

The
Palace Journal
CHRISTMAS * NUMBER.

VOL. III.—No. 58. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1888. ONE PENNY.

Coming Events.

THURSDAY.—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open from 7.30 a.m. to 10 p.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 10 till 5, and from 6 till 10 free. LECTURE on "Emigration" in Lecture Hall, by W. E. Mann, Esq.; chair taken by the Rev. J. F. Kitto. ELOCUTION CLASS.—"Open night," at 8.30. GYMNASIUM.—Special Meeting, at 8.30. LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.—Concert, at 8.

FRIDAY.—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. EVENING CLASSES.—Christmas vacation commences. PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.—Social Gathering, at 7.30. LITERARY SOCIETY.—Lecture by J. Spender, Esq., B.A. CHORAL SOCIETY.—Rehearsal in Music-room, at 8. FOOTBALL CLUB.—General Meeting, at 8. CLUB REPRESENTATIVES.—Meeting, at 8.30.

SATURDAY.—LIBRARY.—Closed to Readers of Books. NEWSPAPERS.—Can be seen in the Queen's Hall, from 8 to 9.30 a.m. OPENING OF THE CHRISTMAS ARCTIC FETE, at 10 a.m. EXHIBITION OF PICTURES (lent by H.M. the Queen and others) in the Library. Band of H.M. Scots Guards, in the Queen's Hall at 8. ORGAN RECITAL at 6.30. FOOTBALL CLUB.—First XI., at Ilford; Second XI., at Wanstead. HARRIERS.—Five Miles' Handicap.

SUNDAY.—ORGAN RECITALS at 12.30 and 4. LIBRARY.—Open from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY.—LIBRARY.—Closed to Readers of Books. NEWSPAPERS.—Can be seen in the Queen's Hall, from 8 to 9.30 a.m. ORGAN RECITAL at 6.30. Continuation of Christmas Arctic Fete, commencing at 10; Concert at 8, in the Queen's Hall, with the Band of H.M. Scots Guards.

TUESDAY (CHRISTMAS DAY).—PALACE ENTIRELY CLOSED.

WEDNESDAY.—LIBRARY.—Closed to Readers of Books. NEWSPAPERS.—Can be seen in the Queen's Hall, from 8 to 9.30 a.m. (BOXING DAY).—SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS.—Christmas Arctic Fete commences at 10 a.m.—Dissolving View Entertainments for children at 11, 3, 6, 7, and 8 respectively.—Band of H.M. Scots Guards, at 3 and 8, in Queen's Hall.—Exhibition of Pictures in Library.—Variety Show in Exhibition-buildings, comprising "The Mystery of She," concerts, shooting gallery, monster snowball, the Home of Santa Claus, etc., etc. Admission, One Penny. HARRIERS.—Paper Chase at 12 noon.

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Organ Recitals,

On **SUNDAY NEXT, DECEMBER 23rd, 1888,**
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30 AND 4 O'CLOCK,

ORGANIST - MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

A SECOND EDITION of our Christmas Number, with Contributions by Messrs. HARTLEY KNIGHT, JOHN RAMSAY, Mrs. BERNHARD WHISHAW, etc., will be Published next week.

Notes of the Week.

THESE notes must serve both for Christmas and New Year—two weeks rolled into one. A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all of us! Let us hope for a year of even greater success to the Palace—fuller classes; a longer list of Members; clubs which shall carry all before them; social evenings delightful and varied; a more crowded library; a Palace which shall attract every day, more and more, the people of our great City of East London.

WHAT is the difference between Christmas plum porridge, so often spoken of in the old books, and Christmas plum pudding? The thoughtless reader may imagine them to be the same thing. Not at all. The accomplished Mrs. Glasse, in her cookery book of the year 1774—my copy was bought by one F. C. Cook in 1776—tells us how to make both; and if any one wishes to revive the plum porridge of his grandmothers, this is the way to do it, slightly abridged:—You must take a leg and a shin of beef—this sounds tolerably expensive to begin with—put them into eight gallons of water, and boil them into a broth. Take out the bones and the meat and leave the broth. Add six penny loaves cut up into slices and boil in the broth. Put in five pounds of currants and boil again, then add five pounds of raisins and two pounds of prunes and boil again. Next put in three-quarters of an ounce of mace, half-ounce cloves, and two nutmegs, all beaten up fine. You may now take off the pot and put in your sugar (three pounds), a little salt, a quart of sack, *i.e.*, sherry, a quart of claret, and the juice of two or three lemons. Finally, boil two pounds of prunes in a quart of water till they are tender, and strain them into the pot while it is boiling. In other words, make a great quantity of beef tea, fill the pot with bread, raisins, currants, and prunes, boil up and add, with generous hand, wine and spices, and you have your plum porridge. Strong meat, my friends, but our ancestors loved strong food. The plum pudding seems to have been much the same then as now.

THEY loved, I repeat, strong meat highly seasoned with plenty of stuffing, and that made up of sage, onions, spice, and so forth. They stuffed turkeys with beef, chicken, partridges, as well as chestnuts, and sage and onions and sausages; they loved sea-pie, lobscouse, pork puddings, liver puddings; they made pies of ducks' giblets, pork, onions, calf's-head, herrings, and eels; they fearlessly approached a Devonshire squab, a hodge-podge, or a Shropshire pie; but what they loved most of all—I mention it with trembling, and only because it is Christmas time—was Yorkshire Christmas pie.

It really takes away one's breath only to read of it. You first make a good thick crust. You then take a turkey, a goose, a fowl, a partridge, and a pigeon. You bone the birds. Then you lay the partridge first upon the bottom crust, upon the partridge place your pigeon, on the pigeon lay the fowl, on the fowl lay the goose, and set the turkey atop of all, so that it looks like a turkey and nothing else. This is by itself magnificent. But this is not nearly all. You next take a hare, cut it in pieces, and lay the pieces all along one side of your turkey; on the other side place woodcocks, more game, small birds of all kinds. When the pie is packed as full as it will hold lay on your spices—cloves, nutmeg, mace, black pepper,

and salt. Lastly, put five pounds of butter into the pie, cover all with a good thick crust, and bake for four hours. This will be found an extremely economical and useful dish for Christmas.

In one respect the people in the last century surpassed us. They used to make all kinds of things for themselves. They made very delicate and wholesome wines. They were simple, but generally very light and pleasant—elder wine, elder flower wine, orange wine, cowslip wine, ginger wine, raspberry wine—drinks very superior to the gingerades and lemonades of these days. They also brewed their own beer, and good home-made beer, with the hops floating about in it, was a thing for which those who can remember it now sigh in vain. They also made cordials of currants, elderberries, cherries; they distilled red rosebuds and all kinds of herb flowers and roots; and they preserved fruit quite as well as is done now without putting it into air-tight tins. Let us go back to the ways of our ancestors, and learn again how to make home independent of the shops.

ALL the papers have been full of the recent remarkable action of the German Emperor—in calling out his reserves? increasing his army by another million? No; in ordering that the servants of the Imperial Court shall no longer wear beards and moustaches. There has been weeping among the lackeys, but their faces are now trim and smooth. The history of the beard is interesting. In the East it has always been worn, and has been considered the noblest decoration of man. It was worn in the West, though generally trimmed and kept within bounds, until the middle of the seventeenth century. Then it went out of fashion altogether. The reason was simple: the whole head, as well as the chin and cheeks, was shaved for purposes of cleanliness. The wig besides had many advantages. It disguised in great measure the approach of age: it made all the men appear to be of the same age: it could be taken off and dressed while its owner sat in a night cap: it kept the head and neck warm. When the wig was abandoned the hair was still powdered and plastered, so that a black or brown beard under a white head would have appeared incongruous. When men once more wore their hair as Nature intended, they began to make timid advance towards decorating their faces with the natural adornment. First they wore mutton-chop whiskers: then a few of them wore moustaches: lastly, they advanced to the full beard. This, in spite of occasional freaks of fashion, is going to endure I hope.

EVERY middle aged man can remember the vehement opposition that was at first made to the beard and moustache. Students of the Temple and Lincoln's Inn had to shave before they could be called. No judge would allow a barrister to plead in his court with a beard. Clerks were not allowed to appear in their offices with unshaven lip: as for clergymen—when one or two ventured to defy public opinion, the uproar was wonderful. Was not the Rev. Llewellyn Davies of Marylebone inhibited by the Bishop of London from preaching in his own church because he refused to shave? In the army the cavalry alone wore moustaches, and were imitated by the officers of the line after the Crimean War. Every regiment had four—or was it six men?—who were permitted to grow their beards. They were called the pioneers, and marched in front before the band. They had great leather aprons, and carried besides the usual arms, spades or axes, to show that their duty was to clear the way. In the navy the men shaved, but wore their hair in long curls carefully dressed with the tallow candle. Why, in the drawings of forty years ago, they could not then draw a moustache. It was always like a theatrical thing gummed on, and the wearer looked as if he could think of nothing else but whether his moustache was sticking on.

THE second event of the week—very different and much more serious—is the collapse of the Panama Canal. The position of things is very deplorable. Sixty millions have been subscribed by the French people—a very large part by widows and retired tradesmen, and others who had a little money and who put it all into Panama stock, confident that the shares would rise and that there would be tremendous dividends for them. All this money seems to be hopelessly gone: the difficulties of the work have proved far greater than was ever anticipated, the estimated expenses were far below what turned out to be required: and at last the enterprise threatens to be abandoned. It is certain the shareholders will lose their interest: it is almost certain that they will lose their capital: it is also almost certain that the Canal will be abandoned.

If the Canal is abandoned, the Americans will probably step in and construct the Nicaraguan Canal. If any one will consult the map, he will see that a little to the north of the Isthmus of Panama there is a great lake with a narrow strip of land on either side between it and the sea. The Americans propose to cut through this narrow strip: the lake is navigable: and then to the Canal. For a long time it has been considered by engineers that this is far the easier and more practical route. But the imagination of Lesseps and of the French was carried away by the apparently simpler—and therefore grander—scheme of cutting through the Isthmus. Besides—had not the English engineers declared that it was impossible to cut through the Isthmus of Suez, yet he had done it? Now, he was going to prove the superiority of French engineering in piercing the Panama Isthmus which English engineers had also declared impossible. Well: we have seen. One of the difficulties was that the River Chagres had to cross the proposed Canal. This river, which looks small enough upon the map, has an inconvenient trick of rising forty feet after rains! Think of providing a bank high enough and strong enough to withstand a rise of forty feet!

Now it is all over, and the bubble has burst, it remains to be seen what the French Government will do, if it will do anything. It is not supposed that the United States will stand the interference of France in their continent: so that the utmost the Government could do would be to grant time for the payment of interest, and for the reconstruction of the Company. But I think we shall not see the Panama Canal constructed.

ONE would like to know how many lives have been lost already upon the works. The construction of the Panama Railway was computed to have killed one man for every six feet of the line. Now as the line is forty-eight miles in length, that makes 42,340 men. It cost two and a half millions: it carries every year about £25,000,000 worth of goods: it saves between New York and Hong Kong 5,000 miles. The town of Panama lies at the south end of the line, and that of Aspinwall at the north end; the latter was formerly called Colon, after Christopher Columbus. It was the only place on the continent named after the original discoverer, and so the Americans very patriotically changed its name to Aspinwall. Now there is no town at all named after the great Spanish discoverer.

SOME ONE wrote a most foolish letter to a paper the other day, asking scornfully whether the Palace attracted the "class for which it was intended." The "class"? What class? What is the attitude of this man's mind towards the People's Palace? Of course there is no such thing with us as class. When one speaks of the People, one means all the people, from the Queen to—let us not be invidious by naming anybody. We all belong to the people, and the Palace exists for all. We can only recognise "class" in one sense. There is in every great town a "class"—that is to say, a certain proportion of people who are unable to take any delight in anything but in the lowest vices: if there is any "class" for which the Palace is not founded it is for this class. We will take the children of these persons, and make them happy in the Palace, and train them up to be worthy citizens, but their parents will remain where they are—their only Heaven, the bar. Let no one ever venture to ask for what class the Palace has been created!

A SHORT time ago I quoted certain remarks made by Mr. Dion Bouicault, on the necessity of training before one should venture upon the stage. I have since ascertained that there is quite a small library upon the art of amateur acting, with rules for the guidance of beginners. Among these books—all of which I have placed in the hands of the Hon. Sec. of the Palace Dramatic Club—are the "Actor's Art," and the "Art of Acting" (French, Strand): "How to Make up" (same publisher): "Amateur Acting" (Routledge): "Private Theatricals" (Allen): and "The Stage in the Drawing Room" (Griffith and Farran). There are very likely more, but these should be sufficient to give suggestions to beginners. How would it answer to read these books aloud in the presence of the Club? They could then, altogether, practice the art of laughing, crying, scowling, screaming, fainting, and dying. But one would recommend the Members to lock their doors before beginning. Fancy twenty all fainting as one man! And picture the floor strewn with the writhing bodies of the Members all dying at the same moment, to slow music, and in the painfully prolonged manner which is seldom, happily, seen off the stage.

EDITOR.

Society and Club Notes.

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription:—Members of the Palace, 1s. per annum; Non-Members of the Palace, 3s. per annum. Members meet for practice in the East ante-room every evening from 7 p.m., entrance through the Library. The East London Challenge Cup Competition was commenced on Saturday, 15th inst. The dates arranged for playing games are December 29th, January 26th, February 9th, March 2nd, and March 16th. The Competitors are divided into sections of four, and each Member of a section will play every other Member of that section two games. Although the Competition is now commenced, we are still open to receive entries if names are given in at once. On Saturday, January 12th, Mr. L. Hoffer will give an exhibition of simultaneous play. E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

The House met as usual on Tuesday the 11th inst. Minor business having been disposed of, the adjourned debate upon the Address in reply to "Her Majesty's Speech" was opened by Mr. Whittick (Maidstone), Mr. White (Chancellor of the Exchequer), Mr. Ring (Kensington), and the Irish Secretary, Mr. Harry. The debate was further adjourned upon the motion of Mr. Hobson (Bethnal Green). The House then went into Committee and elected Mr. Laing (Dulwich) as Sergeant-at-Arms. Various notices of bills, questions, etc., being given, the House adjourned until after the holidays, the next sitting being on Tuesday, January 8th, 1889. JNO. H. MAYNARD, Hon. Sec. and Clerk of the House.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

The Committee of the above Club beg to announce that their Cinderella Dance will take place at the Limehouse Town Hall on January 4th, 1889. Kalischer's Full Quadrille Band has been engaged. M.C.'s, Messrs. W. Marshall, Rosenway, Deeley, and Robson. Tickets: single, 1s. 6d.; double, 2s. 6d., to admit lady and gentleman, or two ladies; may be obtained of the M.C.'s, Members of the Cycling Club, or of the Honorary Secretary. Members wishing to join the Club for the season 1889 are requested to send their names to the Secretary so as to be proposed at the first opportunity. Terms:—Entrance fee, 1s.; subscription, 2s. 6d. per annum. JAS. HY. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

The Society had a fairly successful evening on Monday last. Owing to the Christmas festivities, we shall not meet again until January 7th, 1889. This date is a good time for intending Members to join the Society. Entrance fee, 1s.; subscription, 6d. per quarter. G. T. STROCK, Hon. Sec. H. A. GOLD, Hon. Librarian.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

The Members of this Club have much pleasure in inviting all Palace Members to their first Social gathering on Friday evening next, December 21st, at 7.30 sharp. Kindly arrive early in order to obtain seats. (Ladies' Social-room, No. 2.) WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec. ALEXANDER ALBU, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

The attendance of all the Leaders is particularly requested at a Special Meeting on Thursday evening next, 20th inst., at 8.30 p.m., to form the programme for the display to be given on 27th inst., and other business. All those Members who have been selected to take part in the Mass and Squad Exercises are desired to attend the last practice on Thursday evening prior to the display. J. HOOPER HULLS, } Hon. Secs. A. E. JACOBS, }

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

We have great pleasure in announcing that on Monday, January 21st, the Boxing Club will hold a Novices Competition for Members of the Club only. Weights:—9 stone and under; 10 stone and under. One gold centre medal will be given for each weight. Entrance fee, 6d. Entries received at once by either of the Hon. Secretaries. Last day for receiving entries will be Saturday, January 12th. Further particulars in next Journal. I. H. PROOFS, } Hon. Secs. ROBERT M. B. LAING, }

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last, through the kindness of J. C. MacDonald, Esq., a party of six Ramblers had the privilege of visiting the Times Office, and were conducted round the establishment by Mr. Welch, to whom we are much indebted. The Soiree Dansante, held in the Ladies' rooms on Thursday, was a great success. Particulars shortly. On Saturday next, December 22nd, we visit the People's Palace Christmas Fête. On Saturday, December 29th, there will be no Ramble. H. ROU, Hon. Sec. W. H. MOODY, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, ESQ., M.A.

The usual meeting was held on Friday last, Mr. Hawkins in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and passed. Mr. Spender, B.A., delivered a Lecture upon "Carlyle and John Stuart Mill," this being the fifth lecture of the course. At the conclusion of the lecture, Messrs. Whittick, Taylor, and Hawkins took part in the discussion which ensued. The lecture for Friday next, the 21st inst., will be upon "Essayists and Humorists," by the same gentleman. This being the last lecture of the course, we trust it will be well attended. New Members enrolled, and further information given by B. SEARLE CAYZER, } Hon. Secs. C. J. WHITE, }

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather, Lady Brooke, much to our disappointment, was unable to be with us on Thursday last. A telegram was received, saying that her ladyship, who had set out for the Palace, had been obliged to turn back owing to the impassable state of the roads. A very good programme was provided—Miss F. Reynolds, Miss Fisher, Miss Waller, Miss Biner, Miss Smith, and Miss Chatterton vocalised; Miss Larter and Mr. Bowman recited; whilst an excellent violin solo was given by Toope. Miss Broadbent and Mrs. Mellish presided at the piano. On Thursday next Miss Keyser and friends have kindly consented to sing some plantation songs and duets. W. MELLISH.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The usual Monthly Exhibition of Sketches and Designs by Members of the above was held on Monday, 10th inst., at 7.30 p.m., in Room 5 Technical School-buildings. Contrary to the expectations of the Committee, there were more sketches at this display than at the previous one, several oil-sketches illustrating the Marine and Landscape subjects being received. It was just on the cards that this Exhibition and that to be held in January would be abandoned, in view of the Competition to be held in February or March, which it was thought would naturally tend to reduce the quantity of works until this event had taken place. It is gratifying to see that such was not the case. In the Study from Nature class it is refreshing to see the progress which one lady Member in particular (Miss J. Colson) has made; within our recollection she had made three studies of the same face, each not merely an improvement—but a very marked improvement—on the previous one. Another lady Member (Miss Thomas) sent as her contribution a very well-executed study of a plant, and all we can say is, that we reiterate our previous statement as regards her conscientious workings. The addition of the time sketches and studies from the living model class made this Exhibition very attractive, and if this only continues, we can promise a very successful Annual Exhibition. We have also the greatest pleasure in announcing, that during the past week we have received the consent of Mr. L. Alma Tadema, R.A., to add his name to our list of patrons. In conclusion, we have to say that Members still disregard our request that they would put the number of their receipts (this year's) on their sketches, to enable the Secretary to identify them; if they will do this, and in future leave their sketches at the Bookstall in the Technical Schools, much confusion will be avoided. T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec. C. WALTER FLEETWOOD, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor.—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A. Mr. A. W. J. LAUNDY, Hon. Sec.; Mr. J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.

Next Friday's rehearsal will be the last we shall hold this year, as we do not meet again until Friday, the 4th of January, 1889. The ladies' choral badges will be ready at the first rehearsal held in the New Year, price 2s. each; the gentlemen's badges will also be on hand, and the Rules of the Society will be read.

A Soirée will probably be held in January, further particulars of which will appear in due course.

Members must please pay their fees for the forthcoming quarter on or before the 1st of January next.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—We have vacancies for Sopranos, Contraltos, Tenors, and Basses. Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to join can now do so, as the new quarter commences on the 1st of January. The Secretary, Mr. Laundy, will be most happy to answer all enquiries addressed to him at the General Offices of the Palace. There are vacancies also for one or two male altos for the Male Voice Choir, which meets on Tuesday evenings at 8.45. The fees are 1s. per quarter for ladies, and 2s. per quarter for gentlemen. All music is lent free of charge from the Society's Library.

We are at present rehearsing "The Messiah," John Farmer's fairy opera "Cinderella," and several glees. The opera we intend rendering in public on the 16th and 19th of January next.

(For continuation of Club Notes see Page 790.)

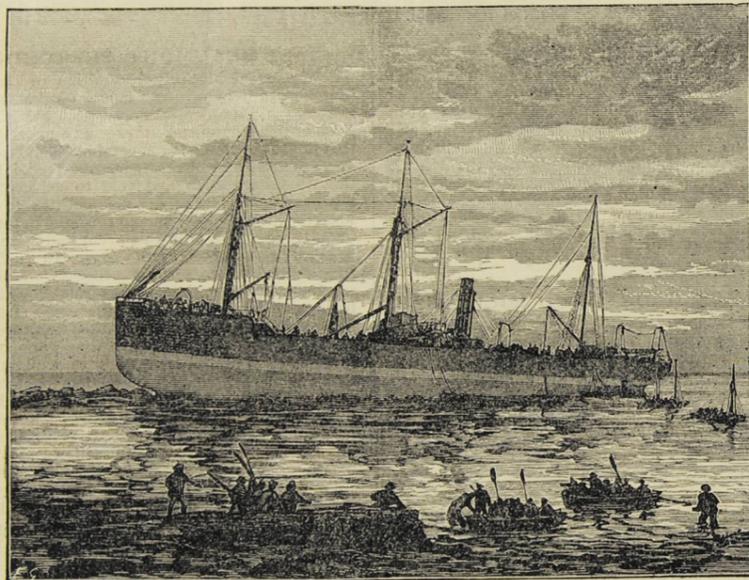
"The Wreck of the 'Copeland.'"

By kind permission of the Author, Mr.

H. RIDER HAGGARD.

THE steamer *Copeland*, of about 1,000 tons register, bound for Leith, sailed from Reykjavik, Iceland, on the morning of Friday, July 20, with a cargo of 480 ponies and eleven passengers,—namely, Major-General Bevan Edwards, C.B., Captain Miles, Messrs. Williams (two), Ross, Warner, Rider Haggard, two servants, and an Icelandic lady and baby. The ponies, rough hardy creatures, averaging thirteen hands, were shipped from the beach in large boats, about ten to a boat, and then hoisted on board with the donkey engine. It may be doubted if any other breed of horses could have borne such rough-and-ready treatment as is meted out to these unfortunate animals without breaking their limbs or dashing themselves to pieces with fright. Once on board, they were stowed in the holds, between decks, and, to the number of about fifty, on the deck itself—being packed as closely as herrings in a barrel.

The *Copeland* left harbour in a dead calm, but by breakfast time she was labouring through a head sea and half a gale of wind from the north-east. This gale blew with ever-increasing strength, and with the steadiness of a monsoon, for four days. On July 23 it became so violent that the vessel could no longer plunge through it at half speed, and Captain Thompson was forced to lay her head on to the seas, merely keeping enough weight to hold her in that position. The situation now had the charm of uncertainty. Owing to the presence of the ponies it was impossible to batten down the holds, for to do so would have been to suffocate them. On the other hand, the risk of riding out such a gale in a ship of which the spar deck ceased forward at the bridge, with three yawning hatchways ready to receive the water, was obvious to the most inexperienced observer. So long as the vessel's head could be kept to



THE "COPELAND" ASHORE.—PHOTOGRAPHED AT LOW WATER.

the seas, she was fairly safe; for although she shipped water, it did not reach the holds in any quantity. But in the event of anything happening to her steering gear—which to judge from the precautions taken to strengthen the chain, did not appear to be in the soundest condition—or, worse still, to the machinery—and either event might well have happened in so severe and prolonged a gale—it would certainly seem that she must have come broadside on to the seas, to fill and sink before her hatches could have been closed. The truth is, that if they can possibly avoid it, passengers should never travel in vessels laden with the most dangerous of cargoes, live stock, unless they are specially built and fitted for the trade.

During the afternoon and night of the 23rd the weather grew still worse than it had been, and the discomfort of the voyage, even to those who were not sea-sick, was a thing to be remembered. It is reported that Mr. Oscar Wilde does not think much of the Atlantic. Had he been on board the *Copeland* it is probable that he would have changed his opinion. It became impossible to stand upon the wet decks without support; and to cling to a rail or rope with the spray whipping one's face, and watch the great grey seas rush down upon the ship in an endless succession, breaking over her bow with a cloud of foam, as one by one she climbed their mountainous steepes, is an occupation that in course of time affects the spirits even to the point of prolonged reflection upon one's testamentary arrangements. Below, matters were

scarcely better. The only thing to do was to eat and drink, and everybody knows what that means in a heavy gale; and, when this became impossible, to lie upon the stern sofas and try to read. But who can read when every few minutes a black mass surges up over the screwed portholes, through which, tight as they are, the water squirts, and then as the vessel settles falls upon the poop above with a heavy thud that shakes her from stem to stern, and rushes to and fro across the decks with a long dreary wash? I believe that when a ship goes through this performance, it is known in nautical language as "dipping her tail." Certainly the *Copeland* dipped hers with such vigour that we began almost to think it would fall off altogether.

But if the lot of the passengers was bad, and that of the unfortunate, overworked, and sodden crew worse, the ponies were, after all, the most to be pitied. For days those on the deck were soaked hour after hour by the seas, pierced by the wind, frightened by the turmoil, and dashed backwards and forwards by the violent unceasing motion. One by one the weaker animals succumbed, fell, and after some hours of misery, died. Anything more pitiful than the sight of these dead and dying ponies I never saw. It certainly does not seem right that the owners of vessels should be allowed to carry live-stock upon the upper deck without providing them with some shelter from the weather. Their terror alone must be very great. I saw one poor animal, when a big sea came

among them, make a most determined effort to spring over the railing of the hatch down into the hold. It would have succeeded had not a sailor who was by caught it by the tail and dragged it back. We lost about fifteen ponies from exposure, and it speaks well for their constitutions that we did not lose many more.

About four o'clock on the morning of the 24th, the gale lulled a little, and the captain tried to drive ahead, with the result that we were all nearly shaken out of our berths. Very soon, however, he abandoned the attempt, the strain on the ship and machinery being too great. As it was, the man steering was, on two or three occasions, thrown right over the wheel. About eleven in the forenoon, however, the weather suddenly cleared, and we pursued our voyage without farther interruption. Next morning at breakfast time we found ourselves slowly steaming through the Pentland Firth, and enveloped in a soft white mist. There are, as the reader may be aware, few more dangerous waters to navigate in foggy weather than this Firth, with its violent current running at twelve knots an hour. About ten o'clock we arrived off Thurso, every few minutes loudly blowing our steam fog-horn, which was answered by some invisible vessel in our vicinity. Here, as usual, a boat came off to take telegrams, its owner assuring us, as he departed, that the fog would lift with the turn of the tide.

It would have been well for us if we had stopped here, but the question of the ponies again came in. I understand that owing to the length of our voyage, which would in ordinary circumstances have been accomplished in three days and a half, only enough hay was left to provide the unfortunate animals with one more feed, whereas we could not, at the best, reach Leith in less than twenty hours. I believe it was this question of hay that forced the captain to take the risk and push on. All went well for nearly an hour and a half. The mist was still thick, but the sea was quite calm, and the passengers, who had ceased to be sea-sick, were standing about the deck talking of Iceland and salmon rivers. Presently, glancing over the stern, I saw by the track in the water that the ship's course had been altered

two points. Had that alteration never been made the *Copeland* would not have been at the bottom of the sea to-day. The captain, believing that we had passed the rocky island of Stroma, was standing in two minutes too soon. All of a sudden the curtain of the mist seemed to be drawn up before our eyes, and there—not more than a hundred yards in front of us—we saw a field of breakers, and the current boiling over the rocks; while right ahead something huge loomed up through the heavy air. We looked at each other, but I do not remember that anybody spoke. For my part, I knew what was coming, and concentrated my attention on the development of the drama. The captain, and, I think, the first mate, were on the bridge. The engine-bell rang loudly, and the screw stopped: again the bell rang, and the engines began to go full-steam astern. But, although we were only running half-speed, the way we had on and the tide overpowered the screw, and we glided quickly through the deep, quiet water towards the lip of the breakers. Another few seconds and we were in them. Then with a succession of long and grinding, but comparatively gentle, shocks, the end came, and the *Copeland* stopped for the last time.

In an instant all was confusion—the escaping steam began to roar, the crew bustled along the decks, and the firemen tumbled up through the hatches, presently to be sent down to rake out the fires before the water reached the boilers. As for the passengers, having remarked to each other it was

"a case," they went below to try and save their gear. Fortunately, with the exception of the Icelandic lady and the stewardess, there were no women on board. What would have happened if the *Copeland* had been carrying 500 emigrants, as on previous voyages, it is difficult to say. There was no panic, for the ponies could not demonstrate against death by drowning. Personally, having bundled my things into a bag, I was, in common with my fellow-passengers, preparing myself for the privations of shipwreck, by filling my flask, and drinking a bottle of beer, when I felt the ship slip and give a sickening quiver, that

caused me to finish the beer, and leave the saloon with more haste than dignity. On deck the sailors were trying to get out the boats, but, as somebody remarked, they almost seemed to be "screwed down," and when at last they were lifted off their supports, to have a strange propensity to go into the water any way except on a level keel; indeed, one of the passengers heard a sailor asking the steward for caulks to stop the holes by which the bilge water is allowed to escape: so altogether the prospect of rescue by means of the boats in the event of the sudden foundering of the ship was not bright. We had, however, been observed from the shore, for the dark mass that we had seen beyond the breakers proved to be the island of Stroma, the southernmost of the Orkneys, and in a few minutes, to our comfort, several good boats were lying close to us. Presently a Stroma man from one of them boarded the ship, and as we stood wondering what was going to happen next, and watching the boiling of the water about our sides, he came running aft. He was a handsome-looking man, with wild eyes and flying hair, and as he came he spoke words of weight: "Get off of this," he said. "There's five feet of water in her hold, and sixty fathoms under her stern. She's only hanging on the rocks: she'll slip off presently, and go down by the stern, and drown every man of you!"

Then we began to think that it was time to make a move, and I will confess that during a somewhat varied career I never spent a more unpleasant quarter of an hour than I did

between the arrival of the gentleman with warning in his voice and our final escape. It is irritating to be sucked down and drowned in the wake of a sinking ship; and in calm weather, within sight of shore, it seems unnecessary. So we called to the men in one of the boats—for our own were still dangling—and asked if they could take us off? They answered that they could if we could come down to them. This, having obtained the captain's sanction, and, what was even more necessary, a rope-ladder, we went on to do decently and in order, but still without unnecessary delay. When we were descending, Captain Miles suddenly remembered the Icelandic lady and her baby. She had vanished into the smoking-room four days before, and been quite forgotten. Not even shipwreck had brought her out. He fetched her, and she came down into the boat baby and all. To judge from the happy expression on her face, she did not in the least understand the position—probably, indeed, she thought the ships usually unloaded themselves after this fashion. When once I was in the boat my first care was to get up to the bow and loosen the rope by which she was made fast to the vessel, so that I could slip it at any moment. This I did because I remembered that when the *Teuton* foundered under somewhat similar circumstances on the coast of South Africa, a boat containing thirty women and children was dragged down with her. The rope was fast and nobody had a knife to cut it. Happily, in our case, this emergency did not arise. At length everybody was em-

barked, including the islander who had warned us, and with some relief we got away from the ill-fated vessel. It was no more than a hundred yards to the shore, but even in that weather it was not too easy to get there. A sunken reef over which the tide was boiling had to be avoided, and the landing place consisted of sheer hard rocks that it would be impossible to attempt in unfavourable circumstances. In short, as we went we realized clearly enough that had there been any sea on, or even an ocean swell remaining from the gale we had experienced, our escape would have been practically impossible. No boats could

live in it; to swim would not, I think, be feasible; and even supposing that the ship had held together and remained on the rocks for sufficient time to allow of its being used, there is no rocket apparatus in Stroma; nor, for the matter of that, is there a life-boat, a fog-horn, or a lighthouse. Thus, had the state of the weather been different, in the absence of a rocket apparatus every soul on board the *Copeland* must, humanly speaking, have been drowned. Some of the islanders begged us to make this want of apparatus known in the proper quarters, and, in the interest of those who may in the future find themselves in the same uncertain position, I do what I can to that end.

We landed at last, and, having saved ourselves, began to think about our luggage. It had all been dragged up on deck with really remarkable promptitude as soon as the ship struck, and now the sailors, who were still aboard, threw it into boats alongside; so that in the end we saved it all, and even a basket of food. Meanwhile, as the vessel seemed to be fixed, and gave no further signs of slipping backwards into the deep water under her stern, great efforts were made to rescue some of the ponies. About a hundred of the poor creatures in the lower hold were drowned soon after the vessel struck; and it was said to be a pitiful sight to see them scrambling on to each other's backs and trying to swim for their lives as the water rushed in. Those on the upper decks, however, had a better chance. It was only necessary to throw them into the sea, and allow them to swim to a rock



ON STROMA, ORKNEY ISLANDS: COLLECTING BAGGAGE.

that at low water projects from the shore; and in this way a hundred-and-twenty ponies were saved before the rising of the tide made it unsafe to continue operations. Gathering confidence from the apparent stability of the ship upon her rock, two of our number who had ponies on her, Mr. Ross and Mr. Williams, determined, very much against the advice of those who had none, to return aboard and see if they could save them. We watched them get on to the ship, and before they had been there long we heard a noise something like the report of a gun, and saw her bow lift two feet or more out of the water. "She's going!" said someone; but most happily she did not go. The great rocks that pierced her amidsthips sunk more deeply into her vitals and held her. In doing so it pressed up the mainmast several feet with such tremendous force that the wire ropes cracked and slipped, and the mast was shivered. Our friends and the others aboard rushed forward, intending to throw themselves into the water by the ship's bow, taking their chance of being picked up or getting to shore, which, in the state of the tide, would have been possible if she had not rolled over upon them. But, fortunately, the rock checked her, and this did not become necessary.

If the wreck of the *Copeland* had been designed by Mr. Augustus Harris for the boards of Drury Lane its surroundings could not have been more theatrically appropriate. The peculiar character of the rocks and the piles of baggage on them suggested a stage effect; so did the picnic luncheon; the picturesque islanders in the background; and, more than all, the camera, produced in the nick of time by Captain Miles from among the baggage, to the presence of which I am indebted for the photographs that are reproduced here. It shows how true melodrama is to life! But it was a melodrama with a serious side to it, and we were all glad enough when at length, after about six hours' stay, we succeeded in obtaining three boats to take us and our baggage across the Firth to the hotel near John-o'-Groat's, which is about seventeen miles from Wick, the terminus of the Highland Railway. On getting into our boat we were a little disturbed by one of the crew violently protesting against our putting out without food or water. We asked why food and water were necessary for a two miles' row? and it then transpired that we were liable to be carried out to the open ocean, where we might possibly drift for days. However, we started.

Our course lay under the stern of the *Copeland*, round which the full tide was now again sweeping in its strength, causing the water-logged vessel to move ominously. Some time before this the captain and the remainder of the crew had, as we thought, abandoned the ship, leaving more than 300 ponies to their fate. As we passed under the stern, however, we became aware that there were still three men on board, who shouted to us to come and take them off. This, as there seemed to be nobody else to do it, we were forced to undertake. We got to the ladder and hooked on—and a very disagreeable position it was, for in that flood-tide it was obvious that the ship might come off the rock at any moment, and involve us in her utter loss. What made it worse was that a petty officer of the ship, who was one of the three men left aboard, and in whom shipwreck seemed to have induced a certain confusion of mind, would insist in the most leisurely and deliberate manner in letting down an apparently endless coil of rope into our boat. In vain did we abjure him in the most vigorous and appropriate language that we could command, to leave his rope and come down. He forcibly refused, and, as we could not abandon him, we had to submit and take our chance. At length he condescended to follow the rope. We got him and his companions ashore, and started again, and very thankful we were when, an hour and a half afterwards, we found ourselves on the mainland. The last, and one of the most painful sights that we saw, in connection with the unlucky *Copeland*, was that of a pony, whose leg had been broken as it was thrown overboard, standing on a rock with the water gradually rising over it. Let us hope that it was soon drowned! And so ended the story of the *Copeland*, now, doubtless, at the bottom of the sea, together with her freight of ponies. In conclusion, I wish to bear witness—and I am sure all the other passengers will indorse what I say—to the unflinching courtesy and kindness which we met with at the hands of Captain Thompson, to the skill with which he managed the ship during the serious and prolonged gale that we encountered, and to his complete calmness and self-control in the hour of disaster. If a landsman may express an opinion, the loss of the vessel was entirely owing to the density of the fog, on one of the most dangerous coasts of Great Britain, and to the want of fodder, that forced him to press onward to port.

The mule went to ask for horns, and returned without ears.

Club Notes—(Continued).

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

A General Meeting will be held on Friday next, at 8 p.m. Important business.—SECOND ELEVEN v. MANOR PARK SECOND.—Notwithstanding the foggy weather of last Saturday, the 'Monts, although playing one man short, managed to beat their opponents by three goals to one. It was a very fast and pleasant game from start to finish. Our Vice-Captain winning the toss, Moreton set the leather rolling, when it was soon afterwards carried into the Manor's territory. Here some good manoeuvring was witnessed on the part of the right wing forwards, when they had some very hard luck. After some very hard work on the part of the Manor's backs, the ball was sent down the field, where, for a few minutes, some give-and-take play ensued. Jacobson (left wing), however, securing the ball, made a fine run up, and when near the Manor's uprights sent the leather over to the right wing, when Winch managed, by a splendid shot, to register the first point in our favour. The Manors kicking off, their forwards played up well, but found it hard to elude our half-backs, who were playing a good game. About seven minutes before half-time was called, Winch succeeded in scoring a second goal for the 'Monts. On changing over, the Manors scored their first goal. Just before time was called, Jacobson managed to score a third goal for the 'Monts by a kick centred by Winch, which left the game as thus mentioned.—Match next Saturday at Wanstead:—Kick off at 3 sharp. Team:—Edmunds, Hawkins, A. Algar, Witham, Arno, Cattle, Horseman, Gould, Butterwick (Capt.), Moreton, Winch, Stapleton.—First Eleven v. Ilford Park, at Ilford.—Kick off at 2.45. Team:—Helbing, Hart, Wenn, Munro, Cowlin, Tranter, D. Jessemann, W. Jessemann, Sherrell, Cox, Jacobson.

T. MORETON, } Hon. Secs.
E. SHERRELL, }

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

The fixture for next Saturday is the Five Miles' Handicap for the Cup so kindly presented by E. Flower, Esq., on the formation of the Club. It was competed for last season, and won by Mr. E. Bates, but before it becomes his absolute property, he has to win it again, and should he not succeed in doing so on Saturday, it will be put up again towards the end of the season. In addition to the cup, a gold medal is given to the winner, silver medal with gold centre to the second man, and silver medal to the third man. On Boxing Day, December 26th, a Paper Chase will be held. The hares will be started from "The Forest Gate Hotel," Godwin Road, Forest Gate, at 12 o'clock noon. On Saturday, December 29th, an Inter-Club run with the Tower R. and A. Club has been arranged. The run will take place from the "Lord Brooke" Hotel, Sernall Road, Walthamstow. A medal will be presented by the Tower R. and A. C. to the first Beaumont man home. After the run a high tea and smoker will be held.

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

CLUB REPRESENTATIVES.

The Members' bi-weekly Smoking-concert was held on Saturday last. The chair was taken by Mr. Hawkins, and supported by Messrs. Albu and Burley. The following gentlemen entertained the Members:—Messrs. Arnold, Bash, Burley, Brown, Clenshaw, Craig, Fosh, Giles, Hawkins, Heath, Merrin, Morgan, Pierce, Polack, Sherman, Stanley, and Watson. Messrs. Constable and Fosh very ably presided at the piano. The Sub-Committee have decided to discontinue the Members' Concerts from Saturday next till January 12th, whilst the Winter's Fête is in progress.

A Special Meeting of Representatives took place last Monday, and it was proposed and carried unanimously, "That having obtained the consent of Sir Edmund Currie, a Sub-Committee be appointed to make all arrangements for a series of four Social Evenings for Members, to be held on Monday, January 14th, Tuesday 15th, Thursday, 17th, and Friday, 18th of January."

The following Representatives form the Sub-Committee:—Messrs. Deeley, Laing, Laundry, Rosenways, Rout, and W. Marshall, together with four Members of the Ladies' Social Committee. The Lecture Hall and the Queen's Hall will be reserved for the Members on those evenings, and with the rooms adjoining the Queen's Hall the arrangements made by the Committee should be perfect. The first meeting will be held on next Friday, at 8.30 p.m., Room 8. It will be of great interest to the Members to know that Sir Edmund is personally supervising the furnishing of the Male Members' Social-rooms; and with Mr. Shaw, Messrs. Clews, Pyman, and W. Marshall have been deputed, by the Representatives, to assist with suggestions for the comfort and convenience of the Members. The Social Library will then be opened under the direction of Mr. H. Hawkins, supported by a Committee.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

A very successful Smoking-concert took place on Friday evening last, the following gentlemen participating:—Messrs. Arnold, Lark, Munro, Crowe, Craig, Fosh, "Freeland," "McMinn," Ellis, Asser, Seabright. Mr. Fosh kindly presided at the piano; Mr. Asser was in the chair. Due notice will be given of the next Smoker.

T. G. CARTER, Captain and Hon. Sec.

"To Call Her Mine."

BY
WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued).

"THEN I thought that if I were to rob him people would be less inclined to think of me; because, though I might murder the man who had ruined me, they would never believe that I would rob him.

"I felt in his pockets. There was his watch—no, I would not touch his watch. There was some loose silver, which I left. There was a bag containing money. I know not how much, but it was a light bag. This I took. Also he had under his arm a good-sized tin box in a blue bag, such as lawyers carry. The box I knew would contain his papers, and his papers were his money. So I thought I would do as much mischief to his property as I could, and I took that box. Then I went away, leaving him there cold and dead, with his white cheeks and grey hair, and his eyes wide open. I felt sick when I looked at those eyes, because they reproached me. I reeled and staggered as I left him, carrying the box with me in its blue bag, and the little bag of money.

"I was not going to walk along the road. That would have been a fool's act. I turned straight off and struck for the open moor, intending to cross Hamil Down, and so, by way of Post Bridge, make for Tavistock and Plymouth. And I remembered a place where the box could be hidden away, a safe place, where no one would ever think of looking for it, so that everybody should go on believing that the old man had been robbed as well as murdered. This place was right over the Down, and on the other side, but it was all on my way to Post Bridge.

"I climbed the hill then and walked across the top of Hamil Down. On the way, I passed the Grey Wether Stone, and I thought I would hide the bag of money in a hole I knew of at the foot of it. Nobody would look for it there. Not twenty people in a year ever go near the Grey Wether. Then I walked down the hill on the other side and got to Grimspond, where I meant to hide the other bag with the box in it.

"Tell them, if you ever get away from this awful place, that the box lies on the side nearest Hamil, where three stones piled one above the other make a sort of little cave, where you might think to draw a badger, but which would never make any one suspect a hiding-place. The stones are in the corner, and are the first you come to on your way down. There I put the box, and then I walked away past Vitifer to Post Bridge, and then along the high road to Two Bridges and Tavistock. But I did not stop in Tavistock. Perhaps there would be an alarm. So I went on walking all the way without stopping—except to sit down a bit—to Plymouth. There I got a newspaper; but I could read nothing of the murder. Then I took the train to Falmouth, and waited there for three days, and bought a newspaper every day—one would surely think that a murder in a quiet country place would be reported; but I could find not a single word about my murder.

"Then I was able to take passage on board a German ship bound for New York. I got to New York, and I stayed there till my money was all gone, which did not take long. There I made the acquaintance of some men, who told me to go with them, for they were going West. They were all, I found, men who had done something, and the police were anxious to take them. I never told them what I had done, but they knew it was something, and when they found out that I knew nothing about robbery and burglary, and couldn't cheat at gambling and the like, they set it down that it must be murder. But they cared nothing, and I went along with them."

"Your confession, my friend," said the German, stopping at this point, "of what followed—the horse-stealing adventure, your own escape, and the untimely end of your companions; your honesty in California, and its interruption; your career as a bonnet or confederate; and your experience of a Californian prison—are all interesting, but I cannot waste paper upon them. I return, therefore, to the material part of the confession. And with this I conclude."

"I desire to state that from the first night that I arrived in New York till now I have every night been visited by the ghost of the man I killed. My uncle stands beside the bed—whether it is in a bed in a crowded room or on the ground in the open, or in a cabin at sea or on the deck—whether I am drunk or sober, he always comes every night. His face is white, and the wound in his forehead is bleeding. 'Come back to England,' he says, 'and confess the crime.'

"I must go back and give myself up to justice. I will make no more struggles against my fate. But because I am uncertain whether I shall live to get back, and because I know not how to escape from this island, I wish to have my confession written and signed, so that, if I die, the truth may be told."

Thus ended the paper.

"So," said the big German, "you acknowledge this to be your full and true confession?"

"I do."

"Sign it, then." He produced from his bag a pencil and gave it to the man, who signed, in a trembling hand, "David Leigham." Under the signature the German wrote, "Witnessed by me, Baron Sergius Von Holsten."

This done, he replaced the notebook in his wallet.

"The reason why I wanted you to sign the paper to-night," he said, "is that there seems as if there might be a chance of your getting away from the island."

"How?"

"Look out to sea."

They were almost at the extreme south point of the island—the maps call it Cape St. George, but what the islanders call it has not yet been ascertained. In the west the shores of New Britain could be seen, because the sun was just sinking behind them: to the south and the east there was open sea.

"I can see nothing."

"Look through my glass, then."

"I can see a ship—a two-masted sailing-ship."

"She is in quest of blackbirds. She will probably send a boat ashore. Fortunately for you, the people are all gone off to fight. You will, therefore, if she does send a boat here, have a chance of getting away. If she sails north and sends a boat ashore fifty miles or so further up the coast, that boat's crew will be speared, and you will probably see portions of their arms and legs for some little time to come in the huts. Well, my friend,—for the man shuddered and trembled,—"better their arms and legs than your own. Yet, see the strange decrees of fate. The men in the boat are very likely no worse than their neighbours. That is to say, they will have done nothing worse than the smaller sins freely forgiven by every tolerant person. They have drunk, fought, sworn, lied, and so forth. But they have not committed murder. Yet they will be speared: while you, thanks to my protection, have hitherto escaped, and may probably get clean off the island. Yet consider what a sinner—what a sinner and a criminal—you have been. Now, my friend, the sun is about to set. In ten minutes it will be dark, and we have neither candles nor matches. Go to your bed and await the further commands of the Herr Ghost, your respectable uncle. On the eve of your departure, if you are to go to-morrow, he will probably be more peremptory and more terrifying than usual. Do not groan more loudly than you can help, because groans disturb neighbours. Such is the abominable selfishness of the repentant, that their remorse is as great a nuisance to their companions as their crime was an annoyance to their victims. Go to bed, David, and await the Herr Ghost."

CHAPTER II.—A JONAH COME ABOARD.

"THEN you think," said the mate, looking about him with doubt, "that we shall do no business here?"

He was a young fellow of two-and-twenty or so, a frank and honest-looking sailor, though his business was that of a cunning kidnapper. Perhaps he had not been long enough at it for the profession to get itself stamped upon his forehead. He was armed with a revolver, ready to hand, and a cutlass hanging at his side. Behind him were four sailors, also armed, in readiness for an attack, for Polynesians are treacherous; and in the boat, pulled as near the shore as the shallow water allowed, were two more men, oars out and in their hands, guns at their side, ready to shove off in a moment. But there were no islanders in sight, only these two Europeans: one a tall man of nearly seven feet, dressed in fantastic imitation of the natives: and the other, apparently, an ordinary beach-comber, quite out of luck, ragged, dejected, and haggard. A little way off the land lay the schooner. Her business was to enlist, kidnap, procure, or secure, by any means in the power of the captain and the crew, as many natives as the ship would hold and to bring them to North Queensland, where they would be hired out to the planters, exactly as the redemptioners were hired out, in the last century, in Maryland and Virginia, to work out their term of service, and, also exactly like the redemptioners, to find that term indefinitely prolonged by reason of debt for tobacco, clothes, rum, and all kinds of things. They would be privileged to cultivate sugar, coffee, and other tropical productions, and to witness,

a long way off, the choicest blessings of civilization; they would also be allowed to cheer their souls with the hope of some day returning to their native islands where these blessings have not yet penetrated, and where they would have to live out the remainder of their days in savagery of that deplorable kind which enjoys perpetual sunshine and warmth, with plenty to eat, nothing to wear, and nothing to do. Warmth, food, and rest—for these as a bribe what would not our people resign of their blessings? The clothes they wear? Well, it would be a good exchange, indeed, from their insufficient and ragged clothes in a cold climate to none at all in a place where none are wanted. To exchange the food they eat for the food of the South-sea Islander? Well—apart from roasted brother—it would certainly seem, at first, a change for the better. To exchange work, hard, horrible, unceasing work—for rest? Who would not?—oh! who would not? Free institutions and Socialist clubs for a country with no institutions at all? Why, why is there not an extensive emigration of the indolent, the unlucky, and the out-of-work for these fortunate islands?

"It is an unlucky voyage," said the mate, gazing earnestly at the two men before him, whose appearance and the contrast between them puzzled him. "Two months out, and five weeks becalmed: no business done, and the skipper drunk all day long. Say, strangers, how did you come here?"

"For my part," said the German, "I am a naturalist. I make the coleoptera my special study. I have, I believe, enriched science with so many rare and previously unknown specimens, if I succeed in getting them to Europe, that my name will be certainly remembered in scientific history as one of those who have advanced knowledge. Can any man ask more?"

"Colly!—colly what?" asked the mate. "But never mind your colly-what's-her-name. How the devil did you get such a rig, man?"

"I am a linguist," the Baron Sergius Von Holsten went on to explain, "as well as a naturalist. I therefore learned the language before landing here, having found a native or two of New Ireland in the mission of the Duke of York Island. It is a great thing to know how to talk with these black children. I am also a surgeon and a physician, so that I can heal their wounds and their diseases when they get any. You see, further, that I am bigger than most men. I am also thorough. I adopted their dress—at least some of it," he looked complacently at his toga of tapu cloth; "and, therefore, being able to talk to them, to impress them with my stature, and to cure them, I landed among them without fear. When they came round me with their spears I shouted to them that I was a great magician, come to their help straight down from the sun. And as I know a little prestidigitation and conjuring, and am a bit of a ventriloquist, I am, from time to time, able to work a few of the simpler miracles. So that they readily believe me."

"How long are you going to stay here?"

"I know not; New Ireland is rich in new species; but I shall have to stop as soon as my means of collection and description come to an end. When that day comes I shall be glad to see a ship. But it will not be yet!"

"They may kill you."

"It is possible," the baron shrugged his tall shoulders, "they are like little children. It may occur to one of them some day to find out what I should do, and how I should look, if he were to drive his spear into my back. We all run our little dangers, and must not allow them to stop our work."

The mate looked doubtful.

"I am also an ethnologist, and I assure you, lieutenant, that the study of these people is of profound interest."

"Have you no arms?"

"I have a revolver; but what is one revolver against the spears of a whole people? I have really no other weapon but my power of persuasion and my reputation for magic and sorcery. These will not fail me, unless, as I said before, one of them may be anxious to see how a god behaves and how he lives with a spear stuck through him."

"And how do you live?"

"The people bring me food every day. If they did not, I should afflict them with horrible misfortunes, as they very well know. I should tell them that in three days such a one would be dead, and then it would be that man's duty to go away and die, in fulfilment of the prophecy. I suppose his friends would never speak to him again if he refused to fulfil the words of the prophet, so great is their faith. They bring me the unripe cocoa-nut for its milk; there are fish of every kind in the sea, which they net and spear for me; there are kangaroo and cassowary on the hills, which they snare and trap for me; there are birds which they shoot for me; there are mangoes, bread-fruit, bananas, yams, sweet potatoes,

and taro. I assure you we feed very well. Don't we David?" He laid his hand on the other man's shoulder. "We have also tobacco. There is, however—which you regret, David, don't you?—no rum on the island."

"Is your—your—chum also worshipped?" asked the mate, regarding David with an obvious decrease of interest.

"No; David is recognised as of inferior clay. This poor fellow was wrecked upon the island; he came ashore on a plank, the rest of the ship's crew and passengers having given indigestion to the sharks. He is not happy here, and he would like you to take him off the island."

"Yes," said David, eagerly, but still in his slow way, "anywhere, so that I can only get on my way to England."

"He was just getting off his plank, and the people were preparing to receive him joyfully, warmly, and hospitably, after their fashion; that is to say, into their pots—they have a beautiful method of cooking, in a kind of sunken pot, which would greatly interest you if you were a captive and expecting your turn—when I fortunately arrived, and succeeded, by promising an eclipse if I was disobeyed, in saving him. The eclipse came in good time; but I had forgiven the people for their momentary mutiny, and I averted its power for evil. So long as David sticks close to me now he is safe. If he leaves me his end is certain. But he is no use to me, and for certain reasons I should very much prefer that he was gone. Will you take him?"

"The ship doesn't carry passengers," said the mate; "besides—"

"He is harmless and you can trust him not to make mischief. I will pay for him if you like."

"What does he want to go home for?" asked the mate doubtfully. Indeed, the appearance of the man did not warrant the belief that he would be welcomed by his friends.

"He has to pay a pilgrimage: he has to deliver a message before a magistrate, and to be subsequently elevated to a post of great distinction," said the baron.

"Humph!" said the mate. "He looks as if he'd done something. Better keep in these latitudes, stranger; where no one asks and no one cares. But about his fare—who's to pay for his passage and his grub, if we take him?"

"You will return some time to Queensland. Take or send this note." He took his note-book, tore off half a leaf, and wrote a few words upon it. "Send this note to Messrs. Hengstenburg and Company, Sydney. Tell them where you got it, and they will give you £20 for it, and will thank you into the bargain for letting them know that, so far, the Baron Sergius Von Holsten is safe. If there is any money left after paying for your passenger, give it to this poor devil. He is not such a bad devil, though he looks so miserable, unless he begins to confide in you. When he does that, lock him up in a cabin. Perhaps he has done something, as you say: what do we know? As for doing things," he said, regarding his humble companion with the utmost severity, "a man who is tempted to commit a crime ought always to remember that he will some day, in all probability, be wrecked on a desert island, an island of cannibals, in the company of one, and only one, other European, and that man greatly his superior; and he ought truly to resolve, that under no temptations will he do anything which may make him a nuisance and a bore to that companion through the vehemence of his repentance."

David Leighan groaned. "Man," added the baron, sententiously, "does not live for himself alone; and he who rashly commits a crime may hereafter seriously interfere with the comfort of his brother man." David hung his head. "I forgive you, David. I have protected you from the natives' spears and their pots and carving-knives for six months, though it has cost me many foolish threats and vain curses. I have fed you and sheltered you. I have been rewarded by penitential groans and by outward tokens of fervent contrition. These have saddened my days, and have disturbed my slumbers. Groan, henceforth, into other ears. I forgive you, however, only on one condition, that you return no more. If you do, you shall be speared and potted without remorse. As for the document in my notebook—"

"I shall get to England before you," said David; "and when I get there, I shall go at once to Challacombe or Moreton and make a statement just like the one you have in your note-book. By the time you come to England, I shall be—"

"Exactly," said the baron, smiling sweetly. "You will have been a public character. Well, to each man comes, somehow, his chance of greatness. I hope you may enjoy your reputation, David, though it may be shortlived."

(To be continued.)

"THE King is dead! Long live the King!" It has been discovered that when the king is dead, the divine right is left.

"History Repeats Itself."

BY

JAMES STANLEY LITTLE.

Author of "My Royal Father," "Whose Wife Shall She Be?" "The Day Ghost," etc.

IT was Christmas Eve at the old rectory, the grand old rectory of Kirdborough; Kirdborough was a rich living, one of the richest in the county, a fact which the outward importance and the inner appointments of the rectory did not fail to reflect.

Gathered round the blazing logs, which spat and fizzed on the hearth, and threw fitful light and flickering shadows all over the room, was the rector's Christmas party. The rector himself was a jovial, life-loving man; full of good-humour and jollity—a delightful companion, a keen sportsman, a robust, capable preacher, who regarded the great mysteries of religion, the eternal problems of human life and suffering, with a calm philosophic equanimity. All these things were proper to deal with from the pulpit, in other shape they had no real significance for him; his thoughts tended rather to what, in homely phrase, is called the main chance.

It was a happy, merry, loquacious party of young men and maidens—

the rector loved young people—all laughing, talking, chaffing, and telling the time-honoured yarns sacred to the season.

"Now, Mr. Granton," said a young man, seated far away in the ingle corner, "let us hear the tale of that eccentric old gentleman, Sir Spencer Hildyard, who used to visit the village every Christmas Eve, for fifty years, wasn't it?"

"Eh, and more, Charlie," answered the rector. "Close on fifty-five, I believe. But you've heard the yarn so often."

"Yes, but it's always fresh, and there are many here who have not heard it at all. It wouldn't be a real Christmas Eve without that tale."

"Don't be affected, father!" interjected a bright, merry girl. Ruby Granton was her father's favourite daughter, a very pretty girl, with fair curly hair and pink and white complexion; he was proud of her, and her wishes—unless they clashed with his own will, which was a strong one—were sure to be gratified by him.

"Very well, I suppose I must yield then," said the rector, smiling, nothing loth to begin.

"You must know that quite early in this century this living was held by a certain George Sidlow, the Honorable George Sidlow, who had a beautiful daughter called Margaret. Now a young army officer—the younger son of a baronet—fell in love with this beautiful Margaret. She returned his love, or, rather she accepted him,—let me see, I've not told you his name, Hildyard, Spencer Hildyard. Soon after the engagement young Hildyard was called away to the Continent to fight the battles of his country. In a year or so he returned to find Margaret married. In his absence her mercenary old father, who had always been opposed to the match, on account of the young officer's slender means and indifferent prospects, induced her to marry a rich suitor, a banker or brewer, I don't know which, but his name, I believe, was Lambert.

Young Hildyard, as you may suppose, was mad with grief. He dearly loved the girl, nor could he shelter himself

behind the belief that she was unworthy of his love, for she—really a heartless girl, and not one whit better than her father—gave it out that she had heard, and believed what she heard, that he himself, while abroad, had married somebody else.

"Did I tell you?" continued the old man, who was warming to his work, "that the engagement of Hildyard and Margaret took place on Christmas Eve? No, I did not; but that's a very important point in the narrative. The next morning, to register their undying love, Hildyard had carved a device—two blended hearts, on a large beech tree in the Park,—you can see it now. I daresay most of you have seen it."

"Well, the marriage was not a happy one. Margaret and her husband lived a cat and dog life together, and sometime or other on their travels—Lambert was a great traveller—she left him under circumstances I need not recount. For many years she was lost to sight, but at last, disgraced and penniless, broken in health, and in spirits a bankrupt, she crept back here, to her native village; and here she lived for very many years, a miserable old woman in receipt of parish relief, grumbling at everybody, and looked upon as a general nuisance by all in return.

"Hildyard knew nothing of this. I presume—the man was evidently a poet—he wove for himself his own romance. He conceived Margaret still loving him, but loyal to the man she had married. And then he heard she was dead. It was then and not till then he began to pay his yearly Christmas visit to Kirdborough.

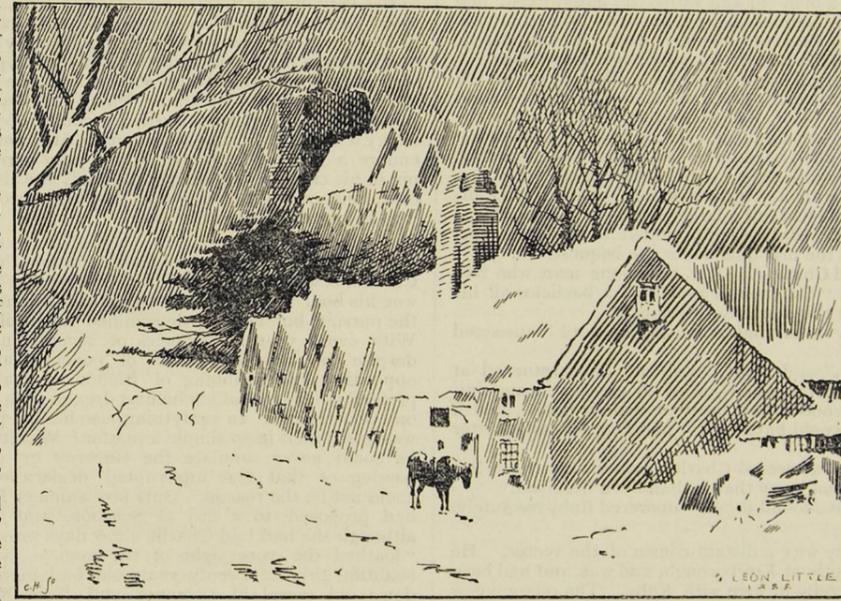
"He was now a rich man, a rich old bachelor, and could indulge any whim, for the death of his father and brothers had put him in possession of the family baronetcy and estates. Every Christmas Eve he made his appearance at the 'Five Bells Inn,'—you know it, the quaint old tavern which nestles under the shade of that long row of high elms which skirt the eastern wall of the rectory. It is a wonderful old place, and it used to be the Manor House. Until about the

end of the reign of George II. it belonged to the Rawtrees, one of the oldest families in the county. Bless me! how that family has gone down, they're still here about, one of them is a publican at Maxton, and another a horse trainer at Sudford; but forgive me, I'm wandering a bit.

"Well, the inn has a suite of fine old wainscoted rooms, and at that time all the original furniture was there; it is gone now, alas! This suite of rooms Sir Spencer engaged all the year round; but he only used them from Christmas Eve to the morning of Boxing-day—scarcely two days out of the whole year. No one knew from whence he came, or whither he returned. He sent a servant down once a week to see to the dusting and cleaning of the rooms; but nobody could extract anything from him. His master was Mr. Edward Brown, of London; that was all he knew.

"And so from year to year this Mr. Edward Brown—Sir Spencer Hildyard—came and went. It was remarked that he disappeared every Christmas morning, no one knew whither. It is true he was seen in the Park more than once, and the gossips made the best they could out of it; it amounted to little after all. No one knew Hildyard at Kirdborough: the rector, old Sidlow, was dead long since.

"The landlord at the 'Five Bells,'—there were two landlords, father and son, during the long range of Sir Spencer's visits,—used to go almost mad sometimes. The resources of the village, ah! and the country round too, were strained to the utmost to provide an appropriate dinner for the distinguished guest; but on Christmas Day he would often fail to



CHRISTMAS EVE AT KIRDBOROUGH.

return until hours after the time he had appointed for the meal.

"There were none, save one, who noticed that the device on the beech tree—the blended hearts—was re-carved on every Christmas morning. Nobody, save perhaps the wood-reeve, and he was never known to see anything, penetrated into the deepest recesses of the wood, for the tree was then in its wildest part: the road which now passes by it has been made in my day. So far as history relates, the device attracted nobody's attention until Margaret saw it. Margaret had a miserable little hovel in the wood, and she was wont to gather firewood, stray sticks and limbs, near her home. One day she had chanced to come across the tree. She had almost forgotten all about the device her sometime lover had carved there, and seeing it newly-cut she was much afraid. Hardened in sin, the sight delivered her over to the torments of superstitious dread. Still the next Christmas Day, when darkness was about to fall upon the land, she crept out into the wood. Strangely impelled there, she hoped yet feared to see the spirit of darkness that did the work; but instead she saw the tall gaunt figure of her old lover, and she fled in terror to her cottage. Never again did she attempt to solve the mystery; she spoke to none of what she saw, for to speak would have been to reveal her shame.

"And so Sir Spencer came, and did this silent act of reverent homage to the memory of his hopeless love, faithfully and truly, for full fifty years—as a young man, a man in his prime, a man old and withered; until at last, one Christmas Day, the landlord of the 'Five Bells' waited in vain for him to return. He kept his dinner warm; in his despair he prepared another. But Sir Spencer never came back.

"In the morning all was explained, and Margaret was the unwilling exponent. Curiosity had led her to the tree, and there at the base of it, half buried in the snow, lay Sir Spencer Hildyard, her old lover, cold and dead, the man she had deceived and jilted because he was poor. There he lay, a pocket knife by his side, and on his finger the ring Margaret had given him. And when they came to read his will, it was found he had left a large portion of his wealth to the aged poor of Kirdborough, and it is said Margaret Lambert received the first dole under the bequest."

"And so," said Charles Hedley, the young man who had asked for the tale, "Sir Spencer remained a bachelor all his life for the sake of this worthless woman."

"Yes, Charles. A strange man, was he not?" answered the rector.

"I don't think," said Ruby, "I should have returned at all to a place which reminded me of so great a disappointment, to a place where I had been treated so badly; and if I had returned it would have been to find another and a better woman."

"Would you?" answered Charles rather eagerly. "But you forget he did not know that he had been deceived."

"He should have found it out," answered Ruby resolutely.

Charles Hedley was a distant cousin of the rector. He was pretty constantly at Kirdborough, and was, and had been for some time, secretly in love with Ruby. The rector knew all about it; he had a keen eye for such matters, and recently he had reason to think that Ruby responded to that love. But Charles was poor—he was struggling to gain a foothold in a most difficult profession, and Mr. Granton, as a man of the world, in weighing his chances, knew only too well that the odds were greatly against him. He would nip the matter in the bud that very evening.

"But I do like him, father, and I feel sure he loves me; and if he asks me to marry him, and I'm nearly sure he's going to, I shall love him."

"Nonsense, dear, I know what is best for you. If he propose to you, you are to refuse him."

"But, father, he is working hard, and he will make a way in the world, I am sure of it."

"I have given my answer, dear. Is this the reward I get for all my love and indulgence? You would not go against my wishes?"

"No, father, I must not do that."

Ruby left her father's presence in tears. It happened that Charles Hedley crossed her path as she made her way to her own room. As quickly as she could she dried her eyes.

"What is it, Ruby? You're in trouble?"

"The wind is so cold, Charlie."

"Ah dear, yes, it is cold, but it's warm here—Christmas is a cheerful warm time, and there are warm hearts near you, and—"

But Ruby's eyes were cast to the ground. "Ruby, I have something to tell you; I must tell you to-day and now. I know that I'm poor, but—"

She knew what he would say.

"No, not that, Charlie; you must not tell me that."

"Why not, dear?"

"Because it is useless, utterly useless."

"No, no; I must speak."

"If you love me do not, Charles; I pray you not to do so. It is utterly useless!"

"I do love you, Ruby—passionately, truly, fondly—"

A harsh voice, calling "Ruby," "Ruby!"—a despairing effort to clutch the hand of the girl who turns to go, and Charles is left alone to his own reflections.

"Yes, I will—I will take her advice. She does not love me. Very good. I will come here every Christmas, and every Christmas Eve I will ask some girl—the rector has always plenty of girls here at Christmas—to be my wife. Why should I not? I don't care who it is now, and a man must marry, I suppose."

He was a determined man, and, his resolution once made, although only uttered to himself, was final. So he kept his word, and he thought he acted his part well too. He was getting on in the world, getting as years went on quite a talked-about man—a man rising in his profession, and sure to rise very high in it. He was good-looking, and had those social qualities which to women are especially pleasing; and yet they one and all refused him, year by year, with the precision of a machine. Jessie Barton threw up her little head and laughed at him; Maggie Parker said she liked him very much, but could not love him; Mabel Rokeley said she must consult papa, but papa refused, he would have his daughter marry a man in business; Antonia Carruthers could never endure a man with blue eyes, and who wore a horse-shoe pin in his cravat; and oh, poor fellow! the dear little innocent, blue-eyed, sit-in-a-corner Miss Speedwell told him to "go and work." Poor Charles.

And so the world wagged, and Christmas came again, as Christmas will come, and Charles knew that for weal or for woe his hour was once more upon him. He had lost heart in the pursuit, but he was determined he would not give in. With every year his chances of success increased. For despite the open opposition of enemies, and the covert opposition and snubbing of friends, he had risen in his profession far beyond his highest dreams: his name was now on every tongue. In everything else he had prospered, how was it he failed in so simple a matter? Was it that somehow he could never simulate the sincerity or counterfeit the passion of that first interrupted declaration? No; that could not be the reason. Only last summer Philip Dawkins had proposed to a girl at Scarborough and been accepted, although she had told Charlie a few days previously that she "loathed the very sight of the man." Nell Bantam, a beautiful girl, not twenty years old, had married a broken-down old rascal of seventy; and Tom Napier, an idle dissolute fellow, who could not put two words together, had carried off the belle of Maxton. Perhaps, thought Charles, there is some strange fatality in the time and place. But, how could that be? He was told on every hand that a rich and prosperous man need never want for a wife, be he never so wicked, never so ill-favoured. Charles consulted his glass and his conscience; they acquitted him of either reproach. And yet he was wedded to his plan. He felt that he had a moral obligation to discharge; to turn back on what he had solemnly vowed to do, would be a loss of power—that power, that persistence, which had served him so well elsewhere. It should carry him through in this.

"Oh, Charlie, I am so sorry to trouble you, but Ruby wants to spend the evening with the Gunnings, at Hermongers. It is such a raw, wild night, I don't like to send her alone. Will you go with her?"

"Delighted!"

The rector was all smiles and graces—urbanity itself. "What on earth shall I do?" thought Charles, to himself. "I scarcely know the Gunnings, and even if I should meet any girl there to whom I could propose, I shall lack the opportunity."

But he did not meet any one he knew, and he could not make himself ridiculous.

"I've never known such a storm. I fear we shall get snowed up. It's a bad road, too."

"Yes, Charlie, it is a bad road."

Charles Hedley was not good company. Ruby thought he had something on his mind; and so he had. His case seemed hopeless. It was already twenty minutes to twelve, and he feared he should not be back in time even to make a rush at Lily Barker, the girl to whom he had laid siege already, and whom he contemplated as a possibility. Besides, the carriage was now crawling, scarcely able to make its way through the banks of snow.

"Beg pardon, sir, I can't move, the snow's drifted into a regular hill, and I can't see the way out of it."

"Where are we, Bill?"

"Just by the Lover's Beech, sir."

"Well, we'll see what can be done." Charlie got out and took the lantern. It was only too true, the wheels were hopelessly fixed.

"I'll go back to the 'Gunning Arms,' sir, and see if I can get some of the lads to lend a hand."

"All right, Bill. Look sharp."

In handing back the lantern to the coachman, the light was cast full on the *Lover's Beech*. Surely, said Charlie to himself, somebody has renewed the carving of those hearts, and quite recently, too.

"Look, Ruby!" he said, pointing the device out to her, as he re-entered the carriage.

She said nothing, but a curious expression flitted across her face.

"Why! Can it be so. What a fool I have been. She never said she did not love me! She does love me and there is still time."

He was right; she did love him, and had loved him through those long weary, waiting years, as he, although he knew it not, had loved her.

A Christmas Carol.

I CARE not for Spring; on his fickle wing
Let the blossoms and buds be borne:
He woos them amain with his treacherous rain,
And he scatters them ere the morn.
An inconstant elf, he knows not himself,
Nor his own changing mind an hour,
He'll smile in your face, and, with wry grimace,
He'll wither your youngest flower.

Let the Summer sun to his bright home run,
He shall never be sought by me;
When he's dimmed by a cloud I can laugh aloud,
And care not how sulky he be!
For his darling child is the madness wild
That sports in fierce fever's train;
And when love is too strong it don't last long,
As many have found to their pain.

A mild harvest night, by the tranquil light
Of the modest and gentle moon,
Has a far sweeter sheen, for me, I ween,
Than the broad and unblushing noon.
But every leaf awakens my grief,
As it lieth beneath the tree;
So let Autumn air be never so fair,
It by no means agrees with me.

But my song I troll out, for CHRISTMAS stout,
The hearty, the true, and the bold;
A bumper I drain, and with might and main
Give three cheers for this Christmas old!
We'll usher him in with a merry din
That shall gladden his joyous heart,
And we'll keep him up, while there's bite or sup,
And in fellowship good, we'll part.

In his fine honest pride, he scorns to hide
One jot of his hard-weather scars;
They're no disgrace, for there's much the same trace
On the cheeks of our bravest tars.
Then again I'll sing 'till the roof doth ring,
And it echoes from wall to wall—
To the stout old wight, fair welcome to-night,
As the King of the Seasons all!—*Pickwick Papers*.

A SHURE CURE.

Old Lady—"You seem to have a cold, sir?"
Stranger—"Yes, madame."
Old Lady—"Well, I tell you what you do. Jes' go home and put your feet in a tub o' hot mustard water an'—"
Stranger (gruffly)—"That's fine advice to give a man with a cork leg; now, ain't it?"

"A Gleam of Golden Light."

BY

HENRY ALLEN ASHTON.

Author of "In the Stillness of the Night," "The Great Prize," "Our New Governor," etc.

Heroism, self-denial, and magnanimity in all instances where they do not spring from a principle of religion, are but splendid altars on which we sacrifice one kind of self-love to another.—COLTON.

CHRISTMAS DAY and a bitterly cold morning. The air was very bleak and sharp. The blinding sleet had only ceased to give place to a silent downfall of snow in thick white flakes which soon covered the ground.

Borne on the wings of the wind, breaking the dreary silence, echoed many a rippling peal from the steeple of St. Aloysius.

"Peace and goodwill—goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill to all mankind."

Happy refrain! stirring up depths of unutterable thought, breathing sweet incense to the soul, elevating the mind of man to a nobler, higher sphere.

As one neared the vicinity of the parish church, footprints in the snow gradually converged, becoming closer and closer till, at the entrance to St. Aloysius, they tracked out a small path.

The congregation are all assembled within the sacred edifice on this Christmas morn, singing hymns of gladness and great joy. Wearily trudging along the cold icy road, almost freezing in the cruel biting wind, footsore and feverish, a man and woman are making their way to the spot indicated by a lofty minster which, towering high above the few surrounding cottages, stands spectrally inclined against the sky.

After many discomforts and failures, they eventually gain the imposing portals, and effect a passage into the vestibule. Everthing is hushed: within and without.

Presently melodious strains issue from the organ, and the words of the anthem ring out in beautiful harmony, notes so wild and sweet—"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST."

Peter Connolly nervously peered between the scarcely closed doors of the inner entrance, and directed his gaze into the main body of the grand old fourteenth century church.

He noticed the great round arches, and the heavy massive piers covered with slender delicate screen work of open traceries; the lofty and stately mullions running upwards from the tessellated pavement to the mighty ramifications of the vault. Then he beheld the enormous east window, designed with such evident skill and taste; the moulded arcades for the walls, and the carefully balanced circles and curves for the smaller windows down the aisle. Surveying this haughty grandeur, reflecting as it did the beauty of holiness in its calm and undisturbed majesty, thoroughly impressed with his own insignificance, the sparsely-clad labourer turned away shivering, and said to his forlorn, dejected wife, "Martha, we aint good 'nuff not to go inside where all the respectable folks is prayin' an' singin' so fine and beautiful."

"No, Peter, I don't think we are," she replied, "still we'll just wait 'ere quietly till they all comes out—it's so nice an' comfortable 'ere."

Martha Connolly drew her tattered shawl over her shoulders, and nestled up closer to her husband.

"Is churches on'y for rich an' good people?" said the pauper woman, looking about with eager wandering eyes.

The reply was peremptory and decided: "Yes, Martha."

Thanksgiving service over, the whole assembly poured out in living streams, speedily filling the corridors and lobbies. Among them were a young and exceedingly pretty girl, Mabel Foster, and her lover, Percy Claremont. Both being modern young people of the nineteenth century, their style of dress was all that could be desired.

As these two persons were issuing from the portico, Martha Connolly in endeavouring to get out of the way, slipped, and would have stumbled, had not Peter been instantly by her side. Unhappily, in bringing round his arm to support his wife from falling, his hand accidentally came in violent contact with the rim of Mr. Claremont's well-brushed silk hat, which sent it racing down the flight of stone steps leading to the roadway.

Some of the parishioners tittered, two or three nudged each other significantly, while a good number could scarcely refrain from smiling. Even Mabel herself, much to her lover's chagrin, signally failed to suppress a light girlish laugh. Now if there is one thing more than another that a young man who is courting utterly detests, it is being set up to

ridicule before his sweetheart, or looking extremely ludicrous in her presence, at a time he wished to appear at his tip-top, bran-new best.

Percy Claremont's blood was up in a minute, his wild mad passion knew no bounds. He did not wait to hear his pardon begged. He would not listen to the penitent man's earnest apology, nor hearken to a friendly voice that it was only an accident.

In a fit of ungovernable rage the young man clenched his fist, and, furiously assailing Peter Connolly, dealt him a severe blow in the face. Martha saw the cruel marks on her poor husband's face; the abrasion in his cheek, from which a thin stream of blood commenced to trickle down.

Connolly's father was an Irishman, but his mother was of Spanish descent, and in the stalwart labourer's veins ran a curious admixture of deep sympathetic and the opposite Southern, passionate blood. He could love fervently and devotedly, as an Irishman can love, but he could hate—revengefully, murderously.

He would have instantly returned with interest young Claremont's crushing blow, but for his wife's timely interference.

"Not 'ere, Peter," she cried, detaining the arm ready to strike, "this is the church, on'y for good people, not for the likes of us."

Those words from one who had been his untiring, gentle and loving companion through life's rough way, sobered him a little, and tempered his judgment, but there was a dangerous glitter in his eye, and a dark diabolical scowl on his livid countenance as he hissed out the words, "You have struck a Spaniard. My revenge will come."

A glorious summer's day. Nature never looked more beautiful or more lovely.

The July sun, shining from a pale blue and almost transparent sky, renders everything cheerful and bright.

The yellow effulgence of a ripe harvest; vast sweeping shadows over the gilded corn; waving foliage of clustering trees; and the mute splendour of verdant ranges of everlasting hills, all seem to reflect happiness and glory in their full fruition of the cool and fragrant breeze.

In the far distance grassy glades and expansive meadows, upon which sheep and oxen browse, stretch right and left for many and many a mile, till the eye of the traveller grows dim with watching, or a bend in the country lane exposes a line of tall poplars, or the bushy outskirt of a woodland grove to obscure the vision.

Behind this luxurious vegetation rise the crimson and golden slopes of the South Downs, glowing in the pride of their own magnificence, as they unconsciously form a resplendent background to this pretty landscape.

The lark, singing merrily and gaily, is soaring up into the heights of heaven in floods of dazzling light, while below the linnet and thrush send their tuneful note to the voiceless woods.

Washing the feet of jagged rocks and stupendous cliffs, little foam-crested wavelets splash lowly and gently, chanting their unknown anthem to the morning sun.

The scenery at Beechgate was ineffably sublime, and yet there was a kind of thoughtful sadness intermingled with all its rich beauty, just as in love there is a sense of pain; in joy, a tinge of sorrow.

Down one of the picturesque bye-ways, near a slow, meandering stream, walking in the direction of the sea, two lovers were conversing in a manner and style peculiar to themselves. Building castles in the air, perhaps; castles of smiles and loving glances, and softly-whispered words reared in ephemeral sunshine, and called forth by Nature's cheerful aspect.

Percy Claremont and Mabel Foster soon neared the beach, which was alive with grotesque nigger troupes, performing birds, and fantastically dressed conjurers and jugglers. The rich sand at Beechgate-super-Mare was, as usual, swarmed with children and maidservants, young men and maidens, mothers, fathers, and grandparents. In summer time the seaside always will be a reasonable recruit from the bustle and din of smoky London; a kind cessation from the troubles and anxieties engendered by physical and mental labour.

"Have a boat out, sir?" cried an old veteran, touching his cap; "splendid day for a sail, sir," from another.

"I should so like to go for a row, Percy," said Mabel, and her lover was only too pleased to coincide at once.

A light skiff was accordingly run down the beach, Percy and Mabel got inside, and the boat was put out to sea. Percy did all the easy work, rowing; at least, so Mabel said,

while the young lady herself was fully engaged with the intricacies of the steering apparatus.

It was very mild and calm on the water; too calm, in fact, so Percy began to sway to and fro in order to imitate the effects of a few inviting waves, in spite of continual admonitions from Miss Mabel, who pretended that she didn't like it, and, therefore, it was wrong to do it.

There were many itinerant vendors on the beach that morning; one man in particular, looking more wretched and despicable than the rest, was trying to dispose of a few stacks of fine bulrushes. He had just effected a small sale and turned round with sparkling eyes at his success, when suddenly his brow became clouded and a death-like pallor rose to his cheeks.

"My time has come," he muttered between his teeth, as he beheld someone standing near the water's edge. "Revenge—death!"

One o'clock! two! half-past! still no sign. A strong wind had sprung up with the return of the tide, and the waves of the Channel, augmenting in size and fury, waged fierce havoc on the stormy main, lashing each other into a seething foam.

"Why are we waitin' 'ere so long, Peter?" cried Martha.

Her husband kept his vivid eyes fixed on the troubled waters and said nothing.

Three o'clock strikes, and no boat returns.

They had been waiting for hours on that jetty, Peter Connolly being in one of those horrible frames of mind his wife had noticed so frequent of late—heavy, despairing moods, and instinct told her that sooner or later, if left unchecked, they would be attended with results beyond calamitous.

"What is the matter, old boy? Come tell me all," at length ventured Martha, in plaintive, anxious tones.

No answer.

Tears welled up into the poor woman's eyes, and throwing her thin wasted arms round his neck, she burst into an outbreak of grief.

"Martha," he wavered, "young Claremont—is on the water—the man who struck me—here," and he touched a white scar on his cheek.

"What are you goin' to do?"—excitedly.

Slowly and deliberately, Peter Connolly drew from an inside pocket a sharp-pointed glistening stiletto, and thus replied, "When he lands, I stab."

Before Martha had even time to utter a cry of terror, a loud shriek came from the roaring sea.

Merciful heavens!—a young girl is struggling in the turbulent ocean; another moment a youth madly leaps from a boat half-filled with water, and disappears in the raging element.

"Call for help," screamed Martha Connolly, "or they'll both be drowned. Help! help! help!"

One glance sufficed to reveal the forms of Percy Claremont and Mabel Foster contending with the rolling surf, at the mercy of the violent tempest.

Hatred is very strong, but stronger still is love. Love will go forth to battle mighty and firm, exposed to the heavy fire of musketry, to the cannon's opening roar. Like the sun, love knows no conqueror. Sweeping proudly past an army of warlike chargers, through rows of glittering steel and burnished cuirass, it emerges unsullied, victorious, and decked in glorious sheen. But hatred rushes headlong on its mad career, in fear and trembling, knowing full well that the coveted goal of its wild ambition is its own destruction, the accomplishment of its evil purpose—ruin and utter annihilation.

Peter stood stock still. Revenge! revenge! which suffereth not to live. The stormy waves would soon complete what he might have in vain essayed.

But there was a quick revulsion of feeling, and conscience; the rule of right, as Bishop Butler calls it, gained the ascendancy.

"Martha," he exclaimed, as he kissed her passionately and tenderly, "I'm a-goin' to try an' save 'em both."

Something of glittering steel is flung far out to sea, a well-worn jacket is hurriedly cast aside, and a man—brave and strong—springs from the jetty into the boisterous Channel.

A woman, ghastly pale, sees her husband's head rise above a towering wave, next instant swallowed up in a heavy sea—a body battling against the huge breakers, which, toppling over, come crushing down with fearful violence.

He rises again; he is engaged in fierce conflict with the mighty billows; he strikes out with all his strength—a desperate lunge, something grappled, and anon an insensible girl is safely landed in the tempest-tossed boat; another

struggle, a terribly difficult one, and Percy Claremont is out of imminent danger.

But before Peter Connolly can catch hold of the stern or sides of the drifting craft, a tremendous sea engulfs his powerless body in its circling eddies, dragging him down, down, down! never to rise again.

Revenge!—how glorious! how noble!—a bright light from the valley of the shadow of death shines victorious unto a heavenly home.

Unseen by mortal man, a white-robed angel descended from above and swept o'er the foamy billows of the raging sea, and to the spirit of a dying body said, "As thou hast chosen that good path, and done that which seemed right in thine own eyes, I am the bearer of this message from the throne of grace—'Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'" And thus Peter Connolly passed into those happy realms where the pilgrim ends his journey, the toiler seeks repose, and the weary are at rest.

The Christmas Bells.

By CLEMENT SCOTT.

ONCE more across the leafless land
We hear the clash of Christmas chimes;
The young and old stand hand in hand,
And dream the past in present times.
There is a story in the Bells
That comes in whispers through the air:
Of Love to some their music tells,
They sigh to others of despair!

Last year we flung the window wide;
'Twas such a Christmas Eve as this;
We bade the bells to greet the bride
And consecrate the bridegroom's kiss.
A little year! too brief, alas!
To save the ship, or still the wave;
To-morrow morning we shall pass
The flowers on her husband's grave!

A year ago! you can't forget
The darkness of last Christmas night,
A little robin cold and wet
Flew dazed and hungry to the light.
Our holly wreaths unwithered still,
The glad new year had scarcely come,
We heard a shout across the hill,
Our long-lost brother had come home!

"Good Will and Peace!" in leafy scroll,
We saw above the chancel dim;
We heard the mighty organ roll
Its music for the Christmas hymn.
The sermon was of love, and all
Uprose, just blest—a Christian fold;
Still father's kisses never fall
On mother's forehead as of old!

Ring on, ye Christmas bells, of peace;
Ring on of love that never dies;
The love that lasts though life must cease,
The life of deathless sympathies;
Ring out the only true belief
Across the meadows and the plain;
The woods once more will smile in leaf,
The summer flowers come again.

This is the music of the chimes
That crushes hate and kills despair;
The gospel of the good old times
Filling with love the very air;
Though hope lies buried, it will rise,
Though sorrow triumphs, 'twill depart;
Love will re-light grief-wasted eyes,
And fill with joy each empty heart.

A TRIP TO PARIS.

Arrangements have been made to take our Palace Members to the Great Exhibition at Paris in 1889. The cost of the excursion, including railway fare to and from Paris, and sleeping and boarding accommodation whilst there, will be £2 10s. per week, or £4 the fortnight. During the fête week (ending 20th July), the charge will be £3 per week. The amount can be paid by weekly or monthly instalments. This arrangement, however, is entirely optional. Students in the French Classes can also join, at special rates. All subscriptions received, names booked, and further information given, every Monday evening, by

A. E. WERE, Technical School Officer.

A SECOND EDITION of our Christmas Number, with Contributions by Messrs. HARTLEY KNIGHT, JOHN RAMSAY, Mrs. BERNHARD WHISHAW, etc., will be Published next week.

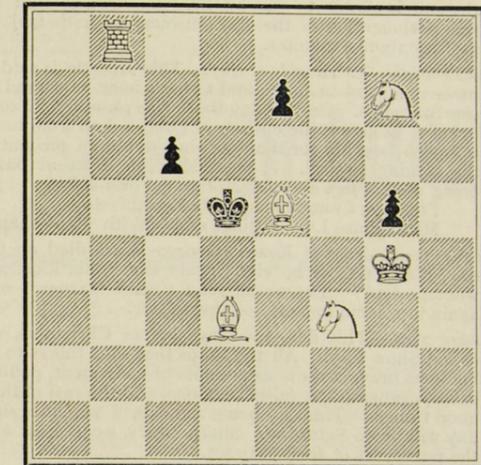
Our Chess Column.

[Communications for this column to be addressed "CHESS EDITOR," People's Palace, Mile End, E.]

PROBLEM No. 5.

By W. GLEAVE.

Black 4 pieces.



White 6 pieces.

White to mate in three moves.

Solutions and criticisms are invited.

All communications intended for publication in the next issue, must reach us on or before the previous Wednesday.

N.B.—Solutions to Problem No. 5 will be received not later than January 5th.

END GAME No. 4.

By THE EDITOR.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and win.

We offer a small prize, "The Chess Player's Pocket Book," for the best and most complete solution of the above End Game. Solutions must reach us not later than Saturday, January 5th.

Calendar of a Fortnight.

December 20th.—This is the shortest day of the whole year. Reference to Whitaker's Almanack will show that it is one minute shorter than the 21st, so-called shortest day. Practically this is the close of the year. It should be New Year's Eve. The Roman Festival of the Saturnalia was held at this time, beginning with the 17th, to mark the dark days of the end of the year. The "dark month" may be said to begin on the 12th of the month and to end on the 17th of January. During the whole of this time the sun rises after 8 and sets between 3.49 and 4.20. On this day it rises at 8.6 and sets at 3.50. After this day the sun sets later every day by rather less than a minute, so that on the last day of the year the evening has been drawn out by eight minutes—on the other hand the sun is slower to rise by three minutes, so that the real prolongation of the day between the 20th and the 31st is only five minutes.

December 21st.—St. Thomas's Day. This Apostle is said to have preached in India, and to have been martyred by the Brahmins. On this day there was observed, in some parts of England, the custom of going round from house to house begging for the poor—no doubt on account of the coming festival. It was called, in different parts, going *a-mumping*, *a-gooding*, *a-corning*, or *a-doleing*. Common Councilmen elected on this day. Michaelmas Law Sittings end. With many thanks.

December 22nd.—Marian Evans (George Eliot) died on this day, 1880. Can it be eight years since this illustrious woman died? Let us all read "Silas Marner" over again in solemn memory of the author.

December 23rd.—This day, two days before Christmas, was called Show Day. All the shops that sold things to eat made as brave a show as possible of their meat, poultry, cakes, oranges, figs, raisins, lemons, and the rest of these good things. This day being Sunday, I suppose show day will be on Saturday. Sharp frosty weather is what the purveyors of food pray for.

December 24th.—Christmas Eve.

The following delightful verses occur in the *Bellman's Treasury*. It must be remembered that one of the duties of this official, who rung his bell in the street and bawled the time, was to awaken servants in proper time.

Up Doll, Peg, and Susan; you all spoke to me
Betimes to call you and 'tis now past three:
Get up on your butt-ends and rub your eyes,
For shame no longer lie in bed but rise:
The pewter still to scour, and house to clean,
And you a bed? Good girls, what is't ye mean?

On this day Robin Hood died, in the year 1247. The story is that he fell sick and was conveyed to a certain nunnery in Yorkshire, where he was made to bleed to death.

December 25th.—Christmas Day.

On this day the thorn in the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey flowers every year. The miracle is quite true, as the writer can witness, for he has seen it. Yet it is no miracle, but a property of this kind of thorn to flower in midwinter, like the Cape jessamine, and a few others.

That great lawyer, Sir Matthew Hale, died on this day 1676. St. Peter is believed to leave the gates of Heaven open all day. One hopes that Sir Matthew was aware of this benevolent custom.

Of Christian customs there is no room here to speak.

December 26th.—St. Stephen's Day. Boxing Day—general holiday.

One is pleased to find that the custom of boxing is by no means so severe as it used to be. Formerly, not the boys only, but the shopmen of the tradesmen came round to ask for their Christmas box; the parish clerk and the sexton wanted theirs; the bellman his, and so on. We get off now with the postman and a few boys, not counting the Christmas boxes those may give to their employes who have large houses of business.

December 27th.—St. John's Day. On this day prudent persons used to eat certain cakes or manchets prepared in an artful manner; a charm against being poisoned during the following year.

December 28th.—Innocents' Day. Childermas.

On this day was celebrated the Slaughter of the Innocents by Herod. It was reckoned the most unlucky

day in the year (except Good Friday) for the commencement of anything. No one would be married on this day; no one would put on new clothes or enter upon any undertaking; and they used to whip all the children on the morning of this day. Such a custom was quite enough by itself, without any reference to Herod, to make them regard this day as unlucky for the whole of their lives.

December 29th.—On this day, 1070, Thomas à-Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, was murdered in his own Cathedral. It was five o'clock in the evening; the church must have been quite dark save for the glimmerings of the lamps on the altars. The Archbishop, who had quarrelled with the knights outside, was dragged by the monks into the church for safety. The knights followed the monks fled, except three. The murder accomplished, the knights returned to the palace, which they plundered, and rode away. There is not in history a more interesting story than this, of the murder of the Archbishop in the dark church, with the glimmering lamps. Read it in Stanley's book on Canterbury Cathedral.

December 30th.—Mr. Gladstone born 1809.

December 31st.—Saint Sylvester. The name of this saint, who was a Pope in the fourth century, has remained on the Calendar for some unknown reason.

A greater than Pope Sylvester died on this day—Wyclif—in the year 1384, five hundred years ago. A Wyclif Society is now engaged in printing all the works of this great theologian and reformer. He had the good luck to hold advanced opinions, without getting burned for them. Gambetta also died on this day in the year 1882. He was the one strong man whom France has produced since the overthrow of the second Empire. His death was a great calamity to the country.

January 1st, 1889.—New Year's Day.

The custom of New Year's gifts, though it has in great measure fallen out in this country, prevails everywhere else. Many remarkable things have been done on the first day of the year. On this day William Tell began the association which in the end gained Switzerland her independence. On this day, 1801, the union of Great Britain and Ireland was accomplished; on this day Charles II. was crowned King of the Scots; on this day the lawyers at Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn, and the Temple, used to hold a great pageant; on this day—and not on Christmas Day—the wassail bowl was carried round; this day is the Scotch Hogmanay—but we must stop. It is New Year's Day. A happy New Year to all.

January 2nd.—St. Macarius graces this day. He is the holy man who, stung by repentance for having wickedly killed a gnat, retired to a comfortable swamp, where there were swarms of gnats, and allowed them to sting him continually. I do not think there is any moral to this story, except that the next saint who wants to practice self-torture and penance among gnats, may as well take a spade with him and do something useful to mankind by draining that swamp.

We took Calcutta on this day, in the year 1757: a very lucky "take" it proved to be. There are, unfortunately, no more Calcuttas left to be taken.

SCENE—PICTURE GALLERY.

First Visitor—"I say, I wonder why they make a ring round the heads of saints?"
Second Visitor—"Oh, the man who first did that thought he had made a *disc-over-he!*" (Discovery.)
It was afterwards ascertained that these two men were fined five shillings each for inebriety.

SHAKESPEARE admits there is something as sharp as himself. He says: "Though inclination be as sharp as Will."

WHY is the proposed Municipal Reform a most beggarly affair? Because they are going to *mend-a-city* (mendacity).

AN eminent physician once observed that the man who turns *pale* is likely to kick the bucket.

WRACKISBRAINSOVITCH, the editor of the *Siberian Sunstroke*, alluding to the late accident to the Czar's railway carriage, charmed his friends by informing them that they need not be in the least alarmed, for the Nihilists could not make the Emperor *food for Worms* with something that was not sufficient to *dine-a-mite*. (The harmonies of this joke suffer by translation.)

LONDON HOSPITAL, WHITECHAPEL ROAD, E.

THIRD SPECIAL APPEAL FOR FUNDS.

Contributions to the Third Quinquennial Appeal for Funds for the Maintenance of this Hospital are most earnestly solicited by the House-Committee. The assured income is only £16,480, the necessary annual expenditure is nearly £51,000. Patients treated at the London Hospital in 1887:—

IN-PATIENTS (Admitted).			
FREE	Accidents	2,381	6,019
	Urgent Extra Cases	3,638	
Recommended by Governors		2,241	8,260

CHILDREN'S WARDS.—1,717 children under 12 years of age were admitted as patients during the year.

HEBREW PATIENTS.—During the past year 662 Hebrew Patients were treated as in-patients. Special wards are provided for their use.

Qualification for Governorship.—Life Donation of £31 10s.; Annual Subscription of £5 5s. Each Governor is entitled to 16 patients' tickets a year. Annual subscribers of less than five guineas are entitled to three tickets for each guinea contributed.

All Donations and Subscriptions are most thankfully received.

Bankers—Robarts & Co. and Glyn, Mills & Co. Cheques and post-office orders to be crossed Robarts & Co., and made payable to the Secretary.

October 31st, 1888.

G. Q. ROBERTS, Secretary.

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN,

GREAT ORMOND STREET, LONDON.

Convalescent Branch—Cromwell House, Highgate.

Patron—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

This Hospital was opened in 1852, and was the first Children's Hospital in Great Britain. It contains 126 beds in Great Ormond Street, and 52 beds at Highgate—total, 178; and has relieved from 1852 to 1887, In-patients, 23,821; Out-patients, 397,897—total, 421,718. Depending entirely upon voluntary contributions.

The Committee **Earnestly Appeal for Funds** to carry on the work efficiently.

ADRIAN HOPE, Secretary.

THE METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL,
KINGSLAND ROAD, E.

Patron—THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Chairman—JOHN FRY, ESQ.

Hon. Secretary—SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.

THE NEW BUILDING FOR 160 BEDS IS NOW COMPLETE

The Hospital is conducted on strictly Provincial Principles.

ACCIDENTS AND CASES OF URGENCY ADMITTED AT ALL HOURS FREE.

THE CHARITY HAS NO ENDOWMENT.

Funds urgently needed for Furnishing Opening, and maintaining the New Wards.

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Junior School.—(ALEXANDRA ORPHANAGE) HORNSEY RISE.

Convalescent Home.—MARGATE, KENT.

Three Hundred Pounds per week needed to Maintain, Clothe and Educate the 635 Inmates of the ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL and the ALEXANDRA ORPHANAGE. Sickly Children are sent to the Convalescent Home, Margate.

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JONADAB FINCH, Secretary.

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The Patients (numbering over 9,000 in the year) are of both sexes and all ages, from Children a month old to Adults over ninety.

Upwards of 440,000 Patients have been relieved since the formation of the Charity.
Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by the Society's Bankers, LLOYDS, BARNETTS, AND BOSANQUETS' Bank (Limited), 72, Lombard Street; and by the Secretary, at the Institution.

JOHN NORBURY, Treasurer,
JOHN WHITTINGTON, Secretary.

N.B.—Funds are much needed.

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FOR DELIVERING POOR MARRIED WOMEN AT THEIR OWN HABITATIONS BY SKILLED AND TRAINED MIDWIVES.
INSTITUTED 1757.

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DIVISIONAL PHYSICIANS—Dr. Fancourt Barnes, M.R.C.P., 7, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, Senior Physician and Lecturer; Dr. Fred. J. Smith, M.R.C.P., F.R.C.S., 7, West Street, Finsbury Circus, Physician of the Eastern Division.

THIS INSTITUTION is the oldest and largest Lying-in-Charity in Great Britain. About 4,000 poor Women are annually relieved at the most critical period of their lives *without removal from their own homes*, a great boon to the poor, as no one need be reminded of the importance of a mother's presence in a poor man's family. Moreover, under this system of home-ministration none are denied for want of room; as in the words of the noble President,

"ALL LONDON IS THE CHARITY'S HOSPITAL, AND EVERY STREET A WARD."
In fact, there is no limit to the Charity's operations but the want of sufficient funds, which are much needed. Six Patients can be annually recommended for a Life Subscription of TEN GUINEAS or an Annual Subscription of ONE GUINEA, or three for a Life Subscription of FIVE GUINEAS, which costs the Charity nearly four times that amount, and the Trustees have had to sell out their funded property to meet this deficiency. The Committee, therefore, earnestly appeal for Contributions, to enable them to fully maintain the benevolent work of this Institution, which will be thankfully received by the
Treasurer—SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., M.P., 15, Lombard Street; or at the Charity's House, 31, Finsbury Square, E.C., by
J. W. LONG, Secretary.

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Have been in use for upwards of 120 years, and are pronounced unfailing as a cure for this painful disorder. Dr. Andrew Wilson, editor of "Health," recommends this cure to all who are so afflicted.

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WE CLOSE ON THURSDAYS AT 5 p.m.

See Illustrations and Articles in the 'QUEEN,' Nov. 17th, 1888.

PEOPLE'S PALACE MEMORY LESSONS.

Arrangements have been made for Members of the PEOPLE'S PALACE to receive Courses of Prof. LOISETTE'S MEMORY TRAINING LESSONS for £1 is. instead of £2 2s. (Private Lessons, £5 5s.). First Lecture next Tuesday, at 8 p.m., at 37, OXFORD STREET.

Mr. D. GREENLEAF THOMPSON (Author of "A System of Psychology," Longmans, 1884), Dr. W. A. HAMMOND (Author of "Works on the Mind") and Dr. M. L. HOLBROOK (Author of "How to Strengthen the Memory") testify that the LOISETTE system is original and of great value. Opinions of pupils who have passed Examinations and of members of the Medical, Scholastic, Clerical, etc., professions, post free from Prof. LOISETTE, 37, New Oxford Street, London.

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