

# The Christmas Number of The "Freemason."

MONDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1885.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

## Catherine Carmichael; or, Three Years Running.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.



### CHAPTER I.

CHRISTMAS DAY. No. 1.

CATHERINE CARMICHAEL, whose name is prefixed to this story, was very early in her life made acquainted with trouble. That name became hers when she was married, but the reader must first know her as Catherine Baird. Her father was a Scotchman of good birth, and had once been possessed of fair means. But the world had gone against him, and he had taken his family out to New

Zealand when Catherine was as yet but ten years old. Of Mr. Baird and his misfortunes little need be said, except that for nearly a dozen years he followed the precarious and demoralizing trade of a gold-digger at Hokitika. Sometimes there was money in plenty, sometimes there was none. Food there was, always plenty, though food of the roughest. Drink there was, generally, much more than plenty. Everything around the young Bairds was rough. Frequently changing their residence from one shanty to another, the last shanty inhabited by them would always be the roughest. As for the common decencies of life, they seem to become ever scarcer and more scarce with them, although the females among them had a taste for decency, and although they lived in a region which then seemed to be running over with gold. The mother was ever decent in language, in manners, and in morals, and strove gallantly for her children. That they could read and write, and had some taste for such pursuits, was due to her; for the father, as years passed over him, and as he became more and more hardened to the rough usages of a digger's life, fell gradually into the habits of a mere miner. A year before his death no one would have thought he had been the son of Fergus Baird, Esq., of Killach, and that when he had married the daughter of a neighbouring laird, things had smiled pleasantly on him and his young wife.

Then his wife died, and he followed her within one year. Of the horrors of that twelve months it is useless now to tell. A man's passion for drink, if he be not wholly bad, may be moderated by a wife, and then pass all bounds when she is no longer there to restrain him. So it was with him; and for a while there was danger that it should be so with his boys also. Catherine was the eldest daughter, and was then twenty-two. There was a brother older, then four younger, and after them three other girls. That year to Catherine was very hard,—too hard, almost, for endurance. But there came among them at the diggings, where they were still dwelling, a young man whose name was John Carmichael, whose presence there gave something of grace to her days. He, too, had come for gold,

and had joined himself to the Bairds in consequence of some distant family friendship.

Within twelve months the father of the family had followed the mother, and the eight children were left without protection and without anything in the world worthy of the name of property. The sons could fight for themselves, and were left to do so. The three younger children were carried back to Scotland, a sister of their mother's having undertaken to maintain them; but Catherine was left. When the time came in which the three younger sisters were sent, it was found that a home presented itself for Catherine; and as the burden of providing for even the younger orphans was very great, it was thought proper that Catherine should avail herself of the home which was offered her.

John Carmichael, when he came among the diggers at Hokitika,—on the western coast of the southern of the two New Zealand islands,—had done so chiefly because he had quarrelled with his cousin, Peter Carmichael, a squatter settled across the mountains in the Canterbury Province, with whom he had been living for the last three or four years. This Peter Carmichael, who is now nearly fifty, had for many years been closely connected with Baird, and at one period had been in partnership with him at the diggings. John had heard of Baird and Hokitika, and when the quarrel had become, as he thought, unbearable, he had left the Canterbury sheep-farm, and had tried his fortune in a gold-gully.

Then Baird died, and what friends there were laid their heads together to see how best the family should be maintained. The boys, and John Carmichael with them, would stick to the gold. Word came out from the aunt in Scotland that she would do what was needed. Let the burden not be made too heavy for her. If it were found necessary to send children home, let them, if possible, be young. Peter Carmichael himself came across the mountains to Hokitika and arranged things for the journey;—and before he left, he had arranged things also for Catherine. Catherine should go with him across the mountains, and live with him at Mount Warriwa,—as his home was called,—and be his wife.

Catherine found everything to be settled for her almost before she was able to say a word as to her own desire in the matter. It was so evident that she could not be allowed to increase the weight of the burden which was to be imposed upon the aunt at home! It was so evident that her brothers were not able to find a home for her! It was so evident that she could not live alone in that wild country! And it seemed also to be quite evident that John Carmichael had no proposition of his own to make to her! Peter Carmichael was odious to her, but the time was such that she could not allow herself to think of her own dislikes.

There never had been a word of overt outspoken love between John Carmichael and Catherine Baird. The two were nearly of an age, and, as such, the girl had seemed to be the elder. They had come to be friends more loving than any other that either had. Catherine, in those gloomy days, in which she had seen her father perishing and her brothers too often straying in the wrong path, had had much need of a friend. And he had been good to her, keeping himself to sober, hard-working ways, because he might so best assist her in her difficulties. And she had trusted him, begging him to watch over the boys, and to help her with the girls. Her conduct had been beyond all praise; and he also,—for her sake following her example,—had been good. Of course she had loved him, but of course she had not said so, as he had not chosen to speak first.

Then had come the second death and the disruption. The elder Carmichael had come over, and had taken things into his own hands. He was known to be a very hard man, but never-

theless he spent small sums of money for them, eking out what he collected from the sale of their few goods. He settled this, and he settled that, as men do settle things when they have money to spend. By degrees,—not very slowly, but still gradually,—it was notified to Catherine that she might go across the mountains, and become mistress of Warriwa. It was very little that he said to her in the way of love-making.

"You might as well come home with me, Kate, and I'll send word on, and we'll get ourselves spliced as we go through Christchurch."

When he put it thus clearly to her, she certainly already knew what was intended. Her elder brother had spoken of it. It did not surprise her, nor did she start back and say at once that it should not be so.

From the moment in which Peter Carmichael had appeared upon the scene all Kate's intimacy with John seemed to come to an end. The two men, whose relationship was distant, did not renew their quarrel. The elder, indeed, was gracious, and said something to his younger kinsman as to the expediency of his returning to Warriwa. But John seemed to be oppressed by the other's presence, and certainly offered no advice as to Kate's future life. Nor did Kate say a word to him. When first an allusion to the suggested marriage was made in her presence she did not dare, indeed, to look at him, but she could perceive that neither did he look at her. She did not look, but yet she could see. There was not a start, not a change of colour, not a motion even of her foot. He expressed no consent, but she told herself that, by his silence, he gave it. There was no need for a question, even had it been possible that she should ask one.

And so it was settled. Peter Carmichael was a just man, in his way, but coarse, and altogether without sentiment. He spoke of the arrangement that had been made as he might have done of the purchase of a lot of sheep, not, however, omitting to point out that in this bargain he was giving everything and getting almost nothing. As a wife, Catherine might, perhaps, be of some service about the house; but he did not think that he should have cared to take a wife really for the sake of the wife. But it would do. They could get themselves married as they went through Christchurch, and then settle down comfortably. The brothers had nothing to say against it, and to John it seemed to be a matter of indifference. So it was settled. What did it signify to Catherine, as no one else cared for her?

Peter Carmichael was a hard-working man, who had the name of considerable wealth. But he was said to be hard of hand and hard of heart,—a stern, stubborn man, who was fond only of his money. There had been much said about him between John and Catherine before he had come to Hokitika,—when there had been no probability of his coming. "He is just," John had said, "but so ungenial that it seems to me impossible that a human being should stay with him." And yet this young man, of whose love she had dreamt, had not had a word to say when it was being arranged that she should be taken off to live all her future life with this companionship and no other! She would not condescend to ask even a question about her future home. What did it matter? She must be taken somewhere, because she could not be got rid of and buried at once beneath the sod. Nobody wanted her. She was only a burden. She might as well be taken to Warriwa and die there as elsewhere,—and so she went.

They travelled for two days and two nights, across the mountains to Christchurch, and there they were married, as it happened, on Christmas Day,—on Christmas Day, because they passed that day and no other in the town as they went on. There was a further journey, two other days and two other

nights, down nearly to the southern boundary of the Canterbury Province; and thither they went on with no great change between them, having become merely man and wife during that day they had remained at Christchurch. As they passed one great river after another on their passage down Kate felt how well it would be that the waters should pass over her head. But the waters refused to relieve her of the burden of her life. So she went on and reached her new home at Warriwa.

Catherine Carmichael, as she must now be called, was a well-grown, handsome young woman, who, through the hardships of her young life, still showed traces of the gentle blood from which she had sprung. And ideas had come to her from her mother of things better than those around her. To do something for others, and then something, if possible, for herself,—these had been the objects nearest to her. Of the amusements, of the lightness and pleasures of life, she had never known anything. To sit vacant for an hour dreaming over a book had never come to her; nor had it been for her to make the time run softly with some apology for women's work in her hands. The hard garments, fit for a miner's work, passed through her hands. The care of the children, the preparation of their food, the doing the best she could for the rough household,—these things had kept her busy, from her early rising till she would go late to her bed. But she had loved her work because it had been done

for her father and her mother, for her brothers and her sisters. And she had respected herself never despising the work she did; no man had ever dared to say an uncivil word to Kate Baird, among all those rough miners with whom her father associated. Something had come to her from her mother which, while her mother lived,—even while her father lived,—had made her feel herself to be mistress of herself. But all that independence had passed away from her,—all that consciousness of doing the best she could,—as soon as Peter Carmichael had crossed her path.

It was not till the hard, dry, middle-aged man had taken possession of her that she acknowledged to herself that she had really loved John Carmichael. When Peter had come among them, he had seemed to dominate her as well as the others. He and he only had money. He and he only could cause aught to be done. And then it had seemed that for all the others there was a way of escape open, but none for her. No one wanted her, unless it was this dry old man. The young man certainly did not want her. Then in her sorrow she allowed herself to be crushed, in spite of the strength for which she had given herself credit. She was

astounded, almost stupefied, so that she had no words with which to assert herself. When she was told that the hard, dry man would find a home for her, she had no reason to give why it should not be so. When she did not at first refuse to be taken away across the mountains, she had failed to realize what it all meant. When she reached Warriwa, and the waters in the pathless, unbridged rivers had not closed over her head,—then she realized it.

She was the man's wife, and she hated him. She hated him. She had never known before what it was to hate a human being. She had always been helpful, and it is our nature to love those we help. Even the rough men who would lure her father away to drink had been her friends. "Oh, Dick," she would say, to the roughest of the rough, putting her hand prayerfully on his sleeve, "do not ask him to-night;" and the rough man would go from the shanty for the time. She would have mended his jacket for him willingly, or have washed his shirt. Though the world had been very hard to her, she had hated no one. Now, she hated a man with all the strength of her heart, and he was her husband.

It was good for the man, though whether good for herself



He expressed no consent, but she told herself that, by his silence, he gave it.

or not she could never tell, that he did not know that he was hated. "Now, old woman; here you'll have a real home," he said, as he allowed her to jump out of the buggy in which he had driven her all the way from Christchurch; "you'll find things tidier than you ever had 'em away at Hotitika." She jumped down on to the yard into which he had driven with a band-box in her hand, and passed into the house by a back door. As she did so a very dirty old woman—fouler looking, certainly, than any she had ever seen away among the gold-diggings—followed her from the kitchen, which was built apart, a little to the rear of the house. "So you be the new wife, be ye?" said the old woman.

"Yes; I am Mr. Carmichael's wife; Are you the servant?"

"I don't know nothing about servants. I does for 'um—what he can't do for himself. You'll be doing for 'um all new, I guess." Then her husband followed her in and desired her to come and help to unload the buggy. Anything to be done was a relief to her. If she could load and unload the buggy night and day it would be better than anything else she could see in prospect before her. Then there came a Maori in a blanket, to assist in carrying the things. The man was soft and very silent—softly and silently civil, so that he seemed to be a protection to her against the foul old woman, and that lord of hers, who was so much fouler to her imagination.

Then her home life began. A woman can generally take an interest in the little surroundings of her being, feeling that the tables and the chairs, the beds and the linen are her own. Being her own, they are dear to her, and will give a constancy of employment which a man cannot understand. She tried her hand at this, though the things were not her own—were only his. But he told her so often that they were his that she could not take them to her heart. There was not much for a woman to love; but little as there was, she could have loved it for the man's sake, had the man been lovable. The house consisted of three rooms, in the centre of which they lived, sleeping in one of the others. The third was unfurnished and unoccupied, except by sheepskins, which, as they were taken by the shepherds from the carcasses of sheep which had died about the run, were kept there till they could sent to the market. A table or two, with a few chairs; a bedstead with an old feather bed upon it; a washing-basin with a broken jug, with four or five large boxes in lieu of presses, made up nearly all the furniture. An iron pot or two and a frying-pan, with some ill-matched broken crockery, completed the list of domestic goods. How was she to love such as these with such an owner for them?

He had boasted that things were tidier there than she had known them at the diggings. The outside of the house was so, for the three rooms fronting on to the wide prairie-land of the sheep-run had a verandah before them, and the place was not ruinous. But there had been more of comfort in the shanty which her father and brothers had built for their home down in the gold-gully. As to food, to which she was indifferent, there was no question but that it had been better and more plentiful at the diggings. For the food she would not have cared at all—but she did care for the way in which it was doled out to her hands, so that at every dole she came to hate him more. The meat was plentiful enough. The men who took their rations from the station came there and cut it from the sheep as they were slaughtered, almost as they would. Peter would count the sheep's heads every week, and would then know that, within a certain wide margin, that he had not been robbed. Could she have made herself happy with mutton she might have lived a blessed life. But of other provisions every ounce was weighed to her, as it was to the station hands. So much tea for the week, so much sugar, so much flour, and so much salt. That was all—unless when he was tempted to buy a sack of potatoes by some itinerant vendor, when he would count them out almost one by one. There was a store-room attached to the kitchen, double-locked, the strongest of all the buildings about the place. Of this, for some month or two, he never allowed her to see the inside. She became aware that there were other delicacies there besides the tea and sugar—jam and pickles, and boxes of sardines. The station-hands about the place, as the shepherds were called, would come and take the pots and bottles away with them, and Peter would score them down in his book and charge them in his account of wages against the men, with a broad profit to himself. But there could be no profit in sending such luxuries into the house. And then, as the ways of these people became gradually known to her, she learned that the rations which had been originally allowed for Peter himself and the old woman and the Maori had never been increased at her coming. Rations for three were made to do as rations for four. "It's along of you that he's a-starving of us," said the old woman. Why on earth should he have married her and brought her there, seeing that there was so little need for her!

But he had known what he was about. Little though she found for her to do, there was something which added to his comfort. She could cook—an art which the old woman did not possess. She could mend his clothes, and it was something for him to have someone to speak to him. Perhaps in this way he liked her, though it was as a man may like a dog whom he licks into obedience. Though he would tell her that she was sulky, and treat her with rough violence if she answered him, yet he never repented him of his bargain. If there was a work which she could do, he took care not to spare her—as when the man came for the sheepskins, and she had to hand them out across the verandah, counting them as she did so. But, there was, in truth, little for her to do.

There was so little to do, that the hours and days crept by with feet so slow that they never seemed to pass away. And was it to be thus with her for always—for her, with her young life, and her strong hands, and her thoughts always full? Could there be no other life than this? And if not, could there be no death? And then she came to hate him worse and worse—to hate him and despise him, telling herself that of all human beings he was the meanest. Those miners who would work for weeks among the clay—working almost day and night—with no thought but of gold, and who then, when gold had been found, would make beasts of themselves till the gold was gone, were so much better than him! Better! why, they were human; while this wretch, this husband of hers, was meaner than a crawling worm! When she had been married to him about eight months, it was with difficulty that she could prevail upon herself not to tell him that she hated him.

The only creature about the place that she could like was the Maori. He was silent, docile, and uncomplaining. His chief occupation was that of drawing water and hewing wood. If there was aught else to do, he would be called upon to do it, and in his slow manner he would set about the task. About twice a month he would go to the nearest post-office, which was twenty miles off, and take a letter, or, perhaps, fetch one. The old woman and the squatter would abuse him for everything or nothing; and the Maori, to speak the truth, seemed to care little for what they said. But Catherine was kind to him, and he liked her kindness. Then there fell upon the squatter a sense of jealousy—or feeling, probably, that his wife's words were softer to the Maori than to himself—and the Maori was dismissed. "What's that for," asked Catherine sulkily.

"He is a lazy skunk."

"Who is to get the wood?"

"What's that to you? When you were down at Hotitika you could get wood for yourself." Not another word was said, and for a week she did cut the wood. After that there came a lad who had been shepherding, and was now well-nigh idiotic; but with such assistance as Catherine could give him, he did manage to hew the wood and draw the water.

Then one day a great announcement was made to her. "Next week John Carmichael will be here."

"John!"

"Yes; why not John? He will have that room. If he wants a bed, he must bring it with him." When this was said November had come round again, and it wanted about six weeks to Christmas.

## CHAPTER II.

### CHRISTMAS DAY. NO. 2.



JOHN CARMICHAEL was to come! And she understood that he was to come there as a resident;—for Peter had spoken of the use of that bedroom as though it were to be permanent. With no direct telling, but by degrees, something of the circumstances of the run at Warriwa had become known to her. There were on it 15,000 sheep, and these, with the lease of the run, were supposed to be worth £15,000. The sheep and all were the property of her husband. Some years ago he had taken John, when he was a boy, to act with him as his foreman or assistant, and the arrangement had been continued till the quarrel

had sprung up. Peter had more than once declared his purpose of leaving all that he possessed to the young man, and John had never doubted his word. But, in return for all this future wealth, it was expected, not only that the lad should be his slave, but that the lad, grown into a man, should remain so as long as Peter might live. As Peter was likely to live for the next twenty years, and as the slavery was hard to bear, John had quarrelled with his kinsman, and had gone away to the diggings. Now, it seemed, the quarrel had been arranged, and John was to come back to Warriwa. That some one was needed to ride round among the four or five shepherds,—some one beyond Peter himself,—some one to overlook the shearing, some one to attend to the young lambs, some one to see that the water-holes did not run dry, had become manifest even to Kate herself. It had leaked out from Peter's dry mouth that some one must come, and now she was told that John Carmichael would return to his old home.

Though she hated her husband, Kate knew what was due to him. Hating him as she had learned to do, hating him as she acknowledged to herself that she did, still she had endeavoured to do her duty by him. She could not smile upon him, she could not even speak to him with a kind voice; but she could make his bed, and iron his shirts, and cook his dinner, and see that the things confided to her charge were not destroyed by the old woman or the idiot boy. Perhaps he got from her all he wanted to get. He did not complain that her voice was not loving. He was harsh, odious in his ways with her, sometimes almost violent; but it may be doubted whether he would have been less so had she attempted to turn him by any show of false affection. She had learned to feel that if she served him she did for him all that he required, and that duty demanded no more. But now! would not duty demand more from her now?

Since she had been brought home to Warriwa, she had given herself up freely to her thoughts, telling herself boldly that she hated her husband, and that she loved that other man. She told herself, also, that there was no breach of duty in this. She would never again see that other man. He had crossed her path and had gone. There was nothing for her left in the world, except her husband Peter and Warriwa. As for her hating the one man, not to do that would be impossible. As for loving the other man, there was nothing in it but a dream. Her thoughts were her own, and therefore she went on loving him. She had no other food for her thoughts, except the hope that death might come to her; and some vague idea that that last black, fast-running river, over which she had been ferried in the dark, might perhaps be within her reach, should death be too long in coming of its own accord. With such thoughts running across her brain, there was, she thought, no harm in loving John Carmichael,—till now, when she was told that John was to be brought there to live under the same roof with her.

Now there must be harm in it! Now there would be crime in loving him! And yet she knew that she could not cease to love him because he should be there, meeting her eye every day. How comely he was, with that soft brown hair of his, and the broad, open brow, and the smile that would curl round his lips! How near they had once been to swearing that they would be each all things to the other! "Kate!" he had said, "Kate!" as she had stood close to him, fastening a button to his shirt. Her finger had trembled against his neck, and she knew that he had felt the quiver. The children had come upon them at the moment, and no other word had been said. Then Peter had come there,—Peter who was to be her husband,—and after that John Carmichael had spoken no word at all to her. Though he had been so near loving her while her finger had touched him in its trembling, all that had passed away when Peter came. But it had not passed away from her heart, nor would she be able to stifle it when he should be there, sitting daily at the same board with her. Though the man himself was so odious, there was something sacred to her in the name of husband,—something very sacred to her in the name of wife. "Why should he be coming?" she said to her husband the day after the announcement had been made to her, when twenty-four hours for thinking had been allowed to her.

"Because it suits," he said, looking up at her from the columns of a dirty account-book, in which he was slowly entering figures.

What could she say to him that might be of avail? How much could she say to him? Should she tell him everything, and then let him do as he pleased? It was in her mind to do so, but she could not bring herself to speak the words. He would have thought ———! Oh! what might he not have thought! There was no dealing in fair words with one so suspicious, so unmanly, so inhuman.

"It won't suit," she said, sullenly.

"Why not? what have you got to do with it?"

"It won't suit; he and I will be sure to,—sure to,—sure to have words."

"Then you must have 'em. Ain't he my cousin? Do you expect me to be riding round among them lying, lazy varmint every day of my life, while you sit at home twiddling your thumbs?" Here she knew that allusion was made both to the sheep and to the shepherds. "If anything happens to me, who do you think is to have it all after me?" One day at Hokitika he had told her coarsely that it was a good thing for a young woman to marry an old man, because she would be sure to get everything when he was dead. "I suppose that's why you don't like John," he added, with a sneer.

"I do like him," she said, with a clear, loud voice; "I do like him." Then he leered round at her, shaking his head at her, as though declaring that he was not to be taken in by her devices, and after that he went on with his figures.

Before the end of November John arrived. Something, at any rate, she could do for his comfort. Wherever she got them, there, when he came, were the bed and bedstead for his use. At first she asked simply after her brothers. They had been tempted to go off to other diggings in New South Wales, and he had not thought well to follow them. "Sheep is better nor gold, Jack," said Peter, shaking his head and leering.

She tried to be very silent with him;—but she succeeded so far that her very silence made him communicative. In her former intercourse she had always talked the most,—a lass of that age having always more to say for herself than a lad. But now he seemed to struggle to find chance opportunities. As a rule he was always out early in the morning on horseback, and never home till Peter was there also. But opportunities would, of course, be forthcoming. Nor would it be wise that she should let him feel that she avoided them. It was not only necessary that Peter should not suspect, but that John too should be kept in the dark. Indeed, it might be well that Peter should suspect a little. But if he were to suspect,—that other he,—and then he were to speak out, how should she answer him?

"Kate," he said to her one day, "do you ever think of Hokitika?"

"Think, indeed!—of the place where father and mother lie."

"But of the time when you and I used to fight it out for them? I used not to think in those days, Kate, that you would ever be over here,—mistress of Warriwa."

"No, indeed, nobody would have thought it."

"But Kate ———"

It was clearly necessary that she should put an end to these reminiscences, difficult as it might be to do so. "John," she said, "I think you'd better make a change."

"What change?"

She struggled not to blush as she answered him, and she succeeded. "I was a girl in those days, but now I'm a married woman. You had better not call me Kate any more."

"Why? what's the harm?"

"Harm! no, there's no harm; but it isn't the proper thing when a young woman's married, unless he be her brother, or her cousin at the furthest; you don't call me by my name before him."

"Didn't I?"

"No, you call me nothing at all. What you do before him, you must do behind his back."

"And we were such friends!" But as she could not stand this, she left the room, and did not come back from the kitchen till Peter had returned.

So a month went on, and still there was the word Kate sounding in her ears whenever the old man's back was turned. And it sounded now as it sounded on that one day when her finger was trembling at his throat. Why not give way to the sound? Why not ill-treat the man who had so foully ill-treated her? What did she owe to him but her misery? What had he done for her but make a slave of her? And why should she, living there in the wild prairie, beyond the ken of other women, allow herself to be trammelled by the laws which the world had laid down for her sex? To other women the world made some return for true obedience. The love of one man, the strong protecting arm of one true friend, the consciousness of having one to buckler her against the world, one on whom she might hang with trust! This was what other women have in return for truth;—but was any of this given to her when he would turn round and leer at her, reminding her by his leer that he had caught her, and made a slave of her? And then there was this young man, sweeter to her now than ever, and dearer!

As she thought of all this she came suddenly—in a moment—to a resolution, striking her hand violently on the table as she did so. She must tell her husband everything. She must do that, or else she must become a false wife. As she thought of that possibility of being false, an ecstasy of sweetness for a moment pervaded her senses. To throw herself on his bosom and tell him that she loved him would be compensation almost sufficient to the misery of the last twelve months. Then the

word wife crept into her ears, and she remembered words that she had read as to woman's virtue. She thought of her father and mother! And how would it be with her when, after a while, she would awake from her dream? She had sat silent for an hour alone, now melting into softness, and then rousing herself to all the strength of womanhood. At last a frown came across her brow, very dark; and then, dashing her clenched hand down upon the table, she expressed her purpose in spoken words: "I will tell it him all!"

Then she told him all, after her fashion. It was the custom of the two men to go forth together almost at dawn, and it was her business to prepare their meal for them before they went. On the first morning after her resolution had been formed, she bade her husband stay awhile. She had thought to say it in the seclusion of their own room; but she had felt that it would be better that John should not be in the house when it was spoken. Peter stayed at her bidding, looking eagerly into her face, as she stood at the back door watching till the young man had started on his horse. Then she turned round to her husband. "He must go away from this," she said, pointing over her shoulder to the retreating figure of the horseman.

"Why is he to go? What has he been and done?" This last question he asked, lowering his voice to a whisper, as though thinking that she had detected his cousin in some delinquency.

There was a savage purpose in her heart to make the revelation as bitter to him as it might be. He must know her own purity, but he must know also her thorough contempt for himself. There was no further punishment that he could inflict upon her, save that of thinking her to be false. Though he were to starve her, beat her, murder her, she would care for that not at all. He had carried her away helpless to his foul home, and all that was left her was to preserve herself strong against disgrace.

"He is a man, a young man, and I am a woman. You had better let him go." Then he stood for a while with his mouth open, holding her by the arm, not looking at her, but with his eyes fixed on the spot whence his cousin was disappearing. After a moment or two, his lips came together and produced a long low whistle. He still clutched her, and still looked out upon the far-retreating figure; but he was for a while as though he had been stricken dumb. "You had better let him go," she repeated. Then he whispered some word into her ear. She threw up the arm he was holding so violently that he was forced to start back from her, and to feel how much stronger she was than he, should she choose to put out her strength. "I tell you all," she said, "that you have to know. Little as you deserve, you have fallen into honest hands. Let him go."

"And he hasn't said a word?"

"I have told you all that you are to hear."

"I would kill him."

If you are beast enough to accuse him, he will you;—or I will do it, if you ever tell him what I have said to you. Bid him go; and let that be all." Then she turned away from him, and passing through the house, crossed the verandah, and went out upon the open space on the other side. He lingered about the place for half-an-hour, but did not follow her. Then he mounted his old horse, and rode away across the prairie after his sheep.

"Have you told him?" she said, that night when they were alone.

"Told him what?"

"That he must go." He shook his head, not angrily, but in despair. Since that morning he had learned to be afraid of her. "If you do not," she said very slowly, looking him full in the face—"if you do not—I will. He shall be told to-night, before he goes to his bed."

"Am I to say that he—that he——?" As he endeavoured to ask the question, he was white with despair.

"You are to say nothing to him, but that he must quit Warriwa at once. If you will say that, he will understand you."

What took place between the two men on the next day she did not know. It may be doubted whether she would ever know it. Peter said not a word further to her on the matter. But on the morning of the second day there was the buggy ready, and Peter with it, prepared to drive his cousin away. It was apparent to her that her husband had not dared to say an evil word of her, nor did she believe that he suspected her. She felt that, poor a creature as he was, she had driven him to respect her. But the thing was settled as she would have it, and the young man was to go.

During those last two days there was not a word spoken between her and John, unless when she handed him his food. When he was away across the land she took care that not a stitch should be wanting to his garments. She washed his things and laid them smooth for him in his box,—oh, with such loving hands! As she knelt down to her work, she looked round to the door of the room to see that it was closed, and to the window, lest the eyes of that old woman should be prying

in; and then she stooped low, and burying her face beneath the lid, kissed the linen which her hands had smoothed. This she could do, and not feel herself disgraced;—but when the morning came she could let him go and not speak a word. She came out before he was up and prepared the breakfast, and then went back to her own room, so that they two might eat it together and then start. But he could not bring himself to go without one word of farewell. "Say good-bye, at any rate," he sobbed, standing at her door, which opened out upon the verandah. Peter the while was looking on with a lighted pipe in his mouth.

"Good-bye, John." The words were heard, but the sobs were almost hidden.

"Give me your hand," said he. Then there came forth a hand—nothing but a hand. He took it in his, and for a moment thought that he would touch it with his lips. But he felt,—feeling like a man,—that it behoved him to spare her all he could. He pressed it in his grasp for a moment, and then the hand disappeared.

"If we are to go, we might as well be off," said Peter. So they mounted the buggy and went away.

\* \* \* \* \*

The nearest town to Warriwa was a place called Timaru, through which a coach running from Dunedin to Christchurch, passed three times a week. This was forty miles off, and here was transacted what business was necessary for the carrying on of the sheep-station. Stores were bought at Timaru, such as sugar, tea, and flour, and here Peter Carmichael generally sold his wool. Here was the bank at which he kept his money, and in which his credit always stood high. There were not many journeys made from Warriwa to Timaru; but when one became necessary it was always a service of pleasure to Peter. He could, as it were, finger his money by looking at the bank which contained it, and he could learn what might probably be the price which the merchants would give him for his next clip. On this occasion he seemed to be quite glad of an excuse for driving into Timaru, though it can hardly be imagined that he and his companion were pleasant to each other in the buggy. From Warriwa the road, or track rather, was flat the whole way to Timaru. There was nothing to be seen on either way but a long everlasting plain of grey, stunted, stony grass. At Warriwa the outlines of the distant mountains were just visible in the west, but the traveller, as he went eastward towards the town and the road, soon lost sight of the hills, and could see nothing but the grey plain. There were, however, three rivers to be passed, the Warriwa, and two others, which, coming down from the north-west, ran into the Warriwa. Of these the Warriwa itself was the widest, and the deepest, and the fastest. It was in crossing this, within ten miles of her home,—crossing it after dark,—that Catherine had thought how well it would be that the waters should pass over her head, so that she might never see that home. Often, since that, she had thought how well it would have been for her had she been saved from the horrors of her home by the waters of the river.

We may suppose that very little was said by the two men as they made their way into Timaru. Peter was one who cared little for conversation, and could be quite content to sit for hours together in his buggy, calculating the weight of his wool, and the money which would come from it. At Timaru they dined together, still, we may say, without many words. Then the coach came, and John Carmichael was carried away,—whither his cousin did not even inquire. There was some small money transaction between them, and John was carried away to follow out his fortune.

Had it been possible Peter would have returned at once, so as to save expense, but the horses made it necessary that he should remain that night in the town. And, having done so, he stayed the greater part of the following day, looking after his money and his wool, and gathering his news. At about two he started, and made his way back over the two smaller rivers in safety. At the Warriwa there was but one ferryman, and in carrying a vehicle with horses over it was necessary that the man in charge of them should work also. On the former day, though the rivers had been very high, there had been daylight, and John Carmichael had been there. Now it was pitch dark, though it was in the middle of summer, and the waters were running very strong. The ferryman refused at first to put the buggy on the raft, bidding old Carmichael wait till the next morning. It was Christmas Eve, he said, and he did not care to be drowned on Christmas Eve.

Nor was such to be his destiny. But it was the destiny of Peter Carmichael. The water went over him and one of his horses. At three o'clock in the morning his body was brought home to Warriwa, lying across the back of the other. The ferryman had been unable to save the man's life, but had got the body, and had brought it home to the young widow just twelve months after the day on which she had become a wife.

## CHAPTER III.

## CHRISTMAS DAY. No. 3.



HERE she was, on the morning of that Christmas Day, with the ferryman and that old woman, with the half-idiot boy, and the body of her dead husband! She was so stunned that she sat motionless for hours, with the corpse close to her, lying stretched out on the verandah, with a sheet over it. It is a part of the cruelty of the life which is lived in desolate places, far away, that when death comes, the small incidents of death are not mitigated to the sufferer by the hands of strangers. If the poorest wife here at home becomes a widow, some attendant hands will close

the glazed eye and cover up the limbs, and close the coffin which is there at hand; and then it will be taken away and hidden for ever. There is an appropriate spot, though it be but under the poor-house wall. Here there was no appropriate spot, no ready hand, no coffin, no coroner with his authority, no parish officer ready with his directions. She sat there numb, motionless, voiceless, thinking were John Carmichael might be. Could it be that he would come back to her, and take from her that ghastly duty of getting rid of the object that was lying within a yard or two of her arm?

She tried to weep, telling herself that, as a wife now widowed, she was bound to weep for her husband. But there was not a tear, nor a sob, nor a moan. She argued it with herself, saying that she would grieve for him now that he was dead. But she could not grieve, not for that; only for her own wretchedness and desolation. If the waters had gone over her instead of him, then how merciful would heaven have been to her! The misery of her condition came home to her with its full weight—her desolation, her powerlessness, her friendlessness, the absence of all interest in life, of all reason for living; but she could not induce herself to say, even to herself, that she was struck with anguish on account of him. That voice, that touch, the cunning leer of that eye, would never trouble her again. She had been freed from something. She became angry with herself because it was in this way that she regarded it; but it was thus that she continued to regard it. She had threatened once to kill him,—to kill him lest he should speak a word as to which she bade him to be silent. Now he was dead,—whether he had spoken that word or not. Then she wondered whether he had spoken it, and she wondered, also, what John Carmichael would say or do when he heard that his kinsman was no more. So she sat motionless for hours within her room, but with the door open on to the verandah, and the feet of the corpse within a few yards of her chair.

The old ferryman took the horse, and went out under the boy's guidance in quest of the shepherds. Distances are large on these sheep-runs, and a shepherd with his flock is not always easily found. It was nearly evening before he returned with two of these men, and then they dug the grave,—not very far away, as the body must be carried in their arms; and then they buried him, putting up a rough palisade around the spot to guard it, if it might be so guarded for a while, from the rats. She walked with them as they carried it, and stood there as they did their work; and the old woman helping them a little. But the widow spoke not a word, and then returning, seated herself again in the same chair. Not once did there come to her the relief of a tear, or even of a sob.

The ferryman went back to his river, and the shepherds to their sheep, and the old woman and the boy remained with her, preparing what food was eaten. The key of the store-room was now in her possession, having been taken out of his pocket before they laid him in his grave, and they could do what they pleased with what it contained. So she remained for a fortnight, altogether inactive, having as yet resolved upon nothing.

Thoughts no doubt there were running through her mind. What was now to become of her? To whom did the place belong, and the sheep, and the money, which, as she knew, was lying in the bank? It had all been promised to John, before her marriage. Then the old man had hinted to her, in his coarse way, that it would be hers. Then he had hinted again that John was to be brought back, and to live here. How would it be? Without the speaking of words, even to herself, it was settled in her heart that John Carmichael should be, ought to be, must be, the owner of Warriwa. Then how different would Warriwa become? But she strove gallantly against feeling that, for herself, there would be any personal interest in such a settlement. She would have kept her thoughts away from that if it had been possible;—if it had been possible.

At the end of a fortnight there came out to her from Timaru a young man, who declared himself to be the clerk of a solicitor established there, and this young man brought with him a letter from the manager of the bank. The purport of the letter was this: Mr. Carmichael as he had passed through Timaru on his way home from Christchurch after his marriage, had then executed a will, which he had deposited at the bank. In this he had named the manager as his sole executor, and had left everything of which he was possessed to his wife. The writer of the letter then went on to explain that there might have been a subsequent will made. He was aware that John Carmichael had been again at Warriwa, and it was possible that Peter Carmichael might have reverted to his old intention of making his kinsman his heir. There had been a former will to that effect, which had been destroyed in the presence of the banker. There was no such document at Timaru. If anywhere, it must be at Warriwa. Would Mrs. Carmichael allow the young man to search? If no such document could be found, then the money and the property would be hers. It would be well that she should return with the young man to the town, and take up her abode there in lodgings for a few weeks till things should have settled themselves.

And thus she found herself mistress of Warriwa, owner of the sheep, and possessor of all the money. Of course, she obeyed the counsel given her, and went into the town. No other will was found; no other claimant came forward. Week after week went by, and month after month, very slowly, and at the end of six months she found that everything was undoubtedly hers. An agent had been hired to live at Warriwa, and her signature was recognised at the bank as commanding all that money. The sum seemed so large that it was a wonder to her that the old man should have lived in such misery at home. Then two of her brothers came to her, across from New South Wales. They had come to her because she was alone. No, they said; they did not want her help, though a little money would go a long way with them. They had come because she was alone.

Then she laid a task upon them, and told them her plans. Yes; she had been very much alone—altogether without counsel in this particular matter; but she had formed her plans. If they would assist her, no doubt they would be compensated for their time. Where was John Carmichael? They had not heard of John Carmichael since they had left him when they went away from Hotitika.

Thereupon she explained to them that none of all that property was hers—that none of it all should ever be hers; that, to her view of the matter, the station, with the run, and the sheep, and the money, all belonged to John Carmichael. When they told her that she had been the man's wife, and, therefore, much nearer than John Carmichael, she only shook her head. She could not explain to them her thoughts and feelings. She could not say to them that she would not admit herself to have been the wife of a man she had ever hated—for whom, not for a single moment, had she ever entertained anything of a wifely feeling. "I am here," she said, "only as his care-taker; only as such will I ever spend a farthing of the money." Then she showed them a letter, of which she had sent copies addressed to him at the post-offices of various towns in New Zealand, having spent many of her hours in making the copies, and the letter was as follows:—

"If you will return to Warriwa, you will find that everything has been kept for you as well as I have known how to keep it. The sheep are nearly up to the number. The money is at the bank at Timaru, except a very little which I have taken to pay the wages and just to support myself, till I can go away and leave it all. You should hurry to Warriwa, because I cannot go away till you come.  
CATHERINE."

It was not, perhaps, a very wise letter. An advertisement in the New Zealand papers would have done better, and have cost less trouble. But that was her way of setting about her work—till her brothers had come to her, and then she sent them forth upon her errand. It was in vain that they argued

with her. They were to go and find him, and send him—not to her—but to Warriwa. On his arrival he should find that everything was ready for him. There would be some small thing for the lawyer to arrange, but that could be arranged at once. When the elder brother asked at the bank about his sister, the manager told him that all Timaru had failed to understand the purposes of the heiress. That old Peter Carmichael had been a miser, everybody had known, and that a large sum was lying in the bank, and that the sheep were out on the run at Warriwa. They knew, too, that the widow had inherited it all. But they could not understand why she should be careful with the money as old Peter had been; why she should live there in lodgings, seeing no one; why she should be taken out to Warriwa once a month; and why on these occasions she should remain there a day or two, going through every figure, as it was said that she did do. If she liked the life of a squatter, why did she not live there and make the place comfortable? If, as was more probable, the place could hardly be delightful to her, why not sell it, and go away among her friends? There would be friends enough now to make her welcome. For, though she had written the letters, and sent them out, one or two at a time, she had told no one of her purpose till her brothers came to her. Then the banker understood it all, and the brothers probably understood something also.

They got upon his traces at last, and found him in Queensland, up to his throat in mud, looking for gold in a gully. "Luck? Yes; he had got a little, and spent the most of it. There was gold, no doubt, but he was not much in love with the spot." 'Tis always thus the wandering gold-digger speaks of his last adventure. When they told him that Peter Carmichael was dead, he jumped out of the gully, leaving the cradle behind him in which he had been washing the dirt, searching for specks of gold. "And Warriwa?" he said. Then they explained the nature of the will. "And the money, too?" Yes; the money also had been left to the widow. "It would have been hers any way," he said, "whether he left a will or not. Well, well! So Kate is a rich woman." Then he jumped into the gully again, and went to work at his cradle. By degrees they explained it all to him—as much, at least, as they could explain. He must go to Warriwa. She would do nothing till he had been there.

"She says it's to be all yours," said the younger brother.

"Don't you say no more than you know," said the elder. "Let him go and find it out for himself."

"But Kate said so."

"Kate is a woman, and may change her mind as well as another. Let him go and find it out for himself." So he sold his claim at the gully for what little it would fetch, and started off once again for New Zealand and Warriwa.

He had himself landed at Dunedin in order that he might not be seen and questioned in passing through Timaru, and from Dunedin he made his way across the country direct to Warriwa. I need not trouble my readers with New Zealand geography, but at a little place called Oamaru he hired a buggy and a pair of horses, and had himself driven across the country to the place. He knew that Catherine was living in the town, and not at the station; but even though the distance were forty miles, he thought that it would be better to send for her than to discuss such things as would have to be discussed before the bankers and the attorney, and all the eager eyes and ears of Timaru. What it was that he would have to discuss he hardly yet knew; but he did know, or thought that he knew, that he

had been banished from Warriwa because old Peter Carmichael had not chosen to have a "young fellow like that hopping about round his wife." It was thus that Peter explained his desire in that matter of John's departure. Now he had been sent for, because of the property. The property was the property of the widow. He did not in the least doubt that Christmas had again come round, and it was just a year—a year and a day—since she had put out her hand to him through the closed door and had bade him good-bye.

There she was, when he entered the house, sitting at that little side-table, with the very books before her at which Peter had spent so many of his hours. "Kate," he said, as he entered, "I have come you see,—because you sent for me."

She jumped up, rushing at him, as though to throw her arms round him, forgetting—forgetting that there had been no love spoken between them. Then she stopped herself, and stood a moment looking at him. "John," she said, "John Carmichael, I am so glad you've come at last. I am tired minding it—very tired, and I know that I do not do it as it should be."

"Do what, Kate?"

"Mind it all—for you. No one else could do it, because I had to sign the papers. Now you have come, and may do as you please with it. Now you have come—and I may go."

"He left it to you; all of it—the money, the sheep, and the station."

Then there came a frown across her brow, not of anger, but of perplexity. How should she explain it? How should she let him know that it must be as she would have it—that he must have it all; and have it not from her, but as heir to his kinsman? How could she do all this and teach him at the same time that there need be nothing of gratitude in it all, nothing certainly of love?

"John," she said, "I will not take it from him as his widow. I never loved him. I never had a kindly feeling towards him. It would kill me to take it. I will not have it. It must be yours."

"And you?"

"I will go away."

"Whither will you go? Where will you live?" Then she stood there dumb before him, frowning at him. What was it to it to him where she might go? She thought of the day when she had sewn the button on his shirt, when he might have spoken to her. And she remembered, too, how she had prepared his things for him, when he had been sent away, at her bidding, from Warriwa. What was it to him what might become of her?

"I am tired of this," she said. "You must come to Timaru, so that the lawyer may do what is necessary. There must be papers prepared. Then I will go away."

"Kate!" She only stamped her foot. "Kate—why was it that he made me go?"

"He could not bear people about the place, eating and drinking." "Was it that?"

"Or, perhaps, he hated you. It is easy, I think, to hate in a place so foul as this."

"And not easy to love?"

"I have had no chance of loving. But what is the use of all that? Will you do as I bid you?"

"What!—take it all from your hands?"

"No; not from mine—from his. I will not take it, coming to me from him. It is not mine, and I cannot give it; but it is yours. You need not argue, for it must be so." Then she turned away, as though going; but she knew not whither to go, and stopped at the end of the verandah, looking towards the spot at which the grave was marked by the low railings.



"If not from him, then from me?"

There she stood for some minutes before she stirred. Then he followed her, and laying his hand upon her shoulder, spoke the one word which was necessary. "Kate, will you take it, if not from him, then from me?" She did not answer him at once, and then his arm was passed round her waist. "If not from him, then from me?"

"Yes; from you," she said. "Anything from you." And so it was.

### Masonic Alphabet.

A Mason, to be worthy of the name, must have  
 B enevolence of disposition, and a  
 C haritable mind. Ready and willing to  
 D o his duty, whether lowly in his state or of  
 Eminent degree, he should ever strive from  
 F irst to last to gain the approbation both of  
 G od and Man. His office is to pour the  
 H ealing balm of loving consolation  
 I nto the wounds of the afflicted, to  
 J udge the failings of a Brother with a  
 K indly charity and, as much as in him lies, to  
 L ive peaceably with all men. Thus,  
 M any know and feel his worth; his  
 N eighbours laud his name, and ever speak  
 O f him with pardonable pride. The  
 P urest principles of piety and virtue  
 Q uicken his actions, measured by the strict  
 R ule of rectitude, while his life and conduct,  
 S quared by propriety and by moral truth  
 T end to ennoble him in the eyes of all.  
 U nlike the worldly and the selfish man  
 V ainly puffed up by personal conceit, he  
 W restles against evil, delights in doing good,  
 X ceels in faith, in hope, in charity and love,  
 Y ields fruit of righteousness to all around and  
 Z ealously defends the right.

H. D. S.

### Our Model Stage Manager.

#### CHAPTER I.



SUMMER morning on the sands of the little Kentish watering-place of Broadstairs—Kentish, by the way, is wrong, as any inhabitant of Ramsgate or Margate, on the tiny town that is between them, but not of them, will let you know in double quick time, for are they not all proud denizens of the Isle of Thanet? though what particular farmer's ditch constitutes its insularity I have never been precisely able to decide. At any rate, Broadstairs, with its charming esplanade, funny little pier, white-cliffed bays, and pleasant sands is, in my opinion, the capital of the Island, the claims of noisy Margate and rollicking Ramsgate notwithstanding, and, at any rate, as I lie on my back in the sun, looking lazily about me, it has the great merit of concentrating all its features within my view.

First of all, there is the immense population of visitor-children, who have earned for the little hamlet the sobriquet of The Nursery; here they are, mostly little Londoners, dabbling, batting, constructing sand fortresses, laughing, squeaking, crying, and ruining their clothes in a manner calculated to gladden

the heart of the man who keeps the clothing store, and to make the soul of the frugal parent sink within him. To the observant man who is fond of children, and whom I have usually found to be a rather racketty, reckless sort of fellow, and occasionally, too, a very great scamp, their ways and doings are interesting and humorous, and the infant Broadstairer not seldom repays his tribute of kisses and sweets by burying him alive with much care and solemnity, should he haply give way to lazily slumber on the sand. Nurses, governesses, and, in a few cases, mothers sit round with half an eye on their youngsters, and one-and-a-half on the "Family Curdler," or some such entrancing piece of literature that they hold in their fingers, or, if industriously disposed, ply the nimble knitting-needle.

Then there is the other juvenile population, almost as large as its more aristocratic fellow, the offspring of the fishermen and boatmen, which is skurrying about the wetter and dirtier portion of the sand, where the receding tide has left the one collier schooner that periodically visits Broadstairs high and dry inside the "harbour," i.e., the shelter of a miniature pier. She is now being unloaded, and a large number of these ragamuffins are scrambling for the odd lumps of coal which fall on their way to the curts, which the little snappers-up of unconsidered trifles bear off in triumph to the family scuttle. The Broadstairs child is a curious article; he appears to have no meals to speak of, and no particular hours of rest; you encounter him often at midnight, and he is treading on your toes all day; he is constantly on the increase, and successfully defies the local school, his parents being continually fined for his non-appearance, and as constantly "taking it out of him" by means of a perfectly inefficacious whacking. He is allowed to tumble up in life, and usually makes a very healthy and complacent fellow.

Gathered in and around the little watch-house on the pier are the fathers of this class, who combine in one skin the professions of boatman, fisherman, and crew of the lifeboat; a meditative, talkative, and good-humoured race, who apparently wax fat and jolly in the exercise of their calling without any particular muscular exertion; in fact, the Broadstairs boatmen appear to have as nearly as possible solved the problem of existing without work. They never take their hands out of their pockets except to remove a pipe previous to expectoration; they look very hard at the sea, a process which I never found remunerative myself; and when they get a job they betray no unseemly exultation, but frequently the reverse; in fact, in the words of Jethro Pettit, one of their number, "we 'ates work, and 'ates them as likes it." Nevertheless, they are expert fishermen and sailors, most of them have been in the merchant service, and good enough ship carpenters to repair and refit their own boats in the winter. The job they like best is when the lifeboat is ordered out to the assistance of some ship that is ashore on the Goodwins, or has lost an anchor, as the salvage in these cases is something worth cutting up, though nothing like what it used to be in the old days when steamships were few, and "hovelling" flourished. When times are bad they cheerfully run up long bills for beer and other soothing matters at the Tartar Frigate, a snug and favourite hostelry, and when the long-suffering landlord rebels they transfer their custom elsewhere, and before they have exhausted all their credit something turns up, or the wife (all the wives take in washing) provides the wherewithal. As to their lifeboat duties, there is not much of the heroic glamour with which it is surrounded in fiction; they are seldom called on to save life, and on a foggy night will say that, "with luck, something might run on to the Good'ns," when their work consists of lightening her or warping her off; and it is not so many years ago since the Kentish hovellers used to prosecute their work of

# OSLER'S

DUPLEX LAMPS—New Designs in Great Variety.

CHANDELIERS for Gas and Candles and ELECTRICAL FITTINGS.

FLOWER STANDS and TABLE ORNAMENTS, with Damascened and Hacre de Perte Decoration.

"The Visitor to London who leaves without seeing the Show Rooms of MESSRS. OSLER has missed one of the sights of the Metropolis."—Vide *Land and Water*.

# CRYSTAL GLASS

Christmas Presents.

AND

# CHINA SERVICES.

LONDON: 100, Oxford-street, W.

Manufactory: Broad-street, BIRMINGHAM.



lightening in a manner and with a vigour which called forth the remonstrances of the unfortunate captain.

The male residents of Broadstairs are seldom visible; they pass their days indoors, with a field-glass in one hand and a glass of another description in the other; and in the evening they run over to Ramsgate or Margate, while the Broadstairs ladies divide their time between incessant marketing and contemptuously surveying the visitors.

I was lazily surveying the evidences around me of all these and kindred facts, and reflecting how soon I, Wilson Hardaway, barrister-at-law, of the Middle Temple, should be torn away from them to wait for the brief that came not—and well I knew it might never come—when a handful of sand, dexterously propelled into my right ear, recalled me from dreams and meditations to present and prosaic matters.

“Get up, you lazy beggar, and come to the Mum and the full conclave at the pierhead, to jaw over these blessed theatricals.” It was Harry Crauford, and by the Mum he irreverently alluded to his mother, Lady Crauford, my hostess, who had taken a big house at St. Peter’s, close by, and had assembled therein a floating population of young people, of which I then formed part. These were the conclaves mentioned by Harry, and the theatricals so mentioned were a projected performance suggested by the size of the great hall of Calverley, the place where the Craufords were staying. Slightly objurgating his high spirits, and explaining that to stuff a man’s ear full of sand is a distinctly primitive and barbaric process of announcing one’s presence to a friend, I arose, and joining, him and threading our way through the sand castles and fosses and their infant architects, made our way to the pier.

“Morning, sir; nice day for a sail!” shouted our favourite boatman, Jim Hiller (half Broadstairs is called Hiller), as we reached the group of toilers (?) of the sea. Going for a sail with us meant also such other agreeable companions as a fowl, a keg of ale, and a bottle of whiskey on board, and was by no means to be despised. Jim, and his partner, Ab Young, had a small lugger, the *Pearl*—she had frequently borne us to Deal and Dover; both were old sailors, and both had amiable weaknesses, especially after a good haul. Ab’s pet luxury on such occasions was to employ other boatmen to row him about; Jim’s to expend much money on aimless journeys in hired carriages, each deeming the use of shanks’s mare derogatory on festal occasions. The morrow would occasionally find them head-ache, and with not a copper between them—save hot ones. Declining the proffered excursion, we pursued our way to the pierhead, where we found the conclave in full cry, and as the majority present were ladies, and all were talking at once, the full strength of their expression was appreciable. There was Lady Crauford in the chair, viz., her own camp stool, and grouped around, her two daughters, Kate and Edith, young Mrs. Guy Summerley, Captain Newnham, of the Buffs, quartered at Canterbury, and little Borlase, whom, of course, everybody called Bootlace, and who, after one or two ineffectual attempts to stem the tide of chaff, had serenely settled down to enjoy that euphonious nickname. Lady Crauford was a pretty little woman, young looking, and a first-rate amateur actress. I myself had won certain renown, but principally in comic parts, for which I had principally to thank Dame Nature, who had lavished on me a bigger mouth and more turned-up nose than falls to the lot of ordinary man. Of the capabilities of the others I knew nothing, except that Bootlace was no supping terms with nearly every actor in London—and a good many actresses, for the matter of that—which argued nothing as to his proficiency in their business.

There were numbers of matters to be battled over and settled—the piece to be selected, the date of its production, the company and the cast.

“I vote for a historical play, in which Harry can show his talent by doing the alarms and excursions, shouts outside and dead bodies on battle fields,” suggested Newnham.

“Or *Endymion*, with Mr. Hardaway in the title role,” insinuated Kate.

“Why not *King Lear*, Lady Crauford?” I suggested, in retaliation, “with your daughters as the two shrewish sisters.”

“Now be quiet, all of you,” said our directress, holding up a monitory finger. “First of all, this is not going to be pitch-forked on to the stage anyhow; we shall have three weeks’ rehearsals.” Most faces fell; amateurs like to take about a tenth of the trouble over their productions that is bestowed on a similar task by experienced professionals.

“Next,” continued Lady Crauford, “I will not have one of the hackneyed old plays which are always being done: *School for Scandal*, *Plot and Passion*, or a *Sheep in Wolf’s Clothing*. We must have a novelty.”

“Hollo, Hardaway,” cried Harry; “here’s your chance for producing that magnum opus I caught you inditing on Tuesday. You might have carried it about in vain to half the managers in London, whereas here are theatre and company all agog for it.”

“Have you really written a play,” and, “Oh, do read it to us,” and similar entreaties were hurled at me from all sides, as I stammeringly acknowledged that I had recently been wooing the dramatic muse. Why, by the way, this tendency to stammer and blush over literary efforts alone? A man produces a home-made whip-lash, or a girl a pair of worked slippers, without the least embarrassment; but if once suspected to be guilty of poem, play, or paragraph, we become a mass of confusion and a butt for raillery. I explained that it was a little piece, in two acts and three scenes, of domestic interest, showing how soon simple country folk were snared into fast London Society, and were eventually glad enough to get back again: its name was *Out of their Element*.

“Very good,” said her ladyship, you shall read your bantling to us, and if we like it we’ll have it. Then about a professional stage-manager.

“Oh, mother,” interrupted Kate, remember the last. He was very dirty, got tipsy on *the* night, and went away with the best lady’s maid I ever had.”

“Well, I have written to Moss, the theatrical agent, on the subject, and he has promised us a very paragon. And now the company is dismissed till dinner time. I have to see the stage-carpenter about setting up a stage, and you young Irvings and Terrys can do as you like for the present.”

A sail in the *Pearl*, to take the illustrated paper to the men on the Gull lightship, was proposed, seconded, and carried; and as that piratical craft danced over the waves the chatter was of my play, its merits and demerits, the capabilities of the company, but, above all, surmises as to the appearance and demeanour of Moss, the agent’s model stage-manager.

## CHAPTER II.

At the bottom of a court, on the south side of the Strand, is a rather rambling old-fashioned tavern of the kind which is dying out so fast, and this one is under threat of alteration, decoration, and improvement. Its principal room contains a semicircular buffet and several chairs, settles, and tables, on one of which are a large number of theatrical newspapers of all dates; on its walls,

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AND NEW YEARS GIFTS.

*Gold Medal, Paris Exhibition, 1885.*

# KENDAL & DENT,

106, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.,

## Gold Chain and Presentation Watch Makers,

The Kew Royal Observatory have awarded KENDAL AND DENT Certificates for Excellence in Watches.

PATENTEES OF WATCHES FOR THE BLIND, THE DOUBLE DIAL WATCH, &c., &c.

Makers of the Large Clock at the Inventions Exhibition, 1885.

*Buy direct from the Manufacturer, and save 25 per cent.*

some smoke-dried portraits of past and present lights of the stage. In short it is a theatrical public-house. But you will not find Mr. Irving and Mr. Bancroft here, nor do those mighty men affect any lesser mingling with their fellows than is to be acquired within the gloomy portals of the Garrick Club, in King-street, Covent Garden, an imposing building apparently maintained for the comfort of solemn old gentlemen, who stand eye-glass in hand at the windows, wondering perchance, as others, certainly wonder, what they've got to do with the drama. Nor do you see the more prosperous of the London actors convivially in the house I speak of; they betake themselves to more frivolous clubs, and their laugh and jest and story are heard in the better restaurants of the Strand. Hither, however, resorts a crowd that is self-evidently theatrical; if the men are not clean shaved you can see at a glance that they ought to be, and want to be, and a glance at their apparel makes it seem probable that economy has to be necessary—two pence preclude a visit to the barber. It is half-past one on Saturday, and the crowd is very thick; those present who are in an engagement have but recently come from Treasury—*i.e.*, drawn their salary—and are standing drinks to their less fortunate brethren, who are affectionately “dear-bowing” them and laughing loudly at their little witticisms. What is that seedy man after, carrying the envelope from group to group? He is trying the postage-stamp dodge, which is an ingenious method of extracting small coin from the pocket of your fellow man. He goes up to a friend, and says—

“Just look here, cully: Had an offer of an engagement at Huddersfield, and pou my sivyv haven't got a penny for a postage stamp to tell the manager that he must advance my railway fare. Safest thing in the world.” You can't give a man a penny in such a case, and don't forget that half-a-dozen sixpences come to three shillings. Here, however, his success is limited; perhaps those present have the cunning of personal experience. In the evening he will go about with a piteous tale of how the wife will have to go without her Sunday dinner, and the money thus obtained he will expend religiously in gin.

At a quarter to two there was much bustle as the door opened and a stout man of Jewish appearance, in a furred overcoat (it was Midsummer), with his stubby fingers heavy with rings, elbowed his way unceremoniously to the bar.

“Hello Moss,” “How do Moss, old boy,” and other ejaculations of welcome are disregarded as he asks the barmaid—

“Mr. Verner been in, my dear?”

“No, sir,” simpers that divinity; but he sent to say as he'd be here at two precise.”

This was Mr. Moss, the dramatic agent, on whom engagements depend. He is supposed to have the ear of the country managers to a man, and both by himself and his clients is considered a very important person. If the truth were known, however, Mr. Moss gets far the lesser part of his income by commissions on their salaries; wealthy amateurs are his line of business—*young and middle-aged ladies of a stage-struck description, weak-kneed and weak-headed young men who are anxious to play Claud Melnotte, for whom the obliging Mr. Moss provides theatre, company, and dresses, besides superintending the receipts.* One job like this is worth to him three months of the professionals.

“What will you drink, old chap?” asks an actor anxious to conciliate the great man; but Moss knows better than that, and ordering glasses round betakes himself to a corner, and begins to read the newspaper, a delicate hint that he is disinclined for conversation.

Presently the door opened again, and there entered a young man of entirely different appearance from any of those already

there; he was tall and good looking, with brown moustache and hair, well, but quietly dressed—*check tweeds, with a round hat, boots scrupulously varnished, and he carried an ebony stick with a gold handle.* Unmistakeably a gentleman, there was a rather drawn look about his eyes and cheeks which did not bespeak the ascetic. He was about twenty-eight years of age, and had lived every minute of that period. He passed by the buffet crowd without a look or a nod, and went up and shook hands with the agent, who at once, and without asking his approval, roared out an order for “a bottle of fizz.”

“Good Heavens! man,” said the new comer, impatiently. “do you think that I could drink their filthy gooseberry, I who at present have the honour of owing my wine merchant something well over three figures? No, give me a glass of beer; it can't be very bad, and if it is I needn't drink it.”

Moss looked at him in a way in which dislike and conscious inferiority in breeding and palate were curiously blended. “Well, Verner,” he said, “please yourself. I thought you'd like it. You seem out of temper to-day.”

“I suppose you didn't bring me to this confounded hole of a pot-house to talk about my temper? What devil's job is in the wind now?”

“Now, I tell you, Mr. Verner, as you calls yourself,” began the Jew in a bullying tone, “I ain't going to be talked to by you in that way. I am one of the few, if I ain't the only one, as knows that when Mr. Richard Wimbourne, of Hoxford Collidge, had run through all the money he had and all he could spend, he made a little mistake in spelling his name on a cheque one day, and it was me that helped him to forget that name for ever, to get it about that he was gone to America, that sent him there, and got him on the stage there, and I've got him under my thumb. There.”

“Moss, don't be a fool. Perhaps I am irritable; but you know you've had your share both in that transaction and others which won't bear looking into, and if I get into trouble you won't be so safe as you might. Tell me what's up.”

“Well,” said the Jew sulkily, “you shouldn't rile me just as I was agoin' to do you a good turn, too. I've got a job for you; to go down and manage some swell private theatricals at Broadstairs, in Kent. Pretty seaside place, splendid gals for your pupils; good salary—ten pounds a week for three weeks, and the run of your teeth.”

“Yah!” grumbled Verner. “What a fuss about nothing. A thirty pound job for all this gas and trouble. I can't run away with the girls, for duennas nowadays are regular dragons at protecting them from the wolf in the shape of a wicked actor.”

“Ah! but, my boy,” whispered the Jew slyly, “there's other things besides gals in swell houses. Fine birds 'as fine feathers, and there's no knowing what you might find. Now, listen,” he continued hurriedly, for his companion winced, turned scarlet, and was on the point of breaking out, “you don't know what good it might do you. Some of these 'ere swells might do something for you; Lady Crauford herself might take a fancy to you. Lord, what lovely jewels she has, to be sure; I seen her going to the drawing-room once. And, anyhow, you want money bad, and so, I don't mind telling you, do I? Now, don't say a word. I'm going out for five minutes, when I'll come back for your answer, and if it's ‘Yes,’ as it's sure to be from a sensible man like you, I'll draw you a cheque for two weeks' salary in advance.” And he hurried off, apparently fearful of getting a negative answer.

Verner grinned. There are several kinds of grin, all pleasant to look at and comfortable to indulge in; but the

## ST. PAUL'S PIANOFORTE & ORGAN DEPOT.

# JESSE S. NIMKEY,

23, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

NO RISK to Purchasers at this Establishment, satisfaction as to Tone and Quality being Guaranteed.  
Clergy, Schools, and Masonic Lodges have Trade Terms.

*Awards at Exhibitions as under—*

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1884—TWO GOLD MEDALS and ONE SILVER MEDAL.

INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885—TWO MEDALS.

Any Instrument may be Purchased on Easy Terms, or under Liberal Discount for Cash.

most uncomfortable of all to look on is the grin of him who is certain that the man who would like to be his enemy is forced to appear his friend. Then he started thinking. Moss, he mused, is the sort of pitiful sneak who would see no difference in putting his hand in his master's till, and such like petty thefts, and such high flights of crime as forgery and artistic fraud. Unfortunately, the law agrees with Moss, and while the petty larcenist only retires for a twelvemonth, the artistic scoundrel has an opportunity of studying prison interiors for seven years. This is hardly even-handed justice. The excellent Moss, moreover, sends me on an errand of problematic plunder, in which, of course, he expects to share, whatever the loot may be; he knows me only as an actor just off a provincial tour, who always spends the bulk of his salary in dress, and therefore fancies he has got me under his thumb, and that I can't get away. He doesn't remember that half-a-dozen years in the States have made me just a wee bit ahead of the raw, young, would-be bucks of country towns, who are always ready for a gamble, and moreover that, with an occasional good day on a racecourse, I have got quite enough together to enable me to bolt at will without any reference to the wishes of my excellent friend Moss. I don't mind a week or two in pleasant company, and if, in the words of Moss and Micawber, anything should turn up, I don't think I shall come at full speed to the latter to cut up the plunder. No, my Moss, my future speculations shall be unaided by your genial counsel.

When Mr. Moss returned he found his young friend in a most amiable mood; he was perfectly ready to have a telegram sent off at once announcing that he should be down by the Granville express on the following Monday, and, after a nice little dinner together, separated from him with the nearest approach to a blessing in the words, "My dear boy, if yer want to be advised about anything, or to live quietly for a little, mind you send me a wire."

"If I require you, I will," said Verner coolly, and left the suspicious Hebrew gazing dubiously after him, as he climbed into his cab and drove away.

### CHAPTER III.

Time and the improved steam engine between them work wonders, and so Mr. Richard Verney, *né* Wimborne, was rattled and jolted down by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway as far as Faversham in double quick time. Having got so far he fondly imagined that he was nearly at his journey's end, and congratulated himself that the flask and the cigarettes had lasted so long; the illustrated paper had given out some few miles before Chatham was reached. Then a bucolic person had got in, who bided his time patiently until Faversham had been passed; the rest of the journey, which is aggravatingly stopped at such stations as Whitstable, dear to the oyster-eater; Herne Bay, so called because there is not the least inflection of the coast line there; Birchington, and such other tedious interruptions of the journey, the line passing through flat grass country intersected by continual converging dykes protected by a sea-wall, and hereabout large numbers of sheep and cattle graze at large. This was the bucolic person's opportunity:

"The sheep alongside this 'ere line," he remarks, in a hoarse and confidential whisper, "are worth a matter of two 'underd and fifty thousand pounds, and," with a broad chuckle, "I shouldn't mind 'aving the cheque in my pocket for it this minute, should you?" Dick smiles as civilly as a murderous desire to pitch the bucolic out of window will allow him and then listens with the patience of the crucified to an utterly

incoherent version of the origin of the twin beacons of the Reculotes. And on he suffers till finally after the train has disgorged half a synagogue full of jubilant Hebrews at Margate, the church and straggling village of Broadstairs at length come in sight. Mentally consigning the bucolic one to a locality where cattle will not require much roasting, Dick leapt on to the platform, and was suddenly stopped by a good-natured looking fellow, in a free-and-easy canvas suit and straw hat, who called out:

"What Wimborne! Is that you?"

Not best pleased at being recognised by his buried name, he looked hard at his interlocutor, until his face lit up as he recognised him.

"Wilson Hardaway by the Great Panjandrum. Who the dickens would have expected to see you down here. Why its years since we met."

Now neither of these young men had ever been particularly fond of each other, and neither had spoken these words before a feeling of distrust went through the mind of each. And yet their first greeting was that of reunited brothers; from which it must be concluded that, however far apart in point of morals, they must have been extremely good-hearted and sympathetic young men.

"Well," responded Hardaway, after a pause, "I'm staying down here and I can't see the man I was sent to meet, which as I've never seen him is not very odd. Some actor chap named Verner.

Dick coloured vividly.

"That's my name, he said quietly," and then a still more awkward pause ensued. "I'll send my luggage to the hotel for to-night, and you and I will walk down to it." Luggage collected and deposited in the charge of a little old outside porter, with a face like a creasy apple, and the two reunited acquaintances, they had never been friends, began their descent to the sea.

"I suppose," began Dick, "you never expected, or wanted for that matter, to see me again, and only heard that when I run through all my money I had to go abroad. Or perhaps you heard something 'else' he added quickly, looking hard at his companion.

"N-no," hesitated Wilson.

"Ah, then you did. Well take my word I did nothing worse than lots of others who hold their heads high at their clubs when they are continually at loggerheads with their bankers."

For the moment he really meant what he said; in the forger's mind there is little difference between writing somebody else's name, and getting a cheque cashed that comes back marked N.E. The banker, and the lawyer, and the judge, and the man who draws the bad cheque see an appreciable difference.

"My dear man," said Wilson, "there are always numbers of people who go under and disappear suddenly. But go on with your account of yourself."

"Well, there really isn't much to tell. I took to the stage out in the States; I was always a fair actor, you know, and without precisely leaving New York Sound in flames, I did pretty well, until I had a stroke of luck at the card-table, and thought I'd come and have a look at the old country. I say the country advisedly, for of all the odd lot, save you, I have seen none, and I don't suppose they'd be particularly anxious to recognise reckless Dick Wimborne in Mr. R. Verner, actor and stage-manager of the Municipal, Provincial, and American theatres, very much at your service. And so we will drop Dick Wimborne, as aforesaid, and when we have had a doubtless excellent sherry

# GEORGE BOTTERILL AND SONS, HAVANA CIGAR MERCHANTS, 33, CHEAPSIDE, and 33, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.,

We beg to inform the Public that we have the Largest Selected Stock of the Finest

## 1885 HAVANA CIGARS,

Now acknowledged to be the best imported during the last ten years.

ALL CIGARS CHANGEABLE AT ANY TIME IF NOT APPROVED.

and bitter at this hotel, you shall take the humble and unassuming Verner, whom I have mentioned, and introduce him to his talented and aristocratic employer, Lady Crauford, and the other gifted amateurs to whom he has to play schoolmaster for the next three weeks."

They walked down to the pier after the sherry and bitters, where the Calverley people were assembled, waiting with some curiosity for their new instructor, and though Wilson Hardaway was naturally pleased to be able to introduce to them so presentable a monitor, he couldn't divest his mind of the feeling that he wished it had been anybody else instead. He quite agreed with Dick that there was no necessity for informing them in detail of the former circumstances in which they had met. Verner was introduced in due form, and the ladies were naturally agreeably surprised by his polished manners and excellent appearance; he was at his ease at once, without being too familiar, and made such steps in the good graces of all, that the men were rather reluctantly compelled to confess that he was an excellent companion, though Lady Crauford heard, with a sigh of relief, that such an attractive and dangerous detrimental had preferred not to intrude on the ready hospitality of Calverley. It was agreed that Shakespeare, as since his dramatic effort had transpired, Hardaway was universally nicknamed, should read his doubtless immortal production to Verner, who was then to bring the weighty depths of his experience to bear on the elaboration of the stage business of *Out of their Element*. Hardaway came round in the evening, and read the deathless drama at his best, while Verner slumbered placidly, and when the author had departed, brought his vast dramatic experience to bear on the task of getting over to Ramsgate, and having a little pool at the Albion, when the local young bloods and the cute visitors from London dropped their shillings and half-crowns to the gentlemanly visitor with considerable speed; then he hied him back to his hotel to sleep the sleep of the just and guileless.

The next morning he rose early, got a boat, and went out for a swim; removed his baggage to quiet, but commodious, apartments, and duly repaired to Calverley for his first rehearsal with his pupils, having first glanced over the manuscript, and finding that, although crude in construction, it was fair in idea, and smart enough in dialogue. The hall which formed the theatre was in the hands of the carpenters, to whom Dick gave a few instructions of a terse, and vigorous description on the subject of constructing a temporary stage and proscenium, the tenor of which differed considerably from his opening advice to the company, whom he mentally dubbed a confounded lot of sticks. Still, he laboured long and manfully, was patient with the obstinate, and encouraging to the enthusiastic, and contrived, even on the first day of his toil, to take some of the woodenness out of the limbs of the men, and to make the women look less like animated marionettes. For Lady Crauford herself he had nothing but praise; and she, in her turn, was evidently gratified by his efforts to improve the others, and by the gentleness of manner that none better than he knew how to assume. Even Hardaway found himself rather proud, than otherwise, of his former friendship with the popular stage-manager; and the soldiers from Canterbury voted him a brick, and asked him over to them at the barracks at once. Two hours before dinner were devoted to lawn tennis, and then he went down to dress for that solemn festivity, to which he was now permanently invited.

It was an ordinary enough meal, the historic battles of the day being fought over with the usual amount of vigour, while arrangements for the future were discussed with an enthusiasm which seldom lasts among amateurs for more than three days at a stretch. A very few glasses of wine served to loosen the tongue

of the hitherto reticent Verner, who spake unstintedly, but without exaggeration, of droll experiences of theatrical life at home and abroad, and finally won all hearts by suggesting that the rehearsals should be limited to four days a week for the rest of the company, lest their energies should be blunted by monotonous study, he promising for his part to use the intermediate time in painting the scenes, at which, being a handy sort of a scoundrel, he was a proficient, while he invited any volunteer co-operation with considerable success. In the drawing-room, after one or two of the guests had either piped shrill ballads or bellowed brigand songs, apparently out of the toes of their boots, he volunteered a song, which he sung with the ease of a professional, and Hardaway informed them that in his Oxford days poor Verner had never been able to work o' nights, for that his friends would bear him forcibly off to warble at their parties, and every one pitied him.

Some how or other the conversation turned on jewels, and Lady Crauford was wearing a necklace of diamonds and sapphires, she being, despite her well wearing charm, of an age when such brilliant adornment was desirable. Verner had eyed this necklace during dinner more than once, and he now took occasion to express admiration of the gems.

"You should see the tiara and bracelets to match," said Lady Crauford, "Kate my love, tell Virginia to bring the case down."

This was done, and the maid soon entered the room with a large brown morocco case, which was opened by a gold key attached to Lady Crauford's watch chain. The beautiful jewels within were duly admired in their bed of crimson velvet, and was at length handed to Verner, who glancing only for a moment at them shut the case up, and looking very attentively at them for a little while, handed it back to its owner with an expression of admiration. The rest of the evening passed away without any incident, and the party afterwards separated all save himself, more impressed than ever with the charms of the stage manager.

So the days and weeks passed on, and the rehearsals proceeded with more or less success; sometimes the men rebelled or the girls got jealous, to be soothed again by the bland courtesies of Verner. There were garden parties and impromptu dances, the *Pearl* was called into requisition for occasional water parties; and more than once Verner went over to Canterbury, whence he certainly did not emerge the poorer for a game or two at poker at the barracks. On one day he went quietly up to London, where he went to a certain maker of nick-nacks, fancy bags, and boxes, in Bond-street, to whom he gave some very precise orders. He did not, however, call on his friend Mr. Moss, from whom he received the following letter:—

"Dear Verner,

"How are you getting on, and what are your prospects? I hope you aint wasting your time. Let me know. If you want money for your plans, I will do anything in reason.

"Yours,

"M. Moss."

"Ah! my dear friend," thought Verner, "if you think I am going to play the cat to your monkey with her ladyship for the chestnuts, you shall suffer even to the end." And so he wrote back

"Dear Moss,

"There is a man here who knew me at Oxford, who is very much in the way. Will do my best. Send £25; it will be useful.

"R. V."

"I really don't know," he thought, "it would be a devil of a shame to treat them badly after the jolly good time I'm

# MARCOVITCH AND CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

FINEST TURKISH AND EGYPTIAN

CIGARETTES.



11, AIR STREET, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

having, and yet to get once away with a fair sum, and out of the power of my good friend Moss would be worth one of that Hebrew gentleman's eyes. And if I take anything and do well at the tables, I'll certainly make reparation when things come round." Oh! that superstitious belief in triangular things coming round. "I'll be guided by circumstances."

Now the day of the dress rehearsal came, and the tenour of the three scenes was thus: in the first was the rustic young couple, played by Lady Crauford and Captain Newnham, in their country house in quiet attire, whence they are prevailed by a false friend to dive in the gaiety of London, as exemplified by a great crush in a grand ladies' *salon*. In the third they return one more to rusticity and plainness.

"In that second scene I shall wear all my diamonds," said Lady Crauford. Verner strongly deprecated the folly of this; they were too valuable to be wasted on such a matter, he said; but her daughters, loving to see their mother in her gems, backed her up, and she kept to her determination.

The last rehearsal was over, the last touch put to the scenes, and an hour or so before the performance began, Hardaway walked down to the pier to cool his excitement, while the guests were already arriving. As he passed in the darkness towards the end, he thought he heard the voice of Verner say:

"Twelve, sharp, and don't forget the brandy."

Another, the voice of a sailor, "Aye, aye, sir." Lord, you will have your spree; but when he got to the house he found Verner there before him, attending to preliminaries before the curtain was raised.

The hall made a splendid theatre, both for auditorium and stage, and there were little closets and studies in the passages beside it here and there, which served as dressing rooms. In one of these Lady Crauford made her toilet, and the others were similarly apportioned. The play was a vast success, Lady Crauford's appearance in her beautiful ball dress and diamonds only exciting less delight than when she donned afresh the simple country frock. All were applauded to the echo, author and artiste, but most of all the stage manager, to whom it was evident the success was in greatest manner due. He looked anxious and troubled, however, when he made his bow, and when, as is usual, the hall was cleared for a dance, in which the performers retained their costume, he begged to be excused on the score of fatigue, and at once departed. As he passed out of the door the last thing he saw was Virginia bearing the jewel case to her ladyship's boudoir.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next day was Sunday, and every one was too tired to express surprise at his non-appearance. On Monday, however, a message was sent to his lodgings, when an answer was received to the effect that Verner had not been seen since Saturday night. This was considered strange, and stranger still was the arrival in harbour the following day of the *Pearl*, whose owner reported that at midnight on Saturday Mr. Verner had engaged them to sail to Deal for a freak, but that as it was fair weather he had prevailed on them to convey him to Calais, where he had disappeared, though they had waited a whole day for him. Hardaway's worst suspicions were aroused, and without unduly exciting Lady Crauford's suspicion, suggested to her to see that her diamonds were all right.

"How well this case wears," she said, taking it lovingly down, and, then looking at it more closely, shrieked "Why it's not my case at all!" It was burst open in a second, and there were stones in it, but they were the stones that one picks up on the beach at Broadstairs.

\* \* \* \* \*

He had a long start, and was never caught. A woman recovers from the loss of husband and children; but not of her jewels, and Lady Crauford was very ill, while Mr. Moss cursed exceedingly. But little consolation was to be derived from this paragraph, which appeared four months later:—

"We have to record another suicide at Monte Carlo; deceased was apparently an elderly man, who had gambled heavily at the tables till he had lost everything, and shot himself. It was discovered that his grey hair and beard were but disguises, and there is little doubt that this man was Verner, of the great jewel robbery at Broadstairs."

And that was the last of our Model Stage Manager.

W. F. GOLDBERG.

## Closing Ode.

T. B. WHYTEHEAD.

Almighty Architect! to Thee we raise  
With one accord our closing hymn of praise;  
We join to bless Thee ere our labours cease,  
Begun in harmony, and closed in peace.

Grant to each Craftsman skill to do his part;  
Thy favour pour upon our Royal Art;  
Preserve our Order by Thy gracious care,  
Cemented and adorned with virtues rare.

Shed on us all Thy influence divine;  
Upon our plans let heavenly wisdom shine;  
And, as we cherish here fraternal love,  
Take us at last to Thy Grand Lodge above.

## Engraved Lists of Lodges.

BY BRO. WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN, P.G.D.

FROM the year 1723 to 1778, the Grand Lodge of England authorised the issue of Lists of Lodges on its Roll, the signs of the houses, taverns, inns, &c., in which the members assembled being most artistically engraved down to 1769. Evidently several editions were published during the same year, in the early part of the last century, but as time rolled onward, fewer generally were issued annually. Then a rival appeared in the form of a "Freemasons' Calendar," by authority of the Stationers' Company in 1775-76, followed by another, published by the Grand Lodge of England in A.D. 1777, which was continued in 12mo size until 1814 (issued in the preceding year apparently in each case, being thus dated *in advance*) when, after the *Union* of December, 1813, the new series was changed to large 32mo, beginning with the Calendar for 1815 (issued latter part of 1814) which series has been continued, year by year, to the present day, the profits being devoted to Masonic charity.

These Lists and Calendars are invaluable Registers of regular lodges, in many instances being the only references discoverable as to early places of meetings, and sometimes the sole evidence of the existence of certain old lodges.



DRESSING BAGS  
DRESSING CASES  
WRITING CASES  
DESPATCH BOXES  
INKSTANDS, DESKS  
ENVELOPE CASES  
BLOTTING BOOKS  
HAND BAGS  
POSTAGE SCALES  
SCENT BOTTLES  
OPERA GLASSES  
CLOCKS  
BOOK SLIDES

PORTRAIT ALBUMS  
SCRAP BOOKS  
PORTRAIT FRAMES  
JEWEL CASES  
RETICULES, FANS  
WORK BOXES  
WORK BASKETS  
GLOVE BOXES  
PURSES, DIARIES  
POCKET BOOKS  
CIGAR CASES  
BAGATELLE BOARDS  
INDOOR GAMES

NOVELTIES, ORNAMENTS, & NICNACS  
CHILDREN'S BOOKS  
BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS, & CHURCH SERVICES.



CATALOGUE OF NOVELTIES POST FREE.

Sometimes a number, which is vacant in one year, was filled in for the following year by the insertion of a lodge warranted abroad, the particulars of which, from the Provincial Grand Master, came too late for its being placed in its proper position. When it was impossible to have such a lodge put at its fair number, according to the date of its charter issued by the authority of the Provincial Grand Master, its name, &c., would be retained under a later number until a suitable vacancy occurred by the erasure of a lodge, when in the subsequent edition of the List, it would be found duly raised to a higher position, becoming its dignity and age. Particularly was this so with American and Continental lodges, even during the same numeration. The changes in the numbers of the lodges during the last century were as follows, and are so noted in the Calendars for the years immediately following, or for the same year as named—1740, 1756, 1770, 1780, 1781, 1792. The alterations in this century have been in 1814 (at the Union), 1832 and 1863. I hope there will not be another, at all events, until twenty years or more have elapsed. The "Atholl" Grand Lodge officially published Lists in 1804, 1807 and 1813, and issued Calendars, as did the elder Grand Lodge, but none can be traced at the present time.

So far as we know, the numbering of the lodges was first exhibited in the engraved list of 1729, but there is no certainty on this point, as there are no editions preserved from 1726 to 1728, inclusive.

The first of the engraved series began in 1723, and was dedicated to the "Earl of Dalkeith, Grand Master, 1723. Printed for and sold by Eman. Bowen, engraver in Aldersgate-street." Fifty-one lodges are inserted (not numbered) on five pages of engraved plates. It is remarkable that the lodge held at the "Horn" is *fifth* on the register, *four* lodges being noted before that famous lodge, which is declared to be one of the *four* which established the premier Grand Lodge. In "Multa Paucis" of 1763-4, the author says *sic* took part in that eventful period. Colour is lent to this declaration from the fact that the lodge known as "original No. 4," is inserted in the *fifth* square, which has been No. 4 on the Roll, from the year 1814; but for many years before then it ranked as No. 2.

The names of the curious signs I must reserve for another article. No list is known for 1724, but there are two for 1725, one being in the library of the Grand Lodge (hereafter noted as "G.L.") as is the 1723 edition, and the other is owned by the gifted Bro. Albert Pike, of Washington, D.C. There being 69 squares devoted to lodges (including the six erasures) in the G.L. issue, and 77 squares (with seven vacancies, leaving 70 net) in that of General Pike's. The titles, &c., run as follows: (a) Engraved Dedication Page. Fine design, probably representing Hiram Abiff, with plan, explaining its parts (? Temple) to King Solomon. "Frater J. Thornhill Eq. mv. \* \* \* J. Pine Sculp." (b) Appropriate arms below, for the following dedication. (c) "The Most High, Puissant and Noble Prince, Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond and Lenox, Earl of March and Darnley, Baron of Settrington, Methuin and Tarbolton, Grand Master A.D. 1725, A.L. 5725." (General Pike's later copy has "Knt. of ye most Honorable Order of ye Bath," the arms being encircled with the motto *Tria Juncta in Uno*, accordingly.) The second page bears the heading, "A List of the Regular Lodges as constituted 'till March 25th, 1725 (which is also on General Pike's copy, though later lodges are added). \* \* \* Printed for and sold by I. Pine, Engraver, over against Little Brittain end in Aldersgate Street." Then follow the lodges on seven pages, the arrangement of the first page being given according to the annexed plan. It is a singular coincidence

that the engraver of these lists and the publisher of the present article (with a facsimile of 1725 edition), are both described as of Little Britain, and of Aldersgate Street.

These Lists of 1725 are remarkable for containing the first references to lodges outside of London and Westminster, viz., (28) Bath, (29) Bristol, (30) Norwich, (31) Chichester (32 and 33)\* Chichester, &c., all of which have been removed from the Roll for disobedience, in one form or the other, of the regulations.

The third year of those preserved is for 1729, and is a most valuable souvenir of the "days of yore." I copied the whole of its pages for publication in the *Freemason* some years since, when it was kindly let me by the R.W. Bro. E. T. Leith, Dist. G.M. of Bombay, who (on hearing from me that it was unique) in the handsomest manner presented it to the Grand Lodge of England. The dedication is to "the Rt. Hon. James Lord King, Baron of Kingston, in the Kingdom of Ireland, Grand Master," who was Grand Master of Ireland in 1730, and of the "Grand Lodge of Ulster" (the older but extinct Grand Lodge in Ireland) for 1731-3, to whom also the copy of Cole's engraved Constitutions of 1729 was dedicated. Fifty-four lodges are enumerated on four pages, the fifth page being devoted to a table of the meeting days. In this Roll of lodges the "Horn" occurs as No. 3, without date; No. 1 (now Lodge of Antiquity, No. 2) is dated 1691, and No. 2 is credited to 1712. Its special feature is the register of a lodge out of England, the *first* of its kind, viz., "St. Bernard's-street, Madrid."

The fourth of existing Lists is for 1734, and is owned by my friend, Bro. James Newton, of Bolton. The dedication is to "the Most Noble and Puissant Lord, John Lindsay, Earl of Crauford and Lindsay, Viscount Kilberney (&c.), Premier Earl of Scotland, Grand Master." Its value is considerable, so much so, that I transcribed it all for publication in the "Masonic Magazine," November, 1876, a separate edition of fifty copies being presented to friends. This is the first engraved List so far traced which contains a lodge in America, viz., "126, Boston, in New England."

It is a great misfortune that we cannot trace any of these engraved lists between 1729 and 1734, especially as in the latter edition No. 79 is *vacant*, the only one so situated out of 128 lodges. In the "Masonic Magazine" for February, 1874, I

\* The numbers are those of the 1729-39 numeration.

A List of the REGULAR LODGES as CONSTITUTED 'till MARCH 25 <sup>th</sup> 1725.		
	St Pauls Churchyard	every other Month from 2 <sup>d</sup> of April inclusive
	Knaves Acre	every other Wedn. from 2 <sup>d</sup> of April inclusive
	Brownlow Street Holborn	Fifth Wednesday in every Month
	Westminster	Third Fry day in every Month
	Ivy lane	every other Thurs. from 2 <sup>d</sup> of June inclusive
	Newgate street	First Monday in every Month
	Silver street	Second & Fourth Wednesday in every Month
	in the Strand	First Fry day in every Month

Printed for & sold by I. Pine, Engraver over against Little Brittain end in Aldersgate Street.

# SERJEANT & COMPANY,

IMPORTERS OF

2/-

PER LB.

## THE FINEST INDIA & CHINA

### TEAS.

2/6

PER LB.

1, COVENTRY ST., LONDON, W.

gave a list of lodges for 1730, and another in the "Voice of Masonry," of Chicago, U.S.A., for August, 1876 (Dr. Rawlinson's MS. 1733), both of which were doubtless based on engraved Lists which are now missing. In the latter, 79 is also vacant, and likewise in the "Pocket Companion" for 1735, London. Another P.C. was published in Dublin 1735, and in that work the space is filled in by "The Hoop in Water-street, in Philadelphia. 1st Monday." I gave a full description of this most important entry in the "Voice of Masonry," and in the grand volume published by the Library Committee Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, 1877 (Bro. C. E. Meyer, Chairman). Bro. Clifford P. MacCalla has also ably examined the question in the pages of the *Keystone*—so well in fact, that there is nothing more for me to add. My belief is, that one or more of the engraved Lists between 1729 and 1733, contained the register of No. 79, Philadelphia, of 1730-1, which lodge was subsequently erased because the warrant was not required, and that it was one of such Lists that the compiler of the "Pocket Companion" saw, hence his statement.

It is most desirable to trace the registers of 1730-32, but so far, all our efforts have proved unavailing. The Engraved List for 1735 is missing, but 1736 and 1738 are in the Grand Lodge, and I saw 1737 sold at the "Spencer Sale" of 1875, but do not remember the purchaser.\* (It was a trio, 1736-8.) These are by Pine, and dedicated to the Earl of Loudoun, Viscount Darnley, and the Marquis of Carnarvon respectively, Grand Masters for the time being. 1736 has 126 "Boston in New England," and 139 "Savannah in ye Province of Georgia." In 1737-8 No. 2 is vacant. The last number in 1738 is 171 of the 28th March. (The last in 1737 being 163 for 21st Sept.) The plate, bearing the design and dedication is used or reproduced in the "Book of Constitutions" for 1738, immediately before (or facing) the title, measuring 2 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches by 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ .

1739 List in the G. Lodge is dedicated to Lord Raymond, G.M., by Pine, who then hailed from "Old Bond-street, near Piccadilly," instead of the earlier address, as noted before. The lodges run to No. 185, and ends the numeration begun in or of 1729. 1740 in Grand Lodge begins a new (second) numeration, and is dedicated to the Earl of Kintore, G.M., the list, for the first time, being published by "Order of the Grand Officers." No. 3, of 1729 numeration appears as No. 2, in that of 1740, the other eleven vacancies being filled in by raising the numbers so that 1739 ending with 185, the latter became 173 in 1740; No. 126, Boston, becoming 110, and 139 Savannah, appearing as 124. 1741, dedicated to the Earl of Morton (all from 1725 being engraved by Pine) runs on to No. 189 of April 14th. The next so far discovered is 1744 also in the G. Lodge, and is engraved by Eman. Bowen, of "Bartlet-street, near St. John's-gate, Clerkenwell;" the arms of the Earl of Strathmore, G.M., being given. The following year bears the name of "Benjamin Cole, engraver and copper-plate printer, ye corner of King's Head Court, Holborn, and "The Right Hon. James Cranstoun, Lord Cranstoun, Grand Master A.D. 1745, A.L. 5745;" the last lodge, No. 196, having been issued to "Hamburgh, Sept. 24, 1743." But few lodges were warranted at this period, the number in 1741 being only seven less than in 1745. Another blank in the series occurs from this year, there being none until 1750 and 1751 (each having the date 1750 on title page!), and bearing the arms of Lord Byron, G.M., the youngest lodge being numbered 212. In the earlier edition, the lodges run from 1 to 143, but really to 202, the engraver having made an error in the

\* There were also sold on the same day Cole's Engraved Lists, 1764, 1766, 1767, 1770, and 1778. I understood they were purchased for Bro. E. T. Carson.

numeration. Then follow 1752, 1753, 1754, and 1755, all being in the Grand Lodge (and not elsewhere), two bearing the arms of the Baron Carysfort, and the later two, those of the Marquis of Carnarvon, the issue of 1754 beginning the use of a new plate of the design, &c. The year 1752 ends with 212, and that of 1755 with 269.

The third numeration began in 1756, and was continued to the year 1769. One List of 1756 is in the Grand Lodge of England, and another is in the fine library of the Grand Lodge of New York. The design or drawing ends with 1766, after which year the arms only of the Grand Master for the time being appear on the page. From 1756 to the last issued in 1778, the Lists are published "by order of the Grand Master." The last of 1755, viz., 269, became 190, as it was not in its proper place before; 268 had been removed from the Roll; 267 became 189, not having been rightly numbered in 1754-5, but 265 was correctly renumbered 202, according to its previous position, 270 (not in 1755, but chartered during that year) becoming 204, thus no less than 66 vacancies had been created 1740-55. No List is known for 1759.

The Marquis of Carnarvon, 1756; Lord Aberdour, 1757-9, 1760-1-2; Earl Ferrers, 1763; Lord Blaney, 1764-5-6; Duke of Beaufort, 1767-8-9; were the Grand Masters duly complimented by the engravers, Benjamin Cole in 1756-67 and William Cole 1766, who continued as engraver to the end of the series, 1778.

Bro. George Taylor, originator of the great Masonic Exhibition, Worcester, 1884, has a List of 1763, which is a later issue than that of the Grand Lodge, the latter running to 294, and the former to 304 lodges. He has also one for 1766, with 380 lodges, that of the Grand Lodge having only 351 lodges by William and Benjamin Cole respectively; 1764 is in the Royal Cumberland Lodge, No. 41, Bath, a gift from my dear friend Dr. Henry Hopkins, deceased, and there is another for same year in our Grand Lodge, these having 313 and 318 lodges respectively. The "Pythagoras" Lodge, Brooklyn, N.Y., has also one in its valuable library. There seem to have been two rival editions published in 1767, by B. Cole, one having a new and additional plate with 386 (really 387) as the last numbered lodge. The only copy known of this edition is in the Grand Lodge. The other is owned by Dr. Bell, a Masonic veteran, and D. Prov. G.M. of N. and E. Yorkshire. His copy has the No. 381 (really 382) to the youngest lodge.

Another enthusiastic Masonic student, Bro. William Watson, of Leeds, Yorkshire, has a copy of 1767, with 391 lodges; the Grand Lodge copy having 405 lodges, and my lamented friend, Robert F. Bower, had a third, now in the library of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, under the care of my esteemed friend, Grand Secretary Parvin. I should like to know how many lodges are engraved in that copy, which that famous collection has lately received through the purchase of the "Bower Masonic Library." These three are by William Cole, who was the authorised engraver from 1766.

The fourth numeration began in 1770, and is to be found first of all in the *Calendar or List* for that year. I only know of four of these, one being in the Grand Lodge, with 402 lodges, another is in the library of Bro. E. T. Carson (of Ohio,) the prince of Masonic collectors, the third is in the possession of Bro. J. E. Le Feuvre, the esteemed D. Prov. G.M. of Hants, &c., with 406 lodges, and the fourth is in the splendid collection formed by Bro. George Taylor, also with 406 lodges. The arms of the Duke of Beaufort are duly portrayed. The engraved "signs" ended in 1769, the new régime introducing a list of Grand Officers, Prov. Grand Masters, &c. The last number of 1769 was 458,

# W. MORLEY AND COMPANY,

Wholesale, Retail & Export Music Publishers,

127, REGENT STREET, W. (30 Doors North of St. James's Hall.)

(TELEPHONE, 3900.

ESTABLISHED 1816).

PUBLISHERS OF THE FOLLOWING NEW SONGS—

Pinsuti's "Many a Mile Away;" Pinsuti's "Laddie;" Behrend's "Fairy Tales;" Behrend's "Surely;" Behrend's "Unseen;" Berthold Tours' "Pilgrim Lane;" F. N. Lohr's "Granny's Christmas;" Barri's "The Old Brigade."

Post Free, 24 Stamps each. Of all Music-sellers in the World.

which, becoming 393 in 1770, proves that there were 65 vacancies to fill up. The only copy of 1771 is in the Grand Lodge, numbered 1 to 414, having been presented to the Library by the "York" Lodge, No. 236. Of 1772 to 1776,—all under the genial rule of Lord Petre as G.M.—1772-3 are in the Grand Lodge, one of the two of 1773 having lodges to No. 448, and the other to No. 460; the only copy of 1774 is in the library of Grand Lodge of Iowa (before mentioned), 1775 is in the Grand Lodge, and of the two for 1776, one, owned by Bro. Geo. Taylor (presented by the Yorkshire Masonic historian, Bro. Riley), runs to 494 lodges, and the later one, in archives of Grand Lodge, contains 496 lodges. Of 1777 there are two editions; one in the Grand Lodge, numbering 504, and the other in the G.L. of Iowa, 509 lodges, respectively. Of 1778, *the last of the interesting and valuable series*, there are two in the Grand Lodge (with lodges to No. 510), and another in Bro. Taylor's Masonic Library, by far the finest of its kind in England.

Many of these lists in part will be found in Bro. Gould's "Four Old Lodges." To Bro. Gould we, as Masonic students, owe very much indeed, and especially for the history of the Craft now publishing. There are, however, very many peculiarities, alterations, and curious particulars to be found scattered over these lists from 1723 to 1778, and also in the Calendars from 1775, which are not to be found in any single work. My good friend, Bro. John Lane, of Torquay, has determined to compile a volume, to contain particulars of *all* the lodges ever warranted by the Grand Lodge of England, with *all* their places of meeting, numbers, &c., in *all parts of the world*. It is an enormous work to accomplish, but he is able to do it, for he has examined nearly all the known Lists, Calendars, &c., consulted all Lodge Histories, and other possible sources of information; so that when completed, his "Masonic Records," to English and American Freemasons, will simply be invaluable.

I shall be grateful for particulars of any other engraved Lists, and especially of any Calendars of the "Atholl" Masons prior to 1804, so that Bro. Lane may be put in possession of all needful information, and that we may know of their location and character.

### Told by a Lodge Register.

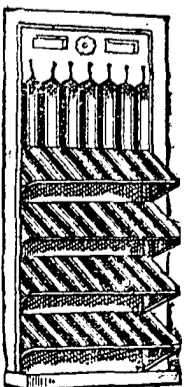
**I**t is a truism, no doubt, but at the same time it is a truism that will bear repetition, that, at the festive season of Christmas and New Year, when families and sets or circles of friends and acquaintances come together for purposes of social enjoyment, one occasionally meets with strange people. I do not mean when I apply this epithet to them that they are necessarily eccentric—what are commonly spoken of as "characters." What I mean is that at other times, and often for long intervals of time, they seem to pass entirely out of the world's knowledge as regards their whereabouts and their belongings. They turn up suddenly, it may be with annual regularity, or but once in a decade or so. They seem to know every one, though every one perhaps cannot quite reciprocate the compliment. They are quite at home with whom they meet, and enter into the spirit of what is passing around them as if they had never been elsewhere for more than the preceding twenty-four hours. It oozes out in a mysterious kind of way, or one gathers from the tenour of their conversation that they

are busy people in that unknown elsewhere they have momentarily quitted; and they generally appear to know a good deal about everything and everybody, though whence or how they came by their knowledge passeth all ordinary comprehension. At all events, their presence is generally welcome. They have in them a fund of entertainment, and to use a colloquial phrase, they are mostly "good form," especially if they are travelled people, and have seen and observed life under a variety of phases.

It was just such a man as this I had the good fortune to meet one recent Christmastide under the hospitable roof of an old friend of mine. He turned up late one night quite unexpectedly just as every one was about retiring to rest. Next morning he and I met at the breakfast-table, and it soon transpiring that there was a common bond of interest between us, we became fast friends there and then, and have remained so ever since. He had not been at my friend's house for some six or seven years, his previous visit happening just when I had left College and was on a foreign tour, so that though I had often heard of him, we had never personally come together. He was of good family, a man of culture and taste, and in the course of his wanderings, had visited most civilised and a good many uncivilised countries. He was a fine fellow, and, need I add, a general favourite everywhere. We concluded our visit the same day, and, journeying to town by the same train, we soon found ourselves deep in conversation on the subject of that mysterious bond of interest I have referred to. In short, we fell to talking about Masonry, and as I was a young enthusiast in the Royal Art, while he had been—and, indeed, still was—a big gun, not only in his mother lodge and the province to which it belonged, but likewise in sundry of the most distinguished London lodges, I had no difficulty in eliciting from him, not exactly a full and particular account of the men who had been or were still members of his lodge at Oxford, but just such a passing mention of them and the services they had rendered, or the honours they had won, as might, he laughingly remarked, be "Told by the Lodge Register" itself. Nor was his record confined to his own personal experiences. The traditions of men as well as of things cling tenaciously about our Universities. In fact, a man who achieved anything like notoriety in his day must have lived at some very remote period, if the traditions of his influence have passed entirely away. The Don of to-day may have pulled bow in his college eight in the year when Chitty stroked the Dark Blues victoriously past the Ship at Mortlake; the middle-aged Don of Chitty's time was perhaps about giving his first "wine" when Pusey and Newman and other leaders of thought were in their early prime, and they, too, must have known old Dr. Routh of Magdalen, whose appearance on the scene of academic Oxford was even then a memory of some distant period. Thus my new-made friend had no difficulty in carrying his story back to the days when his lodge had no existence, and the men who founded it had only the recollections and traditions of an earlier University Lodge to comfort them in the absence of any Masonic home of their own—though it must be allowed the welcome they received in the extra-University Lodge went a long way towards mitigating any inconvenience they may have suffered from this default. But let his story speak for itself. It will suffer no doubt, as all tales must do that are told second-hand, by the process of reproduction. Some of the more salient features will probably have lost much of their sharpness, nor can I hope to make amends by giving more than a part of the pleasant commentary with which it was interspersed. But whatever the guise in which it may present itself, this brief sketch of the Apollo University Lodge of Oxford, though derived only from its roll of members, will be found almost incomparable among those of

WEST LONDON WINDOW BLIND MANUFACTORY.

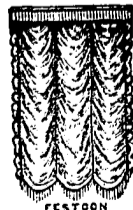
**G. A. WILLIAMS & SON,**  
Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.



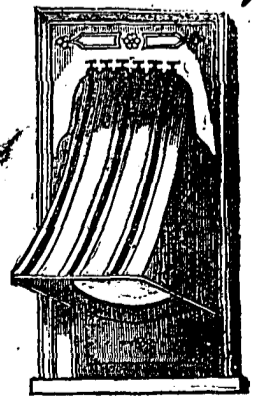
HELIOSCENE.



VENETIAN



FESTOON



FLORENTINE.

**INSIDE & OUTSIDE BLINDS.**

SPECIALITIES—FESTOON BLINDS IN SILKS AND SATTEEN.

The INVISIBLE SUN BLIND, unseen when not in use.

The UNIVERSAL SUN BLIND, inexpensive and simple.

IF WANTING, PLEASE SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICES.



the private lodges in this or any other Masonic jurisdiction. There may be other lodges that have exercised as wide-spread an influence on the fortunes of the Craft, but there are none that have exercised a wider or more beneficial influence on, or done more to give tone and character to, our English system. But to the story, which for convenience sake, I have broken up into a series of Decades, and which, for the same reason, I shall relate in my own fashion.

## FIRST DECADE.

I have already suggested that, in a body corporate like the University of Oxford, which, while it is always being recruited from the youth of the country, clings with a tenacity that can hardly be realised by the outside world, to the sacred memories of the past, there is little, if any, difficulty in connecting the present with generations that have long since gone to their rest. The suggestion certainly applies to the Apollo Lodge. There is, indeed, one brother (the Rev. Sir J. Warren Hayes) still living who obtained his earliest insight into our mysteries in this lodge in the year 1819, when it could boast of an existence of a few months only, and it was but the other day that there was recorded in the columns of the *Freemason* the death of another the late Bro. the Earl of Shaftesbury, who was likewise among the earliest initiates of the Apollo. The first Master of the lodge, in whose time these distinguished Craftsmen were made Masons—if, indeed, they were not so made by him personally—was a Bro. John Ireland, who in 1814 had been founder and first W.M. of the present Alfred Lodge, No. 340, Oxford—the first that was constituted by the “United” Grand Lodge of England—and what is more to the point, had in 1780 served the office of W.M. in the “Constitution” or “Constitutional” Lodge of Oxford, which was warranted by the Duke of Beaufort, the then Grand Master, on 17th March, 1770, or only a few months after the same Grand Master had issued his warrant for the “Lodge of Alfred in the University of Oxford,” dated the 2nd December, 1769. Among the contemporaries of this Bro. John Ireland was a Bro. the Rev. R. Holmes, who had preceded him in the chair of Constitution Lodge by some four years. This Rev. Bro. Holmes had been its Master in the years 1775 and 1776, and in 1778 was W.M. of the old University Alfred Lodge. Both these lodges—the earlier Alfred and the Constitution—had ceased working in 1792, when the last re-numbering of the “Modern” lodges before the Union took place, but their members did not close their connection with the Craft. One of them at all events survived to some purpose, and Bro. John Ireland, the W.M. of Constitution Lodge in 1780, a contemporary of and in all probability a frequent visitor at the Alfred University Lodge in Oxford of 1769 creation, lived to become, in 1819, the first W.M. of the present Apollo University Lodge. But this is not all. As I have noted above, the present Bro. Rev. Sir J. Warren Hayes, Bart., G. Chaplain of England in 1844-6, was among the initiates of 1819—Bro. Ireland’s first year as W.M. of the Apollo. Here then there is established a close connection between the past and present Oxford University Lodges—the lodge of 1769-83 and that of 1819-85, and the fact, though it does not help to elucidate the history of the latter, is at least worth noting. Those who would certify themselves more distinctly of its reality will do well to consult the brief sketch of “Freemasonry in Oxfordshire,” by Bro. E. L. Hawkins, Past G. Registrar (present G. Sec.) of the province.

It is not difficult to imagine that a lodge which started on its career under the auspices of a veteran P.M. like Bro. John Ireland, with a second P.M. (of the present Alfred Lodge) in the person of Bro. George Hitchings, as S.W., and other brethren of position, as Bro. Daniel (afterwards Sir Daniel) Keyte Sand-

ford, of Christ Church, Sir C. Macdonald Lockhart, Bart., of Brasenose, Bro. W. J. St. Aubyn, and others, would stand a fair chance of carving out for itself a bright and prosperous future, but the point can never have been in doubt for one moment. By the close of its first year the roll of members was 38 strong, among them being a still surviving brother—Sir J. W. Hayes—the late Bro. the Rev. J. Chaloner Ogle, P.G.M. Northumberland, 1844, the late Marquis of Cholmondeley, the first Earl of Ellesmere, the 11th Earl of Home, the recently-deceased Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G., and the Viscount Templetown. Twenty-four names were added to the list in 1820, and of these may be mentioned Sir Alexander Malet, lately H.B.M.’s Minister Plenipotentiary to the old German Diet at Frankfurt, and father of Sir E. B. Malet, our Ambassador at Berlin, and Sir E. R. Borough, Bart., Past D.G.M. of Ireland, both happily surviving; the late Bro. John Fawcett, for three-and-twenty years the respected chief of our brethren in Durham; George, 8th Duke of Leeds; Randolph, 9th Earl of Galloway; James Adey Ogle, W.M. in 1822-3, Regius Professor of Medicine in 1851; and the late Rev. C. J. Ridley, five times W.M. of the lodge and P.G.M. Oxfordshire, 1844-54, than whom it is difficult to picture a brother who rendered more sterling service to his lodge, his province, and the Craft generally, or one who was more beloved and respected. The name of Ridley is a memory of past days, of the lodge in its infancy and in its prime, but it is one of those memories, that the older they grow, the more sacred they become, and while Freemasonry exists in Oxfordshire, that name will ever be remembered with reverence.

Among the initiates of the year 1821 were included three who in after life distinguished themselves as clergymen of the Anglican Church, namely, Bro. J. G. Trevor Spencer, of University College, afterwards Lord Bishop of Madras; Alexander Nicoll, of Balliol, sometime Regius Professor of Hebrew, and John Sandford, also of Balliol, afterwards Archdeacon of Coventry, and Bampton Lecturer for 1861. In 1822 was initiated Bro. John Crichton, of Trinity, afterwards third Earl of Erne, and Knight of St. Patrick, who died but a few months since, and whose successor in the Knightly Order was invested a week or two ago at the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, by the Earl of Carnarvon, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Pro Grand Master of England. Prominent amongst the men of 1823, we find the late Bro. John Huyshe, of Brasenose, whose name for many years, and till quite recently, was a tower of strength among the Devon Masons. Rev. Bro. Huyshe was for a time Deputy, and from 1866 to 1879, Grand Master of that flourishing province, which owes so much of its success to his kindly government, and has done so much in the way of establishing Huyshe memorials to perpetuate the name and fame of one who in his time, as a Mason, played many parts and played them to perfection. The names of other worthy brethren figure on the Register for the same year. Bro. J. G. Venables Vernon, of Christ Church, afterwards fifth Lord Vernon; the late Lord Athlumney, at the time of his initiation William Meredyth Somerville, of Christ Church, and in later years Chief Secretary for Ireland under Lord John Russell’s administration, 1847-52; Sir Jervoise Clerk Jervoise, of Corpus, afterwards, in 1859, M.P. for South Hants; and the Hon. William Brabazon of Christ Church, the 11th and present Earl of Meath. In 1825 was elected as an Honorary Member Bro. W. Thompson, who was six times chosen as W.M. of the Alfred Lodge, No. 340, Oxford. Among the initiates of 1826 were Lord Augustus Fitz-Clarence, of Brasenose; Francis Fulford, of Exeter, afterwards Bro. the Rev. F. Fulford, D.D., Lord Bishop of Montreal; W. Forbes Mackenzie, of Brasenose; and the Hon.

## CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR PRESENTS.

## LUND AND BLOCKLEY

(Late *VINER*, Established 1801), Telephone No. 3604,

## WATCH AND CLOCK MANUFACTURERS

To Her Majesty the Queen, The Royal Family, The Imperial Family of Russia, The Indian and Colonial Governments, The War Office, The Admiralty, The Royal Geographical Society, &c.

Beg respectfully to invite their numerous Friends, Customers, and the General Public, to inspect their CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR STOCK, comprising **WATCHES AND CLOCKS**, of every description at Very Low Prices, which they are glad to state will compare very closely with “The Stores” Catalogue.

English and Geneva Watches of all Descriptions, Plain, Chased, or Enamelled, at all Prices, suitable for Presentation to Ladies or Gentlemen.

Chiming Quarter Clocks for Halls, and Clocks for Dining or Drawing Rooms, Boudoirs, Offices, &c.

**FANCY CLOCKS** in Great Variety, at Very Low Prices, suitable for CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR PRESENTS.

42, **PALL MALL, LONDON** (Opposite the War Office); Indian Branch, Rampart Row, Bombay.

Orders sent by Post, accompanied by Remittances, will have Prompt attention

H. Fitzroy of Magdalen, both of whom some few years later entered upon an active political career, the former as M.P. for Peebleshire, and subsequently author of the well-known Forbes Mackenzie Act, and the latter as M.P. for Lewes, Under Secretary of State for the Home Department, 1852-55, and in that capacity author of the Fitzroy Act for the regulation of Hackney Carriages, one passing effect of which was the memorable Cab Strike in the Metropolis, when for some three days not a Hansom or a "Growler" could be hired for love or money. The Venerable Richard Lane Freer, Archdeacon of Hereford, and for many years Deputy Provincial Grand Master of Herefordshire, was also initiated the same year. In the 1827 list are Bro. Francis Knyvett Leighton, of Magdalen, and Bro. Walter Bishop Mant, of Oriol, both of whom took holy orders, and became, the former, Warden of All Souls in 1858, and Vice Chancellor of Oxford 1866, while the latter was afterwards Archdeacon of Down, and Prov. G. Master of Down under the Grand Lodge of Ireland. In the closing year of the First Decade were initiated Bro. Frederick John, 5th Lord Monson, and Prov. G. Master of Surrey, 1836-47; William, 2nd Earl of Craven; and Bro. Lord William Russell, of Christ Church, afterwards 8th Duke of Bedford, the last name on the register being that of Bro. the Hon. A. G. F. Jocelyn, of Oriol, one of the Roden family.

#### SECOND DECADE.

I cannot promise there shall be much variety in this chronicle. There is little scope here for enlarging on the virtues, public, private, and Masonic, of the many distinguished Craftsmen who figure in it, one, and that an all-sufficient, reason being that even the Masonic Press are unable to insert a long article in the space allotted to a short one. But if there is more than a mere suggestion of sameness in the several sections of the record, there is this to be said in extenuation or palliation, that such passing remarks as I may be able to find space for tend all of them and of necessity in one direction. Every page of the Register, as I turn it over, contains the names of men who have won for themselves a place in the world's history—some as Masons, some as statesmen or members of the civil and military services, and others in more contracted, but in their way equally beneficial, spheres of labour. Thus in 1830, the second year of this Second Decade, I light, almost at the very outset, on the name of the late Sir Fred. G. Johnstone, Bart., of Christ Church, who two years later entered Parliament as M.P. for Weymouth, and who at his death was succeeded by his infant son the present Sir Fred. J. W. Johnstone, also an initiate in this lodge and M.P. for Weymouth in the last and preceding Parliament. The name immediately following is that of the late Bro. Walter Kerr Hamilton, who in 1854 was consecrated Bishop of Salisbury, and then come the names of Bro. Lord Boscawen, of Christ Church, afterwards 2nd Earl of Falmouth; Bro. W. W. Champneys, of Brasenose, later the Rev. Canon Champneys, of St. Paul's; Bro. T. Dyke Acland, now Sir T. Dyke Acland, Bart., Fellow of All Souls, M.P. West Somerset 1837-47, for North Devon 1865-85, and now M.P. for the Wellington Division of Somersetshire; the late Duke, then Marquis, of Abercorn, K.G., twice Lord Lieutenant and, from 1875, till his death, a short while since, Grand Master of Ireland; the late Bro. Algernon Perkins, of Oriol, G.J. Warden of England in 1860, and Treasurer of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys from 1869 till his death in 1873; and the present Lord de Tabley, of Christ Church, who was G.S. Warden in 1859, and in 1865 succeeded the late Viscount Combermere, one of the Great Duke of Wellington's lieutenants in the Peninsular campaign and hero of Bhurtpore, as Provincial Grand Master of Cheshire. The year

following was quite as fortunate, the newly-made Masons in the Apollo including Bro. George Rushout, of Christ Church, 3rd and present Lord Northwick; the late Bro. R. Gardiner Alston, of Christ Church, W.M. of the lodge in 1835, G.J. Warden in 1845, and an active and zealous supporter of the Boys' School and our other Institutions; the late Viscount, then the Hon. Charles John Canning, afterwards H.M. Postmaster-General, 1854, who in 1855 was appointed Governor-General of India by the Hon. East India Company, held that exalted office during the terrible times of the Mutiny, and on the transfer to the Crown of the Government of that great dependency became the first Viceroy under the new régime; Lord Charles, afterwards the Rev. Lord Charles Thynne, Canon of Canterbury; the late Sir W. W. Knighton, Bart., who died recently and in his prime, was the confidential adviser of His Majesty George IV., Grand Patron of our Order; and the late Bro. Hon. E. Vernon Harbord, 4th Lord Suffield, and like the present peer of that style and title, P.G. Master of Norfolk. The initiates of the memorable Reform Year of 1832 include Bro. W. E. Jelf, author of a learned and elaborate Grammar of the Greek language, Master of the Schools in 1839, Public Examiner in 1840, 1841, 1855, and 1856, Proctor in 1843, and Moderator in 1862 and 1863; the Marquis of Douglas, 10th and late Duke of Hamilton; the Marquis of Waterford, the popular Master of Hounds; the Earl of Lincoln, afterwards 5th Duke of Newcastle, who was successively Colonial and War Secretary, and Prov. Grand Master Notts in succession to the late Colonel Wildman, from 1860 till his death in 1865; Viscount Folkestone, present and 4th Earl of Radnor; the Hon. W. N. Ridley Colborne, M.P. for Richmond (Yorkshire), in 1841, and G.S. Warden of England in 1844; and Lord Loftus, subsequently 3rd Marquis of Ely. In 1833 were initiated the 2nd and present Earl Granville, then Lord Leveson-Gower, K.G., lately Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs under Mr. Gladstone's Ministry; the late T. P. Halsey, M.P., Hertfordshire, 1846; and Viscount Sherbrooke, then Robert Lowe, of University College, M.P. for Kidderminster in 1852, for Colne, 1859, and University of London, in 1868, and Chancellor of the Exchequer in Mr. Gladstone's Administration of 1868. In 1835 was initiated the late Sir John Simeon, P.G.M. Isle of Wight, 1848-52; in 1837 the late Sir W. R. Seymour Fitzgerald, G.C.S.I., Governor of Bombay, 1866; and in 1838, the late Hon. Sir A. F. O. Liddell, of Christ Church, Fellow of All Souls, and for many years prior to his death early in the present year, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department; Sir R. W. C. Brownrigg, Bart., Christ Church; the Hon. R. S. Carew, 2nd and late Lord Carew; and the Hon. J. F. Leveson-Gower, of Christ Church, a younger brother of Earl Granville.

#### THIRD DECADE.

In my frequent researches among Masonic records I have been struck by the numerous instances of families in which Masonry seems—to use a familiar expression—to run in the blood. Our Royal Family is a case in point, and a very conspicuous one too. Another is the Dukes of Atholl, the third and fourth of whom were successively Grand Masters of the "Ancients" in England, and Grand Masters of Scotland, while the sixth was Grand Master of Scotland, 1843-63, and the seventh, and present Duke, is Prov. Grand Master of West Perthshire. A third case is that of the Fitzgeralds, Dukes of Leinster, in Ireland, of whom the second was Grand Master in that country for the first time in 1771, when he was known only by the courtesy title of Marquis of Kildare, and again in 1778, while Augustus, third Duke of Leinster, was Grand Master of

## THE "HALL" TYPE-WRITER.

The following Testimonial, among many others, have been received:

FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE GRAND DUKE OF BADEN.

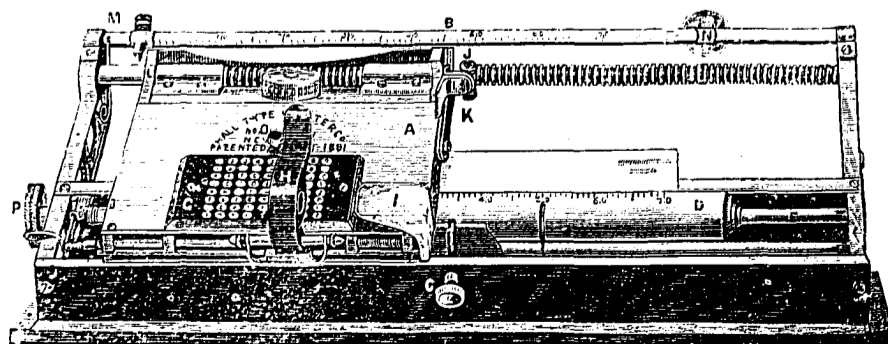
[Translated.]

Extract from a letter received from Herr Präsident, E. REGNAUER, General-Intendant, der Civilisten of H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Baden.

"Karlsruhe, 21st Feb., 1885.

"His Royal Highness wishes you to know that the Type-Writer arrived in excellent condition, and that all expectations as regards its qualifications have been far surpassed. H.R.H. the Grand Duke considers the 'Hall' Type-Writer to be one of the best and most practical typewriting machines that have been brought to his notice.

"REGNAUER."



FROM LADY HOPE.

"Feltwell, Brandon,  
"August 19th, 1884.

"Lady Hope is quite delighted with the Type-writer, and thinks that it works most beautifully."

And later, when writing to a friend:  
"I have delayed thanking you for the kind trouble you have taken for me in helping me to get this charming little machine, until I could tell you of its thorough success. This I can now do, I am happy to say."

PRICE £8 8s.

Weight in case, 7lbs.

The only Portable and Complete Writing Machine extant.  
Enique in its simplicity.

THE ABOVE CUT IS EXACTLY ONE-FIFTH, IN LENGTH AND WIDTH, OF THE MACHINE, STANDARD SIZE. PROSPECTUSES, TESTIMONIALS, AND ALL PARTICULARS POST FREE FROM

WITHERBY & CO., 325a, High Holborn, W.C., and 74, Cornhill, E.C., London.

Ireland for the exceptionally long period of 61 years—from 1813 to 1874. The latter's son, now fourth Duke of Leinster, was initiated in the Apollo Lodge, in 1839, so that this distinguished family has been uninterruptedly connected with our Fraternity for 115 years—a long record, and one of which it would be difficult to say which has the greater reason to be proud, the society which has drawn into its fold such eminent personages, or the family which has been so honoured by the society.

In 1842 appears the name of the late Sir Stephen Cave, then plain Stephen Cave, of Balliol, who graduated the year following with 2nd class Classical honours, and some years afterwards played a prominent part in the political world, being elected M.P. for Shoreham in 1859, and sworn a Privy Councillor in 1866. Among the initiates of 1843 is, firstly, the Rev. H. Reynolds, of Jesus, who, between 1830 and 1858, was several times Mathematical Examiner, and in 1835 Proctor, while just a little lower down on the roll are the names of John, Marquis of Blandford, sixth and late Duke of Marlborough, K.G., who during the latter years of the Earl of Beaconsfield's ministry won golden opinions as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and George, Viscount Seaham, afterwards 2nd Earl Vane, and 5th Marquis of Londonderry, K.P., who, as Prov. Grand Master of Durham, 1880-4, was universally respected throughout his province. To yet another initiate of this year—Bro. Stephen Burstall of University College—belongs the now unusual honour of having been elected Master of the lodge three years in succession—1847-8-9—the further and still greater honour being conferred upon him in 1849 of being appointed Deputy to Bro. C. J. Ridley, P.G. Master. The present Lord Wolverton, then George Grenfell Glyn, of University College, was initiated in 1844, as likewise was Bro. H. B. Tristram, of Lincoln, now the Rev. H. B. Tristram, D.D., Canon of Durham, P.G. Chaplain of England, D.P.G.M. of Durham, and Prov. G. Mark Master of Northumberland and Durham since 1873, than whom it would be difficult to mention a brother who is more attached to the Craft, and has had greater experience in working or is more capable of expounding its deeper mysteries. The late Bro. W. E. Beadon, whose name and fame are preserved to us in the Beadon Lodge, No. 619, Dulwich, G. Junior Warden of England, 1849, and of St. John's College, Cambridge, became a joining member the same year; and not long afterwards, Bro. M. H. N. Storey-Maskelyne, of Wadhams, one of the most distinguished of British Mineralogists, and a member of the last and present House of Commons, was initiated. In 1846, two of our Past Grand Chaplains, Bros. Rev. W. K. R. Bedford, of Brasenose, and John Sedgwick, D.D., Magdalen, obtained their first insight into our mysteries; and in 1847, Bro. Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart., a P.G.S. Warden, ex M.P., and successor to the late Marquis of Londonderry, K.P., as P.G.M. of Durham; and Bro. Rev. W. H. Lyall, of Christ Church, who took a leading part in the revival of that ancient and distinguished lodge, the Westminster and Keystone, No. 10. But the closing year of the Decade—1848—appears to have been exceptionally fortunate, both as regards the number of initiates, of whom there were no less than 41, and the successes which many of them achieved either in Masonry, or in the work they devoted themselves to. Thus there are few brethren who have taken a more active part in the proceedings of our Society than Bro. the Rev. Canon Portal, one of the Grand Chaplains of England, a Past Grand Master of Mark Masons, and Grand Master of the Allied Degrees. Thirty years ago, in the stirring days of the great Canadian discussions, there was no more conspicuous, no more active Mason in Grand Lodge than he. His opinions may or may not have commended themselves to the majority of his

brother members, but they were sincerely held, and as courteously as they were earnestly enforced. Then, too, he had a leading share in that revival of the Westminster and Keystone Lodge, which has already been mentioned, and in which there were also engaged Bros. W. W. B. Beach, M.P., R. Augustus Benson, G. J. Drummond, Wyndham S. Portal, P.G.J.W.; Thomas Best, W. A. Tyssen-Amhurst, M.P., &c., all members of the Apollo, to whose happy initiative this Metropolitan lodge is undoubtedly indebted for its present high rank among our successful lodges. Mark Masonry, too, owes Bro. Portal a debt of gratitude for the able manner in which he has cultivated it, and the services he has rendered, both as Grand Master and as President of the General Board of the Mark Grand Lodge. Then among other initiates of 1848 who have won distinction are Bros. W. W. B. Beach, M.P., Sir E. A. H. Lechlere, Bart., M.P., and Maxwell C. Close, M.P. All three are men of senatorial rank, and all have attained the highest positions conferred on brethren in the provinces, Bro. Beach being P.G.M. of Hants and the Isle of Wight; Bro. Sir E. A. H. Lechlere, P.G.M. of Worcestershire; and Bro. Close, P.G.M. of Armagh, under the Irish Constitution. All three likewise have had conferred upon them high honours in the other branches of Freemasonry, Bro. Beach being a Past Grand Mark Master Mason; and Bro. Close, a Past Grand Secretary of Ireland, and a Grand Cross of the Templar Order. As regards Bro. Beach, I shall not be saying anything invidious if I rank him among the leading lights of the Apollo University Lodge. That position, indeed, was long since assigned him, when, at the close of one of his Masterships, the members of the lodge presented to him a handsome testimonial in recognition of his services to them and the Province of Oxfordshire generally. Nor must the name of Bro. Purey-Cust, of Brasenose, a former Fellow of All Souls and now Dean of York, Past G. Chaplain of England and Past D.P.G.M. of Berks and Bucks, be omitted; or that of the late Bro. G. Ward Hunt, of Christ Church; who, though he does not seem to have taken a very active part in Masonry—owing, no doubt, to the heavy demands on his time—was a leading member of the great political party to which he belonged, had once filled the responsible office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and died in harness whilst First Lord of the Admiralty. Bros. Purey-Cust and Hunt, the one a high Church dignitary, the other an important Minister of the State, are men whom any society—even the most exalted and most learned—must be proud to number in its ranks. While there is a succession of such recruits as these, the brightness of Apollo's laurels will never be dimmed.

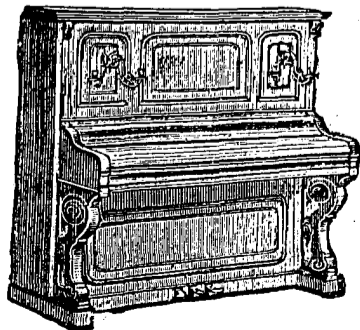
#### FOURTH DECADE.

In his brief sketch of "Freemasonry in Oxfordshire" Bro. E. L. Hawkins remarks that, "as in the case of the Alfred"—the senior Oxford lodge—"there is little to record," beyond "an unbroken career of prosperity." My friend, however, in narrating this story, points out that, while a career of prosperity may be unbroken, the degree of prosperity will often fluctuate very considerably. The reasons for this fluctuation may be not always patent, nor, when patent, do they turn out to be always of very material consequence. It is usually considered sufficient that a progress should be uninterrupted; its rate is little heeded. Yet there must have been one or several causes at work to have made the Apollo progress during this decade, almost by "leaps and bounds." I shall not, perhaps, be far out in my reckoning if I look upon the fact as no more than a fulfilment of the adage—that "Nothing succeeds like success." Freemasonry in Oxford University had gone on bravely thus far, and now it was to go on still more bravely. At any rate, it did go on so, and the year

## NATHANIEL BERRY'S Patent Steel Case Iron Frame Pianos.

This patent makes the Piano almost everlasting, and greatly improves the tone. Less glue is used in the making than in any other Piano.

Send for full Description and Price List.



Patented June 2nd, 1885. No. 6,673.

Nathaniel Berry is now applying his patent to Organs and Harmoniums.

The ordinary Piano from £10 to £50.

135, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

1849 began with a trio of initiates in Bros. Wyndham S. Portal, Claudius S. Paul—now Sir Claudius S. Paul—Hunter Bart, and the late Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, at the time Viscount Lugestree, the first of whom was appointed G.J. Warden in 1858, and, as we have before pointed out, helped materially to bring the Westminster and Keystone Lodge to its present distinction; while the latter was Prov. Grand Master of Staffordshire from 1871 to 1877, his genial government and the great interest he took in everything Masonic, but especially in all things relating to our Institutions, being a cherished memory of the whole English Craft. Indeed, about the last public act of his lordship, as a leader of Masons, was his presidency, at a moment's notice, at the Festival in 1877 of the Benevolent Institution, when a serious attack of illness prevented the late Duke of Albany from fulfilling a long-promised engagement to act as Chairman on the occasion. In 1850 we find another trio of newly-initiated brethren—E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen of Magdalen, a Privy Councillor, M.P. for Sandwich 1857-1880, and a past Under-Secretary of State, who, for his political services, was created a peer in 1880 by the style and title of Lord Brabourne; Sir James Fergusson, Bart., formerly M.P. for Ayrshire, successively Governor of South Australia, New Zealand, and Bombay, a member of the new House of Commons, and a Past Prov. G. Master of Ayrshire; and Octavius—now the Rev. Oct. Ogle, of Lincoln, Master of the Schools in 1881. In 1851 were initiated among many others the Hon. W. J. Harbord, of University College, now 5th Lord Suffield, K.C.B., one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, and Prov. G. Master of Norfolk; the late Rev. T. F. T. Ravenshaw, of Oriel, Grand Chaplain in 1868; Lieut.-Col. the Hon. W. G. Sackville-West, late of the Grenadier Guards, present G.J. Warden of England; the Rev. H. Adair Pickard, of Christ Church, thrice W.M. of Apollo, a Past G. Chaplain, and now Prov. G. Superintendent of Oxfordshire; the Hon. T. L. Powys, present and 4th Lord Lilford; and the Rev. W. F. Short, of New College, Fellow and Tutor of his College, Master of the Schools, 1865, Junior Proctor, 1869; and Grand Chaplain in 1870. Sir C. Rivers Wilson, K.C., M.G., Comptroller-General of the National Debt Office, and one of the ablest and most trusted members of the Civil Service; Col. A. W. Adair, formerly of the Coldstream Guards, P.P.G.M. Somersetshire, and now its Prov. G. Supt.; the Rev. John Robbins, D.D., of Christ Church, Grand Chaplain in 1884; and Reginald Bird, of Magdalen, who in 1873 acted as D.M. for the Prince of Wales, was G.S.D. in 1875, and since that year has held the office of D.P.G.M. Oxfordshire, and than whom it would be difficult to name an abler, more zealous, or more popular brother—these four were initiated in 1852. The year following witnessed the initiation of Viscount Fordwich, now Earl Cowper, K.G., a past Viceroy of Ireland; Henry, Earl of Lincoln, afterwards 6th Duke of Newcastle, who, like his father, the statesman, was for many years Prov. G. Master of Nottinghamshire; the Hon. W. J. B. Warren, G.J. Warden, 1876; and Hon. E. J. Monson, of Balliol, Fellow of All Souls, and now, and for some years past, a distinguished member of the diplomatic service. The Hon. Henry Wodehouse, another member of the same service, was initiated in 1854, as likewise were Bros. J. Humberford Arkwright, High Sheriff of Herefordshire in 1863; W. Kenneth Macrorie, of Brasenose, Bishop of Maritzburgh in 1878; the Rev. A. H. Faber, twice W.M., who, in 1862 was appointed Head Master of Malvern College; Alan, Lord Garlies, now Earl of Galloway; and the Hon. W. J. H. North, Master of the Churchill Lodge in 1865. The most distinguished of the 1855 initiates was the late Bro. Lieut.-Col. H. Atkins Bowyer, who, after a brief tenure of the office of D.P.G.M., was appointed P.G.M. of Oxfordshire, in succession to the late Rev. C. J.

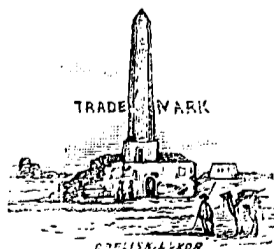
Ridley. During the sixteen years of his P.G.M.-ship, Bro. Bowyer worked indefatigably to promote the welfare of his province, and at his death in 1871, the feeling of regret among the brethren was universal. Among Bro. Bowyer's contemporaries were Bros. Henry, Lord Howard, eldest son of the Earl of Effingham; H. A. Tyssen-Amhurst, M.P., High Sheriff of Norfolk 1867; the present Lord Poltimore; Sir Thomas Brassey, K.C.B., M.P., lately Secretary to the Admiralty; and the Earl of Lisburne. As regards the remaining three years, so numerous is the array of members who have attained distinction in Masonry, or in the spheres of duty to which they have devoted themselves, that an enumeration of a few among them must be taken as a criterion of the merit of the whole body. It is not necessary, indeed, to do more than mention such brethren as the Rev. C. J. Martyn, P.G.C., who has seen service in Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, and Suffolk; Sir M. E. Hicks-Beach, Bart., M.P., the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the House of Commons, a Past G.S. Warden, and Prov. G. Master of Gloucestershire; Sir E. Baldwin Malet, Her Majesty's Ambassador to the Court of Berlin; the Earl of Lathom, Lord Chamberlain, D.G. M. of England, and Prov. G. Master of West Lancashire; the Earl of Carnarvon, Viceroy of Ireland, High Steward of the University of Oxford, Pro G. Master of England, and Prov. G.M. Somersetshire, who was initiated in the Westminster and Keystone Lodge in 1856, and joined the Apollo in 1857; T. M. Talbot, the late popular and respected P.G.M. of South Wales East; the new Duke of Abercorn, initiated as Viscount, and afterwards Marquis of, Hamilton; Victor A. Williamson, G.J.W. 1865; Sir B. Leighton, Bart.; the Rev. T. Cochrane and the Rev. W. Oswald Thompson, both Past G. Chaplains; and Lieut.-Col. T. B. Shaw-Hellier, of the 4th Dragoon Guards. A list like this, which might have been greatly extended, needs no herald to make known its claims to universal respect.

## FIFTH DECADE.

Those who are in the habit of associating Freemasonry with all kinds of evil plans for the subversion of law, order, and religion, must have their faith somewhat rudely shaken when they find year after year so many of the cultured youth of our foremost University eager to enrol themselves among the members of that society. Men do not gather corn from thistles, but neither do they gather thistles from corn, and if we would unearth from their dens the secret conspirators against the State, we must look elsewhere than among the *élite* of Oxford society. The Guy Fawkeses and dynamitards of our day are not the hirelings of the class of men of whom I have named so many, and shall have occasion to name so many more. We have met with statesmen like Lords Granville and Carnarvon, functionaries of State like the Earl of Lathom, diplomatists like Sir A. and Sir E. B. Malet, philanthropists like the Earl of Shaftesbury, divines and scholarly men without number, and quiet country gentlemen, but no conspirators. Nor do any such disfigure the register of this or subsequent Decades. Bro. Sir Fred. J. W. Johnstone, Bart., like his father before him, was an initiate of the Apollo University of the year 1859, and is a staunch upholder of our great national sports, but if he explodes it is in a little fit of vexation when he loses a race or an election. To the same year belong Sir J. R. Bailey, Bart., for some years M.P. for Herefordshire, and Grand Master of that province since 1880; the Earl of Dunraven, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Bro. H. A. Brassey, ex-M.P. for Sandwich, and brother of Sir Thomas Brassey, the Member of Hastings. Among the 1860 men are Bro. W. B. Woodgate, a great authority on "Oars and Sculls," and in his Oxford days one of the 'Varsity Eight and

## CIGARETTES.

## LUXOR BRANDS.



	Special Extra Quality	First Quality.	Second Quality.
No. 1	NOURMAHALS	MOLLAHS	HAKIMS
No. 2	CALIPHS	PERIS (EXTRA)	SHEIKS
No. 3	HOURIS (EXTRA)	PERIS	
No. 4	HOURIS		

The Prices of the above Brands, having regard to Quality and Size, defy Competition.

PREPARED BY

**THE ALEXANDRIA CIGARETTE CO. Limited,**  
London Address—63 & 64, NEW BROAD ST., E.C.

SOLD BY TOBACCONISTS THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM.

President of the O.U.B.C.; the Earl of Mar and Kellie, Past G. Master Mason of Scotland; and Bro. Blandy-Jenkins, twice W.M. of the Abbey Lodge, No. 945, Abingdon, a Past P.G. S.W. of Berks and Bucks, and High Sheriff of Berks in 1866. Bro. T. F. Halsey, M.P., who has so ably governed the little Province of Herts as its P.G.M. since 1873, heads the list of 1861 initiates, and among his contemporaries were the late Bro. H. Slute, a joining member of the lodge, and P.G.M. of Bristol, 1845-66; W. E. Gumbleton, P.G.D. of England; the Rev. A. B. O. Wilberforce, one of the Canons of Winchester; Henry Sutherland, M.D., author of a useful little work "Notes on the History of Freemasonry;" the Rev. R. W. Burnaby, brother of that gallant soldier and courteous gentleman, the late Bro. Col. Burnaby; and the Earl of Kilmorey, a prominent Irish Templar Mason. Sir John G. S. Sebright, Bart., an able member of the Consular Service, and the Rev. C. W. Spencer-Stanhope, of Merton, a Past G. Chaplain of England, Past D.P.G.M. of Cheshire, and a prominent Mark Mason, were among the initiates of 1862. Among those of the year following will be found Lord Hothfield, previously Sir H. J. Tufton, High Sheriff successively of Westmoreland and Kent, and present Lord-Lieutenant of the former county; the Earl of Bective, M.P., Prov. G. Master of Cumberland and Westmoreland, Past Grand Mark Master Mason of England and Wales, Past G. Sovereign of the Red Cross of Constantine, Hon. President of the Rosicrucian Society of England, and one of our foremost practical and scientific agriculturists; Bro. Leopold G. Gordon Robbins, I.P.M. Westminster and Keystone Lodge; Jules T. T. Bué, P. Prov. G.S.W. Oxon, and Teacher of French in the University; Sir D. W. Legard, and the Hon. A. G. Gathorne-Hardy, a son of Viscount Cranbrooke; Bro. the Rev. C. Raikes Davy of Balliol, Past G. Chaplain and Past Prov. G.M.M.M. of Gloucestershire, being a joining member. In 1864, the Rev. J. S. Brownrigg, a Past Grand Chaplain and D.P.G.M. Berks and Bucks, became as W.M. of the Isaac Newton University Lodge, No. 859, Cambridge, *ex officio*, an honorary member, and Lord Headley was initiated; in 1865, the Earl of Jersey, Past G.S. Warden, and now P.G. Master of Oxfordshire, as well as Prov. G. Mark Master Berks and Oxon, and one of the hon. Vice-Presidents of the Rosicrucian Society of England, than whom it is probable the Grand Master could not have appointed a worthier to succeed the late Duke of Albany as ruler of the province. Then follow in 1866, Earl Percy, P.G.M. Northumberland and Past G.M. of the Mark Degree; in 1867, the Earl of Donoughmore, P.G. Warden of England and Past Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies; W. C. Borlase, M.P., Past P.G.S.W. Cornwall; the Hon. H. S. Northcote, M.P., second son of the Earl of Iddesleigh; the Hon. A. G. Yorke, one of the late Duke of Albany's Equerries and a son of the Earl of Hardwicke, P.G.M. Cambridgeshire; Lord Balfour of Burleigh, G.S.W. of England in 1873 and Substitute G.M. Scotland 1875; and Sir John Conway, Bart.; and in 1868, W. E. Briggs, ex-M.P. for Blackburn, and the Rev. R. W. M. Pope, D. Master to the late Duke of Albany when W.M. in 1876, the Rev. A. Bruce Fraser, a Past G. Chaplain, becoming *ex-officio* an honorary member as W.M. Isaac Newton University Lodge.

## SIXTH DECADE.

As we approach the end of the Register, there will be fewer brethren for me to enumerate, the term of their connection with Freemasonry having been, except in rare cases, too short to allow of their having attained to positions of exceptional distinction, either in the Masonic or profane world. But the men are there, and the distinctions will come, if only they will follow in the footsteps of their predecessors. Yet there are one or two

names and circumstances which place this Decade on a higher level than the five which preceded it. A joining member in the person of the Heir Apparent to the crown of the United Kingdom, and an initiate in the person of his youngest brother, the late lamented Duke of Albany, are but seldom met with even in the Registers of our oldest lodges. But they are on the Apollo Register, the Prince of Wales, who a few years previously had been initiated into Freemasonry at Stockholm by the late King of Sweden, and who at the time was W.M. of the Prince of Wales Lodge, No. 259, having been elected on the 30th April, 1872, and Prince Leopold, afterwards Duke of Albany, having, on the proposition of his brother, seconded by the W.M., Bro. F. P. Morrell, of St. John's, now one of the University Coroners, been elected and initiated on the 1st May, 1874. Both these illustrious brethren were elected to the chair of the lodge, the Prince of Wales in 1873, with Bro. Reginald Bird, now D.P. G.M., as his Deputy, and Prince Leopold in 1876, having previously served as S.W. in the third Mastership of Bro. the Rev. H. A. Pickard, on whom devolved the unusual honour of installing His Royal Highness in the chair of K.S. This occurred on the 23rd February, and the day following, the Prince, in the Sheldonian Theatre—a building, by the way, which was erected from the designs of the great Sir Christopher Wren, traditionally the last Grand Master of Masons before the 1717 epoch—in the presence of one of the most distinguished gatherings of Masons ever held in the provinces, was ceremoniously installed Prov. Grand Master of Oxfordshire by the Deputy Grand Master of England, Lord Skelmersdale, now the Earl of Lathom. Of his late Royal Highness's services in this position it is unnecessary I should speak here; they are too well known to the general body of English Freemasons, and by none are they so keenly remembered as by the brethren of Oxfordshire.

Of the other brethren whom it will be well to enumerate there is firstly the late Bro. Captain G. Fead Lamert of Worcester, a joining member of the year 1865, who was W.M. of the lodge in 1869—the year of its jubilee celebration—and concurrently G.S. Warden of the province; F. P. Morrell, G.J.D. 1875; and Sir T. C. C. Western, Bart., both initiated in 1870; Aretas Akers-Douglas, M.P., present Patronage Secretary of the Treasury, and the Earl of Onslow, G.S.W. in 1880, initiated in 1871; and Bro. W. A. Burdett-Coutts, husband of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and the Earl of Antrim, who were made Masons in 1872. Bro. H. Offley Wakeman joined the lodge in 1873, and in 1874 Sir R. H. Collins, Comptroller of the Household to the late Duke of Albany; L. F. B. Dykes, D.P.G.M. Cumberland and Westmoreland; and W. Hume Long, M.P., P.P.G.J.W. Wiltshire, were initiated, while Lord Brooke, P.G.M. Essex, became a joining member, having been initiated in the Churchill Lodge, No. 478, Oxford. Bros. F. Oscar Wilde, of Magdalen, the apostle of aestheticism, and W. H. Grenfell, M.P., were among the initiates of 1875, and Lord Ramsay, now Earl of Dalhousie, and Bro. Æneas J. McIntyre, P.G.W., who, as Grand Registrar, had charge of the province for some some years, were elected joining members. In 1877 were initiated Sir J. A. Hanham, Bart.; the Hon. E. Knatchbull-Hugessen, eldest son and heir of Lord Brabourne, a former initiate of the lodge; and Bro. E. L. Hawkins, of Merton, P. Prov. G.R. Oxon, and author of "Freemasonry in Oxfordshire."

## SEVENTH DECADE.

Three years must still elapse ere the seventh subdivision of this Register is completed, but during the seven that have run their course, there is the same array as heretofore of brethren from whom, as necessity arises, the foremost ranks of Masonry

# DOLLOND MANUFACTURING OPTICIAN.

Large Assortment of Elegant and Useful Instruments suitable for

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

ANEROID BAROMETERS, in Fancy Frames,  
from 25s.

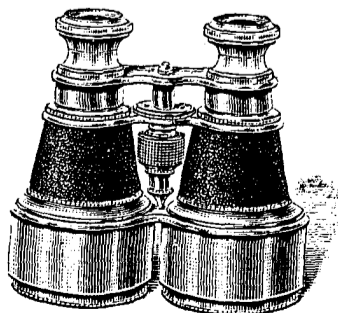
POCKET ANEROIDS, with Altitude Scale,  
from £3 10s.

BAROMETERS for the Hall, from £3 5s.

MICROSCOPES, from 8s. 6d.

FIELD GLASS, in Sling Case, £2 2s.

OPERA GLASS, in Case, 21s.



IVORY OPERA GLASS, with your Monogram  
engraved, from 35s.

DRAWING INSTRUMENTS, in Cases, from 5s.

POCKET COMPASSES, from 2s.

GOLD COMPASSES, for the Chain, from 13s.

GOLD SPECTACLES, and Case, from 21s.

GOLD EYEGLASSES, from 25s.

STEREOSCOPES and GRAPHOSCOPES, &c.

Established 1750.]

1, LUDGATE HILL, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON.

may look to be recruited. Some, indeed, have already won a place in the lesser constellations of the fraternity, and others, no doubt, are already in the way of following in their footsteps. The list contains such well-known names as Feilden, Ffoulkes, Kennard, Martyn, Adair, Monckton, King-Harman, Arnold, all which are recognised easily as belonging to brethren who have already achieved distinction among the Masons of the United Kingdom. In fine, the close of the list is in character with the beginning and the middle, and the initiates are drawn from precisely the same sources—the educated class of England—recruited year by year from all, or almost all, of the different grades of society. There is probably no such lodge Register of its kind in other jurisdictions, and only one like it in this—that of the Isaac Newton University Lodge of Cambridge, which is younger than the Apollo by more than 40 years, but which is modelled strictly on the same lines. The influence of these is great, and while Apollo lives to direct the fortunes of Oxford Masonry, and Isaac Newton to direct those of Cambridge, there is no reason to fear there will be any falling off in the tone and character of our English Craft.

My story as "Told by a Lodge Register" is ended. My friend, who narrated it to me in the first instance, and I have not seen each other for some time, but I look to meet him again, and then I shall do my best to coax him into relating more of his Masonic experiences. In the meantime, and with every apology for the many shortcomings of my present effort to reproduce his story, I wish my readers "A Merry Christmas," and a long series of "Happy New Years!"

G. B. A.

## The Stranger Brother.

(Tune—"Farmer's Boy.")

T. B. WHITEHEAD.

The sun had set, the night was wet,  
When lone, and sad, and poor,  
Depressed and lame, a Mason came  
Unto an open door;  
The lights gleamed bright, and cheered his sight,  
For above the entrance high  
He marked the well-known symbols tell  
The ancient Craft was nigh.

His knocks so true brought to his view  
The Tyler old and tried,  
Who asked his name, Masonic fame,  
And bade him step inside;  
"Whoever you be, we shall very soon see,  
If you are an ashlar fair,  
For the Wardens both, will be nothing loath,  
To test you upon the Square."

The Master fair, said from his chair,  
"Your duty, Wardens, do."  
Prompt to obey they haste away  
With plumb and level too.  
The tools applied, the Wardens cried—  
"This is a case of need,  
Distress so clear, before us here,  
May claim a Brother's meed."

The friendly grip, the cheery lip,  
Soon hailed the stranger's face;  
The festive board his strength restored,  
And gave him heart of grace.  
Now that Craftsman's breast, as he seeks his rest,  
Oft breathes a prayer unbade,  
And hails the happy day he came that way,  
To seek a Brother's aid.

### MESSRS. WELFORD AND SONS (LIMITED).

The inhabitants of the Metropolis are to be congratulated on the milk supply thereto, doubtless brought to this stage of perfection by the influence and actions of such firms as Welford and Sons (Limited); there we find exceptional advantages offered and care taken for the delivery of milk perfectly fresh and pure. Their Home Farms, situated at Willesden, and within the Metropolitan area, enable them to deliver the produce of the same to their numerous patrons three or four times daily, and to invalids, infants, and persons of delicate digestion, and other cases where the milk is required to be taken quite fresh, it is obvious that a supply delivered directly after milking, as in this case, is not only unique, but most necessary. Messrs. Welford have taken numerous prizes, cups, and medals, for the quality of their products, and amongst others the Gold Medal of the International Health Exhibition, for the quality and purity of their farm produce. The Butter-making, Cream Separating, and manufacture of their Silver Medal Cream Cheese, are carried on daily at their chief office. The whole of the farms, dairies, &c., together with employes and their families, are under the superintendence of their medical officers, and the sanitary arrangements throughout have been carefully devised and carried out by their sanitary engineer. The herds of goats stationed at the chief office and farms show the care taken to provide the nursery with one of the best articles of diet for infants.

### CHRISTMAS FARE.

In anticipation of the merry season of Yule-tide, so rapidly approaching, tradesmen of all grades are making their customary displays of "creature comforts," many of them this year being far superior to any of their predecessors. Poultry and fish, of course, form a most important element in catering for Christmas-tide festivities; and the thousands of business men who daily traverse Broad-street, entering and returning from the City, will not fail to have noticed the extensive and magnificent display made by Bro. John Gow, near the Liverpool-street Railway Terminus. It is by no means an uncommon sight to witness here a recherché collection of poultry of all kinds, as well as fish, such as can scarcely be rivalled in the market; but some thing more than ordinary is expected during the festive season, and Bro. Gow has not fallen short of the public expectations. There is a profuse exhibition of toothsome turkeys and splendid geese, with every other species of game and poultry in season, the excellence of which is only rivalled by the exceedingly moderate prices quoted. The same remark applies to the fish and barrelled oysters; and we cannot recommend our readers to do better, or study their own interest more closely, than to visit any of Bro. Gow's establishments, from the headquarters near Broad-street (outside the railway station) to the branches in Honey-lane Market, Cheapside; 93, Theobald's-road, Holborn; and 125, Brompton-road, S.W.

### A FEW WORDS ABOUT MESSRS. G. BOTTERILL AND SONS AND THE 1885 TOBACCO CROP.

A curious circumstance connected with the good crop of Havana cigars since 1869 is that every fourth year after that date has been exceptionally good, viz.: 1873, 1877, 1881, and now 1885. We consider it partially owing to the cycle of moist seasons, but more particularly to the exhaustion of the soil, which takes, at least, three years to recover itself after a crop of tobacco. The intermediate crops are fed by the phosphates used, the actual soil not having any virtue in it. We therefore consider from past experience that connoisseurs may not expect another good crop until 1889. Laranagas are the best fine light cigars this year. Morales, in fine sizes, are exceptionally good, but of much richer quality. We have had the pleasure of testing several brands of Messrs. Botterill and Sons' Havana cigars of this year's growth, and can with confidence recommend them to our numerous readers and all lovers of a really good cigar.

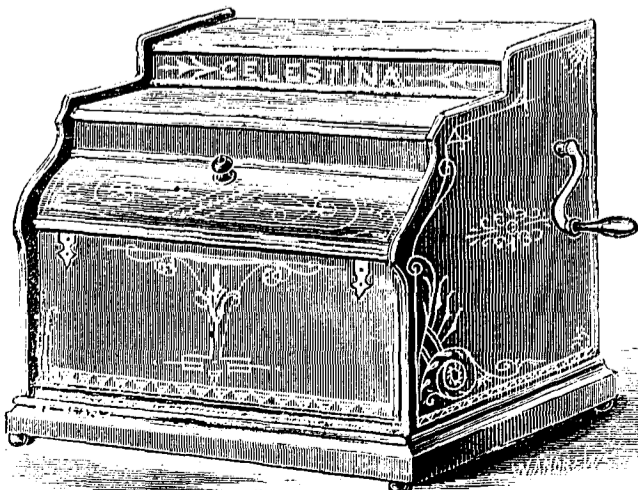
### THE NEW PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM.

For Christmas Presents and New Year's Gifts are two very handsome photograph albums issued by Messrs. T. J. Smith, Son, and Downes. One—the album of "Blossom and Fruit"—has numerous brilliant chromo designs, very cleverly executed. The other—the "Presentation Song Album"—is also charmingly illustrated. Both are in the highest style of workmanship, padded in morocco or Russian, and with the patent expanding clasp. Illustrations and prices will be found on another page.

# THE MUSICAL CELESTINA!

THE CELESTINA is the most charming mechanical Musical Instrument ever invented; it performs every description of Music for PSALM, SONG, MARCH, or DANCE, and will play thousands of tunes—there is no limit to the number. The music is very cheap, and can be carried in the pocket. ANY ONE can play it, even a child, without musical knowledge.

GEO. WHIGHT & Co.,  
143, Holborn Bars, London, E.C.  
(Corner of Brooke Street.)



If you have been prejudiced by the advertising of mere trashy toys, called musical instruments, lay aside your prejudice long enough to see and hear the Celestina, and you will be delighted. The CELESTINA is eminently suited for DANCING, for PARTIES of PLEASURE, MISSION HALLS, MASONIC LODGES, or for the FAMILY CIRCLE.

PRICE—£6 6s.

SMALLER INSTRUMENTS, £3 3s.

Either may be had on Easy Terms, or Discount allowed for Prompt Cash.

RETTICH'S IMPROVED MITRAILLEUSE LAMP.

For some years the Mitrailieuse lamp has been partially introduced into use in this country, but until lately without giving entire satisfaction. Mr. Rettich, of 35, Gerrard-street, Soho, has, however, now overcome all the difficulties connected with it, and his improved lamp is certainly a wonderfully good one. It has not only given great satisfaction in private establishments; but is also used in street-lighting, and notably at Wimbledon, where it said to be highly approved of. At the request of Mr. Rettich, we have lately tested it against the Duplex and the Silber, with the following results, the trimming of each being entrusted to a servant of rather more than average powers of management. We have preferred this course, because it is useless to test a lamp at its very best, if that perfection can only be obtained by means not likely to be found in the service of an ordinary establishment. The result is, as might be expected, that the candle-power exhibited by each is somewhat below that said to be obtained by the respective patentees of the three lamps:—

	Mitrailieuse,	Ditto,	12 wick.	Duplex.	Silber.
Candle-light .....	50	30	22	14	14
Oil consumed per hour .....	4 ozs.	2½ ozs.	3 ozs.	2 ozs.	2 ozs.
Maximum-light maintained in average } container during .....	6 hrs.	6½ hrs.	5 hrs.	4 hrs.	4 hrs.

In each case the oil used was Strange's A1, which is equal to any in the market. The Mitrailieuse keeps its maximum light almost till the last drop of oil is burnt, the Duplex and Silber lights being considerably reduced after two-thirds are consumed. The Mitrailieuse bears gusts of air by far the best, and can be carried about with comparatively little smoking. As to the wicks, there is less daily consumption in the Mitrailieuse lamp, because it will really give its best light without trimming, whereas its rivals require the use of the scissors daily; but, owing to the peculiar construction of the Mitrailieuse, there are really only about three spare inches of wick to burn away. For the above reason much less skill is required to trim it. If burned for the usual time (four to six hours) new wicks must be introduced about every three months. There is another great advantage in this lamp, namely, that it may be burned low without any offensive smell, and with a considerable saving of oil, extending very nearly to one-half; whereas we all know the unpleasant result of turning down a Duplex or Silber. In supplying new wicks care should be taken to turn the holder up as high as possible, and to introduce them from below. When this precaution is taken the 16 wicks can be inserted by a practised hand in two and a half minutes, and the 12 in a proportionate time. The wicks are of cotton, plaited in a cord-like form, and each of the series of 18 or 12 is inserted in an open tube, the whole being raised or lowered by one rack and pinion in the centre. When new wicks are inserted, they should be adjusted as nearly as may be by the fingers; then dip the projecting part in oil, light it, and let it burn in the chimney opening for a few minutes, for the smell to pass up the chimney, when the whole will be left on a level with the brass plate through which they project. After this no trouble is required, as the daily rubbing leaves all of the same length.

According to our judgment, the 16 wick lamp gives too strong a light for domestic purposes; but it is admirably adapted for churches and other public buildings. The cost of this strong light, of course, varies with the price of the oil, which is sold as low as 8½d. a gallon and as high as 2s. At the former price the cost will be one-fifth of a penny per hour; but the light will not be so good as with best oil, which may be obtained for 15d. or 16d. a gallon, raising the cost per hour in proportion.—*The Field.*

Shopping.

There are various domestic departments in the ordinary household in the which molehills grow with lightning speed to the size of mountains, and cyclones arise from teacups with a rapidity which would startle were it not of such common occurrence. Father's pet collie dog bites Mother's darling's finger, and that excellent and philoprogenitive woman at once orders the wagger of a deceptive and mercenary tail to be destroyed. Mother's beloved cat, during an inquisitive survey of Father's study, kicks over the ink-pot on a valuable treatise, and Father retaliates by lifting the exploratory feline out of the window, by the point of her tail. There are tears and recriminations of the buttons that are shed in showers by the husband's shirts, boots, and gloves; there are the sneers of the practical arithmetician when he has demonstrated that the butcher's book has been added up all wrong. There are the wife's complaints when the husband never can find more than one sock of a morning, and is utterly ignorant of the locality wherein he has deposited his sleeve-links and small change. Then the servants and their virtues and vices are an all-enduring source of bickering. For instance, here is a specimen dialogue:—

HE: "Why on earth, Maria, don't you sack that cook? The joint was disgracefully underdone, and I'm sure she's a thief. Besides which, she won't keep down in the kitchen, and the sight of her is enough to frighten the children into fits."

SHE: "What nonsense. She may make a mistake now and then; but she's a most respectable woman, and came here with an excellent character from the Rector's wife. I have given Elizabeth, the housemaid, notice."

HE: "Given Eliz—! Why, that nice, clean, pretty girl going! It was quite a credit to the house for that girl to open the door."

SHE: "Alfred (*majestically*), I keep a servant to make herself useful in household duties. If you wish to pay a girl fifteen pounds a year and her board—and her appetite is wonderful—simply for the pleasure of knowing that she is kissed in the hall by your bachelor friends, I, for one, decline to be partner to such extravagant immorality."

And so on, and so forth.

But of all the competitive wrangles which tend to embitter—only temporarily, of course—the relations of conjugal life, the most subtly spiteful is the strife as to which of the married is the better and cheaper purchaser of certain articles, and the contest on each point on each succeeding day renders to-morrow's squabbles of a more violent description; in brief, their relative merits in the pursuit of shopping. Say, perhaps, that the husband wishes to make a peace-offering to his wife, and returns home with what he fondly imagines to be a dainty and acceptable present.

HE: "My dear, guess what I've brought home for you."

SHE: "Oh! I haven't time to guess; I want to finish baby's frock. Don't bother me, please."

HE: "But, really, I've got you two dozen lovely little hem-stitched handkerchiefs."

SHE: "Goodness take the man! Why, I've got more handkerchiefs than I know what to do with already."

HE: "Ah! but you'll like these, and they were so cheap."

SHE: "Let's see them. (*Fingers them depreciatorily.*) Well, I suppose I must make them come in useful. (*Artfully*)—I suppose you got them on credit?"

HE: (*Triumphantly*) "No, I paid ready money."

SHE: (*Stealthily*) "How much?"

HE: (*Bushingly*) "Twelve and six a dozen. What do you think of that?"

SHE: "Wha—a—at! A shilling and a half-penny a piece for rubbish that I know where to buy for threepence three farthings. No wonder I am always short of housekeeping money. (*Weeps.*)"

Mem—She would have been just as angry if he had taken credit for them.

Result—Dinner spoilt. He vows to buy no more presents.

Or, how often does this happen?—

SHE: "Dearest, I've got you such a nice present for Christmas. You know you said that you would turn economical and give up cigars; here is a lovely cream-white meerschaum pipe. There!"

HE: "I won't be found dead with the caddish thing in my pocket. Besides, it's got two cracks in it and a flaw, and this mouth-piece isn't amber, but glass. How much did you give for it?"

SHE: (*Frightened*) "Fifteen shillings and sixpence."

HE: (*Imperiously*) "Maria, that would have bought me two decent seven and sixpenny dress shirts and a nice cigar, none of which articles can I afford. Let us drop the subject."

Result—Christmas a hollow mockery of mirth.

To go into domestic particulars, the male when marketing for food is in many ways a pitiable object. He is doubtless overcharged in every direction, and especially where there is a shopwoman and not a shopman is perfectly unable to haggle or assert himself in any way. "Are these fish fresh?" he asks in his innocence.

"Oh! yes, sir," she instantly replies. "Look how bright these stripes and spots are."

Next day he comes again, and says triumphantly, "These can't be fresh; the stripes and spots are quite dull."

"Oh! yes they be," says the ready Mrs. Sapphira. "You can't make no rule, you see." Then he takes home stale fish, and waxeth extremely bilious accordingly.

However, as a rule he gets well served, for the simple reason that he has not the inclination to haggle and bargain, and the tradesman knows that as long as he is well fed he will come back and bow his neck once more beneath the foot of extortion. And so it is that for the male the butcher seeks out his primest cuts, scours the town in search of kidneys, cutlets, and sweetbreads, and we are not at all certain whether it be not better to be overcharged than to undergo the pitched battle which usually ends in *materfamilias* triumphantly appearing with the cheapest and nastiest article in the shop, and establishing a grudge in the mind of the shopkeeper, which he constantly wreaks on the family, in the irritating form of what Dickens aptly described as "those parts of the animal of which in life he had least reason to be proud."

TURKEYS ! POULTRY !! GEESE !!!  
FISH, BARRELLED OYSTERS, & GAME !

JOHN GOW will have on sale a STOCK (the largest in London) of the above, of the VERY BEST QUALITY at LOWEST PRICES. The Public would do well to inspect the Fine Stock now exhibited at his Establishments before making a purchase elsewhere.

Fish and Barrelled Oysters.

NEW BROAD STREET (outside Railway Station), E.C.

BRANCHES—HONEY LANE MARKET, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.; 93, THEOBALD'S ROAD, HOLBORN, W.C.

125, BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.

In the matter of shopping for clothes, there is no doubt that the inherent snobbishness of woman gives the man the pull. For instance, a lady goes to buy a bonnet.

BONNET MAKER: "How do you like this style of thing, madame?" (*Holding up a hideously vulgar abomination.*)

PURCHASER: "Oh! I far prefer that little quiet one in the corner. So tasteful."

BONNET MAKER: (*Contemptuously*) "Oh! that's quite a common, cheap style of thing—two pound fifteen. This is six guineas, and the Duchess of Gushington has one exactly like it."

PURCHASER: "Ah! the dear Duchess! (*To she-snob companion.*) She has such taste, you know. Well, now I come to look at it, those flowers harmonise in a way which—er—er—"

*Eventually buys a thing like the pattern in the centre of a cheap hearthrug. Whereas look upon that picture and on this. The male goes to a tailor's.*

PURCHASER: "I want a great coat. Show me some stuffs."

TAILOR: "This is a very tasty pattern, sir. Quite new, too."

PURCHASER: "I wouldn't dress my groom in it."

TAILOR: (*Aghast*) "Why, sir, Lord Coachington has had two coats made of this material expressly."

PURCHASER: (*With suppressed passion.*) "Look here. Is Lord Coachington going to pay for this coat, or am I?"

TAILOR: (*Abashed*) "Well you, I suppose, sir."

PURCHASER: "Then, damn it, give me what I want, and not what he does, or I'll leave the shop." (*Is at once suited.*)

TAILOR: (*To assistant*) "What a fiery cove; see that that's ready within, at least, two days of the time I said, Johnson."

Every woman that goes shopping is, to a certain extent, Mrs. Toodles—she will buy anything that's cheap—i.e., with her, low-priced, whether she wants it or not. Low-priced things are more often than not the dearest, and economy is most often shown by striking the happy mean. Men, on the contrary, too often have an insane notion in their heads that, because a thing is high-priced, it is sure to be better than one that is valued lower—a most idiotic theory, and one daily refutable in practice.

Under the head of shopping, tipping and gratuities most decidedly have a place, and here the pachydermatous disposition of the female brings her well to the fore of her more sensitive mate. The he-Briton, especially in his young days, is wont to attach undue weight to the criticisms of his inferiors. He is travelling

by rail, and a guard comes to the window, and enquires at what station he is to alight. He tells him. At the very next station that guard reappears.

"Only four stations now, sir," he remarks, with an affable smile. And the young ass grins inanely, and says, "Thank you."

"Three stations further, and we shall be there," says the wily one at the next stoppage.

"Two stations more, sir. We shan't be more than a quarter of an hour late," he assures him further on, as if the information would accelerate the speed of the train.

"Next station's your's, sir. Very cold, sir," says the guard making a great show of rubbing his hands.

"Yes, guard. Here's something to get a drink with," says noodle, handing a shilling. He is really only afraid of being thought a skinflint by the guard, whereas that astute official, as he drinks his beer, sticks his tongue in his cheek and prays heaven for more idiots of the same description.

Then there is the over-tipping of waiters and hairdressers; frequently when one man sees another give an extravagant gratuity, he feels bound to follow suit. There is none of this idiocy in what is erroneously known as the softer sex. An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, if you please; but no glass eyes and gold-stopping thrown in. Ladies, no doubt, are often victimised by cabmen, though the younger generation know how to look after themselves pretty well in this respect also. But they are never guilty of overpaying servants for charily rendered or useless services, and will give a waiter a third of his ordinary fee, and trip serenely away with sunny faces. Verily, of them truly spake the Syrian poet, Shiroz—

"Their eye is a lasting gladness, and their cheek unbounded;  
Yea! even as that of the fattest boar pig."

Such women are to be admired for their pluck and determination not to be imposed on. An extremely offensive type, however, is the damsel who, not giving herself, grudges to see her male companion give, and eyes each groat lavished on henchman and servitor as if it were subtracted from her own well-filled purse.

Briefly, then, we may draw the conclusion that in the goods bought the man has the best of it, the woman in the immediate amount of money saved. Neither, however, can exactly enter into the feelings of the other, for the male bird thinks that the game of haggling is hardly worth the mercenary candle of mental irritation, while the hen sets every trumpery triumph of bargaining down as being the very Marathon of glorious victories.



## ARGOSY SILVER,

*The Perfect Substitute for Silver (Regd.) As shown at the Inventions Exhibition.*

WEARS WHITE THROUGHOUT; DOES NOT VERDIGRIS OR TASTE.

Table Spoons or Forks at 14s. per doz. Dessert ditto, 9s. Tea Spoons, 4s. Sauce Ladles, 3s. per pair.  
Butter or Jam Spades, 1s. each. Samples, with Catalogue, at same rates, post free.

S. GORER, 113, EDGWARE ROAD, (Near BURWOOD PLACE), W.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL, THE MOST AGREEABLE  
CHRISTMAS

ARE FOUND

**ALFRED**

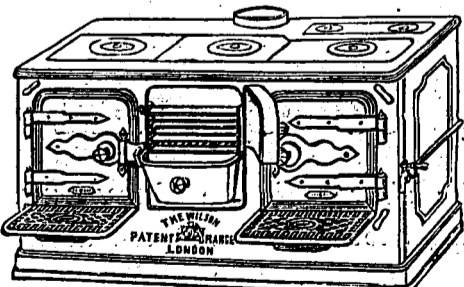
French Confectioner, 178 (late 86), Oxford

COUNTRY ORDERS PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

AND THE CHEAPEST  
PRESENTS

75 PER CENT. FUEL SAVED BY USING THE

## Wilson Patent Cooking Ranges & Stoves.



Received GOLD MEDAL and FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATE at the CALCUTTA EXHIBITION; the Highest Award (SILVER MEDAL) at the GREAT INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION; SILVER MEDAL at the HEALTH EXHIBITION; and HIGHEST AWARD GREAT INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885; also the Highest Award at the SANITARY INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN, DUBLIN, 1884, for the Fourth time;

Making the Fourteenth time the "Wilson" Ranges have won the Highest Award.

Are portable, cannot get out of order, will cure Smokey Chimneys, are Stronger, and have LARGER OVENS AND BOILERS THAN MANY OTHERS.

COMPARE WITH OTHER PRICE LISTS

The "Wilson" Engineering Company, Limited,

Owing to enormous increase, HAVE REMOVED to more Extensive Premises. The Largest Range Show-Rooms in London.

277<sup>L</sup>, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

Illustrated Price List Free.

Inspection Invited.