

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLES PALACE, MILE END, E.

Vol. IV.—No. 95.]

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]

Coming Events.

THURSDAY, Sept. 5th.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Annual Exhibition of Pictures and Autumn Fête, open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8. Band of H.M. Scots' Guards, and others. Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk. Admission—One Penny.—Exhibition of Monkeys from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Admission to Monkey House, One Penny extra.—Cycling Club.—Run to Woodford.

FRIDAY, Sept. 6th.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Annual Exhibition of Pictures and Autumn Fête, open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8. Band of H.M. Scots' Guards, and others. Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk. Admission—One Penny.—Exhibition of Monkeys from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Admission to Monkey House, One Penny extra.—Military Band Practice, at 7.45.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

SATURDAY, Sept. 7th.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Annual Exhibition of Pictures and Autumn Fête, open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8. Band of H.M. Scots' Guards (Julien's Celebrated British Army Quadrilles), and others. Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk. Admission—Adults, Threepence; Children, One Penny.—Exhibition of Monkeys from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Admission to Monkey House, One Penny extra.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in Room 12, Club-house.—Ramblers' Club.—To Buckhurst Hill.—Special General Meeting of Junior Section.

SUNDAY, Sept. 8th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30 and 4.—Library.—Open from 3 till 10 free.

MONDAY, Sept. 9th.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Annual Exhibition of Pictures and Autumn Fête, open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8. Band of H.M. Scots' Guards, and others. Stedman's Celebrated Choir Boys and Girls. Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk. Admission—Adults, Threepence; Children, One Penny.—Exhibition of Monkeys from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Admission to Monkey House, One Penny extra.

TUESDAY, Sept. 10th.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Annual Exhibition of Pictures and Autumn Fête, open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8. Band of H.M. Scots' Guards, and others. Stedman's Celebrated Choir Boys and Girls. Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk. Admission—Adults, Twopence; Children, One Penny.—Exhibition of Monkeys from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Admission to Monkey House, One Penny extra.—Boxing Club.—Usual Practice.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7, in Room 12, Club-house.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 11th.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Annual Exhibition of Pictures and Autumn Fête, open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8. Band of H.M. Scots' Guards, and others. Stedman's Celebrated Choir Boys and Girls. Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk. Admission—Adults, One Penny.—Exhibition of Monkeys from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Admission to Monkey House, One Penny extra.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, SEPTEMBER 8th, 1889.

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, AT 12.30 AND 4 O'CLOCK.

Organist - - - - - MR. ALFRED HOLLINS
(Organist to the People's Palace).

ADMISSION FREE.

NOTICE.

To prevent inconvenience and loss of time during the first week of Session, Evening Class Students are requested to take out their Class Tickets before Monday, September 30th, if possible. By payment of an additional fee of sixpence per quarter, Students will have the privilege of attending the Concerts and Entertainments arranged expressly for them in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evenings. The Time Table is now ready, and may be had by applying at the offices, which are now open each evening till nine, to issue class tickets.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE Athletic Meeting and Sports

WILL BE HELD AT THE
ESSEX COUNTY CRICKET GROUND, LEYTON,
On Saturday, September 21st, 1889,
Commencing at Two p.m.

OPEN EVENTS—3 p.m.

½-Mile Ordinary Bicycle Scratch Race, 2 Prizes, Value 5 Guineas and 2 Guineas.
1 Mile (mixed) Bicycle Handicap, Four Prizes, Value 8 Guineas, 4 Guineas, 2 Guineas and 1 Guinea.
2 Miles (mixed) Bicycle Handicap, Four Prizes, Value 8 Guineas, 4 Guineas, 2 Guineas and 1 Guinea.
120 Yards Flat Handicap, Four Prizes, Value 8 Guineas, 4 Guineas, 2 Guineas and 1 Guinea.
1 Mile Flat Handicap, Four Prizes, Value 8 Guineas, 4 Guineas, 2 Guineas and 1 Guinea.

VALUE OF PRIZES ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED.

CLOSED EVENTS—2 p.m.

120 Yards Handicap Open to Members of Beaumont Harriers.
880 Yards Handicap " " " " " "
1 Mile Cycling Handicap " " Beaumont Cycling Club.
2 Miles Cycling Handicap " " " " " "
220 Yards Handicap " " Institute. " "
200 Yards Handicaps " " Junior Beaumont Harriers, Junior Section, and Boys of Technical School.
Throwing the Cricket Ball.
Tug-of-War—weight not to exceed 38 stone—Four in a Team.
Handicappers—Open events: Cycling, H. H. GRIFFIN, Esq.
Flat Events: A. J. FOWDEN, Esq., and S. T. BROWN, Esq.

ENTRANCE FEES:—
2/6 each Open Event, 4/6 two events (Members 1/6 each event).
Closed Events, 1/- each event. Boys Event, 6d.
Tug-of-War, 3/- per Team.

The Track (grass) is the finest in England, and holds the ¼ and ½ Mile Bicycle Records.
Entries close on Saturday, September 14th, 1889, to the Hon. Secs., W. MARSHALL, 54, Sutherland Road, Bow, and J. R. DEELE, 35, Claremont Road, Forest Gate, and at the People's Palace, Mile End, E., from whom Entry Forms and particulars may be obtained.

A MILITARY BAND WILL ATTEND.
Admission to Ground, 1/- Grand Stand Enclosure, 2/-

Tickets purchased before the day half-price, and may be had of—
J. Howard, Leyton Road, Leyton; "Forest Glen" Hotel, and "Forest Gate" Hotel, Forest Gate; E. Ransley, 264, Commercial Road, E.; G. Leggett, Sebert Road, Forest Gate; Buckingham & Adams, Queen Victoria St., E.C.; J. Grose, Old Jewry, E.C., etc.
Frequent Trains from Liverpool Street and Fenchurch Street to Leyton.

Notes of the Week.

MUCH space is being occupied in the various newspapers by the great strikes, but there really seems to be very little to say in the matter with any profit. The Dock Companies and the labourers are bargaining, that is all, in just the manner in which one may see a dock labourer's wife bargaining with a fishmonger in the Mile End Road. The fishmonger is naturally anxious to get as much as he can for his fish, and his customer feels an equally natural anxiety to pay as little as possible for it, and get all she can for her money. The

Dock Companies and their labourers are bargaining, on a large scale, for the price of work, each party looking at the side of the question most naturally obvious to it. Much suffering has been and is being endured, and it is at present difficult to see the end. But there is one development of the matter which has puzzled me not a little. Funds are being collected from sympathisers with the labourers to keep the latter from destitution, and a large proportion of these funds are collected from workmen in other trades, who, perfectly satisfied with their own pay and treatment, sympathise with the misfortunes of the dock labourers. But when things reach an acute stage, and the dockmen more than ever require assistance, it seems to be the correct thing for the satisfied workmen to testify their increased sympathy by striking themselves, thus putting it out of their power to continue their subscriptions to the strike fund, and additionally burdening that diminished store by their own requirements—which seems to my unaccustomed understanding to be very like playing into the hands of the employers the dockmen wish to defeat, beside inflicting a great deal more suffering upon the community. It is, no doubt, all very noble and self-denying; but to a bystander of ordinary common sense, looks excessively stupid.

THE Postmaster-General's report, which everybody regards as a yearly instalment of entertaining reading, is just out, rather later than usual. It shows that 2,362,990,000 letters have been delivered in the United Kingdom during the past year; 399 new Post Offices have been opened; 28,330 letters were posted with no addresses whatever, and 1,390 of them contained money to the amount of £8,700. About 5,800 loose stamps were found which had been carelessly fastened. Many attempts were made to forward irregular articles, and even those which were conveyed comprised a singular variety. One parcel contained a human skull, the crown of which had been sawn off; another, thirty green frogs, all alive. In a tin mould was discovered, still in good condition, a plum pudding which had been sent to Australia three years previously, and had found its way back owing to the impossibility of tracing the lad to whom it was addressed. Specimens of the ladies' dress-improver, and packets of made-up hair for ladies' head-gear, may be seen in the Museum, in which these various articles find a temporary resting place. The composition of some parcels at Christmas time was peculiar. In one were two petticoats, a pair of stays, a leg of mutton, and a packet of tobacco. In another a rabbit stuffed with two tobacco pipes, tobacco, a doll, and a piece of bacon, the whole being wrapped up in a lady's jacket. In the parcels stopped in transit as contrary to regulation, were found a cat, a squirrel, pigeons, lizards, dormice, snakes, a cuckoo, muskrats, and moles, all alive, not to mention one or two other parcels containing dead dogs and cats. During the repair of a Post Office van in use on a Cornish railway, a £5 note, in a dilapidated condition, was found behind one of the panels, and, with the assistance of the authorities of the Bank of England, was returned to its grateful owner after a lapse of twelve years from the date when it was committed to the post. In July, 1888, complaint was made that a registered letter, containing a £50 Bank note, had not been received at a country village, and after careful inquiry no trace could be found of the missing letter or of its contents. Nearly seven months afterwards, a lady residing in the same village happened to open one of a large number of newspapers which had been delivered at her house during a prolonged absence from home, and which were about to be destroyed unopened, and the letter dropped from between the folds of the newspaper into which it had slipped while in the post. She at once returned it to the Post Office, and it was then duly delivered to the addressee. A very objectionable practice, and one likely to occasion risk and disappointment to the sender, is the growing habit of transmitting money in various articles sent by Parcel Post. Four sovereigns were found in a mass of crushed grapes, six in a pocket of tobacco, and 10s. mixed up with smashed eggs and butter.

In a private letter-box near the front entrance of the farm of Whitepark, Castle Douglas, a tomtit has for three years built her nest. In the years 1887 and 1888, she persistently pushed out the letters which were placed in the box, and rebuilt her nest when it was removed. This year, however, she permitted them to remain, and successfully hatched five young ones, not allowing herself to be disturbed even by the collection of the letters several times a day.

It should be particularly noted, that our Library re-opens entirely on September 28th.

SUB-EDITOR.

Palace Notes.

MEMBERS are requested to take notice that two dances will be held in the Queen's Hall, on Monday and Tuesday, September 23rd and 24th. Full particulars, and dates when tickets can be obtained, will be published in next week's *Journal*.

JULIEN'S celebrated British Army Quadrilles will be performed on Saturday evening next, the 7th inst., by H.M. Scots Guards' Band, including the Drummers and Fifers, and the Queen's Pipers. The Band of 3rd Volunteer (Essex) Brigade, E.D.R.A. (conductor, Mr. J. Venn), will also be in attendance.

STEDMAN'S celebrated choir boys and girls have been specially re-engaged for the last week of the Autumn Fête, commencing on Monday the 9th inst. This should be a great attraction.

The Obeyed Orders.

THE story is told in a French newspaper of Pierre Barlat, a poor labourer, who lived at Sévres, near Paris, with his wife Jeanne and their three children. Industrious, frugal, knowing nothing of the way to the wine-shop, Pierre saved all his spare money, working harder and harder, and at last bought the tiny cottage in which they lived. It was a tiny cottage, indeed; built of stones, with tiled roof, standing amid shrubs, and covered with clematis. It always attracted the eye of the traveller, on the left as he crossed the Sévres bridge.

Pierre and Jeanne scraped and saved until the little cottage was paid for, and made a feast when it was all done to celebrate their ownership. A landed proprietor, to be sure, does not mind an occasional expenditure to entertain his friends.

All this Pierre and Jeanne had accomplished just before the war of 1870 with Germany broke out. The conscription fell upon Pierre, who, moreover, was an old soldier, and belonged to the Reserves. A gunner he had been, famous for his skill in hitting a mark with a shell.

Sévres had fallen into the hands of the Germans, but the French guns were pounding away at them from the fort on Mount Valerian. Pierre Barlat was a gunner at that fort, and one wintry day was standing by his gun when General Noel the commander came up and levelled his field glass at the Sévres bridge.

"Gunner!" he said, sharply, without looking at Pierre.

"General!" answered Pierre, respectfully saluting.

"Do you see the Sévres bridge over there?"

"I see it very well, sir."

"And that little cottage there at the left in a thicket of shrubs?"

Pierre turned pale.

"I see it, sir."

"It's a nest of Prussians. Try it with a shell, my man."

Pierre turned paler still, and in spite of the cold wind that made the officers shiver in their great coats, one might have seen big drops of sweat standing out on his forehead; but nobody noticed the gunner's emotion.

He sighted his piece carefully, deliberately—then fired.

The officers, with their glasses, marked the effect of the shot after the smoke had cleared.

"Well hit, my man! well hit!" exclaimed the general, looking at Pierre with a smile. "The cottage couldn't have been very solid. It is completely smashed."

He was surprised to see great tears running down the gunner's cheeks.

"What's the matter, man?" the general asked, rather roughly.

"Pardon me, general," said Pierre, recovering himself.

"It was my house—everything I had in the world!"

THERE are eight cats on the staff of the Midland Railway. The expenses connected with them are regularly shown in the accounts of the company. These lucky felines have under their charge, according to the season of the year, from one to three or four hundred thousand empty corn sacks. The holes in the sacks which are eaten by the rats which are not eaten by the cats are darned by twelve women who are kept constantly employed.

Society and Club Notes.

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

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

Our Garden Party, on Saturday last, took the place of the ordinary run. It was a grand success. Everybody enjoyed themselves; all seemed happy. The afternoon sports were exceedingly funny, the Obstacle Race especially causing a tremendous amount of fun. The worm-like motions of the men, getting through the sacks pinned on the ground, were ludicrous in the extreme. Of the other three races I must not say much, but simply give the results below. The prizes were much admired. After the sports, about two hundred sat down to a well-served tea, and, judging from the smiling faces and merry laughter, they enjoyed it. At dusk the grounds, illuminated with fairy lamps, presented a charming appearance, as did sundry loving couples, occupying the seats just large enough for two. The dance in the Large Hall was not by any means the least popular of the pleasures of the day. I really thought the excellent band Mr. Burley had secured was going to keep them all tripping till the last train had gone, but fortunately they stopped just in time. During the interval, Mrs. Shaw very gracefully presented the prizes. A hearty vote of thanks to her and the officials closed this part of the programme. Great credit is due to Mr. J. Burley for the able manner in which he managed the whole affair. Members are earnestly requested to do their best with the tickets for the Athletic Meeting at Leyton.

RESULT OF THE RACES.

Egg and Spoon Race ..	1st Prize, W. Lock, unattached.
"	2nd .. D. Jesseman, B.C.C.
Obstacle Race	1st .. W. Fielding, B.H.
"	2nd .. H. King, B.H.
Sack Race	1st .. D. Jesseman, B.C.C.
Three-Legged Race ..	1st .. (A. Jacobs, P.P. Gym. D. Jesseman, B.C.C.)
	D. JESSEMAN, Reporting Sec.

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription: Members of the Palace, 1s. per annum; non-Members of the Palace, 3s. per annum. During the Autumn Fête, the Club meetings will be held in the Old School-buildings, Room No. 12, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, from 7 p.m. As the winter matches with other clubs will soon be arranged, I shall be glad to receive names of players who will take part in them. Those desirous of becoming Members, are requested to pay us a visit on Club night.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

Rehearsal every Friday evening at eight o'clock in Ladies' Social Rooms.

A. W. J. LAUNDY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday next, September 7th, we ramble to Buckhurst Hill. Members are requested to meet at Coborn Road Station at 3.20, and take excursion tickets to Buckhurst Hill: tea at Mrs. Guy's. A Committee Meeting will be held on Monday, September 9th, at 8.30 p.m. The Annual General Meeting will take place on Wednesday next, September 11th, in the Old School-buildings, at 8 p.m., when all members are particularly requested to be present. Agenda, to receive the report and balance-sheet; to consider the Committee's recommendation, respecting the future prosperity of the club; election of officers; and other important business.

H. ROUT, Hon. Sec.

People's Palace Junior Section.

There will be a General Meeting (Sir Edmund Hay Currie in the chair) on Saturday evening next, September 7th, for the purpose of forming a Football Club, and electing officers for the same. Time, 9 o'clock, No. 2 Club House.

L. G. LOWTHER.

JUNIOR RAMBLERS.

Rosherville Gardens was our destination on Saturday last. Starting from Stepney at 3.14 p.m., we arrived at Gravesend at 4 o'clock. We then proceeded by ferry across the river to the gardens. On the journey down, we passed the *Alexandra*, which arrived as we were having tea. Proceeding to the gardens, we visited the bear pit, the maize, the mammoth cave, trying our skill with the bow and arrow with varying success, altogether spending a most enjoyable afternoon.—The First Annual Meeting will take place in No. 2 Room, Club House, at 9 o'clock on Saturday, September 7th, when a balance-sheet will be presented.

B. LOLOSKY, Hon. Sec.
E. SEABOURNE, Assist. Sec.

The Norway Peasant.

THERE is little to connect the life of the peasant with the outer world, yet he is contented with his simple, industrious existence. Every peasant is a good carpenter, and some of those who devote their time especially to it turn out beautiful furniture—chairs, chests, bookshelves, writing bureaux, with pigeon holes and tiny drawers and sliding desk, all working smoothly and well, and sometimes curiously carved and inlaid, while the skilful polishing and blending of the woods make the common firs and birch used resemble more precious kinds unknown here—all done, too, with a scarcity of tools that would perplex the town workman. For common jobs the "tolle kniv," a large, single-bladed knife, which every man and boy wears in a leather sheath at his side, is all that is required. It will turn a plank into an oar, or a stick into a spoon, a wedge, knitting needle or crochet hook, or, indeed, into anything the household needs that can be made of wood. The same "tolle kniv" is also used to cut his bacon and bread, and to spread the butter or trim the lamp—to do everything, in short, except the work for which scissors are absolutely required. Many of the women are accomplished spinners and weavers. An active woman, sitting at the loom steadily, can turn out as many as twenty yards in a long day. The pay is about threepence a day, with food, or about three farthings an alen (two feet), without food—wages out of all proportion small, but money is scarce. As for servants, an ungrown girl receives only her clothing, and a certain amount of payment in kind, and she continues to go to school; a boy receives low wages and his boots, and various other things as arranged beforehand. With grown-up servants the pay, which seems absurdly small, in money—about three pounds per annum—is increased by a sack of potatoes, one or two sheep, and other payments in kind, differing in various forms, two pairs of boots being almost always included.

A Whale Attacks a Schooner.

THE crew of a fishing schooner, which recently arrived home after a voyage, give a thrilling account of an attack made by a whale on their last trip shore fishing. They were one afternoon lying at anchor, when a sailor sighted a large black object floating in the water about half a mile astern. At the time there were two men in a boat alongside the schooner, and two more by the rail. They tried to make out what the object was, but it soon disappeared. In a few minutes something came up underneath the schooner, raising her stern six feet clear of the water. It was a huge black whale.

After nearly sinking the schooner he disappeared again and came up a short distance away, lashing the water into huge waves with his tail; then, apparently satisfied, he sank beneath the water and was seen no more. The vessel received a severe shaking up, almost everything on her decks being displaced. This story is corroborated by the crew, and is probably true, as whales have been seen in these waters, although not so big as this one is described to be. There was no cause for the whale attacking the schooner, although one of the crew, a man who has been on whaling trips, said he knew of a case where a big whale had attacked a ship once because he had been run into by a vessel.

THERE was a great delicacy in the manner in which a foreigner, having a friend hung in this country, broke the intelligence to his relations on the other side of the water. He wrote as follows: "Your brother had been addressing a large meeting of citizens, who had manifested the deepest interest in him, when the platform upon which he stood, being, as was subsequently ascertained, very insecure, gave way, owing to which he fell and broke his neck!"

A Chinese Funeral.

IT was at Tiensin on a winter's day. I had just come from my usual walk, and from the top of the ramparts on which I stood my eyes roamed over a yellowish, limitless plain. Beneath the pale rays of the sun the frozen Pei-ho stretched its immovable body between barren banks.

Here and there upon the flat and mournful waste fishermen were breaking the ice to harpoon the fish that rose to the surface, but in the undecided colour of the horizon their shadows seemed indistinct and vaporous.

Further back stood a few rows of stunted trees with stripped, gaunt branches. Between the ponds and trees the ground was covered with tombstones. There were thousands and thousands of them in the fields, on the banks of the river, and on the roads as far as the eye could reach.

Far off from the city I heard the sound of strange, slow, and melancholy music. A funeral procession was approaching, and as it drew nearer I was able to note all its details. At the head of it were two men, who wore felt hats, from which hung old red feathers, and who were dressed in black tunics. As they advanced they strewed the road with pieces of gold and silver paper to pacify the bad spirits wandering on the way. Next came the musicians, followed by the grave makers, who held embroidered banners and purple satin umbrellas. These in their turn were followed by servants, who carried on a litter a little paper house, some feminine garments, also of paper, which seemed like the clothes of a doll, some small models of waggons drawn by pasteboard mules, a little sedan chair, and various implements of domestic use, all small and painted like the toys of children.

The relatives came next dressed in very deep mourning—that is to say, in long white surplices, and with their heads covered with black hats, from which the usual drapery had been removed. They wept with loud cries in conformity with the rites of their religion, and a few of them pretended to be hardly able to support themselves, an observance prescribed in the traditional funeral ceremonies.

Then came the coffin, carried by eight servants. It was of an enormous size, but without any ornaments. A faded blue and gold tunic was thrown over it, for this was a simple burial, and the body they were carrying to its last resting place was that of a person of the middle class. Around the catafalque walked priests with shaved heads, dressed in grey and yellow, chanting in a language they did not understand themselves the pious invocations of the divine Buddha.

A file of carriages, draped with white linen, closed the procession. In the front part of each carriage the women of the family, and also several who were hired for the occasion, huddled in groups, uttered screams and lamentations which contracted their painted faces into hideous grimaces. Now and then they suddenly stopped their cries, assumed a perfectly indifferent manner, breathed on their frozen fingers, talked in a loud voice from one carriage to another, calling attention to the sparrows that were circling in the air and uttering sharp cries as if they had lost their way in the immensity of the sky. Then as suddenly as they had stopped, they recommenced their screams and horrible noises. Even among the relatives of the dead there was not one sincere expression of sorrow, not one real tear. It was a grief altogether factitious, of which every intonation, every gesture, was studied and in conformity to given rules. The death of her whom they were lamenting must have taken place at least two or three weeks before, and the sorrow of her friends had had time to become calm.

In order to provide for the long journey that she has to make, the dead had to be interred with the greatest care. The ritual demanded also that she should be carefully arranged in her coffin. First they attired her in her silken dresses, which had woven in the cloth bouquets of flowers, rosettes, and fantastic dragons. Then they tightened the bands of linen which bound her feet. A hairdresser fixed the complicated edifice of her hair with pins of gold, butterflies of filigree silver, and artificial flowers. They spread white lead on her thin cheeks, and placed black patches on her temples and on the end of her chin. They painted her shrunken lips red, and enclosed her fingers in a long gold box. Thus prepared and dressed, they wrapped her in two winding sheets—one white, the other red—and laid her in her coffin on a bed of limestone. The family and friends placed in the coffin amulets and leaves of acorns to keep away the evil spirits.

Arrived at a spot where the tombs were not so densely crowded, the funeral stopped. The catafalque was placed on the ground, and all drew around in a circle. Now com-

menced the last ceremonies of the funeral. There had been no grave dug, but following the custom practiced in the north of China, the coffin was simply laid on the ground covered with a thin layer of earth. At first the parents and the women came one after the other and knelt before the coffin, paying to the souls of the dead some strange salutations, while the Buddhist priests continued chanting their psalms. Then sticks of strange incense were lighted, of which the warm perfume spread in bluish clouds in the chilly atmosphere.

Suddenly the flames burst forth; they had set fire to all the miniature objects they had brought on the litter. These small dwellings, dresses, carriages, and all the equipments of a doll, were to supply her material needs in the other world where she was to dwell henceforth. In this dark world she needed the light of the tapers they had just lit to direct her first steps in that supernatural and invisible world where go all the animated creatures of our real and tangible world, when the elements that compose them are destroyed.

She was going to commence a new life, or rather to continue her former one. There would subsist of her a sort of phantom, reuniting the lineaments of her physical physiognomy and the traits of her moral personality; a shadow animated by the undecided life of a dream; an effaced image of that which she had once been. Thus in the future she would recommence the course of her terrestrial existence; she would feel all the emotions, the passions of her earthly life, and everything which had charmed her when on earth and had filled her mind would be a part of the existence she was to lead. During the first few years she would not be abandoned by the living; she would remain in relationship to them. They would make her offerings, visit her at fixed dates, and through the medium of parents and friends she would continue to participate in this life from on high.

Each year, on the twenty-third day after the second moon, which is "all souls' day," they would come and pull the weeds that grew around her tomb, throwing a few shovelfuls of clay on her coffin, and recite some prayers. She seemed to them like a dream, which had taken body like a visible breath; they felt her secret presence, and those who had loved her would fancy that they felt the beating of her heart. She would hold with them long speechless communications, exchange imperceptible smiles that strengthened the relationship of the heart. Then in the house of her parents there would be offered her a funeral repast composed of fish, rice cakes, boiled meat, fruits, tea, and brandy. They would light wax candles, put spring flowers in the large bronze vases on the domestic altar, burn perfumes of Thibet, gold and silver paper. She would come then and take her place at the festival; she would rejoice at the sight of the viands; would nourish herself with the perfumes of the dishes, with the flavour of the tea, and fruits, and the alcoholised vapour of the wines. She would gather the smoke from the gold and silver paper and silently retire, while her guests consumed the substantial part of the meal. After, however, years have glided away, after generations have disappeared, the honours she will receive will be less frequent, less personal, and her earthly existence will be like an effaced recollection, her life beyond the grave will be more vague and confused.

The ceremony was ended! the priests chanted their last prayers, and once more made their great salutations before the coffin which the workmen had finished covering with a thin layer of clay. Then the assistants dispersed, and the drama at the grave was at an end.

FROM A MUSIC CATALOGUE.—"What are the wild waves saying"—with piano accompaniment. "Trust her not"—for 2s. "I would not live always"—without accompaniment. "See the conquering hero comes"—with full orchestra. "Still so gently o'er me stealing"—half a crown. "Back to our mountains"—for two female voices. "Come where my love lies dreaming"—with illuminated cover. "I fear no foe"—with piano. "There was a little fishermaid"—in three parts. "The trumpet shall sound"—with variations. "In cellar cold"—with viola. "Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl"—for full chorus. "O wert thou mine own"—4s.

A DREADFUL THREAT.—A coloured man, with protruding eyes, rushed into the justice's office the other day and exclaimed,—

"I wants Colonel Jones, who libs nex' door to me, put under a million dollars bond to keep de peace."

"Has he threatened your life?"

"He has done dat berry ding. He said he war gwine ter fil de nex' niggah he found after dark in his henhouse plum full of buckshot."

Chippings with a Chisel.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

PASSING a summer, several years since, at Edgartown, on the island of Martha's Vineyard, I became acquainted with a certain carver of tombstones, who had travelled and voyaged thither from the interior of Massachusetts, in search of professional employment. The speculation had turned out so successful, that my friend expected to transmute slate and marble into silver and gold, to the amount of at least a thousand dollars, during the few months of his sojourn at Nantucket and the Vineyard. The secluded life, and the simple and primitive spirit, which still characterises the inhabitants of those islands, especially of Martha's Vineyard, insure their dead friends a longer and dearer remembrance than the daily novelty and revolving bustle of the world can elsewhere afford to beings of the past. Yet, while every family is anxious to erect a memorial to its departed members, the untainted breath of ocean bestows such health and length of days upon the people of the isles, as would cause a melancholy dearth of business to a resident artist in that line. His own monument, recording his decease by starvation, would probably be an early specimen of his skill. Gravestones, therefore, have generally been an article of imported merchandise.

In my walks through the burial-ground of Edgartown—where the dead have lain so long that the soil, once enriched by their decay, has returned to its original barrenness—in that ancient burial-ground I noticed much variety of monumental sculpture. The elder stones, dated a century back or more, have borders elaborately carved with flowers, and are adorned with a multiplicity of death's-heads, cross-bones, scythes, hour-glasses, and other lugubrious emblems of mortality, with here and there a winged cherub to direct the mourner's spirit upward. These productions of Gothic taste must have been quite beyond the colonial skill of the day, and were probably carved in London, and brought across the ocean to commemorate the defunct worthies of this lonely isle. The more recent monuments are mere slabs of slate, in the ordinary style, without any superfluous flourishes to set off the bald inscriptions. But others—and those far the most impressive, both to my taste and feelings—were roughly hewn from the gray rocks of the island, evidently by the unskilled hands of surviving friends and relatives. On some there were merely the initials of a name; some were inscribed with misspelt prose or rhyme, in deep letters, which the moss and wintry rain of many years had not been able to obliterate. These, these were graves where loved ones slept! It is an old theme of satire, the falsehood and vanity of monumental eulogies; but when affection and sorrow gave the letters with their own painful labour, then we may be sure that they copy from the record on their hearts.

My acquaintance, the sculptor—he may share that title with Greenough, since the dauber of signs is a painter as well as Raphael—had found a ready market for all his blank slabs of marble, and full occupation in lettering and ornamenting them. He was an elderly man, a descendant of the old Puritan family of Wigglesworth, with a certain simplicity and singleness, both of heart and mind, which, methinks, is more rarely found among us Yankees than in any other community of people. In spite of his gray head and wrinkled brow, he was quite like a child in all matters save what had some reference to his own business; he seemed, unless my fancy misled me, to view mankind in no other relation than as people in want of tombstones; and his literary attainments evidently comprehended very little, either of prose or poetry, which had not, at one time or other, been inscribed on slate or marble. His sole task and office among the immortal pilgrims of the tomb—the duty for which Providence had sent the old man into the world, as it were with a chisel in his hand—was to label the dead bodies, lest their names should be forgotten at the resurrection. Yet he had not failed, within a narrow scope, to gather a few sprigs of earthly, and more than earthly, wisdom,—the harvest of many a grave.

And lugubrious as his calling might appear, he was as cheerful an old soul as health, and integrity, and lack of care, could make him, and used to set to work upon one sorrowful inscription or another with that sort of spirit which impels a man to sing at his labour. On the whole, I found Mr. Wigglesworth an entertaining, and often instructive, if not an interesting character; and partly for the charm of his society, and still more because his work has an invariable attraction for "man that is born of woman," I was accustomed to spend some hours a day at

his workshop. The quaintness of his remarks, and their not infrequent truth—a truth condensed and pointed by the limited sphere of his view—gave a raciness to his talk, which mere worldliness and general cultivation would at once have destroyed.

Sometimes we would discuss the respective merits of the various qualities of marble, numerous slabs of which were resting against the walls of the shop; or sometimes an hour or two would pass quietly, without a word on either side, while I watched how neatly his chisel struck out letter after letter of the names of the Nortons, the Mayhews, the Luces, the Daggets, and other immemorial families of the Vineyard. Often, with an artist's pride, the good old sculptor would speak of favourite productions of his skill, which were scattered throughout the village graveyards of New England. But my chief and most instructive amusement was to witness his interviews with his customers, who held interminable consultations about the form and fashion of the desired monuments, the buried excellence to be commemorated, the anguish to be expressed, and finally, the lowest price in dollars and cents, for which a marble transcript of their feelings might be obtained. Really, my mind received many fresh ideas, which, perhaps, may remain in it even longer than Mr. Wigglesworth's hardest marble will retain the deepest strokes of his chisel.

An elderly lady came to bespeak a monument for her first love, who had been killed by a whale in the Pacific Ocean no less than forty years before. It was singular that so strong an impression of early feeling should have survived through the changes of her subsequent life, in the course of which she had been a wife and a mother, and, so far as I could judge, a comfortable and happy woman. Reflecting within myself, it appeared to me that this life-long sorrow—as, in all good faith, she deemed it—was one of the most fortunate circumstances of her history. It had given an ideality to her mind; it had kept her purer and less earthly than she would otherwise have been, by drawing a portion of her sympathies apart from earth. Amid the throng of enjoyments, and the pressure of worldly care, and all the warm materialism of this life, she had communed with a vision, and had been the better for such intercourse. Faithful to the husband of her maturity, and loving him with a far more real affection than she ever could have felt for this dream of her girlhood, there had still been an imaginative faith to the ocean-buried, so that an ordinary character had thus been elevated and refined. Her sighs had been the breath of Heaven to her soul. The good lady earnestly desired that the proposed monument should be ornamented with a carved border of marine plants, intertwined with twisted seashells, such as were probably waving over her lover's skeleton, or strewn around it, in the far depths of the Pacific. But Mr. Wigglesworth's chisel being inadequate to the task, she was forced to content herself with a rose, hanging its head from a broken stem. After her departure, I remarked that the symbol was none of the most apt.

"And yet," said my friend the sculptor, embodying in this image the thoughts that had been passing through my own mind, "that broken rose had shed its sweet smell through forty years of the good woman's life."

It was seldom that I could find such pleasant food for contemplation as in the above instance. None of the applicants, I think, affected me more disagreeably than an old man who came, with his fourth wife hanging on his arm, to bespeak gravestones for the three former occupants of his marriage-bed. I watched with some anxiety to see whether his remembrance of either were more affectionate than of the other two, but could discover no symptom of the kind. The three monuments were all to be of the same material and form, and each decorated, in bas-relief, with two weeping willows, one of these sympathetic trees bending over its fellow, which was to be broken in the midst, and rest upon a sepulchral urn. This, indeed, was Mr. Wigglesworth's standing emblem of conjugal bereavement. I shuddered at the gray polygamist, who had so utterly lost the holy sense of individuality in wedlock, that methought he was fain to reckon upon his fingers how many women, who had once slept by his side, were now sleeping in their graves. There was even—if I wrong him it is no great matter—a glance sidelong at his living spouse, as if he were inclined to drive a thriftier bargain by bespeaking four gravestones in a lot. I was better pleased with a rough old whaling captain, who gave directions for a broad marble slab, divided into two compartments, one of which was to contain an epitaph on his deceased wife, and the other to be left vacant, till death should engrave his own name there. As is frequently the case among the whalers of Martha's Vineyard, so much of this storm-beaten widower's life had been tossed away on distant seas, that out of twenty years of matrimony he had spent scarce three, and

those at scattered intervals, beneath his own roof. Thus the wife of his youth, though she died in his and her declining age, retained the bridal dewdrops fresh around her memory.

My observations gave me the idea, and Mr. Wigglesworth confirmed it, that husbands were more faithful in setting up memorials to their dead wives than widows to their dead husbands. I was not ill-natured enough to fancy that women, less than men, feel so sure of their own constancy as to be willing to give a pledge of it in marble. It is more probably the fact, that while men are able to reflect upon their lost companions as remembrances apart from themselves; women, on the other hand, are conscious that a portion of their being has gone with the departed, whither-soever he has gone. Soul clings to soul; the living dust has a sympathy with the dust of the grave; and by the very strength of that sympathy, the wife of the dead shrinks the more sensitively from reminding the world of its existence. The link is already strong enough; it needs no visible symbol. And, though a shadow walks ever by her side, and the touch of a chill hand is on her bosom, yet life, and perchance its natural yearnings, may still be warm within her, and inspire her with new hopes of happiness. Then would she mark out the grave, the scent of which would be perceptible on the pillow of the second bridal? No—but rather level its green mound with the surrounding earth, as if, when she dug up again her buried heart, the spot had ceased to be a grave. Yet, in spite of these sentimentalities, I was prodigiously amused by an incident, of which I had not the good fortune to be a witness, but which Mr. Wigglesworth related with considerable humour. A gentlewoman of the town, receiving news of her husband's loss at sea, had bespoken a handsome slab of marble, and came daily to watch the progress of my friend's chisel. One afternoon, when the good lady and the sculptor were in the very midst of the epitaph which the departed spirit might have been greatly comforted to read, who should walk into the workshop but the deceased himself, in substance as well as spirit! He had been picked up at sea, and stood in no present need of tombstone or epitaph.

"And how," inquired I, "did his wife bear the shock of joyful surprise?"

"Why," said the old man, deepening the grin of a death's-head, on which his chisel was just then employed, "I really felt for the poor woman; it was one of my best pieces of marble—and to be thrown away on a living man!"

A comely woman, with a pretty rosebud of a daughter, came to select a gravestone for a twin-daughter, who had died a month before. I was impressed with the different nature of their feelings for the dead; the mother was calm and wofully resigned, fully conscious of her loss, as of a treasure which she had not always possessed, and, therefore, had been aware that it might be taken from her; but the daughter evidently had no real knowledge of what death's doings were. Her thoughts knew, but not her heart. It seemed to me, that by the print and pressure which the dead sister had left upon the survivor's spirit, her feelings were almost the same as if she still stood side by side, and arm in arm, with the departed, looking at the slabs of marble; and once or twice she glanced around with a sunny smile, which, as its sister smile had faded for ever, soon grew confusedly overshadowed. Perchance her consciousness was truer than her reflection—perchance her dead sister was a closer companion than in life. The mother and daughter talked a long while with Mr. Wigglesworth about a suitable epitaph, and finally chose an ordinary verse of ill-matched rhymes, which had already been inscribed upon innumerable tombstones. But, when we ridicule the triteness of monumental verses, we forget that Sorrow reads far deeper in them than we can, and finds a profound and individual purport in what seems so vague and inexpressive, unless interpreted by her. She makes the epitaph anew, though the selfsame words may have served for a thousand graves.

"And yet," said I afterwards to Mr. Wigglesworth, "they might have made a better choice than this. While you were discussing the subject, I was struck by at least a dozen simple and natural expressions from the lips of both mother and daughter. One of these would have formed an inscription equally original and appropriate."

"No, no," replied the sculptor, shaking his head, "there is a good deal of comfort to be gathered from these little old scraps of poetry; and so I always recommend them in preference to any new-fangled ones. And somehow, they seem to stretch to suit a great grief, and shrink to fit a small one."

It was not seldom that ludicrous images were excited by what took place between Mr. Wigglesworth and his customers. A shrewd gentlewoman, who kept a tavern in

the town, was anxious to obtain two or three gravestones for the deceased members of her family, and to pay for these solemn commodities by taking the sculptor to board. Hereupon a fantasy arose in my mind, of good Mr. Wigglesworth sitting down to dinner at a broad, flat tombstone, carving one of his own plump little marble cherubs, gnawing a pair of cross-bones, and drinking out of a hollow death's-head, or perhaps a lachrymatory vase, or sepulchral urn; while his hostess's dead children waited on him at the ghastly banquet. On communicating this nonsensical picture to the old man, he laughed heartily, and pronounced my humour to be of the right sort.

"I have lived at such a table all my days," said he, "and eaten no small quantity of slate and marble."

"Hard fare!" rejoined I, smiling; "but you seem to have found it excellent of digestion, too."

A man of fifty, or threabouts, with a harsh, unpleasant countenance, ordered a stone for the grave of his bitter enemy, with whom he had waged warfare half a lifetime, to their mutual misery and ruin. The secret of this phenomenon was, that hatred had become the sustenance and enjoyment of the poor wretch's soul; it had supplied the place of all kindly affections; it had been really a bond of sympathy between himself and the man who shared the passion; and when its object died, the unappeasable foe was the only mourner for the dead. He expressed a purpose of being buried side by side with his enemy.

"I doubt whether their dust will mingle," remarked the old sculptor to me; for often there was an earthliness in his conceptions.

"Oh yes," replied I, who had mused long upon the incident; "and when they rise again, these bitter foes may find themselves dear friends. Methinks what they mistook for hatred was but love under a mask."

A gentleman of antiquarian propensities provided a memorial for an Indian of Chabbiquidick, one of the few of untainted blood remaining in that region, and said to be an hereditary chieftain, descended from the sachem who welcomed Governor Mayhew to the Vineyard. Mr. Wigglesworth exerted his best skill to carve a broken bow and scattered sheaf of arrows, in memory of the hunters and warriors whose race was ended here; but he likewise sculptured a cherub, to denote that the poor Indian had shared the Christian's hope of immortality.

"Why," observed I, taking a perverse view of the winged boy and the bow and arrows, "it looks more like Cupid's tomb than an Indian chief's!"

"You talk nonsense," said the sculptor, with the offended pride of art; he then added with his usual good-nature, "How can Cupid die when there are such pretty maidens in the Vineyard?"

"Very true," answered I,—and for the rest of the day I thought of other matters than tombstones.

At our next meeting I found him chiselling an open book upon a marble headstone, and concluded that it was meant to express the erudition of some black-letter-clergyman of the Cotton Mather school. It turned out, however, to be emblematical of the scriptural knowledge of an old woman who had never read anything but her Bible; and the monument was a tribute to her piety and good works, from the Orthodox Church, of which she had been a member. In strange contrast with this Christian woman's memorial, was that of an infidel, whose gravestone, by his own direction, bore an avowal of his belief that the spirit within him would be extinguished like a flame, and that the nothingness whence he sprang would receive him again. Mr. Wigglesworth consulted me as to the propriety of enabling a dead man's dust to utter this dreadful creed.

"If I thought," said he, "that a single mortal would read the inscription without a shudder, my chisel should never cut a letter of it. But when the grave speaks such falsehoods, the soul of man will know the truth of its own horror."

"So it will," said I, struck by the idea, "the poor infidel may strive to preach blasphemies from his grave; but it will be only another method of impressing the soul with a consciousness of immortality."

There was an old man by the name of Norton, noted throughout the island for his great wealth, which he had accumulated by the exercise of strong and shrewd faculties, combined with a most penurious disposition. This wretched miser, conscious that he had not a friend to be mindful of him in his grave, had himself taken the needful precautions for posthumous remembrance, by bespeaking an immense slab of white marble, with a long epitaph in raised letters, the whole to be as magnificent as Mr. Wigglesworth's skill could make it. There was something very characteristic in this contrivance to have his money's worth even from his

own tombstone, which, indeed, afforded him more enjoyment in the few months that he lived thereafter, than it probably will in a whole century, now that it is laid over his bones. This incident reminds me of a young girl, a pale, slender, feeble creature, most unlike the other rosy and healthful damsels of the Vineyard, amid whose brightness she was fading away. Day after day did the poor maiden come to the sculptor's shop, and pass from one piece of marble to another, till at last she pencilled her name upon a slender slab, which, I think, was of a more spotless white than all the rest. I saw her no more, but soon afterwards found Mr. Wigglesworth cutting her virgin name into the stone which she had chosen.

"She is dead—poor girl," said he, interrupting the tune which he was whistling, "and she chose a good piece of stuff for her headstone. Now which of these slabs would you like best to see your own name upon?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, my good Mr. Wigglesworth," replied I, after a moment's pause,—for the abruptness of the question had somewhat startled me,—"to be quite sincere with you, I care little or nothing about a stone for my own grave, and am somewhat inclined to scepticism as to the propriety of erecting monuments at all, over the dust that once was human. The weight of these heavy marbles, though unfelt by the dead corpse or the enfranchised soul, presses drearily upon the spirit of the survivor, and causes him to connect the idea of death with the dungeon-like imprisonment of the tomb, instead of with the freedom of the skies. Every gravestone that you ever made is the visible symbol of a mistaken system. Our thoughts should soar upward with the butterfly—not linger with the exuvie that confined him. In truth and reason, neither those whom we call the living, and still less the departed, have anything to do with the grave."

"I never heard anything so heathenish!" said Mr. Wigglesworth, perplexed and displeased at sentiments which controverted all his notions and feelings, and implied the utter waste, and worse, of his whole life's labour, "would you forget your dead friends, the moment they are under the sod?"

"They are under the sod," I rejoined; "then why should I mark the spot where there is no treasure hidden! Forget them! No! But to remember them aright, I would forget what they have cast off. And to gain the truer conception of DEATH, I would forget the GRAVE!"

But still the good old sculptor murmured, and stumbled, as it were, over the gravestones amid which he had walked through life. Whether he were right or wrong, I had grown the wiser from our companionship and from my observations of nature and character, as displayed by those who came with their old griefs or their new ones, to get them recorded upon his slabs of marble. And yet, with my gain of wisdom, I had likewise gained perplexity; for there was a strange doubt in my mind, whether the dark shadowing of this life, the sorrows and regrets, have not as much real comfort in them—leaving religious influences out of the question—as what we term life's joys.

The Story of Napoleon II.

UNTIL the period of the revolution in France (1830), which placed Louis Philippe on the throne, the only son of Napoleon I., who was known as the Duke of Reichstadt, had been kept under the most strict surveillance, so that no one could obtain access to him. At this period a gentleman from France arrived at Vienna on a mission to the young duke, and obtained an audience. In the name of the Bonapartists of France, this gentleman was authorised to offer the vacant throne to the Duke of Reichstadt. The offer was declined firmly but politely, and the gentleman was much surprised that the son of an Austrian Archduchess should reply to him in speech of some length on Liberalism, and that the son of Cæsar should speak like the son of Brutus. The young prince was urged to accept the proffered crown, but he again declined the glittering and dazzling offer of a throne in the following words: "The time for showing myself has not yet arrived. I bide my time! Today I should only become a brand of discord; at some future period I may become a pledge of peace and union."

A few days afterwards he was informed that the choice of the French people had fallen on the Duke of Orleans. He was much affected at this intelligence, and made the following observation: I shall ever respect the will of the people; I shall never dispute it with arms, but by such efforts as may render me worthy of being recalled by them."

The youth is reported to have said to the Emperor and Prince Metternich: "The essential object of my life ought to

be to render myself worthy of the glory of my father. I hope I shall reach this point of my ambition, and appropriate to myself some of his high qualities, taking care to avoid the rocks on which he split. I should be lost to a proper sense of his memory if I became the plaything of faction and the instrument of intrigue. The son of Napoleon must never condescend to play the miserable part of an adventurer."

It is, however, more than probable that he cherished the secret hope of one day becoming ruler of France. To this secret hope must be attributed his restless labours, his continued studies, his fatiguing exercises, his passion for riding, and his thirst for military information. He dreaded to be taken unprepared; he, as it were, slept on his arms.

His first appearance in society was on the 25th of January, 1831, at a grand party at the house of Lord Cowley, the British Ambassador. There he saw two princes of the House of Bourbon; the Baron de Kenzinger, the representative of Charles X.; Marshal Maison, the Ambassador of Louis Philippe; the Prince Gustavus Vasa, the natural heir of the throne of Sweden; and Count Lowentjelm, the Minister of Charles John, King of Sweden. But among these personal mementos of political change, none were more conspicuous or more interesting than himself; and of the numerous persons present, no one so much engaged attention, or so forcibly affected the prince's imagination, as Marshall Marmont, the intimate friend of his father.

Marmont was subsequently appointed to give him lessons in military tactics.

What might have been expected from a pupil having such instructors as Prince Metternich and Marshal Marmont? On the 15th of June, 1831, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of a battalion of Hungarian infantry, and the ardour with which he performed his military duties greatly affected his health. He was exceedingly tall, and had evidently outgrown his strength. His physician frequently found him stretched on a sofa in the barracks, exhausted and languid; yet he would not admit that he was ill. The vigour, the vivacity of his mind, in fact, destroyed his constitution, and the violent exercises to which he devoted himself completed the destruction of a body already enfeebled by mental exertion, and injured by the secret and undermining influence of repeated colds, coughs, and fever.

Dr. Malfatta, once finding him nearly fainting with fatigue, the young man exclaimed, "I abominate this wretched body that sinks under the exertion of my mind." His kind friend at length thought proper to point out to the Emperor the dangerous symptoms that had appeared, and the never-ceasing and endless employment of the duke in all those exercises which demand great vigour of body.

The Emperor desired that he should retire to Schönbrunn, and the general air and quiet of this beautiful palace were highly beneficial to him; but as soon as he gained a little strength, his activity returned; and since he was denied military pursuits, he sought for pleasure and employment in the mimic war of the chase, and this in all weathers. His state of health was now fast hastening to a crisis—decided and rapid consumption.

His mother, the Duchess of Parma, was sent for; she had the mournful satisfaction of attending upon him during the last few weeks of his existence; he died on the 22nd of July, 1832, at Schönbrunn, aged 21. The Emperor was much affected at his death; he was indeed most exceedingly attached to his grandchild, whose future destiny had no doubt been the subject of many interesting conversations between Francis II. and his minister, Prince Metternich.

THE most trying moment in the life of a youth is when he slips for the first time into a barber's shop to be shaved, and meets his father there on the same errand.

TIMID WOMAN, to the ferryman who was rowing her across the river: "Are people ever lost in this river?"

"No, ma'am," he replied, "we always find 'em in a day or two."

A GENTLEMAN grossly insulted the weather on Monday week—which was a very cold day—by sarcastically carrying a pair of skates, slung with a strap round his neck, on his peregrinations through Piccadilly.

TEACHER (to class): "Why is procrastination called the thief of time?"

Boy (at foot of class): "Because it takes a person so long to say it."

A VALUABLE discovery has just been made, that "straw is put on the bottom of omnibuses for warmth, and not, as some have supposed, to enable passengers to lose their change."

LAST WEEK BUT ONE

OF THE ANNUAL

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES

AND

A
AUTUMN FÊTE.

Open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Programme of Arrangements.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th, 1889.

AT 6.30.—IN QUEEN'S HALL.

ORGAN RECITAL.

ORGANIST—MR. R. T. GIBBONS, F.C.O.

1. Overture (Preciosa) Weber.
2. Lieder Mendelssohn.
3. March (Prussian Tattoo)
4. Selection (Lucia) Donizetti.
5. Gavotte
6. The Radetzky March Strauss.

AT 7.45.—IN FLORAL HALL.

BAND OF THE 7th SURREY RIFLES.

CONDUCTOR—MR. A. N. SPRIGGS.

1. MARCH ... "Fix und Fertig" ... Unrath.
2. POLKA ... "P and O" ... Bucalossi.
3. SELECTION ... "Reminiscences of Scotland" Godfrey.
4. VALSE ... "Toujours Fidèle" ... Waldteufel.
5. OVERTURE ... "Charles VI." ... Halevy.
6. VALSE ... "Paul Jones" ... Planquette.
7. SELECTION ... "Bishop's Songs" ... Hartmann.
8. VALSE ... "Pluie D'or" ... Waldteufel.
9. SONG ... "Love's old sweet story" ... Molloy.
10. GALOP ... "Always joyful" ... Hecker.

AT 8.0.—IN QUEEN'S HALL.

Vocal & Instrumental Concert.

BAND OF H.M. SCOTS GUARDS

(By kind permission of COL. STRACEY).

CONDUCTOR - - - MR. E. HOLLAND.

VOCALISTS:

MISS MAUD CAMERON

AND

MR. J. A. BOVETT.

ACCOMPANIST - - - MR. R. T. GIBBONS.

1. OVERTURE ... "Le Roi d'Ivetot" Adam.
2. BALLAD ... "Cherry Ripe" Horn.
MISS MAUD CAMERON.
Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones come and buy!
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer, there
Where the sunbeams sweetly smile,
There's the land of Cherry Isle!
There plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.
3. SELECTION "Reminiscences of Weber"
Including: Opening of Overture "Der Freyschutz"—Presto
—Ballet Music, "Preciosa"—Larghetto Aria, "Preciosa"—
Chorus, "Der Freyschutz"—Song, "Der Freyschutz"—
Drinking Song, "Der Freyschutz"—Mermaid's Song and
Chorus, "Oberon"—Romance, Huntsman's Chorus, and
Presto Finale, "Der Freyschutz."
4. SONG ... "The Pilgrim of Love" ... Sir H. Bishop.
MR. JAMES A. BOVETT.
RECIT.
Orynthia, my beloved!
I call in vain.
Orynthia, Orynthia!
Echo hears, and calls again.
A mimic voice repeats the name around,
And with Orynthia all the rocks resound.
ROMANCE.
A hermit, who dwells in these solitudes, cross'd me,
As, wayworn and faint, up the mountain I press'd;
The aged man paus'd on his staff, to accost me,
And proffer'd his cell as my mansion of rest.
"Ah! nay, courteous father, right onward I rove,
No rest but the grave for the Pilgrim of Love!"
"Yet tarry, my son, till the burning moon passes,
Let boughs of the lemon tree shelter thy head;
The juice of ripe muscadel flows in my glasses,
And rushes, fresh pull'd, for siesta are spread."
"Ah! nay, courteous father," &c.

5. INVITATION TO THE WALTZ Weber.

The "Invitation to the Waltz" was composed by Weber, on 28th July, 1819, at Klein Hosterwitz, near Dresden. It is almost unnecessary to say that its original form is for Piano-forte Solo.

ARGUMENT:—The "Invitation" might be justly termed a Musical Novel, in which a youth and maiden may be

imagined as the hero and heroine. When they meet for the first time the young man approaches with modesty and a reverential salutation. The young lady gracefully returns his courtesy with maidenly reserve. A quiet, and it may be supposed, sentimental conversation begins, and so soon as they become better acquainted he asks her to dance, and she gracefully consents. We now hear in the splendid and brilliant Valse the bustle and animation of a large assembly, in which our young friends are forgotten. Presently her swift and graceful movements attract our attention, and we also perceive her partner's heavier step. After a while there comes a rest, and that delicious dialogue, which so agreeably fills the pause in the dance—emblematic of those quiet moments in which we snatch a little rest in the bustle and excitement of life. But who is this? Alas! it is grumbling papa, unpleasantly and perseveringly vigilant, showing impatience and dissatisfaction at all those whisperings. But good-natured and sympathising mamma intervenes for another round, and in spite of papa's obstinacy, the young people—seemingly not concerned—rejoin the dance. Again the dancers abandon themselves to the full enjoyment of the moment, until, with a grand crash, the Valse reaches its conclusion. The young gentleman leads his fair partner to her seat, and with a heavy heart takes his leave. Two chords, something like sighs of regret, bring this little romance to a close.

6. SONG ... "Waiting" H. Millard.
MISS MAUD CAMERON.
The stars shine on his pathway,
The trees bend back their leaves
To guide him to the meadow,
Among the golden sheaves,
Where stand I, longing, loving,
And list'ning, as I wait,
To the Nightingale's wild singing,
Sweet singing to its mate.
The breeze comes sweet from heaven,
And the music in the air
Herald's my lover's coming,
And tells me he is there.
Come, for 'tis weary waiting
Come! for the time is long;
Turn my darkness into glory,
My sorrow into song!
I hear his footfall's music,
I feel his presence near;
All my soul responsive answers,
And tells me he is here.
O stars! shine out your brightest,
O Nightingale! sing sweet;
To guide him to me waiting,
And speed his flying feet!
7. SOLO CORNET ... "Ave Maria" Gounod.
(Adapted from Bach's First Prelude)
MR. G. UNDERHILL.
8. SELECTION ... "Carmen" Bizet.
9. SONG ... "The Last Watch" Ciro Pinsuti.
MR. JAMES A. BOVETT.
Watch with me, love, to-night!
This is the last, last time we meet,
For I must leave thee, O my sweet,
Our fate is fix'd, our dream is o'er,
Our ways lie parted evermore!
The fault was mine, be mine the pain!
To never see thy face again,
To watch by wood and wild and shore,
We two together never more!
Dear love, those days were bright,
But we have lost their light:
But O beloved, watch with me,
Watch with me here to-night!
Watch with me, love, to-night!
My heart is torn, my brain is fire,
Thou art my life, my sole desire,
My queen, my crown, my prize, my goal,
Heart of my heart, sun of my soul—
Farewell! farewell! it must be so,
But kiss me once before I go.
Only this once, dear love! good-bye,
But I shall love thee till I die.
Dear love, etc.
10. SOLO PICCOLO "The Wren" (Polka) Demarè.
MR. M. BREWER.

11. SELECTION "Yeoman of the Guard" ... Sullivan.
Introduction and Song, "When maiden love"—Trio,
"It's purely a matter of Skill"—Quartet, "Strange
adventure"—Song, "To thy fraternal care"—Duet,
"What a tale of Cock and Bull"—Ballad, "Free
from his fetter grim"—The Tower Song—"When a
wooeer goes a wooing"—Song, "I have a song to
sing, O!"
12. SONG ... "Jeannette and Jeannot" ... Glover.
MISS MAUD CAMERON.
You are going far away,
Far away from poor Jeannette;
There is no one left to love me now
And you too may forget.
But my heart will be with you
Wherever you may go;
Can you look me in the face
And say the same, Jeannot?
When you wear the jacket red
And the beautiful cockade,
Oh! I fear you will forget
All the promises you've made;
With the gun upon your shoulder
And the bayonet by your side,
You'll be taking some proud lady
And making her your bride.
Or if glory lead the way
You'll be madly rushing on,
Never thinking if they kill you
My happiness is gone;
If you win the day, perhaps
A general you'll be!
Tho' I'm proud to think of that,
What would become of me?
Oh! if I were Queen of France,
Or still better, Pope of Rome,
I'd have no fighting men abroad,
No weeping maids at home;
All the world should be at peace,
Or if Kings must show their might,
Let those who make the quarrels
Be the only men to fight.
13. MARCH ... "Prinz Luitpold" ... Unrath.

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Calendar of the Week.

September 5th.—This is the anniversary of the capture of Malta by the British in 1800. Cardinal Richelieu, the famous French statesman, was born on this day, 1585, at Paris. In 1548, the fifth of September saw the death of Catherine Parr, wife of Henry VIII., and in 1808, that of John Home, in his own day considered a great poet.

September 6th.—This day appears to have been a dull one in history. Archbishop Sumner of Canterbury, who was also known as an author, died on this day, 1862.

September 7th.—This was the birthday of Dr. Samuel Johnson, that rough old fellow whose caustic talk everybody knows about, but whose books very few read nowadays. He was born in 1709, in Lichfield. Captain Porteous was murdered by the mob in Edinburgh, 1736.

September 8th.—This is the day of the Nativity of the Virgin Mary. Ariosto, the great Italian poet, author of *Orlando Furioso*, was born 1474, at Reggio, in Lombardy. Bishop Hall died, 1656.

September 9th.—This was a sad day for the Scots in 1513, when at Flodden Field they were most disastrously defeated by the English, and lost 10,000 men as well as their king, James IV., whose careless folly contributed not a little to the severity of the calamity.

September 10th.—William the Conqueror died on this day at Rouen in 1087.

September 11th.—On this day, in 1680, died one Roger Crab, an eccentric hermit, whose remains lie buried in Stepney Churchyard. He lived upon three farthings a week in a hut at Ickennam. A curious pamphlet, principally written by him, called *The English Hermit, or the Wonder of the Age*, is now very scarce.

A St. Mark's Eve Superstition.

IN the north of England a superstition still lingers to the effect that if a person watch in the church porch on St. Mark's Eve (April 24th) from eleven at night till one o'clock in the morning, he will see the apparitions of all who are to be buried in the churchyard during the ensuing year; and in very many farmhouses on the Border, till within a recent date, ashes were sifted over the hearth on that night, in the belief that the footprints of any one fated to die before the next St. Mark's Eve would be visible in the morning. How these superstitions came to be connected with St. Mark is not clear, but the one last mentioned is evidently related to practices much older than Christianity, which still prevail in some of the islands that stud the Indian and Pacific Oceans. These practices are based on the belief that spirits are sufficiently substantial to leave visible marks of their presence. The Philippines expect the dead to return on the third day after interment, "wherefore they set a vessel of water for him to wash himself clean from the grave-mould, and strew ashes to see footprints." The Talmud gives infallible directions for detecting the presence of evil spirits who attack men in the night-time: strew sifted ashes by the bedside, and in the morning there shall be seen, "as it were, the marks of cocks' feet."

Most people think that the Saturday half-holiday is only a thing of yesterday. There is, however, an unrepealed law of King Canute, which says, "Let every Sunday's feast be held from Saturday's noon to Monday's dawn." And before the time of the Dane, King Edgar in 958 made an order that labour should cease at mid-day on Saturday until daylight on Monday. It seems certain that the original intention of Saturday afternoon being kept as a holiday was to give an opportunity of doing domestic business then, so that no work might be necessary on the Sunday.

THE UNEMPLOYED IN EAST LONDON.—At a time when much thought is being given to this matter, a practical suggestion may be of service. Last year more than £300,000 worth of foreign matches were purchased by inconsiderate consumers in this country, to the great injury of our own working people—so true is it that "Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart." If all consumers would purchase Bryant and May's matches, that firm would be able to pay £1,000 a week more in wages.—[ADVT.]

AN

Affecting Tale of a Sympathetic Newsboy.

A DEAD dog is no poet's theme, no subject for a maiden's dream, but when that dead dog lies in gore, begrimed with street mud o'er and o'er, his bed a sewer rank and foul, where life, with many a dismal howl, the beast gave up he knew not why, nor even knew he had to die, there seems no room for human sigh.

So thought the crowd as it rushed by, until one tearful, crippled boy, threw down his painted wooden toy, and by the dead dog's lifeless form, e'en yet in death with life-blood warm, he knelt, and with caressing hand he sought to make the dead dog stand, and with his little fingers deft he tried to see if life were left. He pulled the eyelids softly down, he stroked its ears all limp and brown, and when the truth broke on his mind the child in broken accents whined, "Oh! Carlo, is you dead from me? Oh! Carlo, can't you Billy see?"

Then from the ground with panting touch he struggled to his tiny crutch, and looking round on earth and sky he saw one tear-filled pitying eye, a newsboy ragged, dirty, bold, who had not yet his papers sold, who said, "Hey, sonnie! don't you cry no more. I see you can't, your leg is sore; I'll carry that ere dog of yours and bury him, so don't you mourn. Here, take these papers, Jumpin' Jack, and keep 'em safe till I come back." Then up from where the dead dog lies this lusty angel in disguise raised Carlo with a woman's care, and trotted off with sombre air.

The crowd did not let this go past. They felt down in their pockets fast, and sixpences and pence came up in memory of that murdered pup. The lusty angel, nothing loth, grasped pence and dog and silver both, while Billy, pegging on behind, in infant accents softly whined, "Say, Dipsey, what yer make dis find?—it's half for me, so now yer mind."—*American Paper.*

Answering in one Word.

YOU were telling us just now," said Mr. R.—, "of that Scottish Highlander who, when some one asked him whether an Englishman with whom he had been out hunting was anything of a shot, answered, with a solemn shake of his head, 'The more said, the less the better!' Well, I can give you as good a story as that, and very much in the same style.

"My uncle was travelling on foot through the north of Scotland a good many years ago (when Englishmen were nothing like so common there as they are nowadays), and he happened to halt for some refreshment at a little roadside inn, where he found three big Highland drovers making a very hearty breakfast. They saw at once that he was an Englishman, and I suppose they wanted to show him how well they could speak his language. Anyhow, the first man suddenly said, with the air of a scientist announcing an important discovery—

"'This is ta pest (best) whisky tat I never tasted any more!'

"Then No. 2 chimed in—

"'So tid (did) I neither!'

"And then the third drover promptly added—

"'Neither did I too!'

"'Well,' said I, 'that's not a bad specimen of the Scotch style; but I think I can find you one to match it. Have you ever heard the story of "Answer me in one word?"'

"'Not that I know of.'

"'Well, it's worth hearing, too. There was a small school in one of the villages on the Lower Clyde, the prize pupil of which was a smart little fellow named Edward McTaggart, who was so fond of reading that he spent an entire half-holiday over "The Pilgrim's Progress," and was accosted by his mother with "Eh, laddie! are ye no feared to be reading sic' a gude book when it's no the Sabbath day?" But at last Edward broke down completely in his lesson, and it appeared on inquiry that he had lost his book.

"'Well,' said the teacher, 'if you can tell me that in one word, I'll let you off.'

"'Quick as lightning Master Ned answered him with the name of 'Nebuchadnezzar,' which, pronounced in the Scotch fashion, just made 'Nae book had Ned, sir.'"

THE BEAUTY OF SILENCE.—"That dog of mine," said Chatterly, proudly, "knows as much as I do!"

And Barker Carper muttered, "What a blessing he's muzzled!"

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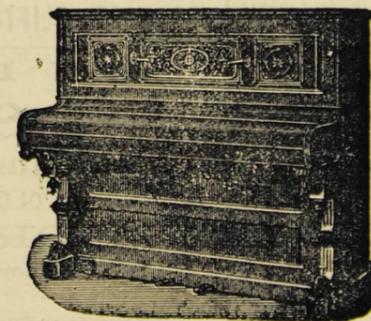
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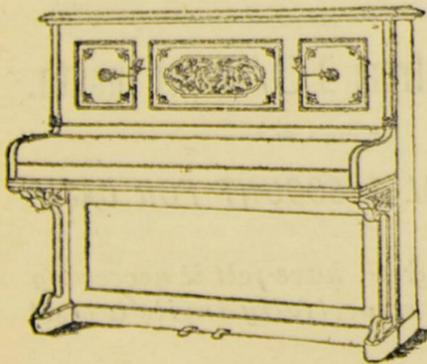
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