

was determined to get away from him and came up in the Government brig Victoria, and put herself under the care of Mrs Selwyn. One day when Dr. Purchas was attending to his duties at the Mission Station at Otawhao, near Rangiaowhia, in the Waikato, a stranger called and asked for some peaches. With the hospitality characteristic of those times he was asked to remain at the station that night, but he declined, saying that he was in a hurry, and must press on; and he certainly did, leaving the mission people to wonder who their unusual and hasty caller might happen to be. Dr. Purchas came down to Auckland soon after, and learned that the man in a hurry was no other than Governor Ayre, who had pressed through overland from Wellington to Auckland to plead with the lady. He enlisted the sympathies of some of the matrons, and between them they induced the lady to change her mind once more, this time in the Governor's favour. They were to be married at St. John's College. "I wish you would have some nice music arranged for the ceremony, when I propose the health of the bride and bridegroom," said the Bishop to Dr. Purchas, who was sort of precentor to the diocese. The doctor agreed to do so. "Well, what are you going to sing?" asked His Lordship the night before the wedding day. "I have a nice old English song," was the reply. "Yes, but what is it like?" "Well it is appropriate to the occasion." But His Lordship was not satisfied, and he pressed the doctor, who rehearsed for him the well-known old round in which occur the lines:—

"If thy nymph no favour show,
Choose another—let her go."

The Bishop's face was a study. He was afraid something else would have to be put in practice. Finally a pretty round setting forth the duty of a wife to her better half was sung at the wedding breakfast, and everything passed off with eclat. There was a double Maori wedding at the same time, and the European party occupied one end of the hall while their dusky friends supped at the other. They used to have a canny Scot as butler in the Bishop's household though there was not always a great deal to "butle," for the Bishop was a plain liver. Here is a characteristic yarn about him. There was some gathering at St. John's larger than usual, "the appointments" had to be nursed with much finesse to go round. It went off smoothly, and Mrs Selwyn interrogated the major-domo as to how he had got on. "Ah, weel, I just put a knife here, and a fork there, and a spoon—he called it spune—"there," replied Menzies, "and how did you manage," queried his mistress, "with so many guests?" "They said nowt, and I said nowt," answered the Scotchman with the accent on the personal pronouns, and his manner seemed to indicate that nothing more could be said on the subject.

Romance of the Rothschilds.

"Mr Balfour has had an interview with Baron Rothschild." This little item appeared in the cable news recently, and seems to remind us of a story, a romance of real life more remarkable than the most spacious romance of fiction. The Rothschilds are a mighty family who have been for nearly a century the money kings of Europe, and beside whom men like Pierpont Morgan are pigmies of yesterday. There is a story that Jay Gould once called on Lord Rothschild on business. Lord Rothschild sent out word that he was too busy to see the caller. "What! You go back and say that I'm Jay Gould, the American millionaire." After an interval the reply came back: "Tell Mr Gould that Europe isn't for sale." The founder of the house was born at Frankfurt in 1743, the son of an obscure Jew who kept a little curiosity shop in the Judengasse, a squalid lane in the depths of the Frankfurt ghetto. The child was named Mayer Amschel, and his parents intended him to be a rabbi; his father and many of his kinsmen were lights of the synagogue. The boy's tastes lay in the direction of money-making, however. As a lad he dealt in a small way in curios and old coins; and when he left school he entered the employ of a bank in Hanover. He built a character not only for keenness but for honesty as well. When he had saved enough he started business on his own account, first as a dealer in curiosities and works of art, then as a



THE FOUNDER OF THE HOUSE.

banker. His first investment was to buy the freehold of the old house in the Judengasse, and he and his wife lived in it. He was known as the "honest Jew," and William IX., Landgrave of Hesse, appointed him his Court banker, with the handling of vast revenues. One of his first great strokes was during the Peninsular war, when the English Government could find no banker to undertake the conveying of the specie for our troops into war-ridden Spain. Rothschild did it—naturally, on a heavy commission. He is said to have made £150,000 a year over this one deal. Mayer Amschel Rothschild, the son of the ghetto curiosity dealer, died worth millions in his sixty-seventh year. On his death-bed he bade his five sons remain faithful to the law of Moses, remain united to each other, and never to undertake anything without their mother's consent. "Observe these three points, and you will soon be rich among the richest, and the world will belong to you." When Waterloo put an end to the Napoleonic wars which had impoverished Europe, every country was crippled with debt. Before 1830, thanks to the loans of the millionaire



LORD ROTHSCHILD.

The Head of the Greatest Financial House in the World.

Rothschilds, prosperity was restored to Europe. It is said that during fifteen years they lent £150,000,000 to the five Great Powers—England, Russia, Austria, France and Prussia. In 1848 the nature of the Rothschilds' business began to change. Hitherto their speciality had been lending millions to Governments and Kings. After the French Revolution of 1848 the French Government tried the experiment of raising a loan direct from the people, without employing big financiers as middlemen. The experiment was so successful that other Governments did likewise. The Rothschilds were no longer needed in these matters. They turned their attention to commercial and industrial enterprise—banks, railways, mines, and anything else big. Their profits are probably as great as when they held the monopoly in negotiating national loans, but their name lost its peculiar glamour. They still do business with Governments, however. In 1876 they lent the British Government £4,000,000 to complete the purchase of the Suez Canal shares. The English branch is now represented by Baron Rothschild, Mr Alfred, and Mr Leopold Rothschild. They are the great-grandsons of Mayer Rothschild. Their father, the late Baron Lionel Rothschild, was the son of Mayer Rothschild's third son, Nathan. Baron Rothschild is the moving spirit of the firm. He is a business man to the backbone, and his only relaxation is a good read or a ramble

through the country lanes, which afford a refreshing contrast to St Swithin's-lane. Mr Alfred Rothschild is a society man; while Mr Leopold Rothschild looks after his racehorses, leaving society to his wife. Mrs Leopold Rothschild was Miss Marie Perugia, of Trieste; her parents were Italians. She is not only one of the most richly dressed, but one of the best dressed women in society. "They say" that she never wears a pair of gloves more than once.

An Unpopular Duke.

The Duc D'Orleans has again been before the public during the week the cable having informed us that he is using the Church and State quarrel to further the ends of the monarchy, and we give here-with pictures of himself and his wife. But it is with small pleasure one gives a portrait of a man—if one can call him so—who dared to insult the British nation by publicly praising a filthy and obscene cartoon of our late Queen, published during the last years of her honoured life and reign. For some insupportable reason King Edward, after a year or more of displeasure, during which the Duc was told that he would be an unwelcome visitor at the Court of St. James, has thought fit to pardon this royal personage, and he has been received at Court, to the considerable displeasure of a considerable section of the community. It will be remembered that several London clubs erased the Duc's name from their membership lists, and it is unlikely even the passport of "received at Court" will re-open those doors to him.

C. Jenkins, who is the leading horseman for the formidable Porirua stable, and who rides for many owners outside, is rightly regarded as one of our finest exponents of the jockey's art. He has a capital record to point to. Extending back over the past ten years his average of winning achievements and placed performances is one probably that no other



C. JENKINS.

horseman in New Zealand has beaten in the given time. The exact number of winning rides this young horseman has to his credit are not available, but from a rough compilation it is suggested that he has caught the judge's eye first on over five hundred occasions. This year he is likely to be about the top of the list. He is a quiet, unassuming young man, and a credit to his profession. At the Hawke's Bay and Napier Park meetings he put up the fine record of twelve winning rides, five on one day.



THE DUC D'ORLEANS.



THE DUCHESS D'ORLEANS.