Wakeman's Wanderings.

ODD INCIDENTS OF FOREIGN TRAVEL AND . . . OBSERVATION. . . .

LONDON, June 12, 1893.—Beaumont and Fletcher, Johnson, Shakspeare, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson and Boswell, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Addison, Burke, Steele, Walpole and scores more famous men of letters and art, in their time resorted to little, dingy old public houses for coffee, ale, gaming and exchange of a sort of intellectual savagery, the friction of which undoubtedly provided a virile and needful inspiration; and the history of these ancient coffee-houses, the forerunners of the great London clubs of today, comprises almost the social history of English art and literature.

While there are at the present time more than one hundred wealthy and noted London clubs, there are really no resorts answering the same purpose as "Tom's," "Will's" and "Button's" of the Augustan literary period of Anne. The joyous neighborhood of Covent Garden, as Thackeray remembered it and similarly described it, is only a joyous neighborhood of mellow memories, and the old-time genial clubland about St. James's palace is transformed into a sombre neighborhood which, like the newer clublands of Piccadilly and Pall Mall, is oppressive in its splendor and stateliness.

Of the very old clubs of London still existing, like Arthur's Brooks's White's and the Cocoatree, all located in St. James' street, White's is by far the most noteworthy and aristocratic. It is older than the Bank of England. It was really the first of the great English clubs as they are known today. But it was never the resort of literary men and wits. It is purely a social club and its members were chiefly noblemen and those leaders in aristocratic government, including all of England's prime ministers from Walpole to Peel and their powerful colleagues, who shaped national measures and controlled national acquisition. Steele clearly defined its earliest status as well as that of the noted "Will's" and "Grecian" when he wrote in the "Tatler" that "all accounts of gallantry, pleasure and entertainment shall be under the article of White's Chocolate House," while "Will's" was to furnish the poetry and the Grecian the learning.

White's is still undoubtedly the most exclusive and aristocratic club in the world. Its windows look out upon the Corinthian facade of the almost as aristocratic and architecturally more stately Conservative Club, opposite on St. James' street. Its dinners are the most ceremonious known. All of the old-time English formality is here sacredly preserved. And undoubtedly more blue-blooded Englishmen have ogled fair ladies from its famous bow window than from any other single place in Britain. Perhaps it has not been the scene of the most dangerous gaming in England, but there is no other purely social resort in all the world where betting has been so constant, universal and provoked on so slight pretext. Its betting-book—which could be sold for thousands of pounds to its noble and famous signatures—has been preserved and is still in use. Thousands of these registered bets are of the most whimsical character, comprising every conceivable difference of judgment on affairs of love, marriage, intrigue and politics. Here are a few literal transcriptions with their dates:

"Lord Lincoln bets Lord Winchilsea one hundred guineas to fifty guineas that the Duchess Dowager of Marlborough does not survive the Duchess Dowager of Cleveland. Oct. 19, 1721."

"Lord Mountfort bets Mr. W. Fampner fifty guineas that Lady Jekyll has a child born alive before Lady Bolingbroke. June 1, 1726."

"Mr. Hanbury bets Lord Cornelius Scott ten guineas to five that Bonaparte is alive six months after the commencement of hostilities between England and France. May 14, 1803."

"Mr. Talbot bets Mr. W. Chambers Cornwall ten guineas, that we are at war with America this day six months. August 1, 1812."

"Lord Falmouth bets the Duke of Richmond £5 that an Empire is confirmed to kill game. Feb. 10, 1804."

"Lord Glasgow bets Lord Lyndhurst £100 that Sir Robert Peel continues first minister of the crown until three years hence. Jan. 25, 1846."

"Lord Cardigan bets Lord Bath £50 to £25 that Mr. D'Israeli does not continue to be Chancellor of the Exchequer three this day until March 15, 1852."

"Lord Bath bets Lord de Lisle £5 that a Jew Peer takes his seat in the House of Lords within five years from this date. June 15, 1866."

The political division of London clubs is most marked with and between the Carlton and the Reform Clubs, the palatial headquarters and homes of the two great political parties of England. They are both located in Pall Mall, the windows of the one almost looking into those of the other, and within a mile from the immediate locality of their political teachings and efforts, they are equally as famous in their rivalry as to what might be termed the extravagance of modern club life.

The Duke of Wellington was founder of the Carlton a little over fifty years ago. It probably became the club quarters of the landed aristocracy. Then those great corporate institutions of Britain, manufacturing and monetary, whose interests were identical with those of the hereditary aristocracy came to have representation in it. It is notorious that that more money has always been instantly available through the Carlton club for political purposes than through any other single party in Europe. Whether in or out of power it is the actual fighting headquarters of the entire Conservative or Tory party of Britain. The dignity and grandeur of the Carlton are splendid. The exterior of the building is most imposing. Massiveness, strength, simplicity and splendor speak from the granite walls and flashing columns. The interior is grand, grave, stately and impressive. "Black-rooted" the structure, appointments, regime and the very manner, air, dress and language of the habitues seem to convey. But the splendid establishment is winter and dull, and only during general elections or in times of great political excitement are there fire and go of a stirring character about the fine, fire-place. Then an onlooker is made to know strength that has tremendous endurance, a power which is mighty if it once stirs, and to feel almost a thrill of admiration for the very aloofness the character of those men and measures in England that have, by simply clutching, holding and warding gained so much and so long.

The Reform Club is about sixty years old. Its origin was through the influence of Cobden and Bright, and was a direct call and summons to a premeditated for a Reform headquarters during the intense interest awakened by the Reform bill of 1832. Its members comprise more London and provincial editors and political writers than perhaps belong to all other clubs in London. But it has tremendous wealth and some titles in its membership. Carlo Marochetti was given for the construction of its building, which is at one side of the entrance to Carlton House Terrace, the Carlton standing on the opposite corner, and for its interior decoration and appointments. No other London club possesses so diversified a membership in its position, vocation and views, but as it represents the representation of all opposition to Toryism, though it comprises at times almost conflicting factional elements, its wealth, strength and permanency have been remarkable.

The building is one of the more Italian style, massive, rich and simple. The central hall, open from floor to dome, and surrounded by massively colonnaded galleries, is one of the richest and most stately interiors in England. A splendid staircase leads to the upper gallery, which opens to the principal apartments of the club. The coffee-room occupies the beautiful garden front on Carlton House Terrace, and the drawing room which runs the entire length of the building is just above. One of the galleries of the central hall is ended with full-length portraits of the heroes in reform, and the other possesses magnificent frescoes illustrating the fine arts, while the statuary, the richest and most frequent to any London club-house, memorializes the great leaders like Cobden, Bright, Palmerston, Russell and Gladstone. There is only one just appellative to be when speaking of every feature of the great club. That is magnificent. Both the Carlton and the Reform are famous for their cuisine, and the chef at the Reform is said to have the most famous public wine cellar in Europe.

With the extraordinary prestige, wealth and influence of both these clubs, and a limited membership—for instance, the Carlton is limited to 1,500 members and the Reform to 1,000—"overflow clubs" were a natural sequence. With the Carlton, which contains the blood blood in England, both societies are the only means of securing entrance. Men who from money or family ways are ineligible, save in cases when some great leader of the Tories does, when he desires, usually elected to fill the vacancy. The Junior Carlton was consequently established as a "chapter of ease" for the Carlton, and the National Liberal with the same relation to the Reform. The former has a membership of 1,100, and the latter, with its splendid establishment overlooking the Thames, has accommodations for 2,000 members. There are also, with Conservative or Tory affiliations, the Conservative, City Carlton, National, City Conservative, St. Stephen's, Beaconsfield and the Constitutional, while among those taking the Reform as their leader and model are numerous various classes of Liberal sympathies are Brooks's, National Liberal, Cobden, City Liberal and the Democratic.

The Albemarle Club is the chief literary club, if not the resort of London literary men. Its quiet and stately premises have a similar look in the upper Pall Mall region where it stands at the Park entrance of Stratford Place, just opposite the Grosvenor looking home of the United Service Club. It occupies part of the courtyard of old Carlton House. The architecture is of the Grecian order, and of severe Grecian order at that. The room is copied from the Parthenon. Over the Doric portico is a colossal figure of Minerva. The only fault of the building in the whole place are two huge brackets in the main hall at entrance. One uses as the "Duke Rolando" and "Queen Victoria," in marble. The entire atmosphere of the place suggests quiet and rest. It is a resort of literary gentlemen, publishers, scientists, diplomatists and authors, but of whom the three is already well filtered. The club has the finest library of any club in the metropolis, and it says much. Hallam once illustrates its value in Edinburgh review by referring to it as the place of resort of literary men, and Thackeray pays a compliment to the Fathers on some theological point in speaking of a club called "Jonathan Sterry" was in the library. "I don't think he is a member, sir," the latter politely replied, "but I will at once vote him in, sir, if you wish."

There is a large number of thoroughly enjoyable clubs in London, some of them really houses, which have brought socially together strictly professional people, or men of some idea or literary pursuits of the arts. In the main these institutions are genial, and men who have really accomplished something, men who as actors, journalists, artists, artists, singers, and even in law and physic, are progressive, ambitious, independent, in fact, the genuinely cultivated gentlemen of London. These clubs do not always possess partial accommodations, entrance fees and annual subscriptions are not equal to ordinary incomes, and their exclusiveness does not comprise questions of blood, title, political opinion or wealth. In these, I believe, exist, in a greater degree than in the other London societies which are the life and preservation of genuine club association than in all other great clubs of London combined.

I refer to such clubs as the Garrick, Green Room, Savage, Arundel, Lyric and Bedford. The latter unique little club, which has its home over Toole's Theatre, sprung out of the Houndsditch Society of Bookstalls in the old bookstalls room of the Lyceum Theatre, which still exists, and is used by Irving for his exquisite private dinner parties. The Bedford over Toole's dramatic is being a "one room" club, and admitting no guests whatever.

The Arundel has yet to go members. It was once exclusively literary and artistic, but its membership is now so numerous that the literary and artistic elements of all sorts are now admitted, and while its miscellaneousness is a bar to special influence, it serves as a sort of necessary training school to higher club models, while affording many a deserving fellow a foothold and beginning of professional recognition which would be difficult in conservative London to otherwise secure.

The Lyric has a magnificent club-house in Piccadilly, and with its entire appointments, including a large theatre and concert hall, is among the finest buildings for this purpose in the world. It also has an annex called the Lyric Club at Barnes-on-Thames, from which boating and other river fetes can be witnessed. The Lyric is a dramatic and musical club with nearly 1,000 members. Perhaps ten per cent. of these are actors. Lord Londesborough, Fred Cowen and Sir Arthur Sullivan are members.

The well-known Savage Club, literary and artistic, which exchanges privileges with the Lotos Club of New York, has about 700 members, about one of whom are leading London actors, who are also members of the Green Room Club. It had its origin twenty-four years ago in a public house near Drury Lane Theatre. Since then it has wandered to Hazell's Hotel, thence to the Strand, and finally to the Adelphi Terrace, overlooking the Thames.

The Garrick, in Garrick Street, Covent Garden, venerable, rich, stately, mellow and grand, has no membership limitations as to profession. Perhaps no more than twenty-five actors are at present among its members, although Mr. Lumley, manager of any prominence has upon its rolls. It undoubtedly possesses the most valuable collection of souvenirs and paintings relating to the stage and its most famous representatives of any association or institution in the world.

Such the Garrick is a perfect museum of its treasures. You can read upon its walls the entire history of the English stage. Hadow, Hayman, Zoffany, De Wilde, Coles and Dance are all represented in priceless examples. There are several Hogarths. Though not the largest, it is the most exquisitely beautiful club-house in London, and its club life, genial, dignified, almost dreamlike, is positively ideal.

The Green Room Club, in Bedford street, which had its origin about four years ago from disagreements in the Junior Garrick, and the Arundel Club, is the real actors' club of London. It is already one of the wealthiest of its small clubs and owes its great success to the administration of its honorary secretary, George Dalnacher, a gentleman of ample means, a passionate art lover with boundless sympathies for actors and their profession. Persons in all the liberal arts are admitted to membership, but no active manager can become a member unless he was formerly an actor of good standing. Pinero and Lord Carter, dramatists, Farjeon, the author, and Charles Dickens, editor and author, and one of the great novelist, are among its members.

"Saturday Nights" and "Saturday Home Dinners," the latter splendidly served at the Green Room, suggest, perforce, are the kindliest, brightest, most sweet and most genial occasions of our time among men of heart and brains. Gathered here will be found such men as Pinero, Sant Matthews, Irving, Jay Hare, Roger Carlton, Kendall, Paul Merritt, Wyndham, Charles Hawtrey, Barrett, Fernandez, Beerbohm Tree, Ted Gardiner and Henry Howe, the oldest actor on the English stage.

Besides these are hosts more clubs equally well known and famous. The Travellers, near the Reform, tells its purpose in its name. Diplomats meet their hosts at the St. James. Military men are housed at the Junior United Service, the Army and Navy, the Guard Club and the Military and Naval; while the East India United Service Club is the home of the nabobs of the East India service, and is fitted up in Oriental luxury.

Tourist clubs are substantial and splendid in the main rather than "extent" and dazzling. They their distinguishing feature is comfort. I think their hospitality to well-accredited persons from other lands is less effective than that common in American clubs, but once extended it is genuine and worth something to the recipient. The English club is more the home of its member. He is more particular whom he entertains. But all else aside, London clubman or stranger never finds more true enjoyment and easy, genial, all-envelopping comfort than within the almost cathedral quiet and the home like warmth of the average London club.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

AT SEA IN A SAILBOAT

BATTLING FOR TWENTY-EIGHT DAYS WITH ADVERSE WINDS.

Pluck of a Ship's Crew Endangers a Terrible Experience After Being Wrecked in the Pacific Ocean—A Brave Woman Was One of the Sufferers.

Captain Peterson of the bark Lady Lampson, his wife and five seamen arrived in Honolulu in an emaciated condition. They came in an open boat only 19 feet long and reported that they had been 28 days tossing about on the Pacific. While the occupants of the frail craft were not entirely without provisions during their long battle with the elements, the effects of foul weather and lack of sleep and rest have been palpably apparent. Mrs. Peterson, who was clad in a thin black dress, was seen nearly to a dead one, and her strength failed her completely as she was lifted from the boat and taken into the Eagle House.

The men were sunburned, broken eyed and haggard. They looked drugged, and it was with difficulty that they could be got to speak, but Captain Peterson told in a few words that the Lady Lampson had been wrecked at night on a reef near Palmyra island when 14 days out from Sydney, and the crew were compelled to take to the boats. He was very weak and spoke in a whisper, at the same time begging that his wife be taken wherever could get nourishment and a little rest.

The Kanaka boy selling bread to help the mates of the ocean into hacks and carriages, and they were quickly driven to where they could commence nutrition. The little boat in which they had journeyed over 1,300 miles became an object of interest for hundreds of people. It was pretty battered in with use, and strips of the same material had been stretched above the gunwale on the side to prevent her being swamped. In the boat were a couple of nearly empty water kegs and a small quantity of bread and canned goods.

"We haven't had any nothing off for 28 days," said Captain Peterson when seen at the Eagle House. "My wife looked shocked and emaciated and looked frightened as if to be afraid of her mentally and physically. "The Lady Lampson," he said, "sailed from Sydney, and we were bound to the port with 600 tons of coal for Wattie & Co. We left Sydney last November and were 14 days out when the vessel struck. We had had bad weather near Fiji, having been in a hurricane for 24 hours, but after that we had fair northeast winds until we got near Palmyra island, when the weather became dirty. It was Saturday in the morning of Jan. 16 when we struck. I had not had an observation for two days. The night had been dark and stormy, but the water was smooth then. I knew I was to the east of the island, and that there was a sunken reef somewhere around. I was on deck myself and had two men on the lookout aloft. There is a strong westerly current there, and I guess we were going about five knots an hour with all sails set.

"Five minutes after she struck she began to break up, and I ordered the boats out. We lowered the two boats. I took charge of one, and First Mate Harry Miller took the other. In my boat there were, besides my wife and myself, second Mate C. Brown and Boatsman W. Carlson (both Swedes), Cabin Boy W. Hayden of Liverpool, F. Weller, the cook, who is a German, and E. Everson, a Norwegian sailor. The mate's boat contained a German sailor named Sorder Oscar Magnerson, a Swede; J. Jorgensen, a German, and a seaman named Martin.

"We started for Palmyra island in company about 7 in the morning, having only five gallons of water for the two boats. The island is only 40 miles from the reef, but the current and tide were so strong that we were trying for three days to make headway against them, but couldn't. We drifted to the westward, so I resolved to get back to the bark. We suffered greatly through want of water, and we had barely enough to moisten our tongues, which were swollen and dry.

"We found the bark settling down and the water washing over her, so we got aboard quickly and put some canned goods, biscuit and water into the boats. We lugged the boats with canvas and then started again for Palmyra island. We tried for two days to make headway, but the heavy swell and wind baffled us. Thinking I would lose sight of the mate's boat, I left him to steer for Honolulu, and I steered for here myself. We lost sight of the other boat and have had heavy gales ever since. I have only had an hour's sleep at a time during the day, and have never laid down. At nightime the spray came over, wetting us all to the skin, and in the day we dried our clothes in the sun, if there was any. The men have been quiet and manageable, even though on short allowance of food and water, and thank goodness, we had nobody from our boat. It was a terrible experience, indeed. Our vessel I have met with during 11 years of seafaring.

"After we passed the Island of Maui we struck a storm, and the boat half filled with water. We thought then it was all over after passing through so many other dangers, but we managed to bail her out and keep her right. The first vessel we saw since we struck, 28 days ago, was a steam schooner off Diamond head this morning. I hope the mate's boat is safe, and if he stood to the east-nor'east I think they are all right."

The Lady Lampson was well known in San Francisco. She belonged to J. J. Moore. Captain Peterson owed Captain Moore, who is now dead, his release from a Spanish prison in the Philippines. He was imprisoned for smuggling in his employer's interest. Hence the reason that he has had charge of the Lady Lampson's business ever since. Captain Peterson is a native of Denmark.

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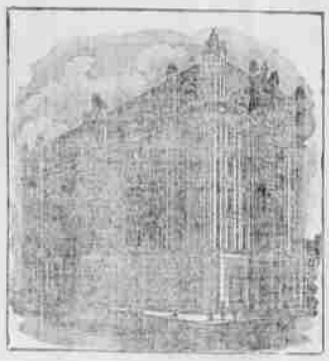
Deposits 1876,	19,148.92	Deposits 1886,	195,003.86
Deposits 1877,	21,058.84	Deposits 1887,	267,331.56
Deposits 1878,	26,612.71	Deposits 1888,	428,464.79
Deposits 1879,	42,765.56	Deposits 1889,	620,790.52
Deposits 1880,	60,071.01	Deposits 1890,	874,281.07
Deposits 1881,	99,457.39	Deposits 1891,	791,621.41
Deposits 1882,	133,078.06	Deposits 1892,	875,194.54

Deposits January 6th, 1893, $1,200,260.42.



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