

Whitefriars Journal.

No. 6.

DECEMBER, 1901.

PRIVATE
CIRCULATION.

ANNUAL REPORT.

The Committee have pleasure in presenting the report of another year's working.

The Club now comprises one hundred town members, nineteen country members, and twelve honorary members.

The following have been elected during the year : G. B. Burgin, author ; R. N. Fairbanks, contributor to scientific journals ; Lionel Gowing, assistant-editor of the "Daily Graphic" ; J. A. Hammerton, author and publisher's editor ; Clive Holland, author ; Anthony Hope Hawkins, author ; Charles Lowe, journalist ; Frederick S. A. Lowndes, of the "Times" editorial staff ; A. E. W. Mason, author ; Joseph Shaylor, director of Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall and Co. ; George Whale, solicitor and author ; A. Moresby White, barrister-at-law and journalist.

Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Henry Frith, and Dr. Bowdler Sharpe, have been added to the list of honorary members. In accepting honorary membership, Mr. George Meredith wrote to the Hon. Secretary :—

An attack of our March was disposing of me when your flattering and most pleasant letter came. There was melancholy in it for me ; I had to reflect on my not being any longer the comrade worthy of such good fellowship as you generously offer. However, in the spirit I can accept it, and in that fine element you will know me a brother among the Friars, wishing them and that I were to help in it—amiable discourse, companionable feastings, together with the success in life which should come from attentive observation of the habits, practised maxims and general procedure of Friar Clodd. Make known, I beg, my sense of the honour done me by the fraternity.

Letters from Mr. Thomas Hardy and Dr. Bowdler Sharpe have already been published in the Club Journal.

The yeoman service rendered to this Club by Friar Henry Frith as Hon. Secretary suggested, on his expressing a desire to

be enrolled in the list of country members, the unanimous expression of opinion that he be forthwith elected an honorary member as some indication of the Club's gratitude.

There are now 30 candidates waiting for election.

The Committee regret to state that three members have died during the year—Friars H. L. Nelthropp, Irving Montagu, and Valentine Blanchard.

Friar Nelthropp, who held the position of Hon. Chaplain, was an authority on all matters connected with chronometry, and his collection of clocks and watches, which he presented to the Clock Makers' Company, is one of the finest in the world. Shortly after becoming a member he presented a beautifully-designed loving cup to the Club.

Fortune dealt hardly with Friar Irving Montagu at the last, but he was ever brave, genial, witty, the best of good Friars and the best of good fellows; a novelist with a wide outlook on life; a correspondent whose pen and pencil transcribed with dramatic fire the worst horrors of the Russo-Turkish war; an artist whose frequent sketches for the Club's own special pleasure were hugely enjoyed. In sympathy with his widow and family, members subscribed for their assistance the sum of £74 17s.

Valentine Blanchard was not an honorary member, as he used sometimes to say, in the Club's ordinary acceptance of the phrase. He was a life member, elected as such in recognition of the happiness, amounting almost to genius, of the portraits, executed at a time when portrait photography was little developed, of the earliest and some of the most famous members of our Club. Friar Blanchard was a man of many parts, and in his very last days the Club, its members, and its history were often subjects of his talk.

During the year there have been twenty-eight weekly dinners. Our guests have been: Earl Beauchamp, General Sir Evelyn Wood, Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Arthur a'Beckett, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. H. J. Palmer (Editor of the "Yorkshire Post"), Dr. W. J. Collins, Sir Frederick Treves, Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. I. Zangwill, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Edwin D. Mead (Editor of the "New England Magazine"), Sir George Douglas, Bart., Mr. W. L. Courtney (Editor of the "Fortnightly Review"), Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. J. Comyns Carr and Mr. G. W. E. Russell.

The topics for conversation after dinner have included the following: "The Art of Fiction," "Humour in the Press,"

"Napoleon Literature," "Literary Criticism," "The Humours of Reading for a Publisher," "Some Aspects of Modern Journalism," "London in the Twentieth Century," "The Prospects of Man as an Animal," "The Millenary of King Alfred," "Plagiarism," "The Stage and the Press," "What is True Art?" "Humour in Literature," "Impressions of Some English Literary Landmarks," "Problems Beyond the Seas," "Thomas Hardy and His Novels," "The Press and the Public," "Is there a Science of Criticism?" "Literature in the Eighteenth Century," "Recollections and Reflections," and "The Perils of Indifferentism."

During the summer months, while the usual weekly dinners are suspended, several Friars make a habit of meeting together every Friday in the Club-room, where they sup, and keep trimmed the sacred lamp of the Club's traditions.

The success of the Christmas dinner held in 1899 led the Committee last year to announce a similar entertainment, which took place under the presidency of Friar Richard Whiteing. As in the previous year, ladies were invited, and a large number attended. A most interesting musical programme was carried out under the direction of Friar Fuller.

The death of Queen Victoria affected the dinner arrangements in the early part of the year, and owing to Court mourning the American Ambassador was unable to attend the Annual Dinner, on February 16th. The Chairman at the Annual Dinner was Friar F. Carruthers Gould, and among the speakers were Mr. A. Birrell, K.C., Mr. Herbert Paul, Mr. Sidney Lee, and Friars Richard Whiteing and Max Pemberton.

The Annual Ladies' Banquet was held at the Hotel Cecil, on May 3rd, with Friar Winston Churchill, M.P., in the chair. The Club guests were Miss Marie Corelli, the Lord Mayor of London and the Lady Mayoress, and Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren). The toast of "Sovran Woman" was proposed by Dr. Watson, and responded to by Miss Marie Corelli. "Mere Man" was given by Mrs. C. N. Williamson, and replied to by the Chairman. The dinner was followed by a *conversazione* in the Grand Hall. The evening was a striking success.

On Saturday, May 18th, a Pilgrimage was made to Selborne on the invitation of Friar Dr. Bowdler Sharpe. Friar W. Senior acted as Prior for the day. The Club Guests included the Vicar of Selborne, Mr. W. Paxton Parkin, the present owner of "The Wakes," and other local enthusiastic Selburnians. Luncheon and tea were served at the Queen's Arms Hotel, and on returning to London

supper was provided for the members and their guests at the Villa Villa Restaurant. A descriptive and informing pamphlet was printed by Dr. Sharpe. It gave full particulars of the itinerary, and added greatly to the interest of the Pilgrimage.

The next event in the Club calendar was the Pilgrimage to Wessex. This took place on Saturday, June 29th, Friar Clement Shorter being Prior for the day. A special train was chartered on the London and South-Western Railway to Wool where carriages were waiting to convey members and guests for a seventeen miles drive through the Wessex Country. Ladies were present. A description of the route was written by Friar Clive Holland, and illustrated from photographs. The booklet was artistically printed, and formed an attractive souvenir of the Pilgrimage.

Friar Thomas Hardy invited the members to visit him at Max Gate at Dorchester, and afternoon tea was provided in a marquee erected on the lawn. Before leaving, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded by the Club to Friar and Mrs. Hardy for their hospitality, on the motion of Friar Richard Whiteing. Luncheon and dinner were served in the train.

Two issues of the "WHITEFRIARS JOURNAL" have made their appearance during this year. They have been devoted to the reports of the Annual Dinner and the Annual Ladies' Banquet. It is proposed to issue the Journal as occasion warrants, a copy being posted to each member.

The subscriptions of all town members have been paid for the year. Two country members are in default. Including the balance brought forward, and £74 17s. contributed to the Friar Irving Montagu Fund, the receipts for the past year amounted to £766 18s. 1d. The expenditure amounted to £570 8s. 8d., leaving a balance in hand of £196 9s. 5d., of which £118 18s. is on deposit. This amount includes eighteen guineas received as entrance fees during the year, it being decided by the Committee that all entrance fees shall be placed to the capital account.

The thanks of members are again due to Friar J. Russell for the valuable additions he has made to the Club Album.

During the year there have been twelve meetings of the Committee. The following is a record of members' attendances: Friars A. G. Browning, 3; R. Lee Campbell, 9; F. J. Cross, 11; A. J. Fuller, 7; T. Heath Joyce, 11; W. G. Lacy, 6; Robert Leighton, 9; Kenric B. Murray, 5; W. Senior, 7; J. A. Steuart, 10; B. F. Stevens, —; Richard Whiteing, 5; A. Spurgeon, 12; G. H. Perkins, 11; J. Farlow Wilson, 9.

It is with great regret that the Committee announce that their colleague, Friar B. F. Stevens, has sent in his resignation owing to his long-continued illness and inability to attend the meetings. Friar Fuller has also been laid aside by illness. He is now under treatment at the Sanatorium at Nordrach-on-Mendip. We greatly miss his cheery presence and we wish him a speedy recovery.

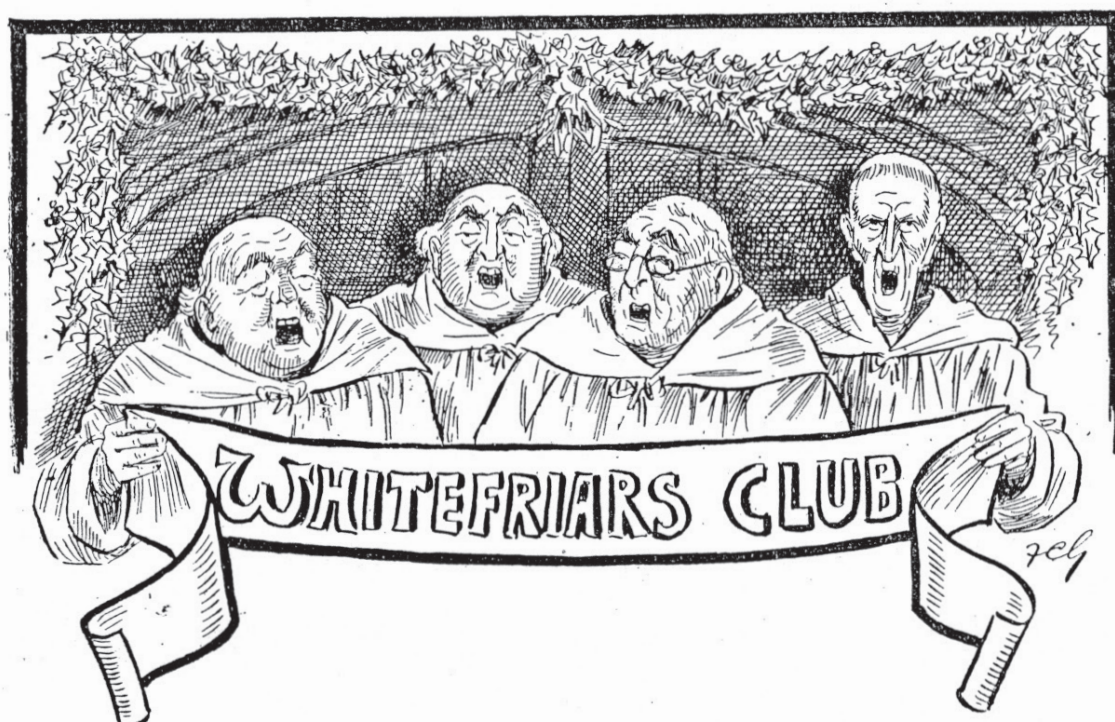
The Committee think it right to record here their deep personal sympathy with Friar Farlow Wilson in his recent bereavement—a sympathy which has been already tendered freely to him by all members of the Club. But the Committee have perhaps the more reason to say this now as they feel how difficult it is under the circumstances to persuade Friar Wilson to retain the joint Hon. Secretaryship which he has now resigned. To the value of his advice to his colleagues at all times the Committee offer a grateful and warm tribute, and his willingness already expressed to serve on the Committee will be gladly heard of and appreciated by the Club.

There is one point to which the Committee may in a modest and halting way—but with pride—draw attention: the splendid literary output of members during the year. Simultaneously, the cohesion of the Club grows with a close brotherly fibre; the vitality of interest in its meetings has, if possible, increased, and the task of your Committee has been both pleasant and gratifying.

On behalf of the Committee,

ARTHUR SPURGEON,
Hon. Sec.

November 19th, 1901.



STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS, 1901-1902.

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURE.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Balance from 1900	... 118 12 0	By Christmas Dinner	... 36 0 3
" Members' Subscriptions	... 241 10 0	" Annual Members' Dinner	... 22 16 9
" Entrance Fees	... 18 18 0	" Annual Ladies' Dinner	... 64 9 3
" Overpayment by Treasurer, 1900	... 0 5 0	" Pilgrimage to Selborne	... 26 17 2
" Christmas Dinner	... 42 5 0	" Pilgrimage to Dorchester	... 125 11 10
" Annual Members' Dinner	... 34 10 0	" Christmas Presents to Club Servants	... 4 4 0
" "Whitefriars' Chronicles"	... 8 13 0	" Printing Club Journal, Circulars, Pro-	...
" Annual Ladies' Dinner at Hotel Cecil	... 80 5 0	grammes, Tickets, etc.	... 68 18 6
" Pilgrimage to Selborne	... 29 16 0	" Postage, Telegrams, etc.	... 13 3 5
" Pilgrimage to Dorchester	... 115 0 0	" Hire of Piano	... 2 2 0
" Friar Irving Montagu Fund	... 74 17 0	" Club Guests	... 9 18 5
" Interest on Deposit...	... 2 7 1	" Reporter for "Journal"	... 2 2 0
		" Wreaths	... 2 2 0
		" Cheque Books	... 0 6 9
		" Artistes	... 32 19 0
		" Rent of Club Room	... 80 0 0
		" Lamp Glasses, Table Cover, Linoleum	...
		and other Sundries	... 2 3 9
		" Newspapers	... 1 16 7
		" Friar Irving Montagu's Widow	... 74 17 0
			570 8 8
		At the Bank on Deposit	£118 18 0
		Cash due to Club at Bank	77 11 5
			196 9 5
Total ...	£766 18 1	Total ...	£766 18 1

GEO. MANVILLE FENN, } *Hon. Auditors,*
W. N. SHANSFIELD, }

Audited and found Correct, Nov. 16th, 1901,
GEORGE HENRY PERKINS, *Hon. Treasurer,*

A PILGRIMAGE TO WESSEX.

(From the "Dorchester Telegram," July 2nd, 1901.)

9/6 SATURDAY saw the first literary pilgrimage ever paid to Dorsetshire. It is not a county with many literary associations that may be readily called to mind. Until Mr. Thomas Hardy made it his own, as the "Wessex" of many novels, it was scarcely known to literature except in the poems of William Barnes, under whom, we believe, Mr. Hardy received a part of his early education. But now, with every volume of the "Wessex" novels, is bound up a



Wellbridge Manor-house, in which Angel Clare and Tess passed their short honeymoon.—*Tess*.

map of Dorset and the neighbouring counties. The map is topographically true ; but the names of places marked thereon are Mr. Hardy's own. It was over a part of this country—from Wool, *viâ* Bere Regis, to Dorchester—that the first literary pilgrimage to Dorset was made. The pilgrims were the members of a well-known London literary association, known as the Whitefriars Club, meeting in Fleet Street. Every summer they organise such a "pilgrimage." About a hundred friars and guests left Waterloo in a special train of seven saloons at nine o'clock last Saturday

morning for Wool. They lunched in the train, and were ready on arrival to start for the drive of seventeen miles. The posting arrangements had been made by Mr. Crewe, of the King's Arms Hotel, Dorchester, who took down to Wool early in the morning a coach-and-four and six pair-horse brakes. In these, on a day of sunshine, the "pilgrimage" began.

Mr. Clement Shorter, editor of *The Sphere* and *The Tatler*, was Prior for the day. The names of many of the pilgrims who followed are known throughout the civilised world. There were, for example, Friars Richard Whiteing, author of "No. 5, John Street"; T. Heath Joyce, editor of *The Graphic*; Robert Leighton, a well-known writer and collaborator with his wife; William Senior, editor of *The Field*; Dr. Robertson Nicoll, editor of *The British Weekly*, &c.; F. J. Cross, of Messrs. Cassell; G. W. Sheldon, the London representative of Appleton's; A. Kinross, author of "Early Stars"; W. H. Rideing, the editor of the famous American journal, *The Youth's Companion*; I. N. Ford, London representative of *The New York Tribune*; J. Foster Fraser, author of "Round the World on a Wheel"; W. H. Boucher, the distinguished artist; Mackenzie Bell, the poet, and author of "The Life of Christina Rossetti"; D. S. Meldrum, author of "Holland and the Hollanders"; J. F. Moss, a leading educational authority, and clerk to the Sheffield School Board; W. G. Lacy, the famous bibliophile; G. H. Perkins, scientist and traveller; J. Farlow Wilson, director of Cassell's; Chas. E. Pearce, author of a hundred exciting stories; A. J. Fuller, editor of Nister and Co.'s art publications; and Sir William Treloar, a worthy Friar and a future Lord Mayor. Among the guests were: Judge Bingham and Judge Curler, two distinguished American judges; Miss Rosalind Masson, author; Miss Jessie Trimble, an American journalist; Mr. Thomas Burleigh, secretary of the Booksellers' Association; Miss May Rockman, actress and friend of Sarah Bernhardt; Miss Jean Sutherland, well known in London educational circles; and a number of other ladies. Sir George Robertson, the hero of Chitral, was prevented from attending by the sudden illness of his mother. The secretary of the Club is Friar Arthur Spurgeon, of the National Press Agency, Whitefriars House; and the route had been arranged by Friar Clive Holland.

Near Wool are several places associated with "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." The first spot visited was Bindon Abbey, overshadowing Wellbridge Mill. It was in the open stone coffin in the Abbey grounds that Clare laid white-robed Tess. All the

pilgrims gathered round the coffin, and more than one lay at full length in it. Some of the visitors ventured across the moat and struck through the wood to the mill in which Clare learnt milling. Back past the railway station the four-in-hand led the way over the great Elizabethan bridge spanning the Frome, and stopped for a while in the roadway by the Wellbridge Manor House, long the seat of the junior branch of the D'Urberville family, in which are the famous fresco portraits of Tess's ancestresses mentioned in the story. In the kitchen of this manor house, fallen from its high estate to a farm, Tess and her husband, Angel Clare, sat to eat their supper on their wedding night, and in



"The great Elizabethan bridge, which gives the place (Wellbridge) half its name."—*Tess*.

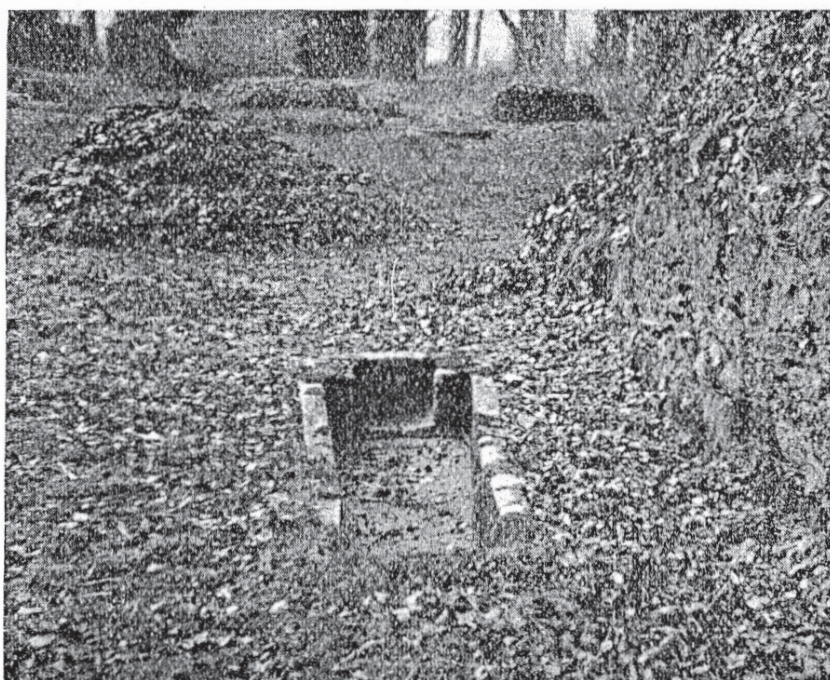
it too was made the confession of Tess, which was the means of separating them after so brief a honeymoon. The country folk say that still, on a certain night in the year, the mystic coach of the D'Urbervilles passes with its ghostly occupants—the beautiful lady and her D'Urberville abductor by whom she was slain in the struggle. Thence the White Friars followed Tess's fortunes to Bere Regis (the Kingsbere of the novels). They traversed the level roadway through the Frome meads—that rich, wide dairy country which Hardy mentions more than once—and passed across the "swart slopes of Egdon Heath," Bere Heath, as we of the county know it. This vast moorland, its roads cut through the heather, black with patches burnt by the gipsies' fires, sweet scented with

clambering honeysuckle, with here and there a sturdy farm, is the well beloved spot of Wessex of the novelist. In the first chapter of "The Return of the Native," the scene is Bere Heath. "The untamable Israelitish thing that Egdon now is it always had been. . .

. . . The sea changed, the fields changed, the rivers, the villages of the people changed, yet Egdon remained." Saturday's travellers saw it in its gayest garb. The white tents of the Artillery encampment gleamed beneath the sun; heather was blooming in purple clumps; young rabbits stared and skipped away; there were flowers to pluck as the horses plodded uphill; and over all the land was the fresh green glow of the newly-born bracken. Behind the wanderers rose the hills that line the coast.

Soon Bere Regis was reached. This "half-dead townlet," as Hardy calls it, is described in both "Tess" and "Far from the Madding Crowd." The brakes drew up in the centre of the old town, and loudly the pilgrims cried for drink. The inn was besieged, and the grocer's shop opposite was almost seized by storm. For half-an-hour Bere Regis was nearer the madding crowd than it had ever been in its history, perhaps. Most of the inhabitants were haymaking in the fields; but the women and the children and the feeble came into the street to gaze upon ladies in dresses from Regent Street, and literary lions in straw hats and woollen shirts, to say nothing of the handful of gentlemen who had borne thither the silk and frock of Fleet Street. A generous welcome to the old church was given by the Rector, who delivered a short lecture. For there are in Bere Regis Parish Church the ancient memorials of the D'Urbervilles. And in the church grounds the luckless Durbeyfields—unable to obtain rooms—camped for the night in the actual shadow of the D'Urberville window, which is above the vault of their ancestors. Almost right in front of the church are the remains of the palace of Queen Elfrida, to which she retired after the murder of Edward at Corfe, and of a later house which tradition asserts was a hunting lodge of King John. Here stood the seat of the most important branch of the D'Urberville family. Only a wall or two of the building now remain; the land itself was probably a portion of the once extensive D'Urberville estates. It is in the church that the novelist makes Alec D'Urberville, the bad angel of Tess, re-appear upon the scene whilst she is gazing at and meditating upon the evidence of her ancestors' fallen greatness. Bere Regis has other associations with the Wessex novels. Across the fields stretching to the

east in front of the church, rise the sunburnt and broken slopes of Greenhill (Woodbury Hill), with its British earthworks crowning the summit—the hill up the side of which on certain days in September from time out of mind the shepherds drive their flocks and the drovers their cattle to the famous fair. Early in the morning of the first day of the fair, we are told in “Far from the Madding Crowd,” “nebulous clouds of dust are to be seen floating between the pairs of hedges in all directions. These gradually converge upon the base of the hill and the flocks become individually visible, climbing the serpentine way which leads to the



The empty stone coffin in Bindon Abbey grounds.
In this Clare carefully laid Tess.—*Tess*.

top. Then in slow procession they entered the openings to which the roads wended.” Here, to the September fair, the Wessex folk from far and near gather, as they have done for centuries past, almost unaltered in speech, dress, and interests from their progenitors of “old ancient times.” To this fair came Bathsheba, from the neighbouring town of Weatherbury (Puddletown), to discover in the hero of the moving spectacle of Dick Turpin within one of the numerous booths her long lost husband, Sergeant Troy.

From Bere Regis the journey was to have been continued to Milborne St. Andrew, passing Weatherbury Castle, with its now almost hidden castle immortalised in “Two on a Tower” as the scene of Swithin St. Cleeve’s astronomical pursuits and the love-

making of Lady Constantine. Instead of going to Milborne, Puddletown was reached *viâ* Tolpuddle. Puddletown is the "Weatherbury" of "Far from the Madding Crowd." When Bathsheba had her farm near here, the "townlet" was quaint and picturesque; but it has been largely rebuilt since then. The place is, however, still typically Wessex with its ancient church, old oak, defaced alabaster monuments and exceptionally fine Queen Anne gallery, in which Hardy's choir "boys" and musicians must surely have sung, and scraped their fiddles and viols, and snorted their clarionets not so many years ago. The pilgrims halted for a few minutes in Puddletown and then pursued their way towards Dorchester, past the meads where shepherd Gabriel Oak tended his lambs and almost silently courted Bathsheba, where Jan Coggan and other farm hands had gathered for the famous sheep washing. Down this road came Laban at midnight at the end of the story, bringing news of Boldwood's reprieve to waiting Gabriel Oak, Coggan and the villagers, till the stretch down hill, shut in on either side by trees, is reached, where poor Fanny Robin met Sergeant Troy and Bathsheba.

Dorchester itself figures in many of Mr. Hardy's novels, notably in "The Mayor of Casterbridge," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Wessex Tales," and "The Wessex Poems"—especially the one called "The Dance at the Phoenix," an inn still standing, though the front has been rebuilt—and various short stories in the magazines. Saturday's pilgrims did not linger in the town. The coach and four passed the ancient hostelry of the "King's Arms" with its big bow window of the room in which the famous supper of the Mayor of Casterbridge was held. Just outside the "King's Arms" stood the crowd of townspeople gazing open-mouthed and interested at the banquet taking place within, over which was presiding the Mayor, the man who eighteen years before had sold his wife in a booth at Weydon Prior Fair (Weyhill), to a sailor for five guineas. Amongst the crowd were three persons—the discarded wife, her child, Elizabeth Jane, and one Donald Farfrae, all of them ignorant as Michael Henchard himself of the several parts they were destined to play in the tragedy of social, material, moral disintegration upon the brink of which the Mayor of Casterbridge unwittingly stood. A visit was paid to the huge amphitheatre in which Henchard met his wife whom he had sold nearly twenty years before. But, as we have hinted, there was no time to search out all the little nooks which tinge so many incidents in

the Wessex novels. The White Friars were due at Max Gate, the residence of Friar Thomas Hardy, at a quarter past four ; and the hour was kept. Max Gate stands just outside the town on somewhat high ground. Southward are the hills that lie between Dorchester and the sea, at the back the valley of the Frome, and



"The river slid along noiselessly as a shade, the swelling reeds and sedge forming a flexible palisade along its moist bank. To the north of the mead were trees. . . ."—*Far from the Madding Crowd*.

eastward, in the distance, the slopes of Egdon Heath. The house is sheltered by trees. It is built near what must have been an ancient burying ground. Here it was, above the Roman dead, surrounded by historic memorials, breathing in the traditions of Wessex, following the life of a country gentleman, of an artist,

poet and a novelist, that the pilgrims found Thomas Hardy, the greatest of latter-day romancers.

The visitors were received with courteous hospitality by Mr. and Mrs. Hardy. Afternoon tea was served in a tent on the lawn; strawberries and cream beneath the trees outside. Thereafter a photograph was taken by Mr. Russell, the famous London photographer. Mr. and Mrs. Hardy sat in the centre. Before the group dispersed a few short speeches were uttered.

FRIAR RICHARD WHITEING spoke the gratitude of the guests. He said that to those who had come from, and, alas, were going back to, the grimy city, it was a marvellous thing to see one of the very few great literary men of the day living amid such simple surroundings. Here was the keynote to Mr. Hardy's work. They had all been struck by the wonderful imaginative treatment Mr. Hardy had given to those parts of Wessex they had seen. Mr. Hardy was not one who could be captured for drawing-rooms and ate dinners. He would baffle the most skilful lion-hunter. Indeed, so apart did he live from all the turmoil that the Club had come to him, not he to them.

JUDGE BINGHAM and FRIAR CLEMENT SHORTER supported these words, and the "pilgrims" warmly showed their acquiescence.

In brief acknowledgment, MR. HARDY said that he and Mrs. Hardy were delighted to see so many guests. He likened the "pilgrimage" to that of which Chaucer wrote, only that here to-day there was no "poor man." (Laughter.) It was a surprise to him the Club had arranged to see so much. Should they ever visit Dorset again, he would suggest that they start their drive at Bulbarrow, toward the north of the county, and proceed along the edge of the valley to Wynyard's Gap. This way would show them that Dorset had views which would compare even with the famous view from Richmond Hill, of which so much had lately been written. He did not know why Dorset had been so little thought of. Perhaps it was the result of a report which certain commissioners, who were sent hither during the agitation against the Factory Acts, gave. So depressing was their report of the industrial and social conditions of the county that it had seemed unjustly to cut Dorset quite off ever since.

MRS. CLIVE HOLLAND presented to Mrs. Hardy, on behalf of the Club, a beautiful album of Wessex pictures bound in art linen and tied with orange ribbon. The photographs were taken by Friar Holland. The gift was appropriately acknowledged by Mrs. Hardy.

At half-past five the Friars and nuns—as Mr. Hardy described them—and other guests departed for the station. The special train was timed to leave Dorchester at 5.55. It moved out of the station on the stroke of the minute. En route, dinner was served. In each saloon the Chairman gave “Our Club,” and other toasts were honoured. Special reference was made to the admirable services rendered by Friar Clive Holland, who had “prepared the way,” and to the Prior for the day, Friar Clement Shorter. Waterloo was reached about 9.30.

CLUB NOTES.

The attendance at the weekly dinners this session is equal to last year's. The Hon. Secretary has recently received letters from six or seven Friars, regretting that they have not been able to attend the dinners this session owing to special circumstances, and expressing the hope that they will be able to attend regularly after Christmas. Their brethren cordially re-echo that hope.

Friar Gilbert Parker, M.P., has presented a valuable engraving of Shakespeare to the Club.

The latest report concerning Friar Fuller is hopeful. He has been critically ill, and danger is not yet over. He has been greatly cheered by the letters which he has received from various Friars. The doctors have forbidden him to write more than two letters per week. The sympathy of the entire Club is with Mrs. Fuller in the trying ordeal through which she has been called to pass. Our brother's address is Nordrach-on-Mendip, Blaydon, Somerset.

In the annual report special reference is made to the sad loss Friar J. Farlow Wilson has sustained by the death of his wife. A resolution of sympathy was passed by the Club and forwarded to Friar Wilson by the Prior for the evening, Friar Richard Whiteing. The Club was represented at the funeral by the Hon. Treasurer, the Hon. Secretary, and Friar Henry Frith.

The following letter has been received by Friar Spurgeon from his colleague in the Secretaryship :—

“MY DEAR SPURGEON,

“You will remember that last year I expressed a desire to retire from the office of co-Secretary of the Whitefriars Club, and that at your request I consented to continue for another year. During that period, as you know, owing to your kindly consideration, my office has been a sinecure. The year having nearly expired, and assuming the possibility of my being again nominated as a compliment at the Annual Meeting, it is convenient that I

should inform you of my intention to decline becoming a candidate. One of the objects of my thus writing you is that you may have time to select some one who may be able and willing to render you the required assistance, and whom I shall be happy to propose as a candidate for the office. I am quite sure that it will be in the best interests of the Club that you should have an assistant better able than I now am to take up matters in case of emergency. Again, although I enjoy fairly good health, I feel symptoms of approaching infirmity that might render me unavailable at a critical moment. I have held office for about four and twenty years—ever since I joined the Club—and I shall always be willing to render any assistance that lies in my power. I have to thank you personally for very many kindnesses, and I hope that the Friarly comradeship existing between us may continue to be a pleasure to us both for the remainder of my days.—With sincerest regards,

“I remain, yours fraternally,

“J. FARLOW WILSON.”

The death of Friar Valentine Blanchard removes another of the old standard bearers of the Club. In reply to a vote of sympathy Mrs. Blanchard writes :—

“If anything can comfort me now it is the thought of how much others loved and admired my husband, and I know well that his fellow Friars were amongst the many who quite understood his greatness of mind and his loving generous heart and who now sorrow with me and for me in these the early days of my widowhood.”

Writing of his dead friend in the issue of “The British Journal of Photography” for November 22nd, Friar Charles Pearce says :—

“On the walls of the Whitefriars Club are to be seen to-day what is an absolutely unique collection of photographs, the portraits of the members including such men as Tom Hood, William Black, Charles Gibbon, Barry Sullivan, William Creswick. Interesting as many of these photographs are from the personalities represented, they are more interesting as pictures. The posing, the lighting, the balance of light and shade reach a very high standard, and as a whole they present a harmony of effect very remarkable. Many of these photographs are thirty years old, and, being on albumenised paper, do not do justice to the negatives. We believe these negatives are still in existence, and if the old albumenised prints were replaced by platinotype or carbon the genius of Valentine Blanchard would be shown in a manner little dreamed of by those who have only seen the pictures in their present stage.”

The following letter from Friar John Foster Fraser, dated November 20th, speaks for itself :—

“The first thing handed me last Friday night on reaching home after my wanderings in the Far East was the kindly worded telegram of welcome from the Whitefriars Club. I need not tell you, for you know, what I felt on this kindly remembrance. One thing in which the Whitefriars Club differs from other Clubs is that there is really a brotherhood between the members. On Friday evenings in Manchuria and Siberia, my thoughts always wandered to a little room in Fleet Street.”

Friars are reminded that the annual Christmas Dinner will take place in the Masonic Room, Anderton's Hotel, on Friday, December 20th. A very pleasant evening is anticipated. The musical arrangements are in the hands of Friar Henry J. Brown.