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Oscar Wilde Scrapbook

Vol. 3

don't want to know the *plots* of pantomime, so excellently detailed in the great gushing "dailies," and the prayer was to the effect that you would accept condensed work over all these pretty shows as being in very truth the very best in my power to give you. Don't imagine I shirked my work. You and all the rest of the world—with the exception of my friend and colleague who edits this important journal—know me to be one of the most hard-working and industrious critics extant, and he (the Editor) is a glutton for work, and doesn't know any better, poor chap!

Last week you noticed my neat and patent plan. There are three things to be talked of in every Christmas production: (1) The Book. (2) The Effects. (3) "The Players." Thus did I pilot you to the various Houses where you and all your young people would be.

At "the Lane," bless its dear old heart! the Book is excellent; it sticks to the story, it takes no liberties with the time-honoured tradition of "Dick Whittington," save possibly in the removal of *Dick's* central triumph from Morocco to Chinese and Japanese Territories. It is made as to ingenious situation by the one and only Sir Augustus Harris, as to smart lines and structure by smart Mr. Cecil Raleigh, and as to dainty lyrics and sweet poetical conceits by Mr. Harry Hamilton. It consists of just a dozen scenes, and there is not a dull line, no, nor a badly turned rhyme in it from start to finish, and the lines are wedded to bright music, composed, boldly "annexed," and brilliantly conducted by that energetic young Dubliner, Mr. James Glover. It is a good "book," and by this time plays closely and crisply.

The Effects. Charming scenery, notably the lovely landscape on Highgate Hill, from the brush of Mr. Harker, a picture full of blue-bells and poppies—all alive, mind you!—and corn-flowers; and here it is that poor tired *Dick* and his faithful and pathetic cat—such a loving cat!—sink to slumber, while we hear the prophetic chimes and see the dancing flowers. The superb scene of the Emperor of China's Palace, with Juno-like Miss Agnes Hewitt as Emperor, gives Sir Augustus possibly his best chance. Such embroideries! Such brocades! Such quaint dolls, nodding mandarins, and grotesque dragons! And, yes! such a pretty fan dance, executed by a bevy of lovely girls! This was and will be the great Drury Lane scene of Christmas, 1894. There are comic scenes and possibly a little too much clowning, but tell the children to wait and watch for the Palace of the Emperor of China, and then they will understand quite clearly why "the Japs" want to get there.

The Players. Miss Ada Blanche is the best of "principal boys," which is stage-tongue for remarkably sprightly and dashing girls. Pretty Miss Dorothy Wood, who at very short notice played the part of the *Princess* with charming grace and distinction of bearing; Miss Eva Westlake, "good *King of Cats!*" Miss Lucas her foe, the *King of Rats;* and Miss Marie Montrose linger in my mind beside the ever-stately Agnes Hewitt. "With them" are Dan Leno, Herbert Campbell, the "Griffiths Brothers," and I mustn't forget that dainty little lady Miss Lily Harold, or the orchestra of Miss Lila Clay, bravely battling from the stage to get ahead of Mr. Glover. Probably because they were overwhelmed with the lavish luxury of this great show, the audience was less boisterously demonstrative than I have seen them in days gone by. Just one word to my own readers, there is no line of offence, no ugly thought in this beautiful production. The authors have remembered the children.

MRS. PEEL and the Misses Peel, of Bryn-y-Pys, gave a delightful ball at Bryn-y-Pys on the 4th, when some beautiful dresses were worn. Lady Williams Wynn, in pale blue, wore a diamond tiara and necklace of beautful diamonds. Lady Puleston's tiara was likewise much admired, and Mrs. Mainwaring's jewels were magnificent. Mrs. Wynne Corrie, Mrs. Fenwick, Mrs. Henry Graham, the Hon. Mrs. Savage Mostyn, all had on beautiful diamonds. Satin, both white and coloured, was extensively worn, and proved very becoming. The guests were received on their arrival by Mr. and Miss Peel, the latter wearing, as did likewise her sister, Miss Ethel Peel, a pretty white satin broché dress, with pearl and diamond ornaments.

THE Mayor and Mayoress of Nottingham (Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bright) gave a ball on New Year's night, which was most enjoyable. The guests, upwards of 250 in number, were fairly representative of Nottingham society. Among these were Colonel and Mrs. Cautrell Hubbersty, Sir S. G. and Lady Johnson, Alderman and Mrs. Pullman (ex-Mayor), the Misses Pullman, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCraith, Mr. Leslie Birkin, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson Brownswood, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brownswood, Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Clay, Mr. and Mrs. Rothera, Mr. and Mrs. Pyatt, Dr. and Mrs. Mutch, Miss Renals, the Misses Evans, Miss Zoe Taylor, Mr. Sandford-Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Chris Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Bradwell, Mr. J. and Miss Lambert, Mr. Herbert Bradley, Mr. Ernest Bradley, Mr. and Miss Snook, Mr. D'Oyley Ransom, Dr. W. Ransom, Dr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. James Forman. The Mayor and Mayoress gave a children's ball on Thursday evening at the Exchange Hall, which was very numerously attended; and on Friday evening, the Sheriff (Dr. Mutch) and Mrs. Mutch gave a ball at the same place.

THE neighbourhood of Wrexham has been very gay during the past week, and balls and dances have been the order of the day. First and foremost, the New Year was celebrated by a fancy ball, given by Mrs. Ormrod at Pen-y-law on the 1st, in honour of the coming out of her eldest daughter. The scene was a brilliant one; the young lady for whom the ball was given, Miss Olive Ormrod, appeared as Frost, whilst Mrs. Hugh Archdale's pretty dress represented Snow. Lady Williams Wynn, in a black and white dress, was a Magpie, and Lady Puleston, in a black dress, appeared as Night; both these ladies wore very fine diamonds. Sophia Western was represented by Mrs. Pocklington; a Hospital Nurse by Miss Bannerman; a Swiss Peasant, Miss Griffith Boscawen; a Zingara, Miss Sturney; a Puritan Lady, Mrs. Dunn. Several ladies wore poudré, powder proving very becoming, notably to Mrs. Oliver Ormrod, Miss Piercy, Miss Burns Wood, &c. A Chinese Mandarin was a good costume worn by Mr. Malyns, and a Nigger, Mephistopheles, and an old Hunt costume shared the honours amongst the gentlemen with military and naval uniforms, hunt coats, &c.

Sports and Sportswomen.

WITH the arrival of a new year one may well ask oneself to what woman will have advanced before the close of it. I do not allude to the New Woman, who is not the true outcome of natural development, but the violent distortion of it by a few, anxious to show their sisters how wonderfully advanced they are. In this place I am thinking merely of such as indulge in pastimes, and those who do so rationally and in accordance with a coherent, sensible plan are merely fulfilling their destinies as marked out for them by the march of events. Women who perform feats foreign to the accepted sphere of their sex have existed in all ages, here and there, and there are plenty of people living who knew the lady who rode steeplechases with gentlemen riders opposed to her. But towards extremes, of which this is an example, we are by no means tending, nowadays, but rather to the making universal of a certain amount of exercise which shall be physically beneficial, and take away from woman none of that maidenly modesty, than which nothing else becomes her so well.

IT pleases the professional satirist and humorist to picture sporting woman in a guise which she will never assume, so long as she remains a daughter of Eve; but we need not take serious notice of them. Perhaps, if they were not paid for their satires, they would not think the need for their production so pressing, and the world would be the poorer to the extent of their guiding advice to woman. We need not picture to ourselves the whole of womankind engaged in more or less violent outdoor exercise, for we have but to look at the example of man. He has practised such things since the dawn of history, and yet indulgence in athletic exercises is far from universal with him. Thousands of people in this country of games have never handled a cricket-bat, and are quite ignorant of the rules of the game. I heard a bank manager say, quite recently, that he could not "make out those overs" at cricket. Again, travelling by train one day last week a City man entered the carriage, nodded to a middle-aged friend, and exclaimed, "Grand thing our winning the match, isn't it?" "What match?" asked the other in reply; and it was then elicited that not only did he not know that Mr. Stoddart's team had beaten Australia for the second time, but he was not even aware that an English cricket team was at the Antipodes. It was also clear that the fact that we were carrying cricket war into Australia possessed no particle of interest for him. If, in these days, such things can be in the case of man, it is not likely that sport will be universal with woman for a few centuries, beyond which we need not look. I think there will always be enough women left to look after the housekeeping.

How keen some of us are to obtain the first possible skate is scarcely realised by ordinary, easy-going folk. A friend of mine who ignores the specious art of figure skating in favour of fast skating, and who, in pursuit of his hobby, has wonderfully long Norwegian skates made in one piece with his boots, hearing that bearing ice was to be met with on some marshes near Clapton, made his way thither last week, and, to his surprise, he met three ladies with skates picking their way across the very rough grass, frozen in lumps, to skate on the few yards of rough ice that were to be discovered. But the opening of the real ice rink at the Niagara Hall, where the panoramas have been held, will render us tolerably independent of the weather for our skating. The place will possibly be rather crowded at night, but in the mornings there should be plenty of space for figure skaters. A second and much larger real ice rink is to be constructed on the site of the present Hengler's Circus.

Another accident to a horsewoman at hunting has to be recorded. Mrs. Bryan, of Torquay, when out with the South Devon hounds, had her horse fall back upon her though the crumbling of a bank. A serious fracture of the thigh was sustained.

The frost has been severe enough to stop hunting. Just before its arrival the Belvoir had a capital run from Horley, the Lady Augusta Fane making one of the field. The same pack had a longish, but not too satisfactory day from Aswarby Park, three foxes being found, the only one killed succumbing after a chase of a quarter of an hour only. Mrs. Royd, Mrs. Lubbock, the Misses Heathcote, the Misses E. and L. Wilson, Mrs. Amcotts and Miss Whichcote were of the company.

The Quorn Lawn meet at Gaddesby Hall was very largely attended, the company including the Countess of Wilton, the Lady Seymour, the Lady Gerard, the Lady Affleck, the Lady Churchill, the Lady Fowke, Miss Fowke, the Princess Henry Pless, Mrs. Cornwallis West, Miss Cornwallis West, the Hon. Mrs. Molyneux, the Hon. Mrs. Pennington, Mrs. Cholmondeley, Miss Ashton, Mrs. Burns Hartopp, Mrs. Murray Smith, Mrs. Foxhall Keene, Mrs. Younger, Mrs. Alfred Brocklehurst, Mrs. De Winton, Mrs. Turner Farley, Mrs. Sloane Stanley, Mrs. Storey, Mrs. Marshall, and many others. Two foxes were chased, but neither was caught.

Diana.

News of the Churches.

Personal—not Polemical.

TWO of England's most famous preachers will be preaching simultaneously in London during the Sunday afternoons of the present month—Canon Scott Holland at St. Paul's Cathedral, and Archdeacon Farrar at Westminster Abbey. These divines are absolutely diverse in style, and their Church views differ widely: one is a High Churchman, the other Broad; one is excitable, and his words flow forth like a mighty torrent, the other is calm, and weighs each sentence; one was trained in the Oxford Philosophical school, the other in the rigid Classical scholarship of Cambridge. Yet each can sway mighty congregations, and can fill vast churches; the power of both is the same—their strong personality.

THE death of Bishop Atlay of Hereford vacates a seat in the House of Lords, which will be occupied by Bishop Randall Davidson of Rochester, who thus becomes junior Prelate of the Upper House, upon whom devolves the duty of reading prayers while the session lasts. The Bishops succeed to seats in the Lords in order of the dates of their consecration, saving that the two Archbishops, with the Bishops of London, Durham, and Winchester, have seats always, regardless of their seniority. The Bishop of Sodor and Man, by a curious old decree, has a seat in the House, but no vote—a barren honour.

WHEN the present Archbishop Benson was Bishop of Truro, he had not—being quite a junior—any seat in the House of Lords. Then he was promoted to Canterbury, and became at one bound, not only entitled to a seat there, but also the first subject in the House, ranking even before the Lord Chancellor. His Grace takes rank as the first subject in England, after the Blood Royal.

"THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM," as his friends call Dr. Dale, the splendid Nonconformist minister of Carr's-lane, Birmingham, said some excellent things in his pulpit the other day on friendship. "For the most part," he said, "I believe our friends must be people whose circumstances, and education, and history, are not very much unlike our own. The foolish ambition of many people in a country like this, to push their way into a society very different from that in which they are placed, may end in their getting new acquaintances, but it will hardly end in their getting new friends. I suppose there are people who drop some friends every time they get a rise in their salary. It is a miserable attitude."

IF a man could win a bishopric by a single sermon, that would have been done when the Rev. F. J. Chavasse, Principal of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford, preached the sermon in St. Paul's at the recent consecration of the Bishops of Coventry and Colchester. It was a splendid and masterly effort, one of the noblest I have ever read. But Mr. Chavasse's friends think he would be unwilling, now, to accept even an English bishopric.

IT is being said, in the inner circle of those who know something about Church appointments, that pressure is being exerted to induce the Premier to appoint to the Bishopric of Hereford one of that minute body of Churchmen who are in favour of Disestablishment. Lord Rosebery is unlikely to yield to such folly. His first episcopal appointment—to Bath and Wells—was an admirable one, and politics had no share in it.

DR. PARKER, of the City Temple, has a telling, graceful way of putting things. He was called upon to speak the other day at a meeting, at which the Rev. G. D. Macgregor, who has been for thirty years the faithful minister of Paddington Congregational Chapel, was presented with a handsome farewell gift. Dr. Parker said, "If I had life to begin again I think I should begin it as a Congregational minister. This meeting is most comforting to one whose face is towards the afternoon, and whose sun is westering." Brief words, and a simple sentiment, but admirably expressed indeed.

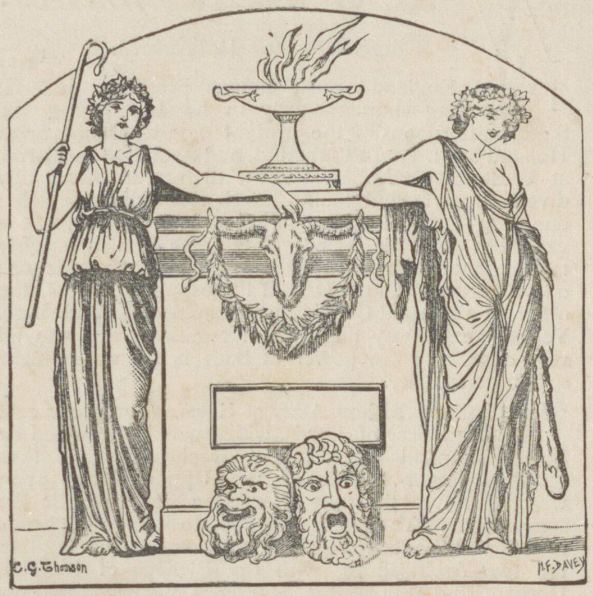
THE following interesting extract is from Italy. "Speaking to a well-known English Prelate, Leo XIII. said the other day that he will save neither study, strength, nor effort to bring back England to the fold." This is the Pope's great hope and dream. To those, however, who are behind the scenes, either Anglican or Roman, there appears to be not the slightest chance of such a re-union as the Pontiff and Cardinal Vaughan so ardently desire.

CANON BROWNE, of St. Paul's Cathedral, will give three lectures on "Augustine and his Companions," on Tuesdays, January 15, 22, and 29, at 6 p.m., under the Cathedral dome. It is just upon 1,300 years since Augustine landed in Kent. The Canon's lectures ought to be, and I am sure they will be, very interesting.

I HEARTILY thank the lady who kindly sent me the interesting account of the unveiling, at the Church of St. Joseph, in Paris, of the famous picture alleged to have been painted by St. Luke. I note that the Very Reverend Father Gregory, who preached the sermon upon that occasion, and who naturally touched upon the *authenticity* of the picture (*i.e.*, as to whether St. Luke really painted it), said, "The history of the picture must, of course, be to a great extent in some details a matter of conjecture, as are many similar traditions in past history." A wise and temperate view, almost identical with what was expressed in this column.

GENERAL BOOTH is, as usual, carrying Salvation Army doctrines to distant quarters of the earth, and (also as usual) seems to be everywhere rapturously received. He has recently been speaking in the great Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City to a good and delighted audience. I should imagine that Mormonism and General Booth's beliefs must be at the very opposite poles of thought.

Clericus.



Plays and Players.

"An Ideal Husband."

WHEN the curtain fell on Thursday night I certainly found myself in complete accord with the author, who smilingly announced that he "had enjoyed his evening immensely." I didn't approve of the speech, chiefly because the author had said precisely the same thing before on a precisely similar occasion. However, as a characteristic joke of a man of much importance I accepted it as really the most concise criticism applicable to this amusing play. For amusing, diverting, whimsical, eccentric, fitful I find it. I "enjoyed it immensely," and I propose to go again and again to enjoy it, as I am sure all London will do for months to come; but I could not, to my regret, take it quite seriously. I was sorry for myself, but the genial author, with his comic speech, soon comforted me. He ended, as he began, with a jest. But there are some real efforts at seriousness, some lofty strivings after pure and noble philosophy, and high and dignified ethics in this curious play, that none, save the crassly vulgar, can fail to recognise.

There are passages of grave and beautiful import put into the mouths of both *Sir Robert Chiltern* and his idol-making wife that treat of the religion of Love, of the dominance of Love, that are as good as the best sermon ever preached on the greatest of all texts to be found in any book concerning any religion—"God is Love." The lines are bravely written, with a sincerity and frankness that betrays—to his credit—the heart in the right place, the swift insight as to the one great dominant Truth of all things. *Lady Chiltern* is a true woman—Quixotic in her fantastic hero-worship of the "god of her idolatry"—but melting into the human—

> "In brave surrender at my Lord Love's call,"

forgetting and forgiving poor *Robert's* initial sin, and, in recognising his weakness and her own overstrained attitude towards her Ideal Husband resolves the skilfully constructed discords into harmony. *Lady Chiltern* had nearly preached her husband to death and herself into a superior person when the light flashed into her soul that *tout connaître c'est tout pardoner*, and in the working out of this theme Mr. Wilde boldly becomes like Matthew Arnold's Deity, "a thing not himself, that makes for righteousness." Some day I believe he will write a real play, without an epigram, just as in this instance he has made many epigrams without a play.

It is not a good play, and the end of the third act ends all we want to know, and the fourth is only made interesting by the exquisite charm and dainty handling of the pretty love scene—such a sweet bit of work! — between Miss Maud Millett and *Lord Goring*, who as played by Mr. Charles Hawtrey was a revelation. It is not a good play, for the wicked heroine is, to my thinking, only our old friend *Žika*, of "Diplomacy," in remarkably ugly frocks; the incidents are thin, the purloined bracelet and letter—does not even Mr. Owen Hall do this kind of thing? Of course you must have some incidents on which to hang your brilliant talk, and I need hardly say that all Mr. Wilde's work is characterised by a flawless literary style, but the author has been careless, casual, and possibly reminiscent in picking up his incidents. The pearls are lustrous. The string is but an old bit of whipcord.

Here I must explain to you that the author is opposed to incident, plot, and movement. He has said so. The Sardou "Curtain," the Scribe ingenuity are not for him. He wants his people to talk, and they do talk remarkably well. Yet such is the contradiction in his mental attitude that he has to condescend, I had almost said sink, to the tricks of "The Scrap of Paper" to eke out a new motive for that weary fourth act.

Yet is there "immense enjoyment"—I thank thee, master author, for giving me that word!—in the evening. There is not so much paradox as in the earlier works, and when a few bits of such trying nonsense as "all reasons are absurd," and "there is nothing ages one so much as happiness" are flung out of the window, there will remain many bright, caustic, crisp sayings—proverbs of Society on the surface, profoundly philosophical *au fond*, and to enjoy these good things it is quite immaterial whether you take the Poet or his Puppets seriously. Seeing a play by Mr. Oscar Wilde is like dining out with clever people.

The interpretation of the play is altogether of rare excellence. Miss Florence West is not a great lady-villain, but she plays with a certain distinction that marks an advance on her previous work. Miss Julia Neilson, beautiful and majestic, bravely bears the heavy weight of remorseless virtue put upon her with amiable sweetness. As the *première* her voice was somewhat monotonous. As a rule virtue speaks up. Miss Fanny Brough, always humorous, is, to my thinking, quite out of place as a middle-aged Society gossip. Miss Millett is simply sweet. There wasn't a man in the audience who didn't envy Mr. Hawtrey what time he went out to the trysting place under "the usual Palm Tree."

Mr. Waller plays with fine emotion, and wins sympathy as he struggles with the Fates and Furies that attack his soul, after the manner of the early Athenian dramatists, with whose works the author is no doubt familiar. Mr. Charles Brookfield is a vast success as my *Lord Goring's* "man." He has little to say, save "Yes, my lord," little to do, save pour out—how neatly he does it—hock and seltzer; but then in walk, gesture, voice-tones and expression he is the absolute incarnation of a valet. He was given a sketch, he has made it a picture.

Last, yet best of all, I record the triumph of Mr. Charles Hawtrey. It is a well-planned part, that of this two-sided, indolent, impertinent son of a touchy old father—one of Mr. Bishop's neatest conceptions—who plays the fool, plays the lover, and practically plays that all-important character—I am sure Mr. Wilde has read Greek plays once upon a time — the "god from the machine" who sets everything and everybody right. It is a very earnest and very winning performance. As *Sam Gerridge* says in "Caste," concerning another *Captain Hawtrey*, who began as a languid swell, and turned up a trump at the finish, "*Who'd a thought that swell had it in him?*" Critically, I am glad to play *Sam* to this *Hawtrey*.

Just for the fun of the thing I end, by your leave, with a personal statement. The author of this play, whom I have had the pleasure of knowing since his early boyhood, does not attach any value to my judgment in matters of art, and "more particularly in dramatic art." So he informed me after I had noticed in this journal his "Woman of No Importance." For all that I liked his play, his clever, badly made play, and I have assigned my reasons for my absolutely impartial judgment. It will comfort his superior artistic soul to remember that "all reasons are absurd."

"Were reasons as plenty as blackberries I would not give thee one upon compulsion," says Falstaff to Prince Hal, but you see the fat knight was not a dramatic critic, and I hold that we, pilots to playgoers, are in honesty to our craft bound to say "why and wherefore" we like or dislike, and then leave you to adopt or reject our judgment. Nay, more, we take it on ourselves to offer that which someone in this play sniffs at as being what everyone gives and no one takes—advice.

In this case the fourth act is in peril, and the talk needs compression. There must be a fourth act, but let it be a quick, short, rapid gathering together of the threads. When husband and wife "make it up," they don't talk much, they kiss, and he takes her out to dinner and says no more about it. The useless epigrams, such as those quoted, and that venerable antiquity concerning the lady who "talked a great deal but said very little," must be put to a sudden and painless death—stabbed with a blue pencil. The habit of calling people—especially people with titles — by their full, official names is at times irritating, because of its redundant persistency.

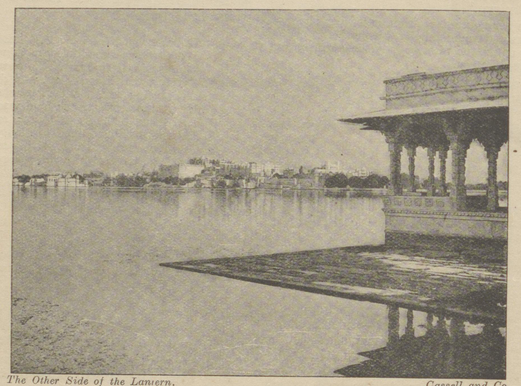
Once we know who *Lord Goring* is we don't expect him to be "Lorded" inordinately. Deliver us from this good "Lord" in conversation. Finally, and with a lively sense of gratitude to Mr. Oscar Wilde for a delightful evening, I think that if he wants to be "taken to the good serious," he ought not to make funny speeches just because the gallery boys called him by his Christian name to get another joke out of him.

I have read in a good book that "whom He loveth He chasteneth." Hence this article.

Drury Lane.

KIND friends in front, before I set out on my round of Pantomime I formulated a little law and prayed a little prayer; and the law was to the effect that you

Mr. Oscar Wilde's New Play, "An Ideal Husband," at the Haymarket.



The Other Side of the Lantern. *Cassell and Co.*

CITY OF UDAIPUR FROM ISLAND PALACE.

A GREAT SURGEON'S WORLD-TOUR.

The Other Side of the Lantern. An Account of a Commonplace Tour Round the World. By Sir Frederick Treves, Bart. (Cassell. 12s. net.)

'THIS trivial book,' as Sir Frederick Treves calls it, is dedicated by special permission to his sovereign, who is also his friend. It runs to 424 royal octavo pages, and is provided, as every book of travel ought to be, with an index. It has forty illustrations from photographs by the author, and very delicate and dainty they are, reflecting great credit on the firm that produced the half-tone blocks, one of which we have been allowed to use. The picture shows the city of Udaipur, the capital of the native State of Meywar, which seemed to Sir Frederick to be the most beautiful place in India. It stands upon the shores of a lake, but this fact is concealed from the traveller who approaches the place by the railway, to whom Udaipur appears as a pale city upon a hill, with a great white palace on the summit of it. Every building throughout the city is white, and we have the author's word for it that the place is 'picturesque without being evil-smelling,' an extremely uncommon combination in the East.

There are two islands in the lake, each of which is covered with a summer palace, and the effect is thus contrasted with the nearest Western parallel :

> There are lakes in Italy with wooded islands, but there are none so exquisite as these. This is Italy on the borders of the tropics, where the palm takes the place of the oleander, where spotless marble replaces painted stucco, and where a palace reigns over a lake in the place of a gaudy villa or a self-asserting hotel. Only the sky is the sky of Italy, and the water has the blue of the Mediterranean.

After this and a good deal more in the same strain, including a reference to the garden of the Hesperides, Sir Frederick declares himself an 'uninspired tourist,' for, he says, 'it would need a Tennyson to tell the idylls of the islands and an Alma-Tadema to show what imagination fashioned their marble courts.' These failing, he bends his back, in the next chapter, to the task of describing the palace, and gives us a very fair idea of it, perhaps a better one for practical purposes than either the poet or the painter would have conveyed. The building, he tells us, is colossal : 'Compared with it the ordinary native house is as a cottage by the side of Ailsa Crag.' Then, it is not merely the residence of the reigning prince :

> It is a fatherly and comprehensive establishment which includes Government departments, the treasury, certain barracks, the board of works, a potential county council, the Indian equivalent of a soup kitchen in famine times, a royal co-operative store, and an arena for elephant fights and other sports.

The chapters about Udaipur are the 21st and 22nd out of the thirty chapters on India which make up Part II. of the book. Altogether there are six parts, the others dealing with 'The Mediterranean and the Red Sea,' 'Burmah and Ceylon,' 'China,' 'Japan,' and 'America.' These, of course, represent the different parts of the world visited by the author on his tour, and the passages we have quoted are typical of his manner of describing what he saw. If we had unlimited space we could, with pleasure to ourselves and profit to our readers, review all the other sections, but, as it is, we can but briefly refer to a fragment here and there.

It must not be supposed that Sir Frederick confined his attention to inanimate objects ; he is quite as happy, if not happier, in his description of the various people he met. That, of course, is only what might have been expected, for a successful surgeon is observant of everything ; he must be or he will not be successful. Thus we find our author not insensible to the charms of the dusky 'fair ones' of India :

> There are two special attractions which the women of India can claim. They have, in the first place, a splendid carriage. They walk with a lissom grace and with dignified movement. In comparison with them in this respect the European woman is a stumbling automaton. A second merit is theirs. The heads of the women are not disfigured by any hideous practice in the matter of the dressing of hair. The head of the Western lady is made uncouth by meaningless lumps and bunches decreed by fashion, so that while her brow assumes the shape of a pumpkin her neck is bared like the neck of a plucked fowl. Beneath the thin hood the Indian girl wears is to be seen the simple, exquisite outline of the female head, unspoiled by any barbaric fancies of the hair-dresser.

Of course, Sir Frederick hastens us that he saw no Indian ladies ; the women he describes are of the common people, to whom the privilege—for such it is regarded in the East—of the purdah is denied. Of the

THE TSAR'S NEW REGIMENT.

Indian lady, he says, 'nothing that comes within the knowledge of men is known.'

She is secluded within her house like a nun, and when she goes forth she is carefully protected from the light as if she were a photographic film. Strangely unlike the Western lady, she shrinks from the possibility of being seen of men.

Similarly, when we come to Japan, we find the King's Sergeant-Surgeon comparing the women of the country with other women:

According to the European standard very few Japanese women could be considered pretty. Their heads appear too large for their bodies, their eyelids are often puffy, and their features coarse. They are, however, neat to a fault, dainty, graceful, and full of fascination. They have beautiful necks and hands and exquisite voices. Bare legs ended by feet cased in white socks are features too strange to be at once admirable. Owing to much wearing of clogs the Japanese woman walks awkwardly. . . . The English girl is all curves, the Japanese girl is all angles.

When dealing with Burmah, Sir Frederick notes that 'the dress of the Burmese woman is as nearly perfect as any female costume can be,' for 'it is exquisitely, divinely simple,' and has the further merit of being 'perfect from the standpoint of health.' For the rest of this altogether delightful and most unconventional record—which includes some weird sights in hospitals and museums as well as many humorous descriptions of things common and uncommon, and some stirring tales out of Indian history—we are compelled to refer our readers to the book, which has already, we learn, been twice reprinted, and is likely to be in much request among those who, whether they have been to the East or not, are under the spell of foreign travel.

THE POET OF COUNTRY LIFE.

The Georgics of Virgil. Translated into English Verse by Lord Burghclere. (John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

PERHAPS the highest praise that can be given to Lord Burghclere's translation of the *Georgics* is to say that any English reader who cares for country life, however innocent of Latin, will read it with keen pleasure. Latin scholars will have the added zest of delight in Lord Burghclere's fine and skilful scholarship, yet we think the distinction of this version is that, in a way no previous translation has done, it communicates to English readers something of the real flavour and spirit of the original. Lord Burghclere, who as Mr. Herbert Gardner was President of the Board of Agriculture, adds to all his other qualifications the very important one of a thorough knowledge and love of country life and pursuits which enables him to enter into the heart of the *Georgics* as no mere scholar could do. There is a pleasant rhythm in his lines, and not seldom his blank verse rises to a high degree of merit, while he has a very happy gift in turning the Latin by some striking poetic English phrase. For example, *Lethaeo perfusa papavera somno* is charmingly rendered

Or pale Lethean poppy drenched with sleep;

and when again in the same book Virgil says of Jove *curis acuens mortalia corda*, Lord Burghclere very deftly turns it

Made our cares the whetstone of our wits.

We should have liked to quote the opening passage of Book II., which conveys so well the sense and the swing of Virgil's verse, though we miss its compactness. But this piece from the description of Spring may be given:

Our bounteous mother earth teems with her kind,
The meadows loose their bosoms to the warmth
Of Western breezes, and a gentle dew
Hangs over all; so that the tender herb
Fears not the coming of each new-born sun,
Nor do the young vine-branches dread the assault
Of southern tempest, nor the north wind's might,
Driving the torrent rains across the sky,
But break in bud, unfurling leaf on leaf.

A still better illustration of the excellence of this version is the following—from the familiar *O fortunatos nimium* passage:

And yet
Unbroken peace—a life that knows no guile,
With treasures manifold are thine. For thee
The spacious freedom of the open fields,
Caverns, and living lakes, and dewy dales,
And lowing cattle, and sweet slumber-time
Under the forest trees; and woodland glade,
And haunt of bird and beast; and rustic youth,
Patient to labour, bred to scanty fare,
And reverend age, and worship of the gods.
Methinks the feet of Justice lingered here
Last as she fled from earth.

Something of the true charm of Virgil is communicated here, though the subtle magic of his words inevitably evaporates in the most accomplished English version. We hope, however, we have made it clear that this is a most notable translation of the most delightful of Virgil's poems. We cannot too heartily commend it.

A PRODIGAL.

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THIS strangely moving book will be read for the striking beauty both of its thought and of its style. But the value of the record as a unique revelation of mental and spiritual experience will depend for each reader upon the answer he gives to the question, Is it a sincere utterance, or is the writer posing once more—after a new and unexpected fashion? In spite of some indications of the old Oscar Wilde and of his artificiality and colossal vanity—it would be more than a miracle if so suddenly all trace of his former self had disappeared—we believe that the record is, in the main, the sincere expression of a new spirit that came to the writer through the bitterest degradation and suffering. The book was written during the last months of his imprisonment in Reading Gaol. It contains, incidentally, a terrible indictment—which deserves pondering—of the dehumanising influence of our prison treatment, and yet from the shock of that treatment in the writer's case came a strange redemption.

The first keynote struck in the book is of the marvel of sorrow. 'It is really a revelation. One discerns things one never discerned before.' There are times when sorrow seems to the writer the only truth. If when he is free a friend omits to invite him to a feast he will not care, but if any friend refuses to let him share a sorrow he will feel it bitterly.

I have a right to share in sorrow, and he who can look at the loveliness of the world and share its sorrow, and realise something of the wonder of both, is in immediate contact with divine things, and has got as near to God's secret as any one can get.

The sorrow of the world, instead of being as he once thought the surest evidence of God's non-existence, becomes to him the proof that the world 'has been built by the hands of love, because in no other way could the soul of man, for whom the world was made, reach the full stature of its perfection.'

There is frank confession and condemnation of wrong-doing and self-ruin:

The gods had given me almost everything. But I let myself be lured into long spells of senseless and sensual ease. I amused myself with being a *flaneur*, a dandy, a man of fashion. I surrounded myself with the smaller natures and the meaner minds. I became the spendthrift of my own genius, and to waste an eternal youth gave me a curious joy. Tired of being on the heights, I deliberately went to the depths in the search for new sensation.

In simply following pleasure and forgetting 'that every little action of the common day makes or un-makes character,' the writer finds that he had ceased to be

lord over himself. Now, in the degradation of prison life, he regains himself. He faces the actual facts of the past and the present. Absolute humility, he feels, is the only thing for him; he must not indulge in any bitterness against the world, however harsh and hostile, he must cherish always and to all people the spirit of love. Just as the body absorbs things of all kinds, even things common and unclean, and transforms them into strength and beauty; so the soul, he discovers, can transmute what in itself is base, cruel and degrading into noble moods of thought and feeling.

Of the finest and most remarkable part of the book, that in which the writer speaks of the profound impression made upon him as he read again in prison the story of the Gospels, and of the wonder and admiration to which it moved him, we can say little here. The following passage will give some idea of the sympathy and beauty with which the theme is treated:

Yet the whole life of Christ—so entirely may sorrow and beauty be made one in their meaning and manifestation—is really an idyll, though it ends with the veil of the temple being rent, and the darkness coming over the face of the earth, and the stone rolled to the door of the sepulchre. One always thinks of Him as a young bridegroom with his companions, as indeed He somewhere describes Himself; as a shepherd straying through a valley with his sheep in search of green meadow or cool stream; as a singer trying to build out of the music the walls of the City of God; or as a lover for whose love the whole world was too small.

Now and then the writer of this remarkable book strikes a wrong note, now and then he lets his old love of whimsical paradox lead him astray, but in spite of that the book bears witness to the high qualities of his nature, which before had been obscured and which only the direst adversity brought out, and we are left to regret that he did not live to fulfil the hopes and aims for the future of which he speaks.

STORIES BY 'A. E.'

The Mask of Apollo. By 'A. E.' Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.

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FAITHS AND FOLKLORE.

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To illustrate the mode of treating the several items we will, instead of quotations, give a bare sketch of the first somewhat long (but far from the longest) article, that on *Ale*. The *word* retains pretty nearly its Old English form (*eále*). In Middle English it appears to have assumed the wider meaning of 'ale-drinking,' and then, in composition, of 'feast' or 'festival,' as in *Leet-ale, Lamb-ale, Whitsun-ale, Clerk-ale*, and *Church-ale*. [*Bride-ale, i.e., Bridal*, also called *Wedding-ale*, 'marriage feast,' has an article to itself.] Next, we read what is meant by these several compounds,—which of the festivals indicated by them are now extinct,—and where, if anywhere, any of them are still observed (as *Lamb-ale*, 'a shearing feast,' at a certain Oxfordshire village). A more serious affair was a *Scot-ale*, an annual feast got up by tenants on sundry estates for entertaining the bailiff, or even the lord of the manor, and towards which the tenants paid scot (or shot) in fixed shares. All these and other curious old usages are illustrated by detailed examples described in our older authors and records, dating back for three or four centuries.

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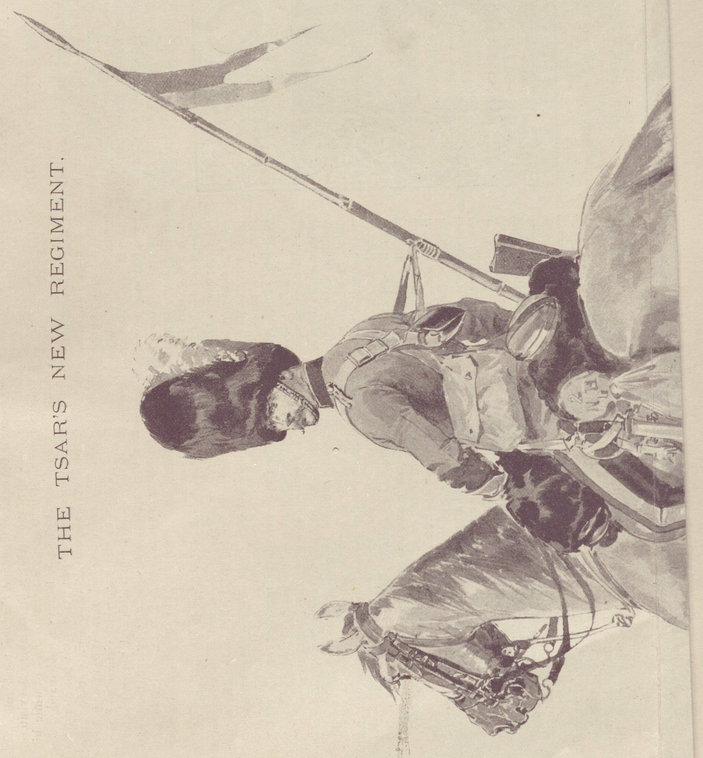
THE SKETCH. Jan. 9, 1895

THE TSAR'S NEW REGIMENT.



The Marriage of William Ashe. *Smith, Elder.*

A MARSEILLAISE, HALF FRENCH, HALF ITALIAN.

(For notice see page 57.)

the cookery meaning: we should have thought that everybody knew that famous old song, 'The Vicar of Bray,'—

> When George in pudding-time came o'er,
> And moderate men look'd big, sir,
> I *turned a cat-in-a-pan* once more,
> And so became a Whig, sir.

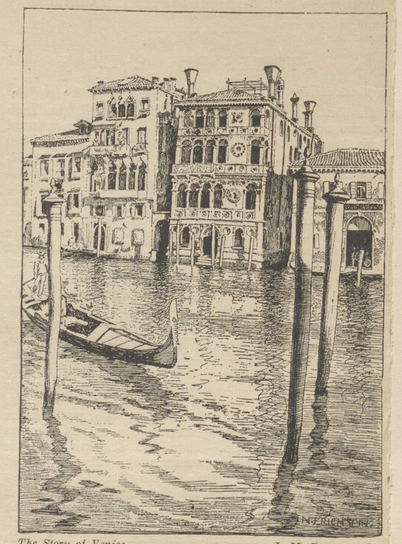
The figurative meaning is obvious. Our very-junior-school-boy game of *Noughts and Crosses* turns up as *Kit-kat-cannio*. Among superstitions still prevalent we read of *Crossing Knives*, but not of *Passing under Ladders*: we should trace the supposed unluckiness of the former to the crossed swords printed on old maps against the places where battles had been fought; that of the latter to the risk of accidents, of which we have known some serious instances.

We had noted for mention a number of other interesting and largely-treated subjects,—*Ghosts, Omens, Witchcraft*, &c., &c.; but we must pass on to conclude by directing the editor's attention to the somewhat numerous misprints, of which three or four are very serious. There are, *e.g.*, a few O.E. (or A.-S.) passages quoted; but in all save one the symbol *wen* (our *w*) is generally substituted for the *thorn* (our sharp *th*). P. 108, col. 1, two-thirds down, a line is repeated and some words omitted. P. 582, col. 2, *re* 'The Chequers,' as a public-house sign, we read, 'From *their* [colour and] *familiarity* to a *lettuce it* was corruptly called "The Red *Lettuce*"!' This apparently means, 'From the colour [of the chequers-board, which is laid out in squares like a chess-board], and its *similarity* to a *lattice*[-window], it was called The Red *Lattice*.' P. 583, col. 1, it is said that the sign of 'The Goat and *Boots*' is a corruption of 'God encompasseth us': the sign said to be so derived is 'The Goat and *Compasses*.' P. 619, col. 2, the derivation of *Wassail* is traced to two queer monosyllables that never existed.

'THE STORY OF VENICE.'

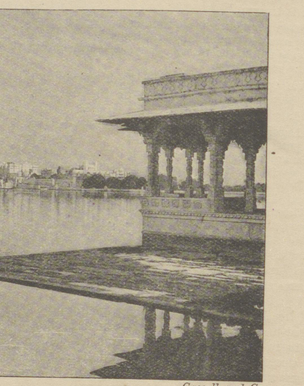
The Story of Venice. By Thomas Okey. Illustrated by Nelly Erichsen. 'Mediæval Town' Series. (Dent and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

When Mr. Okey's book on Venice was published a year and more ago in the large handsome edition with colour print illustrations we had pleasure in heartily commending it. In its new form, as the latest addition to the most attractive Mediæval Town Series, it is brought within the reach of a much wider circle of book-buyers, and will find many interested and appreciative readers. It well keeps up the high tradition of the series. A good half of the book is given to a spirited sketch of the fascinating history of Venice. Mr. Okey has handled his theme admirably within the limits of space assigned to him, and has contrived to tell the famous story, concise though he was bound to make it, in a bright, picturesque fashion, and to light it up with plenty of colour. For these absorbingly interesting historical chapters alone the book will be valued. Into his excellent review of Venetian art Mr. Okey has inserted in this new edition a good and useful section on the mosaicists, and his account of the painters has been carefully revised and expanded. The second part of the book, devoted to a description of the city, has also been considerably enlarged so as to make it much more serviceable to travellers visiting Venice. The chapter on the paintings in the Accademia, for instance, is much fuller and more useful, as also are the chapters dealing with the Frari and the School of San Rocco. Miss Nelly Erichsen contributes many charming illustrations, one of which we are permitted to reproduce.



The Story of Venice. *J. M. Dent and Co.*

PALAZZO DARIO ON THE GRAND CANAL.



Cassell and Co.

FROM ISLAND PALACE.

'Compared with it the ordinary native house is as a cottage by the side of Ailsa Crag.' Then, it is not merely the residence of the reigning prince :

It is a fatherly and comprehensive establishment which includes Government departments, the treasury, certain barracks, the board of works, a potential county council, the Indian equivalent of a soup kitchen in famine times, a royal co-operative store, and an arena for elephant fights and other sports.

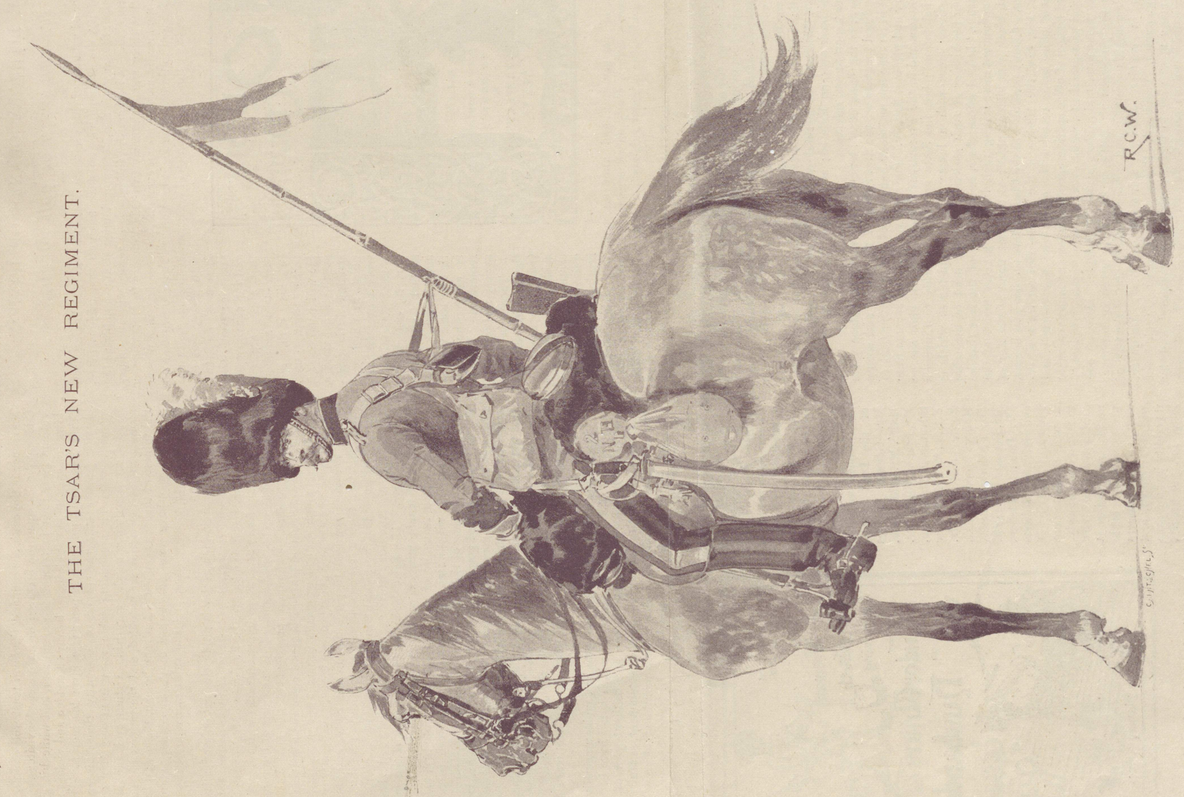
The chapters about Udaipur are the 21st and 22nd out of the thirty chapters on India which make up Part II. of the book. Altogether there are six parts, the others dealing with 'The Mediterranean and the Red Sea,' 'Burmah and Ceylon,' 'China,' 'Japan,' and 'America.' These, of course, represent the different parts of the world visited by the author on his tour, and the passages we have quoted are typical of his manner of describing what he saw. If we had unlimited space we could, with pleasure to ourselves and profit to our readers, review all the other sections, but, as it is, we can but briefly refer to a fragment here and there.

It must not be supposed that Sir Frederick confined his attention to inanimate objects ; he is quite as happy, if not happier, in his description of the various people he met. That, of course, is only what might have been expected, for a successful surgeon is observant of everything ; he must be or he will not be successful. Thus we find our author not insensible to the charms of the dusky 'fair ones' of India :

There are two special attractions which the women of India can claim. They have, in the first place, a splendid carriage. They walk with a lissom grace and with dignified movement. In comparison with them in this respect the European woman is a stumbling automaton. A second merit is theirs. The heads of the women are not disfigured by any hideous practice in the matter of the dressing of hair. The head of the Western lady is made uncouth by meaningless lumps and bunches decreed by fashion, so that while her brow assumes the shape of a pumpkin her neck is bared like the neck of a plucked fowl. Beneath the thin hood the Indian girl wears is to be seen the simple, exquisite outline of the female head, unspoiled by any barbaric fancies of the hair-dresser.

Of course, Sir Frederick hastens to assure us that he saw no Indian ladies ; the women he describes are of the common people, to whom the privilege—for such it is regarded in the East—of the purdah is denied. Of the

THE TSAR'S NEW REGIMENT.



2nd NORTH BRITISH DRAGOONS (ROYAL SCOTS GREYS), 1895.
DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

THE LITERARY CRANKS OF LONDON.

IV.—THE SETTE OF ODD VOLUMES.

The number of volumes of the Variorum Shakspere of 1821 having been one-and-twenty, the bibliophiles who gave birth to this curious Sette, now more than fifteen years ago, determined upon such a number as the limit of their club. It is, therefore, thoroughly in accord with the oddity of things that there should be forty-two Odd Volumes to-day. Nor is this larger number by any means an even one, as some fractious person might be disposed to think. The logical "Volume" who is twitted with his want of logic on this very point will demonstrate to you, easily and with grace, that the factors of forty-two are twice twenty-one, and will convince you that there are not forty-two members in his club, but twice twenty-one. He will hand to you at the same time a striking little pamphlet, in which you will discover the rules of the Sette, and learn that its objects are mutual admiration and conviviality, and that in some ways it is quite the most remarkable literary society in London.

There is about these rules of the Odd Volumes a sublime regard for originality which is quite worthy of the brethren. Foresecing the ardour of partisanship, and knowing well that every member of a bookman's club is ready on all occasions to proclaim every other member a genius, the original rule-makers decreed, in their fifth edict, that any brother who shall lose his temper, and fail to recover it, shall be fined five shillings—to which fact we may ascribe the common opinion that the Sette is very rich. Nor is this the only safeguard against that zeal of admiration which is so characteristic of the arts. "The worst men," says Bailey, "often give the best advice," but any Odd Volume who gives to another any unasked advice at all is promptly fined a crown. In the same spirit is the injunction that none of the brethren shall talk upon any subject *which he understands*—a surpassingly beautiful conception, in entire conformity with all experience; and when to this is added the anathema against all religious, anthropological, and political discussion, the *Ultima Thule* of convivial diplomacy seems to be attained. There is yet, however, the perusal of Rule 16 to be enjoyed, there being, as the book says, no Rule 16; and to this flippancy many a bad speaker owes his oratorical salvation.

Here, then, is the basis of a literary coterie which for fifteen years or more has dined together on the first Friday of the winter and spring months, and in its time has put many hundreds of guests to the trial of good cookery and pleasant flattery. For some years the gatherings were at Willis's Rooms and in the Freemasons' Tavern (for the club has no permanent habitation); but the Sette now goes monthly to Limmer's Hotel, and there dines with a luxury and a completeness which is remarkable in the history of such societies. At the head of the table is "his Oddship," behind whose chair, in emphasis of the fact that he will raise a monument more lasting than brass, is a great tablet of the bright metal, black with hieroglyphics; at the foot there is the Key of the Archives, solemnly presented to the Chair before the banquet begins. One notices, too, that the Master of the Ceremonies carries a silver-tipped wand of office as he receives the guests with fine courtesy, and that jewelled badges of office sparkle upon the bosoms of many venerable councillors and past-presidents, while even the more humble "Volume" has a pretty monogram and ribbon in his buttonhole. Here, no one initiated in the privileges of Oddity is known by name or surname. Every member has his own title, and it is as sacred to him as the title of membership in *another place*. "Librarian, Organist, Antiquary, Artificer, Ignoramus, Vagabond, Pilgrim, Apothecary, Leech"—of these, and many more akin to them, is the Sette composed, and by such titles are its members consistently addressed. There is not even a "Vice-Chairman," only a "Vice-Oddship"; and when one sits through a long dinner, and hears mention of the Landscape-Painter, the Bibliographer, the Remembrancer, the Art Critic, the Master of the Rolls, the Ancient Mariner, the Seer, the Sculptor, the Parodist, and the Stationer, one gets a very fair idea of the professions and the pursuits of those who, in the adage of their own choosing, delight to play the fool when out of school, for thus their historiographer has translated the commonly quoted words of Horace.

But an Odd Volume dinner is not wholly characterised by Heliogabalian excesses or by pure displays of badinage. There are some to whom it is a very serious business, to none more particularly than to the guests. No sooner is the cloth cleared, and the loyal toast well drunk, than "his Oddship" calls upon the brethren to introduce the visitors. Each Odd Volume rises then in turn with solemn face, and while his guest casts down his eyes upon the cloth, or betrays a sudden and violent interest in the ceiling, he pours forth a panegyric upon his merits. There is no heavier penalty of greatness or of obscurity than this—a dreadful moment when an applauding table rises from one *tour de force* of enthusiasm to another as the surprising virtues and the magnificent attainments of the victim are unfolded, and the waiters gape at him in the fulness of their amazement. And, one by one, those who have a past and those who have none are clothed in the momentary glare of fame, until the next speaker rises, and the subsequent proceedings interest them no more.

A quaint conceit such as this is productive not only of admirable wit, but also of happy oratory. I have heard at these meetings, from such visitors as Mr. Oscar Wilde, Mr. L. F. Austin, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Low, and from many Americans, after-dinner speeches which could scarce be surpassed in any society in London. It is the spirit of the thing fostered by a ready president—and all the presidents of the Odd Volumes have deserved the designation—which begets a *verve* and a sparkle unlooked for among bibliophiles, and especially among those who, forgetting the common vice of collecting other people's books, consistently collect their own. Yet it is matured to perfection in the Sette, and loses nothing from the fact that a serious paper is generally read by a serious Volume—bound for the moment in whole calf—to a company which has begun to call for whisky and soda-water and has lighted a second cigar. The Sette hearkens to the voice of the one crying, and learns of magic mirrors or of the drama in England, or of the music of Queen Anne, or of one of those many literary, musical, and artistic subjects with which its members are on such friendly terms. By-and-by, the author of the paper will be allowed to publish—at his own expense—and to bind gorgeously the product of his labour, and having produced an edition generally limited to 133 copies, he will present two copies to each of his brethren, and bind himself by the unspoken oath that the masterpiece shall not be sold in the market-place. In many ways the practice is praiseworthy. Every Odd Volume has a priceless collection of opuscula, and he hugs it to him with the thought that neither discounts nor depressions affect its value nor blur the recollection of friendship bound up with each brochure.

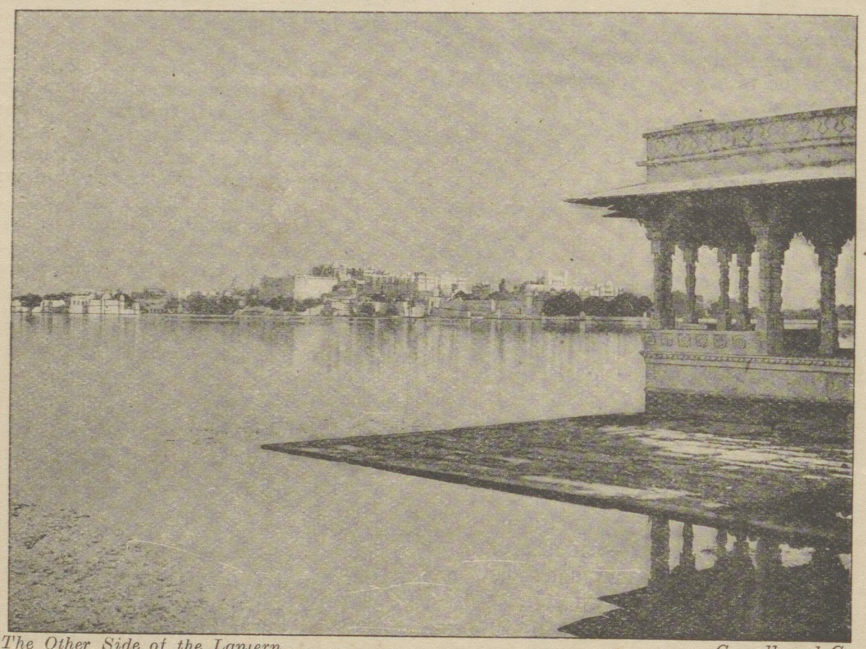
Beyond the reading of papers, the Sette has, under unusually energetic presidents, ventured upon banquets, to which ladies have been invited; upon concerts, as was the case in the late brilliant year of President Hollingsworth, and even upon a musical entertainment, skilfully organised by Dr. William Murrell, the Leech, whose months of office will long be very gratefully remembered by the Sette. Latterly, however, a sobering influence has been at work, and the vigour of youthful bibliophiles has been curbed by the reign of sterner literary exaction. It is to be hoped that this spirit will soon pass away, and that the "*Dulce est desipere in loco*" will continue to be preached in deeds and in dinners. The Sette has altogether a unique sphere; among its members one finds such names as those of the Lord Mayor, Mr. George Charles Haité, Mr. John Lane, Mr. Francis Elgar, Mr. Silvanus P. Thompson, F.R.S., Mr. E. Onslow Ford, A.R.A., Mr. Henry Moore, R.A., Mr. Frederic Villiers, Mr. Bernard Quaritch, Mr. Douglas Gordon, and Mr. James Roberts Brown, F.R.G.S. If it will continue not to take itself seriously, and practise the mutual admiration it preaches, the sparkle and gold of its dinners will be recalled, and its oddity by no means lost, for, assuredly, the fact that bibliophiles have dined together for fifteen years and laughed all the time is one of the oddest things in the whole gamut of experience.

"Was that you, Sir, who stole a kiss from my daughter in that tunnel?"

"No. On the contrary, someone got one from me."

RIGHTEOUS WIFE (*at breakfast*): "Henry, will you ask a blessing?"

HENRY (*examining hash*): "We've blessed everything here before, dear."—*Life* (New York).



The Other Side of the Lantern. *Cassell and Co.*

CITY OF UDAIPUR FROM ISLAND PALACE.

A GREAT SURGEON'S WORLD-TOUR.

The Other Side of the Lantern. An Account of a Commonplace Tour Round the World. By Sir Frederick Treves, Bart. (Cassell. 12s. net.)

'THIS trivial book,' as Sir Frederick Treves calls it, is dedicated by special permission to his sovereign, who is also his friend. It runs to 424 royal octavo pages, and is provided, as every book of travel ought to be, with an index. It has forty illustrations from photographs by the author, and very delicate and dainty they are, reflecting great credit on the firm that produced the half-tone blocks, one of which we have been allowed to use. The picture shows the city of Udaipur, the capital of the native State of Meywar, which seemed to Sir Frederick to be the most beautiful place in India. It stands upon the shores of a lake, but this fact is concealed from the traveller who approaches the place by the railway, to whom Udaipur appears as a pale city upon a hill, with a great white palace on the summit of it. Every building throughout the city is white, and we have the author's word for it that the place is 'picturesque without being evil-smelling,' an extremely uncommon combination in the East.

There are two islands in the lake, each of which is covered with a summer palace, and the effect is thus contrasted with the nearest Western parallel :

> There are lakes in Italy with wooded islands, but there are none so exquisite as these. This is Italy on the borders of the tropics, where the palm takes the place of the oleander, where spotless marble replaces painted stucco, and where a palace reigns over a lake in the place of a gaudy villa or a self-asserting hotel. Only the sky is the sky of Italy, and the water has the blue of the Mediterranean.

After this and a good deal more in the same strain, including a reference to the garden of the Hesperides, Sir Frederick declares himself an 'uninspired tourist,' for, he says, 'it would need a Tennyson to tell the idylls of the islands and an Alma-Tadema to show what imagination fashioned their marble courts.' These failing, he bends his back, in the next chapter, to the task of describing the palace, and gives us a very fair idea of it, perhaps a better one for practical purposes than either the poet or the painter would have conveyed. The building, he tells us, is colossal : 'Compared with it the ordinary native house is as a cottage by the side of Ailsa Crag.' Then, it is not merely the residence of the reigning prince :

> It is a fatherly and comprehensive establishment which includes Government departments, the treasury, certain barracks, the board of works, a potential county council, the Indian equivalent of a soup kitchen in famine times, a royal co-operative store, and an arena for elephant fights and other sports.

The chapters about Udaipur are the 21st and 22nd out of the thirty chapters on India which make up Part II. of the book. Altogether there are six parts, the others dealing with 'The Mediterranean and the Red Sea,' 'Burmah and Ceylon,' 'China,' 'Japan,' and 'America.' These, of course, represent the different parts of the world visited by the author on his tour, and the passages we have quoted are typical of his manner of describing what he saw. If we had unlimited space we could, with pleasure to ourselves and profit to our readers, review all the other sections, but, as it is, we can but briefly refer to a fragment here and there.

It must not be supposed that Sir Frederick confined his attention to inanimate objects ; he is quite as happy, if not happier, in his description of the various people he met. That, of course, is only what might have been expected, for a successful surgeon is observant of everything ; he must be or he will not be successful. Thus we find our author not insensible to the charms of the dusky 'fair ones' of India :

> There are two special attractions which the women of India can claim. They have, in the first place, a splendid carriage. They walk with a lissom grace and with dignified movement. In comparison with them in this respect the European woman is a stumbling automaton. A second merit is theirs. The heads of the women are not disfigured by any hideous practice in the matter of the dressing of hair. The head of the Western lady is made uncouth by meaningless lumps and bunches decreed by fashion, so that while her brow assumes the shape of a pumpkin her neck is bared like the neck of a plucked fowl. Beneath the thin hood the Indian girl wears is to be seen the simple, exquisite outline of the female head, unspoiled by any barbaric fancies of the hair-dresser.

Of course, Sir Frederick hastens to assure us that he saw no Indian ladies ; the women he describes are of the common people, to whom the privilege—for such it is regarded in the East—of the purdah is denied. Of the

Indian lady, he says, 'nothing that comes within the knowledge of men is known.'

She is secluded within her house like a nun, and when she goes forth she is carefully protected from the light as if she were a photographic film. Strangely unlike the Western lady, she shrinks from the possibility of being seen of men.

Similarly, when we come to Japan, we find the King's Sergeant-Surgeon comparing the women of the country with other women :

According to the European standard very few Japanese women could be considered pretty. Their heads appear too large for their bodies, their eyelids are often puffy, and their features coarse. They are, however, neat to a fault, dainty, graceful, and full of fascination. They have beautiful necks and hands and exquisite voices. Bare legs ended by feet cased in white socks are features too strange to be at once admirable. Owing to much wearing of clogs the Japanese woman walks awkwardly. . . . The English girl is all curves, the Japanese girl is all angles.

When dealing with Burmah, Sir Frederick notes that 'the dress of the Burmese woman is as nearly perfect as any female costume can be,' for 'it is exquisitely, divinely simple,' and has the further merit of being 'perfect from the standpoint of health.' For the rest of this altogether delightful and most unconventional record—which includes some weird sights in hospitals and museums as well as many humorous descriptions of things common and uncommon, and some stirring tales out of Indian history—we are compelled to refer our readers to the book, which has already, we learn, been twice reprinted, and is likely to be in much request among those who, whether they have been to the East or not, are under the spell of foreign travel.

THE POET OF COUNTRY LIFE.

The Georgics of Virgil. Translated into English Verse by Lord Burghclere. (John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

PERHAPS the highest praise that can be given to Lord Burghclere's translation of the *Georgics* is to say that any English reader who cares for country life, however innocent of Latin, will read it with keen pleasure. Latin scholars will have the added zest of delight in Lord Burghclere's fine and skilful scholarship, yet we think the distinction of this version is that, in a way no previous translation has done, it communicates to English readers something of the real flavour and spirit of the original. Lord Burghclere, who as Mr. Herbert Gardner was President of the Board of Agriculture, adds to all his other qualifications the very important one of a thorough knowledge and love of country life and pursuits which enables him to enter into the heart of the *Georgics* as no mere scholar could do. There is a pleasant rhythm in his lines, and not seldom his blank verse rises to a high degree of merit, while he has a very happy gift in turning the Latin by some striking poetic English phrase. For example, *Lethaeo perfusa papavera somno* is charmingly rendered

Or pale Lethean poppy drenched with sleep;

and when again in the same book Virgil says of Jove *curis acuens mortalia corda*, Lord Burghclere very deftly turns it

Made our cares the whetstone of our wits.

We should have liked to quote the opening passage of Book II., which conveys so well the sense and the swing of Virgil's verse, though we miss its compactness. But this piece from the description of Spring may be given :

Our bounteous mother earth teems with her kind,
The meadows loose their bosoms to the warmth
Of Western breezes, and a gentle dew
Hangs over all ; so that the tender herb
Fears not the coming of each new-born sun,
Nor do the young vine-branches dread the assault
Of southern tempest, nor the north wind's might,
Driving the torrent rains across the sky,
But break in bud, unfurling leaf on leaf.

A still better illustration of the excellence of this version is the following—from the familiar *O fortunatos nimium* passage :

And yet
Unbroken peace—a life that knows no guile,
With treasures manifold are thine. For thee
The spacious freedom of the open fields.
Caverns, and living lakes, and dewy dales,
And lowing cattle, and sweet slumber-time
Under the forest trees ; and woodland glade,
And haunt of bird and beast ; and rustic youth,
Patient to labour, bred to scanty fare,
And reverend age, and worship of the gods.
Methinks the feet of Justice lingered here
Last as she fled from earth.

Something of the true charm of Virgil is communicated here, though the subtle magic of his words inevitably evaporates in the most accomplished English version. We hope, however, we have made it clear that this is a most notable translation of the most delightful of Virgil's poems. We cannot too heartily commend it.

A PRODIGAL.

De Profundis. By Oscar Wilde. (Methuen. 5s.)

THIS strangely moving book will be read for the striking beauty both of its thought and of its style. But the value of the record as a unique revelation of mental and spiritual experience will depend for each reader upon the answer he gives to the question, Is it a sincere utterance, or is the writer posing once more—after a new and unexpected fashion ? In spite of some indications of the old Oscar Wilde and of his artificiality and colossal vanity—it would be more than a miracle if so suddenly all trace of his former self had disappeared—we believe that the record is, in the main, the sincere expression of a new spirit that came to the writer through the bitterest degradation and suffering. The book was written during the last months of his imprisonment in Reading Gaol. It contains, incidentally, a terrible indictment—which deserves pondering—of the dehumanising influence of our prison treatment, and yet from the shock of that treatment in the writer's case came a strange redemption.

The first keynote struck in the book is of the marvel of sorrow. 'It is really a revelation. One discerns things one never discerned before.' There are times when sorrow seems to the writer the only truth. If when he is free a friend omits to invite him to a feast he will not care, but if any friend refuses to let him share a sorrow he will feel it bitterly.

I have a right to share in sorrow, and he who can look at the loveliness of the world and share its sorrow, and realise something of the wonder of both, is in immediate contact with divine things, and has got as near to God's secret as any one can get.

The sorrow of the world, instead of being as he once thought the surest evidence of God's non-existence, becomes to him the proof that the world 'has been built by the hands of love, because in no other way could the soul of man, for whom the world was made, reach the full stature of its perfection.'

There is frank confession and condemnation of wrongdoing and self-ruin :

The gods had given me almost everything. But I let myself be lured into long spells of senseless and sensual ease. I amused myself with being a *flaneur*, a dandy, a man of fashion. I surrounded myself with the smaller natures and the meaner minds. I became the spendthrift of my own genius, and to waste an eternal youth gave me a curious joy. Tired of being on the heights, I deliberately went to the depths in the search for new sensation.

In simply following pleasure and forgetting 'that every little action of the common day makes or un-makes character,' the writer finds that he had ceased to be

lord over himself. Now, in the degradation of prison life, he regains himself. He faces the actual facts of the past and the present. Absolute humility, he feels, is the only thing for him; he must not indulge in any bitterness against the world, however harsh and hostile, he must cherish always and to all people the spirit of love. Just as the body absorbs things of all kinds, even things common and unclean, and transforms them into strength and beauty; so the soul, he discovers, can transmute what in itself is base, cruel and degrading into noble moods of thought and feeling.

Of the finest and most remarkable part of the book, that in which the writer speaks of the profound impression made upon him as he read again in prison the story of the Gospels, and of the wonder and admiration to which it moved him, we can say little here. The following passage will give some idea of the sympathy and beauty with which the theme is treated:

> Yet the whole life of Christ—so entirely may sorrow and beauty be made one in their meaning and manifestation—is really an idyll, though it ends with the veil of the temple being rent, and the darkness coming over the face of the earth, and the stone rolled to the door of the sepulchre. One always thinks of Him as a young bridegroom with his companions, as indeed He somewhere describes Himself; as a shepherd straying through a valley with his sheep in search of green meadow or cool stream; as a singer trying to build out of the music the walls of the City of God; or as a lover for whose love the whole world was too small.

Now and then the writer of this remarkable book strikes a wrong note, now and then he lets his old love of whimsical paradox lead him astray, but in spite of that the book bears witness to the high qualities of his nature, which before had been obscured and which only the direst adversity brought out, and we are left to regret that he did not live to fulfil the hopes and aims for the future of which he speaks.

STORIES BY 'A. E.'

The Mask of Apollo. By 'A. E.' Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.

At the instance of some friends Mr. Russell, the Irish poet who writes under the initials 'A. E.,' has been induced to print these stories, chiefly as a memorial of 'spiritual adventures' together in youth. 'Long ago,' he says, 'these stories crept into my mind like living creatures, and the recording of them was my first effort to write.' There will be others besides these particular friends ready to welcome their publication, to yield themselves to their mystical spell, and so be lifted for a time above the trivial and transient into the clear air of the mount of vision. The things of the spirit, the pursuit of ideal beauty and of ideal truth, a reaching out to something beyond the life of the day—these things constitute the burden of all the stories. The first, which gives its name to the book, takes us far back in the dim beginnings of things, to a pastoral landscape inhabited by a quiet, simple people, tending their flocks, working in their fields, and worshipping their gods in little wooden temples. To an old priest near one of these shrines enters a stranger who beguiles him with wonderful tales, 'stories of the magic of the sun and the bright beings who move at the gateways of the day,' till presently the old man grows drowsy and falls asleep. Then the stranger, who is Apollo, goes into the shrine, assumes the guise of the old priest, and speaks to the people as one after the other they come in. The husbandman, the shepherd, the lovers and the children, for each there is a different message, and each goes forth to find a new and deeper meaning in life. All the stories have the same mystical atmosphere and depth of spiritual significance, and though so slight in substance (the whole volume consists only of fifty-two pages) are of the kind that lay hold of the imagination, and win a place for themselves in the heart. Here and there, too, scattered throughout, are lovely lyrics, which seem only the natural blossoming of the prose.

FAITHS AND FOLKLORE.

Faiths and Folklore. By W. Carew Hazlitt. (Reeves and Turner. Two Vols. 21s.)

These handsome volumes contain an enormous amount of information respecting the myths, superstitions, beliefs, customs, games, festivals, and what not, once or still prevalent in the British Isles or in particular localities of the same; moreover, where possible, such native 'faiths and folklore' are illustrated by similar creeds and observances discoverable in other countries. The work is noteworthy as having a history dating back to 1725, when the Rev. Henry Bourne published what may be called the original draft, under the title of *Antiquitates Vulgares*. Subsequent editions, successively amplified and amended, were published by Mr. John Brand (1777), by Sir Henry Ellis (1813), and (1870) by Mr. Hazlitt himself, no unworthy successor of those distinguished antiquarians. In all those editions, Mr. Hazlitt now tells us, the arrangement of the matter was 'sectional,'—*i.e.*, presumably, all the sub-divisions of the leading divisions of the subject were brought together and treated under one heading. The leading feature in this new edition is that that mode of treatment is discarded, and all the separate items, to whatever section they originally belonged, are arranged in strict alphabetical order, which, if less logical, is much more convenient, than the other. Instead, therefore, of a treatise, we have now a Dictionary, and one that will, for the future, be indispensable to every folklorist.

To illustrate the mode of treating the several items we will, instead of quotations, give a bare sketch of the first somewhat long (but far from the longest) article, that on *Ale*. The *word* retains pretty nearly its Old English form (*eāle*). In Middle English it appears to have assumed the wider meaning of 'ale-drinking,' and then, in composition, of 'feast' or 'festival,' as in *Leet-ale*, *Lamb-ale*, *Whitsun-ale*, *Clerk-ale*, and *Church-ale*. [*Bride-ale*, *i.e.*, *Bridal*, also called *Wedding-ale*, 'marriage feast,' has an article to itself.] Next, we read what is meant by these several compounds,—which of the festivals indicated by them are now extinct,—and where, if anywhere, any of them are still observed (as *Lamb-ale*, 'a shearing feast,' at a certain Oxfordshire village). A more serious affair was a *Scot-ale*, an annual feast got up by tenants on sundry estates for entertaining the bailiff, or even the lord of the manor, and towards which the tenants paid scot (or shot) in fixed shares. All these and other curious old usages are illustrated by detailed examples described in our older authors and records, dating back for three or four centuries.

Between one part of the Dictionary and another we have noticed (though very rarely) a discrepancy of treatment, due no doubt to the different hands that have been engaged upon it. To cite a striking instance: in the earlier parts of the book we read at intervals of the 'Blessed Virgin' and her 'Divine Son': further on, this virgin is reduced to 'Mary of Nazareth,' and we read that she was 'the wife of Joseph the house-builder, to whom she bore several children, among the rest one named Jesus.'

As regards various other points, we remark that we long looked in vain for any mention of the old custom of *Beating the Bounds* of parishes; but we came to it at last under the awkward heading, *Parochial Perambulations*. Meeting with *Bishop-in-the-Pan*, we long looked also for *Cat-in-the-pan*, and ultimately met it among the T's,—*Turning Cat in Pan*; but the author only knows

The Marriage of William Ashe. *Smith, Elder.*

A MARSEILLAISE, HALF FRENCH, HALF ITALIAN.

(For notice see page 57.)

the cookery meaning: we should have thought that everybody knew that famous old song, 'The Vicar of Bray,'—

> When George in pudding-time came o'er,
> And moderate men look'd big, sir,
> I *turned a cat-in-a-pan* once more,
> And so became a Whig, sir.

The figurative meaning is obvious. Our very-junior-school-boy game of *Noughts and Crosses* turns up as *Kit-kat-cannio*. Among superstitions still prevalent we read of *Crossing Knives*, but not of *Passing under Ladders*: we should trace the supposed unluckiness of the former to the crossed swords printed on old maps against the places where battles had been fought; that of the latter to the risk of accidents, of which we have known some serious instances.

We had noted for mention a number of other interesting and largely-treated subjects,—*Ghosts, Omens, Witchcraft*, &c., &c.; but we must pass on to conclude by directing the editor's attention to the somewhat numerous misprints, of which three or four are very serious. There are, *e.g.*, a few O.E. (or A.-S.) passages quoted; but in all save one the symbol *wen* (our *w*) is generally substituted for the *thorn* (our sharp *th*). P. 108, col. 1, two-thirds down, a line is repeated and some words omitted. P. 582, col. 2, *re* 'The Chequers,' as a public-house sign, we read, 'From *their* [colour and] *familiarity* to a *lettuce it* was corruptly called "The Red *Lettuce*"!' This apparently means, 'From the colour [of the chequers-board, which is laid out in squares like a chess-board], and its *similarity* to a *lattice*[-window], it was called The Red *Lattice*.' P. 583, col. 1, it is said that the sign of 'The Goat and *Boots*' is a corruption of 'God encompasseth us': the sign said to be so derived is 'The Goat and *Compasses*.' P. 619, col. 2, the derivation of *Wassail* is traced to two queer monosyllables that never existed.

'THE STORY OF VENICE.'

The Story of Venice. By Thomas Okey. Illustrated by Nelly Erichsen. 'Mediæval Town' Series. (Dent and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

When Mr. Okey's book on Venice was published a year and more ago in the large handsome edition with colour print illustrations we had pleasure in heartily commending it. In its new form, as the latest addition to the most attractive Mediæval Town Series, it is brought within the reach of a much wider circle of book-buyers, and will find many interested and appreciative readers. It well keeps up the high tradition of the series. A good half of the book is given to a spirited sketch of the fascinating history of Venice. Mr. Okey has handled his theme admirably within the limits of space assigned to him, and has contrived to tell the famous story, concise though he was bound to make it, in a bright, picturesque fashion, and to light it up with plenty of colour. For these absorbingly interesting historical chapters alone the book will be valued. Into his excellent review of Venetian art Mr. Okey has inserted in this new edition a good and useful section on the mosaicists, and his account of the painters has been carefully revised and expanded. The second part of the book, devoted to a description of the city, has also been considerably enlarged so as to make it much more serviceable to travellers visiting Venice. The chapter on the paintings in the Accademia, for instance, is much fuller and more useful, as also are the chapters dealing with the Frari and the School of San Rocco. Miss Nelly Erichsen contributes many charming illustrations, one of which we are permitted to reproduce.

The Story of Venice. *J. M. Dent and Co.*

PALAZZO DARIO ON THE GRAND CANAL.

THE TSAR'S NEW REGIMENT.

2nd NORTH BRITISH DRAGOONS (ROYAL SCOTS GREYS), 1895.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

THE LITERARY CRANKS OF LONDON.

IV.—THE SETTE OF ODD VOLUMES.

The number of volumes of the Variorum Shakspere of 1821 having been one-and-twenty, the bibliophiles who gave birth to this curious Sette, now more than fifteen years ago, determined upon such a number as the limit of their club. It is, therefore, thoroughly in accord with the oddity of things that there should be forty-two Odd Volumes to-day. Nor is this larger number by any means an even one, as some fractious person might be disposed to think. The logical "Volume" who is twitted with his want of logic on this very point will demonstrate to you, easily and with grace, that the factors of forty-two are twice twenty-one, and will convince you that there are not forty-two members in his club, but twice twenty-one. He will hand to you at the same time a striking little pamphlet, in which you will discover the rules of the Sette, and learn that its objects are mutual admiration and conviviality, and that in some ways it is quite the most remarkable literary society in London.

There is about these rules of the Odd Volumes a sublime regard for originality which is quite worthy of the brethren. Foreseeing the ardour of partisanship, and knowing well that every member of a bookman's club is ready on all occasions to proclaim every other member a genius, the original rule-makers decreed, in their fifth edict, that any brother who shall lose his temper, and fail to recover it, shall be fined five shillings—to which fact we may ascribe the common opinion that the Sette is very rich. Nor is this the only safeguard against that zeal of admiration which is so characteristic of the arts. "The worst men," says Bailey, "often give the best advice," but any Odd Volume who gives to another any unasked advice at all is promptly fined a crown. In the same spirit is the injunction that none of the brethren shall talk upon any subject *which he understands*—a surpassingly beautiful conception, in entire conformity with all experience; and when to this is added the anathema against all religious, anthropological, and political discussion, the *Ultima Thule* of convivial diplomacy seems to be attained. There is yet, however, the perusal of Rule 16 to be enjoyed, there being, as the book says, no Rule 16; and to this flippancy many a bad speaker owes his oratorical salvation.

Here, then, is the basis of a literary coterie which for fifteen years or more has dined together on the first Friday of the winter and spring months, and in its time has put many hundreds of guests to the trial of good cookery and pleasant flattery. For some years the gatherings were at Willis's Rooms and in the Freemasons' Tavern (for the club has no permanent habitation); but the Sette now goes monthly to Limmer's Hotel, and there dines with a luxury and a completeness which is remarkable in the history of such societies. At the head of the table is "his Oddship," behind whose chair, in emphasis of the fact that he will raise a monument more lasting than brass, is a great tablet of the bright metal, black with hieroglyphics; at the foot there is the Key of the Archives, solemnly presented to the Chair before the banquet begins. One notices, too, that the Master of the Ceremonies carries a silver-tipped wand of office as he receives the guests with fine courtesy, and that jewelled badges of office sparkle upon the bosoms of many venerable councillors and past-presidents, while even the more humble "Volume" has a pretty monogram and ribbon in his buttonhole. Here, no one initiated in the privileges of Oddity is known by name or surname. Every member has his own title, and it is as sacred to him as the title of membership in *another place*. "Librarian, Organist, Antiquary, Artificer, Ignoramus, Vagabond, Pilgrim, Apothecary, Leech"—of these, and many more akin to them, is the Sette composed, and by such titles are its members consistently addressed. There is not even a "Vice-Chairman," only a "Vice-Oddship"; and when one sits through a long dinner, and hears mention of the Landscape-Painter, the Bibliographer, the Remembrancer, the Art Critic, the Master of the Rolls, the Ancient Mariner, the Seer, the Sculptor, the Parodist, and the Stationer, one gets a very fair idea of the professions and the pursuits of those who, in the adage of their own choosing, delight to play the fool when out of school, for thus their historiographer has translated the commonly quoted words of Horace.

But an Odd Volume dinner is not wholly characterised by Heliogabalian excesses or by pure displays of badinage. There are some to whom it is a very serious business, to none more particularly than to the guests. No sooner is the cloth cleared, and the loyal toast well drunk, than "his Oddship" calls upon the brethren to introduce the visitors. Each Odd Volume rises then in turn with solemn face, and while his guest casts down his eyes upon the cloth, or betrays a sudden and violent interest in the ceiling, he pours forth a panegyric upon his merits. There is no heavier penalty of greatness or of obscurity than this—a dreadful moment when an applauding table rises from one *tour de force* of enthusiasm to another as the surprising virtues and the magnificent attainments of the victim are unfolded, and the waiters gape at him in the fulness of their amazement. And, one by one, those who have a past and those who have none are clothed in the momentary glare of fame, until the next speaker rises, and the subsequent proceedings interest them no more.

A quaint conceit such as this is productive not only of admirable wit, but also of happy oratory. I have heard at these meetings, from such visitors as Mr. Oscar Wilde, Mr. L. F. Austin, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Low, and from many Americans, after-dinner speeches which could scarce be surpassed in any society in London. It is the spirit of the thing fostered by a ready president—and all the presidents of the Odd Volumes have deserved the designation—which begets a *verve* and a sparkle unlooked for among bibliophiles, and especially among those who, forgetting the common vice of collecting other people's books, consistently collect their own. Yet it is matured to perfection in the Sette, and loses nothing from the fact that a serious paper is generally read by a serious Volume—bound for the moment in whole calf—to a company which has begun to call for whisky and soda-water and has lighted a second cigar. The Sette hearkens to the voice of the one crying, and learns of magic mirrors or of the drama in England, or of the music of Queen Anne, or of one of those many literary, musical, and artistic subjects with which its members are on such friendly terms. By-and-by, the author of the paper will be allowed to publish—at his own expense—and to bind gorgeously the product of his labour, and having produced an edition generally limited to 133 copies, he will present two copies to each of his brethren, and bind himself by the unspoken oath that the masterpiece shall not be sold in the market-place. In many ways the practice is praiseworthy. Every Odd Volume has a priceless collection of opuscula, and he hugs it to him with the thought that neither discounts nor depressions affect its value nor blur the recollection of friendship bound up with each brochure.

Beyond the reading of papers, the Sette has, under unusually energetic presidents, ventured upon banquets, to which ladies have been invited; upon concerts, as was the case in the late brilliant year of President Hollingsworth, and even upon a musical entertainment, skilfully organised by Dr. William Murrell, the Leech, whose months of office will long be very gratefully remembered by the Sette. Latterly, however, a sobering influence has been at work, and the vigour of youthful bibliophiles has been curbed by the reign of sterner literary exaction. It is to be hoped that this spirit will soon pass away, and that the "*Dulce est desipere in loco*" will continue to be preached in deeds and in dinners. The Sette has altogether a unique sphere; among its members one finds such names as those of the Lord Mayor, Mr. George Charles Haité, Mr. John Lane, Mr. Francis Elgar, Mr. Silvanus P. Thompson, F.R.S., Mr. E. Onslow Ford, A.R.A., Mr. Henry Moore, R.A., Mr. Frederic Villiers, Mr. Bernard Quaritch, Mr. Douglas Gordon, and Mr. James Roberts Brown, F.R.G.S. If it will continue not to take itself seriously, and practise the mutual admiration it preaches, the sparkle and good of its dinners will be recalled, and its oddity by no means lost, for, assuredly, the fact that bibliophiles have dined together for fifteen years and laughed all the time is one of the oddest things in the whole gamut of experience.

"Was that you, Sir, who stole a kiss from my daughter in that tunnel?"

"No. On the contrary, someone got one from me."

RIGHTEOUS WIFE (*at breakfast*): "Henry, will you ask a blessing?"

HENRY (*examining hash*): "We've blessed everything here before, dear."—*Life* (New York).