

church for three-quarters of a century. Walter Parratt naturally received his first instruction from his father; but the latter was wont to complain that his son found the study of music so easy that he could not be induced to spend time enough on it in a serious manner. But there was one thing the son would gladly do: there was an organ factory in Huddersfield, and if Walter Parratt was not to be found there, looking keenly into the construction of organs, it might be taken for granted that Walter Parratt's time was not his own.

At the early age of eleven he was appointed organist of Armitage Bridge Parish Church, but the instrument had only one manual; and so we find the young musician, after a few months, at Charlotte Street Chapel, Pimlico, London. In 1854 he went back to Huddersfield as organist of St. Paul's, and it was then that people saw in him the "coming man." For one thing, he had a wonderful memory, and an equally wonderful gift of playing at first sight. One Sunday morning a candidate for a place in his choir came to sing on trial, but forgot to bring for the use of the organist a copy of the solo he meant to sing. The omission only occurred to him during the first lesson, and as he could not himself sing without the music, he handed his copy to Mr. Parratt and asked him if he could accompany it. Mr. Parratt

replied that he had never seen or heard the piece before, but would try what he could do. During the second lesson he played the composition over on the keys of the organ without wind, and handed the copy back to the singer. When the solo came on, he played the accompaniment without an error, and turning round to the vocalist, told him where he had sung a wrong note!

While at Huddersfield Mr. Parratt, though then only nineteen, came very near to being selected as organist both for the Town Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the Town Hall, Leeds. In 1861, however, he was appointed organist to Lord Dudley's church, Whitley Court, and there he remained till 1868, when he went to the parish church at Wigan. In 1872 he was made organist and choirmaster at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he took his Mus.B. degree; and when Sir George Elvey retired, he was chosen as his successor at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where he remains. Sir Walter is the leading professor of the organ at the Royal College of Music, and does some hard days' teaching there every week. As a player he specially excels in Bach, whom he interprets in an almost insurpassable manner. Like Dr. Parry, he is a writer; but as yet his efforts in that direction have been confined almost solely to the musical journals and kindred publications.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

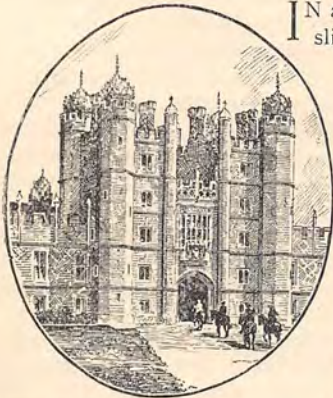
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## ROYAL GHOSTS IN HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

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THE GREAT GATEWAY IN WOLSEY'S TIME.

IN attempting to give a slight sketch of my experience of ghostly visitants in Hampton Court Palace, I must first assure my readers that personally I have never actually seen a ghost there. Neither have I any wish to do so, as I am told the sensation it produces is a very unpleasant one, and impossible to describe. One feels completely

paralysed for the time, and the sudden shock seems to haunt one night and day.

The apartment in which I now write is situated near to the Haunted Gallery, and I have distinctly heard the loud screams at dead of night, which are supposed to be uttered by the shade of Queen Catherine Howard, whose restless spirit still haunts the Long Gallery, on the right-hand side of the Queen's Great Staircase. This gallery is kept locked, and is not

shown to the public generally, but only to the favoured few, and by special permission. The story goes that, after the disclosures made to Henry VIII. of the alleged unfaithfulness of the queen, he was one day at service in the royal closet in the chapel. Catherine Howard, who had been confined to her room, escaped and ran along the (now called) Haunted Gallery, having determined to make one last frantic effort to appeal to the king for mercy and pardon.

She had just reached the door of the royal pew when she was rudely seized by the guards, and in spite of her piercing shrieks she was carried back to her own rooms, while the king continued his devotions apparently quite unmoved.

This terrible scene is said to have been enacted over and over again in the Haunted Gallery.

A tall figure, dressed all in white, has been seen going towards the royal pew, and on approaching the door has rushed back again hastily, her garments all disordered, and a look of utter misery and despair on her face, as she utters a succession of unearthly shrieks, till she passes through the doorway which leads to the Queen's Staircase. These shrieks are constantly heard to this day, especially when there is no moon, and at the autumnal season of the year, when these Royal Shades seem to be particularly restless. They never

appear to do any actual harm beyond alarming the occupants of the Apartments, and visitors are constantly known to leave very abruptly when on a visit to the Palace. They make all sorts of transparent excuses, receive telegrams suddenly, which call for their "immediate presence" elsewhere, and leave promptly! We hear subsequently, by a side wind, that "So-and-So couldn't stand it any longer, as he or she heard such extraordinary noises: footsteps followed them, someone rapped at their doors repeatedly, but on opening it there was nothing to be seen," and so on.

One night I retired as usual about eleven o'clock, a lady staying in my Apartment having assisted me to bolt and lock the front doors very carefully (there are double doors to it). In the morning one of my servants came to my room very early in a state of alarm, and awoke me, saying: "If you please, ma'am, did you forget to shut and lock the front door last night? as, when I came down just now, I found them both wide open!"

This was not at all pleasant intelligence for one's waking moments, and I have never been able to account for it in any way. Outside these front doors is a curious old oak staircase, and my servants have to go up it to get to their own rooms. It is opposite to one of the "Queen's Gates," which has a very fine arch, beautifully carved, and with wide oak doors. Through this arch and doors Queen Catherine of Arragon is said to "walk" at certain times of the year. They lead to what were her own apartments in the olden days, and she used to come out and go down to the Great Hall, to dine with her royal husband, Henry VIII.

One night I was aroused by the sudden entrance of my cook and parlourmaid into my room, while I was fast asleep. They rushed in screaming.

"Oh! ma'am," cried the cook, "are you quite safe? We smelt fire somewhere, and came down to see where it was; but, oh! *what* we have seen to-night! As we was a-comin' down them oak stairs we see a tall lady, dressed all in black, with a long train, with a shining light on her face, come through the Queen's Gate, but the door never opened when she came out nor shut after her. She had a taper in her 'and, and seemed to glide downstairs, and then we couldn't see her nowhere."

The next day this old cook came to me and said: "If you please, mum, I must leave you this wery day. I came to oblige you, mum, and left a pore lady in town, who I was nussing, very bad with haricot [varicose] veins, but I can't stay no longer in such a place as this, where the partition of Anne Bullion [Boleyn] walks, and where the ghosts are so har-bacious (!), and it worrits me dreadful to think of it. My only comfort is, mum, that them ghosts is all royal ones."

Other servants complain of hearing footsteps, and of someone walking about their room, and one called out to the other, "Do be quiet and go to bed at once, and leave off disturbing me so."

One night I awoke suddenly by feeling a figure

standing by my bedside, and my pillow was sharply pulled away from under my head. Then something seemed to lean over the bed, as if gazing at me, and to press the spring mattress. It was perfectly dark, and for some time I was so frightened that I could not move to light a candle. I felt conscious of a presence in the room, but saw nothing actually.

Doors here are constantly found open, when carefully shut and locked, and I have seen visitors turn pale at the sight of a door gently closing by itself before one's eyes, when the apartment was all shut up, and not a breath of wind anywhere.

One evening I was alone, sitting in the drawing-room, waiting for a young girl who was staying with me, and who had gone out into the gardens, which are closed to the public at night, with one of the maids to take a moonlight stroll—everyone else having retired. Suddenly I heard a loud knocking at the front door, the handle rattled, the key was turned, and the door violently shaken. I went very quickly and opened the door, thinking that my friend had returned and was in a hurry to get in again. To my astonishment, there was not a soul to be seen, nor any sound of retreating footsteps, which reverberate so clearly on these old oak stairs. There was positively *no one there!* It was a cold, frosty night, in the depth of winter, and my readers may judge for themselves if anyone would care, or be likely, to patrol an old oak staircase, up which the wind blows and whistles keenly and is very dimly lit, for the purpose of playing practical jokes, as has been suggested in many quarters is the case.

In one particular room curious noises are constantly heard. A winding staircase leads from it to the court below, leading to an underground passage to the river; this has been closed, but has not prevented the ghostly visitants from holding their midnight revels. Glasses are heard to jingle loudly at dead of night; and the spirits seem to be having a regular romp. They tap loudly at the doors, run about the room, and seem to enjoy themselves thoroughly. Two ladies, standing near this room talking, about half-past eleven one night, saw a bright light flash through, and at the same time heard a loud crash. They were much alarmed, and next morning we made all sorts of investigations to try and account for it; but all in vain.

Complaints are made that something comes and touches people on the cheek when asleep, and altogether these Royal Shades seem to be full of mischief, but perfectly harmless.

In the gardens also "The Grey Lady" is said to promenade at night. An attendant on his usual rounds sat down for a moment to wait for the midnight inspector to pass him, when he suddenly found a cold hand laid on his face, and looking up saw a tall, pale woman, dressed all in grey, standing before him. He sprang up at once, and she vanished away before his eyes; but the shock caused by the apparition was so great that he became intensely nervous, and was absolutely afraid to remain in the gardens at night, and, consequently, had to resign his post.

To many of us these harmless shadows of long-departed days only lend a deeper interest, and throw more of a romance over this beautiful and historical old palace, and one gets quite accustomed to all these ghostly vagaries.

Before I close this sketch, I must not omit to mention the curious and gigantic Cardinal Spiders which are peculiar to this palace, and are supposed to be inhabited by the spirit of Cardinal Wolsey! They are more like land-crabs than spiders, and their bite is very poisonous. They are frequently to be found, and inhabit the old crumbling walls and odd nooks and corners. When they walk about the rooms they make quite a loud clattering, and cause much alarm to strangers who come to stay in this Palace Beautiful at "Happy Hampton."

A few nights ago these Royal Ghosts again made their appearance. The oldest inhabitants of this palace tell me that these scenes are quite a revival of

the ancient times, as nothing has of late been seen of these Royal Shades. A young girl sleeping (by choice) in the "Blue" or "Haunted Room" relates that about 1.15 a.m. she was awakened by a loud noise in the adjoining room. The folding-doors between the two were violently shaken, the handles rattled, and she distinctly heard the sound of footsteps moving, and it seemed as if chairs were dancing a jig, while glasses jingled loudly. She was too much alarmed to move, and lay still in terror. There was no moon, but the room seemed filled with a pale blue ghostly light. Then a figure appeared to glide up and down past her bed, gently rustling, in a white dress; suddenly it stopped by her bed and leaned over her, she felt an icy cold breath on her cheek, which might be best described as a blast of cold wind from a lonely churchyard. Gradually the noises ceased, the blue light faded, and she was left trembling with fright, in utter darkness, as before.

THE OWL.



CHILD'S SUMMER HAT, FROM MESSRS. SWEARS & WELLS, REGENT STREET, W.  
(Photograph by Walery, Ltd., Regent Street, W.)

SUMMER sunshine and the rippling laughter of children are a pleasing accompaniment to the interesting topic of fashions in the Liliputian world, and it is surprising to note the many distinctive features peculiarly their own these fashions possess, in opposition to the styles that obtained some few

years since, when the little people appeared in miniature copies of the dress donned by their elders.

Old pictures and rare prints have been ransacked to supply designs appropriate to the dainty charm of childhood, and many a plain but interestingly clever girl has pleased the eye in her becoming frock of artistic colour and quaint form.

Commencing with the subject of children's millinery there is much that is fascinating in the designs, the delicate laces and embroideries whereof they are composed imparting a dainty charm, whilst the colourings chosen enhance the freshness that is indispensable in connection with a well-dressed child.

Portrayed is a beautiful hat for a child of five summers; it is entirely composed of wide apricot-coloured ribbon that has a narrow edge and pin-spot daps of white upon its surface. This is cleverly draped to form the crown, and finely kilted with lace beneath it. It is arranged as a brim of irregular outline, and two natural quills are fixed in the knot at the left side, with a pretty effect. This design affords an excellent criterion of the style of hat that good taste decrees shall lead in the summer and early autumn fashions.

Another design has a large full crown of cream-white silk, with undulating brim of burnt Panama straw lined with lace. A pretty note of colour is introduced in the bunch of heather tied with narrow ribbon, that rests on the brim in front and at one side of the back. Leghorn straw is always in favour,