

Trafalgar.

At no time in English history has more intense interest been taken in its navy. The traditions of the past, which regarded the fleet as the mainstay of English confidence and security, were never more strongly held than now. The enormous sums expended upon new ships, the constant jealousy exhibited regarding all details of construction, armament, and number, and the periodical fits of apprehension as to the efficiency of the navy which sweep over the national mind, show how deep-seated and vivid is the concern with which England regards its first line of defence. There is no party in the state amongst which this sentiment does not prevail, though with some it is more latent than expressed. Among other indications of the life and vigor of this characteristic British feeling has been the commemoration ceremonies connected with the anniversary of Trafalgar, on Oct. 21. This year the ninety-first recurrence of that famous day is recorded. The destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588, and the overthrow of the united naval power of France and Spain in 1805, are the two most momentous crises in that triumphant record of the last three hundred years, which has left in English hands a command of the sea, never yet successfully disputed. That this command is vitally connected with the life and progress of the empire is a conviction held by friend and foe alike.

To few great lives has been granted so dramatic a conclusion as that of Nelson at Trafalgar. It is one of the few great scenes in history indelibly impressed upon the mind of every Briton. Who does not know of the ardor and impatience of Nelson's fierce chase after the French fleet, of a

inscrutable phenomenon; and to one great Englishman belongs the honor of having first, with his dying hand, shaken the foundation of the portentous power that threatened the continent, which it was given to another finally to hurl from its throne.

In the faith that the serious heroism of Nelson still lives in our race is our hope for the future, and in the undiminished reverence with which his last famous signal is regarded lies more security for the safety of England than is assured by the unequalled resources of its arsenals, and the strenuous vigilance that keeps abreast with every improvement of construction and armament.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

After Christmas.

Now listen to the wondrous tale
That I am going to tell,
'Tis all about a greedy boy
Who loved good things too well.

On Christmas Day, it must be said,
He well had borne his part,
In eating turkey, pudding, beef,
Mince pies and apple tart.

But he would still have eaten more
Had he not been prevented,
And now as he lay snug in bed
This wrong his soul resented.

"I swear," he said, "by good roast beef,
By turkey and mince pie,
I'll slip into the kitchen now,
And feast there on the sly."

"Yes, pray what brings you here," cried Beef,
"Our privacy invading?"
And each mince pie took up the cry,
Our hapless friend upbraiding.

"I only came," Jim stammered out,
"To eat a few mince pies;"
He stopped aghast, for all around
He heard indignant cries.

"You glutton, you!" they fiercely screamed,
"To thus unfairly treat us;
This night you might have let us be,
To-morrow you could eat us."

"A blanket, quick!" the turkey cried,
"We'll toss him for his prying."
No sooner said than in a thrice
Young Jim was sent up flying.

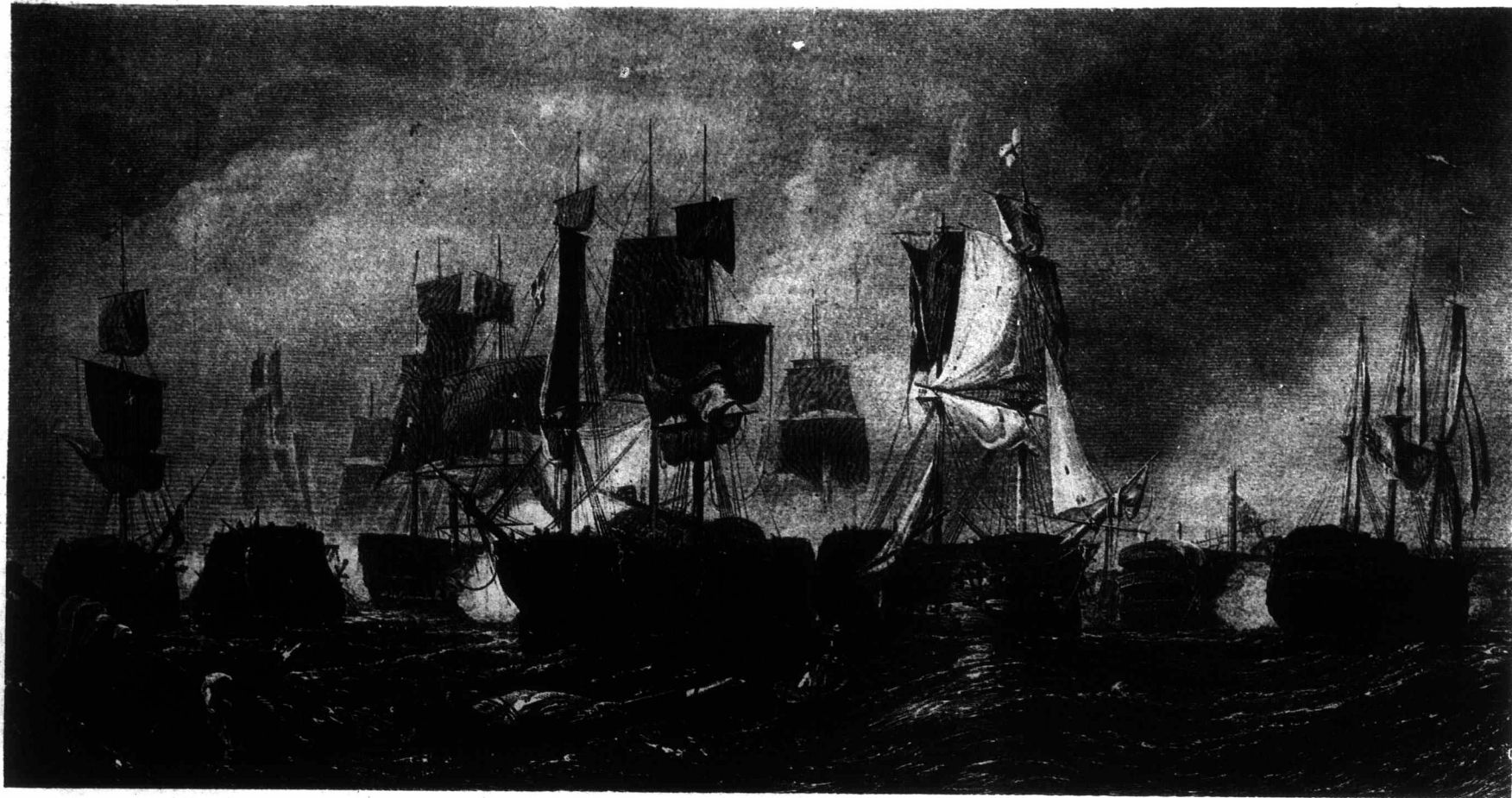
In vain he wept, in vain he swore
He would go back to bed;
In vain he moaned out he was sure
To fall and break his head.

They only laughed and said, "Not yet
Can you, dear sir, retire,"
Then bore him out into the yard
That they might send him higher.

Up, up into the air he flew
To heights ne'er reached before;
Up, up till he could see his room
Upon the nursery floor;

And through the open window he
His brother could descry,
Who in his little curtained bed
All peacefully did lie.

"O dear, O dear!" moaned hapless Jim,
As up again flew he,
"If I were once more safe in there
No more I'd greedy be."



TRAFALGAR.

force nearly double that of his own, from Sardinia to Egypt, from Egypt to the West Indies, from the West Indies back to Europe, scaring his enemies over half the world by the very terror of his name; his crafty lying in wait at a distance, with his inferior force, to lure the finally combined navies of France and Spain from their harbor of refuge; the devout confidence with which he welcomed the day of battle; the bright morning that revealed the double concave line of battle of the united enemy to the slowly advancing columns of the English, the silence that preceded the appearance of the immortal signal, "England expects every man to do his duty," and the responsive cheers that ran from end to end of the British lines. The victory that followed such a stirring commencement was worthy of the death scene of the greatest admiral of England. Of the proud fleet of forty ships that faced the English, eight alone finally reached a port of refuge. Nelson's life work was done. The seas were swept of the last vestige of the power of his country's enemies.

Trafalgar secured the safety of England for the generation in which it occurred. It rolled off a great incumbrance of fear from the nation, and gave that invincible inspiration of hope in the death grapple with Napoleon which was the forecast of ultimate victory. Its immediate effect on the fortunes of Napoleon was not indeed obvious, though the news sent an ominous tremor through the grand army in the midst of its career of victory—a presage of disaster awaiting in the future. With our present knowledge of the character of the conqueror of Europe, it is clear that he could not in the long run have succeeded in his gigantic schemes. The domination of selfish ambition was the fatal flaw in his genius, but to his own age he was an

Then up he rose, stayed not for clothes,
But down the staircase tore;
Too soon, too soon the kitchen reached,
And open flung the door.

Then oh! what sight stupendous
Burst full upon his view!
The thing is too tremendous,
You'll scarcely think it true.

A gravy-spoon was whispering
Soft nothings to a fork;
The beef was dancing gaily with
A cold roast leg of pork.

The turkey he was practising
The minuet and reel;
While apple tart was bending down
To kiss some candied peel.

The Christmas pudding and the pies
Were seated in a row,
The pudding singing, and the pies
All playing the banjo.

While as to oranges and figs,
Their conduct was astounding;
At leap-frog they were playing all,
And in the air kept bounding.

In fact, to sum it briefly up,
The scene was mad confusion;
And more than one unhappy cup
Sustained severe contusion.

Still, notwithstanding slight mishaps,
Their mirth was loud and hearty;
When lo, our hero coming in
Disturbed the jovial party.

Said Christmas Pudding, stopping short
In her divinest song,
"What want you, honored sir, of us?
I hope there's nothing wrong."

Then desperate, mustering all his strength,
He took one nimble bound,
Sprang o'er the window sill and fell
Half senseless on the ground.

Quick at the noise all rushed upstairs
To know what was the matter,
Some crying only burglars could
Have caused such fearful clatter.

Young Jim they found, with fevered cheeks
And wildly haggard eyes,
They listened to his piteous tale,
Then looked supremely wise.

Two dismal, cheerless days in bed
Wound up the whole affair,
With nauseous drugs *ad libitum*,
And diet very spare.

For—can you credit this?—they said
It all was indigestion;
As to his having left his room
They scouted the suggestion.

He had not seen the turkey dance,
Nor heard the pudding sing;
The tossing was an utter myth,
And so was everything.

But though they said this scores of times,
Young Jim was not converted,
And that his tale was wholly true
Unceasingly asserted.

Now, who was right and who was wrong?
I really cannot say.
I only know our friend no more
Was glutton from that day.

—F. H. B.

SAUCE FOR SALMON SHAPE.

One cup of milk heated to a boil, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, liquid from salmon, one tablespoonful of butter, raw egg beaten lightly, juice of one lemon. Pour over salmon.