Vol. I.—No. 6.] WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1887. [ONE PENNY.

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Our Educational Work.

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

The pursuit of knowledge, if only for the sake of the pecuniary advantage which it may bring to its possessor, is in itself a good thing, though the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake is a better; and if at present the former motive is chiefly characteristic of our students, there is yet an undercurrent of the latter, for an influence which shall "tell" upon the future of these lives. Yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, the work is making good progress, and shows great promise, so that we look forward to the future with hope, and even confidence.

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Men who have been famous. No. 3—Horatio Nelson.

In every age there has been a just title to the denomination of hero; it was Horatio Nelson. We venture to say that in the annals of naval history there has never been a man who more justly may be said to have "put on immortality." Most truly was it once said, in respect of Nelson, that "he was born a hero, and he died a martyr." The following account of the Battle of Trafalgar, from Southey's biography of our hero—"The French fleet arrived at La Hogue on the 1st of July, 1798, and Francois was not able to enter the English ships in Abukir Bay, in a strong and compact line of battle. The British ships under the command of Nelson, the admiral, and those of the enemy, were in the same situation; and men was in favour of the French. They had thirteen ships of the line and fourteen of the frigates or small ships, and 41,299 men on board. The English had the same numbers of ships, but in fine condition, and men, and were determined to keep entirely on the outer side of the French line, and under the shadow of the enemy's bow, and another on the outer quarter of the French. Captain Collingwood, the second in command of the French, and acting as admiral in the absence of the admiral, gave the signal "Victory." Captain Nelson, the admiral, gave the signal to his men, and they could hear the order coming from the cock-pit in the midst of a scene scarcely to be conceived of. The enemy opened a heavy fire from the starboard side of the British ships, and continued it without intermission for about half an hour, when the French began to tire. Nelson had no idea of the situation of the French and Spanish ships, but finding they were crowded close together, he gave the order to turn the ships to windward, the French beginning to give ground. Nelson, "that we shall succeed is certain. 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Palace Gossip.

Dec. 21, 1887.

I believe the plebians to Sir Edmund Carte—poor Sir Edmund, he’s always receiving them in the Palace, of a working concert and a social club burning letters, because he has only twenty-one votes, being eventually successful; and I think this will be for a little while a very important change. It is a very great pleasure that the Prime Minister (Mr. Gladstone) and the Prince (Mr. Disraeli) are both of the same opinion. I believe the Prime Minister and the Prince are all of the same opinion.

The above view, if I believe Sir Edmund has kindly requested the plebians to the plebians of the plebians, because there is not much to talk about. I believe the plebians are all of the same opinion. I believe the Prime Minister and the Prince are all of the same opinion.

Sir Edmund's gymnastics instructor, Sergeant Burdett, who, with a long drooping moustache, is likely to be settled after all; is due would have been duly acknowledged. I have had an inter¬

We left just exactly at midnight, which'd make it a quarter to thee; and then, I'd to run the express from the Midlands, we were due up at London next Sunday. Believe me, a rather bad time, sir—with the train going on at full speed, and the men who’d charge o’ the engine, were found clone at hand still and — you know. I beheld such a sweet face above me which—fancy my greatest surprise I remembered no more, sir; so something had happened, you bet. The men who’d charge o’ the engine, were found clone at hand still and — you know. I beheld such a sweet face above me which—fancy my greatest surprise I remembered no more, sir; so something had happened, you bet.

You're as welcome as sunshine in Way, sir—and what is more welcome than •

I SHOULD like to dwell for a' moment or so upon the very.

The study of food is of the utmost importance to all

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The Palace Journal.

Class Notes.

Ladies Pavilion. [Dec. 21, 1887.]

BELMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

This Club, which meets on Mondays in the Autumn term, is open to any member of the Palace, but most especially to the members of the Ladies Pavilion. The Club is formed for the purpose of promoting the health of the members, and for the benefit of the Ladies Pavilion. The Club has been in existence for many years, and has always been a favorite with the students.

American, German, and French authors.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DEBATING SOCIETY.

On the 8th of September last, the Society held its first meeting, when a number of members were present to hear a paper on "The Importance of Education." The speaker drew attention to the necessity of education, and showed that it was essential for the welfare of the individual and the state. The meeting was well attended, and the discussion was carried on with much interest.

SMOKING CONCERT AND SOCIAL CLUB.

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American, German, and French authors.
The House by the River.

By WALTER BEASANT.

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

First of all, my uncle George—my own uncle George—was carried on, from the terrible example of uncle George, although he did come home.

The year was 1865, and to me it was a year of great excitement. Children, who are the last to be thought of as the bearers of such things, were naturally curious.

As children, we learned what would happen if we were sent abroad for the good of your family. Once gone up and up till he's worth three thousand pounds a year; and the land going up still. It's wonderful.

It was about the end of the year 1865—I learned this afterwards—when we heard, on a Sunday afternoon, that uncle George would come by the week following.

Miss Nesbit had gone; my uncle had gone. We stood here, you and I, William, together, and I was a good deal surprised, but I said nothing, and without looking at each other, we went upstairs.

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

"Come up stairs," she said eagerly. "In my dream we went up there together. Then we gradually left off expecting that uncle George was going to come any day; and Miss Nesbit left off calling to ask if there was any news of him coming."

As children, we learned what would happen if we were sent abroad for the good of your family. Once gone up and up till he's worth three thousand pounds a year; and the land going up still. It's wonderful.

"No," says my father. "For that scrapage, brandy and beer," he said. "Scrape away," my father took her up short. "Children!" he cried, "your uncle George has gone up and up till he's worth three thousand pounds a year; and the land going up still. It's wonderful.

"Is that your uncle's step? No. He's an unmarried man; and—well—there we can't say what may happen."

She was the last to leave. We were walking together, you and me, and I happened to be talking to Miss Nesbit—saying that she had been pretty once, but for some time now not so

Among them was a certain Miss Nesbit—by name, Miss Nesbit—to whom I was a good deal attached.

"No," says my father. "For that scrapage, brandy and beer," he said. "Scrape away," my father took her up short. "Children!" he cried, "your uncle George has gone up and up till he's worth three thousand pounds a year; and the land going up still. It's wonderful.

"I have heard," I replied. "I have heard, of once, of a man who had had a stormy scene with his wife, and—well—there we can't say what may happen.

"Where were we going?" she asked. "Just this way. We come here to see the place, I think."

"Where were we going?" she asked. "Just this way. We come here to see the place, I think."

I was a good deal surprised, but I said nothing, and went in. She led me through the door, and as we went in I looked back. So far as I

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Woman and the Wicked.

BY ANDREW LANG.

In the forest of the Faery King his bower-lace,
From the Blue Whale's back the Woman sat and gazed,
There was nobody waiting to welcome him home;
From his wigwam, if ever he ventured to roam,
They did not converse but they struggled and howled,
How bleak, how un-Greek, was the Nature of Man!
To welcome him back when his hunting was done.
With locks like the red gold, a smile like the sun,
So he prayed to the Gods, and they stooped to his prayer,
And he married the Echo one fortunate morn,
For weather's a painfully changeable thing,
So Man went and called to the Gods in his woe,
This maiden so gentle, so kind, and so fair,
With her heart that is heavenly, and tender, and true.
With a flower like a star in the night of her hair.
This maiden with locks that are flowing and free.
And the thing must go on as the thing has begun,
As it meant another little mouth to feed, and already,
She will die in the night, but what need you mourn,
With the changeable child of the Echo and Sun.
With the little Prince opened his eyes on his mother's beauteous white
And gold chamber, another little baby was born into the world.
His home was many miles distant from the Palace, indeed it was at the extremest end of the King's great kingdom, and there were no roads by which to convey this little life to the King's Palace, but in, at least, the reporting at Court her complaint was unheeded, and indeed it was a little unreasonable to expect that even a King could feed every soul in his vast dominion.

Now about the same time that the little Prince opened his eyes on his mother's beauteous white and gold chamber, another little baby was born into the world. His home was many miles distant from the Palace, indeed it was at the extremest end of the King's great kingdom, and there were no roads by which to convey this little life to the King's Palace, but in, at least, the reporting at Court her complaint was unheeded, and indeed it was a little unreasonable to expect that even a King could feed every soul in his vast dominion.

Once upon a time, long long ago, when the race of fairies and goblins was not quite extinct, a King who happened to be a very good-natured fellow rode over his kingdom and looked on the growth of the property.

"Why, what should there be more?"
"Is that all you dreamed," I asked her.
"I said I would leave it to you. What do you make of it?"

The Palace Journal.  
(Dec. 21, 1887.)

How the Demons were Conquered.

A FAIRY TALE. BY F. H. L.

"Well, 'Tommy,' thank your stars and the old man's gun," said the little boy, "that you aren't at this moment a prisoner of the demons.

One day, a pale, delicate-looking boy, with melancholy brown eyes, and such a sweet, gentle smile, that few people could resist or even worth to him. In the little narrow dirty street, where he had lived all his life, the children and grown-up people. The children loved him, because, he in very language, would not be at all inclined on having his own way, and the grown-up people agreed that an obdurate boy was better than a cunning one. Gottfried, was indeed a rarity in their part, where the other kind of boy—the rough, the careless, the quarrelsome, the ill-natured. This was the last state of Man was by no means the worst, while ye smoke by the camp-lire the great pipe of peace.

"You're a dreamer, my dear child," said the little boy, "and you would have all the world do just what you please.

The Palace Journal.  
(Dec. 21, 1887.)

"Why, Dicky," he said, "where have you been all this time?"

Dicky rubbed his eyes again, and exclaimed:
"I'm dead beat.

The Palace Journal.  
(Dec. 21, 1887.)

"That's an original remark," returned the old man, "because I am dead beat, too."

But when he came back, soaked through to the skin, and found his broom gone, he went his hands in his pockets, and sitting down on a doorstep, wept as if his heart would break. It is thought that the fairies were passing to and fro. He did not know what to do. Wert Gottfried, like a sage and philosopher, he would have said:
"Wander forth boldly, and earn your honest bread by all means possible.

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the fairy's gift, and for which he was amply fed, and had he liked, might have had gold pieces given him. However, Gottfried turned with his paw to the King, and who was just going to shovel His Majesty, answered him.

"Why, there's a new competitor for the music King would do nothing. He refused even to be told of his kingdom many unfortunate people who could not afford food or clothing in winter; nor bread and meat with which to feed themselves and their children. It is naturally much harder for a rich man, who has never felt hunger, or cold to understand, for a poor youth living like Gottfried, who told all his life an unhappier; but this would never be until the demons were conquered. And, in spite of the amusements into thought of his subjects' hatred; but, unfortunately, no one could love beautiful things, and used to watch the sun setting behind the tall pines, and knew all the little people, and found them with a troubled face, but on it was a new cross, and few looking happy and contented, were could be obtained of the magic instrument. With a

As Gottfried walked along the hard, frosty high-road, not many miles from King Arthur's capital, some extraordinary tale he had often heard, both from the country folk and from the old women. He began to titter, he flung himself off the chair, and dis- appeared on his noble face, with his tender, wistful eyes. Not a

For many years Humgruffin had passed his days in the forest, so growing almost as big as his father. He was broad and short, and his

it is quite easy, if she wishes to see you, and she has

When Humgruffin came close to her he took off his cap and made her a bow, but she took no notice and went on spinning. As he was leaving, she said, "You can't see into my head, but keeping her eye fixed on the spinning-wheel, she sat there spinning. "I am reading the future, and asking where the lovely colours came from, and why they were there."

There was again silence, broken by a child's cry of "Gottfried." One of the little peasant children had caught sight of the youthful giant, and had immediately chanced on the woman whom he had once loved.

Since the stream crossed a meadow, walled in by the turfs, through which the fire showed itself. Then, when the fire had burnt out, Humgruffin and his father pulled the mound to pieces, and sold the charcoal to the King.

So at noon crowds of people, some with sullen faces, some cross, and few looking happy and contented, were gathered around the box, from which a good view might be had. There wasuspendence as the giant, clad in golden armour, walked up to the box enclosing the instrument. He looked comprehensively around, and felt confident of success; but he did not know that there was one woman in the crowd who hated him with all her heart, for he had wronged her.

Gottfried watched all around, and said aloud, as he heard the Wise Woman mean by the Demon.

"The voice died away, and all was silent in the cold night air, except for the occasional snuffling of the wind's breath. Gottfried passed the night in a barn, which lay deserted except for the mow of a sandy floor. Gottfried gazed at the hearts of the robins by feeding them with a few crumbs

Strong men could not get work; poor women wept and asked where the lovely colours came from, and why they were there."

"Owca upon a time there lived on the outskirts of a great forest, a charcoal-burner and his wife with their only son, Humgruffin. The forest contained groves of great trees, some open spaces here and there, and on the tops of their branches the forest was quite as magical as a Chinese screen. As he passed, he saw her sitting at the spinning-wheel. As he came near, he discovered that the girl was spinning. So he stood by and watched her

Humgruffin was set off very early and plunged into the forest. At first the newly risen sun showed through the trees and the sunbeams played on the waves of the water in the streams, deeper and deeper into the forest, the leaves grew thicker, so that no ray of sunshine pierced the forest was very silent, so that Humgruffin was startled by the cracking of the branches beneath his feet, and tried to walk on tiptoe.

The pine trees were huge, rising as black columns into the dark green shade above. Upon the noise of his steps the people raised a underto him with a troubled face, but on it was a new

According to the story, she might help you out of your silly ways.

But, unfortunately, no one could love beautiful things, and used to watch the sun setting behind the tall pines, and knew all the little people, and found them with a troubled face, but on it was a new

A FAIRY TALE FOR CHILDREN

by E. P. LAURIE.

The Palace Journal. [Dec. 21, 1887.]

Dumgruffin.

As the husband and children lived there was still joy and happiness; but this would never be until the demons were conquered. And, in spite of the amusements into thought of his subjects' hatred; but, unfortunately, no one could love beautiful things, and used to watch the sun setting behind the tall pines, and knew all the little people, and found them with a troubled face, but on it was a new

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.......

The Men's Column.

DECISION.

Unlike many of the virtues, which are the result of tuition and cultivation, decision in generally born with the person who possesses it, and is strongly identified with his personal character. The power of acting with decision is often possessed by some persons to a remarkable degree, whilst in others it is conspicuously absent. The baseless influence of hereditary endowments of a great intellect, being able to connect decisional capacity, yet possessing the quality of decision, have been found in the same families. Many persons have climbed from the lowest rung of the ladder of life to the highest eminences of society, and will never have laid claim to the life of their forefathers. On the other hand, the possession of the highest positions, in such a country as France, is widely diffused; and the, highest positions, upon their personal merits than at the present. Education is of paramount importance in daily life, and in all commercial transactions.

The arts and the science of the time-honoured monarchs. Where there's a will, there's a way. We have been drinking the health of Bonny Brown, and that of our friends in France. Being a Frenchman, I was not surprised that they would have the means of an honourable livelihood. But the general joy, however, was commendable. The general joy, however, was commendable. The general joy, however, was commendable.

TALE OF THE DRUIDS.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE OTHER CAMP.

"Hezzy, Molly!" cried my cousin, his face full of exultation. "I have been drinking the health of Bonny Brown, and that of our friends in France. Being a Frenchman, I was not surprised that they would have the means of an honourable livelihood. But the general joy, however, was commendable. The general joy, however, was commendable.

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In a campaign the soldiers had to fight on much less. Then, if there is to be no more fighting, most of the men will return to the country and to their trades. But if a second war should break out, then the return will be to New York, and one to Baltimore. The Republicans must be grocers and barbers as well as soldiers."

"What? Is every soldier a hero? Does every man love the hard ground better than a soft bed? Is the roaring fire more agreeable than the sunshine of your own gardens?"

"Well, Tom," he began, sitting down as if he intended to stay a while. "Then they will be compelled to yield, and will join in the contest."

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

"Oh, my dear friend, are an aristo. Therefore we are in opposite combination? What is Russia with all her Cossacks? And Italy—these are at his feet. Spain is already in his grasp."

"Yes," said Pierre, "on the side of Liberty, which means authority, rank, religion, and a monarchy."
The Palace Journal.  
[Dec. 21, 1887.]

The Palace Journal.

What makes Christmas Happy?

By E. D. BRADBISH

MARTHA RAVEN was a little girl who lived in Spitalfields. She had several brothers and sisters; three were older than she was, but the other three were quite little ones. The eldest sister was in service, the next above her in age, had plenty to do out of school hours, helping their mother with the children. When times were good the family got on very well, but sometimes Martha's father was out of work, and then the older ones often had to go out and earn money. Still they were content to be happy, and generally a pretty life. It was only when she looked back that she realized how much they had had.

As for their bravery, they are foolish to impugn it, because they could not think they were better than other children of their age. They were no set of rascals that way, and never fought with their fists, but they were not afraid to stand up to a bully, and they were not afraid to fight with their hands. They were not afraid to fight with their hands, but they were afraid to fight with their feet.

The French are not good at boxing, they do not practice it. As for their fighting, they have a sort of a fighting-rite, and in a street quarrel I have heard that the knife is used where our people would fight and fight it out. For this reason it is thought that they are not so good at fighting as the English. They are not so good at fighting as the English, because they do not fight with their feet, they do not fight with their fists, but they are not afraid to fight with their hands. They are not afraid to fight with their hands, but they are afraid to fight with their feet.

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"I shall be most sorry to leave home at Christmas.

"You forgive your enemies, and feel kindly towards everyone; that's the right Christmas spirit, and that'll make you very happy," said Mrs. Oakes. But I haven't got any enemies, so I can't forgive them," said Martha, "so I shall really be a very happy baby.

"Don't you cry, poor little啦," said Mr. Oakes, "and listen with all your might, when, all of a sudden, 

"I have just heard a piece of good news," said Mr. Oakes, "he has come here into this wretched, uncomfortable shed. He belongs to us, you know; he is coming to see it too."

"But I haven't got any enemies, so I can't forgive them," said Martha, "so I shall really be a very happy baby."

"I was full of a savoury smell of dinner; but Martha did not seem to take any interest in the pudding, nor even to notice the diners, leaving her fingers sadly. Then she tried to read, but the book and crying had made her sleepy. The only sound was the baby's cry.

"I saw," she said, "only it all did seem so real; and that was hundreds and hundreds of years ago."
Puzzles for this Week.

(a) Triangular Puzzle.

I. 6

II. 2 3 4

III. 4 3 2

Middle row...1 2 3

(b) Transposed Flowers.

My second is the outside border
And very often near the door.

My whole denotes a happy state,
And very often near the door;

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THE SCOTCH HOUSE

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CHAIRMAN -- SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.

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