dreams with the Maid that was changed to the weed;
 Though the Echo be silent, the Sun in a mist,
 The Maid is the fairest that ever was kissed.
 And when tempests are over and ended the rain,
 And the child of the Sunshine is sunny again,
 He comes back, glad at heart, and again is at one
 With the changeable child of the Echo and Sun.

How the Demons were Conquered.

A FAIRY TALE. BY F. H. L.

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, when the race of fairies and goblins was not quite extinct, a King who ruled over a wealthy kingdom was made exceedingly happy by the news brought to him by his Grand Chamberlain, who with many flourishes of his three-cornered, gold-braided hat informed him that a little son was born to His Majesty that day. Five minutes later all the church bells were set pealing in honour of the little Prince's birth; and as the King gave orders that wine and fruit should be served out to every man, woman, and child within fifty miles of the Palace gates, there was much merriment and rejoicing that night. It is true that there was a good deal of grumbling amongst the people who were, say three hundred miles off, for why they asked, should they be punished simply because they didn't happen to live within fifty miles of the King's Palace; but, in the general rejoicing at Court their complaint was unheeded, and indeed it was a little unreasonable to expect that even a King could feast every soul in his vast dominion.

Now about the same time that the little Prince opened his eyes on his mother's beautiful white and gold chamber, another little baby was born into the world. His home was many miles distant from the Palace, indeed it was at the uttermost end of the King's great kingdom: and there were no bells rung to celebrate this little one's birth. Only sad and anxious faces were round him; for not only was the child unwelcome, as it meant another little mouth to feed, and already, alas! in the shoemaker's home there were too many little unfed mouths and aching stomachs; but also the kind, patient mother, the shoemaker's wife, lay sick unto death. And as the week wore on she became worse, and one sorrowful night she lay dying. The poor woman was dreadfully distressed at the thought of her little baby alone in the world without its mother. What would become of the "Kindlein?" she asked herself, using the loved name that her own mother had used when she was a little girl in Germany. The tears ran down her pale face as she pressed the little one closer to her. True her husband, the shoemaker, had been very kind to her lately, since she had been ill; but she could not forget the many times when sad and angry at not getting work, he would go to the inn over the way, and then would follow bad times for wife and boys. The poor mother sighed deeply, and, glancing at the sleeping child, she noticed, to her great astonishment, a pale silvery light over the little downy head. At the same moment a gentle voice said in her ear, "Do not be unhappy about the little one, dear mother. I will befriend him, and I will straightway give him two gifts; their names are Sympathy and Imagination, so that he will never be quite unhappy."

The mother did not quite understand these words, and perhaps she would have preferred to hear that her boy should be rich and clever; but no one ever knew, for a second later she had sunk back on to her pillow with a peaceful smile, and the shoemaker's wife was dead.

The neighbours all agreed that little Gottfried, as the child was called, could not possibly live, and it is probable that their forebodings would have proved correct, and that little Gottfried would soon have followed his mother had it not been for the bagman's wife. She had just lost her own little girl, and she it was who nursed and fed and petted and loved him, and as much as possible protected him from his father's blows and cruelty. For, unfortunately, things went from bad to worse with the shoemaker, who was always

complaining about bad times and the hardships a cobbler had to undergo, but who never reflected that the "bad times" were of his own making; for who would come to a man who would promise faithfully to have the boots heeled by Saturday evening, and when Saturday came would be found at the inn over the way with some noisy companions, whilst the unheeled boots would be standing on the little wooden shelf looking up reproachfully at the shoemaker's leathern apron, which hung half the day idly over the bench. Gottfried was happy enough, even though his father occasionally threw a boot—too often unsoled—at his head, and his great strong brothers, Peter and Fritz and Karl, bullied and teased him, more especially when they were hungry, so long as he could run into the bagman's pretty little parlour and play with Pecker, the sulky parrot. But a terrible day came when the bagman and his wife packed up their property in a neat little box and went away to live, for the bagman was so ill that the only chance of saving his life was to take him to a warm seaside place for the winter.

Gottfried was now ten years old, and quite old enough, his father thought, to look out for himself. His brothers had long ago left the shoemaker, after many bitter words between them and their father, and it was now Gottfried's business to earn his own living—so his father told him roughly. The lad went slowly down the stairs, wondering with a heavy heart what he should do.

He was a pale, delicate-looking boy, with melancholy brown eyes, and such a sweet, gentle smile, that few people spoke cruel or cross words to him. In the little narrow dirty street, where he had lived all his life, he was very popular with the children and grown-up people. The children loved him, because he invented beautiful stories, and never insisted on having his own way, and the grown-up people agreed that an obliging, well-mannered boy, like Gottfried, was indeed a rarity in their part, where the other kind of boy—the rough, rude, disobedient sort—were plentiful as blackberries.

Gottfried walked through the narrow street and courts into fine wide streets, where people were shopping, and carriages full of grand people richly dressed were passing to and fro. He did not know what to do. It was cold, he was hungry, and his father had told him this was the last day he would give him shelter and food. Now Gottfried had a certain habit—which the practical people think a very dreadful one indeed—but which gave him a good deal of delight, no matter how cold and hungry he might be. This habit, or, as the fairy would have called it—gift—of imagining was very useful indeed sometimes, for just when he was going to burst into tears, he caught sight of a very gaily-coloured picture of a boy about his own age, who was just mounting a pony in front of a fine castle. This was quite enough to divert Master Gottfried, and for the next half-hour he was marching along the pavement with his hands in his ragged pockets, forgetting his hunger and cold, and his unkind father, and only thinking of the fine things that could be done in a castle with a garden full of splendid roses, which grew again as fast as they were picked, and with stables full of cream-coloured ponies for all the boys and girls who chose to ride them. He was quite regardless of the fact that people were continually calling him a nuisance as he walked straight into them, and only awoke to the consciousness of extreme cold when a ragged boy about his own size, with an excessively dirty face and sharp, impudent eyes, caught him a rap on the chest and exclaimed:

"Well, 'Tommy,' thank your stars and this 'ere gen'l'm"—patting himself—"that you ar'n't at this minute sprawling."

Gottfried looked up with a smile and recognised the speaker.

"Why, Dicky," he said, "wherever have you been all this time? We thought you'd gone to sea."

Dicky winked—I am afraid he was rather a bad boy; but he had his good points, and if he had any love for anybody it was for Gottfried, who had over and over again done him service. The two boys began talking, and presently Dicky remarked that he was going to give up his crossing, as he had a "sittyvation." He did not divulge the nature of this latter, but went on to remark that he would sell both broom and crossing "dirt cheap."

Here was a chance for Gottfried, if he only had the money. But Dicky was not ungenerous, and he had a great respect for Gottfried's promise; so, after the latter had agreed to pay weekly instalments, the matter was settled, and Gottfried was the proud possessor of a broom and a crossing.

I am sorry to say that, though Gottfried was a much finer fellow than Dicky, he wasn't half such a good sweeper—indeed, to tell the truth, he was a very bad one indeed. When he ought to have been sweeping away energetically he was far too often thinking of the flowers, and stars, and other beautiful things, of which he knew nothing, when one day he actually lost his broom. It came about in this way. It was a cold wet evening, when he suddenly heard his name called out. Looking up, he beheld Dicky between two policemen. Poor Dicky!—Gottfried had never seen him with such a white, piteous face.

"Run," cried Dicky, "to father, and tell him to come to the prison." Off went Gottfried, like a shot, forgetful of his broom, and everything but Dicky's trouble.

But when he came back, soaked through to the skin, and found his broom gone, he wrung his hands in despair, and sitting down on a doorstep, wept as if his heart would break. It was all owing to his own carelessness, and now whatever should he do with only threepence that he had taken that day. A hand was laid on his thin coat sleeve, and a voice near him said, "Oh, do get up a little farther; I'm dead beat."

Gottfried forgot his own misery at the sight of the poor old man, whose trembling legs seemed scarcely able to bear him. He made room for him on the doorstep, and said, timidly, "I'm afraid you're dreadfully wet."

"That's an original remark," returned the old man, crossly, "and is almost as stupid as the way you're staring at me. Don't do it, boy."

Gottfried obediently turned his head away, but in spite of his rudeness, he could not help feeling great compassion for the old man.

Presently Gottfried went off into a sleep, and awoke with a start, for he thought it was a policeman clutching his arm.

It was only the venerable stranger, who was whispering into his ear—for he was half the good fairy in disguise—"Why not earn your living in green fields and glades, and pluck flowers as you go along, and make friends with the birds and the bees?"

Gottfried rubbed his eyes, for he was not quite awake. Whatever did the old man mean? The fairy saw his perplexity, and answered, "You possess the gift of story-telling. Men and children love to be amused. Wander forth boldly, and earn your honest bread by enchanting them with tales of wonderful men and things. Take, too, this little lute, and play awhile when they are weary of listening."

Gottfried rubbed his eyes again, and sat up. It must have been a dream. The rain was coming down as steadily as ever; but where was the old man? And no; it wasn't a dream, because in place of the old man a small instrument lay beside him, which Gottfried immediately guessed to be a lute.

And so from that day forth Gottfried wandered through the land, telling the country folk the stories which sprang from his head, and which were in reality

the fairy's gift, and for which he was amply fed, and had he liked, might have had gold pieces given him. How the folks loved the tall slim youth, with his pale face and kind serious eyes. As for the children, they would climb on his knee and back, and clamour for one tale after another, till Gottfried grew weary, and begged them to desist. In winter, things were not quite so pleasant, for the people had a hard struggle to feed themselves, and had no food or money to spare for such a luxury as story telling. But when they grew to learn that Gottfried would tell his stories even if there were no reward forthcoming, they felt ashamed; and each child would break off a piece of his portion of bread for the loved Gottfried. Time went on, and in the course of his journeys he learnt he was getting near the Palace of the Prince, who, you remember, was born on the same day as Gottfried himself, and who now ruled as king. Gottfried had heard with infinite distress that the young king, who had only lately come to the throne, was little loved by his people. Ever since his birth he had been carefully shielded from everything unpleasant; and had been steadily trained to do exactly what he liked whenever he liked. It was therefore scarcely surprising that the young king was quite unaware that there existed in his kingdom many unfortunate people who could not afford fires or warm clothing in winter; nor bread and meat with which to feed themselves and their children. It is naturally much harder for a rich man, who has never felt hunger, or cold to be unselfish, than for a poor strolling youth like Gottfried, who has told all his life amidst suffering and distress, and who would indeed be inhuman if he had not sympathy for the sufferers.

As Gottfried walked along the hard, frosty high-road, not many miles from the King's capital, he fell to pondering on an extraordinary tale he had often heard, both from the country folk and the dwellers in the town. Over and over again the quiet, gentle-hearted boy had heard the same story.

Strong men could not get work; poor women wept that their children could not have bread, and yet the King would do nothing. He refused even to be told of his people's need. And one and all would go on to tell of a wonderful instrument in the King's courtyard, which was neither an organ, nor a harmonium, nor a harp, but a mixture of all three, but from which no one had ever yet been able to produce a single note. Thousands had tried to do it, because it was reported that the wise woman who lived in the cave had herself told the King—when he consulted her on the subject—that on the day the wonderful instrument yielded music both he and his subjects would be happier; but this would never be until the demons were conquered. And, in spite of the amusements into which the young King plunged, there were many days and nights in which he suffered much grief at the thought of his subjects' hatred; but, unfortunately, a sneer from one of his favourites would chase away his better feelings.

Gottfried walked along rather dejectedly, and said aloud involuntarily: "Whatever did the Wise Woman mean by the Demons?"

It must have been the wind which spoke softly, for there was not a single object to be seen near.

"Why, the Demons are in the people who gather round to hear each person who comes to try and get some music out of that instrument. There are all sorts of demons flying about. Not long ago the demon of Hate was very active, on the occasion that one of the Governors tried to play. And then again that big demon, called Jealousy, was raging around furiously—for a great soldier came to have a try, but he wasn't successful. And so it goes on. Alas! alas!"

The voice died away, and all was silent in the cold night air, except for the occasional swaying of the snow-laden boughs. Gottfried passed the night in a barn, which lay deserted except for a few lean robins in the midst of a snowy field. Gottfried gladdened the

hearts of the robins by feeding them with a few crumbs he had in his pocket, and the little birds went off with grateful eyes and perceptibly fatter.

The next day he resumed his journey, and fell in with crowds of the poor peasant folk, who were going to the King's Palace to present a petition. As they neared the capital it was evident there was considerable excitement going on, and Gottfried, who was leading little Lottie, the charcoal-burner's child, stopped one in the crowd to ask him the reason.

The man, who happened to be the barber to the King, and who was just going to shave His Majesty, answered hurriedly:

"Why, there's a new competitor for the music playing, and he's a giant and a king, and done no end of valiant deeds, and is in part a magician, and there isn't a doubt he'll find the way. Our King will witness his triumph himself at noon," and he hastened off.

At this piece of news the people forgot their grievances for a time, and one and all agreed that they too would witness the wonderful sight.

So at noon crowds of people, some with sullen faces, some cross, and few looking happy and contented, were gathered around the barriers, from which a good view could be obtained of the magic instrument. With a chair placed in front, and near it the King on his magnificent purple throne, with a weary, dissatisfied expression on his fair young face; and his richly-dressed courtiers around him. There was breathless silence as the giant, clad in golden armour, walked up to the box enclosing the instrument. He looked complacently around, and felt confident of success; but he did not know that there was one woman in the crowd who hated him with all her heart, for he had years before cruelly wronged her.

He sat down, and touched the strings, but there was no sound. His face grew first pale and then red with anger; and, as the courtiers, and then the crowd began to titter, he flung himself off the chair, and disappeared in a rage, not however, before he had met the face of the woman whom he had once loved.

There was again silence, broken by a child's cry of "Gottfried." One of the little peasant children had caught sight of the youth's face, and immediately dozens of children were crying out "Gottfried."

Gottfried never knew how it was, but an uncontrollable impulse urged him forward. Every eye was fixed on his noble face, with his tender, wistful eyes. Not a soul there felt any hatred towards him—many, indeed the larger part—knew and loved the boy who had often beguiled their cares, and soothed their troubles by his stories. The King and the Court were struck by the sweet graveness of his manner; and as the lad raised his cap to the King, the wind played with his fair hair till it looked like a crown of glory round him. He did not replace his cap, but with one look on the crowd of eager faces round him, he sat down bareheaded; and lo! there was music,—music of such a beautiful heavenly kind, as if angels were playing on their harps. Nor was it the sort of music that the people had ever heard before, for, as Gottfried played on lightly, a kind of meaning appeared amidst the melodious tones. But to each of the listeners, the music spoke differently. To the little pale children it meant fun and crackers, and Christmas-trees; and they began to dance softly. To the sad, tired women it brought back memories of the days when they were blooming girls, and of the sweet wooing and wedding; and somehow their love for their husbands revived, and they began to think that as long as the husband and bairns lived there was still joy for them.

And to the men it said, be patient, be courageous, bear up till you get work, and when you get work don't play ninepins with your wages.

But it had a special significance to the young King. "Don't," it said, in clear sweet tones, "don't waste your time in cruel sport and senseless pleasure—no

man's life should be wasted thus—above all a king's, which should be an example of honour and nobleness and true manhood. Don't let the sun go down again without having done some good for your people," and so on, till the King hung his head, and held his hand before his eyes. Presently the music seemed to be dying away, and as it grew fainter and fainter, the people began to dry their tears and turn with dim eyes towards the young King. He came down amongst them with a troubled face, but on it was a new expression of high purpose and generous resolve.

The people clustered round him, and grasping a dozen hands hardened with toil in his own idle one, he said humbly:—

"My people, forgive me—I will be a better King in future."

The air was rent with cheers and applause, and it was not till the excitement had cooled down that the King remembered Gottfried and called for him. But he had wandered off, and was not to be found—perhaps he had gone to chase away more demons.

F. H. L.

Humgruffin.

A FAIRY TALE FOR CHILDREN.

By E. P. LAURIE.

ONCE upon a time there lived on the outskirts of a great forest, a charcoal-burner and his wife with their only son, Humgruffin. The forest contained groves of great pine trees, with open spaces here and there, and in one of these spaces the charcoal-burner had built his hut.

For many weeks Humgruffin and his father would labour cutting down the trees and sawing them into logs. Then they built them up into a big pile and covered them with turf, and set them on fire.

And for weeks and weeks the pile continued slowly burning and sending a thick smoke over the forest. And Humgruffin and his father watched it day and night, lest the turfs should fall in, for then the air would make it burn up fiercely and burn to ashes.

Often Humgruffin passed the night sitting before the black mound and watching the red glowing cracks in the turfs, through which the fire showed itself.

Then, when the fire had burnt out, Humgruffin and his father pulled the mound to pieces, and sold the charcoal in the neighbouring town.

For many years Humgruffin had passed his days in this way, and he was now growing almost as big and strong as his father. He was broad and short, and his back was bent with carrying heavy logs. His face and hands and clothes were black with charcoal, and he had forgotten how to smile from living so much alone.

But though Humgruffin was so ugly himself he could love beautiful things, and used to watch the sun setting behind the tall pines, and knew all the little pools and streams in the forest, and the birds and beasts.

And watching these things he was happy as a child; but as Humgruffin grew older he began to feel strangely sad at times, and lonely. The great pine trees were beautiful, but when he spoke to them they never answered him back again.

Sometimes when the wind was blowing they seemed to try and speak, and they waved their long arms to him, but they never got further than this in talk. So Humgruffin grew very thoughtful as he watched the charcoal mound smouldering through the night. Now his mother had no patience with such ways, and told him plainly he was a fool, but sometimes would begin to say something, and then stop herself.

At this Humgruffin grew curious, and made up his mind to question her some day when she was amiable. So, choosing the night-time, he asked her why she

never finished what she was saying, and whether she had no help to offer him.

At this his mother grew pale, and glanced all about her before answering, and then said to him, "There is an old fairy lives in the heart of this forest. I thought she might help you out of your silly ways."

"How can I find her?" asked Humgruffin.

"Ah! that I don't know," replied his mother, "but it is quite easy, if she wishes to see you, and she has always befriended our family."

So next morning Humgruffin set off very early and plunged into the heart of the forest.

At first the newly risen sun shone through the trees and the sunlight danced before him, but as he went deeper and deeper into the forest, the leaves grew thicker, so that no rays could come through. And the forest was very silent, so that Humgruffin was startled by the crackling of the branches beneath his feet, and tried to walk on tiptoe.

The pine trees were huge, rising as black columns into the dark green shade above.

And so Humgruffin walked on and on for many hours, tired and thirsty, for he found no lake or stream. But at last he came to a brook, running beneath the trees, and drank eagerly. And following the little stream he soon saw the sun's rays passing through the trees and throwing black shadows on the ground, for here the stream crossed a meadow, walled in by the forest.

Opposite to where he stood the sun was setting, and shading his eyes to see the meadow better, he noticed that beyond the stream and close to the trees, there stood a tiny hut, built of bark, of a curious shape, something like a Chinese temple, with an overhanging roof. And in the middle of the roof was a chimney from which went up a curl of smoke.

Then as he looked again, shading his eyes from the dazzling sun, he saw sitting before the door of the hut a little old woman, spinning at a spinning-wheel. As he drew near he saw that her dress was strangely made. On her head was a tall pointed hat of black and gold. Round her neck was a ruff, and she wore a long pointed bodice, a gown with curious figures upon it, and little shoes with very high heels.

Her face was covered with wrinkles and she had bright black wee eyes, and most curious of all, her nose and chin seemed almost to meet in front of her mouth.

When Humgruffin came close to her he took off his cap and made her a bow, but she took no notice and went on spinning. So he stood by and watched her drawing out the white flax which after passing through her fingers ran on to the bobbin a thread of many colours, so that the bobbin as it spun round flashed with reds and blues and greens, and sometimes with pure white. At last Humgruffin could bear it no longer, and asked where the lovely colours came from, and why she sat there spinning. "I am reading the future, Humgruffin," she replied. "This thread is your life, and the colours are the joys and sorrows that you will know. Once I could dye the thread as I pleased, but now the colours come from the sunshine, and the shadows of the trees, and I cannot alter them. My power is gone."

She went on spinning for some time silently, and Humgruffin watched her, feeling very much afraid.

"So Humgruffin," said the old lady shaking her head, but keeping her eye fixed on the spinning-wheel, "you want somebody to love, someone that can speak back to you, in place of dumb trees, and foolish beasts. It will only make you unhappy, but go home again and you will find something more lovely than the sunset, or the birds and beasts. It is not my doing. We have not the power we had in the old days."

So Humgruffin thanked the old fairy, who took no further notice of him, and then turned joyfully homeward, and as is usually the case when men visit fairies,

found himself, after walking a few minutes, close to his father's hut. The sun was still setting behind the trees, and throwing level rays across the open space.

As he came near he heard the voice of a child singing, and there, dancing over the springy turf, with the sunlight gleaming on her golden hair, was a little lass. Poor Humgruffin stopped and gazed at her from under his shaggy eyebrows, and as he gazed, felt happy and sad at the same time.

Now what had happened was this: An old Baron and his wife had lived peacefully in the neighbouring town for many years, until it was one day attacked and conquered by a wicked king.

Then flying for their lives with their little grandchild, Golden Hair, they remembered that the charcoal burner was an old servant of theirs, and came to him for help and protection.

Little Golden Hair danced out of sight down one of the forest glades, and Humgruffin, strangely bewildered, went into the hut. There he found his mother and father trying to please the old Baron and his wife, who were sitting up very stiffly on two chairs.

Humgruffin and his father built a hut close by for the strangers, and he and Golden Hair soon became great friends.

Golden Hair laughed at his black face, but she found him very useful as he knew all the green lanes, and narrow paths of the forest; and would teach her all about the birds and beasts.

So all went well for a time, and Humgruffin was very happy.

But at last Golden Hair had learnt all that Humgruffin could teach her, and was no longer afraid of wandering about alone, and so she would not be troubled with Humgruffin any more. He was ugly, and black, and clumsy.

So she went out to play by herself, and Humgruffin did not dare to come near her, but would watch her through the bushes, feeling very sad indeed. He gathered flowers for her, taking care not to stain them with charcoal; and carved toys and ornaments for her in the evening, but she received these gifts with a "thank you," and a stiff bow of her little head.

Once he went to see the fairy again, but she could not help him.

"I have told you that no power is left to me. I am almost the last of our race," she said; "but courage, Humgruffin, the end is near." The bright colours no longer flashed from the bobbin, as Humgruffin went sadly away.

And so many days passed away, and Humgruffin grew very silent, and hid himself in the woods when he was not watching the charcoal pile burning through the night. And when lying in the woods, the pine trees seemed to creak and wave their branches towards him like old friends, and sometimes he even thought bitterly of Golden Hair, and wished his old life back again. But this was not often, for a deep tenderness for her filled his heart, and he only longed to be of more use to her; and was a humble slave to her beauty.

Now at this time it was whispered that a bear had been seen lurking in the forest, and a woodcutter had strangely disappeared. The charcoal burner grew watchful; and the mothers feared to let their children stray among the trees. Humgruffin heard of this, but told nothing of it to his mother or Golden Hair. He sharpened his hunting knife; and as he watched her playing in the forest swore that no harm should come to her.

One evening he was running through the brushwood, and coming to one of the green lanes of the forest, he paused, for it was a favourite road for Golden Hair. As he stood there thinking how he once had led her along this road holding her tiny hand, he heard her singing in the distance, and then he heard a sound that made him start, a heavy crashing of branches. There, opposite him, was the bear he had watched for so long.

He also had heard Golden Hair singing, and rising on his hind legs, waited, his huge body swaying from side to side.

Humgruffin stood thinking for a minute. He would run and warn Golden Hair, risking the chance of the bear chasing him.

But then she would be angry, for he had promised only that morning not to come near her.

No, that would not do, and if not, he must try and kill the bear.

His heart beat quickly as he grasped his hunting knife firmly. Then drawing in his breath and setting his teeth, he sprang across the lane and plunged his knife into the brute's heart.

As he did so, he felt the bear's hug closing on him. One horrible crush, and they both rolled lifeless on the ground.

The setting sun came out from behind the clouds, and down the rays came Golden Hair, singing as she went, and passed through the forest, dancing along.

That evening the spinning wheel of the old fairy was silent, and a broken thread hung from the bobbin.

The tears rolled down her wrinkled cheeks. "My poor Humgruffin," she said, "but we have no power left now, the stories did not end like this in the old days."

The Members' Column.

DECISION.

UNLIKE many of the virtues, which are the result of tuition and cultivation, decision is generally born with the person who possesses it, and is strongly identified with the character.

The power of acting with decision is developed in some persons to a remarkable degree, whilst in others, it is conspicuously absent. The baneful influence of vacillation has wrecked the lives of many men, whose abilities would otherwise have won them the highest positions; whereas, others gifted with poorer intellectual capacity, but possessing the quality of decision, have won their way to fame. Numbers of persons, who have climbed from the lowest rung of the ladder of life to the heights of power and opulence, attribute their success, in a great measure, to the power of acting with promptitude.

Every great project, and every successful man, has had to fight against almost insurmountable difficulties. These have only been overcome by indomitable perseverance. On the other hand, promptitude, if carried to extremes, is apt to degenerate into mere hastiness, and the habit of jumping at conclusions. This should be guarded against; for decisive action is of little value unless based upon deliberate judgment.

But the value of decision is not confined to limited sphere. It is of paramount importance in daily life, and in all commercial transactions.

The truth and utility of the time-honoured maxim, "Where there's a will there's a way," has been abundantly proved and exemplified by experience.

At no time is the success of men more dependent upon their personal merits than at the present. Education is widely diffused; and the highest positions, which were formerly monopolised by a few, are now within the reach of the many. Hence it behoves the apathetic to bestir themselves, and combat with energy in the battle of life. It is only those who possess a courageous and independent spirit, healthy ambition, promptitude, and never-failing powers of resource, who can hope, eventually, to win the most coveted laurels of fame

W. WHITTINGHAM.

The Holy Rose.

A NOVEL.

By WALTER BESANT.

Author of "The World Went Very Well Then," "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "Self or Bearer," "All in a Garden Fair," &c.

CHAPTER III.—(continued.)

THE FAMILY LUCK.

SOME of them, therefore, became teachers, because teaching is the only kind of work which requires no money, apprenticeship, interest or bribery. They taught their own language for the most part, or the accomplishments which they were best qualified to undertake, namely, dancing, music, deportment, drawing, and so forth. The more ingenious painted pictures, or carved statues; some composed music; some carved in wood and ivory; some became conjurers, ventriloquists, tumblers, or circus-riders; a good many became cooks or barbers; some, I have heard, became gamblers by profession, and if they belonged to the better sort, played cards at clubs; if to the baser, held their tables at fairs and races. Some turned thieves and rogues, but these were few. A great many went home again as soon as it was safe, though they did not get back their lands. Some went to America, but I know not what they did there. Whatever they did, it was always considered as a make-shift against the day when they should return and be restored to their own property.

As for Raymond, it was necessary that he should work for his bread as soon as possible. Fortunately, though he loved not books, he was continually drawing and painting. It is an art by which some men live, either by teaching or selling their pictures. "Let the boy," said the Vicar, "cultivate this gift, so that, perhaps, if the need still exists, it may provide him the means of an honourable livelihood until the day when you shall happily, under Providence, return to your own."

In short, Raymond was put under a master at Gosport until the age of nineteen, when he had learned all that could be taught him. Then, because pupils were not to be found in Porchester, he went to Portsmouth, and began to teach to such of the young officers as wished to learn, the arts of drawing and painting, and making plans and maps, especially plans of fortifications.

But the time went on, and the successes of the Republican armies did not hold out much hope that the return of the Nobles would soon take place.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE OTHER CAMP.

"Huzza, Molly!" cried my cousin, his face full of exultation. "'Tis now certain that we shall have peace. I have been drinking the health of Boney, whom I shall ever love for calling home all starving Frenchmen."

"Will the émigrés go home too, Tom?"

"Ay, they will all go. What? Do you think we shall suffer them to stay any longer, the ragged, greedy blood-suckers, when there are honest Britons out of work? Not so. They must pack."

"Will their property be restored to them, then?"

"Nay, I know not! 'Tis thought at the tavern that something will be done for them, but I know not what. Well, Molly, so you will lose your fine lover."

"Never mind my fine lover, Tom."

"Nay, I mind him not a button!" Here he put one hand in his pocket, and with the other shook his cudgel playfully. "Molly, he is a lucky lad. Another week and he would have had a basting. Ay, in another week at furthest I must have drubbed him."

"Oh, Tom! how long has that drubbing been threatened? Nay, it were a pity, if Raymond must go, for

him never to know your truly benevolent intentions. I will tell him this evening."

"As you please, my girl; as you please," he replied, carelessly, and sauntered away, but returned back after a few steps. "Molly," he said, "I think it would be kindest to let the poor man go in ignorance of what would have befallen him. What? He cannot help being a Frenchman. Don't let him feel his misfortune more than is necessary."

This was thoughtful of Tom.

"Then, Tom, I will not tell him. But it is for your sake and to spare you, not him, the drubbing. Oh, Tom, he would break every bone in your body; but if you mean what you say, and are really not afraid of him, why not tell him what you have told me?"

"Well, Molly, you can say what you like; but you are not married yet my girl. You are not married yet."

I did not tell Raymond, because I think it is wicked for a woman to set men a-fighting, though it is commonly done by village girls; but I had no anxiety on the score of Tom's desire to baste anybody. I might have felt some anxiety had I reflected that the ways of a man when in liquor cannot always be foretold.

Raymond thought little of Tom at this time. The conditions of the peace left him, with the Royal Family of France and all the émigrés, out in the cold; one cannot deny, though he is now an Englishman by choice, and contented to forget his native country, that he was then much cast down.

"For ten years," he said "our lives have seemed an interruption; we have been in parentheses; whatever we did, it was but as a stop-gap. We have endured hardship patiently, because it would pass. Great Britain was fighting for us; well, all that is over. The Government has abandoned us; the Revolution has succeeded; there will be no more Kings or Nobles in France."

Yes, peace was made, and the French Princes, the Royalists, and the French Nobles, who thought we should never lay down our arms until the old state of things was restored, found that they were abandoned. To me, because I now took my ideas from Raymond, it seemed shameful, and I blushed for my country. But one can now plainly see that when an enterprise is found to be impossible, the honour of a country cannot be involved in prosecuting it any further. It took twelve years more of war for France to understand the miseries she had brought upon herself by driving away her Princes. As soon as the opportunity arrived, Great Britain led them back again.

'Twas no great thing of a peace after the expenditure of so much blood and treasure. England, we learned, was to keep certain possessions taken from the Dutch, and to give back those she had taken from the French. But the strength of France was so enormously improved, Bonaparte being master in Spain, Italy, Portugal, and I know not what beside, that every one prophesied the breaking-out, before long, of another and a more prolonged war. This, in fact, speedily followed, as everybody knows.

The general joy, however, was wonderful. So great was it in London that the people fought and struggled for the honour of taking out the horses from the carriage of the French Ambassador—he was a certain Colonel Lauriston, of English ancestry, and yet a favourite with Bonaparte—and dragging it themselves with shouts and cheers. The City of London and every other town in the country were, we heard, illuminated at night with the lighting of bonfires, the firing of squibs, and the marching of mobs about the streets. At Portsmouth they received the intelligence with more moderate gratitude, because, although it is without doubt a grievous thing to consider the continual loss of so many gallant men, yet it must be remembered that a sea-port flourishes in time of war, but languishes in time of peace. In time of war there happen every day arrivals and departures of ships and troops, the advance of

prize-money, the engagement of dockyard hands, the concourse of people to see the troops and the fleets, the fitting-out and victualling of the vessels, all of which keep the worthy folk full of business, so that they quickly make their fortunes, build and buy houses, and retire to the country and a garden.

At Porchester the landlord of the tavern cursed the peace which would take from him all his custom. He, however, was the only man who did not hail the news with pleasure. As for the Castle, not only the prisoners, but the garrison as well—no soldier likes being converted into a prison warder—rejoiced. They made a great bonfire in the outer court—beautiful it was to see the keep and the walls and the church lit up at night by the red blaze of the flames; soldiers and prisoners, arm-in-arm, danced round the fire, shouting and singing. There were casks of liquor sent in, I know not by whom, and the serving out of the drink greatly increased the general joy.

After this, and until the prisoners were all gone, it was truly wonderful to see the change. First of all the soldiers with the loaded muskets were removed from the walls, and there were no more sentries except at the gates. Why should prisoners be watched who would certainly make no attempt to escape, now that the vessels which were to carry them home were preparing for them? They were no longer enemies, but comrades, and it was strange to mark the transition from foe to friend. Our journals, we heard, in the like manner ceased to abuse the First Consul, and began to find much to admire—the first time for nearly ten years—in the character of the French. Yet these prisoners had done nothing to make them our friends, which shows that Providence never designed that men should cut each other's throats, only because they speak different languages. And from this day until their departure the prisoners were allowed freely to go outside the Castle walls, a privilege which hitherto had been granted to few.

A strange, wild crew they were who now trooped out of the Castle gates and swarmed in the village street. Some limped from old wounds; some had lost an arm, a leg, or an eye: nearly all were ragged and barefoot. They wore their hair hanging long and loose about their shoulders; some had monstrous great beards, and most wore long moustaches, which impart an air of great ferocity. Whether they were in rags or not, whatever their condition, one and all bore themselves with as much pride, and walked as gallantly, as if they were so many conquering heroes, and at the sight of a woman would toss up their chins, pull their moustaches, stick out their chests, and strut for all the world like a turkey-cock, and as if they were all able and willing to conquer the heart of every woman. They did no harm in the village that I heard of; they could not buy anything because they had no money, and they were too proud to beg. One day, however, I saw a little company of them looking over our palings into the garden, where as yet there was little but blossom and the first pushing of the spring leaves. I thought that in their eyes I saw a yearning after certain herbs and roots which every Frenchman loves. It was long since these poor fellows had tasted onions, garlic, or any savoury herbs. I may confess that I called on the men and made them happy with as many strings of onions and other things as they could carry, a gift which, with the addition of a little oil and vinegar, sent them away completely happy.

They were now eager to get home again, although for many, Pierre told us, the exchange would be for the worse. "The prison rations," he said, "are better than the fare which many of us will enjoy when we get home. In a campaign the soldiers had to fight on much less. Then, if there is to be no more fighting, most of the army will be disbanded, and the men will betake themselves again to the plough or to their trades. But if a man goes for a soldier he forgets his trade, his hand and eyes are out; then he will get bad wages with long

hours, the condition of a slave—I call it nothing else—and none of the glory of war." Pierre spoke of glory as if every private soldier who took part in a victory was to be remembered ever afterwards as an immortal hero. "Oh, I deny not that there are some, even some Frenchmen, who love not war. Yet I confess that to them the peace is the most welcome news in the world. What? Is every soldier a hero? Does every man love the hard ground better than a soft bed? Is the roaring of artillery a pleasing sound for every one? Not so; some men are by nature intended to drive quills, and weigh out spices, and dress the ladies' heads. There must be grocers and barbers as well as soldiers."

"And what will you do, Pierre?" asked Raymond. "I hope to remain in the army. But how long will the peace continue? Think you our great General is one who will be contented to remain quiet while a single country remains unconquered? He is another Alexander the Great, he marches from conquest to conquest; he is a Hannibal who knows no Capua. There are still two countries which dare to hold up their heads in defiance of him—Great Britain and Russia. He will humble both."

"What! You look to overrun the world?" "Consider," he said, "Prussia, Germany, Holland, Italy—these are at his feet. Spain is already in his grasp. Denmark, Norway, Sweden—all are within his reach. What is England—little England—against so mighty a combination? What is Russia with all her Cossacks? The peace is concluded in order that we may make more vessels to destroy your trade and take your fleets. When your ships are swept off the ocean, nothing remains except humble submission. Look, therefore, for another war as soon as we are ready, and prepare for the inevitable supremacy of France. Great Britain reduced, Bonaparte will then lead his victorious troops to Russia, which will offer nothing more than a show of resistance to his great army. When all the countries are his, and all the Kings dethroned, there will be seen one vast Republic, with Paris for its capital, and Bonaparte for the First Consul. London, Constantinople, Rome, Vienna, and Moscow will be of no more importance than Marseilles and Lyons. All will be Paris."

"Very good indeed," said Raymond, "and then your First Consul will, I suppose, sit down and take his rest?"

"No. There will remain the United States of America. India will be ours already by right of our conquest of Great Britain, and all the East will be ours because we shall have overrun Spain, Holland, and Turkey; also South America and Mexico. The United States will be the last to bow the neck. Bonaparte will fit out three great armaments, one to Canada, one to New York, and one to Baltimore. The Republicans of America will fight at first for their independence. Then they will be compelled to yield, and will join in the great confederacy, and from one end to the other the whole world will be part of the great French Republic."

"There are still Persia, the Pacific Ocean, and China."

"The Pacific will be ours because there will be no ships afloat but those which fly the French flag. Persia is but a mouthful. To conquer China will be but a military promenade."

"And after this the reign of peace, I suppose?" Pierre sighed. "Yes," he said, "when there will be nothing left to fight for I suppose there will be peace. But by that time I shall, perhaps, have become a General of Division, or very likely I shall be old and no longer fit for war. Oh," his eyes kindled, "think of the universal French Republic! No more Kings, no more priests, all men free and equal—"

"Why," Raymond interrupted, "as for Kings, the peace leaves them every man upon his throne; and as for priests, Bonaparte's convention with the Pope brings

them back to you. In place of your fine Republican principles you have got a military despotism; it must be a grand thing when every man is free and equal to be drilled and kicked and cuffed into shape, in order to become a soldier."

"Why," said Pierre, "I grant you that we did not expect the Concordat. Well, the women are too strong for us. But the men are emancipated; they have got no religion left; while for your military despotism, how else can we establish our Universal Republic? And what better use can you make of a man than to drill him and put him into the ranks? But wait till the conquest of the world is complete, and the reign of Universal Liberty begins."

"I stand," said Raymond, "on the side of order, which means authority, rank, religion, and a monarchy."

"And I," said Pierre, "on the side of Liberty, which means government by the people and the abolition of the privileged class. I am a son of the people, and you, my friend, are an aristocrat. Therefore we are in opposite camps."

"Your Republic has her hands red with innocent blood, and her pockets full of gold which she has stolen. These are the first-fruits of government by the people."

"We have made mistakes; our men were mad at first. But we are now in our right senses, Raymond; for every man equal rights and an equal chance, and the prizes to the strongest, and no man born without the fold of Universal Brotherhood. What can your old Order show to compare with this?"

His eyes glowed, and his dark cheek flushed. He would have said more, but refrained, because he would not pain his friend who belonged to the other side. When I think of Pierre I love to recall him as he stood there, brave and handsome. Ah, if all the children of the people were like him, then a Universal Republic might not be so dreadful a misfortune for the human race!

"Englishmen, at least, are free," said Raymond. "Shake hands, my brother. You shall go out and fight for your cause. Whether you win or whether you lose, you shall win honour and promotion. Captain Gavotte—Colonel Gavotte—General Gavotte—Field Marshal Gavotte. I shall sit in peace at home, under the protection of the Union Jack—which may God protect."

CHAPTER V.

TOM'S UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE.

It was the evening after this conversation that my cousin Tom made so unfortunate a mistake, and received a lesson so rude that it cured him for ever of speaking disrespectfully concerning the strength and courage of Frenchmen. The affair was partly due to me; I do not say that it was my fault, because I should behave in exactly the same way again were it possible for such a thing to happen now.

My cousin rode into the village in the afternoon, as was his custom. Finding that there were no wagers being decided, cocks fought, or any other amusements going on at the tavern, he took a glass or two and walked up the street to call upon me.

"Well, Molly," he began, sitting down as if he intended to spend the afternoon with me, "when does your Frenchman go? Ha! he is in luck to go so soon."

"Tom," I said, "I forbid you ever again to mention the word Frenchman in my presence. Speak respectfully of a man who is your better, or go out of the house."

"Suppose," he said, "that I will neither speak respectfully of him nor go out of the house? What then, Miss Molly? Respectfully of a beggarly Frenchman who teaches—actually teaches drawing to anybody he can get for a pupil! Respectfully! Molly you make me sick. Give me a glass of your cowslip, cousin."

"Well, Tom I am not strong enough to turn you out; but I can leave you alone in the room."

I turned to do so, but he sprang up and stood between me and the door.

"Now, Molly, let us understand one another. Send this fellow to the right-about"—he pronounced it, being a little disguised, rile-abow; "send him away, I say, and take a jolly Briton."

"Let me pass, Tom."

"No. Why, I always meant to marry you, my girl, and so I will. Do you think I will let you go for a sneakin', cowardly—" Here he held out his arms. "Come and kiss me, Molly. There's only one that truly loves thee, and that is Tom Wilgress. Come, I say."

At this I was frightened, there being no one in the house whom I could call. Fortunately, I thought of Sally, and, running to the window, I opened it and cried out to her to come quickly.

Tom instantly sank into a chair.

"Sally," I said, "I do not think I shall want you; but have you your rope's-end with you?"

"Ay, ay, miss," she replied, shaking that weapon and looking curiously at Tom, whom she had never loved.

"I do not think," I repeated, "that we shall want the rope's-end. Are you afraid of my cousin, Sally?"

"Afraid! I should like to see any man among them all that I am afraid of."

"Then wait at the door, Sally, until I call you or until he goes."

"Now, Tom," I went on, "I am not without a protector, as you see. You may go. Why, you poor, blustering creature, you are afraid—yes, you are afraid to say the half in Raymond's presence that you have said to me. Fie! a coward, and try to wile a girl from her lover."

"Well—I cannot fight a woman. You and your rope's-end," he grumbled. "Say what you like, Molly."

"I will say no more to you. Sally, show him the rope's-end, if you please." She held it up and nodded. "Sally is as strong as any man, Tom, and I will ask her to lay that rope across your shoulders if you ever dare to come here again without my leave. Do you understand?"

"I am a coward, am I? I am afraid to say the half to Raymond, am I? Molly, suppose I say all this and more—suppose I thrash him and bring him on his knees?"

"Well, Tom, if you can do this you have no need to fear Sally and her rope's-end."

He went away, making pretence of going slowly and of his own accord. Sally followed him to the garden gate, and reported that he had returned to the tavern, where I suppose that he spent the rest of the day smoking tobacco and drinking brandy-and-water or punch, in order to get that courage which we call Dutch.

In the interval between the signing of the peace and the return of the prisoners, Pierre spent his whole time in the company of Madame Claire and in her service. He was clever and ingenious with his fingers, always making and contriving things, so that the cottage furniture, which was scanty indeed, began to look as if it were all new.

On this day Tom remained at the tavern till late in the evening, and left it at eight o'clock, coming out of it, hat on head and riding-whip in hand, with intent to order his horse and ride home. Now by bad luck he saw, or thought he saw, no other than his enemy Raymond coming slowly down the road, the night being clear and fine and a moon shining, so that it was well-nigh as bright as day. It was, in fact, Pierre returning to the Castle, but, dressed as he was, in a brown civilian coat, and being at all times like Raymond, it was not wonderful that, at a little distance, Tom should mistake him for Raymond. That he did not discover his mistake on getting to close quarters was due to the drink that was in him.

"Ho, Johnny Frenchman! Johnny Frog!" he cried. "Stop, I say; you've got to reckon with me."

Pierre stopped.

"Don't try to run away," Tom continued. "We have met at last, where there are no women to call upon." Raymond, to be sure, never had asked the assistance of any woman; but that mattered nothing. "Ha! would you run? Would you run?"

Pierre was standing still, certainly not attempting to run, and wondering what was the meaning of this angry gentleman dancing about before him in the road, brandishing his riding-whip, and calling him evidently insulting names.

"Ha!" said Tom, getting more courage, "a pretty fool you will look when I have done with you; a very pretty fool."

These words he strengthened in the usual way, and continued to shake his riding-whip.

Pierre still made no reply. The man was threatening him, that was certain for the use of gestures common to all languages; but he waited for Tom to brandish his riding-whip.

"French frog—Johnny Crapaud. I will flog you till you go on your knees and swear that you will never again dare to visit Molly. Ha! I will teach you to interfere with a true-born Briton!"

He shook the whip in Pierre's face, and began to use the language customary with those who are, or wish to appear, beyond themselves with rage. It was, however, disconcerting that the Frenchman made no reply, and showed no sign of submission. For Pierre perceived that he had no choice but to fight, unless he would tamely submit to be horsewhipped. Yet for the life of him he could not understand why this man was attacking him. It could not be for his money, because he had none; nor for any conduct of his which could give the man any pretext, because he had never seen him before.

The French are not good at boxing, they do not practise fighting with their fists as boys, they have no prize-fights, and in a street quarrel I have heard that the knife is used where our people would strip and fight it out. For this reason it is thought that they are not so brave as the English, and it is sometimes thrown in their teeth that they cannot hit out straight, and know not how to use the left hand in a fight.

As for their bravery, we are foolish to impugn it, because we have fought the French in many a field and in many a sea battle, and we do ourselves a wrong when we lessen the valour of our foes. Besides, it is very well known to all the world, whatever we may say, that the French are a very brave and gallant nation. Though they cannot box, they can fence; though they do not fight with fists, they can wrestle as well as any men in England. And in their fights they have a certain trick which requires, I am told, a vast amount of dexterity and agility, but is most effective in astonishing and disconcerting an enemy who does not look for it. Suppose, for instance, that a man went out to box in ignorance of so common a trick as the catching of your adversary's head with the left hand and pommelling his face with the right. With what surprise and discomfiture would that manoeuvre be followed! Or, again, imagine the surprise of an untaught man who stood up with a master in wrestling, to receive one of those strokes which suddenly throw a man upon his back. Pierre, you see, was dexterous in this French trick, of which Tom had never even heard.

The young Frenchman, therefore, perceiving that this was more than a mere drunken insult and menace, assumed the watchful attitude of one who intends to fight. He had nothing in his hand, not even a walking-stick, and was, moreover, of slighter build and less weight than his enemy. But if Tom had been able to understand it, his attitude, something like that of a tiger about to spring, his eyes fixed upon his adversary's

face, his hands ready, his body as if on springs, might have made him, even at the last moment, hesitate.

With another oath Tom raised the whip and brought it down upon Pierre's head. Had the whip reached its destination there would probably have been no need to say more about Pierre. But it did not, because he leaped aside and the blow fell harmless. And then an astonishing thing occurred.

The Frenchman did not strike his assailant with his fist, nor did he close with him, nor did he try to wrench his whip from him, nor did he curse and swear, nor did he go on his knees and cry for mercy. Any of these things might have been expected. The last thing that could have been expected was what happened.

[To be continued.]

What makes Christmas Happy?

A CHILDREN'S STORY. BY E. D. BRADBY.

MARTHA RAYNES was a little girl who lived in Spitalfields. She had several brothers and sisters, three were older than she was, but the other three were quite little ones. The eldest sister was in service, so Martha and Minnie, the next above her in age, had plenty to do out of school hours, helping their mother with the children. When times were good the family got on very well, but sometimes Martha's father was out of work, and then the elder ones often had to go without their dinner. Still they were a happy party at home, and all truly fond of one another. Martha was a thin, dark child, small for her age, and rather quiet, though she was brisk enough. She got on nicely at school; made herself useful to her mother at home; and was generally a good girl.

When Martha was ten years old she caught a bad cold one wet autumn day, dawdling on her way home from school, and the cold, instead of getting better, kept getting worse and worse, till at last Martha had to go to the hospital, where she was very ill for a long while. As soon as she was well enough to go out, a lady, who was a friend of her mother's, said that she would send her into the country to get quite strong again. Martha was delighted at the idea; she had never been into the country for a day, but she had never been for a real country holiday, and did not know what living in the country was like, a bit. She wished that it were summer, but when her mother and Minnie came to bid her good-bye, they said it would be a nice change to see what the country was like in winter, and that reconciled her to missing the flowers. Her heart felt heavy at parting with her mother, but she tried to bear it bravely, remembering that it was only for a little while.

"I shall be sure to be back home before Christmas, shan't I?" she asked the lady, when she came to the station to see her off.

"Oh yes, dear; it is six weeks to Christmas, and I hope you will be quite well before that," said the lady. Martha felt happy again; the idea that she might not be back for Christmas had only come into her mind that minute, and had made her anxious.

The people that Martha went to stay with were called Mr. and Mrs. Oakes. They lived in a pretty little cottage, with a thatched roof, like the cottages one sees in picture-books, and on Christmas cards. It had a small garden in front, with a red brick path up the middle, leading to the door. Of course, as it was winter, there was nothing in the garden but dry sticks and cabbages, but Mrs. Oakes told Martha it had been very pretty in summer, with plenty of flowers in it, for Mr. Oakes was a good gardener. Inside, the cottage was roomy and comfortable, though the red brick floors downstairs were cold to the feet till you got accustomed

to them. The fireplaces were large and deep, with funny little mantelpieces nearly up to the ceiling; the furniture was old fashioned; the windows were long and low, with tiny panes, on which the branches of the rose trees that climbed up the front of the house tapped when the wind blew; everything was as clean as clean could be. The cottage stood in a lane, with no other houses in sight. On each side of the lane tall elm trees grew out of a green bank; their topmost branches met each other, making a kind of arch over the road.

Mr. and Mrs. Oakes were an elderly couple; they lived alone in their cottage with Mrs. Oakes' niece, Rebecca, who went out dressmaking. Mrs. Oakes was a busy, bustling woman; she looked after Martha kindly enough, but Martha was rather afraid of her, she looked so stern and grim, as if she intended to make herself minded. Mrs. Oakes liked Martha, because she was a quiet child, and did as she was bid at once, yet she spoke gruffly to her; it was her way. Mr. Oakes was a shepherd; he was out a great deal, and when he did come home he sat by the fire in his easy chair, smoking his pipe, and speaking very seldom. But Martha liked him the best of all, he was so gentle to her; he used to take her on his knee, and stroke her hair softly, and sometimes ask her to tell him about her brothers and sisters. Rebecca, the niece, was lively and talkative; usually she went out most of the day, and when she came home she told them exactly what she had seen and done all the time. Martha slept with her, and at night, when they went to bed, she told the child all sorts of stories about the people in the neighbouring village, where she seemed to know everyone. She was greatly surprised when Martha could not tell her the names of the people who lived in the next house to them in Spitalfields. "London must be a funny place," she said. "I think the country is a funny place," said Martha; and then Rebecca was offended, and Martha was sorry she had said it, though she meant no harm. Before she should say anything more, Mrs. Oakes tapped on the wall to make them stop talking. Martha obediently kept quiet, but she lay awake an hour thinking how she should pacify Rebecca; and then next morning found that Rebecca was not angry, and had forgotten all about it.

Rebecca used to talk a great deal about Lord B——, the gentleman to whom Mr. Oakes was shepherd, saying how rich he was, and learned, and great, and what a fine house he lived in. "He eats off silver-gilt plates every night of his life," she said, "and the number of servants he keeps is amazing. I ought to know, for I make dresses for some of them."

"He isn't as grand as the Lord Mayor, is he?" asked Martha.

"Grand as the Lord Mayor? I should think he was!" said Rebecca; "and what's more, his son'll be every bit as grand, and the Lord Mayor's son won't—that ever I heard tell of."

One afternoon, when Martha was sitting knitting in an arm-chair in the kitchen, at the back of the house, Rebecca, who was at home that day, came running in, in great excitement. "Come to the front window, quick, Martha," she cried, "and you'll see Lord B—— driving by!"

"Why you make as much fuss about him as we should in London over the Prince of Wales," said Martha, languidly, for she felt tired, and did not want to move.

Martha got up, and went to the window. In the lane she saw a grand carriage, lined with blue, with a coachman and footman in blue livery on the box, and a pair of beautiful brown horses, prancing along. Inside the carriage was seated a kind-looking old gentleman, with a commanding air, and keen sparkling eyes. "That is Lord B——" whispered Rebecca. As she spoke the carriage stopped at the garden gate; the footman sprung down from the box and opened the door, and Lord B—— himself got out and walked up the red brick

path to the cottage. Rebecca turned pale; and Mrs. Oakes came running up, quite flustered, turning down her sleeves and curtseying. Martha felt frightened, and began to tremble; but when Lord B—— entered he was very kind and pleasant, though he was so dignified. He had come to speak to Mrs. Oakes about some repairs that were wanted in the cottage, for he was her landlord. Before he went he patted Martha on the head, and asked who she was, and when Mrs. Oakes told him she was the little girl from London, he said she must come and have a look at his house one day, when she was well enough. After this he drove off again in his carriage.

Rebecca now talked of nothing but Lord B—— and his grand house and carriages, and green satin chairs, and marble tables, and enormous pictures in gold frames, for two whole days; and even Mrs. Oakes talked about him too. Mr. Oakes was out more than usual; his sheep were rather troublesome just then. He took Martha to see them one day, carrying her all the way, because it had just been raining, and the lane was deep in mud. Some of the sheep were real beauties, with their thick white coats, but they seemed stupid animals, all of them, without much intelligence, and Martha could not make out why Mr. Oakes was so fond of them.

Martha, meanwhile, did not get strong so quickly as they had hoped; the weather was raw and damp, she caught a fresh cold, and was not able to go out for several days.

One morning there came a letter for her, from her sister Minnie, who was a good writer, containing a wonderful piece of news; this was that she had got a new baby brother. Martha was much excited at this, she wanted to ask all sorts of questions about the baby, whether it was big or little, whether it had blue eyes or brown, and how much hair it had; but there was no one who could answer them.

"What do you think it will be like, Mrs. Oakes?" she said.

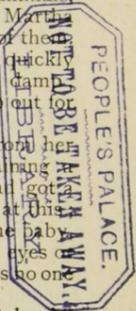
"Just like all other babies, red and ugly," replied Mrs. Oakes. Martha did not dare to ask her any more about it.

Martha was wild to go home now, to see the baby; she must go soon, she said to herself, for it was getting near Christmas, so she should not have long to wait. She was dreadfully afraid she might be snowed up, and prevented from going; Rebecca said they were sometimes snowed up in winter. Every morning Martha looked out anxiously to see if the fields were white, and when she saw they were as green as ever she clapped her hands softly. "Perhaps I shall go home this very day," she thought. None of them said anything about it, however, and Martha was afraid to ask for fear she should be disappointed. At last Christmas eve came, and Martha knew she should have to go home then. She was in such a fidget she could eat no breakfast, and after breakfast she was going up stairs to pack her clothes, when Mrs. Oakes stopped her, and told her she was not to go home for Christmas after all; her mother was poorly, and did not want her, and she herself was not strong enough yet to go back to London; she must stay a week or two more.

Poor Martha began to cry bitterly; she did so want to see her mother, and the baby, and her father, and her brothers and sisters. And she should miss seeing the shops in their Christmas dress, and all the treats and tea-parties, and the Christmas-tree at the schools too. "Oh, what a miserable Christmas I shall have," she sobbed.

"You'll have plenty of good victuals," said Mrs. Oakes. "Oh, I don't mind that," said Martha, "only it is all so lively and cheerful at home, and here there's nothing to see but the trees, and they haven't got any leaves."

"Never mind," said Rebecca, soothingly. "There's going to be a Christmas-tree at our schools too, and you shall go to it." "Oh, it isn't that," sobbed Martha,



"I shall be so miserable away from home at Christmas."

"You forgive your enemies, and feel kindly towards everyone; that's the right Christmas spirit, and that'll make you happy fast enough," said Mrs. Oakes.

"But I haven't got any enemies, so I can't forgive them and be happy," said Martha.

"Don't you cry, poor little lass," said Mr. Oakes, gently, "you shall come to church and hear about the birth of our Saviour, and that'll make you happy."

Martha was very wretched all day. Mr. Oakes was out, and Mrs. Oakes and Rebecca were so busy cooking they had no time to take notice of her. The cottage was full of a savoury smell of dinner; but Martha did not seem to take any interest in the pudding, nor even in the goose they were going to have, though she had never tasted goose before. She sat moping in a chair in a corner of the room, looking out of window at the dark branches of the trees waving against the grey sky, and the cows eating the damp grass in the meadow at the back of the cottage, and thinking of home and the new baby she had never seen, and how noisy and cheerful it was in the streets, and how lonely and deserted it was here.

She tried to work, but she kept crying so that she could not see the hem for tears, and pricked her fingers sadly. Then she tried to read, but the book was not interesting. The morning was very, very long, but it did end at last, and so did the long afternoon. It got dusk, and Mrs. Oakes and Rebecca both went out, leaving Martha alone in the room. Soon she began to doze in her chair; it was so still and quiet, and crying had made her sleepy. The only sound was the cat purring, and the only light was dim firelight. Martha fell fast asleep; but still in her sleep she seemed to herself to be sitting in the arm-chair in the firelight. Bye-and-bye she heard the door open, and Mr. Oakes came in, looking pleased and happy.

"I have just heard a piece of good news," said he, "put on your hat and jacket, quick, Martha, and come with me to see a baby." Martha jumped up readily. "Oh, that will be nice!" she cried. "It does make one happy to go and see a baby," she said, and she gave a little skip as she took Mr. Oakes' big hand, and went out into the darkness. It was very dark in the lane, the trees looked like big black giants stretching out their arms to clutch them; but Martha did not feel a bit afraid. They could not see to pick their way, and stepped into puddles, but that only seemed to amuse Mr. Oakes, who laughed cheerfully at the splashes they got. They walked on a long way, and bye-and-bye a few stars began to shine, and Martha saw that they had come to the gate of Lord B's park. "Is the baby in the house there?" she asked. "Oh, no, it isn't there," said Mr. Oakes, "this is a poor baby." But if it belongs to all of us, doesn't it belong to Lord B—too? Does he know about it?" "Yes, he knows about it, and is very glad; he is coming to see it too."

Martha began to think and wonder. She was getting a little tired, when, "Here we are," said Mr. Oakes, and they turned down a narrow side lane, and walked between tall hedges for a minute, and then Mr. Oakes opened a gate leading into a field, and they stepped off the road. "I'll carry you now," said he, "the grass is so wet," and he took Martha up in his arms, and carried her to the corner of the field, where there was a dingy-looking wooden shed. Some of the roof was off, and a bright light came streaming out through the hole. "What a place to put a baby in," whispered Martha.

Mr. Oakes said nothing, but opened the door of the shed and went in. There was such a blaze of light inside, that Martha, coming out of darkness, was dazzled, and could see nothing for a moment. She hid her face on Mr. Oakes' shoulder, and when she looked up again she saw that there were several people in

the shed. The light showed plainly how rotten the walls were; and how wet and dirty the floor was; for the damp from the ground came through. A rough wooden trough, filled with clean straw, stood in the middle of the shed, and on the straw lay a beautiful baby—Martha had never seen such a lovely one. A sweet gentle woman was kneeling by the baby's side, and behind her an old man leant upon his stick, watching. Up at the back of the shed an ox and an ass were tied; they were looking at the baby too, as if the sight pleased them. Suddenly Martha found that she had slipped down from Mr. Oakes' arms, and was kneeling before the baby; Mr. Oakes was kneeling too, and who should be kneeling by his side on the wet and dirty floor, but Lord B—!

"This is the baby who belongs to us all," said Mr. Oakes, "he has come here into this wretched, uncomfortable shed on purpose to love us, and to live for us. He will keep none of his life for himself, but give it all up to us, and always be ready when any of us want him; whether it is a rich man like Lord B—, or a poor shepherd like me, or a child like you. He has come to make us all happy this Christmas."

Then the baby held out his arms to Martha, and smiled at her; and she felt so happy she hardly knew what to do; she had never been so full of joy in her life.

At that instant, a beautiful sound of music came in the air above the roof: "Glory to God in the Highest." Martha had never heard such sweet singing; she was listening with all her might, when, all of a sudden, she woke up with a start, and found herself in the fire-lit room.

Mr. Oakes had come in while she had been asleep, and there he was, sitting opposite her, in his arm-chair.

"Oh, Mr. Oakes, I've had such a strange dream," cried Martha, "and you came into it!" "Come and tell me all about it," said he; so Martha came, and sat on his knee, and told him all, from beginning to end. "That must have been the Saviour in the manger, that I saw," she said, "only it all did seem so real; and that was hundreds and hundreds of years ago."

"So it all is quite real," said Mr. Oakes, even though it did happen hundreds of years ago. The Saviour came to live for us as much as if He were born to-day. And we have to go to Him and worship, just as if we could see Him lying there a baby with our own eyes. Shepherds like me go nowadays, just as the shepherds that heard the angels sing went; and wise, rich men, like Lord B— go, just as the wise men from the east went. It is even better now than it was then, too, because in those days only a few people could go to see Him; we shouldn't have been able to go, we live too far from the country where He was born; but now we all know about Him, and can think of how He was born for us, in that wretched, uncomfortable place, and how He cares for us still, and remembers that He used once to be a child. This is what makes us happy at Christmas, thinking how 'Unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given,' as the Bible says."

The dream was over, but Martha felt quite different now, and after all she spent a very happy Christmas. Everyone was very kind to her, and she went to the church, which was nicely decorated, and to the Christmas-tree in the schools, where she got a large doll. Rebecca made such a pretty cloak for the new baby, and gave it to Martha on New Year's Day; and just before she went back home she saw the whole of Lord B's fine house, with the green satin chairs and the big pictures in gilt frames.

Martha enjoyed these things very much; but it was the thought of our Lord's coming into the world as a little baby, for the sake of us all, that made this Christmas, as she afterwards told her mother, the nicest she had ever spent.

Letters to the Editor.

Any letter addressed to the Editor should have the name and address of the sender attached thereto—not necessarily for publication; otherwise the letter will be consigned to the paper basket.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PALACE JOURNAL."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—You invite complaints and suggestions from visitors to the Palace, and I—or I should say we—have a very serious complaint to make on a question of great import to the ladies. We are two ladies, and yesterday we paid our first visit to the Palace (having just come up from the country), and as we sat in your magnificent Queen's Hall, listening to the exhilarating strains of a first-rate military band, our eyes roving from one point of beauty to another in the stately building, we grew enthusiastic beyond our wont, and yearned to connect ourselves in some tangible way with this ideal realisation of "an impossible story"—this beautiful outcome of a beautiful dream. It seemed to us an easy matter, for of course we had purchased the Journal on entering, and on page 52 of No. 4 of Vol. I. of that influential organ we read with delight that males would be admitted to Membership of the Palace for such a sum per annum; females for such another sum. We carefully studied and re-studied the terms of Membership, as set forth on page 52, No. 4, Vol. I., and found none there which need prevent our joining; so we addressed ourselves to the pleasant young lady at the bookstall, and told her what we wanted. She sent us to the office with a smile on her pretty face, but the proverbial office-boy did not respond to our bell-ringing. So we went to the affable gate-keeper, and told him what we wanted. He sent us back to the office, also with a smile, bidding us "Try again." This time we obtained admission, and, meeting a gentleman at the door, we told him what we wanted. He smiled, too, and passed us on to a room which appeared to us to be filled to overflowing with clerks. For the fourth time we explained what we wanted, and all the clerks smiled. And then, at length, the fatal truth was discovered, for the spokesman of the clerks asked us point-blank the cruel question—*Are you under five-and-twenty?* I draw a veil over our retreat from that office! No lady likes to be asked what her age is. How much less, then, she who is over five-and-twenty! Your sub-Editor, whose "Answers to Correspondents" display in every line an intimate knowledge of the gentler sex, will, I am confident, support the proposal I now make. I beg to suggest that, in order to prevent any possible recurrence of such a painful scene, there be placed in some conspicuous part of the Queen's Hall (say, for instance, on the front of the organ pipes) letters, at least ten feet high, forming the legend—*No Member admitted over five-and-twenty!* Then, I am sure you will agree with me, there can be no mistake about the matter. We feel that, on a subject of such vital importance, we need not apologise for the length of our letter, and beg to subscribe ourselves, Yours humbly,

TWENTY-EIGHT & THIRTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PALACE JOURNAL."

SIR,—With your kind permission I should like to ask "Anti-Infants" a few questions.

Does he consider the number of wives he would debar from a little pleasure (in their husband's company), by excluding infants in arms? No doubt he is aware that they are prevented from attending theatres for that reason. Again, are the Concerts for the convenience of the Members only, that they only should be considered? I should say not. In a few years, no doubt even "Anti-Infants" may marry (if he has not already reached that blissful stage), and have infants of his own. Would he in that case preclude his wife from seeing a little pleasure, and hearing a little harmless harmony, after her domestic cares all the week? I should think, from the tenor of his letter, that he is one of that selfish class of people who do not care what discomfort they cause others, as long as their own comfort is not disturbed.

Hoping the Trustees will not accede to his request, I am, Sir, yours obediently,

A FATHER AND MEMBER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PALACE JOURNAL."

SIR,—I am afraid the gentleman who signs himself "Anti-Infants," must be rather a selfish sort of person to wish to stop the enjoyment of many women who are so unfortunate as to have "children in arms," especially as it is the only chance they have of having first-class music at so small a charge. I also was at last Saturday Evening's Concert, and I certainly heard no disturbance from children in arms to complain of, not half so much as from a group of Members who stood close by me, who, during the concert, were laughing and talking, to the great annoyance of everyone near them. "Anti-Infants" seems to forget that the object of the founder was to provide recreation for the working classes generally, of the East End, and if you refuse to admit children it will prevent hundreds of working men and their wives attending the excellent entertainments given at the People's Palace. I am, Sir, yours truly,

A VISITOR.

Competitions, Puzzles, and Prizes.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. No Competitor may take more than one weekly prize in any one class in the same week.
2. Eight days will, as a general rule, be allowed for sending in answers to competitions. Thus the Journal appears on Wednesday, and all answers to competitions in any given number must be received not later than noon on Thursday in the week following. They may be sent earlier, but if later, will be disqualified.
3. Every Competitor must, when the subject of the competition requires the use of pen and paper, write on one side of the paper only.
4. All Competitors must send with their answers their correct names and addresses. On the envelope they should write, distinctly, the class of the competition in which they are taking part—Class A or Class B, or C or D, as the case may be.
5. The decision of the Editor is final, and Competitors must not question the justice of his awards.
6. Prizes will be distributed monthly at the Palace, on a day to be announced from time to time in the Journal.
7. Members of the Palace competing in Class B must enclose in their answers a written declaration of their Membership.
8. Boys competing in Class D, when sending in their answers, must state the Classes to which they belong.
9. All answers, delivered by hand or through the post, must be addressed to *The Competition Editor,*

THE OFFICE, PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END ROAD, E.

COMPETITIONS SET ON DECEMBER 7.

CLASS A.

The warriors competition was rather too much of a success; there was not nearly so much doubt and variance of opinion on the subject as in former competitions. The six who came out at the top of the poll were:—

Wellington..	211
Napoleon I.	197
Nelson	149
Julius Caesar	108
Alexander the Great	102
Marlborough	81

Now no fewer than 10 competitors named all these six on their lists. Their names are:—

William H. Nutter.
John Francis Pearce.
Arthur Blaber.
Emily Marsh.
T. G. S. Browning.
John Hennessey.
B. H. Mackelcken,
F. J. Houchin.
W. Coombe.
Rebecca Valentine.

The last-named is really a too precocious girl; the week before last she took the prize, and here she is to the front again, and only thirteen years old all the time! But to business. It is thought that it would be a pity to divide the prize among the ten successful competitors, as each would receive one shilling only. An extra competition is therefore now about to be set for the purpose of deciding the "tie," and reducing the number of winners, if possible, to one.

The six greatest warriors are named above, but many more were mentioned. It is proposed therefore to award the prize to such of the ten "dead-heaters" who shall send in a list of warriors which shall most nearly agree with list of the second six warriors, as determined by the poll. No one but the Competition Editor knows which names came out next after the first six, and whoever of the ten names most of them will take the prize. It will thus be seen that the competition will not be decided by the majority of votes in this fresh competition, but by the list already made out. No one but the ten competitors whose names are given above may compete. They are requested to mark their envelopes with the word "Extra," and must send in answers by noon on Thursday, December 29th.

CLASS B.

To decide between the papers on the effects of trouble on the mind is a work of such difficulty that the award must be postponed till next week.

CLASS C.

The awards in both the competitions in this class will be announced next week.

CLASS D.

- (1.) Paper-knife award next week.
- (2.) The competition for making the shortest intelligible sentence containing all the letters of the alphabet was not very satisfactory, inasmuch as four boys sent in the same sentence, viz., "A quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog"; and it is impossible to believe that they all arrived at this result independently. Therefore, though that is the shortest sentence sent in, it will not take the prize, which will be given to

A. THOMAS.

71, Chisenhale Road, Old Ford, E. whose sentence is as follows:—"Jack extracts the gold from quartz, viz., by powdering."

COMPETITIONS FOR THIS WEEK.

CLASS A.

There are still a great many momentous questions to be settled by Competitors. This week they are asked to decide between the comparative merits of divines.
A PRIZE OF TEN SHILLINGS will be given for a list of the Six Greatest Divines, of all creeds and countries, that have adorned the world. To be decided in the usual manner. The six names which appear most frequently to be held the greatest, and the Competitor who names most to be the winner. Other things being equal, the prize will be given to the Competitor who best succeeds in placing his names in the order in which they come out at the poll. Answers not later than noon on Thursday, December 29th.

CLASS B—FOR MEMBERS ONLY.

A Prize of FIVE SHILLINGS is offered for the best and fullest List of Articles in Common Use, which are known by the name of some distinguished man, whether the inventor or otherwise. For example, when we talk of a "Mackintosh," everybody knows that we mean a coat or cloak, such as was invented by Mr. Mackintosh. Competitors will readily think of other such things, and the one who gives most will receive the prize. Answers not later than noon on Thursday, December 29th.

CLASS C—FOR GIRLS ONLY.

- (1) A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best account of the Rose (the flower), describing its beauties, qualities, disadvantages, &c.
- (2) A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best monogram or combination of the two simple letters A and V, suitable for embroidering on handkerchiefs, &c.

CLASS D—FOR BOYS ONLY.

A Prize of One Shilling is offered for the best specimen of ornamental handwriting displayed in writing the following sentence: "England expects every man this day to do his duty."

QUARTERLY PRIZES.

Puzzles are given every week, and marks are awarded for correct answers. The Competitors who have given most correct solutions, and who have thus won most marks in a quarter (thirteen weeks), will be the winners of Quarterly Prizes.
Only one set of Puzzles is given each week, but the distinction between the four classes is observed. For value of prizes see previous announcements.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES SET DEC. 7.

- (1) E, G and C (Ægean Sea).
- (2) The goose weighed 14 lbs.
- (3) Transpositions: Disproportionately. Englishwoman. Mag-niloquent. Sequesterate. Portraiture.
- (4) Decapitations: Dear (ear, dare, deer, deed, deep, Dee). Dog (bog, boy, joy, job).
- (5) Seventeen Buried Rivers: Cam, Don, Wash, Wear, Ouse, Dove, Fo, Old, Ray, Neath, Fish, Frome, Usk, Trent, Dee, Forth.

PUZZLES FOR THIS WEEK.

(1) TRIANGULAR PUZZLE.

6
1 . . . 7
2 . . . 8
3 9
4 10
5 11

6 is ever in danger; 1 and 7 are an auxiliary verb; 2 to 8 an abbreviation for Lionel; 3 to 9 the Greek god of war; 4 to 10 five-sevenths of keynote; 5 to 11 to command. From 1 to 5 an English admiral who died two hundred and thirty years ago; from 6 to 11 another who died in the first five years of this century.

(2) CRYPTOGRAPH PROVERBS.

J vrhkmv uarmw yjagwpu mr lruu.
Pttq yihdi wtj pigs.

- (3) My first is placed upon the floor,
And very often near the door;
My second is the outside border
Of something round, for instance saucer;
My third it is a part of speech,
A preposition at schools they teach;
My fourth and last is a single letter,
The sooner you guess it all the better;
My whole denotes a happy state,
Or ought to do, at any rate.

- (4) I am a Christmas song; transpose me and I am a sub-marine product; take away my centre and I am a subterranean product.

I am an admiral; behead me, and I am a very poor kind of residence; behead, and transpose me, and you find most young people in me.

(5) TRANSPOSED FLOWERS.

Tie her loop.
Box van.
I got ten men.

Answers not later than noon on Thursday, December 29.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. T. PITTMAN.—Certainly; it is quite permissible to put your communications in the box yourself. You are quite as good as the postman.

SHE.—You are mistaken in supposing that the puzzles are in three divisions. The meaning of the distinction between the four classes being observed is that at the end of the quarter there will be prizes given in all classes. Thus there will be a prize for the member of the general public who gets the largest puzzle score; there will be another for the Member of the Palace; a third for the girls, and so on. The Weekly Competitions are, as you suppose, quite distinct from the puzzles. I hope it is now clear to you; if not, write again.

J. D. ROBERTSON.—I will allow your claim this time. I don't agree with you about "Botany Bay."

H. A. ASHTON.—You should not put your faith in the promises of friends. This time you shall have mercy, but it must not happen again.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

The Humanising Influence of Cleanliness.—A neat, clean, fresh-aired and cheerful house exercises a moral, as well as a physical, influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other; the connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced and habits of respect for others, and for those higher duties and obligations which no law can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, noxious dwelling, in which none of the decencies of life can be observed; contributes to make its unfortunate inhabitants selfish and regardless of the feelings of each other.

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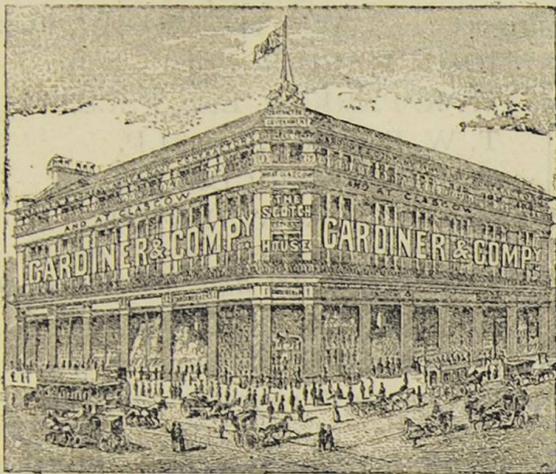
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