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ANOTHER YEAR.

ANOTHER of the milestones of life which divide our puny existences, so that our minds may run riot over those that have been left behind, is upon us, and will in its season be written off as a thing past and gone. If there is any season of the year which makes men universally give some thought to things not quite earthly, it is Christmas, with its general rejoicings, its family meetings, and its friendly associations. It is a season for "making up" the petty frictions of the past year, a season when men may take their fellows by the hand and connect the current of friendship which for a period has been broken. The fall of the year has no special call upon Freemasonry beyond that which appeals to the heart of an ordinary Christian, but Freemasonry, like all other Institutions, may take its bearings from these milestones of life. A survey of the past twelve months will reveal many events of the Craft, events, perhaps, demanding more than a thought. Above them and beyond them all stands the extraordinary affairs of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys. We trace the budding discord among the subscribers in the latter part of 1888. We trace also that unfortunate report of the Enquiry Committee, a report which has done more injury to the Institution and the charitable propensity of the Craft than will ever be known, the voluntary resignation of Dr. Morris and Mr. Binckes, and the great opposition expressed by a very large section of the subscribers to the proposed pension to the latter gentleman, together with the minor details of the affair which of necessity intervene. We have previously expressed, more or less strongly, our views of the matter, and we can but wish for a satisfactory settlement of the case before the year is actually gone. Of Lodges and Chapters there have been several consecrations of importance, chief of which, perhaps, are the Viator Lodge (2308), The Scots Lodge (2319), and the La France Chapter; but of much more lasting benefit to the Order is the large number of Masonic Halls which have been finished or commenced during the year. As education is to the elevation of the working classes, so are properly-constructed Temples to the elevation of Masonry.

Of the losses our old friend death has made among our ranks that of Canon Portal is instantly remembered, but there are many others, including two Provincial Grand Masters, Sir Charles Lanyon, of Antrim, and Sir Daniel Gooch, of Berks and Bucks, and one Deputy Provincial Grand Master, Mr. Gerard Ford, of Sussex, whose sad death, the result of an accident, occurred during the enforced absence of his chief, Prince Arthur of Connaught, in India. The resultant appointment and installation of the Marquis of Hertford to the Province of Antrim must be chronicled among the

events of the year, as also that successful meeting at Easton Lodge, when Lord Brooke demonstrated the usefulness of a Provincial Grand Master in conducting so successfully the affairs of a province. That Edward Terry defeated George Everett for the post of Grand Treasurer was somewhat of a surprise to the Craft, but that the well-known actor-Brother has honored the obligations of the position is unanimously admitted. Of Masonic literature the historical atmosphere of Torquay has given us several volumes from the pens of Bros. W. H. Hughan and John Jane, two of which are mentioned on another page; but perhaps the most ambitious is Mr. Whymper's exquisite little book, the fac-simile of the early poem on Freemasonry, from the original manuscript in the British Museum.



LORD BROOKE, M.P.*

Next to these things the birth of the MASONIC REVIEW, of which this is the sixth number published, may claim some consideration. These six numbers have given us the opportunity of proving many things upon which we were without information, and preparing for that fast-approaching moment when the journal will contain all the features our original conception had formed. We, therefore, honor our promises, and make new ones, by commencing the series of signed articles, spoken of in our first issue, in the January number of the new year, and in February commencing the first of a continuous series of papers dealing with a separate Masonic centre each month. Each paper will occupy about three of our pages, and will deal in a highly-interesting and descriptive manner with the local characteristics and features of interest, illustrated by hand and photographic sketches; local brethren will be chatted with, and portraits of local Masonic celebrities included in each of the series. These descriptive articles will come from the pen of a writer of repute, and will form

* We are indebted for our portrait of Lord Brooke to that excellent craftsman, the Editor of the *Gardening World*.

with "Eminent Masons at Home," the "Signed Article," and the ordinary features of the monthly issue revised, a journal which should be found on the table of every Mason in the kingdom. We purpose also discarding all attempt to chronicle the ephemeral and unimportant daily events of the Order, and to increase the size of the paper by four pages at the end of the present volume, by which time our arrangements with resident correspondents in several parts of the kingdom and the outer world, for short monthly articles upon local affairs will be complete.

Round and About.

It is pleasant for us to remember that among the immediate male members of the Royal house who will assemble as usual at Windsor Castle some time during the month, to enter into those bonds of friendship which every family undertakes at this season of the year, only two are not members of the Craft. Our Grand Master has had a year of very hard work, and very hard work of a nature much more fatiguing than mere bodily labor. He has not been able to honor any Masonic gathering of importance with his presence, but it is his present intention to preside at the quarterly meeting of Grand Lodge in March next. The last Royal wedding has every prospect of *turning out to be one of those few which, we are told, are manufactured in the regions above, and a rumor is afloat that a marriage between Prince Albert Victor and his cousin, the beautiful Princess Mary of Teck, is "being arranged."* Of Prince George we shall hear more later on. He is a splendid young fellow in health, mind, and body, and nobody at present loves him more than his youngest sister.

* * *

The Langton Masonic Benevolent Association has just completed its labors, having collected nearly £1,350 on behalf of the Masonic charities during the four years of its existence. A new Association is about to be started, of which Bro. Hugh M. Hobbs is Hon. Treasurer, and Bro. Gordon Smith—the candidate for the Secretaryship of the Boys' Institution—Hon. Sec., positions which they have filled in the expiring Association with so much success. It is through institutions of this kind that the Masonic charities derive a large portion of their incomes, and it is hoped that all who take interest in the good work thus carried on will give their hearty support to the new Association.

* * *

I happened to get into the tea-drinking saloon that runs through from Piccadilly to Lower Regent-street the other afternoon, and was astonished to behold the crowds of people drinking and waiting to drink the wholesome concoction of the Aerated Bread Company. The place—which seats, I should imagine, between two and three hundred persons—was literally packed to suffocation, and the serving-girls had great difficulty in supplying the requirements of importunate ladies and fussy old gentlemen. The sight of a vacated chair caused a stampede of hungry men and women, and the promptitude with which "cocoa and seedy" or "coffee and plum" disappeared was somewhat astonishing. I partook of a cup of tea and a piece of plain cake, which were very good, and for which I paid fivepence, and then struggled out of the place with the intention of starting a tea-shop myself some day. The prime cost of that cup of tea and slice of cake could not have been more than a penny-three-farthings, and the ultimate return to the shopkeeper, after heavy rents and contingent expenses are allowed, must be very great. The poor unfortunate licensed victualler, fenced round with fearful taxation and buried beneath the thumb nail of the brewer and distiller, is a pitiful object compared to his respectable brother, the bread-and-butter merchant. The freedom of trade in this dear old village is beautiful to contemplate. It infuses into our hearts so much of the milk of human kindness that we never crave for drink of a strong nature, and it reconciles everybody to those examples of injustice just as I am reconciled to the injustice of the Post Office insisting on a postage

rate of three-halfpence for each copy of the MASONIC REVIEW, when it permits *The Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News*, and dozens of other journals, bulkier and heavier, to travel at one-third the cost.

* * *

Canon Knowles is neither the first nor the only man who condemns Freemasonry, and his attack upon the Society is as ancient in method as his arguments are pointless. From an exterior impression the Craft shows little that commends itself to mankind—if we exempt, perhaps, the one item of charity. I have heard almost convincing arguments against the Craft from men whose intellect and argumentative impressions are high, and these very arguments *would* convince most persons who contemplated joining our ranks. We, or our customary reticence, are to blame for a deal of this, for our doings are surrounded by a series of mysterious manoeuvres which give a curiously-misleading idea as to what our Society really is.

* * *

The public-house element of the Craft again represses good opinion. People will not see—and we do not explain—why most of our suburban Lodges are held in licensed premises. We do not tell them that these establishments offer the only accommodation it is, in such instances, possible to secure. They, consequently, draw their own parallel between Freemasonry and "drinking," and those of them, such as Canon Knowles, whose duty it is to teach and impress the doctrines of life, start their objections on a wrong tack, and unwittingly injure. For myself, I should like to raise the tone of Masonry in the minds of the outside public by ridding it of all that buffoonery which is levelled on an initiate, previous to his initiation. The "gridiron" and "cold cream" business, and all that foolery, impressed upon the mind of a man anxious to enter the Craft, lowers incalculably and for ever his appreciation of its beauties.

* * *

The fourth degree in this country, perhaps, will never be disconnected from the working of Lodges as it is in America, where Freemasonry is gaining in strength, in value, and in repute. This is where re-organisation is required. We want to repress the ignorant, idiotic, and sickening aspect of the ordinary Masonic speech, reeled off, month after month, for ages and for ever, as if mankind stood still to listen to meaningless mouthings devoid of sense and decency. And one other matter which demands serious thought is the class of "harmony" permitted in very many of the "banquets" with which we are inseparably connected. I heard on one occasion a brother, who had most successfully disposed of his share of the "banquet," render a song entitled, "I did it," and, judging from the applause which greeted its conclusion, and the way in which the meeting was reported in a contemporary, I imagined it was the class of ditty that was most appreciated by the company present. This song is of the lowest possible order. It treats of the wife who "kicked up a rumpus," and the mother-in-law who requested to be knocked down by the son-in-law, who "did it."

* * *

From this feature alone, such men as Canon Knowles would seem entitled to attack Freemasonry. He would say that such a song would not be tolerated in decent circles, he would say that a gentleman should not connect himself with institutions that countenanced such songs, and he would seem to have a perfect moral right in doing what he has done. I, therefore, think that though his method of attack is ancient and his arguments pointless, the foundations of his attack are tenable until we ourselves dispel them.

* * *

Death again is busy with us, and has removed many whose place among us will be missed. There is Bro. Fred. Davidson, P.G.D., P.G., Treasurer and P.G.M. of the Grand Lodge of M.M.M.; the Rev. Bro. G. Warburton Weldon, M.A., Past Grand Chaplain; and Bro. James W. Edwards, P.G.M. of the Lancashire Prov. G. M. Lodge. These men, with many others who have joined the great majority

since last I wrote, were men of uprightness, and had a high estimation of the principles of the Craft.

* * *

One of the most ardent Masons in the United States is Mr. H. H. Warner, the Medicine Man, who professes to have come across the great "Safe" cure by a mere accident. This paragraph is not an advertisement, so I may as well record what a generous and charitable man Bro. Warner is. He is a member of the Monroe Commandery Lodge of Rochester, which is so well endowed that all dues cease after a member has been on the roll of the Lodge for twenty years. At a cost of fifty thousand pounds he has erected and endowed an Observatory at Rochester, and his gifts to the poor and needy have become with him quite an institution. He is, however, possessed of vast wealth, derived principally from silver mines which he purchased some time back at a mere nominal sum, as they were not supposed by the former owners to be worth working. Mr. Warner thought otherwise, and, after employing a diamond drill for six months, he struck oil in the form of a vast deposit of silver which seems to be inexhaustible. Mr. Warner is a man well under



the prime of life, and is in England with his family, where he is personally superintending the conversion of his medicine business into a limited liability company.

* * *

The spontaneous hospitality of the English country folk is beyond question, and when a Somerset farmer invites one to share his fireside it may generally be understood that he means you well. I was in Somersetshire the other week, and compelled to secure a habitation for the night in a locality that seemed to possess nothing more comfortable than a cowshed by the wayside, unless I could procure a conveyance to take me back to the county town from which I had driven early in the day. After tramping a couple of miles or so the fast gathering dusk induced me boldly to enter a private road leading to a farmhouse of very respectable dimensions, and to make inquiries as to a hostelry available for my comfort. There was nothing, they told me, nearer than the place from whence I had journeyed, unless I could get a bed in the village, which they very much doubted; but would I accept a cup of tea, to which meal the family were about to sit down? Yes! I am always ready for a cup of tea! So I pocketed my feelings and went inside the house.

* * *

In country ramblings among the hills of Sussex or the wilder paths of Yorkshire the typical English farmer of the good old English model is still to be found, but never before have I had an opportunity of putting the stability of his renown to the test. The parlor was a delicious little room, which I longed to transfer

bodily to my Inn in Holborn. Low ceiling, a dirty red wall paper, many pictures of dogs, of horses, and of cattle, portraits of the family and their friends, and—would you believe it—a *real* little Birkett Foster, of which nothing was known. Great open range, with of course, the copper kettle as bright as the morning sun; and a clean, white tablecloth furnished with teacups (rather thick); a terrible hunk of cold, fat, creamy bacon and home-made bread. There was Mrs. "Farmer" and two Miss "Farmers," suspiciously healthy girls of eighteen and twenty, "Father," and Mr. "Farmer," junior. I am sorry to say I had no previous knowledge of the delicious properties of "cold, fat, creamy bacon," but as everybody else seemed to be fully acquainted with them, I initiated myself into the mystery, and very quickly into the good opinion of my kind host and his young people.

* * *

We talked of course, of all things I did not understand. The agricultural outlook from a Somerset point of view, was kept up far beyond my inventive faculty, and I had no idea my knowledge of turnips, winter spinach, and celery was so profound. Mrs. "Farmer" was, I thought, rather subdued at the beginning of the meal, but gradually we warmed into each other's acquaintanceship, and when the "girls" had cleared the cloth, and brought their workbaskets near the fire, I was firmly convinced that the invitation was to be extended through the night. And it was. To refuse was to insult; so I settled myself down to return the hospitality of my unknown friends by entertaining them with gossip of the town. I shall never—till memory is taken from me—forget the charm of that quiet night. The whole thing was a revelation of life to me, and perhaps to them.

* * *

The girls—I call them girls because my pen has written it, and I crave their pardon for it—soon lost their reserve, and were eager with their laughter for further insights into the great world beyond their ken. Yea! my pure young friends, I have seen in this big City, less charms, less grace, less loveableness than you possess, but I hope the confession will not destroy your perfect freedom from womanly consciousness. If I could describe the pleasure your sweet acquaintance gave me those few evening hours, I would do it fully and pleasantly, but I know of no comparisons, no equal levels, no parallel associations, no living memories with which I can draw conclusive opinions from a thankful nature such as mine. If you can find me a warmer fire-side than that you showed me, tell me where it is. If you can let me hear sweeter music than your old "Moore and Moore" can give, and fresher voices than you possess, let me hear them. If there is a pipe of any make or shape that smokes sweeter than the clay I stuck between my teeth, or tobacco that generates bluer smoke than "father's," let me know, that I may purchase now and all time. Yes, sweet girls! tell me where I spent an evening such as that. To you, my honest, upright, hospitable countryman, I offer the hand of friendship. My thanks cannot be expressed by the "presents" social custom allows me to send you; the sincerity of them will be established by the life-long memory of a night when you welcomed a stranger into your house and home, and shared your fireside with him.

* * *

The Christmas number of Bro. Yates's paper, *The World*, contains a very interesting story, entitled "Quinnion's Quest," and as of yore four cartoons, cleverly drawn by Alfred Bryan. Nearly half of the well-known men "A. B." inimitably depicts are members of the Craft. The most prominent figure "on the *Calais-Douvres*" is Augustus Harris, who presents a very beautiful background of tall hat, high collar, and satin-lined Inverness; Sir Polydore, "Nitrates," "J. C. P.," Lord Hartington, and A. M. Broadley also figure on the sheet. The Prince is at Cannes, surrounded by "Charlie B.," Sir Henry Keppel—whose daughter was married the other morning at the Savoy Chapel—Sir Oscar, Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, Montagu Guest, and others. At Lord's are the Post-

master-General and the Deputy Grand Master, Lords Loudesborough, Halsbury, Hardwicke, and Arthur Sullivan. Whilst "In Court" you find Messrs. Irving, Bancroft, and Toole, "G. A. S.," Edward Samson, Major "A. G.," "Atlas," Doctor Russell, F. Lockwood, Q.C., and Sir Edward Clarke.

* * *

Bro. A. M. Broadley lives in one of the sweetest Bohemian houses I have ever met with. The Arabesque music-room, in which from time to time everybody who is anybody has smoked the calumet of peace, is luxuriously fitted in all the magnificence of Eastern art, and of its kind is perhaps one of the quaintest rooms in London. Mr. Broadley knows everybody who is worth knowing, and is himself a perfect society polyglot. He it was who defended Arabi Pacha—not by force of arms, but by force of legal acumen—and travelled the world over. His "pen pictures" are amongst the most brilliant gems of journalism this generation has seen, and his knowledge of men and things is profound. He was Ambassador-Director-Superintendent-in-Chief of his friend Augustus Harris's nomination for the Grand Treasurership, which is an excellent instance of his power of organisation. His manner is persuasive in the extreme, his sharpness is equal to a packet of the finest Nottingham needles, and his visionary powers have been known to be equal to a brick wall five feet thick. We have bearded this lion of interviewers in his den, and he will appear as one of our "Eminent Masons" in the coming year.

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Between writing the last paragraph and this, I have been reading "Essays on Life" in the *Universal Review*, and can hardly disconnect these "Essays" with my own experience. How selfish a bachelor's existence is! Here in my room is not a sound except the occasional fall of a cinder from the grate, the church bell chiming out the early hours of the morning, and the swishing of the acacia tree—extraordinary coincidence—swayed by the frozen wind against the walls outside the house. Around my table I "fancy" faces which I shall not see again, and on the wall is the beautiful little canvas of a sacred spot poor H. H. painted, while I chatted with the lame old sexton at the Lodge, that morning in June, before he got swallowed up in the whirlpool of life. Opposite to me sits J. B. Cumberland, as I knew him when we rowed races on the dirty Cam together. "One is taken and the other is left," but hanging behind me is the pair of T. B. Hardy's sea-pieces he made me accept when I visited his rooms last. I often wonder whether any inborn, unspoken presentiment prompted that gift. Then—but there are too many to remember, except by good deeds and kind wishes. Myself and me will fill our pipe from the pouch some fairy hand has "worked" upon, and put our feet where our feet have a right to be. We will puff clouds of smoke over the photographs that cover every inch of the mantelpiece, and drink in a moderate "nightcap" peace and contentment to all the world. Perhaps our chair and *that* cushion will invite us to sleep. What if we slept on till Christmas morn, and woke in time for the Christmas bells and the dear, dear Christmas dinner at home? Well, we should then—as now—thank you, for everything thanks are due. We—myself and me—would wish you a happy Christmas and a prosperous and glad New Year, and we would ask in return nothing but a continuance of the approbation every one has showered upon us this six months past.

THE DRUID.

At a recent meeting the members of Duncombe Lodge, Kingsbridge, decided on building a Lodge in Duncombe-street, and the site for the Lodge will be purchased of Mr. George Hooper, builder, the architect being Mr. R. Watson. The Masons have felt the necessity of a Lodge for some years, and it has been the practice ever since the formation to hold the meetings at their room in the King's Arms Hotel. But Duncombe Lodge being almost the only remaining one in the three western counties that holds its meetings in a public-house, the desire for a change is apparent. It is hoped to finish the work by May next.

Masonic Mems.

On the 4th ult. Bro. James Beveridge, of the Adelphi Theatre, was installed as Master of the Lodge of Asaph, the members of which consist principally of musicians and actors. Bro. George Fairchild, the outgoing Master, performed the ceremony. Presiding afterwards at the banquet, and proposing the toast, Bro. Beveridge referred to the fact that a professor of the dramatic art, and a Past Master of the Asaph Lodge, Bro. Edward Terry, held the high Masonic office of Grand Treasurer of English Freemasons. As a proof of the interest actors had long taken in Freemasonry, he cited a passage from a book 150 years old, which had come into his hands, and which stated that in 1731, amongst many good effects arising from a renovation of Masonry, which had then fallen into rather low water, the theatre experienced its share. Masons, it said, were in general, warm friends of the drama, which they deemed essential to the cause of virtue, and as charity was one of their leading principles, they constantly devoted the profits arising from one night's performance at the theatre every season towards the relief of their distressed and indigent brethren. At this time, however, 1731, their laudable zeal carried them so far as to make them bespeak the tragedy of "Cato," then remarkably popular, the male characters of which were all performed by Gentlemen Masons; the prices were advanced, and so crowded and brilliant an audience had never at that time been seen in this kingdom. The same book also stated that an actor, named Griffiths, was Grand Secretary, and his great efforts in restoring Freemasonry to its pristine glory in Dublin were rewarded with a benefit, at which the Grand Master and Grand Officers in Masonic regalia attended, and the quaint old book added that Griffiths "thereby derived great profit."

* * *

On Wednesday, the 6th ult., the installation of the Alliance Lodge of Freemasons was held at the Guildhall Tavern. Bro. Henry Clarke, C.C., the retiring Master, occupied the chair, being well supported by the several officers and a large number of visitors. Sir John B. Monckton, as usual, performed the installation ceremony in a most admirable and impressive manner, and the new Master (Lieutenant-Colonel J. Werry Godfrey, P.M.) then appointed his officers. Bro. Edwin F. Fitch received the collar of Senior Warden, Bro. F. S. Jackson that of Junior Warden, Bro. Scott was appointed Senior Deacon, Colonel Wilde, Junior Deacon, and Bro. Secondary Roderick, Inner Guard.

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On the 7th ult. the brethren of Sunderland, representing all the Lodges in the town, gave one of their social entertainments in the Masonic Hall, Park-terrace, under the patronage of the Prov. G.M., Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart., and Lady Williamson, Canon Tristram and Mrs. Tristram, the Mayor and Mayoress, and Colonel Gourley, M.P. The proceeds were to aid the furnishing fund for the Masonic Ward in the Hartley Memorial Wing, Sunderland Infirmary. There was a very large gathering of the brotherhood and lady friends. The result will be a large addition to the Masonic Ward Fund, for through the liberality of a few well-known members of the Craft, all the expenses were met by them, and the total income will go direct to the fund.

* * *

On Sunday morning, the 10th ult., the centenary of the Lodge of Harmony, Huddersfield, was celebrated, when about 400 or 500 members of various Lodges in the West Riding province attended divine service at Huddersfield Parish Church. They met at the Masonic Hall, South Parade, and walked from thence in procession to the church. Masonic clothing was worn, and the weather being fine a large number of people witnessed the procession. The officers of the Provincial Grand Lodge of the West Riding brought up the rear. They were headed by the Right Worshipful the Provincial Grand Master, Bro. T. W. Tew (who was preceded by a sword-bearer, and supported by the two standard-bearers), and Bro. Henry Smith, Deputy Provincial Grand Master.

A large and representative gathering of members of the Masonic Order took place on the 15th ult., at the drill-hall of the 5th (Ardwick) Volunteer Battalion of the Manchester Regiment, upon the occasion of the consecration of the East Lancashire Centurion Lodge (2,322). The new Lodge, which makes the one hundredth in the province of East Lancashire, is to be open to members of the military, naval, or volunteer forces. The project has been in contemplation for some time, and the Provincial Grand Master, Colonel Le Gendre N. Starkie, has taken an active part in the formation of the Lodge, and himself accepted the office of its first Master. The founders of the Lodge are composed for the most part of volunteer officers in Manchester and the district, and it will commence with about thirty members. The ceremony was performed by Colonel Shadwell Clerke, and several other members of Grand Lodge were present.

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Colonel Henry Lumsden, of Pitcaple, was installed on Saturday, 16th inst., as Provincial Grand Master of the Province of Aberdeenshire West, by the Grand Master, Sir Archibald C. Campbell, Bart. A deputation of Grand Lodge office-bearers assisted at the installation, including Bros. Sir Charles Dalrymple, Bart., the Right Hon. Lord Saltoun, George Christie, of Stirlingshire, Major F. W. Allan, D. Murray Lyon, and John Graham, of Broadstone. Dinner was served at the close of the ceremony in the Imperial Hotel. The honor of replying for the Grand Lodge deputation fell to the Provincial Grand Lodge for Glasgow.

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Bro. John Tomlinson, of Littlewood, Croston, died suddenly, and was interred in Croston churchyard, on Monday, the 18th ult., with Masonic ceremony. Deceased was a man holding a high position in the esteem of his friends, and was a P.M. of the Croston Lodge. He was fifty-four years of age.

* * *

The "Rose of Lancaster" Lodge (2,325) was on the 21st ult. consecrated in accordance with ancient rites and ceremonies by the Right Hon. the Earl of Lathom, D.G.M., R.W. Prov. Grand Master, assisted by several Grand and Prov. Grand officers, and in the presence of a large assembly of members of the new Lodge and visiting brethren. The ceremony of consecration was performed at the Masonic-buildings, Lord-street, where the brethren of the "Rose of Lancaster" Lodge will in future meet on the third Thursday of each month. The consecrating officers present were Earl of Lathom, D.G.M., Prov. G.M. West Lancashire, Presiding Officer; Thomas Clarke, Prov. G. R., S.W.; Rev. J. K. Turner, P.G.C., Chaplain; T. L. Murray, Director of Ceremonies; and W. Goodacre, P.G.S.B., Prov. G. Sec. The visitors included Bros. George Mellor, P.G.D., D.P.G.M., East Lancashire; Rev. J. S. Gardner, P.P.G. Chap., West Lancashire; J. Sutton, P.P.D., G.D.C.; Herbert Kidson, P.G.S.; J. N. Patterson, P.G.D.C.; S. M. Harris, P.P.G.D.C., Northumberland; J. J. Lambert, P.P.G.R.; D. Gaskin, P.P.G.T.; J. T. Callow, P.P.G.T.; R. Foote, P.P.G.T.; and J. C. Robinson, P.A.G.D.C. The Lodge having been duly constituted, the investiture of the officers was proceeded with. Bro. Wm. Platt, P.M., was installed in the chair as the first Worshipful Master, Bros. W. J. Worden and C. Watson being appointed as Senior and Junior Wardens respectively. In the course of a brief address to the brethren, Lord Lathom said he believed there was a necessity for a new Masonic Lodge in Southport, and that the "Rose of Lancaster" Lodge would be very numerously attended.

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M. E. Comp. F. A. Philbrick, Q.C., Grand Superintendent, presided on Thursday evening, the 21st ult., at the annual Provincial Grand Chapter at Romford, and there was a large attendance of Companions. Letters were read from Lord Brooke, M.P., and others, regretting their inability to attend. The roll of members showed a substantial increase, and the auditor's report showed a balance of over £20. The Grand Superintendent said real progress had been made in the past year, and, having been connected with the Province since its commencement, he was

proud to preside over such a community. The Provincial Grand officers were appointed as under:—P.G.H., ex-Comp. Rev. T. Cochrane, Z. 1,437, P.G. Soj., Eng.; P.G.J., G. H. Finch, H. 2,005; P.G.S.E., Thomas J. Ralling, P.Z. 51, P.G.Sw.B. Eng., P.G.S.E. (sixth year); P.G.S.N., F. B. Page, Z. 214; P.G.Reg., A. Mead, 2,276; P.G.Soj., G. Harrison, I.P. 251; P.G. 1st Asst. Soj., R. J. Warren, H. 1,437; P.G. 2nd Asst. Soj., G. R. Dawson, H. 1,000; P.G.Sw.B., T. G. Mills, 251; P.G.Std.B., R. G. Kellett, J. 276; P.G.D.C., A. Lucking, P.Z. and S.E. 1,000; P.G.Org., R. Jennings, 1,437; P.G. Janitor, Comp. A. W. Martin. Comp. Andrew Durrant was re-elected Provincial Grand Treasurer. The customary banquet followed at the Golden Lion Hotel.

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On the afternoon of the 26th ult., a new Lodge was consecrated in York under the title of the Albert Victor Lodge (2,328). The ceremony took place in the Freemasons' Hall, St. Saviourgate, York, in the presence of a large assemblage of brethren. We understand that H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor gave special permission for the naming of the Lodge, signed the petition to the Grand Master for the warrant, and has since consented to be enrolled as an honorary member of it. The ceremony of consecration was performed by the Hon. W. T. Orde-Powlett, Dep. Prov. G. M.

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Early last month Dr. Thomas Jackson held an inquiry at the Freemasons' Asylum, Croydon, into the circumstances attending the death of John Hole, aged 92 years, one of the inmates of the institution, who committed suicide. It appeared that the deceased was walking about in the grounds at seven o'clock, being then in his usual health. Some three hours later, however, a female inmate named Jones entered his room and found the old man hanging by the neck to a rope which was fastened to a hook behind the door. The act was a most determined one, Hole having placed a board across two jam jars on the floor, and, having adjusted the noose, kicked away the platform, and so strangled himself. He had been in the asylum for upwards of twenty-seven years. The jury returned a verdict of temporary insanity.

* * *

Early last month the Masons of Hertfordshire attended in full force at "The Hall," Bushey, to assist at the formation of a new Lodge, which was consecrated under favorable auspices by the Grand Master of the Province of Hertfordshire, Mr. Thomas F. Halsey, M.P. for the Watford Division of the county. "The Hall," Bushey, formerly belonged to the Marjoribanks family, but came into the market a few years back, when the noble building and a considerable portion of the estate passed into the hands of some capitalists connected with the Stock Exchange, who turned it into an attractive health resort, which is much frequented at all seasons of the year. It is not quite clear why such an establishment should be selected as the home for a Freemasons' Lodge, seeing that the visitors must of necessity be more or less of a migratory character; but considerable interest was evidently taken in the proceedings, evidenced by the presence of several distinguished Grand Officers of England and an array of Provincial Grand Officers, actual and past, from all parts of the county of Hertfordshire. The Grand Officers of England were represented by Bros. F. A. Philbrick, Q.C., the Grand Registrar; Thomas Fenn, the President of the Board of General Purposes; Colonel Shadwell H. Clerke, the Grand Secretary; F. Sumner Knyvett, Past Grand Deacon, John E. Dawson, C.E., Past Grand Sword Bearer; and C. Fitzgerald Matier, Past Grand Standard Bearer.

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The Lodge having been duly formed, the Master was "installed" by the recently appointed Deputy of the Province, Bro. George E. Lake, who for several years most efficiently performed the duties of Provincial Grand Secretary. The whole of the Lodge furniture and regalia, which was one of the most costly description, was presented to the Lodge by Bro. James Renton, of the

Stock Exchange, one of the chief owners of "The Hall," who fittingly occupies the post of Senior Warden of the Lodge, and next in rotation for the Mastership. The new Lodge may be congratulated upon having secured for its first important officers several experienced brethren. Bro. T. Fenn has accepted the dual post of acting Past Master and Director of Ceremonies, and as he is one of the greatest Masonic authorities living, the efficient direction of the affairs of the Lodge is assured, whilst the important posts of Treasurer and Secretary are occupied by Past Masters of great experience, the latter office being taken by Dr. Banning, the energetic and agreeable resident manager at "The Hall." As may be supposed, advantage was taken of the opportunity later in the day to test the culinary capabilities of the establishment. The result proved that the various departments had combined effectively to entertain the visitors.

* * *

Members of the Masonic fraternity in Devonshire, which has of late years largely grown in numbers and in influence under the leadership of the popular Provincial Grand Master, Viscount Ebrington, M.P., are again under obligations to Bro. W. F. Westcott, of Frankfort-street, Plymouth, for an admirable "Masonic Register," which he has just issued, for the year 1889-90. The Register, which is clearly printed in good type, and neatly bound in a stout blue cover, gives a list of the whole of the Masonic Lodges, Chapters, and Pories in the Province of Devon, together with the names of the officers of every Lodge, Chapter, and Priory, the dates of meeting in each case, and other information of interest to Freemasons.

* * *

The Quarterly Convocation of Supreme Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of England was held at Freemasons' Hall, and, in the absence of the Prince of Wales, the Earl of Carnarvon, the Earl of Lathom, and Lord Leigh, the Rev. H. Adair Pickard (Oxon), the Rev. C. W. Spencer Stanhope (Cheshire), and Bro. Thomas Fenn occupied the principal chairs. On a memorial from the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of Victoria, reporting that they had been regularly established in March last, and asking recognition by the Grand Chapter of England, and that fraternal communication might be established between the two Grand Chapters, a resolution moved by Bro. E. Letchworth, seconded by Bro. Philbrick, Q.C., was carried to that effect. Charters were granted for the establishment of new Chapters to be attached to the Albion Lodge, London; the Wilberforce Lodge, Hull; the Mundy Grove Lodge, Shipleygate, Derbyshire; and the Cyclist Lodge, East Molesey, Surrey. The charter of the Abbey Chapter, Burton-on-Trent, having been lost, a charter of confirmation was granted, and the Moravian Chapter (387) was authorised to remove from the Masonic Hall to the Saltaire Institute, Shipley, West Yorkshire. The Mount Moriah Chapter, London, received authority to detach itself from the Albion Lodge, and to be attached to the Middlesex Lodge (143).

* * *

Sir Henry Isaacs, the Lord Mayor, was unanimously elected *Worshipful Master of the Drury Lane Lodge* for the ensuing year. The Installation Ceremony takes place at the Mansion House on February 11, and Sir Henry will be the "Eminent Mason at Home" in our issue for that month.

* * *

Just after the guests at the Mayoral Banquet at Welshpool had taken their seats the other day, Councillor Robert Hurst, who was elected a member of the Town Council on the 1st inst., fell down in a fit. Some medical gentlemen, who formed part of the company, rendered immediate assistance, but life was declared extinct. Past Master Hurst was formerly borough surveyor, and in good practice in the city.

* * *

The annual festival of the "Quatuor Coronati" Lodge of Freemasons, which derives its title from the "Four Crowned" or "Four Holy Martyrs," the legendary saints of the building trades

was held the other evening at Freemasons' Hall. The Lodge was established in 1884 for the association of Freemasons connected with literature and the arts. Bro. Wm. Simpson, the special artist of the *Illustrated London News*, retired from the chair of the Lodge, on the completion of his year of office, and was succeeded by Lieut.-Colonel S. C. Pratt, R.A., late Professor of Military History, Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. The treasurer is Bro. Walter Besant, the eminent novelist.

* * *

The case of a very large family came before the Board of Benevolence on its last meeting, when the sum of £805 was voted in grants to petitioners in distress. One petitioner, who was sixty-seven years of age, had had thirty-nine children, the youngest of this interesting family being only three months old.

* * *

The brethren of the Gallery Lodge—consisting of journalistic Masons—have elected Bro. Henry Wright their W.M. for the ensuing year.

* * *

In the presence of a large gathering of brethren, amongst whom were Bros. Perrin, Tremearne, Fenn, and S. Lambert, Bro. A. Lambert, of Dunsterhouse, Mincing-lane, has been installed W.M. of the Addiscombe Lodge. Subsequent to his installation, the new officer presented to the Lodge a beautiful banner of his arms.

* * *

As time goes on, the number of candidates for the impending vacancy in connection with the Secretaryship of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys increases. There are now in the field, besides Bro. Gordon Smith, M.A., Bro. S. R. Baskett, of Evershot, Dorchester; Bro. A. C. Greenwood, of Albert Institute-chambers, Charles-street, Blackfriars; and Bro. Edwin Storr, of Robey Villa, Hornsey.

* * *

Bro. J. P. Hoddinott is the new W.M. of the City of London Lodge.

* * *

A dinner was given last month to Bro. J. C. Parkinson at the Albion Tavern, Bro. Edmund Yates being in the chair. The guest of the evening was presented by the chairman, on behalf of the subscribers, with a handsome service of plate, artistically designed to illustrate the most celebrated characters and incidents in the works of Charles Dickens. The presentation was from Bro. Parkinson's private friends in acknowledgment of recent public services in connection with an archaeological and philanthropic association, of which Bro. Parkinson has been a leading member for a quarter of a century, and from the chair of which he is now retiring, after the prescribed service of twelve months, for the fourth time. Bros. Sir John B. Monckton, F.S.A.; Rudolph Glover, F.S.A.; Colonel Shadwell H. Clerke; T. Fenn; A. M. Broadley; and Alderman Layton, J.P., were among those present.

* * *

The elevation of the W.M. of Lodge Unanimity and Sincerity to the Mayoral Chair of Taunton is an event unique in the history of the Lodge, and occasion was taken the other evening to greet the W.M. with hearty good wishes for his year of office in the form of the following resolution, very happily proposed by Bro. P. M. Meyler (Town Clerk), and adopted by acclamation:—"That the brethren of the Lodge desire to record upon the minutes their hearty fraternal congratulations to the Worshipful Master upon his appointment by the unanimous vote of the Corporation, and with the cordial approbation of his fellow-townsmen, to the high office of Mayor and chief magistrate of his native town."

* * *

Bro. H. W. L. Hobbs has been installed as W.M. of the Belgrave Lodge. To the retiring W.M., Bro. Thomas Weeks, a handsome jewel in recognition of his services was voted at the installation meeting.

The Lincolnshire Provincial Grand Lodge of Mark Master Masons was held at Crowle this year, R. W. Bro. Jack Sutcliffe, Provincial Grand Master, presiding. The treasurer's report, showing a balance in hand of £35, was received, and Bro. Charles Scorer was elected treasurer, and Bro. W. Lancaster, tyler. Among the other officers appointed were Bro. Stainforth, P.G.S.W.; Bro. Baines, P.G.S.W.; Bro. the Rev. L. Gassick, P.G., chaplain; Bro. A. Whyes, P.G., registrar; Bro. W. F. Morton, P.G., secretary; Bro. E. Cousans, P.G.J.D.; Bro. W. H. Roberts, P.G.D.C.; Bro. J. F. Johnson, P.G.A.D.C. It was resolved that the next Lodge should be held at Gainsbro', and a banquet was subsequently provided, over which the R.W. Provincial Grand Master (Bro. Sutcliffe, of Grimsby) presided.

* * *

At the last monthly meeting of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution, the following report was made by the Sub-Committee recently appointed "to inquire into the working of the Secretary's office":—

To the Committee of Management of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution.

The Sub-Committee appointed at the meeting of the Committee on Wednesday, the 11th September last, "to inquire into the working of the Secretary's office," have to report that they have held two meetings, namely, on the 31st of October and 5th of November respectively, and the Secretary produced the minutes containing the report of the Sub-Committee defining his duties and emoluments at the time of his appointment in 1872, and the dates of the minutes showing the various changes in the latter that have been made, also the minutes containing the appointment of a permanent clerk, as well as the report of the Sub-Committee defining the duties and emoluments of the Collector on his appointment, all of which were fully considered and due inquiry made as to whether each had faithfully performed his allotted task. The Sub-Committee have much pleasure in stating that they found such was the case, and that, at the instance of the Secretary, the office hours had been extended from 4 p.m. to 5 p.m., such extension having been rendered necessary in his opinion by the ever-increasing work of the Institution.

In view of certain statements that had been made, that the Collector had received commission on sums which had not been received by him, the Sub-Committee desire to call particular attention to Clause 9 of the report of the Sub-Committee appointed on June 9, 1880, to consider the duties to be performed by him, and the commission to be paid, and which report was approved at a Special Committee on June 22, 1880. Such clause is as follows:—

"9. That he be paid a commission of 5 per cent. upon all sums received by him, with the exception of those paid on the day of the Festival, and up to and inclusive of the settling-day, and also excepting any amounts paid into the office, and for which receipts are given by the Secretary or Clerk."

On inquiry of the Secretary, he pledged himself that in no case had moneys sent to him after the settling day been handed over to the Collector, in order that he should receive a commission on the same unless the person so remitting the money requested that it might be so handed over, and, as no member of the Sub-Committee (even including the mover of the resolution upon which the Sub-Committee was appointed) was able to name any one case upon which inquiry could be made, and as no complaint had been received at the office, your Sub-Committee are of opinion that all moneys which the Collector had been paid he was fully entitled to, in accordance with the terms of his appointment.

Looking at the fact that the Committee of Management had lately had so favorable an opinion from Bro. Smith, the Grand Lodge Auditor, as to the mode of keeping the accounts, your Sub-Committee do not think it necessary to again travel over that ground.

Dated this 13th day of November, 1889.

* * *

The grave of Bro. Henry Jeff, in Hempstead churchyard, has been adorned with a beautiful Norman cross in Sicilian marble, the bases being in marble and Forest stone. Cut in the upper base is the following inscription, which will explain the origin and object of the memorial:—"This cross is erected by Freemasons of Gloucestershire to perpetuate the memory of Henry Jeff, P.M., P.L., P.P.S.G.W., P.P.J.G., P.D.G.M. Mk. M. M., who died August, 1888, aged 69 years. He was a zealous Mason, a Past Master of the Royal Lebanon and Zetland Lodges, Gloucester, and an officer of Grand Lodge of Mark Master Masons. In the year 1883 he served the office of City High Sheriff, and was highly esteemed for his antiquarian researches."

Established but little more than four years ago, the Wilberforce Lodge, No. 2,134, has made such rapid strides in membership that the accommodation to be obtained at the present premises in Charlotte-street, Hull, has been found to be insufficient, and it was determined some months ago to seek a new home for the Lodge. Accordingly the matter was taken in hand, and eventually a large building in St. Luke-street, known as the Baptist Tabernacle, and which was originally built for a Temperance Hall, was purchased. The premises, which were copyhold, were made freehold, the purchase-money being £750, while the expense of altering the building is estimated at about £400. The working of transforming the place into a Masonic Hall is now being rapidly proceeded with. Every inch of room in the building is being utilised. The banqueting-room is on the ground floor, and is of large dimensions, being capable of seating about 200. A statue of Wilberforce has been presented to the Lodge by Bro. Keyworth, and this will occupy a prominent position in the banqueting-room. The Lodge-room, which is situated on the first floor, is very capacious. Highly-ornamented Corinthian pillars surround the room, and the ceiling is bracketed and panelled. Around the room is a raised dais, and the seats will be of iron, handsomely upholstered. There are waiting and retiring-rooms on each floor, and every convenience for the comfort of the brethren. The W.M. of the Lodge, Bro. W. Woodhall, who has been well supported by the brethren, has taken a warm interest in the undertaking, and it is intended that the anniversary of the Lodge and the consecration of its new habitation shall take place on January 29 next. A warrant for a Royal Arch chapter has been obtained. The whole of the money for the purchase and alteration of the new building has been raised from among the members of the Lodge.

* * *

The *Universe*, the Catholic London weekly, says:—"The Freemasons of Portugal are much shocked at the impiety of the Patriarch of Lisbon, Cardinal Neta. It appears that in the course of his funeral sermon his Eminence remarked that the deceased King had need of the prayers of his subjects, as it was evident, notwithstanding his many virtues, that he must have committed many venial sins in his lifetime, and might, therefore, be still in purgatory. Now, of course, no Catholic who remembered his catechism, or who attended to his religious duties, would see anything strange in the Patriarch's remarks: to pray for the soul of the deceased monarch would seem to him to be the most obvious and practical way of showing his affection for him. But the Freemasons of Portugal and France are indignant at the suggestion that King Luis's soul did not ascend straight to eternal bliss. This is refreshing to hear from members of an Order which has expunged the name of God from its books, whose motto is *Ni Dieu ni Maître*—'Neither God nor Master.'"

* * *

"Even our very respectable contemporary, the *Paris Figaro*, is horrified. Listen to its plaintive protest:—"After having been the model of constitutional Sovereigns, after having proved himself a good son, a good husband, a good father, having left to his subjects the memory of all his virtues, and being regretted by them as no other King could be, having died a sincere Christian with the Apostolic Benediction, and after having a whole nation regretting him and praying for the repose of his soul; all this is of no avail, it would seem, for King Luis's soul is still in purgatory." The *Figaro* is evidently much disturbed in its tonsorial soul at the possible consequences of the patriarch's sermon; it might even bring about a schism in Portugal, and what grief and consternation there would be in the Lodges throughout Europe. But the most comic part of the article is where its writer explains to the public the grave significance of the patriarch's utterance as being no less than a 'formal disavowal of the absolution pronounced over the dying King by the Pope's Nuncio.' We strongly recommend this theme for development by our Protestant contemporaries in England."

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Eminent Masons at Home.

No. VI.—MR. AUGUSTUS HENRY GLOSSOP HARRIS AT THE ELMS, REGENT'S PARK.

THE beauties of the Outer Circle, Regent's Park, are not appreciated on a frosty morning in November, when the leafless tress are curtained in mist, and the inhabitants of this part of the metropolis are not yet risen from their beds. Your steaming cab-horse canters on round an interminable circle, past innumerable "terraces" hidden behind gruesome-looking gardens, past the outskirts of the "Zoological," where the animals are still within their houses, past the wretched-looking Regent's Canal, always sluggish and lazy, until you approach the North Gate, where you turn out into the Avenue-road, and hence into the private drive leading to The Elms. You will not be too sentimental on a morning in November, or you would seek some information as to the surroundings of the place. Those gates! Have you not seen them somewhere else, weathered by the same elms, which meet and interlace their branches above your head? And the church, too, with its "squatty" tower trying to creep behind the hedgerow and mist for very shame at leaving its Sussex graveyard and planting itself in London town. And the tinkling bell whose sound is dulled by the moisture of the atmosphere. Surely that bell has called you to matins and to vespers in other lands! But no, it is you who are mistaken in these things. It is no Sussex homestead you are approaching with the Norman Church and the keep, neither is there any village blacksmith shop. The elm-trees and the beeches have never been rippled by a breeze "blowing over the meadows brown." So you shake off those impressions and hasten through

the grounds to the house which Augustus Harris has inhabited since he vacated his hospitable mansion in Portland-place.

You do not expect to find him warming his feet before the fire or enveloped in the pages of a daily paper, and you are not surprised when you are invited to step into the bedroom and chat to him after he has enjoyed his morning tub. If you expected to find him alone, you are again mistaken, for his private secretary is already at his desk plotting out the work for the coming day. A pile of letters has already received attention, and a dozen newspapers have been scanned over long before you appeared upon the scene, and yet your host has not completed half his toilet. In this early hour, whilst incessantly wandering from room to room, the manager of the greatest theatrical enterprises of the day matures his plans. He can attend to his dressing, discuss the morning news, and direct his secretary at one and the same moment, and everything is carefully and decisively executed. His collar must remain unbuttoned while he edits a letter at his own table, and nothing, however trivial, escapes his memory. In the bookcase, which covers half one side of the room, is crowded a magnificent collection of works and books of reference upon the costumes and decorations of all times and of all nations. "The Encyclopædia Britannica" and Pierre Larousse's "Grand Dictionnaire Universel du XIX^e Siècle" occupy the principal shelves; but all the poets, from Shakespeare to Eliza Cook, with histories and guide-books, are here, beautifully bound and well preserved. Dozens of French plays, works on textile fabrics, and the cultivation of the voice, shoulder each other on the shelves in rich profusion, and almost every volume has been scored over by their owner when he has flung himself into a chair for a few moments' relaxation before retiring for the night. In the bath-room, artfully hidden behind a screen, is a huge nest of lettered pigeon-holes, into which the great impressario discharges the papers that somehow get into his pockets without his knowledge. It was not until after a stern siege that the material side of Mr. Harris's existence was allowed to penetrate into the domestic haunts of the bath-room; but now his bedroom itself has been attacked, and the inside of the plate-glass doors of his wardrobe—a unique specimen of modern tortoise-shell and ivory inlay, in walnut—is covered with papers pinned or gummed there for ready reference.

In the drawing-room, which is rich in beautiful vases, are the portraits of Augustus Harris's most intimate friends, but perhaps the most interesting *souvenir* is the revolving photographic stand in ormolu and onyx, presented to him by the principals of the late Italian Opera Company. Your eye picks out a couple of portraits, unblushingly placed in the most conspicuous position; they are those of your host and his wife, before the torrent of good fortune had borne them onward. Through the long casement windows, heavily curtained this chill November morning, you note the conservatory, given over to the palms and ferns of the season, without a solitary speck of colour to warm your heart. Beyond, the gardener is busy with his rose-trees, preparing them for the siege of winter, and across the lawns, which stretch away to the church, half-hidden with the foliage of the never-dying laurels and holly-bushes, come the sharp, crisp tones of the bell calling the early worshippers to prayer. It is a peaceful scene this and one that you linger over with some sorrow. There is no breakfast for the master of The Elms, who starts the work of the day with an early and heavy lunch, to which all morning visitors are cordially invited. But here there is no repose. It is the time for telegrams and hasty letters. Half-a-dozen invitations to dine at the same hour must of necessity be declined. He cannot be at nine different parts of the Metropolis at the same moment, so the nine "summonses" he receives to "attend the duties of your Lodge" must also be disobeyed. The soup gets cold, as soup will, and the fish is disregarded because Lewis Wingfield has brought over his sketches for the new costumes in some future production.

These, of course, are discussed, and here you get a trait in the character of Augustus Harris which has had no little share in the success of his stage productions. He is a man of parts—of many parts—but one of those parts is the studied deference he pays to

others whose advice he seeks. The suggestions he makes over these sketches are terse and to the point, but he surrenders his opinions to the knowledge of the designer the moment that master of archaeological costume expresses it, and that is a trait of character only clever men possess.

Augustus Harris was initiated into Freemasonry fourteen years ago, in the St. Clair Lodge at Edinburgh. His first connection with the English Craft was in London, where he formed the Maybury Lodge (969). In 1885 he joined his friend, Bro. Broadley, in founding the Drury-lane Lodge (2,127), a Lodge which is destined to become one of the first on the roll of the English Grand Lodges, and was its first Senior Warden. In the following year he occupied the position of Worshipful Master, and has studiously supported the chair ever since. He is M.E.Z. of the Royal Naval Chapter (59); E.P. of the Bard of Avon and Drury-lane Preceptory, and Grand Sword Bearer in the Great Priory of Knights Templar; member of the Royal Order of Scotland; of the Old Kent Lodge of Mark Masters, and of the Order of Royal and Select Masters; P.M. of the Stewart Chapter of the Allied Masonic Degrees, and P.J.G.W. of the Grand Lodge of that Order. He is also a Life Governor of the three Charities, and a generous benefactor to the pupils of the Masonic Schools. Augustus Harris was proposed by Bro. Sheriff Harris, P.M., at the last meeting of Grand Lodge, for the position of Grand Treasurer for the year 1890-91, and his nomination was accepted by Grand Lodge without opposition, so that in March next he will be installed into that office on St. George's Day.

With his public career the world is well acquainted. No man has drawn such results from the walls of "Old Drury" as he. In a very large measure he was the pioneer of that extreme skill in the art of stage management that has quite revolutionised the modern stage, and be it pantomime, or melodrama, or even Italian Opera, the lavishness with which he mounts his pieces has surpassed anything that was ever done before. His cleverness determines that only the best artists shall represent his management, and if he has not always secured the services of the most successful dramatists, his productions have invariably met with the approbation and support of the public. He is the lessee of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres, the Tyne Theatre at Newcastle, and a joint

manager of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. He was one of the original Syndicate which changed the fortunes of the Empire, but he has recently withdrawn from that enterprise. With all the claims Masonry and his theatrical ventures make upon his time, he is a member of no less than four City Companies, and when the County Council was inaugurated two years ago, Augustus Harris was returned for the Strand Division of the Metropolis. You well remember the meeting in the scene-painting room in Vinegar Yard. On the platform was exposed to view a sedate representative of every shade of political opinion. There was Edmund Yates, in a pepper-and-salt morning costume, dividing the

rabid Radicals from the Tories, like the centre-man of a nigger troupe, with a typical specimen of a Home-ruler at one end of the platform, and a downright unadulterated Conservative at the other. It was a beautiful sight to see the lion lying down with the lamb, and the guiding crook of the astutest of chairmen leading his sheep to market. Mr. Harris has never done anything cleverer since his election, and he has never dishonoured the promises to his constituents.

As you sit with him this busy morning, in his spacious dining-room, given over, as far as "art" is concerned, to a very large portrait of his wife and daughter, and a river scene by Wyllie, hanging over the sideboard, you form some idea of the enormous aptitude for business Augustus Harris must possess. But his only daughter, little Florence, is not yet old enough to form ideas of much importance; her morning kiss is taken with a large amount of indifference as to whether her presence at such an hour is of any hindrance to her father.

But this is a privileged morning after all, for a journey to Paris is booked for the latter part of the day, and Florence must, of course, help to pack her father's portmanteau, and to wonder why Mr. Wingfield's "pretty pictures" are not presented to her instead of to Mr. Latham. A few moments of hurry and bustle, a permission from "papa" that little Florence—how one's mind goes back to the seashore at Yarmouth, and remembers Mr. Dombey with his grandchildren—may go to see "The Royal Oak" that afternoon; and the carriage is waiting to take its owner once more to the great playhouse in Catherine-street. If the carriage holds four you will be invited to enter, and if you complete the journey and steal



MR. AUGUSTUS HENRY GLOSSOP HARRIS.

unobserved on to the stage of "Old Drury," you will find Augustus Harris surrounded by three hundred ladies of the ballet with whom in a few weeks time he intends to startle London.

THE TREASURER.

THE importance of this officer in connection with Masonic Lodges is evidenced by the fact that it is the second elective office by ballot of the members generally, and is not subject, as are all others except that of the Tyler, to appointment by the Worshipful Master. The position is one of distinct honor, and should be the reward of a long and creditable connection with the Order, and the particular section thereof with which the honored individual is associated. In our Private Lodges the new order of things which has made the corresponding office in Grand Lodge one of annual change of person, does not apply; and there are abundant reasons why it should not. In the capacity of Treasurer to a Private Lodge, the holder of that office must take upon himself the onus of many responsibilities, and, to some extent at least, be a working officer. The duties and responsibilities of a Grand Lodge Treasurer are of an entirely different and perfunctory nature, and the qualifications for that exalted office are best judged of by general services to Masonry in the fulfilment of accepted duties during an extended Masonic career, and evidence that the grand principles of the Order have been thoroughly understood and acted upon by those who seek the position. But so much is not required from the Treasurer of a Private Lodge. To what should be characteristic of every good Freemason, as kindness of disposition, courtesy, and good fellowship, there need only to be added reasonably good social position, a reputation for strict integrity, and a capacity for keeping correct and explicit accounts. It is a most satisfactory reflection that amongst the thousands of Brethren now holding office as Treasurers of our Lodges, the whole of these qualifications can be found united in a very considerable majority of them.

The duties of a Treasurer are not set forth in the Book of Constitutions, but there can be no doubt that they are, in the first place, to receive all moneys due to the Lodge, and to keep correct entries thereof. But from or through whom is he to receive the fees, dues, and other assets of the Lodge? The Book of Constitutions, rule 177, says: "All money received or paid for on account of a Lodge shall be from time to time regularly entered in proper books, which shall be the property of the Lodge." It also provides (rule 173) that "a regular list, signed by the Master and Secretary, of its contributing members, &c., shall be transmitted; and rule 173 provides for remittance of fees, &c.; but it is nowhere stated what particular officer shall discharge the duties referred to other than the Master, who is expressly mentioned and made responsible. In our last number we wrote: "In most Lodges the Secretary keeps the record of payments and receives the same which he at once passes into the hands of the Treasurer." To this exception has been taken, and a worthy Brother and esteemed friend informs us that "Secretaries have nothing whatever to do with the money. . . . The Treasurer sits in his proper place for the purpose of receiving and giving receipts." We join issue with our good friend, for we do not find it so stated in our laws and regulations, and it is neither, in our opinion, politic nor convenient that it should be so. We maintain that the Treasurer has no more to do than act as custodian of the funds applicable for Lodge purposes under the authority of the Lodge members. To obtain subscriptions as they become due, see that they, together with initiation and joining fees, are paid over immediately on receipt of same, and generally to keep the records, clearly form part of the Secretarial duties; which duties, however, would be materially lightened were it invariably the case that the Treasurer was in his place during Lodge work. I go so far as to say that the Treasurer should require, if he be present at the termination of Lodge work, an account of financial business during that time; or, if absent, that the same should be forwarded to him

at the earliest possible convenience of the Secretary after the meeting; but further than that we do not think his power to exercise control over "payments in" extends. He is the fiduciary agent of the Lodge, its place of safe deposit, its Treasurer and Banker, and in that capacity has more control over "payments out." As to these, the Treasurer should be cautious not to make payments without sufficient warrant; to make none unless the funds are *de facto* in his hands, and on no account permit over-drafts. Many a promising new Lodge has been placed in difficulties for years by the over-good nature of their Treasurers, who, anticipating payments which were never made, and progress which did not realise expectations, provided or guaranteed expenditures which were not justified at starting. True, after some length of time, the return of advances may have been made, but the principle is wrong in any result.

I have said above that the Treasurer is "custodian of the funds applicable for Lodge purposes," and meant to imply that he was not by virtue of his election the purse-bearer in connection with those sums of money which are to be transmitted to the Grand Lodge as, familiarly speaking, Grand Lodge dues. It was, up to a very recent period, well understood that for these the Master himself was directly responsible, and that he was expected to retain in his own hands such sums until the regular period for transmission direct to the Grand Secretary. If the Treasurer, at the Master's request, took charge of these amounts, it was always "on separate account." I may be in error, but as I read the revised laws of 1884, this requirement of Grand Lodge no longer seems to exist, and all money paid to the Lodge, on whatsoever account, is placed in charge of the Treasurer. As a matter of simplifying accounts, and as far as equal security is concerned, there could never have been any sufficient reason for such division of responsibility; and, to my thinking, should there be any clause which has been overlooked still requiring a divided pecuniary responsibility, although absolute breach of any of the laws or regulations should not be tolerated, an application of the telescope to the blind eye would not be altogether censurable.

How much it is in the power of a Treasurer to promote the best interests of a Lodge as one of good work and progress, and the social enjoyment, happiness, and comfort of its members when the hour of "high twelve" has sounded, need hardly be described. His influence is universally acknowledged, and more particularly and effectually so when it is exercised in a firm and courteous manner, neither turning to the right or to the left from the strict line of his duty. I have never yet found in any Lodge other than a good word for the Treasurer who would not hesitate, when the exchequer was low, to assert that he had no Lodge money to meet orders, and would not pledge the credit of the Lodge for the sake of present convenience; nor, on the other hand, for him who, when his money-bags became plethoric, would suggest that they should be bled in the cause of good fellowship and of Charity. It is only where Treasurers assume a right to direct exactly how the Master and his Brethren should dispose of that over which they have no control whatever in a personal capacity, that unpleasantness will sometimes ensue. Although it cannot be said that these do not sometimes arise through arrogance and assumption of individuals, still the exceptions to the general rule are so few in number in the large aggregate of faithful Brethren as not to be of any importance.

JAMES STEVENS.

At a cost of £1,300 a new Masonic Hall is being built at Dumfries. The entire amount is found by the brethren of St. Michael's Kilwinning Lodge (63).

Lord George Hamilton and Lord Charles Beresford have accepted an invitation to become honorary members of the Royal Naval College Lodge of Freemasons at Greenwich, of which Bro. Montague Primrose, of the Admiralty, is the Master for the ensuing year.

GRAND LODGE OF ENGLAND.

THE quarterly communication of the Grand Lodge of England took place on Wednesday evening, the 4th inst., at Freemasons' Hall, the Provincial Grand Master of Hants, Bro. W. W. Beach, M.P., presiding, supported by Worshipful Brothers the Earl of Euston (Acting Dep. G. M.), H. D. Sandemann, Sir Victor H. Williamson, the Hon. W. W. Vernon, the Lord Mayor, Rev. Martyn, Robert Grey, Thomas Fenn, G. Philbrick, Q.C., and a great number of other well-known brethren. In nominating H.R.H. the Prince of Wales for the Grand Mastership for the ensuing year, the Lord Mayor, amidst applause, said :—

Most Worshipful Grand Master in the chair,—I beg leave to nominate our Illustrious Brother the Most Worshipful Grand Master to be the Most Worshipful Grand Master of Freemasons for the ensuing year. Happy for me—indeed, I may say happy for this Lodge, and happy for the Craft, the nominator of such a nominee is perfectly independent of the aids of oratory or rhetoric, inasmuch as the name of our Most Worshipful Grand Master is engraven upon the heart of every true Mason. Lord Bacon said “Princes are like to heavenly bodies which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration and no rest.” If I were asked to point to a Prince who in all history has earned and deservedly enjoyed more veneration than others, I should point to our Most Worshipful Grand Master. If I were asked to point to the Prince who has least rest, whose mind is most occupied by good works, whose heart is moved by a desire to serve his fellow creatures, I should again point to his Royal Highness our Most Worshipful Grand Master. Most Worshipful Grand Master in the chair, I feel I need say no more, and I formally nominate the Most Worshipful Grand Master for the present to be our Grand Master for the ensuing year.

Bro. Sheriff Harris then nominated Bro. Augustus Henry Glossop Harris, the well-known lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, for the post of Grand Treasurer. There being no other candidate nominated, Bro. Harris will be elected to the post at the meeting of Grand Lodge in March next.

Bro. the Rev. C. J. Martyn, P.G.C., the deliverer of that memorable speech at Euston, proposed during the proceedings a vote of thanks to Bros. Brett and Cothebrune “for the kind attention and the constant and unwearied perseverance with which for many years past they have attended the meetings of the Board of Benevolence.” The report of this Board was considered and adopted, and a sum of £720 was agreed upon for grants. Among ten applicants to the Board are brethren of the Lodge of Unity (183), receiving £200 of this sum. After Bro. Philbrick, Q.C., had brought up the appeal of Bro. Henry Godbee, P.M., of the Victoria in Burma Lodge, Rangoon, against a ruling of the District Grand Master of Burma, and moved that the appeal be allowed, which was eventually carried, Grand Lodge closed. The Hall was for the first time lighted by electric light.

GRAND LODGE OF SCOTLAND.

THE quarterly communication of the Grand Lodge of Scotland was held on the 7th ult., in the Freemasons' Hall, George-street, Edinburgh. Much interest has been taken for some time in the appointment of a Grand Cashier in place of the late Bro. David Kinnear, and there was an unusually large attendance, upwards of five hundred brethren being present. The throne was occupied by the Grand Master, Sir Archibald C. Campbell. The salary of Grand Cashier had been previously fixed at £150, and out of twenty-five applications, a list of three was placed before the meeting. The result of a vote was as follows :—Bro. David Reid, Glasgow, Grand Bible-Bearer and Provincial Grand Secretary of Glasgow, proposed by Bro. GRAHAM, 282, Prov. G. Master of Glasgow; William Ferguson, Past Prov. Grand Treasurer of the Province of Glasgow, proposed by Bro. CALDWELL, of Craigielea, 202; John Houlston, Dumfries, proposed by Bro. THOMAS M'NAUGHT, S.S.C., 25.

Bro. REID was accordingly declared elected amid much applause, and he briefly thanked Grand Lodge.

On the motion of Bro. Col. CLARKE FORREST, Prov. Grand Master of Lanarkshire Middle Ward, seconded by Bro. Sheriff THOMS, Sir Archibald Campbell of Blythswood was unanimously nominated for re-election as Grand Master.

In acknowledging the honor again conferred upon him, Sir ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL said he would not fail in anything he could do for the good of the Craft.

The nominations for the other offices proposed by a Grand Committee were then adopted, with the exception that Bro. Robert Nisbet, Glasgow, was recommended as Junior Grand Deacon.

The office-bearers for next year will accordingly stand as follows :—

Bro. Col. Sir Archibald C. Campbell of Blythswood, Bart., M.P., Grand Master; Bro. Sir Michael R. Shaw-Stewart, of Greenock and Blackhall, Bart., P.G.M.; Bro. The Earl of Haddington, G. Master Depute; Bro. Sir Charles Dalrymple, Bart., M.P., Sub-G. Master; Bro. Lord Saltoun, S.G.W.; Bro. J. Dalrymple Duncan, Glasgow, J.G.W.; Bro. S. D. Murray Lyon, Grand Sec.; Bro. D. Reid, Grand Cashier; Bro. Rev. Thomas Somerville, Glasgow, and Bro. Rev. John Glasse, Edinburgh, G. Chaps.; Bro. Lieut.-Col. John Campbell, Perth, S.G.D.; Bro. Robert Nisbet, Glasgow, J.G.D.; Bro. James M'Intyre Henry, Edinburgh, Grand Architect; Bro. James

Crichton, Edinburgh, Grand Jeweller; Bro. Colin Galletly, Glasgow, Grand Bible-Br.; Bro. John B. M'Naught, Glasgow, G.D. of C.; Bro. John Wilson, Edinburgh, Grand Bard; Bro. James Carmichael, M.D., Edinburgh, Grand Swd. Br.; Bro. Emile Berger, Glasgow, Grand Dir. of M.; Bro. George Christie, Stirling, Grand Marshal; Bro. George C. H. M'Naught, Glasgow, Grand I.G.

The GRAND SECRETARY reported that, in terms of instructions given at the Quarterly Communication in August, he had prepared and forwarded addresses, signed by the Grand Master, to her Majesty the Queen in reference to the marriage of the Duke of Fife and the Princess Louise of Wales, and to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Lord Fife and his Royal spouse. The reply from the Duke of Fife, dated from Mar Lodge, was in these terms :—

“DEAR SIR ARCHIBALD,—I have just received the address of congratulation which the Grand Lodge of Scotland has been good enough to send to the Duchess and myself on the occasion of our marriage, and I write on behalf of the Duchess as well as on my own, to tender you and the Brethren of the Grand Lodge our warmest thanks for the honor they have paid us, and for the good wishes they are kind enough to make for our happiness and prosperity. I can assure you that we are both greatly touched by the mark of sympathy and goodwill from the Freemasons of Scotland, and we value the kind words contained in the address more than I can say.—I remain, yours very truly,
“FIFE.”

It was reported that the income for the first eleven months last year amounted to £4,199, and for the corresponding period of this year to £4,743, showing an excess this year of £456. During the last quarter about £170 had been voted from the Fund of Scottish Masonic Benevolence to distressed Masons or the widows of Masons. Grand Committee reported that, on application, the Lodge St. Stephen (145) had been authorised to change the color of its clothing from green to light blue and silver. It was remitted to the Board of Grand Stewards to make arrangements for St. Andrew's Day Festival.

GRAND MARK LODGE.

The Grand Lodge of Mark Masons held its half-yearly communication on Thursday, the 3rd inst., at the Holborn Restaurant; the Deputy Grand Master the Marquis of Hertford presided. The report of the General Board was taken.

During the six months ending Sept. 30 last, there have been issued: Mark certificates, 649; total number registered, 25,988. Warrants for new Lodges, four, viz.:—No. 402, Burwood, Burwood, N.S.W. No. 403, Perseverance, Blackburn. No. 404, St. John the Baptist, Penzance, Cornwall. No. 405, Lea, Luton, Beds. Royal Ark Mariners' certificates, 123; total number registered, 2,856. Two warrants for new Ark Mariner Lodges, viz.:—Matier Lodge, attached to the Egerton of Tatton Lodge, No. 400, London. Vepery Lodge, attached to the St. Mark's-in-the-East Lodge, No. 61, Madras.

The following Provincial and District Grand Masters have been appointed :—Berks and Oxon: Bro. Right Hon. the Viscount Valentia, in succession to Bro. Right Hon. the Earl of Jersey, resigned. Hants and the Isle of Wight: Bro. W. W. Beach, M.P., P.G.M., in the place of the late Bro. the Rev. Canon Portal, M.A., P.G.M., and President of the General Board. Nottinghamshire: Bro. Lieut.-Col. W. Newton, in the place of the late Bro. Jno. Watson. Sussex: Bro. Gerard Ford, J.P., in succession to Bro. Right Hon. Lord Arthur Hill, resigned. The Board have to express their regret that our lamented brother did not live to be installed in the chair of the province. Jamaica: Bro. Major John Charles Macglashan, this district having been for some years in the charge of the Deputy District Grand Master, Bro. J. W. Whitbourne, P.G., Overseer.

The following Provincial Grand Masters have been re-appointed for a further term of three years :—Bros. Sir C. B. Graves-Sawle, Bart., Cornwall; Wm. Kelly, F.S.A., Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, Rutland, and Derbyshire; and Charles Letch Mason, West Yorkshire.

A reply to the address presented by the Grand Mark Lodge to the Grand Master on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter with the Duke of Fife was read. The Board recommended the sum of ten guineas be given to the “Portal Memorial Fund” of Burghelere.

The Finance Committee submitted the Grand Treasurer's accounts, and the report of the General Board was received and entered, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was subsequently nominated M.W. Grand Master for the year ensuing, and the Grand Mark Lodge was eventually closed. The next meeting will be held in the new Mark premises, which have been constructed on the site and from the fabric of Bacon's Hotel, in Great Queen-street.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS RECEIVED.

[Reviews stand over, owing to pressure on space.]

Men and Women of the Day (London: Richard Bentley). The Christmas numbers of *The Graphic*, *Illustrated London News*, *Daily Graphic*, *Penny Illustrated*, *The World*, *Sporting and Dramatic*, and *Paris Figaro*; *The Freemason*, *Freemason's Chronicle*, *The Keystone*, *The Christian Commonwealth*, *The Field*. *Dead*. By May Ostlere (London: Trischler & Co.). *Home and Abroad*.

Among the Bohemians.

Bro. "Will" Chapman has produced his promised paper, and *London* made its first appearance on Saturday, the 23rd ult., with a number which was full of interesting social and dramatic chat. The paper which contains the "latest Society, Musical, Theatrical, Sporting, Financial, and other Topical News" is very much after the *Topical Times*, upon which Mr. Chapman was engaged for some years. "Ithuriel" has a peculiar manner of depicting his "interviews," which he imbues with a lot of interest for the general reader, who may not otherwise be strongly interested with theatrical matters. There is certainly a surfeit of weekly dramatic journals, but this one may fairly hold its own in the market. Mr. Haddon Chambers, the clever young author of "Captain Swift," who first gained attention to his works in the pages of the *Saturday Journal*, contributes an interesting trifle to the paper, and helps materially to make it one of the best of its class in the market. "Will" Chapman is, as I have said elsewhere, a most upright man and an exemplary Mason, and *London* deserves the success it will, no doubt, achieve.

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Bro. James D. Beveridge, the W.M. of the Asaph Lodge, is the converted villain of the Adelphi. Very little is known about his conversion but that it is complete, and he seems to have entered upon a series of characters which will not show us the excellent actor that he is. He lives at Ravenscourt Park, a domesticated and happy man, and forms one of that small party of Bohemians who "catch" the last Ealing train at Charing Cross as regularly as the nights follow each other. The Asaph is his mother-Lodge. He was initiated in 1871, has served all the offices, and was installed into the chair on the 4th ult., when one of the most successful meetings of the Lodge ever held took place. The Grand Treasurer was present, and rendered a recitation in his inimitable style.

* * *

A most ludicrous libel on the reputation of a fellow-actor at the Adelphi has resulted out of the "reporting" of this meeting. Several papers have it that in one of the speeches by the W. M., in which he "introduced a refreshing deviation from the stereotyped form" (*Worshipful Masters please copy*), he remarked that "a friend of his, Mr. Adams, of the Adelphi Theatre, who was not an actor, presented him with a book, &c., &c." The gentleman spoken of, in reality, was Mr. Abingdon—who is so cleverly playing the part of Lawyer Marks in "London Day by Day"—and what Mr. Beveridge really remarked was that his friend Mr. Abingdon, of the Adelphi Theatre, was not a *Mason*. Needless to say, the dressing-room joke for the next few months will be in addressing Mr. Abingdon as *Mr. Adams who is not an actor*. One of the journals which fell into the trap was our dear friend "The Error."

* * *

Picture exhibiting is a very fine game when the picture itself excites our curiosity. A naked woman lying on a couch has been on view at a house at Charing Cross for some months, and I am told that several thousands of pounds have been made out of the venture. The picture—for seeing which a charge of one shilling is made—is of a woman life-size, and depicts her reclining on her left side, with all the beauties of womanly form cleverly portrayed. The painting is a fine one, no doubt; but I have seen hundreds truer in anatomy and flesh tints, and this one has been specially prepared for its present purpose, as was "The White Slave," exhibited in Piccadilly last year. The picture is hung in a perfectly dark room, and is cunningly lighted by gas-jets concealed from the spectator. The whole thing is a quack imposition on art, for if the woman had been drawn with her clothes on, or in a more virtuous attitude, the brazen youth of the town would not have given two straws to look at her.

* * *

Lord Mayor Isaacs, who has devoted a considerable slice of thirty years to an interest in Masonry, is to be installed the Worshipful Master of the Drury Lane Lodge at the forthcoming meeting, which takes place at the Mansion House early in February. His lordship will, I am told, be the "Eminent Mason" in our issue for that month.

* * *

Sir Edward Guinness, whose present of a quarter of a million of money for the housing of the poor at London and Dublin has called forth so many tributes of admiration, is one of our very rich men. The entertainments given at his house in Grosvenor-place are those at which preachers have been wont to point as marking the height of luxury. It was at one of his balls that £1,200 or more was said to have been paid for flowers. The younger brother of Lord Ardilaun, he married a lady of his own family and name, and they are socially popular to a very high degree in both London and Dublin, though politically Sir Edward was unable to win St. Stephen's Green for the Conservative Party. He is forty-two years of age, and has hitherto made his benefactions in a quiet and unostentatious way. The "ransom" he now offers is certainly a magnificent one; but he is so wealthy that he will hardly know when he has paid over the money that he has divested himself of—a sum which in any European country would have been regarded as sufficient for the

founding of five families. Probably, Sir Edward will, like his brother, be made a peer before the present Government goes out of office.

* * *

I was of the opinion that we English would not rise to the Barnum boom in anything like the strength the Yanks anticipated, and that opinion is still with me. "Nero" is a spectacle the like of which we have not seen before; but as for the circus business, is it not chronicled in the chronicles of the Philistines that every music-hall in the Kingdom and circus in the villages have, one time or another, given us the same performances? The trapeze business we have seen at the Palaces, Pavilion, Aquarium, and Alhambra. The chariot-racing does not equal that refined and magnificent performance of the Paris Hippodrome two years ago; whilst the two-headed being and the gentleman who sends his entrails up into his chest are on view in the City-road and Essex-street North, for the modest fee of one penny.

* * *

Bro. David James, the popular low comedian, who will be chiefly known to posterity as the originator of the immortal Middlewick in "Our Boys," is just fifty years of years, having been born in 1839. His real name is Belasco, James being but a *nom de theatre*, and he commenced his professional career as a member of a ballet corps at the old Princess' Theatre, then under the management of Charles Kean. From there he went into the provinces, returning to town to join Miss Ada Cavendish—now Mrs. Frank Marshall—at the Royalty, where he opened as Mercury in the burlesque of "Ixion." A year or so later he became a member of the best burlesque company that has ever been seen on the boards, namely, that of the Strand, which numbered amongst the company the inimitable Marie Wilton, and for which Burnand and Byron produced some of their happiest and most brilliant work.

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It was in 1870 that Mr. James, in conjunction with Thomas Thorne and handsome Harry Montague, opened the New Vaudeville Theatre; the three young lessees being for a long time spoken of as the "Boys," a title which was destined, with regard to the two first named, to be merged into that of "Our Boys." Mr. James severed his connection with the Vaudeville in 1881. After which he joined the Bancrofts, at the Haymarket, where he first played the part of Eccles in "Caste," in which he is nightly to be seen at the Criterion. Like many a droll, whose quips and cranks set the house in a roar, David James in private life is—outwardly—the personification of woe. This is, of course, but skin-deep, and conceals a mine of humor and quaint conceit, which is all the more humorous, coming as it does from one with so melancholy a visage.

* * *

By the death of Bro. William Allingham a poet of genuine gifts is removed from our midst, though he did not enjoy the fame of a Tennyson or a Browning, or even of a Swinburne or a Morris. But all that he touched he adorned, and his genius, if not great, was sweet and pleasant. Mr. Allingham was a native of Ballyshannon, on the picturesque river Erne, in the north-west of Ireland, and many of his lyrics bear the impress of this charming scenery. In his youth he yielded to the influence of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, and all through life his work manifested more or less of the spirit which animated that remarkable band of artists and writers. There is a certain spirituality, and yet a humorous realism in Mr. Allingham's poems, and his ballads well reflect the changing emotions of the Irish character. Fairy lore and old Irish history were also chosen themes of his muse.

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His volumes of verse included "Poems," published in 1850; "Day and Night Songs," and "Songs, Poems, and Ballads"; but his best title to remembrance is his important narrative poem, "Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland," which furnishes many vivid pictures of Irish life. He was also the author of two plays—"Ashby Manor" and "Evil May Day," and for some years he edited *Fraser's Magazine*, after the retirement of Mr. Froude. Mr. Allingham's anthology of English poems, entitled "Nightingale Valley," is one of the best collections in the language. In 1874 the poet married Miss Helen Paterson, the distinguished water-colour artist, and the best female representative of the school of Walker and Pinwell. She will receive in her bereavement the deep sympathy of many eminent men, friends of her deceased husband, as well as that of the public at large.

* * *

The Rev. Baring Gould, that brilliant scholar and literary figure, is coming to London with his company of artistes to give some of the novel entertainments which have been a great success in Devonshire and Cornwall—old songs and ballads of the West of England, illustrated by *tableaux vivants*. The clerical manager is said to have secured capital artistes, scenery, and accessories, and the show is sure to be a success in London, owing partly to its novelty, and partly to the literary fame of the manager.

* * *

Bro. Harris is going to eclipse himself in "Jack and the Beanstalk" at Drury Lane this year, and the company he has got together will be the strongest ever seen in a pantomime. The Great Man does not lose many chances of doing good, whether for himself or for others, but he certainly missed an opportunity when he let the Boucicault plays slip from his grasp. Such pieces as "London Assurance" are yet, and will be until the copyright

expires, a modest gold-mine to a proprietor; for does not every amateur in the kingdom think he or she was born for either of its principal characters? Mr. French snaps up these unconsidered trifles, and I wonder now how much he wants for his investment of fourteen pounds.

* * *

A blushing young gent of fifty was united in the bonds of holy wedlock, the other day, to a modest workhouse maiden of eighty-six, and all the villagers of Eaton Bray turned out with bags of rice and old slippers to welcome the happy pair. Poor old lady! Fancy falling a victim to man's persuasions after eighty-six years of calm celibacy.

* * *

Boxing is a glorious pastime, which expands the chest and the animalism of human nature. When I was a young lad, and had nothing better to do, I indulged in a series of sparring lessons from a "Professor" Kelly, who was by occupation a railway official, and, "geographically," a low person. Kelly was a very good fellow, however, and pocketed his fees without scruple, for he always allowed me to believe I was a match for him. When the series came to an end, and I fancied myself well grounded in the art of self-defence, I dropped boxing much as a child would a hot poker. Since then pugilism—pure and impure—has taken a wonderful turn in public favor, so that very big blackguards are enabled to associate with men who are presumed to be elevated above the common herd. I really don't see why any interference should be allowed with rational enjoyment—as we must believe boxing to be—but if the police refuse to "assist" at such enjoyment they must have a very half-hearted opinion as to its legality. Why not countenance it or stop it?

* * *

The Junior Constitutional Club will, some time in the future, carry its members to new premises at the further end of Piccadilly, opposite the Green Park, which is a fatal error of the executive. The J.C.C. does not presume to be much above a sound social institution possessing constitutional opinions. Its members are not of the crutch-and-toothpick order, and yellow-wheeled hansoms do not stand at its doors. The premises in Regent-street which the Club inhabits is absolutely the most convenient spot for a club in London—in fact, it is in the very heart of clubland—so that to transfer the bag-and-baggage a mile or so further west is somewhat of a fraud imposed upon the majority of its members. Fifty per cent. of the members are "City men," and City men will never travel to the end of the world—Piccadilly—for their luncheon.

* * *

Mr. Hamilton Ussher presides over the staff of the Junior Constitutional with a firm and careful hand, and the committee is beautifully impressed with the honor it confers upon gentlemen when it elects them members of the club. The Riot Act has been read more than once to offenders who have been guilty of yawning in the smoking-room, the penalty for which is a mild suggestion that the gentleman had better resign. The cigars of the house are as vile as the coffee is good. There is no place in town which can turn out muffins as they do here; and perhaps there is no club in London where the service is so imperfect. Mr. Ussher will alter these things, no doubt, when the opportunity serves, and might favorably impress upon the active committee the absurdity of admitting all sorts and conditions of men into a club-house whilst endeavoring to impress upon it the hall-mark of refinement.

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There is raging during the present and succeeding months a perfect epidemic of new journals, the most ambitious being the *Daily Graphic*, a preliminary number of which is before me. Let it be known that of this specimen number a million copies were printed for gratuitous circulation, and that it contains £1,000 worth of advertisements. The paper is to be the same size as the weekly *Graphic*, and sixteen pages in bulk, and is to be illustrated by rapid sketches from the hands of the cleverest artists; but photography will be the great aid in this department. The whole scheme is quite unique in the world's journalism, and an enormous capital is at the back of the undertaking. One thing is quite certain—that, in the event of the *Daily Graphic* being a success, the weekly penny illustrated papers must prepare for the tomb.

* * *

Bro. Lawson, the sub-editor of the *Financial News*, is also ambitious, and not content with his two thousand a year which he has been drawing for the past two years, he started a few months back a weekly journal known as *The Rialto*, which has very justly met with some success in the City. He leaves Mr. Harry Marks this month to give his whole attention to his own journal, which he is converting into a daily paper. And oblivion is before it. The whole town is surfeited with daily and weekly papers. Because the *Financial News* has made a phenomenal hit, a hundred-and-one parasites spring up to live like mushrooms. There is the *Citizen*, which as a weekly was a valuable property, publishes a daily sheet to supply a want which does not exist.

* * *

Bro. William Drew wielded the gavel of the Westbourne Lodge for the last time on Thursday the 21st ult. at the Holborn Restaurant, when a very excellent menu was discussed in the usual manner among Masons—and a very gorgeous programme printed in blue and gold was provided for the use of everybody. Bro. Drew has had a most successful year of office, and,

although a *restaurateur* himself, is a great lover of Masonry. The Mitre Tavern, in Chancery-lane, is well-known of newspaper men, and men of letters generally; and the luncheon hour usually discloses the features of Bro. Allison, the editor of the *Sportsman*, Villiers, of the *Graphic*, and Melton Prior, the well-known artist, besides dozens of the followers of Bohemia. Bro. Drew himself was made about fourteen years since, and is a founder of the Viator Lodge and the Albion Chapter. He has a passion for pictures, of which, curious to say, he is a judge; for his walls are crowded with beautiful specimens, amongst others of Stacy Marks, Sydney Cooper, Stansfield, and Beverley, the intrinsic value of which may be counted by hundreds of pounds. There is no establishment in the neighborhood more suited for the holding of Lodges of Instruction than the Mitre, in Chancery-lane, a fact which preceptors and others may be glad to know.

KING MOB.

Colonial and Foreign.

PROCLAMATION—THE GRAND LODGE OF QUEBEC, A.F. AND A.M.

Office of the Grand Master, Montreal, P.Q.,

October 23, 1889.

To all Brethren of obedience to the M.W. the Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of the Province of Quebec, and to all whom the following may concern:—

Whereas,—On the first day of January, 1885, M.W. Bro. E. R. Johnson then Grand Master of this Grand Lodge, issued his proclamation forbidding all brethren acknowledging the authority of the Grand Lodge of Quebec to hold any Masonic intercourse with any member or members of any Lodge existing in this province, enrolled on the register of any foreign Grand Lodge, in so far as ancient Craft Masonry is concerned.

And Whereas,—On the fifth day of July, 1886, M.W. Bro. James Frederick Walker, then Grand Master of this Grand Lodge, issued his proclamation and edict ordering that all Masonic intercourse be suspended and cease between this Grand Lodge, its subordinate Lodges and brethren in obedience thereto, and commanding all brethren of the Grand Lodge of Quebec to hold no Masonic intercourse with any brother in obedience to the said Grand Lodge of England.

And Whereas,—The Grand Lodge of Canada, in the Province of Ontario, at its annual communication, held at the City of Toronto on the 18th and 19th days of July, 1888, authorised, by resolution, its Grand Master, M.W. Bro. R. T. Walkem, to offer his mediation to both the said Grand Lodges of England and Quebec, which mediatorial offer was accepted by the Grand Lodge of Quebec.

And Whereas,—The Grand Lodge of Quebec, at its annual communication held at the City of Montreal, on the 30th and 31st days of January, 1889, passed the following resolution:—"That with regard to the withdrawal of the Edicts of this Grand Lodge heretofore issued against the Grand Lodge of England, and its Lodges in this city adhering thereto, this Grand Lodge fully recognises the necessity of strengthening the hands of the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada in the Province of Ontario, in his mediation between this Grand Lodge and the said Grand Lodge of England and her Lodges, and hereby authorises the Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, who may be in office at any time, at the request of M.W. Bro. Walkem, to withdraw the said edict."

Now therefore be it known to you all that I, Isaac Henry Stearns, Grand Master of Masons in the Province of Quebec, by virtue of the power vested in me as the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, in accordance with the foregoing resolution, and at the request and desire of M.W. Bro. R. T. Walkem, acting in his capacity as mediator as aforesaid, do hereby withdraw the before-mentioned proclamation and edict of non-intercourse and interdict issued by the Grand Master of this Grand Lodge of date of 1st day of January, 1885, and also the one issued by the Grand Master of date of 5th day of July, 1886, and the said proclamations and edicts are hereby withdrawn.

Of all which you and all others, whom the said proclamations and interdicts may in any way concern, will take due notice and govern yourselves accordingly.

Witness my hand and the seal of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, and the attestation of the Grand Secretary there at Montreal, P.Q., this 23rd day of October, A.L. 5889, A.D. 1889.

ISAAC H. STEARNS, Grand Master.

[Attest.] JOHN H. ISAACSON, Grand Secretary G.L. of Q.

* * *

MASONIC VETERANS' ASSOCIATION.—In response to a call issued by the Pennsylvania Masonic Veterans' Association, representatives from New York, Illinois, the Pacific Coast, Pennsylvania, and the District of Columbia, met at the National Rifles Armory and organised the National Masonic Veterans' Association, to be composed of Masons of twenty-one years' or more standing. Resolutions were adopted asking all Masons eligible to membership to organise and send delegates at the next meeting, which will be held at the time and place selected for the next Triennial Conclave. Gen. Albert Pike, of Washington, was elected President of the Association, but he declined, and the honorary title of Past-President was conferred upon him.

* * *

The annual session of the Supreme Council of Sovereign Grand Inspectors General, Thirty-third and last degree of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry of the United States, was closed on October 28. During the proceedings M.P. Sov. Gr. Com., J. J. Gorman, alluded to the death of Ill. C. C. Mason, M.D., Thirty-third degree of Chico, Cal., late Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of California. Justice Gorman also reviewed the events of the year in the organisation,

and spoke of the dissensions in the Scottish Rite at length, attacking the Supreme Council of the Northern jurisdiction and the adherents of Ferdinand S. J. Gorgas as irregular. The principal discussion was the situation in Ohio, where the Grand Lodge arrested the warrants of several Master Mason Lodges under its jurisdiction on account of the affiliation of members with the organisation under Justice Gorman's leadership. It was decided to advise the Ohio people to a policy of tolerance for the return of fraternal feelings. Eloquent speeches were made by Illustrious John Wilson, of Iowa; Illustrious Granville A. Franbes, of New York; Illustrious Willard C. Vanderlip, of Massachusetts; and Illustrious Frank H. Whitcome, of New Hampshire. An executive session of over two hours was held, and a large number of distinguished Masons were received into the thirty-third degree. The annual election of officers followed.

* * *

The following letter, a copy of which has been sent us, will speak for itself:—

Washington, D. C., Oct. 14, 1889.

James Woodward, Esq., E. C. De Molay Commandery, No. 12.

DEAR SIR AND COMPANION,—I take pleasure in mailing you, under even date, a copy of the *Sunday Capital*, the Masonic department of which I have in my charge. The magnificent gathering of Knights Templar within our city's gates during the past week has to me been pregnant with many valuable lessons, from which sentiments of veneration and esteem for the whole Order have germinated; but in every feature of the grand display the episode to which I have in an unworthy manner alluded in my column created in my mind more enthusiasm, respect, and regard than the amalgamation of all the other events could have aroused. The twenty-fourth triennial conclave of Knights Templar will go down in the history of the Order as the greatest event the Masonic world ever witnessed. Our beautiful city was for the nonce transformed into a magnificent tilting yard for knightly display and hospitality. Commanderies from every section of the country established their headquarters, touched with the lance of courtesy the shield of their neighbors, cast the gauntlet of generosity into the arena of entertainment, and engaged in the mêlée of knightly gaiety. It remained for the representatives of the Bluegrass State to remind us, in all this magnificent display, on the principal tenet of the Masonic system. It remained for them to unfurl, amidst the purple, gold, and scarlet emblems of authority, honor, and wealth, the white guidon of brotherly charity. It shone amidst the other standards with a heaven-born effulgence. Its beautiful radiance penetrated our hearts, and awoke new emotions. It carried us back to the beloved old blue Lodge, and made us feel the sacred lessons the grand old Ritual teaches. My brother, the hour-glass of our lives will ere long be turned by the hand of Father Time, and the sands of our existence will be merged in the fertile fields of a glorious immortality. But, my brother, let us hope that there is yet time enough to erect a lasting monument that will live and grow with our order, which can never die. From your influential jurisdiction let the enthusiasm come, as the example has been already set, and let no effort be ceased until within every jurisdiction of our great country a Masonic refuge for the orphaned children of our brethren has been established. Then will the whole Masonic world echo the sentiments of the humble brother who addresses you: God bless the brethren of Kentucky and their warm, charitable Southern hearts.—Fraternally,

W. HAMILTON SMITH.

Gathered Chips.

In the early ages of the world men formed themselves into religious associations, whose ceremonies were conducted in secret, whose doctrines were only known to the initiated, and whose members were in possession of signs and tokens by which they could recognise each other, and which were called "mysteries." There are two theories regarding their connection with Freemasonry. The one traces the origin of both to the worship established by Jehovah, and the other finds the connection commencing at the building of Solomon's Temple. In the infancy of the world poetry reigned in the human heart, and expressed itself in hieroglyphics. A careful investigation of Jewish history will show that symbolical machinery was engrafted into their system of both worship and teaching, and was carried into their public and private vocations. Hence the beauty that is found in Jewish and Masonic symbolism—for from strength emerges beauty, which is harmony, and this cannot be without strength. It was thus the Great Architect built the Universe. The dewdrop, the Alpine height, the rose-leaf, the snow-flake have all touches of beauty, and so parallel are the lines of mathematics and the laws of beauty that while Masonry inculcates the principles of natural science, it presents the beautiful lessons of a moral science that impart wisdom, strength, and beauty to individual character. Money spent for adornment is not a waste. If the homes of our land were more attractive there would be less drunkenness and fewer divorces. That these teachings are full of mystery I do not deny, but they are full of wisdom. Into every rational thought there enters an incomprehensible element. The universe is full of mystery. Man's being is mysterious, so are the fixed stars and the creeping ivy. Therefore, when we see the symbols of Masonry—the cube, the square, the circle, the triangle—representatives of eternity, science, power, perfection, equality, there is a mysteriousness about it all that awakens emotions almost uncontrollable. What are its symbols but the hiding of truth? God stores away great and mighty truths. But the attractions of Masonry do not consist merely in its antiquity, beauty, mystery, and symbolism, but in the wisdom imparted by the doctrines and duties it inculcates. Primarily it requires belief in the existence of God. No Atheist can become

a Mason. It has been well said: "Ignorant of a Great First Cause and the noble destiny of the soul, he will not be brought under the rules and moral science or the principles of eternal truth. In a state of darkness the Great Spirit will never more open the gloomy depths of his soul, for while he has no faith in God he cannot be brought to Light." The first light of Masonry is the Bible, the source of light. There is not a Degree conferred in a regular Lodge which does not direct to it. It ever lies open upon our altar, and without it no one can ever penetrate the depths of its philosophy, or bring forth truths from beneath its lofty arches. The truths of the Bible, like stars above street lamps, shine over all other teaching. In these days, when the most polished blade of criticism and the heaviest artillery of infidelity are brought to bear upon it, we are called upon more loudly than ever to maintain its authority. The immense infusion of a foreign population, the teaching of anarchism and kindred errors are the dangers of the State, and we, as custodians of truth, justice, and patriotism, must guard well every avenue of approach to the sacred temple of American liberty. The tie of brotherhood is a mighty power, a chain of affection inspiring with a courage that defies danger and triumphs over every foe. Who can fail to admire the brotherhood of the Crusaders, or the dauntless courage of Godfrey de Bouillon? How sublimely grand was St. Paul as he wrote, "I could wish myself accursed from Christ for my brethren." From this spirit springs the Charity that relieves, not as a duty to a pauper, but as a brotherly privilege. Masonry is the guardian of womanly virtue, and, in league with Christian civilisation, elevates her. The destitute widow and the helpless orphan it aids in the bearing of burdens. A true Mason is a lover of truth. The institution of Masonry has been assailed, but it still stands, uttering its teachings to thousands, who delight to hear and obey.—Editor of *Keston*.

* * *

The beautiful ceremony prescribed to be used at the consecration of every new Lodge includes, as a prominent feature, an oration on the merits of Freemasonry. We should be doing the wisdom of our ancient brethren who devised this ceremony a great injustice if we supposed that this was meant to be confined to an eulogium on the system, or on those who profess it. The former is unnecessary; for the science of Freemasonry speaks for itself; neither would the latter be congenial to its spirit, for the practice of Freemasonry carries with it its own reward to those who practise it aright, and they value not the praise or flattery of men. The purpose of an oration has a higher and nobler aim; it is contended to carry the mind back to the first principles of the Fraternity, through the quicksands which beset its course, to clear away the rocks and shoals which time has accumulated, until we reach the clear pellucid fountain from which flow the pure and crystal waters of Charity, Morality, and Justice. It is intended to enforce on the brethren of every new Lodge that they are to labor with ourselves to keep the broad channel clear from all impediments or pollution; that they are to guard its landmarks with jealous care, and to extend its principles with unflagging, self-denying zeal. Such is, I believe, the object of this prescribed oration, and I could only wish that I had the power of language to enforce the importance of exercising this care and jealousy, upon those who now stand before me. I pray them to remember that on them is thrown the responsibility of showing to the Craft at large that the confidence placed in them by their Grand Master has not been misplaced; that they will not be content with founding another Lodge, but that they will strive and determine to make a daily advance in Masonic knowledge.—*Bro Metham*.

Answers to Correspondents.

P. M. (241).—You are quite correct. "Separabit" is not spelt "seperabit." Let us hope it is a mistake on the part of the wood-engraver only.

J. L. VERNEY (Stratford).—The Secretary was quite within the power of his office. Our opinion further would be worthless, you must let discretion guide you.

Z. 52.—Not one single farthing. Your support is quite as valuable to us as any other subscriber's, and although your suggestion shall have attention we cannot promise more. Your friend has only to order us through Smith's, who will supply him without trouble. If the Brother you speak of has a worthy reputation the Board of Benevolence will attend to it.

F. F. JAMES (Mile-end).—By all means, and we shall be glad. The book is published by John Murray, of Albemarle-street, and the price, we think, is 3s. 6d.

B. HEWETSON (Oxford).—No more connection than you have. The contribution which we call a "reprint" is corrected or re-written and paid for. We know him to be a man sound of purpose, who, in our opinion, has been dogged by misfortune during the latter part of his career. It is feasible that he has but few friends in the Craft, but that, perhaps, is owing to the necessary want of tact which is so needful in these times. Your last query should be made to the *World* or to *Truth*. We do not float in the region it applies to.

FRED. E. LAURENCE.—Yes; we will read it and pay you for it if we accept it. Send your order to Mr. George Kenning, or the Belvedere Works, Pentonville. We are not printers.

S. W., E. POTHERGILL, FRANCIS HOOPER, "ZERO," and all other communicants, have been answered through post.

THE VOLUME OF THE SACRED LAW.

BY
HERBERT O'GRADY.

CHAPTER I.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.



RICHARD is coming to-day, mother."

"So you have told me at least a hundred times since Tuesday. I really think, Gertrude, you get more

in love with your husband every time he leaves you."

It was a sad little body that came up from behind, and laid its flushed cheek against that of Mrs. Oakhurst. It was sad because it hated to be reminded of the absence of the only man who had ever caused its eyes to sparkle and its cheeks to grow crimson, but it soon lost its pained expression and was laughing the next moment as gaily and as heartily as ever.

"How long is he to stay this time?" asked Mrs. Oakhurst, when Gertrude had done kissing and hugging her to death.

"He says a week in his letter. But let me read it to you, mother":—

"I shall not, however, be able to leave London, my darling, much before the early part of the afternoon, and will dine in town. A cup of tea will give us greater leisure than dinner would, to tell all we have to tell each other, and you know how much I enjoy tea of your brewing. I left my people in Rome, after having nearly exhausted my ingenuity in pitching upon a feasible excuse to return to England; but I am on my way to you, my dear, dear wife, and let my first glimpse of you be had standing at the garden-gate you have made so charming with your flowers, so that I may know you are waiting for me, even as I am waiting to meet you again."

It was only just twelve, and four long hours must be got through before Richard would arrive. Gertrude was a very happy woman, for her husband, though always away from home, was very good to her. He had bought her this sweet little cottage at Chertsey two years ago, and had furnished it quite luxuriously. With a couple of well-behaved domestics, a full-grown boy to look after "Spin-away"—a dark chestnut pony—a liberal quarterly allowance paid in to her account at the local bank, and the companionship of her dear mother, Gertrude could not have wished for another gratification.

She had met Richard Rawlinson in Devonshire, when she was staying with her mother at a little seaside fishing village on the



southern coast, trying to paint pictures of the swarthy fisherfolk, and help the little sea urchins to read and write. It was just that old story that never has a beginning. She was seated one morning on the beach, making a study of the bleak rocks and chalk cliffs that climbed up out of the rolling sea, just where the local civilisation gave place to the rugged nature of the coast, when a gentleman she had not seen before in the village approached her easel, and politely asked her for some information of the locality. For what reason should the details of this maturing affection be given? Some weeks after, three persons drove up to the ivy-covered church at Nethersea, a neighboring village; and two of them were made man and wife. A happy honeymoon among the fishers and their families was spent, as if the whole world did not contain a more suitable place for the young couple, and then, after a few weeks' absence, Richard Rawlinson went again into Devonshire to fetch his wife

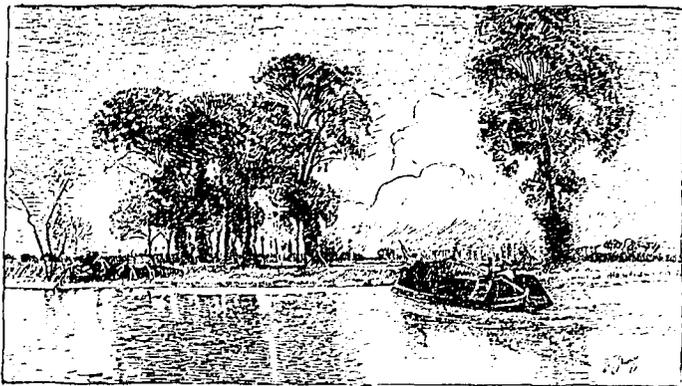
and finally instal her, under the deputy guardianship of her mother, into possession of their present abode at Chertsey.

"The Cottage" was on the Middlesex side of the river, a stone's-throw from the lock, and within hearing of the music of the waters ceaselessly flowing over the weir. Its verandah at this time of year was always crowded with bloom, for Gertrude loved flowers, and trained her roses and wisteria, her honeysuckle and garden-hops with her own hands. Jinks, the old gardener, was her greatest friend. Hours and hours they worked together, getting the lawn into perfect condition, nurturing the standard rose-trees, and attending to the flower-beds, which were crowded with plants.

They had even carried their exertions outside the precincts of "The Cottage," and had perseveringly cultivated the banks of the stream opposite the house, so that passers-by commented upon the industry of the inmates.

But Gertrude was not helping Jinks this particular morning. She had found a fascination in the river, and tried to hide in its gliding eddies the secret wish of her heart that her husband would come soon. She had gathered all the flowers he was fond of hours ago, and had arranged them in dishes in every corner of the house.

The gravel outside had been watered and swept for the want of something better to occupy her thoughts, and there she was, at half past three, watching for her husband-lover, who had not even left London yet. But Time is a just dealer with us all; it neither hastens or retards its existence for any of us, and so Richard Rawlinson came just when Time had arranged he should. Gertrude had been watching at the gate for the past half-hour. The best of the day had spent itself, and the sun had dipped its glorious golden face behind the tallest elms up-stream. Presently a figure came over the bridge on to the tow-path, and walked along in the direction of "The Cottage" with a swinging manly stride that belongs to men who hold their heads up high among their fellows. It was Rawlinson, and Gertrude saw him. When he drew near to the gate, his step visibly quickened,



"THE TALLEST ELMS UP-STREAM."

and the happy wife stepped out to meet him, and smiling as only happy people smile, and locked arm-in-arm they walked up the garden path, crossed the verandah, and entered the house together.

CHAPTER II.

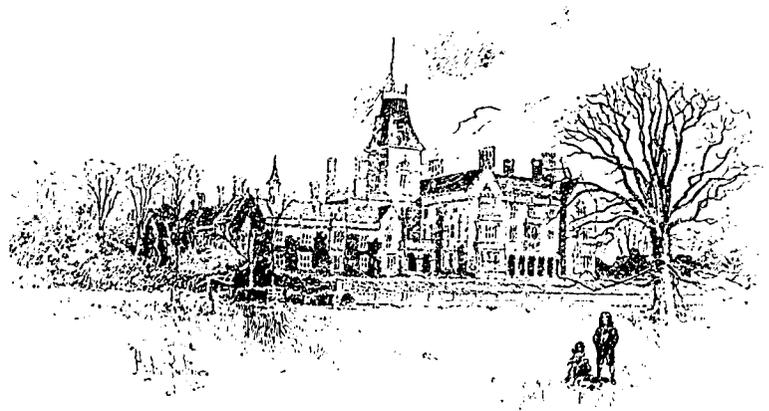
Oh! God. Could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp.

RICHARD BENTLEY GREY CULVERHOUSE, Earl of Culverhouse, Baron, of Culverhouse Court, County Durham, Lord of the Manors of Chillington and Crowdley, the Lord-Lieutenant of his County, and Provincial Grand Master of Durham, surveyed his broad acres from the loveliest spot in the northern counties of England, and he was happy. A fine and a good man was Lord Culverhouse, beloved of his tenantry, beloved of his servants, beloved of everybody, and none grudged him of his good name or of his fortune.

He could trace his ancestors from the days when William came over from Normandy with his fearless warriors, and could point out each successive owner of Culverhouse Court in the collection of family portraits hanging upon the walls of the Culverhouse Gallery.

The Kings and Queens of Great Britain had from time immemorial honored the Culverhouses with their august presence at least once during their reigns. Henry the Reveller had had high jinks in the park, and spent a whole week in feasting and the chase among the oaks in the Crowdley woods. Elizabeth slept

here two nights on her way to the North, and Charles I. had ransacked the cellars in search of the Burgundy that he loved so well. Yes! the Culverhouses were a favored race, and never had the honor of their name been tarnished with the follies of youth.



CULVERHOUSE COURT.

The man who had first built Culverhouse Court was a man of no mean mind, for he had planted his house upon a hill that had made it a land-mark within the radius of human vision. Each succeeding generation had added something to the pile until it had quite outgrown its original conception; and there it stands to this day, the most historical residence in the northern parts of the kingdom. When John Thorpe had altered the main front, and carried his terraces round three sides of the building, it was possible on a clear day to detect the villages of Chillington and Crowdley—one to the east and the other to the west of the mansion—tucked away amid the woodland glories of a century ago. Then far away northward, across pasture lands and over the Petticoat range of hills, with that curious line of elms running along its summit from one end to the

other, the spire of the cathedral of the county town could be distinctly traced if a clear sky was behind it.

It was Christmas Eve, and not a flake of snow had fallen yet, but the frost was intense, and the whole country was bejewelled with the hoary tracery of a hard winter. There was unusual excitement at Culverhouse Court, and guests were arriving on foot and in carriages at the main entrance, which was used but on great occasions. It was the custom of the house on each Christmas Eve to invite the tenantry and villagers—as many as could come—to the ancestral feast, which for the past three hundred years had never been missed. The holders of the family honors had religiously obeyed the demands of this custom, which was to open the house to all who chose to enter, and there to proclaim the history of the family in the galleries that were lined with the portraits of their ancestors. It was a curious formality, but one that had become, through the refinement of years, a very impressive ceremony, and greatly anticipated by the members of the household. The farm laborer, decked in his Sunday black, elbowed thus once a year against the finer gentlemen from town, and highly-bred ladies lost all their worldly pride among their sisters from the dairy or the cottage.

Lord Culverhouse received his guests in person. He was a man who had seen fifty such Christmas Eves as this, yet not a thread of his hair had changed its color. His proud and noble presence only added welcome to his lowly visitors, whom he greeted with the hand of fellowship and a smile that had never yet belied his heart. He had in his day been a noted athlete, and his fine form bore nobly the pride of his race. Around him were gathered the more immediate members of his house. Lady Culverhouse was dead—thank God—



LORD CULVERHOUSE.

these four years past, but the place of hostess was filled, and filled to perfection, by the Lady Caroline, his elder daughter, who was her mother in face and features, and the proudest possession he ever had. There was one other daughter, younger, but more beautiful, and she it was who lived in the hearts of all the villagers and poorer folk on the estate. Even in her father's hall, crowded as it was fast becoming, she sought out the humbler of the guests, and was sitting among them, helping their enjoyment along with her ceaseless chatter and smiles. Lady Alice was indeed the guiding spirit of the house, and, what is more, adored her brother, whose presence this evening was, of course, expected, though he had delayed his coming to the last.

The influx of guests had almost ceased, and the great hall of Culverhouse was crowded with at least three hundred persons, presenting a most brilliant sight. The great chandeliers which hung from the oaken ribs of the roof were ablaze with lighted candles, and candelabra of all designs filled the vacant brackets in the walls. The trophies of the chase hid the wainscot of three centuries old, and armor and weapons from the Wars of the Roses, from Agincourt, and even from the bloody fields of the Norman era, converted

the apartment into a museum of priceless relics. As the assembled guests roamed from side to side, feasting themselves upon the historical memories that these things engendered, there came from the organ-gallery above sweet strains as of angels singing of the birth of another Christmas.

Lord Culverhouse had completed his reception, and yet he moved not from the position he had taken up an hour ago. There had come upon his face an unusual look of anxiety, and Lady Alice, for one moment free from the attentions of her guests, crossed over to her father to inquire why he waited.

"Your brother is not here, dear. What makes him late, to-night, I wonder?"

"Oh! he will come, I have no doubt." And hardly had she spoken, when the young lord, ulstered and muffled from the cold, bounded lightly through the great doors, and, without the slightest hesitation, threw his arms round his favorite sister, and kissed her cheek.

"Father, I am late; but, excuse me, sir, and introduce me to those friends I have not the honor of knowing personally."

He was pleased, was the Earl, at the manliness and buoyant spirits of his heir. He helped with his own hands the ulster from his son's shoulders, before a servant could step forward for the purpose, and offering his arm to Lady Caroline, and followed by his son, escorting Lady Alice, he walked through his guests to the upper end of the hall, where he took his stand upon the low dais usually occupied by musicians on state occasions.

"I have the honor," said the Earl to his assembled guests who stood or sat in front of him, "to welcome most of you again to my house to perform the ceremony which many of you have assisted at before. It is, of course, more pleasant to us than to you to wander through our galleries and to talk of the doings of our race. But beyond this mere custom, this yearly ceremony gives us an opportunity, which we prize most highly, of welcoming our friends from the villages round about, whose daily associations will not permit them to pay us more frequent visits. You know it has been the pride of our ancestors to live amongst yours, to work side by side for mutual welfare, and to become, as it were, members of one large family. That it has been my earnest wish to follow in their footsteps, and to find in every man and woman on my estate a personal friend, my equal in all things but mere worldly belongings, I trust you will believe. And accept the hospitality of our house this night to ratify the bond for another year. My son, who I hope will in the course of nature follow me in the regard you have for us all, will, I believe, uphold the honor of our race and increase, if by any means he can find it possible, the prosperity and happiness of you all."

This little speech was met with much applause, and appealed to the hearts of the more lowly, who seemed to be impressed by anything coming from the lips of a landlord whom they respected. But, quite beyond any sentiment the occasion might arouse in their hearts, they had a very high opinion of the ladies of the house, and their presence as much as anything aroused the hearty cheers that filled the hall. Presently the clock in the great turret, that rose from the timbered roof, struck ten, and at that hour it was usual for the ceremony to begin. The folding-doors of the great gallery were flung open by a powdered slunkey just as Lord Culverhouse was leading his more immediate friends, and the whole company flocked into the apartment, where all the best memorials of the House of Culverhouse were stored.

The room ran along one entire front of the house, and was lighted by twelve large, oriel windows from the north. In each nook was a seat, upon which many noted guests had at times gone by settled themselves to rest on a hot summer's day. Along the opposite wall and upon easels and screens scattered over the floor the ancestral pictures were hung. Under each was a tablet, bearing the name of the being depicted therein, and particulars of his life, and the Earl immediately began to point out the celebrities amongst them. From canvas to canvas he passed, describing

each dead and gone individual with more or less detail. Here was a soldier who had battled nobly for his King, and there a sailor captain who had gone down with his ship rather than surrender it in the face of frightful odds. So on, through the Culverhouse race, did its present representative take his listening friends. Never one breath of dishonor could he tell of; and, when he had finished, and some of the guests themselves had borne witness to the worthiness of the late Earl Culverhouse, who had erected Crowdley Church on the site of the old monastic building that previously stood there, and had set aside a vast sum of money for the improvement of the houses on his estate, the company went back to the hall to the repast that had been prepared for them.

* * * * *

All was over, and the last guest had departed with the frozen early morning, when Francis, the butler, who had been born in the house nigh upon seventy years before, again reminded his master of the lady who was waiting to see him, but who had refused to give her name or to disturb the Earl until his guests had gone. The excitement of the night had left a flush upon his cheek, which even weariness could not hide, and he stepped across to the library, into which the visitor had been shown, and the door closed silently behind him.

It was, perhaps, half an hour before he came out, and then only to tell Francis not to wait up, and to bid his daughters retire also. It must have been some hours after this when he next left the library with the lady, closely veiled. They passed down the corridor leading to his private room, and presently he returned to the hall alone, and stood for some moments staring into the dying embers in the grate. Once more he went back to the library, to fetch a lamp and a bundle of papers that he took from a drawer in his desk. Then he crossed into the gallery, the doors of which he softly closed.

When the bells of Crowdley Church had joyfully pealed the advent of another Christmas Morn, and the children of the Culverhouse schools had sung their carols on the terrace of the Court, and the inmates, having awakened from their slumbers, were preparing to offer up their praises to the Giver of all good things, and ask His benediction on the year to come, the Earl of Culverhouse was found lying upon the floor of the gallery stone dead.

CHAPTER III.

*For blood has left upon their race
Its everlasting stain.*

ONE of the under-housemaids was the first to make the discovery. She had gone into the gallery by the servants' entrance in the long corridor, to draw back the curtains previous to the inspection by the housekeeper, when she saw her master lying upon his face on the floor close to a table upon which the lighted lamp was standing. She spoke to him, and getting no answer knelt down and raised his hand, when the truth suddenly flashed upon her that he was dead. She rushed screaming from the room, which roused the servants only just preparing for their day's occupation. Going back they lifted the body on to a seat in one of the oriel windows, and someone immediately hastened upstairs to acquaint Lord Crowdley with the terrible news. He ordered every servant to her place to proceed with her work without allowing the tidings to reach his sisters' rooms, and sent a couple of stablemen to gallop as hard as horse could take them for the doctors. They could not reach the Court, he knew, for at least an hour, so he mechanically locked the door by which the servant girl had entered and went up to his room stunned by the terrible shock that had fallen upon him. He dressed himself and came down again just as he saw three horsemen spurring their animals towards the house. Doctor Fossett was on the point of attending early morning service when the messenger arrived summoning him at once to Culverhouse. The doctor, still carrying his church books which in his hurry he had forgotten to leave behind, jumped into the saddle of the animal which stood panting before him, and, on his way to the Court,

met the other groom with Dr. Gould. Lord Crowdley admitted them himself and took them at once to the library.

The Earl had been dead some hours, they told him, and death was caused by an overdose of laudanum.

"Great God, Gould!" exclaimed his lordship, in tones that expressed the sudden awakening to the position in which he stood. "You don't tell me, man, that my father has committed suicide. You must me mad!"

"It is true, my lord, that the Earl's death has been caused by that drug, but it may be that he took it in mistake."

"How—mistake? Why—mistake? Man, tell me! You have attended him for years, and must have known he was not in the habit of taking drugs of any nature."

"True, sir. I have never known him to do so; but this is conclusive evidence that he did last night," and the doctor produced an empty phial from the dead man's waistcoat-pocket.

"My God, Gould! There must be some terrible error somewhere. My father had no cause for such an act. It was only last night we held the ancestral feast, and you, Dr. Fossett, were here yourself. You saw how elated he was; if this cruel drug has killed him, it must have been taken for some other purpose than to end his life!" and he sunk down on to a chair and buried his face in his hands. The whole thing was too terrible for his mind to grasp. Perhaps later he would get time to think, but now was the time to be up and preparing everyone for the evil tidings. How and what could he tell his sisters? Well, it must be broken to them, so he essayed the task himself. The doctors and he carried the body of the dead Earl to the bed that had not been slept in the previous night, and having sent a messenger to Durham to summon Mr. Ford, the family solicitor, as soon as possible, he arranged a meeting with the doctors the same evening at eight o'clock, and, enjoining secrecy upon them until that time, went to his elder sister's room to tell her what had happened.

When he came out his eyes were reddened, for the anguish of his younger sister had made him weep. Tears bring not the solace to a man's heart that they do to a woman's, perhaps because men feel such a loss as this less keenly than they. He had made them promise not to leave their rooms during the day, or until he had seen Mr. Ford and the doctors again. He did not even question any of the servants or Francis as to what had taken place after he and his sisters had retired to rest the night before, and he did not go again into the gallery where the Earl had been found. It was a merry Christmas Day this, waiting for Mr. Ford, without whose advice he was at a loss what to do! The household were silently discussing the affair downstairs, and were as much puzzled and distressed as Lord Crowdley and his sisters. No dinner was served, the Christmas festivities were blotted out, and the great house was quiet and mournful as the dead.

The hours dragged along as surely hours never did before, and church people down in the village were wondering why the manor pew was unoccupied this morning, of all mornings in the year.

It was late in the afternoon when Mr. Ford came. He had managed to catch a train soon after the message arrived, which brought him to Chillingington Station, where a carriage from the Court had been sent to meet him should he come that way. He was taken at once to Lord Crowdley, who was anxiously waiting for him in the library.

"What has happened, sir?" was his exclamation, the moment he saw his lordship's face. "Nothing to the Earl, I hope?"

"Yes, Ford. He is dead!"

"Dead?"

"Yes; he was found this morning by one of the maids lying on the floor of the gallery poisoned—so Gould says—by laudanum, and Dr. Fossett says so, too. Now, Ford, there is a terrible mystery here which I have not dared to think of before I had seen you. I have done nothing—not even asked a question of any of the servants—beyond requesting the doctors to meet you here this

evening at eight. Something must be settled before the world gets to know of it; for if it comes to the ears of my sisters it would be a blow that would kill them. There was nothing to your knowledge that could possibly explain suicide?"

"Nothing whatever! I was, as I believe, in the strictest confidence of the Earl, who has confided to me matters of delicate interest. He is, as you know, a very wealthy man, and his domestic life —"

"My mother. Ah, yes! he was attached to her, Ford, you know. Could the memory of her death have caused this? No! I can't think that. He seemed so happy last night. It was the ancestral feast, and the last of the guests did not leave until nearly one."

At this moment the doctors arrived, and were shown into the library. After a few words in an undertone with Mr. Ford, they went upstairs to the room where the body lay, and were absent about half an hour. When they came down Dr. Fossett left the house, and the three others at once repaired to the gallery, accompanied by the servant who had made the discovery.

Mr. Ford questioned her, but with little result. Nothing in the room afforded any clue to the mystery, except that in the fender of one of the fireplaces—the one nearest the folding doors leading to the hall—a mass of burnt paper was discovered.

Francis, the old butler, was now sent for from the library, and he told all he knew of the lady visitor of the previous night. He saw her when she first arrived, about eleven o'clock, as the Earl was engaged with his guests in the gallery. She was a short woman, rather stout, with a pleasant, clear-cut face, and between forty and fifty years of age, he should think. She would not wait when she heard what was taking place, but elected to return later, as she wished to see Lord Culverhouse on a most important matter. "She called again about midnight," Francis said, "and I showed her into the library, where she waited over an hour for the visitors to leave." Francis had informed his lordship of the lady's presence in the library, but as he had evidently forgotten, he reminded him just as he wished "Good night" to Farmer Morgan and his wife, who were the last to leave the house.

"And what then, Francis?" asked Mr. Ford.

"Then, sir, he walked over to the library and went in."

"Well?" from Lord Crowdley, as the old man seemed to be trying to collect his thoughts.

"About half an hour afterwards he came out of the library and sent Stokes for me, and ordered me not to wait up, but to request your lordship and the ladies to retire also."

"And we went, Ford," eagerly interrupted his lordship. "I should say it was then about half-past one."

"Yes; that must have been about the time," acquiesced the old man.

"And is that all that is known? Who saw the lady quit the house?" asked Mr. Ford.

"No one could have done so, sir, because I was the last person to go upstairs."

"What lights were left burning?"

"There were lamps in the library, where my master and the lady were; two in the hall; and the bedroom lamp I had lighted and placed in the vestibule for him."

"Were these lamps all alight when you got down this morning?" queried Mr. Ford.

"No, sir. Only one of the library lamps, which had been removed into the gallery where it was found."

"Had the bedroom lamp been removed?"

"No, sir. It was just where I left it; it had burned itself out."

"It was burnt out, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"How was it you left this lamp in the vestibule at all, Francis?"

"Because when master showed the lady out he could have it in his hand whilst extinguishing the other lamps, and afterwards to go upstairs with," answered the butler.

"Did you fasten the front doors?"

"No, sir."

"And how were the fastenings this morning, Francis?"

"Just as I left them, sir."

Mr. Ford made some lengthy entries in his pocket-book, and, after requesting Francis to keep as much as he was acquainted with to himself, dismissed him.

"But what caused all this, sir?" the old man asked as he was leaving the room.

"Heart disease, Francis, I am afraid," said Mr. Ford before any one else could reply.

And Francis went at once to the kitchen and told it to the servants, who believed it.

The three men sat silent for some minutes, each buried deep in his own thoughts. During the time he was questioning old Francis Mr. Ford had been forming in his own mind some way out of the terrible plight the family would be plunged into were it ever known how Lord Culverhouse had died. He could himself penetrate some distance into the mystery. As he had truly said, he was thoroughly within the confidence of the late Earl, and knew that nothing save some dishonor falling suddenly upon him had been the cause of his suicide. He discarded at once any doubt as to it being as the doctors had said, and his shrewd nature immediately led him to connect the unknown woman who was with the Earl when the household retired with the case. To show any signs of indecision before the servants Mr. Ford knew would be fatal to their attempt at secrecy, so that he dare not obtain any further details than old Francis had given of her. For fully a quarter of an hour he sat paying no heed to the remarks from the doctor, who, although a clever physician and a man much respected by the inmates of the Court, was altogether deficient of the mental application of the smart North-country lawyer.

At last Mr. Ford stepped over to the bay window in which Lord Crowdley and the doctor were chatting. "Now, Gould," he said, looking straight into the eyes of the doctor, "No man is more surprised than myself to hear you say Earl Culverhouse died of heart disease. We must let the world have the news at once, and circulate it among the villagers and town people without a moment's delay."

"But, my dear sir, I do not say it was heart disease."

"No, Gould, you did not, but you *must*. You know perfectly well that there is a heart ailment in the family, and that you have treated the Earl more than once for some complaint of the kind. If you had not found the bottle which had contained the poison in the deceased's pocket you would hardly have guessed, I fancy, that it was suicide. Am I correct?"

"Somewhat."

"Well, then, the case is clear. Circulate the intelligence to-morrow, and let the relatives of his lordship come to view the body if they choose. We will telegraph for Sir William Young, the eminent Harley-street doctor, in the morning, and he shall have a consultation with you, and agree with you. The prevention of an inquest I can manage, and then, my lord," turning to the young man, who was terribly excited at what was being said, "I would advise you to make a Continental tour with your sisters immediately the funeral is over."

"But, Ford, what you suggest is impossible. If my poor father really did die by suicide the fact should be so stated."

"Sir," replied the lawyer, who had no intention of being turned from any view he had taken of a matter such as this, "it is my duty to advise very stringent measures to meet a very stringent case. It is impossible for us to disclose what we know, or [laying much stress upon his words] what we *think* we know. Lord Culverhouse had a heart affection. That Gould admits. Let it, therefore, be heart affection that suddenly killed your father. I myself have no doubt whatever but that the Earl died from the self-administration of laudanum; but what of that? Why shed a feeling of dishonor upon your house when no end is gained by doing so? To impress you further, the visit of that lady last night is no mere coincidence. The connecting links between her—whichever she was—and your

poor father are the ashes in the gallery grate and the empty phial found in his waistcoat-pocket."

That was a blow to both the doctor and Lord Crowdley. The train of thought which a clever man like Mr. Ford could manufacture out of the scanty facts before him would never enter the brain of either of them. Had not the house been full of visitors at the time of her visit, they might have made some inquiry of themselves what brought the woman there at such an hour on a night when the most robust man buckles up his coat-collar and trots along the road to keep his blood in circulation. But the lawyer had seen all these things, and valued them at their proper weight. Ladies do not generally travel at a late hour of the night, and repeat a visit, unless something of importance demands it. The length of the visit also puzzled him, and the woman's exit from the house. Had Lord Culverhouse let her out of the front door—which was the only one left unlocked, according to Francis—he would instinctively have bolted it after she had gone, or certainly not have left the hand-lamp in the vestibule to burn itself out.

He would not mention his reasoning to the two men unless it be to impress the necessity of his views upon them; but after sternly refusing to take any other course than the one he had proposed under a threat to sever himself from the family affairs, Mr. Ford gained his point, and Doctor Gould left for home.

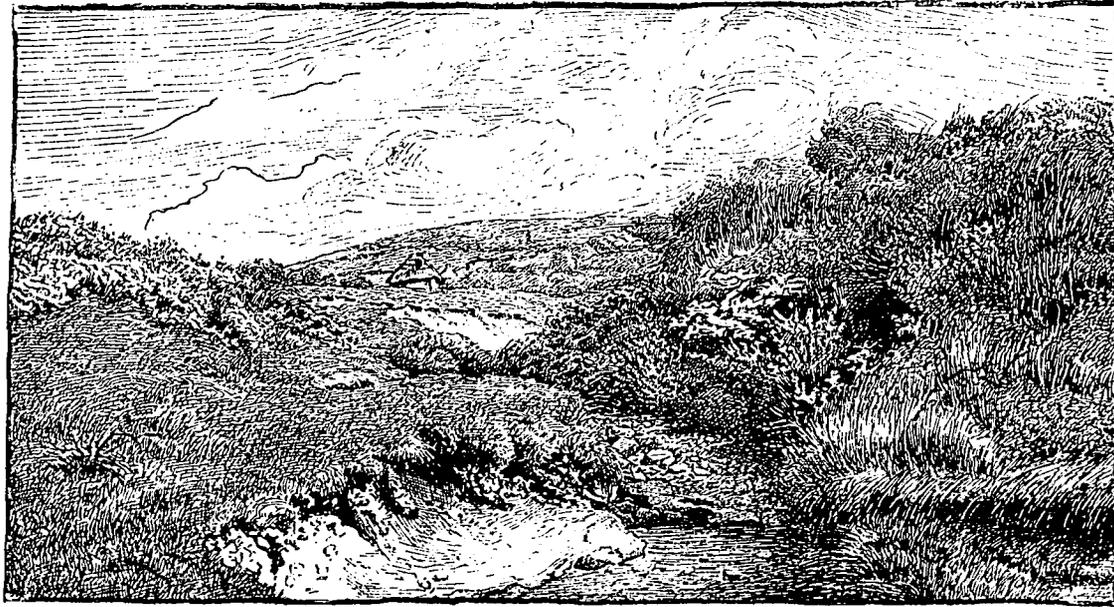
Never had the Master of Culverhouse Court witnessed such a Christmas Day as this. The Ladies Caroline and Alice had not left their rooms since their brother had told them the awful news, but were seeking to console each other as best they could. It was now night, and silently the domestics had sought their own chambers on tip-toe, fearing to

disturb by even a footfall the melancholy stillness that filled the great house with the hand of death. The two gentlemen in the library had continued their conversation long after Doctor Gould had left, and, before they quitted the room, the lawyer had quite convinced Lord Crowdley of the necessity of his plan of action. A room for Mr. Ford had been prepared, as it was quite impossible for him to leave the family in its present condition.

It was very late when the two men went upstairs, each carrying his lamp in curious silence. As they ascended the wide oaken staircase that bore a world's history in every tread, the flickering glare of the lights shone up into the void above them, and only dimly reached the ceilings overhead. Once only Lord Crowdley looked behind as they neared the room in which the body lay, and, as if by mutual consent, he turned the key in the lock and entered, with the lawyer following close behind. There, upon the heavily-curtained bed, with a large lighted candle on either side, was all that was left of Earl Culverhouse—dead, by his own hand! It is hard for a son as dutiful and as affectionate as Lord Crowdley had been to bear his grief with even outward indifference. The command he had possessed over himself in the early morning was merely the command of will; but now, when the terrible excitement of the day was ended, the truth seemed to come to him, as the Christmas bells had come across the Park but a few hours ago, and

no longer conqueror over the dictates of the human heart, he fell on his knees at the bedside and buried his face in his hands. His anguish was sacred, even from the eyes of Mr. Ford, who discreetly stepped out into the corridor, and left him pouring out his grief as strong men do but seldom in their lives.

The lawyer found his room without much difficulty. He was not a man to intrude himself upon the affairs of others, but he had been more than family lawyer to the man who lay dead, and the few moments he had had for thought had imposed upon him the duty of considering the welfare of the house of Culverhouse. He could not sleep, he thought, until he had studied the mysterious connection of the late Earl with the woman who had visited him the previous night. That the connection did exist he felt as sure as if his client had confided the information to him; but what the connection was he could not at present form the remotest idea. The fire burning in the stove did not aid him much. He sat in front of it for at least an hour absorbed in all the details of the case as far as he knew them. There were faces in that fire this Christmas night, but he did not recognise them. Slowly they flickered and reddened, and fell away into dirty, grey ashes, without conveying any clue or motive; and when he rose—puzzled as no other case had ever puzzled him before—he started to find Lord Crowdley had silently entered the room.



THE VALLEY OF CROWDLEY.

"I must tell you something, Ford, before I go to sleep, and you must help me to do that which is just." He spoke so slowly and so hesitatingly as if he were ashamed of what he had to say. "I have delayed telling even my poor father, Ford, and it is now better as it is, and I never dreamed it would come so soon, when everyone must know. I am married—don't

speak to me yet—I am married, and was two years ago, unknown to any living man. Oh! if my father had not died, I should have had time to have disclosed it to you all; but, Ford, this suddenness will make my secrecy seem like a crime. My wife is as dear to me as ever any woman could have been. I met her two years ago in Devonshire. She is a lady by all that elevates a woman in the eyes of the world, and she does not know me but as Richard Rawlinson. Tell me, Ford, what I am to do! You must go to her at once, with me, and tell her who I am. You must—great heavens, Ford, don't look at me like that! For her sake, help me out of this terrible trouble that has fallen upon us."

The lawyer walked across to the window and pushed the lattice open, letting in a flood of air that almost extinguished the lamp; but it cooled his face, burning with this new revelation. The bells of Crowdley Church were chiming two, and the sound came up from the valley over which a full moon was casting a silver light. He stood looking out into the frozen night as one in a dream, who saw in every tree standing out above the moonlit horizon like a shrouded being of some other world, another obstacle to be removed from the history of Culverhouse. Married!

"Richard, my boy," said the old man, turning suddenly upon his companion, and clasping the hand that was held for him, "I am glad you have told me this; but you must let me have time to

consider what you should do. I am sure that a Culverhouse is not guilty of dishonor where women are concerned; but you astonish me beyond measure. In the morning we will talk of it. Without another word let us get to our beds; I must think what is to be done. I must think, my boy—think!”

“God bless you, Ford! Good night!”

“Good night!”

It was past ten when the lawyer woke in the morning. He had not laid down to sleep before a silver streak had drawn itself along the sky far out where the toilers of the deep had cast their nets into the black waters of the Northern seas.

CHAPTER IV.

*And then forget their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation.*

THE smoking-room of the Corinthian Club was almost empty. It was New Year's Day. A couple of half-pay Colonels lounged in front of the fire, puffing suffocating clouds of smoke from their fourpenny cigars. A man who has served the best years of his life in the Army, and who has entered the grey-hair stage with nothing but his reduced pay and position to live upon, must smoke fourpenny cigars if they are of his own purchase. He must also kill most of his time at the club he belonged to when he did not wear square-toed shoes suspiciously hidden beneath seedy “spats” long since past the meridian of ordinary wear. Half-pay officers generally appear to be bachelors or widowers. Nobody knows where they come from or whither they go. They turn up at eleven in the morning, to scan the paper and pass comments on the weather and the latest divorce case with a congenial spirit of their own order. They smoke. They sleep. They bully the waiters and make complaints to the steward if their threepenny cup of coffee is not heated to the requisite temperature of their special fancy. They lounge into the billiard-room and pass a couple of hours watching the play. They obstruct their younger fellows in reading the “tape,” and ask all sorts of ridiculous questions upon matters they don't understand. They take a cup of tea and a well-toasted muffin. They seize upon the first editions of the evening papers, and sleep again. They snore. They leave the club-house at six. They take a pennyworth of “bus” to some remote corner of Bayswater or Fulham. They dine off a greasy mutton chop, without potatoes, and the next morning at eleven o'clock they are again members of the Corinthian.

The smoking-room was almost empty this New Year's Day, for men were away at their homes welcoming in, amid the dead memories of the past year, the hopes and ambitions of the present. Besides two old military men, a few young bloods, who have kicked over the domestic traces, are discussing the programme of a suggested stay in London, and are somewhat annoying, with their boisterous talk—young bloods of the Corinthian are sometimes boisterous—a gentleman seated at one of the tables engaged in answering a rather formidable pile of correspondence. Suddenly the tumult ceases, for one of the number has recognised the individual in black, and whispers to his companions that it is the Earl of Culverhouse, only come into the title but a few days. Two of the fellows are on intimate terms with him, but as he would, perhaps, wish they did not speak, they quietly leave the room to carry on their discussion somewhere else.

It was only yesterday that his father was buried. The news of the “sudden death of the Earl of Culverhouse from heart-disease, accelerated by the excitement of ‘the ancestral feast,’ which was held earlier in the evening on which the sad event occurred,” had fallen upon the world and astonished it. But the world forgets these things without much trouble when it has sent a two-guinea wreath and an empty carriage to represent its grief at the funeral. The body was laid in its last resting-place in the churchyard where all the Culverhouses lie buried, and was followed by the immediate male relatives of the deceased and the Freemasons of the Province of Durham. Immediately after the funeral, the Ladies Caroline

and Alice started, under the care of a maiden aunt, for a protracted stay in Italy, and Lord Crowdley—now the Earl—had journeyed to London. By the advice of Mr. Ford, it was arranged that his lordship should go at once to Chertsey and there disclose his identity to his wife, to remain hidden from the eyes of the world for a couple of months, and then bring the Countess home to Culverhouse, all being prepared by Mr. Ford for her reception.

While passing through the metropolis, the Earl had called at his club for the letters which must have accumulated for the past few days, and thus we find him writing, the day after his father's funeral, in the smoking-room of the Corinthian. He had decided to telegraph his coming about three in the afternoon, so that he might reach “The Cottage” before dusk. He would not change his clothes, as their sombreness might be the means of first breaking the news to Gertrude. It was snowing fast as he left the cab at Waterloo, several minutes before the train started; and the ground was covered with it, beaten up into filth by the horses' hoofs and cart-wheels. A dull, leaden sky and a dull heart are hardly welcome at the New Year, but it is not always the most glorious daybreak that ends in the repose of a peaceful night. How long and miserable the journey down! Chertsey at last, and snowing fast. The fleecy flakes had fallen and covered the country to the depth of a foot, so that traffic was extremely difficult. The plump, red face of Tom, the head porter, stared in amazement when Mr. Rawlinson went by him at the barrier without his usual greeting.

“Bit dickey, I suppose,” thought Tom, who believed Mr. Rawlinson, the husband of the lady at “The Cottage,” to be a commercial traveller.

Old Muffles, the only cabman the village boasted, was warming himself at the porters' fire whilst his horse was exposed to the weather outside. He came rumbling out at the voice of the traveller, and touched his greasy cap to the best customer Chertsey had ever known.

“Winter at last, sir,” said Muffles. “This is what I call a reg'lar rasper! Much more o' this 'erc, and cabs won't be much blooming use. 'Ome, sir?”

“Yes! Muffles, I'm afraid you will have some difficulty after you cross the stream; however, get as far as you can.” And Mr. Rawlinson shook the snow that had gathered already on his coat, and stepped into the cab.

A year hence—only one short year!—under somewhat similar circumstances, he remembered this day of all others in his lifetime. A year hence, when the snow was falling thicker than it was here, his mind came back to this little winter village of the Thames across the waste of waters over which his anguish hovers like an ocean mist.

Old Muffles thrashed his horse as far as the old turnpike-road on the Middlesex side, where it was impossible to proceed, so the Earl alighted, and faced the half-mile to the cottage on foot. It was slow progress, for the snow had drifted on the bank, and in places he sank up to his knees. Presently he came within sight of the house, and saw bright lights in some of the windows, as if welcoming him home. The gate was quite snowed up, and almost hidden, but he broke through the hedge at its side, and reached the porch after a terrible scramble. He had not been seen,—that was certain; perhaps his telegram, owing to the storm, had not been delivered, and he came unexpected.

Ellen, the parlor-maid, answered to his ring, and stood amazed at the sight of her master.

“Where's your mistress, my girl?” he asked her, as he shook the snow from his garments. “Hasn't a telegram been delivered here?”

“Yes, sir,” replied the girl; but she hesitated, and the Earl saw it.

“Well, where's your mistress?”

“Mistress is not here, sir.”

“Not here!”

“No, sir. She left home the day after Christmas Day, and has not returned. Hasn't she been with you, sir?”

"My good girl, what are you talking about? Where's Mrs. Oakhurst?"

"She went with mistress, sir." And then the girl burst out crying, and said she thought there was something the matter.

Earl Culverhouse stood for some moments in the hall without making the slightest effort to understand her. Gertrude had never without his knowledge left the house before, and it had been arranged between them when he was at Chertsey but ten days ago that he would return some time during the second week of the New Year. He took his coat off and went up to his bedroom to change his clothes, which were wet through. Everything upstairs seemed in its place and the gas alight. A fire was prepared in the dining-room on the ground floor, and yet Ellen had said her mistress and Mrs. Oakhurst had been away since Boxing Day. He almost laughed, for there must be some huge joke on. Seating himself at the table, where he had so often partaken of those little meals tête-à-tête with his wife, he pondered over the curious web of misfortunes that seemed to be winding itself around him.

"Come here, Ellen, and tell me all about it now. Where has your mistress gone to?"

"I don't know, really, sir. Mrs. Oakhurst was taken ill two days before Christmas Day, whilst she was reading in her room. She fainted, I think, mistress said. But the same night she went up to London, and did not return again till Boxing-morning early. Then mistress and her packed up two large boxes—mistress crying all the time—and caught the 3.15 train to town, telling us they would not be back for a few days, but that we were to expect them at any moment, or you, sir; and, should you come before they did, we were to tell you to look in the safe in mistress's room."

Never before had a presentiment of evil crept into his heart so readily as it did now. Without one shade of doubt he believed the girl was speaking the truth; and, with a sickening sensation in his throat, he bounded up the stairs to the safe where Gertrude had kept her little stock of jewelry and money. He found nothing but a letter addressed to himself. It ran thus:—

MY DEAR RICHARD,—The hand of fate, which drops upon many, and crushes many, and kills many, has dropped upon us and you. You must never see Gertrude again; it is her wish, as it is mine. We trust you will not hear of our flight until we are safe from being followed. We know who you are, and that you are a good man and the son of a good father, *but you are not the lawful husband of my daughter.* Forget us both as if we were dead, and accept from us the thanks which fill our hearts. There are sins which even God cannot refuse to pardon. Such sins are ours.—Your grateful and faithful,
ELIZABETH OAKHURST.

Utterly crushed as he was with the events of the past week, this new trouble for a moment was too much for him.

What could it mean? Was all the world mad? Was his wife mad, and Mrs. Oakhurst, as well as Dr. Gould and Mr. Ford? He was told that his father—in the prime of life—surrounded by all the comforts of existence—suddenly ends that existence by poison; and now they want him to believe that he is not the lawful husband of his own wife! He *has* no wife; and into the deep snow he must go again, friendless and more weary than before, along the silent highway, by the river, running on and on, never turning from its onward march. At the head of the weir was a sunken barge. How like his hopes, he thought. But he did not stay to watch the stream; he must get back to London, the meridian of all trouble, to which all weary hearts are drawn as with a magnet.

"You know my wife, Blake, don't you?" he asked the booking-clerk, engaged for the moment in grilling a herring on the booking-office fire.

"Of course, I do, Mr. Rawlinson. She sent *my* wife two bottles of wine the other day, sir, because she heard somehow that the doctor had ordered her to have some."

"Did she, Blake? I'm glad of that. But can you tell me where Mrs. Rawlinson booked tickets for on Tuesday?"

"Tuesday, sir?—now, let me see—Tuesday! No; that I can't, sir, for sure; but I've an idea it was Waterloo."

"Not certain, Blake?"

"No, sir; not certain."

"Well! give me a single; and, Blake, buy the wife some more wine, will you? What is it—weakness?"

"Yes, sir—and a boy!"

He did not stay to hear the thanks the booking-clerk was offering him through the little ticket-window, but he was thinking how much gratitude could be purchased for a £5 note, and how long it would be before he reached London. Not a train for twenty minutes! He went back to Blake to send a telegram to Mr. Ford, asking him to come down south at once, and go straight to the town house in Cavendish-square.

This telegram reached Mr. Ford at 6.30. An hour later

he left Durham on his journey south; at ten minutes past two a.m. he arrived at King's-cross, and a few minutes later he was seated in the morning-room of 14, Cavendish-square.

* * * * *

In Wellington-street, Strand, opposite the stage-door of the Gaiety Theatre, is a house let out in suites of rooms. A patent medicine man occupies the ground floor. On the floor above is a Mr. Miller. The name is engraved on the brass-plate at the door, but what he is nobody seems to know and nobody seems to care. The second floor is occupied by an architect, a young man of feminine inclinations, who parts his hair down the middle, and recites at smoking concerts. *His* name is also engraved upon a brass-plate, and is painted on *his* door. He designs cathedrals, but



"HE PONDERED OVER THE CURIOUS WEB OF MISFORTUNES."

never builds them. He loves art and the ancient Romans, but as the general public knows nothing of art and detests the ancient Romans, he is content to write ticket labels for drapers' windows to provide himself with the necessities of life. But he is plodding along with his cathedrals and Elizabethan palaces, and some day his efforts may be rewarded by a commission to alter the coal-cellar of Lord Tomnoddy's house at Balham, in which event the residence will be duly sketched and forwarded to the *Plumber*. But Mr. Miller interests us now.

He is a fine man of five-and-thirty, has a beautiful moustache, of which he takes much care, a well-formed mouth, very hard about the lips and very stern, well-shaped ears, and a pair of piercing eyes as black as sloes. He is seated at a magnificent bureau covered with little bundles of papers neatly tied, each one with red tape. At a desk in the corner sits a young lad of twenty years of age, very clean and very smart-looking. A rich and valuable carpet covers the whole of the floor, and the furniture of the room is arranged in perfect taste.

Mr. Miller is Mr. Miller, and nothing else.

The same morning as that on which Mr. Ford comes down to the house in Cavendish-square, two gentlemen ascend to the first-floor of this house in Wellington-street, and inquire if Mr. Miller is at home.

Yes, Mr. Miller is at home; but have the gentlemen an appointment with him? No. There is no appointment, but if the lad will take the card that is given him to Mr. Miller, no doubt he will see the visitors.

They are ushered into the inner room, and the smart young man offers the two men chairs, and fades away, closing the door after him.

"Mr. Miller?"

"Yes, sir! I am he."

"We have a case of a somewhat delicate nature to place in your hands, and we come to you by the recommendation of Lord Gascoigne, a client of mine in the North."

"Lord Gascoigne of Thurloe Hall?"

"The same. Are you prepared to give the case your undivided personal attention, Mr. Miller, if we place it with you?"

"If my client is to be the Earl of Culverhouse, most certainly!"

The two men looked at each other without saying a word.

"You know this gentleman, then?"

"I have the honor to know him by repute, that is all!"

"By what repute, Mr. Miller, do you know me?"

"By good repute, my lord."

"Well, then," goes on Mr. Ford, "the case is one of flight. Two ladies have secretly left England, and we want you to find them. That, perhaps, is not difficult; in fact, we could accomplish it ourselves, but I—mind you, I say *I*, because I have stoutly refused to convey my views to his lordship—have reason to think their flight or their capture will lead to certain disclosures of a nature of great interest to us; but the Earl will confide in you the entire facts of the case unreservedly and confidentially, and will in all things be guided by you. I have proposed to his lordship that you should visit him this evening at his house in town. Shall it be so?"

"As you wish; but I should prefer you to give me outlines that I may know upon what grounds I am to work."

"They are simple, Mr. Miller. Perhaps I may give them myself. The late Lord Culverhouse received a lady visitor on Christmas Eve. She was presumed to leave the house—Culverhouse

Court—some time after the entire household had retired for the night—it was really the early hours of the morning. At ten o'clock that morning, when a servant entered the library his lordship was found upon the floor dead."

"I remember; heart disease?"

"No, sir—suicide!"

Not one muscle of the detective's face moved; he merely repeated, apologetically, the word "suicide!"

"We know nothing of the woman or lady," continued the lawyer, "beyond the very imperfect description given by the butler, a very old person, and the only one, it appears, who saw her. We have neither any trace of her. The poor Earl is buried, Mr. Miller and the present one," the detective bowed slightly, "is married to a lady who lived with her mother at a residence of her husband, at Chertsey. Yesterday, by my advice, his lordship travelled to Chertsey to acquaint his wife with the true facts, and instal her into her proper position, but when he reached the house he found both mother and daughter had left it four days previously, and this letter left for his lordship. There is the letter, Mr. Miller, and I have told you the facts. We want you to find Mrs. Oakhurst and her daughter."

The detective—unlike his fellow men—had some presumptions to gentility. He glanced at the letter and returned it to Mr. Ford, and

requested the promised interview with both gentlemen in the evening at Cavendish-square. The interview arranged, Lord Culverhouse and Mr. Ford departed, Mr. Miller himself bowing them from the room.

"Suicide," whispered Mr. Miller to himself; as he put on his spotless silk hat.

"James!"

"Yes, sir!"

"I am going to lunch."

"Very good, sir."



"AT THE HEAD OF THE WEIR WAS A SUNKEN BARGE."

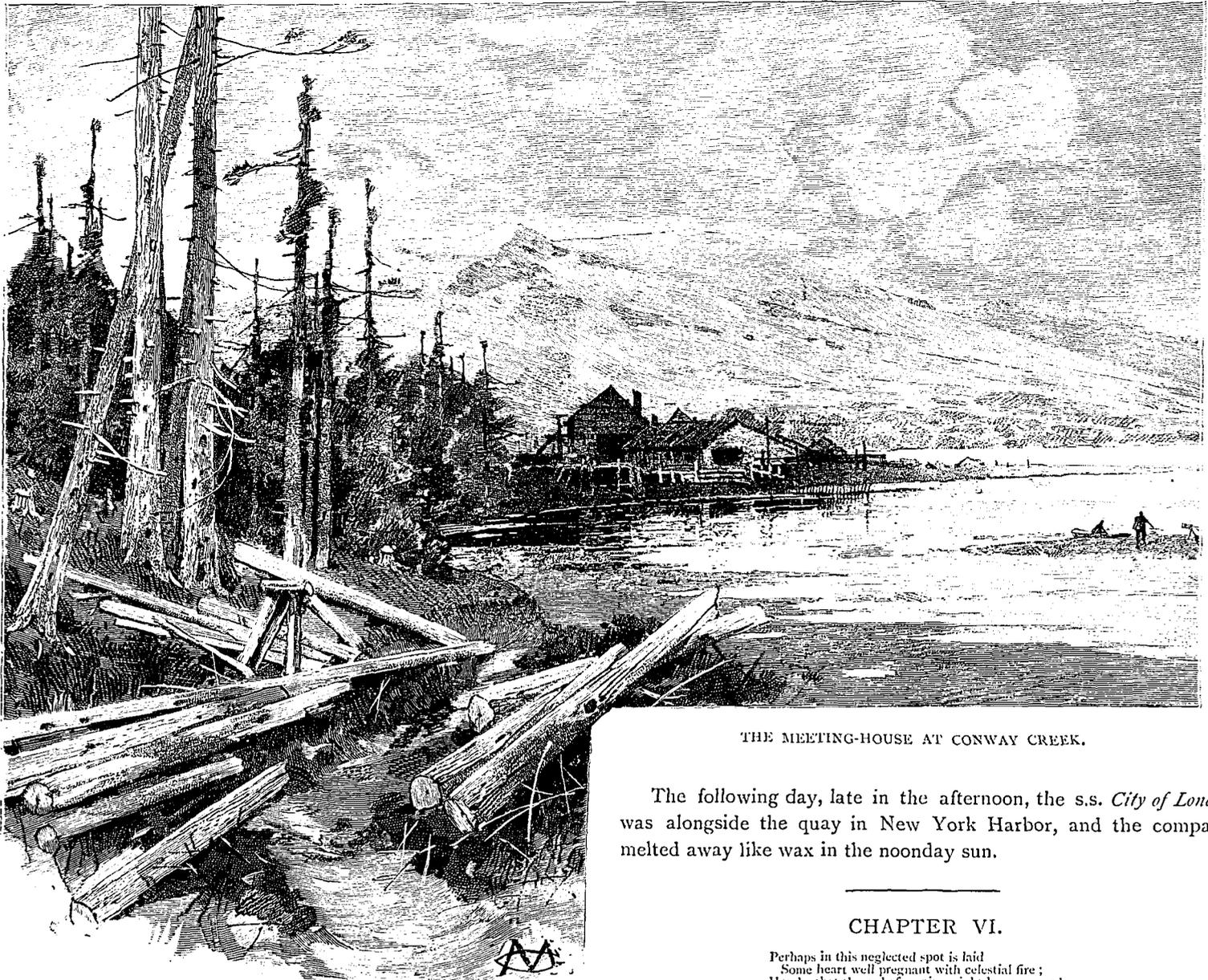
CHAPTER V.

How like a willow and her weeds, the night;
Amid her glimmering tapers silent sits.

THE seagulls dipped their wings in the waters of the Atlantic, and the s.s. *City of London* ploughed through its waves on its headlong career to the harbor of New York. The decks had been dry since Queenstown was lost sight of, for the easterly winds blew stiff and sharp, driving the passengers into the saloons and cabins to seek shelter from it.

The last rubber of whist had been played, and the "something hot," which kind-hearted stewards know best how to make, had been partaken of previous to turning in, and yet a couple of passengers stood leaning over the ship's rails on the hurricane deck, watching the silvery rays of a full moon dancing their midnight hornpipe on the wavelets of the ocean. What anxiety and remorse, love and hate, pleasure and sorrow are contained between the iron-plated walls of an American liner! Mother and children seek the fortunes of the *New World*, where only misfortune awaits them. The scapegrace son flees to the western hemisphere to bury his past, and cultivate a future full of promise and good deeds. The poor lover, loverless and friendless, leaves all that was his little world buried there under the green grass of his native village, and seeks fresh fields wherein to bury his own griefs!

Onward flies the mighty monster with its living cargo of hopes and ambitions. Better sometimes if the angel of death had come to them in the midst of their watery world and led them through it to



THE MEETING-HOUSE AT CONWAY CREEK.

The following day, late in the afternoon, the s.s. *City of London* was alongside the quay in New York Harbor, and the company melted away like wax in the noonday sun.

CHAPTER VI.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart well pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

FROM the village of Roxburg, a suburb of Boston, Massachusetts, a magnificent view of the Golden Bay in the distance can be had on a fine afternoon from the Castor Bridge. To the westward, the country dies away in glorious hill and dale, with the River Witmitty roaming in and out on its way to the Atlantic, into which it rushes between the fishing villages of Redcar and Saltcliff.

Civilisation holds sway around these parts, but ten miles up stream the cultivated aspect of the place gradually decreases and gives place to the grandeur of nature untouched by the despoiling hand of man. Beyond the outskirts of the villages round about the

principal occupation of the inhabitants is farming or stock-raising, and a very large track of country, several miles in breadth, being almost barren of trees and forest land, lends itself admirably for the grazing of cattle. About four and a half miles up the Witmitty is Conway Creek, lying midway between Boston and Springfield, and here is the homestead of Peter Nundy, a rich man in farming

the plains of peace, where the winds of adversity never blow.

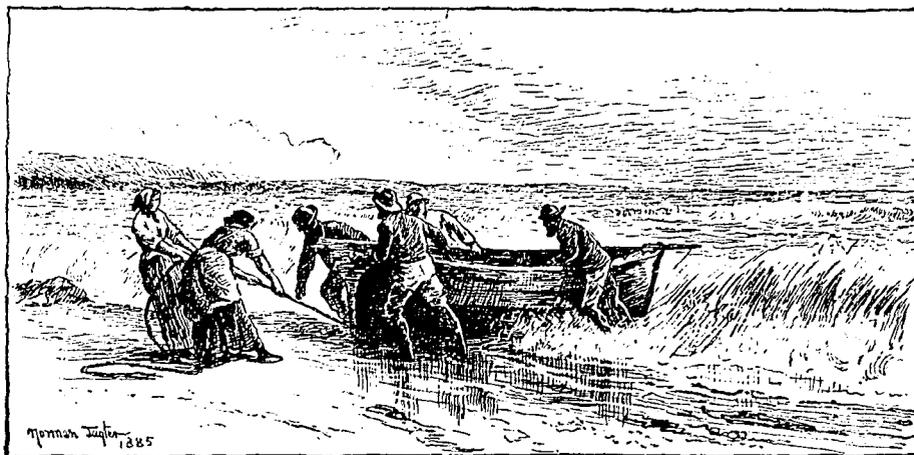
For the last half-hour an approaching light to starboard had been watched by the officer on the bridge through his night glass. Imperceptibly onward it came, now and again casting a gem of brilliancy upon the crest of some ambitious wave that rolled up into the line of vision. Presently it crossed the rays of the full moon—

With each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar;
And its own black hulk that was magnified,
By its own reflection in the tide.

Then it seemed to go farther away, and soon its existence was forgotten.

The two men braving the wind up on deck were fascinated with the glorious stillness of the scene, and took but little notice of each other. They must have been there for a couple of hours before they descended to the saloon on the way to their berths. At the end of the corridor they parted company with a shake of the hand and a quiet "Good night, Miller!"

"Good night, my Lord!"



FISHER-FOLK OF REDCAR.

stock, and the owner of thousands of acres of pasture-land on the other side of the river. Here, also, is the meeting house of the Freemasons of the villages within twenty miles' gunshot of the place.

These men, years ago, purchased a slip of land on the banks of the creek, just where it runs into the river. The land side is fenced round with oaken pales several feet in height, but the shores are left open to the creek, so that brethren coming down by water may get easy access to the place. The main track to the city, as the farmers term the high road, runs a few yards to the rear of the settlement, but beyond the caretaker's or Tyler's cottage, which is included in the enclosure, there is no habitation nearer than Farmer Nundy's, which is a mile and a half to the eastward. On the tongue of ground that runs out as a promontory into the waters of the creek, several graves have been dug for the reception of those members of the Craft who expressed their wish that they should be buried within the shadow of the Lodge. It is a sweet spot wherein to sleep the long, long sleep of death, for nothing but the gentle ripple of the waters and the "twirr, twirr" of the glen fowl as it half flies along the grassy slopes will ever disturb the repose of Conway Creek.

Peter Nundy was a blue-blooded Irishman, but he left his native country, thirty years or more ago, to come out West; and he has prospered. A large family has been born to him, but they have all migrated to other parts, some married, some ambitious for a city life; and so Peter—now a widower, but a hale old man, with a good day's work left in him yet—is surrounded by several servants and the families of his stockmen, and leads the life of a just and upright Christian. But Peter in his elder age intends to obtain a little of the comforts a man of his wealth should possess. He has worked as hard as any creature this side of the Arkansas, so he has just had sent in from Boston a "mighty fine lot" of furniture and gimcracks, and has engaged a widow lady and her daughter to come and keep house for him and lord it over Nundy's settlement as long as its present master may live. He met the lady and her daughter at Parson Harvey's place up city, about a month before, with the result that a bargain was struck, and on the morrow he was to welcome them to Conway Creek.

The sun was beaming down on the settlement, and the heat was very great. Everyone had been astir since very early morning getting the place in readiness for the new comers—for a new comer was a rarity in those parts, and something to make a fuss about. The stable-lads caught the infection, and polished up the harness as it had never been polished before, and swept their paddock out from end to end more than once. The day wore away and the fever increased hourly, when a shout from a look-out chap stationed at the landing-stage—which consisted, by-the-way, of a very modest floating platform of timber—announced the approach of the party by water. In the course of a few minutes the great lumbering boat pulled up to the stage, and the new comers were welcomed to Nundy's by that worthy himself, surrounded by the wives and families of the farm people and stockmen.

It was quite understood by the women at the Settlement that Mrs. Neville and her daughter were ladies of independent means, but, for reasons of which they gave no explanation, they had accepted Peter Nundy's offer and come to Conway Creek to undertake the charge of the establishment. The Settlement consisted of the farmer's house and stables and the head stockmen's cottages

somewhat removed down the banks of the Witmitty. In all it counted about eighty souls, who were members of a very large family, Peter himself being their head. To the children of the Settlement he was more than a father, and would sometimes go off by himself on a fine afternoon to watch their antics on the rocks down the river.

As soon as the boxes and baggage were removed from the boat, Mrs. Neville and her daughter were escorted to the house, one side of which was to be given up entirely to their use. The sitting-room Mr. Nundy had furnished for their particular comfort, was crowded with a number of useless articles of furniture which he in his complete ignorance of such things had purchased, with a good heart. These, under the direction of Mrs. Neville, were immediately removed, and the room soon became a cosy and comfortable one. Their bedroom adjoined the sitting-room, with a little spare room intervening, and the windows of all three looked out upon the grazing grounds of Conway Creek, and far up the mountains which rose from the valley of the Witmitty.

In the evening, when the stockmen had made their reports the "Boss" and Peter Nundy his usual nightly inspection of the stables and buildings round the house, the farm-people divided into their several parties and made for the various huts and cottages they inhabited. Early to bed was the motto of Conway

Creek, so that at nine of the clock, when only the faintest speck of the departed day lung like a flickering flame far out over the western prairie, and the pale moon was rising to her place, one by one the bolts of Nundy's Settlement were sent into their holes, and everything was as peaceful and quiet as the night outside. Mr. Nundy and the two ladies sat in the sitting-room on the other side of the house for an hour later than was usual with him. There was a lot to learn from each other, and the first evening of a stranger's



"TO WATCH THEIR ANTICS ON THE ROCKS."

sojourn in a new abode is the best time to become acquainted with the rules and regulations of it.

Mrs. Neville did not volunteer much of her personal career to Mr. Nundy, in fact nothing more than he had heard from Parson Harvey. He was not a very inquisitive man, and Mrs. Neville, moreover, had taken up her position of housekeeper to him for reasons which she very plainly stated.

"It was necessary that my daughter and myself should leave England very hurriedly, Mr. Nundy, without so much as saying good-bye to our friends. We came to New York, and from thence to Boston, where we met Mr. Harvey, through whom we came to take up our residence with you. It is very good of you to take us, as it were, on trust, because it has been impossible to give you any further account of ourselves; but we are anxious for a quiet and secluded home—so secluded, Mr. Nundy, that any attempt to trace us should be useless; and so quiet that we may have opportunities for thinking over the strange eventful history of our existence in England. But, though our past has been eventful, we have done no wrong, Mr. Nundy, as you have been good enough to believe."

"That's all right, marm," was old Peter's reply. "I guess I know a honest face when I sees one. I'm not much of a "woner" with the gentler folk, but as long as you like—and I hope you will

like for ever—you are mistress of Peter Nundy and Peter Nundy's Settlement on Conway Creek."

After Miss Neville had astonished him with a couple of selections on the new piano he had sent in from Messrs. Pickering when he was purchasing in Boston, he wished the ladies a peaceful night just as "Home, sweet Home" was terminating the evening's enjoyment. The old man stood in the corridor a moment to listen to the dear old song; but it suddenly ceased, and he thought he heard a sob of pain coming from the room. He was not sure, however, so he went to bed, and presently Mrs. and Miss Neville crossed to their room and retired also. Poor Mrs. "Neville!" poor Gertrude! Why did you cry as if your hearts would break this summer night? Why did you kneel at your bedside so long, and pray so fervently?

CHAPTER VII.

There are no bells that chime among these hills.

SUMMER and autumn had gone for another year, winter was about, and another Christmas Eve had come in the fulfilment of time. Long miles away over land and sea two ladies had for weeks awaited the return of their brother, but he never came, and the "ancestral feast" at Culverhouse Court was this year likely to be held but in imagination only. Letters had reached them from time to time from the United States, but they gave no address and little news, only that the writer was travelling through the country, and he could not say when he would return. At Conway Creek the festive season was a time for rare old jinks. The associations which make the occasion so interesting in the old country were missing, but the want was made up by the heartiness with which everybody gave themselves up to enjoyment. There were presents for the children and bottles of "toddy" for the men. Rolls of cloth and linen were given to the wives and daughters, and money prizes were arranged for the victors with the gun, the skate, or in running. Every one in the settlement was invited to dinner at the house of Peter Nundy, the "kiddies" first, then their mothers and the men, and as there was plenty of everything, the stomachs of the Western stockmen were likely to be satisfied.

It was Christmas Eve, and the preparations for the morrow had been completed. It had snowed about a week previous, but a hard frost had set in immediately after, and the whole country was frozen over. Mrs. Oakhurst and Gertrude had found a haven of rest at Conway Creek. Without making any special efforts they had ingratiated themselves in the heart of the whole Settlement. The children loved them, and never were so happy as when they were about the house doing something for Miss Gertrude. The women brought their little domestic troubles to them for advice and help. And the men—well, the men had set up for themselves a new image round which they worshipped, and judging from the looks of the bachelors among them, Gertrude had at no time been short of a man to marry her had she wished. As time had gone by they had told Mr. Nundy more of their affairs, and he, like a good, honest fellow, had sought to keep their minds this side of the Atlantic. He knew now that the ladies' name was not Neville, but a name mattered but little out West. So he always called them Neville, and so did the people who came to the place.

The interior of the house has changed magically under the hands of Gertrude and her mother, and the place bore the marks of womankind in every corner. Once Gertrude had gone into Boston with Mr. Nundy, and they made such a number of purchases that

the goods had been barged up the creek, and, when they were unpacked, she had set to work carrying out her little scheme for making her place look more like a certain cottage in the old country, an image of which was always before her. She had not forgotten the gardens there, and presently, when the season came round, she was going to cultivate another, which should be as much like it as she could remember. It was nothing but a dream all this, as was the peaceful, happy life at Chertsey, but no one could deny her dreaming if she chose; although *that* life she knew could never come again.

After breakfast this particular morning she had tripped away to Bill Norton's cottage, about the third of a mile down stream. Bill Norton's wife was ill, and Gertrude made a daily visit, carrying various little delicacies with her. She found the poor woman weaker than she had ever seen her, and she feared death was not far off. She sat with her for some time, telling her of the bright things in a future world, to which Mrs. Norton listened with attention.

"I had a dream about you, Miss Gertrude, last night—such a funny dream it was."

"A dream about me?" and Gertrude laughed.

"Yes, miss! I dreamt you were in a grand house—oh! such a grand house—and you were such a beautiful lady; but you were not happy, and was running away from a man who was running after you. You rushed along the bank of a river and crossed a bridge; but it was only a little bridge, not nearly so big as the bridges up City, and when you looked back you saw the man who had been trying to catch you fall down. I saw you go up to him, but he was dead."

"That was a funny dream, wasn't it?"

"Yes, miss, it was; and it was funny that I knew the face of the man."

"Yes! Who was he?"

"I don't know, miss; but I know I have seen the portrait in your parlor up at the house."

Oh! how the mind went back, back to a year ago, and a feverish perspiration came upon her brow

as she stared at the poor sick woman lying upon the bed. Hurriedly she tore a locket from her bosom, and asked Mrs. Norton if that was the portrait of the man she saw."

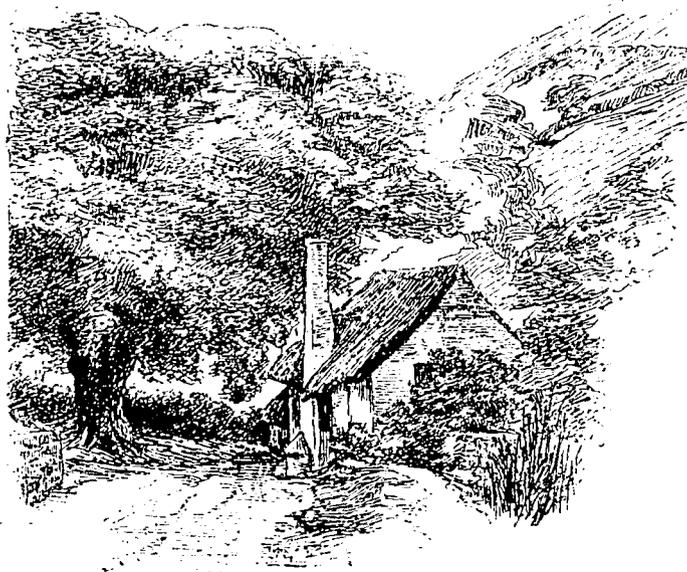
"Yes, miss, that's him." But poor Gertrude stayed to hear no more. She wished her patient a hurried good-bye, and started for home as quickly as she could.

"Mother! Mother!" she cried, as she entered the house. "Bill Norton's wife, whom I have been to see, has had a dream of Richard and me. She saw him fall down and die." How the tears came welling up into her beautiful eyes! "Why should she dream such things and tell me of them, and on this day, too, of all others?"

Mrs. Oakhurst soothed her as best she could, and when her eyes were dry went with her to watch the fellows skating down by the landing-stage.

The evening set in earlier than usual, for dark clouds were coursing through the heavens, and the stockmen looked up above every few minutes to test the aspect for to-morrow's festivities. It looked like snow.

Bill Norton had come in from the hills, about which he had been riding since daybreak. He was engaged in hacking up the frozen snow and ice before his door with a "pick," and did not notice the approach of a couple of strangers on foot. Now strangers at Conway Creek were a rarity; but he merely looked up, and renewed his work.



BILL NORTON'S COTTAGE.

"Is this Peter Nundy's Settlement, my friend?" asked one of them.

"Yes, sir, it is; leastaways, this is a *part* of Mr. Nundy's place. He lives up at the house not quite half a mile up stream, just at the back of that there clump of pines over agin the creek."

"I'm much obliged to you, friend."

"You're welcome, sir, I'm sure. If you're a friend of the gov.'s, perhaps you'd like to step inside a minute, and brush yourself up. Not that we keep many brushes in this quarter, but you look mighty dirty, sir—if you'll pardon me for saying so."

The stranger turned to his companion and smiled, and accepted the hospitality of the stockman.

"My wife's very queer, sir," said Norton, as he lifted the latch of the door, and ushered the two men into the living-room of the cottage, a large compartment, which was half a storeroom for implements, harness, and all manner of oddments. "Yes, sir; I think she's going to make a finish of it, poor old gal! She's been dreaming, sir; and that's a sure sign of something, I reckon."

"Is there no doctor round about?" asked one of the strangers—the one who had not previously spoken.

"We don't get no doctors nearer than Gerrad Point, eight mile up the Witmitty, but we've got a angel here as 'as done more good than all the doctors in Boston, sir—in Boston," and Norton brought his fist down on the bench to emphasise his assertion. "She lives up at the house with the Boss, and she was here this morning, God bless her! looking after my old girl, and giving her all the comforts and good things she could find. But she's in love, sir, is Miss Gertrude; she is——" but the stranger did not allow him to finish the sentence.

"Tell me," he said, trying to speak calmly and to master his emotion, "What is this Miss Gertrude like?"

"Like, sir! Well, I hardly know, upon my word! She's not over big, and has a good and pretty face; but it's her ways as makes us chaps so fond of her—I'm blest if she don't!"

"Yes, yes! my friend, I quite believe she is all that is good; but what is she like?"

"Well, you wait till I go and ask the old girl; she'll be able to tell yer!" And the stockman went into the inner room, leaving the two men to themselves.

"Are we on the track at last, Miller?" asked one of the other. But Norton came back at the moment, and requested the gentlemen to walk in and have a look at his wife. "She seems to be worse," he said.

They went into the room in which the woman was, and walked up to the bed, which was particularly clean for a stockman's hut. She seemed to take no notice of any of them until her husband spoke to her and asked her if she could tell the gentleman what Miss Gertrude was like. This revived her a bit, for she turned her head, catching sight of the stranger who stood at her side. She was going to speak to him, but she stopped half-way and looked with terrible earnestness at his face.

"I dreamt of you last night," she said, presently, in a voice which showed her end was near; "and I told Miss Gertrude about it this morning. I saw you running after her along a river and over a bridge, but you stumbled and fell down, and when she went back to you you were dead"—the listener shuddered—"Miss Gertrude said it was a funny dream, but I can't make it out. She had your portrait round her neck."

CHAPTER VIII.

Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange
As full, methinks, of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretched, in the desert, round their evening fire:
As any sung of old, in hall or bower,
To minstrel harps at midnight's witching hour!

The day was drawing to a close, and Gertrude was tired out. She was still thinking of Mrs. Norton's dream, and how strange—how very strange—it was. Mr. Nundy had asked her to play just one "something" before he turned in for the night, and they must get to bed earlier even than usual to welcome their guests and prepare for them on the morrow. Early in the evening it had commenced to snow; darker and darker it had grown, and faster came the flakes, so that everybody had made up their minds for a snowy Christmas Day. Gertrude played a favorite piece of hers. She hardly knew why—of course, it was Mrs. Norton's dream—but her mind was at Chertsey all this long day, and she was playing in her own room one of those dreamy melodies that awaken the silent chords of the heart, and sends the memory back among the quivering echoes of the past. Tears came again as she fingered the keys, but they were the gift of a kind Providence to dim her sight so that she could see but blindly the dear dead days of a year ago. Poor Jinks! she wondered where he was, and what he was doing now? She was at the gate again the last time she welcomed Richard after his long absence. What a day that was! What a day! How

they had chatted long into the night, those husband-and-wife lovers, secure in each other's affection, which seemed so solid and so lasting. She went on playing and dreaming, and Peter Nundy did not disturb her, for he had guessed long ago of a love still burning in her heart, so he silently crept out of the room, and left her alone to pour out her music and her memories together.

She must have played till past eleven, and was tired out with the fatigue of the day, and with playing. Why should she not read over again the little stock of letters she had brought with her



"THE LITTLE STOCK OF LETTERS."

rom England. The poor women and children! how unfortunate it was that their enjoyment should be spoiled by the storm, when the weather for the past few days had been so propitious. She went to the window and raised the blind. All was white. The heavy flakes were coming down in myriads, and the gathering wind blew them against the window, and stippled it all over. What was that dark object moving across the yard and coming towards the house? She crept among the folds of the curtain where she could watch. The figure came quickly to the window, and she saw a man peer into the room; and, without the slightest fear, she stepped in front of him.

Who was he? Oh, God! why let her eyes deceive her heart? Why let her think for one brief moment that this is Richard Rawlinson? She could not help it or reason it, but her hand went up to the fastening of the window, and the man raised the sash. One look, and all her promises to her mother were forgotten; a wail of agony escaped her lips as she staggered from the window, but her husband had leapt through the opening and caught her senseless body in his arms. Wakened by the noise, and not finding Gertrude at her side, Mrs. Oakhurst had slipped on her dressing-gown and come to look for her. Never had her mortal eyes deceived her as they did this night.

Grasping the situation in an instant, she closed the room door and drew down the window and the blind.

"You have followed us, Richard?" she asked, as her daughter was recovering her presence of mind.

"Yes, and found you. It has been a weary search, and, had I been a poor man, it would have been hopeless; but the wrong you did me has come home to you at last. You have said you know me—God grant you do!—but tell me, if you have a heart within you, who my wife is, whom you call your daughter? Why is she no lawful wife of mine?"

It was all Gertrude could do to calm him. The spirit was up, undamped by the snow that fell melting from his shoulders, and he faced Mrs. Oakhurst with a determination they had never known him to possess.

"It is a story, Richard, which must be told you now. If you were a wise man you would not force me to disclose the secret of my life, because it will disclose the secret of yours. Better for you if you had never found us out, for I warn you, my poor boy, my story will crush you to the dust! I have not told Gertrude more than was necessary to make her obey me, and she does not know your true position."

"What position, mother?"

"Never mind that; we want this terrible story you would seek to frighten us with. I elect to hear it now before I leave this house, and Gertrude shall remain and hear it with me."

"As you wish, Richard; but let me make another appeal to your honor not to force me to disclose that which can only cause sorrow and destruction to you."

"I want it!" was all he said, and she gave it him. Seating herself at the table where the lamp cast its light full upon her face, and with Gertrude and Richard with their arms about each other standing in front of her, she told her story:—

"Thirty years ago a man was married to a woman at the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. It was a lovely day, and the beautiful bells in the belfry pealed out a merry chime as the service ended, for it was a Royal birthday, and the town was gay with rejoicings. They lived in a charming house in Devonshire after they were married, and that marriage was likely to prove a blessing to both, for they were passionately attached to each other. One day, purely by chance, the wife found out that her husband was not the Mr. Nethersole he had represented himself to be, but Lord Crowdley, the heir to the Earldom of Culverhouse, one of the oldest peerages in the kingdom. She kept this secret from her husband, determining to leave him at a fitting moment, as she foolishly feared his marriage with a plebeian would destroy his whole future life. Providence made that fitting moment for her, and during the absence of her husband she took passage to Australia in the ill-fated *London*, leaving an explanation of her conduct and her plans for the future. That ship, as you may have heard, foundered in the Bay of Biscay; but Mrs. Nethersole was not on board, and that's where Providence came in. An accident of the slightest nature prevented her joining the ship, but Lord Crowdley never knew that. They never met, and his lordship, believing his wife to be dead, and forced by family reasons to marry, did so within a year, and Mrs. Nethersole from that hour dropped out of existence. One tie, however, bound her to the past; she was confined of a daughter some months after she left her husband. Mother and child went back into Devonshire, and hid themselves from the world. In years to come a stranger came down to the village, and found an artist seated on the beach sketching. They fell in love, the stranger and the artist, and were married. A house was purchased for the use of the young bride and her mother, and things went on as peacefully as the river which flowed in front of it. Beneath that peace a volcano of horrible import was preparing itself, and fate was working to destroy still further the remaining hopes of an unhappy woman. She found out, again, by a cruel chance, that the man who had married her daughter was no other person than the son of the man she herself had married. The complication was

so terrible she almost lost her reason, and without consulting any living being she made her way last Christmas Eve into Durham, determined to seek the assistance of the Earl of Culverhouse. She walked from Chilkington and waited until she could see him alone. What took place within the library of Culverhouse Court, this night twelve months ago, no man will know; but the woman gained her point, and left the house at half-past three in the morning by a private door in the Earl's own room. Mrs. Nethersole went back to the house on the banks of the river, and immediately prepared for a second flight, not on this occasion from her own husband, but from the man who had married her daughter. When they reached New York she heard of the death of Lord Culverhouse from heart-disease."

"Poison," calmly interrupted the Earl, who was now standing alone as in a trance with his eyes fixed in a gloomy stare upon the features of Mrs. Oakhurst. The word came to her but once and pierced down deep into her heart. She rose from the chair and staggered towards the man standing before her. She put her hands on his shoulders and looked him in the face, and then slowly and hoarsely asked him but one question.

"Did your father commit *suicide*?"

The question was never answered. The wretched man could not speak. A heavy sweat poured up through his skin and trickled down on his brows, but there were no tears. He walked over to the window, which had become snowed up, for the storm had increased its fury and was beating down the wrath of heaven upon the land. Like a thief flying from the hands of judgment he left the house in the manner he had entered it, and never once looked back at the room or at its inmates.

That night a man bereft of his reason crushed his way through the snow and blinding storm just as he had done in another land a year ago. Nature could not deter nor the elements stop him in his mad effort to get away from the last habitation he had entered. Across the Settlement into the main track, which was now trackless, he wandered panting for breath as he struggled on he knew not whither.

Utterly exhausted at last of the inhuman strength he possessed, he reached some buildings, against a door of which he leaned. His weight, and that of the snow which had beaten up against it, sent it open and he struggled inside.

The place was dimly lighted from the ceiling, but he could not notice much. As his eyes became used to the new light, the items in the room were visible to him, and he saw curious things. He saw benches of carved oak, such as he had seen somewhere at Culverhouse. He saw a throne over which angels were hovering, and on that throne was seated his father, as he had seen him at the Court. Gradually the room got more distinct, and round him he watched a row of men standing in the regalia of Freemasonry, and singing to the music of sweet echoes which floated in with the snow-flakes through the open door. In the centre of the room was a pedestal, upon which was placed a volume of the Sacred Law, open, and with the tools of a Master Mason laid thereon. He saw all this, and more, but he was mad.

* * * * *

In the morning early, when Mr. Miller, who had stayed at Bill Norton's all night, set out in search of his friend, accompanied by a willing party from the house, they traced a wild passage through the snow to the door of the Lodge-room, at the head of Conway Creek, where the brethren of the Order met from the neighboring villages; and stretched upon the sacred book, with his clothes frozen to his back, and his hair and beard one mass of sparkling ice, they found Richard Rawlinson, Earl of Culverhouse, and Lord of the Manors of Chilkington and Crowdley, in the County of Durham, England, dead.

The "Ancestral Feast" of the house of Culverhouse no longer takes place.