

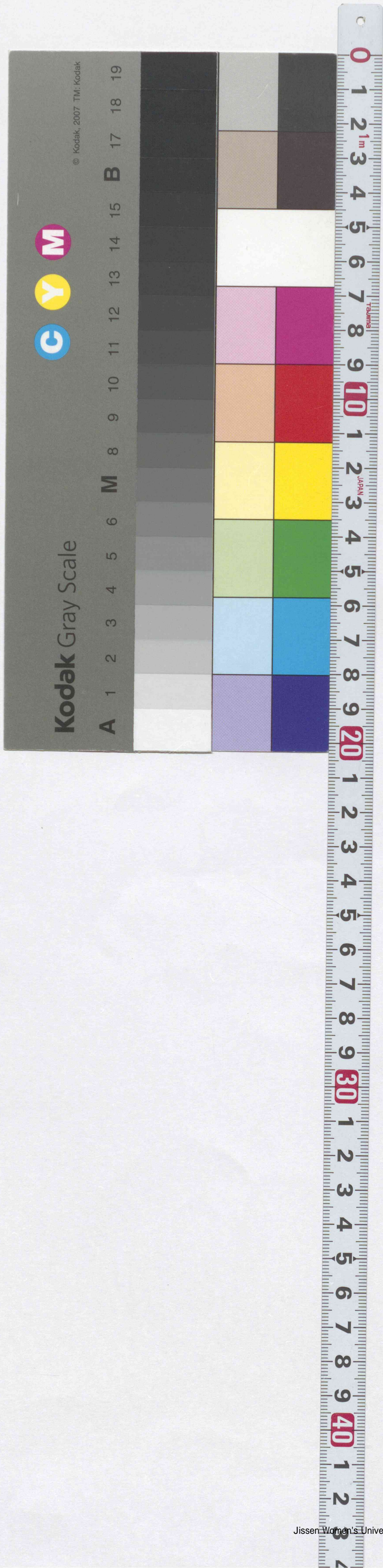


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Oscar Wilde
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Vol. 2



The Mason Library 第二集

ERFORCE

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WILK

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Wisdom and reverence are sold at mart,
And the rude people rage with ignorant cries
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For all that, other poems do not fail to show that Mr. Wilde is wiser and better-hearted than he paints himself. His very bitterness shows how keenly he feels his nationality. And it is in these poems that the healthy and promising sign lurks which ought to tell his satirists that the stuff of a true poet is in him, and that it is merely a question whether he will, or will not, cast off the affectations foreign to his own character, to become a writer of the best force. These affectations seem chiefly initiative. He has followed Swinburne too closely. He has been hurt by the prestige of Rossetti, another poet who is ever crying, "*Ode profanum!*" is mournful imitation of the feeling in British society. A chapter of short pieces called "Rosa Mystica" refers to a visit to Italy. Evidently Mr. Wilde has hoped to find in Roman Catholicism an inspiration that could not be found in the Church of England, and has coquetted with Rome after the approved fashion of to-day. But remark that he comes back unsatisfied, and seems to have learned that his own country is not so entirely devoid of subjects for noble verse as he has been made to think. So we should judge from "Ave Imperatrix," a poem that with profit might be docked of four or five stanzas, but which is strong enough, simple enough, beautiful enough to delight an unsympathetic foreigner. How an Englishman can read it without a glow of pride and a sigh of sorrow is beyond comprehension. Mr. Wilde can comfort himself. "Ave Imperatrix" outweighs a hundred cartoons of "Punch."

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The Nation.

[Number 863]

[Jan. 12, 1882]

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OSCAR WILDE.

MR. OSCAR WILDE delivered on Monday at Chickering Hall a lecture, on "The English Renaissance," which might fairly be called a success. In the present days of easily-manufactured notoriety, a young man who has managed to establish a doubt in the minds of the public as to whether he is a profound thinker or an utter fool may be said to be on the high road to a very good substitute for fame, and this is what Mr. Wilde had previous to his lecture succeeded in doing. The difficulty with his future career is likely to be that his lecture solves the doubt, and that he will be unable to keep alive any curiosity on the subject. When we say that he solves the doubt, we mean, of course, that he is a profound thinker; not by any means, to parody a phrase of his own, a thinker of unthought thoughts, but of thought thoughts, and expressed too, for that matter, a great many times before, though not thought or expressed so profoundly as by Mr. Wilde, nor in his own manner. To say that the aesthete is a disciple of Ruskin gives a meagre idea of the chameleon-like power of imitative reproduction which he displays. His hospitable mind has opened its doors to Ruskin, Millais, Holman Hunt, Dante Rossetti, Swinburne, Baudelaire, Gauthier, William Morris, Burne Jones, Keats, Wordsworth, Shelley, Walt Whitman, Goethe, and Gilbert and Sullivan. It may seem at first that it would be difficult for even a deep young man to find a common basis for an æsthetic movement in all these; but Mr. Wilde is not only deep enough for this, but far too deep to explain what the common basis is, or what he has to do with it himself. Under these circumstances, and at the risk of violating Mr. Wilde's fundamental maxim of criticism—that the function of the critic is to hold his peace at all times and in all places—we will venture to offer a suggestion or two in explanation of the somewhat mysterious phenomenon presented by Mr. Wilde's lecture tour.

When Mr. Ruskin and the pre-Raphaelites set about reforming public taste in England, they were forced to enter upon something very like a crusade. Almost every canon of art-criticism that existed had to be demolished and its opposite established in its place. Springing up in a community strongly impregnated with moral and religious ideas, it is no wonder that the teachings of the school should have taken a religious tone. Appeals to the love of beauty alone would hardly have aroused the dull British Philistine from his contented, vulgar lethargy. To touch him at all it was necessary to stir his conscience, and the forerunners of the æsthetic movement—who, by the way, were all sincere men and loved art themselves with a semi-religious fervor—became the founders of a proselyting church, a sort of æsthetic Rock of Ages in the wotering waste of British Philistinism. They brought the pure milk of the word to the heathen, showed him his errors, touched his soul, awoke him to the new life, lifted him out of the mire of sin in which he lay wallowing, and showed him the true path. This unconverted heathen mocked and ragged, as the heathen always do, and set up more false gods in the shape of bad pictures, and ridiculed the true faith in the columns of their heathen organ, *Punch*. They could not butcher the apostles, or give them to wild beasts to devour; but they inflicted on them all the social persecution that the mild manners

of modern times permit, by making them have a thoroughly "bad time." This persecution had its natural effect in strongly stimulating the zeal and devotion of the sect; and no one who has given any attention to its writings or teachings can have failed to notice the sacerdotal tone assumed by it—a tone of which there is a faint echo in Mr. Wilde's platitudes and paradoxes, and even in his dimly religious voices.

Everybody knows now how the church spread; how little by little old Philistines were converted and newborn Philistines were baptized into the new faith. The rage of the heathen disappeared, and on every side the galleries of the old religion were cleared of their Philistine rubbish, and swept and garnished to make room for what was purely true and precious in art.

The success of any church in converting the heathen of course puts it in a different attitude toward society from that which it occupies in the days of its adversity. The Philistine, who, though a man of sin, has a good deal of sense, always keeps his eye on the children of light, and is always willing to take his cue from them when he finds it necessary to do so, and when he does do this he does it handsomely. The Philistine is, after all, of the same flesh and blood as the rest of us, though so hopelessly sunk in the mire. After a time he too joined the Church, and so far as fashionable society in England is concerned, it may be said to have been converted for ten years. The connection between the decorative or æsthetic movement, which Mr. Wilde, with delightful impudences, is undertaking to father in this country, and the old pre-Raphaelite crusade is easy enough to trace. It, too, has been completely successful, and is in full possession of the walls, floors, ceilings, and furniture of the "best society" in England, and to a great and increasing extent of the United States. Mr. Wilde, therefore, instead of being, as he represents himself, a missionary preaching art to the heathen in the wilderness, at the sacrifice of fortune, fame, and everything that the Philistine holds most dear, stands at art more in the relation of the fashionable preacher of a "swell" congregation to religion. To compare profane things to sacred, Mr. Wilde is the Charles Honeyman of the religion of which Ruskin was the St. Paul. When Ruskin preached, society was Philistine, but it now forms the congregation. We all know the spirit in which we listen to a fashionable preacher—how we like to hear him denounce sin, and expose the vanity and frivolity of worldly pursuits, the money-loving and commercial spirit of the age, and how true we feel it to be that collections ought to be taken up for the conversion of others. There is the same vagueness too about the articles of Mr. Wilde's faith that there is about those of the Reverend Charles. The æsthetic principles which he announced on Monday at Chickering Hall were a strange jumble, the chief merit of which lay in the serene superiority of the lecturer to the confusion which he produced in the minds of his audience, and which we notice has led one reporter of it to imagine that he said that English æstheticism sprang from the union of Hellenism with the romantic spirit, "as from the marriage of Faust and Helen of Troy sprang the beautiful Lady Euphonia."

Mr. Wilde, again, represented himself as being determined to carry on the warfare of art against Philistinism to the bitter end, but really he brings peace rather than a sword. Art, when first introduced among the Philistines, did lead to an internecine struggle. It introduced discord into every family, set father against son, and mother against daughter. It inspired passions in the simple-minded, barbarous Anglo-Saxon which nothing else but religion and the

study of language had ever produced. But it is easy to see from the reception we have given to Mr. Wilde that he is not an iconoclast, or in any danger of suffering the fate of a martyr. He is, as we have said, spreading the true faith in art, much as a fashionable preacher spreads the true faith in the Gospel. He and his congregation are really all of one mind, but he has the gift of expression, the sweet eloquence which the successful preacher must always have, and he thoroughly appreciates the value of extravagance in attracting attention. He is glad to have even his congregation laugh at him, if they will only join in his prayer to the Stool of Toledo and the Silk of Genoa, or acknowledge the supreme importance of the "gaudy looniness" of the sunflower, and the "precious loveliness" of the lily.

It makes little difference whether Maude is the caricature of Mr. Wilde or Mr. Wilde a realization of Maude. It is the doubt which gives reality to both. There is nothing that shows Mr. Wilde in his true light so completely as his great appreciation of Bunthorne. Bunthorne is an impostor, an "æsthetic sham," and his existence every night tends to make the whole æsthetic movement ridiculous. Now, it is very true that all new movements in art or poetry have had their parodists and satirists. But it never occurred to any reformer before Mr. Wilde that it would be a good thing to encourage parody and satire as a means of keeping the ball going. The same manager "runs" the lecture tour of the æsthetic and the æsthetic company which keeps ridiculing upon him. You hear the true gospel at Chickering Hall, and join the mocking laughter of the heathen at the absurdity of it at the Standard Theatre. We must say that, to our mind, Mr. Gilbert has the best of the joke. Real reformers have usually hated, as only just men can hate, those who sneer at reform. It was left to Mr. Wilde to discover the commercial value of ridicule in the good cause. Mr. Wilde is a poet, a preacher, and a man of the world. As a man of the world, he knows that the true way to attract attention to poetry is to shock people's sense of decency, and the true way for a preacher to become fashionable is to make the Word pleasant and soothing to fashionable people, and that a very good substitute for fame is the notoriety attracted by silliness. Mr. Wilde is an essentially foreign product, and can hardly succeed in this country. What he has to say is not new, and his extravagance is not extravagant enough to amuse the average American audience. His knee-brushes and long hair are good as far as they go; but Bunthorne has really spoiled the public for Wilde.

A CHINESE TRANSLATION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

A very interesting document has just been prepared by a member of the Chinese Legation at Washington, and forwarded by His Excellency Chen Lan Pin to the Foreign Office at Peking as one of the official returns of his Legation. This is no less than a complete translation of the Constitution of the United States into Chinese, accompanied by an elaborate commentary, both by Mr. Tsai Sih Yung, one of the young attachés of the Legation. Mr. Tsai Sih Yung is not over thirty-three years of age, and has been in America for about three years. While in China he took his bachelor's degree in the public examinations at Canton, and is thus a Chinese of the Chinese—one of the literati. He comes of a distinguished family, whose preserved memorial tablets cover a space of more than a thousand years. Mr. Galton might obtain a new argument for the heredity of genius from the fact that one of Mr.

... were very great, his love was for the study of archaeology. Mr. Wilde was constantly with his father and mother, always among grown-up persons, and, at eight years old, had heard every subject discussed and every creed defended and demolished at his father's dinner-table, where were to be found not only the brilliant genius of Ireland, but also celebrities of Europe and America that visited Dublin. He went to no public school, but had tutors at home, and was given that finest of all educators, the best literature of the day. As a boy, also, Mr. Wilde travelled a great deal in France and Germany; he cared little for German literature, excepting only Heine and Goethe, but became passionately fond of the French characters and writings, which are pervaded by an enthusiasm having some kinship with that peculiar to the Irish nation. Before going to Oxford, Mr. Wilde went to Trinity College, Dublin, for a year, and there won the gold medal for Greek and a scholarship. He went to Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1874, where also he obtained the first scholarship. During the four years he was there, he took two first classes; in 1876 he was first class in Moderations, and in 1878 he was first class in "Greats," and took the Newdigate Prize with his poem on *Bayona*. Ruskin's lectures had fired him with the desire to go to Italy, a land which he had not then visited. He went to Florence, and there found a new inspiration and a new passion. He came back to Oxford with a mind full of memories of Italy and its gorgeous art, and a soul steeped in the splendour of a religion which is preached through colour and in glow. Then it was that he began to write personal poetry. After a visit to Greece, Mr. Wilde took his degree in 1878. He afterwards lived in London (with frequent visits to Italy), and devoted himself to poetry. He first originated the *Æsthetic movement*, and in 1881 he went on a lecturing tour in America. In 1882 his first play was acted in London, and proved a brilliant success.

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From "People of the Period"
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mere almost and amid hardships many and dangers not few, he devoted his conspicuous talents to demonstrating the feasibility of establishing a regular communication between England itself and the Kara Sea and the gigantic rivers that flow into it. With loss to himself, and sometimes loss to those who sent him, he stuck to his work, until now it may be said he has realized the dream of his life. His many voyages to Russia, and his travels in the country of the Czar, soon caused him to be well known in that land of wide domains. One of his big feats was a sledge journey of 12,000 miles over Northern Asia. It says much for the character of Captain Wiggins that, unpretending, modest, and, in fact, retiring to a degree, he should not only have won the whole confidence of the Russian officials, but have merited recognition at the hands of the Czar, Alexander III. The handsome gift which the late Czar thought fit to bestow upon Captain Wiggins was a tangible expression of the esteem in which our countryman was held by the monarch of millions. The genial captain himself has taken not a few distinguished people to the shores of the Kara Sea, and even up the great rivers. Among these may be mentioned Miss Peel, daughter of Viscount Peel, who recently retired from the Speakership. ~~Miss Peel~~ read her voyage to good account by writing a most entertaining description of her voyage. To the book Lord Dufferin, who, by the way, is her godfather, wrote a most interesting preface.

WILBERFORCE (Rev. Albert Basil Orme), Canon of Westminster, is son of the late Bishop of Winchester. He was once a keen sportsman, and kept a pack of beagles while an undergraduate at Exeter College. He was educated at Eton and Exeter College, and after taking his degree was ordained by his father to the curacy of Cuddesdon, whence he migrated in 1867 to Seaton, South Devon, and St. Jude's, Southsea. When barely thirty he became Rector of St. Mary's, Southampton. In the year of Bishop Wilberforce's death, he helped the then Primate to reorganize the Temperance Society of the Church of England; and drew general attention to its aims by a controversial tract, "Doctors and Brandy." He also preached a stirring sermon on the evils of alcohol in St. Paul's Cathedral, from the text, "Sound an alarm." His first pamphlet was followed by a more extensive work, the "Trinity of Evil." Although a High Churchman, Canon Wilberforce is in favour of an intimate alliance with the workers of every denomination. On one occasion the whole of the Dissenting ministers in Southampton received the sacrament at his hands in St. Mary's Church, and shortly afterwards he preached one Sunday evening in a Congregational chapel. He paid a visit to America, and his earnestness in the Temperance cause carried everything before it. In 1891 he went to India in the interests of the Anti-Opium Society. In furtherance of the Temperance cause he established the Blue Cross Guild.

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OSCAR WILDE.

MR. OSCAR WILDE delivered on Monday at Chickering Hall a lecture, on "The English Renaissance," which might fairly be called a success. In the present days of easily-manufactured notoriety, a young man who has managed to establish a doubt in the minds of the public as to whether he is a profound thinker or an utter fool may be said to be on the high road to a very good substitute for fame, and this is what Mr. Wilde had previous to his lecture succeeded in doing. The difficulty with his future career is likely to be that his lecture solves the doubt, and that he will be unable to keep alive any curiosity on the subject. When we say that he solves the doubt, we mean, of course, that he is a profound thinker; not by any means, to parody a phrase of his own, a thinker of unthought thoughts, but of thoughts thought, and expressed too, for that matter, a great many times before, though not thought or expressed so profoundly as by Mr. Wilde, nor in his own manner. To say that the aesthete is a disciple of Ruskin gives a meagre idea of the chameleon-like power of imitative reproduction which he displays. His hospitable mind has opened its doors to Ruskin, Millais, Holman Hunt, Dante Rossetti, Swinburne, Baudelaire, Gauthier, William Morris, Burne Jones, Keats, Wordsworth, Shelley, Walt Whitman, Goethe, and Gilbert and Sullivan. It may seem at first that it would be difficult for even a deep young man to find a common basis for an æsthetic movement in all these; but Mr. Wilde is not only deep enough for this, but far too deep to explain what the common basis is, or what he has to do with it himself. Under these circumstances, and at the risk of violating Mr. Wilde's fundamental maxim of criticism—that the function of the critic is to hold his peace at all times and in all places—we will venture to offer a suggestion or two in explanation of the somewhat mysterious phenomenon presented by Mr. Wilde's lecture tour.

When Mr. Ruskin and the pre-Raphaelites set about reforming public taste in England, they were forced to enter upon something very like a crusade. Almost every canon of art-criticism that existed had to be demolished and its opposite established in its place. Springing up in a community strongly impregnated with moral and religious ideas, it is no wonder that the teachings of the school should have taken a religious tone. Appeals to the love of beauty alone would hardly have aroused the dull British Philistine from his contented, vulgar lethargy. To touch him at all it was necessary to stir his conscience, and the forerunners of the æsthetic movement—who, by the way, were all sincere men and loved art themselves with a semi-religious fervor—became the founders of a proselyting church, a sort of artistic Rock of Ages in the weltering waste of British Philistinism. They brought the pure milk of the word to the heathen, showed him his errors, touched his soul, awoke him to the new life, lifted him out of the mire of sin in which he lay wallowing, and showed him the true path. The unconverted heathen mocked and raged, as the heathen always do, and set up more false gods in the shape of bad pictures, and ridiculed the true faith in the columns of their heathen organ, *Punch*. They could not butcher the apostles, or give them to wild beasts to devour, but they inflicted on them all the social persecution that the mild manners

of modern times permit, by making them have a thoroughly "bad time." This persecution had its natural effect in strongly stimulating the zeal and devotion of the sect; and no one who has given any attention to its writings or teachings can have failed to notice the sacerdotal tone assumed by it—a tone of which there is a faint echo in Mr. Wilde's platitudes and paradoxes, and even in his dimly religious voice.

Everybody knows now how the church spread; how little by little old Philistines were converted and newborn Philistines were baptized into the new faith. The rage of the heathen disappeared, and on every side the galleries of the old religion were cleared of their Philistine rubbish, and swept and garnished to make room for what was purely true and precious in art.

The success of any church in converting the heathen of course puts it in a different attitude toward society from that which it occupies in the days of its adversity. The Philistine, who, though a man of sin, has a good deal of sense, always keeps his eye on the children of light, and is always willing to take his cue from them when he finds it necessary to do so, and when he does do this he does it handsomely. The Philistine is, after all, of the same flesh and blood as the rest of us, though so hopelessly sunk in the mire. After a time he too joined the Church, and so far as fashionable society in England is concerned, it may be said to have been converted for ten years. The connection between the decorative or æsthetic movement, which Mr. Wilde, with delightful impudence, is undertaking to father in this country, and the old pre-Raphaelite crusade is easy enough to trace. It, too, has been completely successful, and is in full possession of the walls, floors, ceilings, and furniture of the "best society" in England, and to a great and increasing extent of the United States. Mr. Wilde, therefore, instead of being, as he represents himself, a missionary preaching art to the heathen in the wilderness, at the sacrifice of fortune, fame, and everything that the Philistine holds most dear, stands to art more in the relation of the fashionable preacher of a "swell" congregation to religion. To compare profane things to sacred, Mr. Wilde is the Charles Honeymann of the religion of which Ruskin was the St. Paul. When Ruskin preached, society was Philistine, but it now forms the congregation. We all know the spirit in which we listen to a fashionable preacher—how we like to hear him denounce sin, and expose the vanity and frivolity of worldly pursuits, the money-loving and commercial spirit of the age, and how true we feel it to be that collections ought to be taken up for the conversion of others. There is the same vagueness too about the articles of Mr. Wilde's faith that there is about those of the Reverend Charles. The æsthetic principles which he announced on Monday at Chickering Hall were a strange jumble, the chief merit of which lay in the serene superiority of the lecturer to the confusion which he produced in the minds of his audience, and which we notice has led one reporter of it to imagine that he said that English æstheticism sprang from the union of Hellenism with the romantic spirit, "as from the marriage of Faust and Helen of Troy sprang the beautiful Lady Euphonia."

Mr. Wilde, again, represented himself as being determined to carry on the warfare of art against Philistinism to the bitter end, but really he brings peace rather than a sword. Art, when first introduced among the Philistines, did lead to an internecine struggle. It introduced discord into every family, set father against son, and mother against daughter. It inspired passions in the simple-minded, barbarous Anglo-Saxon which nothing else but religion and the

study of language had ever produced. But it is easy to see from the reception we have given to Mr. Wilde that he is not an iconoclast, or in any danger of suffering the fate of a martyr. He is, as we have said, spreading the true faith in art, much as a fashionable preacher spreads the true faith in the Gospel. He and his congregation are really all of one mind, but he has the gift of expression, the sweet eloquence which the successful preacher must always have, and he thoroughly appreciates the value of extravagance in attracting attention. He is glad to have even his congregation laugh at him, if they will only join in his prayer to the Steel of Toledo and the Silk of Genoa, or acknowledge the supreme importance of the "gaudy leonine beauty" of the sunflower, and the "precious loveliness" of the lily.

It makes little difference whether Maudie is the caricature of Mr. Wilde or Mr. Wilde a realization of Maudie. It is the doubt which gives reality to both. There is nothing that shows Mr. Wilde in his true light so completely as his great appreciation of Bunthorne. Bunthorne is an impostor, an "æsthetic sham," and his existence every night tends to make the whole æsthetic movement ridiculous. Now, it is very true that all new movements in art or poetry have had their parodists and satirists. But it never occurred to any reformer before Mr. Wilde that it would be a good thing to encourage parody and satire as a means of keeping the ball going. The same manager "runs" the lecture tour of the aesthete and the operatic company which heaps ridicule upon him. You hear the true gospel at Chickering Hall, and join the mocking laughter of the heathen at the absurdity of it at the Standard Theatre. We must say that, to our mind, Mr. Gilbert has the best of the joke. Real reformers have usually hated, as only just men can hate, those who sneer at reform. It was left to Mr. Wilde to discover the commercial value of ridicule in the good cause. Mr. Wilde is a poet, a preacher, and a man of the world. As a man of the world, he knows that the true way to attract attention to poetry is to shock people's sense of decency, and the true way for a preacher to become fashionable is to make the Word pleasant and soothing to fashionable people, and that a very good substitute for fame is the notoriety attracted by silliness. Mr. Wilde is an essentially foreign product, and can hardly succeed in this country. What he has to say is not new, and his extravagance is not extravagant enough to amuse the average American audience. His knee-breeches and long hair are good as far as they go; but Bunthorne has really spoiled the public for Wilde.

A CHINESE TRANSLATION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

A VERY interesting document has just been prepared by a member of the Chinese Legation at Washington, and forwarded by His Excellency Chen Lan Pin to the Foreign Office at Peking as one of the official returns of his Legation. This is no less than a complete translation of the Constitution of the United States into Chinese, accompanied by an elaborate commentary, both by Mr. Tsai Sih Yung, one of the young attachés of the Legation. Mr. Tsai Sih Yung is not over thirty-three years of age, and has been in America for about three years. While in China he took his bachelor's degree in the public examinations at Canton, and is thus a Chinese of the Chinese—one of the literati. He comes of a distinguished family, whose preserved memorial tablets cover a space of more than a thousand years. Mr. Galton might obtain a new argument for the heredity of genius from the fact that one of Mr.

July 14, 1882 3

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Those who went to the lecture with any expectation of hearing Mr. Wilde expound any æsthetic theories must have been completely disillusioned before he had spoken ten minutes, for his remarks were eminently practical and descriptive, clearly expressed in pure forcible language, at times poetical, often humorous, and in no single instance obscure, affected, or transcendental. Indeed, no casual visitor entering the hall, and seeing the tall, young gentleman in ordinary evening dress, would have imagined that he was the much ridiculed prophet of Æstheticism; nor is this to be wondered at, considering that in no one respect does he resemble the senseless and stupid caricatures of which he has been the victim.

An Irishman by birth, his tongue hardly ever reveals the fact, although, according to Mr. Punch, he speaks with a strong rich brogue! His attitudes were natural, and without any suspicion of *posing*, he spoke little of culture, never once used the word "intense," was seldom egotistical, and never alluded to Mrs. Langtry. In a quiet vein of drollery he let fall many little sarcasms, as when he said that a man who had survived Journalism in England had nothing to fear from rowdy revolver shooters in the Western States, but he never said a spiteful word of any one, and indeed his remarks on America generally were highly complimentary. That he had had ample opportunities of forming an opinion of that continent may be inferred when it is remembered that he was travelling in it for nearly twelve months, visiting 34 States and territories, as well as Canada, and that he had very exceptional opportunities for the accurate observation of the national life in the various countries he visited. The most beautiful country he passed through was California, and the city of San Francisco interested him the most—particularly was he charmed with the Chinese quarter, for there he remarked that the love of beauty was universal, even a restaurant bill for a dinner was in charming taste. In other parts of the States all beauty was of Nature's gift, Art had done but little, but Science had lately come to her aid in the Electric Light, and other appliances combining utility with beauty.

Mr. Wilde was particularly struck with the absence of poverty and destitution, the well-dressed appearance of the people, their hospitality, and the curious equality of the sexes, an equality which did not appear to interfere in any way with the relations of family life or domestic felicity. He described the Salt Lake City, and the interview he had with the President of the Mormons, also a visit to the "Zion Co-operative Hallelujah Store" in that city.

His recollections of the far West were given with much humour, and, indeed, his adventures in that district appeared to have had a particular charm. The calm stillness of the moonlight nights, only disturbed by the singing of the nightingales and the poppings of revolvers; the light-hearted gaiety in the dancing saloon, where "gents are requested *not* to shoot the pianist, as he will do his level best." He lectured there on Benvenuto Cellini, the great metal worker; the miners expressed a wish to see this mighty genius. "But Cellini is dead," said Mr. Wilde. "Oh! he is, is he?" replied the miners; "who shot him?"

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Century, New York

BRIC-À-BRAC.

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Narcissus in Camden.

A CLASSICAL DIALOGUE OF THE YEAR 1882.

"In the course of his lecture Mr. ——— remarked that the most impressive room he had yet entered in America was the one in Camden town where he met ———. It contained plenty of fresh air and sunlight. * * * On the table was a simple cruet of water. * * *

PAUMANOKIDES. NARCISSUS.

PAUMANOKIDES.

Who may this be?

This young man clad unusually, with loose locks, languorous, glidingly toward me advancing, toward the ceiling of my chamber his orbic and expressive eye-balls uprolling, As I have seen the green-necked wild-fowl the mallard in the thundering of the storm, By the weedy shore of Faumanok my fish-shaped island.

Sit down, young man!

I do not know you, but I love you with burning intensity,

I am he that loves the young men, whosoever and wheresoever they are or may be hereafter, or may have been any time in the past,

Loves the eye-glassed literat, loves also and probably more the vender of clams, raucoux-throated, monotonous-chanting,

Loves the Elevated Railroad employee of Mannahatta my city;

I suppress the rest of the list of the persons I love, solely because I love you,

Sit down *there*, I receive you!

NARCISSUS.

O clarion, from whose brazen throat

Strange sounds across the seas are blown,

Where England, girt as with a moat,

A strong sea-lion, sits alone!

A pilgrim from that white-cliffed shore,

What joy, large flower of Western land!

To seek thy democratic door,

With eager hand to clasp thy hand!

PAUMANOKIDES.

Right you are!

Take then the electric pressure of these fingers, O my Comrade!

Æsthetic Flowers from
Christmas to Midsummer.

CARTERS'

"Oscar Wilde"

BOX OF

Æsthetic

Flowers

FOR

ART

GARDENS



The Hoop Petticoat, or
Medusa's Trumpet.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 3 Heliohoras (the
Christmas Rose) | 6 Narcissus, Paper
White |
| 6 Lily of the Valley | 12 Daffodils, double |
| 12 Aconites | 12 Star of Bethlehem |
| 12 Lent Lilies, or Daffo-
downs-lily of English | 12 Poppy Anemones |
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carmine |
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ornatus | 6 Tulipa retroflexa, yllw |
| 6 Narcissus, Hoop Petti-
coat | 6 Tulipa fulgens, bril-
liant red |
| 6 Narcissus, White Star | 3 Dielytra, the Blood-
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Carters

THE QUEEN'S SEEDSMEN,
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20s.

CONTAINS—

The Hoop Petticoat, or
Medusa's Trumpet.

- | | |
|--|--|
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| 6 Lily of the Valley | 12 Daffodils, double |
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238

Jissen Women's University Library

1882.

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W.Y. Ill Times
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THE ESTHETIC SUCKER.

Oscar Wilde in a New Role—His Experience With a Utterly Bunko Man.

Poor Oscar Wilde! the dear thing has been in trouble. He came to this country with his ravings on the beautiful in nature and the sunflower, fully possessed with the idea that the Americans were a nation of gillies, easily fooled and honeyed. The apostle of estheticism did not hesitate to speak his mind freely to that effect, and once or twice even deigned to pollute his lips with the awfully awful slang phrase, "They are, as a people, suckers."

As the most of his admirers were of the feminine order, these remarks upon the gallantry of our countrymen did not spread rapidly, especially among the men. When his ideas became widely known, however, their effects upon the stronger sex began to show themselves. That class of sharpers—the shrowdest people in the crooked line—the bunko-steers, at once turned their attention to His Long-hair-ship. The most of the men in the mean time treated him with contempt; but the boys, combining both business and patriotism, resolved to avenge the insult to the glorious Republic. So they set their traps for the wearer of knee-breeches.

It was months before they caught him, but he finally landed in their hands, as fine a "sucker" as ever tackled the bait. As far as can be learned, the bunko men had been watching for Oscar, and after weary days of hard work they led him to the slaughter with greater ease than they had the distinguished Charles Francis Adams at Boston. Oscar entered the "place of business," being conducted thither by an alleged English friend, and was soon unloading his ready cash. Relieved of all the spare change he had, he was next nailed for a check of \$1,500. Not until this last piece of his property had passed out of his hands did he realize that he and the American had changed roles, and he was doing the "sucker" act with great *edut*. Having tumbled to the fact that he was being bled, he rushed out of the house, hatless, and dashed up the street with those precious long locks flying to the breeze. He hurried to the bank under the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on which the check was drawn, and in an excited manner told his story, asking that payment be stopped on it. The bunko man who gave the affair away says that a man could easily have played cards on the distinguished Englishman's much-tailed ulster as he fled up the street.

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The Reign of King Oberon.
(See notice elsewhere in this issue.)

LIVING LONDON.

(Continued from Page 281.)
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BRIC-À-BRAC.

Marked with the emerald miracle of moss, tufted with the unutterable wonder of the exquisite grass,
Giving pasture to the spry and fearless-footed quadruped the goat,
Also patched by the heaven-ambitious citizens with the yellow handbill, the advertisement of soap, the glaring and varicolored circus poster;
Mine, too, for reasons, such arrays;
Such my unfettered verse, scorning the delicacies of dilettantes.
Try it, I'll stake you my ultimate dollar you'll like it.

NARCISSUS (gracefully waiting the point).

Haply in the far, the orient future, in the dawn we herald like the birds,
Men shall read the legend of our meeting, linger o'er the music of our words;
Haply coming poets shall compare me then to Milton in his lovely youth,
Sitting in the cell of Galileo, learning at his elder's lips the truth.

Haply they shall liken these dear moments, safely held in History's amber clear,
Unto Dante's converse bland with Virgil, on the margin of that gloomy mere!

PAUMANOKIDES.

Do not be deceived, dear son;
Amid the choruses of the morn of progress, roaring, hilarious, those names will be heard no longer
Galileo was admirable once, Milton was admirable,
Dante the Italian was a cute man in his way,
But he was not the maker of poems, the Answerer!
I Paumanokides am the maker of poems, the Answerer,
And I calculate to chant as long as the earth revolves
To an interminable audience of haughty, effusive, copious, gritty, and chipper Americans!

NARCISSUS.

What more is left to say or do?
Our minds have met; our hands must part.
I go to plant in pastures new
The love of Beauty and of Art.
I'll shortly start.
One town is rather small for two
Like me and you!

PAUMANOKIDES.

So long!

Helen Gray Cont.

PAGES FROM AN ALBUM.

The little book, some of whose pages we herewith reproduce, is a tiny autograph album, whose plush covers contain not a mere list of names wrung from bored but complaisant notabilities, but tell who is the owner of this marvelous little album, than that it is a young American. It is in the nature of charity that she lets us print (with the consent of the authors and their representatives) two of its most notable contributions. The slight but graceful verses of Longfellow were, he himself said at the time, the only ones that he ever wrote originally for an album. The Browning lines have a personal interest; the first ten appeared in one of his latest volumes; the last ten are new, and are in explanation (where they should have been demanded) of one of his finest and most characteristic utterances.

"Touch him with so lightly, into song he broke:
Song so quick-recaptive - not out feather - seed,
And one flower that felt but it might it fall prove -
Whispering virtue: song would song suckled
Indolence upon lavender - from a poet-soul!"

Indeed?
With the song-soil rather, surface hard and bare -
Sun and dew their midlands, it is in and forth their rage
Vainly, both the wind - flatters fair answer there:
Quick in its deep broods - what the after-use
Knows and names a piece, a nation's heritage.

JAN. 22, 1879.

THE WORLD.

JUNE 8, 1881

I cut the following paragraph from the *Times* of Saturday:

'THOUGHT READING.—Mr. W. Irving Bishop, the "thought reader," gave a private *stance* yesterday afternoon, at five o'clock, at Keats's House, Chelsea. The company consisted of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Lady Mandeville, Lady Archibald, the Marquis de Saurce, Mrs. Langtry, Lord Donoughmore, Mr. Irving, Mr. Booth, Mr. Whistler, Mr. Frank Miles, Mr. Oscar Wilde, and others.'

Now, to publish this sort of news in a 'society journal' is denounced by a certain class, and especially by those in immediate attendance on the illustrious personage of whom it treats, as the unforgivable sin. 'It is gross personality; it is an invasion of privacy; it is an adjective liberty, and the adjective fellows who write these things ought to be put down:' thus speaks the surrounding chorus of toadies, of glorified grooms, and copying-clerks who are called by a prettier name. But what will they say when they see it in the *Times*?

It is a pity the Arabian did not give us more information about this conjuring—did not let us know whether Mr. Bishop managed to read the thoughts of Mr. Booth on Court patronage; did not describe how Mr. Whistler and Mr. Oscar Wilde, tied together by the hair, were led up and down the room by the performer in search of a missing link, which was all the time under his hands. These details would have been interesting.

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Nevertheless, the undergrads will have done good service if they put a stop to this sickening craze. Nothing kills like ridicule. Michael Angelo himself, held by four sturdy youths under a pump, with a stream of water flowing down his spine, and gasping for mercy and breath, would hardly command respect. A lesson need not be thrown away because it is a rough one.

SEPT. 21, 1881

Doubts as to the 'secret of the great hereafter' vex and trouble the mind of man. It is a comfort to receive some assurance on the point from the recognised genius of the day. Mr. Oscar Wilde informs us not merely that

Who paints the diaphanous frillaries'
—whatever they may be—but that

'the joyous sea
Shall be our raiment, and the bearded star
Shoot arrows at our pleasure.'

This will leave the performances of the Toxophilite Society far behind. Also,

'we shall be,
Part of the mighty universal whole,
And through all sons mix and mingle with the Kosmic Soul.'

That will be nice!

Nov. 2, 1881.

THE W

Of all the unkind cuts which have been dealt out to Mr. Oscar Wilde during the last two or three months, that which has been inflicted by Professor Mahaffy is really the unkindest; at least, I should imagine it will be considered so by most people, though it is quite possible that the young poet, with his happy facility for discovering compliments, may think otherwise. The Professor has cruelly utilised Mr. Oscar Wilde's college career at Dublin as an illustration of the thesis that a stupid boy gains more than a brilliant one from a University training. All the celebrity which Mr. Wilde has attained is, it seems, due to the watchful care of Professor Mahaffy, who declares that if the poet be the father of a great movement, he (the Professor) has a claim to be considered its grandfather.

To those who know Professor Mahaffy, his appearance in this new rôle of progenitor of the lily and sunflower craze cannot but be regarded as a joke of exorcising funniness. I doubt whether within the walls of Trinity College could be found a more complete antithesis to the typical esthete.

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Mr. Frith, R.A., has found an excellent subject for his special talent—'The Private View of the Royal Academy Exhibition.' In this the artist proposes to represent the various well-known persons who are ordinarily to be found at those gatherings. Mr. Browning and Mr. Oscar Wilde have recently given sittings to Mr. Frith.

Mr. Oscar Wilde sailed for New York on Saturday in the Arizona. Mr. Wilde purposes delivering a lecture on the Recent Growth of Art in England, and will be absent three or four months.

Henry O'Neill, the Irish landscape artist, is the greatest modern example of the *ars longa, vita brevis* platitude. He made a pilgrimage on foot, from town to town, through Ireland, in order to sketch the principal decorated stone monuments, and the fruit of this art for art's sake journey of love is his great archeological work, the *Sculptured Crosses of Ireland*, which has been favourably compared with the *Stones of Venice*, and has been spoken of in the highest terms by Mr. Ruskin himself. He is now old, and absolutely a beggar, through no fault of his own, however. He has been refused a pension by Government, and has applied in vain to the artists' benevolent societies of which we hear so much. A subscription has been set on foot by Sir Bernard Burke, Tullamaine, and last year's 'Newdigate' prize-man, Mr. Oscar Wilde, Merion square North, who will receive and acknowledge all moneys. Here is a chance for autograph-hunters. Let me suggest to the respective art-clubs that a subscription be made up next 'club-night' for the benefit of a so well-deserving brother of the brush. Let me end with the last words of Mr. Wilde's appeal: 'If no help is offered it will be worse than a mere disgrace to Ireland; it will be a proof that the people of this country are still deserving of that scornful reproach, now two hundred years old, of *Hibernia incuriosa suorum*.'

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JULY 16, 1879.

And so, my dear madam, you want to know who 'the New Helen' is, so sweetly sung of in this month's *Time*? I suggest to you you will find a clue in the penultimate stanza. It is not every beauty, my dear madam, that is born on 'a (Channel) island home.'

DEC. 3, 1879.

Here is a correct copy of some lines that were written by a well-known society versifier, and handed about at Mrs. Millais' on Friday night:

FOR MRS. LANGTRY.

When youth and wit and beauty call,
I never walk away;
When Mrs. Langtry leaves the ball,
I never care to stay.

I cannot rhyme like Oscar Wilde
Or Hayward (gifted pair!),
Or sing how Mrs. Langtry smiled,
Or how she wore her hair.

And yet I want to play my part,
Like any other swain;
To fracture Mrs. Langtry's heart—
And patch it up again.

FEB. 9, 1881

'What are cognate persons?' I asked, a week or two since. I find a contemporary writing: 'Mr. Oscar Wilde is a cognate person, not so much because he has written poems, but because he is one of the principal leaders of the social and artistic movement which goes by the name of estheticism.' This explanation is not enlightening or satisfying. Mr. Oscar Wilde is cognate to his brother; but in what other respect is he cognate? My contemporary employs terms, of which, apparently, he does not understand the meaning. The word 'cognate' should be included in the next edition of *Errors in the Use of English*, by the late William B. Hodgson, LL.D. (David Douglas, Edinburgh, 1881), an edifying and entertaining little book, which I commend to the regard of my readers. I am sure they will thank me for the attention.

MARCH 23, 1881

There is no truth in the rumour associating the name of Mr. Oscar Wilde with the authorship of the volume of poems called the *Love Songs of Proteus*, recently published by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.

APRIL 27, 1881

Mr. Oscar Wilde had rather a *mauvais quart d'heure* at the Opéra Comique on Saturday night. He was 'spotted' in the stalls by the denizens of the gallery, to whom nothing is sacred, and had to bear a considerable amount of chaff. Although the poet looked too 'unutterably utter,' he bore the infliction like a man, and saw it out.

Wilde 27/4/81

9 Nov. 1881

7 Dec. 1881

28 Dec. 1881

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BRIC-A-BRAC.

Thus I wrote in London, musing on my better days,
Pots dead and gone: and so, the critic's creed
"Out on such a host!" "as if I dreamed that fellers
Binding Dante, bind up - me! be it true, pride,
how not also humble!" So I smiled and sighed
As I spied your book in Venice that bright morning,
Sweet old friend of mine! and felt the clay or sand
"What is it we say to - break for praise or scorn -
Out in grateful fancies - weeds, but needs exposed!
Almost like flowers - held by such a kindly hand!"
Robert Browning. Venice, Oct. 14. '80.

She who comes to me and pleads death
In the lovely name of Edith,
Will not fail of what was wanted.
Edith means the "Blessed"; therefore
All that she may wish or care for
Will when best for her, be granted!

Edmund M. Longfellow

Jan 1. 1873.



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NO FOOL LIKE AN AMERICAN FOOL.

A Few Remarks on Oscar Wilde, Tug Wilson & Co.

Speaking of those Anglo-Chinese adventurers who visit this country in quest of boodle to carry back with them the *Chicago Times* makes the following pertinent and sensible remarks:—

America has a marvelous appreciation for those creatures distinguished in English life who cross the water in quest of the almighty dollar. It is not long since Mr. "Tug" Wilson, the apostle of the athletic, left these shores with a load of American money sufficient to support him and his interesting family through all their lifetime. Mr. Wilson was a professor of the manly art of self-defense, an art which he himself practiced so well that he was enabled to stand up long enough under the blows of the renowned Boston hitter to pocket something like \$10,000 of the gate money which a generous and curious American public had freely paid in for the privilege of witnessing the great encounter. Mr. Wilson retired gracefully to the mother land with his gains. As he was the English apostle of the athletic, so was Oscar Wilde the English apostle of the æsthetic. Mr. Wilson was brassy and active. Mr. Wilde was brassy and languishing. Each in his own way loved art. Mr. Wilson's art consisted in cropping his hair and putting up his hands. Mr. Wilde's art was conspicuous in encouraging the growth of his hair and in getting up his legs. Mr. Wilson traveled on his muscle, and found it profitable to go no further than New York. Mr. Wilde's insinuating weapon was his tongue, which he carried in his cheek mostly, while he successfully worked the whole North American continent. The athletic met foemen worthy of his biceps. The æsthetic was everywhere surrounded by kindred spirits languishing as himself. Like Mr. Wilson, Mr. Wilde now seeks his native land, his pocket well laden. And the report of each, as he clinks your Uncle Samuel's double eagles, is that of all the fools he ever struck for subsistence there is no fool like the American fool. The net profit of Mr. Wilde's visit to America was an increased sunflower crop; net loss, the money paid to hear his lackadaisical talk about art. But America delights to squander money for the enrichment of English adventurers, and, as all of them haven't quit the country yet, is prepared to come down still more handsomely.

THE ÆSTHETIC SUCKER.

Oscar Wilde in a New Role—His Experience With a Utter-Utterly Bunko Man.

Poor Oscar Wilde! the dear thing has been in trouble. He came to this country with his ravings on the beautiful in nature and the sunflower, fully possessed with the idea that the Americans were a nation of gillies, easily fooled and honeyed. The apostle of æstheticism did not hesitate to speak his mind freely to that effect, and once or twice even deigned to pollute his lips with the awfully awful slang phrase, "They are, as a people, suckers."

As the most of his admirers were of the feminine order, these remarks upon the gallantry of our countrymen did not spread rapidly, especially among the men. When his ideas became widely known, however, their effects upon the stronger sex began to show themselves. That class of sharpers—the shrewdest people in the crooked line—the bunko-steerers, at once turned their attention to His Long-hair-ship. The most of the men in the mean time treated him with contempt; but the boys, combining both business and patriotism, resolved to avenge the insult to the glorious Republic. So they set their traps for the wearer of knee-breeches.

It was months before they caught him, but he finally landed in their hands, as fine a "sucker as ever tackled the bait."

As far as can be learned, the bunko men had been watching for Oscar, and after weary days of hard work they led him to the slaughter with greater ease than they had the distinguished Charles Francis Adams at Boston. Oscar entered the "place of business," being conducted thither by an alleged English friend, and was soon unloading his ready cash. Relieved of all the spare change he had, he was next nailed for a check of \$1,500. Not until this last piece of his property had passed out of his hands did he realize that he and the American had changed roles, and he was doing the "sucker" act with great *éclat*. Having tumbled to the fact that he was being bled he rushed out of the house, hatless, and dashed up the street with those precious long locks flying to the breeze. He hurried to the bank under the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on which the check was drawn, and in an excited manner told his story, asking that payment be stopped on it. The bunko man who gave the affair away says that a man could easily have played cards on the distinguished (?) Englishman's much-tailed ulster as he fled up the street.

How the item was kept from publication is now a mystery. The men who did the business state that the unloading of Oscar was one of the most successful they had ever undertaken.



"And a fairy baby test in it's place." &

The Reign of King Oberon.

Dent.

(See notice elsewhere in this issue.)

LIVING LONDON.

(Continued from Page 281.)

the editor. Secure in the classic shades of 'Opposite-the-Ducks Villa,' what should the courtly 'Dagonet' know of the things that fret the ordinary householder? Much, it appears. He says: 'The next-door neighbours are a fruitful source of a wife's little worries. The family on one side have dear little children who play at ball in the garden. If they would keep the ball on their own ground all would be well, but it is constantly coming over into someone else's. If you are the someone else, and amiable, you don't object to your servant answering the pitiful little cry, "Please will you give me my ball?" say three or four times a day. But if the youthful pleaders cannot make anyone hear they will come to the front door and ring, and ask permission to go into the garden themselves, and hunt for the missing property. If it has hidden itself among the flower-beds the search is not always conducted with dexterity of tread. . . . One day you pronounce an ultimatum. You will preserve your flower though a hundred balls be lost. Then you are looked upon as unneighbourly by the children's parents. They scowl at you when you meet in the street. Occasionally on fine summer evenings they make audible remarks to your disparagement. Many diverse aspects of London life are dealt with in the other sketches, a



ongs of a Child.

Leadenhall Press.

LADY'S GAZETTE
2019-2021 Women's University Library 19.

(From a Coloured Portrait.)

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Marked with the emerald miracle of moss, tufted with the unutterable wonder of the exquisite grass,
 Giving pasture to the spry and fearless-footed quadruped the goat,
 Also patched by the heaven-ambitious citizens with the yellow handbill, the advertisement of soap, the glaring and vari-colored circus poster:
 Mine, too, for reasons, such arrays;
 Such my unfettered verse, scorning the delicatessen of dilettantes.
 Try it, I'll stake you my ultimate dollar you'll like it.

NARCISSUS (*gracefully waiving the point*).

Haply in the far, the orient future, in the dawn we herald like the birds,
 Men shall read the legend of our meeting, linger o'er the music of our words;

Haply coming poets shall compare me then to Milton in his lovely youth,
 Sitting in the cell of Galileo, learning at his elder's lips the truth.

Haply they shall liken these dear moments, safely held in History's amber clear,
 Unto Dante's converse bland with Virgil, on the margin of that gloomy mere!

PAUMANOKIDES.

Do not be deceived, dear son;
 Amid the choruses of the morn of progress, roaring, hilarious, those names will be heard no longer
 Galileo was admirable once, Milton was admirable,
 Dante the Italian was a cute man in his way,
 But he was not the maker of poems, the Answerer!
 I Paumanokides am the maker of poems, the Answerer,
 And I calculate to chant as long as the earth revolves,
 To an interminable audience of haughty, effusive, copious, gritty, and chipper Americanos!

NARCISSUS.

What more is left to say or do?
 Our minds have met; our hands must part.
 I go to plant in pastures new
 The love of Beauty and of Art.
 I'll shortly start.
 One town is rather small for two
 Like me and you!

PAUMANOKIDES.

So long!

Helen Gray Cone.

PAGES FROM AN ALBUM.

THE little book, some of whose pages we herewith reproduce, is a tiny autograph album, whose blue plush covers contain not a mere list of names wrung from bored but complaisant notabilities, but all sorts of willing and charming tributes of friendship in verse, in prose, in picture. We can no farther tell who is the owner of this marvelous little album, than that it is a young American. It is in the name of charity that she lets us print (with the consent of the authors and their representatives) two of its most notable contributions. The slight but graceful verses of Longfellow were, he himself said at the time, the only ones that he ever wrote originally for an album. The Browning lines have a personal interest; the first ten appeared in one of his latest volumes; the last ten are new, and are in explanation (where more should have been demanded) of one of his finest and most characteristic utterances.

*"Touch him men so lightly, into song he broke:
 Song so quick-receptive, - not one feather, seed,
 Not one flower-dust fell but straight it fell unwoke -
 Vitalizing virtue: song would'song succeed
 Sudden as spontaneous - prove a poet-soul!"*

Indeed?

*With's the song-soil rather, surface hard and bare:
 Sun and dew their mildness, storm and frost their rage
 Vainly both expend - flowers few awaken there:
 Quiet in its cleft broods - what the after-age
 Knows and names a pine, a nation's heritage.*

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Thus I wrote in London, musing on my betters,
Poet's dead and gone: and lo, the critic's cry
"Out on such a boast!" - as if I dreamed that fella's
Binding Dante, bind up - me! as if, true, pride,
here, not also humble!

So I smiled and sighed
As I sped your book in Venice this bright morning;
Sweet old friend of mine! and felt the clay or sand
"What so ere my soil be, - break - for praise or scolding -
Out in grateful fancies - weeds, but weeds expanded
Almost into flowers - held by such a kindly hand!

Robert Browning. Venice, Oct. 14. '80.

She who comes to me and pleads aeth
In the lovely name of Edith,
Will not fail of what was wanted.

Edith means the "Blessed"; therefore
All that she may wish or care for
Will, when best for her, be granted!

Johnny M. Longfellow

Jan 1. 1873.



JAN. 22, 1879.

THE

Henry O'Neill, the Irish landscape artist, is the greatest modern example of the *ars longa, vita brevis* platitude. He made a pilgrimage on foot, from town to town, through Ireland, in order to sketch the principal decorated stone monuments, and the fruit of this art for art's sake journey of love is his great archæological work, the *Sculptured Crosses of Ireland*, which has been favourably compared with the *Stones of Venice*, and has been spoken of in the highest terms by Mr. Ruskin himself. He is now old, and absolutely a beggar, through no fault of his own, however. He has been refused a pension by Government, and has applied in vain to the artists' benevolent societies of which we hear so much. A subscription has been set on foot by Sir Bernard Burke, Tullamaine, and last year's 'Newdigate' prize-man, Mr. Oscar Wilde, Merrion square North, who will receive and acknowledge all moneys. Here is a chance for autograph-hunters. Let me suggest to the respective art-clubs that a subscription be made up next 'club-night' for the benefit of a so well-deserving brother of the brush. Let me end with the last words of Mr. Wilde's appeal: 'If no help is offered it will be worse than a mere disgrace to Ireland; it will be a proof that the people of this country are still deserving of that scornful reproach, now two hundred years old, of *Irishmen their lost saorun*.' 22

JUNE 4, 1879.

Amongst those who, having selected certain costumes, preëminently-
'looked the character,' I hear cited 'Violet Fane' as a Hindoo princess,
Mr. Oscar Wilde (another rising young poet) as a Venetian noble, Mr.
Whistler (in a 'nocturne' of black velvet) as a Spaniard of the Middle
Ages, and Mr. Edward Bingley as a Frenchman. The 'Mate' was also
excellent, as a sailor.

excellent, as a sailor.

JULY 16, 1879.

And so, my dear madam, you want to know who 'the New Helen' is, so sweetly sung of in this month's *Time*? I suggest to you you will find a clue in the penultimate stanza. It is not every beauty, my dear madam, that is born on 'a (Channel) island home.

2019-03-17 Jissen Women's University Library

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DEC. 3, 1879.

Here is a correct copy of some lines that were written by a well-known society versifier, and handed about at Mrs. Millais' on Friday night :

FOR MRS. LANGTRY.

When youth and wit and beauty call,
I never walk away ;

When Mrs. Langtry leaves the ball,
I never care to stay.

I cannot rhyme like Oscar Wylde
Or Hayward (gifted pair !),
Or sing how Mrs. Langtry smiled,
Or how she wore her hair.

And yet I want to play my part,
Like any other swain ;
To fracture Mrs. Langtry's heart—

FEB. 9. 1881

9WB

'What are *cognate* persons?' I asked, a week or two since. I find a contemporary writing: 'Mr. Oscar Wilde is a cognate person, not so much because he has written poems, but because he is one of the principal leaders of the social and artistic movement which goes by the name of æstheticism.' This explanation is not enlightening or satisfying. Mr. Oscar Wilde is *cognate* to his brother; but in what other respect is he *cognate*? My contemporary employs terms, of which, apparently, he does not understand the meaning. The word 'cognate' should be included in the next edition of *Errors in the Use of English*, by the late William B. Hodgson, LL.D. (David Douglas, Edinburgh, 1881), an edifying and entertaining little book, which I commend to the regard of my readers. I am sure they will thank me for the attention.

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MARCH 23, 1981

There is no truth in the rumour associating the name of Mr. Oscar Wilde with the authorship of the volume of poems called the *Love Songs of Proteus*, recently published by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.

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APRIL 27. 1881

Mr. Oscar Wilde had rather a *mauvais quart d'heure* at the Opéra Comique on Saturday night. He was 'spotted' in the stalls by the denizens of the gallery, to whom nothing is sacred, and had to bear a considerable amount of chaff. Although the poet looked too 'unutterably utter,' he bore the infliction like a man, and saw it out.

2019-03-17

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Wilde 27/4/81

JUNE 8, 1881

I cut the following paragraph from the *Times* of Saturday :

'THOUGHT READING.—Mr. W. Irving Bishop, the "thought reader," gave a private *séance* yesterday afternoon, at five o'clock, at Keats's House, Chelsea. The company consisted of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Lady Mandeville, Lady Archibald, the Marquisa Sauturce, Mrs. Langtry, Lord Donoughmore, Mr. Irving, Mr. Booth, Mr. Whistler, Mr. Frank Miles, Mr. Oscar Wilde, and others.'

Now, to publish this sort of news in a 'society journal' is denounced by a certain class, and especially by those in immediate attendance on the illustrious personage of whom it treats, as the unforgivable sin. 'It is gross personality; it is an invasion of privacy; it is an adjective liberty, and the adjective fellows who write these things ought to be put down:' thus speaks the surrounding chorus of toadies, of glorified grooms, and copying-clerks who are called by a prettier name. But what will they say when they see it in the *Times*?

It is a pity the Arabian did not give us more information about this conjuring—did not let us know whether Mr. Bishop managed to read the thoughts of Mr. Booth on Court patronage; did not describe how Mr. Whistler and Mr. Oscar Wilde, tied together by the hair, were led up and down the room by the performer in search of a missing link, which was all the time under his hands. These details would have been interesting.

And so those naughty Magdalen youths pumped on their only appreciator of the fine arts and *belles lettres*, amid shouts of 'No more æsthetes in Magdalen!' As dirt is very often allied to genius, and as the peripumpetic philosopher is also the author of the notice in the Union concerning the club on the *renaissance* principle, perhaps the young wags thought they would treat him to the earliest method of that style, baptism by water. Meanwhile, the dons hovered about, but could do nothing. 'Il don e mobile,' sang a wit in the crowd. But hats must be respected, however eccentric; and yellow ties are part of the British Constitution, if any idiot chooses to make them so. And therefore, my dear young friends, accept your 'gating' after ten for a fortnight with equanimity.

Nevertheless, the undergrads will have done good service if they put a stop to this sickening craze. Nothing kills like ridicule. Michael Angelo himself, held by four sturdy youths under a pump, with a stream of water flowing down his spine, and gasping for mercy and breath, would hardly command 2049-03-17 Dissen Women's University Library away 29 because it is a rough one.

SEPT. 21, 1881

Doubts as to the 'secret of the great hereafter' vex and trouble the mind of man. It is a comfort to receive some assurance on the point from the recognised genius of the day. Mr. Oscar Wilde informs us not merely that

'we shall know

Who paints the diapered fritillaries'

—whatever they may be—but that

'the joyous sea

Shall be our raiment, and the bearded star

Shoot arrows at our pleasure.'

This will leave the performances of the Toxophilite Society far behind. Also,

'we shall be,

Part of the mighty universal whole,

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That will be nice !

World 21/9/81

Nov. 2, 1881.

X
THE W

Of all the unkind cuts which have been dealt out to Mr. Oscar Wilde during the last two or three months, that which has been inflicted by Professor Mahaffy is really the unkindest; at least, I should imagine it will be considered so by most people, though it is quite possible that the young poet, with his happy facility for discovering compliments, may think otherwise. The Professor has cruelly utilised Mr. Oscar Wilde's college career at Dublin as an illustration of the thesis that a stupid boy gains more than a brilliant one from a University training. All the celebrity which Mr. Wilde has attained is, it seems, due to the watchful care of Professor Mahaffy, who declares that if the poet be the father of a great movement, he (the Professor) has a claim to be considered its grandfather.

To those who know Professor Mahaffy, his appearance in this new rôle of progenitor of the lily and sunflower craze cannot but be regarded as a joke of excruciating funniness. I doubt whether within the walls of Trinity College could be found a more complete antithesis to the typical æsthete.

Mr. Oscar Wilde has arranged to leave England next month for America, where he will deliver lectures on art subjects. Mr. Wilde's volume of poems, which has had a very large sale in America, will have prepared the way for him, and no doubt insured him a brilliant reception in that country. I hear that Mr. Wilde is also making arrangements for bringing out an original play before he leaves London.

2019-03-17

Jessen Women's University Library

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9
Nov.
1881

Nov 9/11/81

Mr. Frith, R.A., has found an excellent subject for his special talent—
'The Private View of the Royal Academy Exhibition.' In this the artist
proposes to represent the various well-known persons who are ordinarily
to be found at those gatherings. Mr. Browning and Mr. Oscar Wilde
have recently given sittings to Mr. Frith.

2019-03-17

Jissen Women's University Library

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Nov Dec 7, 1881

*7
cc.
1881*

Mr. Oscar Wilde sailed for New York on Saturday in the Arizona.
Mr. Wilde purposes delivering a lecture on the Recent Growth of Art in
England, and will be absent three or four months.

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Dec.

1881

Jan 28 1881

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researches of Professors Huxley and Tyndall, became in your hands the materials for a pleasant literary mixture which the public consumed with avidity. Of science and theology, indeed, you knew little. You had grasped a few of the main ideas, and more of the catchwords of both. You talked with an attractive vagueness of the 'stream of tendency, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness,' and diluted the popular notion of a Deity till it was so weak that it inspired the ordinary mind neither with hope nor fear nor emotion of any sort, and so colourless that it assumed any hue with which the fancy chose to invest it. It would be absurd to say that any of your writing is actually irreligious; you have simply administered religious teaching to your contemporaries upon homoeopathic principles.

The inhabitants of the United States have recently witnessed—and are, indeed, witnessing still—in Mr. Oscar Wilde a clever caricature upon the culture and poetic enlightenment of our era. In you they may recognise the original force who made that astute child of grotesque fantasy possible. It is with your social demeanour as it is with your literary style, and those who mimic either are likely to spoil both. Poets have always enjoyed a chartered license of affectation and conceit, and there is scarcely one of the bards of the century who has not entertained an inordinately high opinion of his genius and his works. Byron was the most self-conscious of mankind, and Wordsworth the most egotistical. Much of Shelley's eccentricity was sheer vanity. Modesty is not the distinguishing quality of the Laureate; and I could name half a dozen other living gentlemen who write verses good, bad, or indifferent, and who pique themselves respectively upon being the bright particular stars of modern song. It would be affectation to pretend that you are free from the characteristic infirmity of the tribe of singers; it is simply true to say that never yet was there poet or philosopher whose self-love wore so unaggressive and agreeable a guise. And, indeed, there is much in your work and career of which you may well be proud. A popular poet you have not been nor will you become. But your poems will live, and you have the satisfaction of knowing that to many of the more intelligent of your contemporaries they are the source of a constant solace and charm. They contain, in truth, a philosophy of existence. 'But life, Lycoris, wants an art;' and that art you have done as much as any writer of your generation to create and to popularise. There are other things than these that will always be remembered to your credit. Those who know you may smile at your little tricks of manner and artifices of phrase; but they can have nothing but admiration for your courage and high bearing. These qualities have been displayed not more in your attitude towards the middle classes, whom you have denounced as Philistines, than in your bearing towards the higher classes—the aristocracy—whose parasite you have, unlike too many of your poetic brethren, refused to be. You have been the vogue in fashionable circles; but you have never failed to let the fine gentlemen and ladies with whom you have consorted clearly understand that you considered yourself their superior, and that your presence amongst them was an act of condescension on your part. There is, perhaps, no other man of letters now alive who would have had the intrepidity to make such a speech as you did a couple of years ago in returning thanks for the toast of literature at the Academy dinner. The citizens of a Republic may well admire the attributes in you to which that speech testified; and there can be very little doubt that your trip across the Atlantic will be the success that it is hoped it may prove by no one more earnestly than by

KOSMOS.

I am less lucky than Oscar, and never saw a really 'beautiful fire.' A more fortunate friend, however, assisted—in the ecclesiastical sense of the word—at the big thing in Wood-street on Friday morning, and his account of it, on which I can rely, is, in one respect, different from those which have appeared in the newspapers. When he arrived upon the scene the fire had got a thorough hold, having, indeed, been raging for about an hour. Only two fire-engines had then arrived; but even these might have done good work had it not seemed impossible, from some cause, to get a supply of water. Whether this were owing to defective information on the part of the firemen, or deficient arrangement on the part of the New River Company, I cannot say; but I should think the insurance companies would find it worth their while to inquire into the matter.

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Have you ever seen a picture of Beau Brummell or of the first quadrille party at Almack's? If not, you may see a faint reproduction in Mr. Oscar Wilde's toilet. An open-work embroidered shirt showing black silk lining, a large yellow silk handkerchief thrust in the breast of the coat, and a high stock of the past ages—such was the fact, a few days ago, at a London dinner. And the rest of the costume was quite in keeping with the coat; so no doubt we shall find the aesthetic young men of the period going in for very tight continuations instead of those lately patronised, which, by their width, seemed to ape Lady Harborton's dual garment.

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World 23 Feb 83



THE MODERN ST. VALENTINE.

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13

Dec.

1882

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2019-03-17

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World 28 Feb / 83



WHATEVER may be Mr. Irving Bishop's success as a "thought-reader," he has at least the aptitude for bringing big fish to his net. He gave a private *seance* the other day at Keats House, Chelsea, before the Prince of Wales, Lady Mandeville, Lady Archibald Campbell, Mrs. Langtry, Lord Donoughmore, Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Booth, Mr. Whistler, Mr. Frank Miles, Mr. Oscar Wilde, Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis, and other luminaries of the social, artistic, and literary worlds. After this the Glasgow professors are nowhere. One word of advice, though, Mr. Bishop—do not attempt to organise an entertainment for a charitable purpose; your efforts may be misunderstood as well as unappreciated.

JANUARY 25, 1882.

MR. OSCAR WILDE'S "frivolling," as the American critics have designated his lecturing, is severely cut up in Boston and Philadelphia. But it was in the first-named city that he received the unkindest cut of all. He had his hair cut there!

MR. D'OVLV CARTE telegraphs that he will return almost immediately from New York. He thinks Oscar Wilde cannot be worked up into a success as a lecturer, and so the noted aesthete is going to sojourn awhile in Philadelphia to superintend the issue of a new volume of poems that he has sold for a long price to a publisher in the Quaker city.

FEBRUARY 1, 1882.

The New York *Star* wittily describes Oscar Wilde as the dandy-lion of the American season.

SOCIETY.

No. 146.—VOL. VI.

LONDON: FEBRUARY 15, 1882.

THE FOLLY OF THE WEEK.

No. 107.—VARIOUS VALENTINES.

I.—To the Premier from Britannia

SWEET WILLIAM, dost thou love me well?
I long have borne with thee,
While taradiddles thou didst tell,
And now thou shamest me;
But, William, in thy last defeat
I note a cheering sign,
'Tis time that I was seeking, sweet,
Another Valentine.

II.—To Monsieur Gambetta from Madame La France.

I am a fickle maiden,
As surely you should know,
With sorrow I was laden
Because you had to go;
But wait a little longer,
The future still is thine,
Who knows when you are stronger
What may be, Valentine?

X. III.—To Oscar Wilde from Brother Jonathan.

O jaundiced flower of fashion,
O sweetheart lily fair,
That languisheth with passion,
Why hast thou cut thy hair?
The Philistine and Yankee
To worship thee decline,
Though English beauties cranky
May call thee Valentine.

IV.—To the Irish Secretary from Miss Parnell.

The blood is red,
Gunpowder blew,
And dynamite
Is made for you;
The House you will
No more harangue,
This Valentine
When touched goes bang!

V.—To Erin from John Bull.

Mavourneen, let me take your hand,
On me your cares repose,
For I but seek to rid your land
Of traitors, thieves, and foes.
Let Leaguers who would domineer
In grim Kilmainham pine,
Trust me and take me, Erin dear,
To be your Valentine.

THE MELANCHOLY JAKES.

OSCAR WILDE AMONGST THE AMERICANS.

THE *Philadelphia Times* thus describes the long-haired aesthete as he appeared on the platform in Philadelphia:

Mr. Wilde entered very quietly, with a long stride, and laying his manuscript on the desk, bowed low, and began to repeat his lecture in a monotonous but rather melodious voice, with that soft accent and upward inflection which

Church of England clergymen so much affect. He wore, as at the reception on the previous night, a black dress coat, low white waistcoat with four buttons, and knee breeches and black silk stockings, only on this occasion he had made a change in the style of tying the wide white scarf which confines the Byronic shirt-collar. It was gathered in a sailor knot, with the ends floating off in beautiful curves towards his ears. Although he had the manuscript before him, and turned the pages over, he held himself so erect, and fixed his eyes so much on the ceiling and to the right and left, that it was plain to everybody he was not reading it, but had committed it to memory. Those who had not seen him before were surprised at the lecturer's youthful appearance, and all sorts of opinions, favourable and otherwise, were expressed about his beauty, his sanity, his genius, and so on. Very often through the lecture he stood in the favourite "Patience" position, with one arm akimbo at his side and the leg on the opposite side crooked at the knee. As a general rule he wears his head on the right-hand side, letting his hair hang down gracefully, like a honey-laden lily, but occasionally varies the attitude by hanging his head upon the left. He did not laugh, although he more than once made his audience do so, and he was several times applauded, particularly after some of his glowing poetical descriptions. The title of the lecture was "The English Renaissance." It was a rambling discourse, not confined in any part to any single feature or branch of the subject, but kaleidoscopic, with varied thoughts, usually expressed in melodious language. In the middle of one subject the speaker would begin another, and in the beginning of another would go back to the middle of the one he had left off.

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Mr. Wilde was once editor of the *Times*! The gentleman who is visiting the country. Mr. Wilde was once editor of the "beauty disease," nor does he pose as an "aesthetic sham."

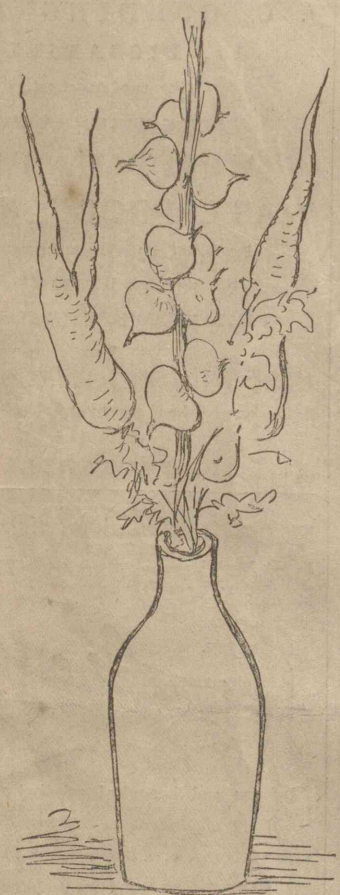
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OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.



Allegory of Mr. J. C. Burnand
Seeking inspiration for certain
portions of "The Colonel"

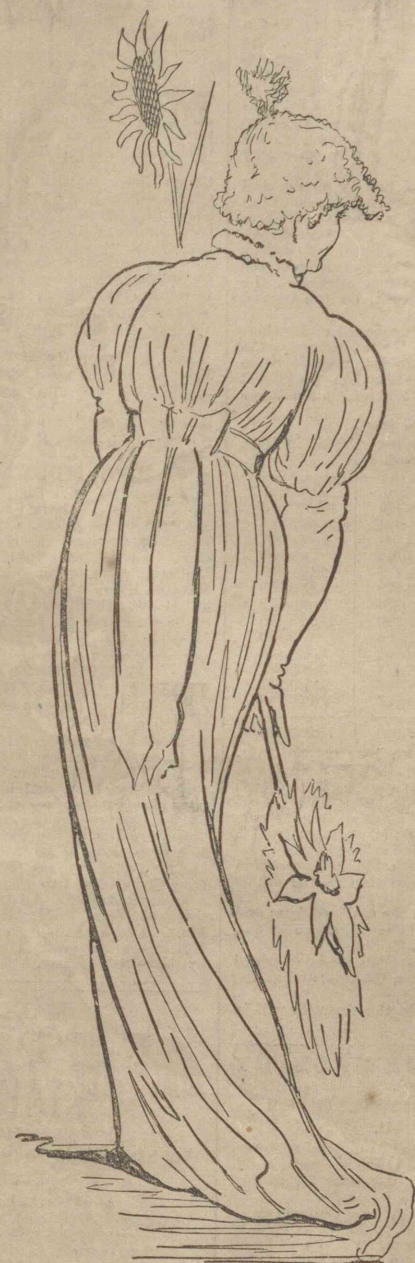
SOME years ago I found myself in the chambers of a house which I (alas! too late to beat a hasty retreat) discovered was dedicated to the Intensity of Art. The chairs were



A small devotional
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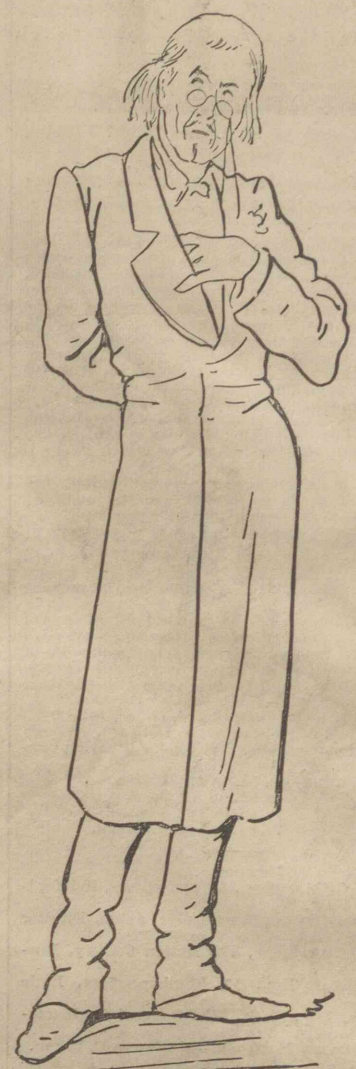
hard, so were those sitting upon them; the chairs were angular, ditto the said occupants. Everything was the colour of badly-tinned peas or essence of cocoa (in powder). There was little or nothing to eat or drink, and many hours passed in the

assuring reiteration that certain long-haired snub-nosed boys were not only art students but GENIUSES. I have not experienced anything of this sort since, until the other evening, when I had the felicity of a chair screwed into the side of the stalls of the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Note: Mr. Bruce, next time he strikes out, must either take a bigger theatre, or get a less attractive comedy than *The Colonel*. These utterly intense people whom I met as afore-mentioned were "quite too utterly" unbearable when I came across them in the flesh; in Mr. Burnand's glorious exhibition of them they were "far too sweet and precious" to be missed. The drawing into public ridicule of this dried Lotos-leaf school of idiots is originally due to the Society-comedy artist of Punch, Mr. Du Maurier. His beautiful and entertaining mission against its votaries has familiarised people who only know art through a visit to the Academy or Bond-street with the absurdities of the charlatans of the professions, who pose themselves in long dry hair and gangreen draperies. The earliest exponent of their follies upon the stage was Mr. Hare, when he produced at the Court Theatre a play called *Victims*. The piece was a peg to hang the rage for pots and pans and other aesthetic "utterances" upon. Mr. Tom Taylor (then editor of *Punch*) was the author, and the "pictures" of drawing-room life were arranged by Mr. Du Maurier himself. The joke was too early and too subtle, the critics and public (including even myself, reader!) missed it, and the pots and pans and the drawing-room gushers had to be withdrawn. In the mean-



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* * *

WHATEVER may be Mr. Irving Bishop's success as a "thought-reader," he has at least the aptitude for bringing big fish to his net. He gave a private *séance* the other day at Keats House, Chelsea, before the Prince of Wales, Lady Mandeville, Lady Archibald Campbell, Mrs. Langtry, Lord Donoughmore, Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Booth, Mr. Whistler, Mr. Frank Miles, Mr. Oscar Wilde, Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis, and other luminaries of the social, artistic, and literary worlds. After this the Glasgow professors are nowhere. One word of advice, though, Mr. Bishop—do not attempt to organise an entertainment for a charitable purpose; your efforts may be misunderstood as well as unappreciated.

* * *

JANUARY 25, 1882.

MR. OSCAR WILDE'S "frivolling," as the American critics have designated his lecturing, is severely cut up in Boston and Philadelphia. But it was in the first-named city that he received the unkindest cut of all. He had his hair cut there!

MR. D'OYLY CARTE telegraphs that he will return almost immediately from New York. He thinks Oscar Wilde cannot be worked up into a success as a lecturer, and so the noted æsthete is going to sojourn awhile in Philadelphia to superintend the issue of a new volume of poems that he has sold for a long price to a publisher in the Quaker city.

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FEBRUARY 1, 1882.

THE New York Star wittily describes Oscar Wilde as the
dandy-lion of the American season.

THE FOLLY OF THE WEEK.

No. 107.—VARIOUS VALENTINES.

I.—*To the Premier from Britannia*

SWEET WILLIAM, dost thou love me well?
 I long have borne with thee,
 While tarradiddles thou didst tell,
 And now thou shamest me;
 But, William, in thy last defeat
 I note a cheering sign,
 'Tis time that I was seeking, sweet,
 Another Valentine.

II.—*To Monsieur Gambetta from Madame La France.*

I am a fickle maiden,
 As surely you should know,
 With sorrow I was laden
 Because you had to go;
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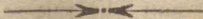
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discovered," continues the same journal, "that the members were disposed to treat the youthful Oscar as an unwelcome intruder." It so happens that I was at the Century Club on the occasion referred to, and nothing of the kind occurred. Mr. Wilde was not snubbed any more than any other gentleman present. He passed a quiet evening, chatting with the gentlemen who were introduced to him, and he never lacked company. It is not necessary to make lies out of whole cloth for the purpose of slandering a young Englishman who is visiting this country. Mr. Wilde has not got the "beauty disease," nor does he pose as an "æsthetic sham."

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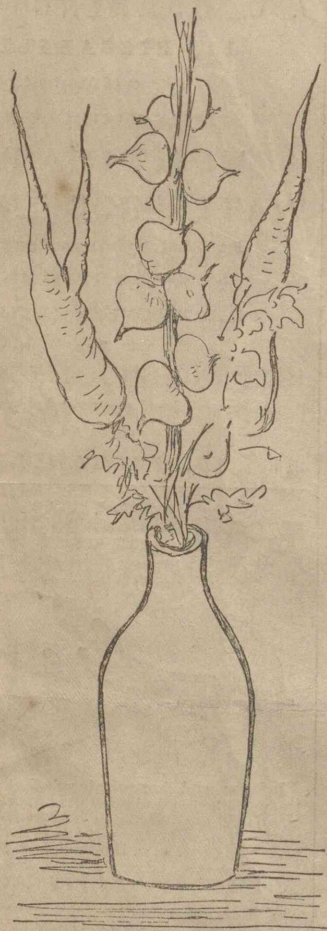


OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.



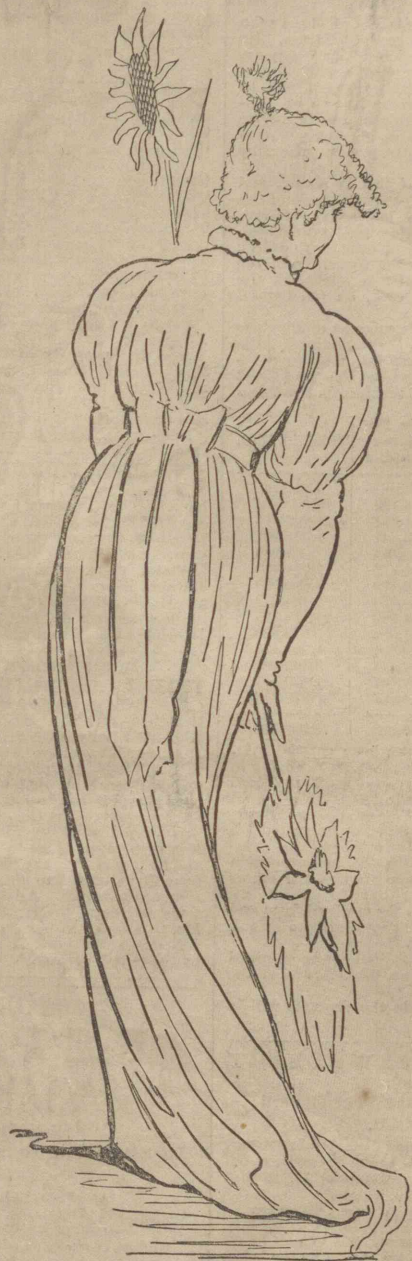
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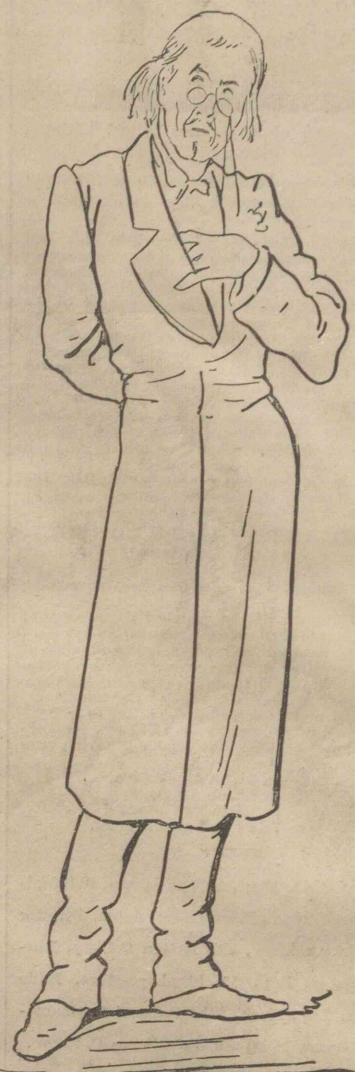
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on men who are infinitely his superiors, such as Charles Algernon Swinburne, William Morris, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and who have not thrust themselves forward like Mr. Oscar Wilde. Not that I wish to defend either Swinburne, Morris, or Rossetti from the charges which have been brought against them relating to the delicacy of portions of their poems, but that I think they have been very much misrepresented, particularly since the young Oscar has thought fit to "put an antic disposition on" as the leader of the new artistic school. Without being so blatantly gorgeous in outward semblance as Mr. Oscar Wilde's volume, Mr. Rossetti's new edition of his *Ballads and Sonnets* (Ellis and White) is elegantly and tastefully got up, as becomes the book of a lover of beautiful things

Clothed round by sweet Art with the spacious
Warm heaven of her imminent wings.



THE ÆSTHETIC QUADRILLE.



SKETCHES AT THE PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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THE AESTHETIC QUADRILLE.





JOLLY.

A Dinner Party—the Youngest Gentleman (it is his first visit) has broken the ice at last by inquiring the name of the Hostess's little Daughter, to which the Child has replied "Ethel."

"AND WHY, ETHEL, DO YOU KEEP PATTING ME ON THE ARM?"

"BECAUSE MAMA SAYS YOU'RE A MUFF,"—(awful pause, during which the Child strokes him down)—"BUT YOU DON'T FEEL LIKE ONE, YOU KNOW."

A MOAN FROM THE MAIDENS OF MULLAGH.

"A novel notice has been posted on the walls of Mullagh. It is a threat of death to the farmers who allow their daughters to get married under any circumstances until the suspects are released."—*Irish Paper.*

OCH HONE! Mr. GLADSTONE, give ear to our lay,
For the sake of our beautiful sex,
We shall be, one and all, in a terrible way
Unless you release the suspects.

The foxes of Mullagh your praises proclaim,
Them coercion from hunting protects;
But we maidens of Mullagh shall faint at your name
Unless you release the suspects.

We want to get married, dear WILLIAM, you see,
And that matter our comfort affects;
By the boys of each cottage we'll Boycotted be
Unless you release the suspects.

What are parties to us? Wedding parties are all
The parties a lady selects;
So listen, och hone! to our agonized call,
And in mercy release the suspects.

A MARKET GARDENER'S MOTTO.—Peas and plenty.

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6 months, 3s. 3d.; 12 months, 6s. 6d.

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One Penny Packet will go as far as Four Eggs, and One Sixpenny Tin as far as Twenty-eight. In 1d. Packets; 6d. and 1s. Tins.

White Horse Street, Leeds.

APRIL 12, 1882.

SOCIETY.

ALFRED TENNYSON.
Perhaps there's a little too much of the poet,
In the hang of the hair, and the cut of the clothes!
Too much of the conscious-sublime (did he know it?)
In Alfred's demeanour, and manner, and pose.
No doubt he can make the success of a painter,
Whenever he deigns for his portrait to sit:
But why should his dress be so very much quaint,
Than other folk's garments, in fashion and fit?
He is guiltless, we know, of the caddish obtrusion
—The Oscarised, vulgarised, mountebank rôle;
But the opposite error of over-seclusion
Is scarcely a symptom of greatness of soul.
May we finally hint that he suffers by swerving
From paths where he won his attested renown—
That he far better leave the stage laurels to Irving,
And satisfied rest with his Laureate crown!
GOSSAY JR.

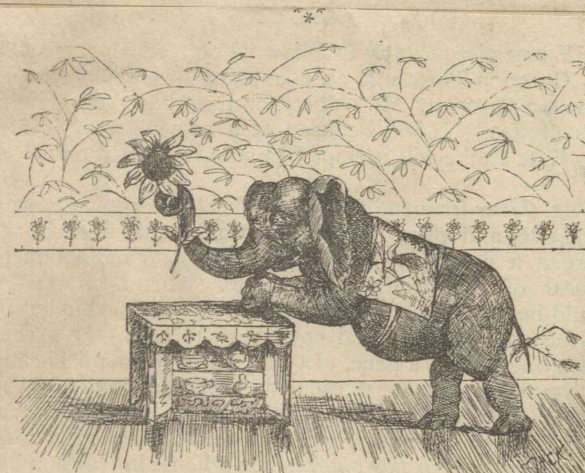
APRIL 19, 1882.

SOCIETY.



SPIRITUS ÆSTHETICUS *log.*
I'm the spirit of cant and the model
Of morbid desires to excel;
My priests preach the Gospel of twaddle,
For the cells in their "brains" are a sell;
They're limp, and they're lank, and they're lazy;
Unkempt, and uncombed, as I am;
They are proud to live down to a daisy—
Their home is the far Oscarshamn.*

*In Sweden.



Oh! intensely 'precious Jumbo, thou art quite too-too,
Simply æsthetic, peripatetic, is utterly applied to you.

SOCIETY.

MAY 24, 1882

LATTER-DAY LITERATURE.

From the blessings they bestow
Our times are dated and our eras move.
V.

Ouida's novels might be considered the prose equivalents
of Mr. Swinburne's and Mr. Oscar Wilde's poetry. In them
burns that passionate sensuousness and love of material
beauty, which we are accustomed to associate with the
pencil of Rubens. Her works, as a class, are, however, new
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the same vein. The Abbé Prévost's story of "Manon
Lescaut," now some two centuries in print, is one of the
earliest and best of the type.

MAY 3, 1882.

SOCIETY.

WILL APPEAR
ALTERNATELY WITH "ACADEMY ANTICS,"
In the Saturday Edition of "Society."



"ACADEMY ANTICS,"
By C. J. LILLIE, in SATURDAY EDITION.
"GROSVENOR GROTESQUES,"
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3d. "SOCIETY." 3d.

JUNE 14, 1882.

SOCIETY.

COMPETITION No. 169.
THROUGH extreme pressure on our space, we were com-
pelled to hold over the specimen EPITAPHS upon living
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publish a selection of the replies, together with the award.

SELECTION.

OSCAR WILDE.
Here lies—and over him the sunflowers grow—
Æsthetic Oscar, free from earthly woe!
No more the object of Bohemian mockery,
Nor laughed to scorn for worshipping old crockery.
J. V. O'CONNOR.

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Ophelia.

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unprejudiced inquiry into the origin, growth, and develop-
ment of an undoubted revolution in Art.



A TEARDROP BEING EACH MARITAL EYE!

TWO LOVE-SICK MAIDENS

ÆSTHETIC! HE IS ÆSTHETIC!
YES, YES—I AM ÆSTHETIC
AND POETIC!

JANE—NO, NOT PRETTY, MASSIVE.

PATIENCE

NBODY BE
BUNTHORNES
BRIDE!

IN A STEADY AND STOLID-Y,
JOLLY BANK-HOLIDAY
EVERY-DAY YOUNG MAN!

Harry Furness

SKETCHES FROM "PATIENCE," AT THE OPÉRA COMIQUE.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

SOCIETY.

MARCH 1, 1882.

"PATIENTS; or, Bunion Salve's Bride," says a New York
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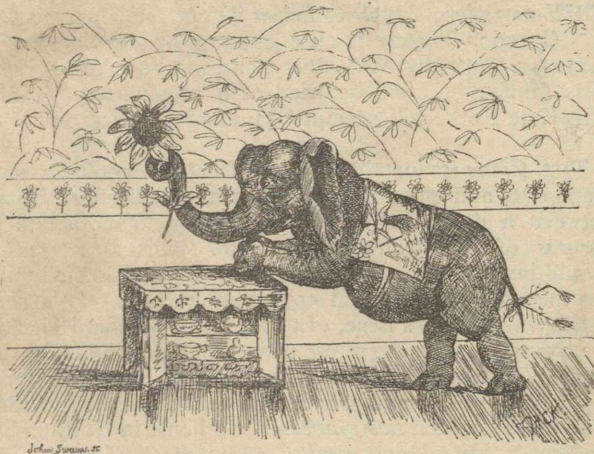
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3d.

"SOCIETY."

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June 18 1881



SKETCHES FROM "PATIENCE," AT THE OPÉRA COMIQUE.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, June 14.

The past week has been a continuous series of fêtes, in which, according to the Parisian fashion, charity and pleasure have gone hand in hand. On Friday and Sunday the terrace of the Tuileries gardens was transformed into a vast "Foire aux Plaisirs," at which the booths and stalls were kept by the fine flower of the ladies of the Faubourg Saint-Germain and of the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, assisted by Théo, Judic, and other fashionable members of the dramatic profession. This fête was for the benefit of the victims of the earthquake in Chios, and the receipts amounted to considerably over two hundred thousand francs. To-day there is a grand musical and dramatic fête at the Trocadéro, organised by the Jewish bankers of Paris for the benefit of the victims of the persecution in Southern Russia. The charity of the Parisians is proverbially inexhaustible—as inexhaustible as their vanity; and, while rejoicing in the results obtained, one cannot help remarking that the fashionable ladies whose names are always to be found in connection with fêtes of this kind have been endowed with an unusually large dose of vanity. Of their physical charms I will say nothing; for an account of them we should have to turn back to the records of the palmy days of the Empire; and to mention dates in presence of ladies is often cruel and always imprudent. I will content myself with remarking that the "Foire aux Plaisirs" was an admirable opportunity for the display of that quality which the French call *cabotinage*, and that the ladies who took part in it amply availed themselves of the chances offered.

The Grand Prix was favoured on Sunday last by fine weather. There was neither sun, wind, dust, nor rain, and if the company had been less numerous and more select the day would have been altogether enjoyable. Indeed, never before had so many people been seen at the Grand Prix, although that race has been gaining in popularity every year. At least half a million people were present, including immense numbers of foreigners and provincials. The company, however, was not brilliant; there were few fine toilets, and only here and there a handsome turn-out, quite lost in the ocean of democratic cabs and plebeian carts and vans—in short, Longchamps presented a most un-Parisian and inelegant aspect. The race was a fine one; that is to say, it was very nearly a dead-heat. Foxhall, the American horse, kept the lead until the last turn, when Tristan got ahead. Then Foxhall made a dash and ran in a straight line along the ropes with Tristan galloping at his side, and finally Fordham landed his horse at the winning-post a short head in advance of Tristan, who was splendidly ridden by Archer. Ten horses started: Count Lagrange's Albion, Dublin, and Léon; Chamant Stud's Tristan and Royamont; Baron Rothschild's Forum; MM. Ephrussi's Casimir; the Duke of Hamilton's Fiddler; Prince Soltykoff's Scobell; Mr. James R. Keene's Foxhall. The victory of the American colt was not unexpected. Fordham was loudly cheered and the American flag was immediately hoisted on a number of carriages on the racecourse. Albion came in third, three lengths behind, and Fiddler fourth. This is the third time that Fordham has ridden the winner of the Grand Prix, which, since its foundation, has fallen to the lot of the French eight times, of the English seven, of the Austrians one, and of the Americans one. On the evening of the race all Paris was en fête at the "Foire aux Plaisirs," at the Cirque d'été, at Mabilly, and a dozen other places.

In the political world the great event of the week has been the rejection of the *scrutin de liste* in the Senate last Thursday by 148 votes against 114. This result was obtained, thanks chiefly to the manoeuvring of the Duc de Broglie, with a view to profound and mysterious electioneering schemes. It is very generally considered that the Senate has made a grave error in thwarting the Chamber of Deputies in its legitimate and laudable desire to purify and improve its composition. The rejection of the *scrutin de liste* will also have the effect of making the elections turn upon the maintenance or non-maintenance of the Senate—that is to say, upon the revision of the Constitution—an issue which will render the contest very agitated. The vote of the Senate caused great excitement in the political world, and many thought that the best way to get out of the difficulty would be to dissolve the Chamber at once, and so appeal to the country. A proposition of M. Bardoux to this effect was submitted to the majority of the Chamber yesterday, but each group rejected it by important majorities. This being the case, M. Bardoux did not present his proposition to the Chamber. Matters, therefore, remain in a state of aggravated tension; and the Chamber, considering its dignity to be a matter of little importance, will continue to exist for a few weeks longer. Yesterday the Bill for a grant of 14,226,000 francs to defray the cost of the Tunisian Expedition was, after a short discussion, voted unanimously. On Thursday the discussion of the Budget will begin.

The first volume has appeared of the library edition of the complete works of Alphonse Daudet, with illustrations by Dagnan-Bouveret (Paris: Dentu and Charpentier, publishers). The present volume contains "Fromont Jeune et Risler aimé," preceded by a charming preface, in which the author gives the history of the novel, and, at the same time, replies to the charges which some English critics have made against him of imitating Dickens. "An author," says M. Daudet, "who writes according to his eyes and his conscience, has nothing to reply to that, except that there are certain affinities of mind for which we are not ourselves responsible, and that on the day of the grand fabrication of men and novelists, nature, in a moment of distraction, must have mixed the pastes." I need only add that this edition is very handsomely got up, and issued at a price which amounts in English money to the sum of "just a lawyer's fee," according to the old pounds, shillings, and pence table.

The Prix du Salon this year has been awarded to M. Boucher for his group of sculpture, "L'Amour Filial." Travelling scholarships—*bourses de voyage*—were awarded to MM. Lucas, Bertrand, and Rosset-Granger for painting, to MM. Etcheto and Carlier for sculpture, to M. Chancel for architecture, and to M. Rapine for engraving.

M. Pasteur, the celebrated *savant* and chemist, is a candidate for the seat in the French Academy vacant by the death of Littré. His rivals will be Paul de Saint-Victor, the critic, and Sully-Prudhomme, the poet. T. C.

Spain contemplates holding an Exhibition of Home and Colonial Products and Manufactures in 1883, and plans of the requisite buildings are to be prepared forthwith.

A tablet bearing an inscription in memory of George Stephenson was unveiled on Thursday week at the railway station, Rome, in presence of Sir Augustus Paget, the British Ambassador, the Mayor of Rome, and the director and chief officials of the Roman Railway Company.

It is announced by the *Gazette de Lausanne* that the International Socialist Congress which was to have been held at Zurich in September next has been prohibited by the authorities of that city.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

ITALY.

The steel cruiser Flavio Gioja was launched at Castellamare on Sunday, in presence of the Queen and the Crown Prince, who sailed thither from Naples on board the despatch-boat Stafetta, escorted by three ironclads. The Queen on landing was received by the civil authorities and the Bishop of Castellamare. The weather was very fine, and the spectacle attracted thousands from all parts of the Gulf.

In the Chamber on Tuesday Signor Forti's amendment to the Electoral Reform Bill, proposing universal suffrage in the full extension of the term, was negatived by 314 votes against 39. Female suffrage, proposed by Signor Fabris, was negatived by a show of hands, Signor Fabris's own hand being the only one raised in support of his motion.

Intelligence has been received in Rome confirming the reported massacre of an Italian exploring party in Africa. The Italian Government has telegraphed to Cairo demanding a strict inquiry into the circumstances of the massacre and punishment of the murderers.

GERMANY.

The Emperor William arrived on Sunday at Ems, where he will remain three weeks. Before leaving Berlin he visited Prince Bismarck, who is still confined to his room. The Chancellor suffers, it is stated, from inflammation of the veins.

The German Parliament yesterday week rejected, by 153 against 102 votes, the credit demanded by Prince Bismarck for the establishment of a German Economic Council. The House subsequently passed, without amendment, the second reading of the bill relating to the increase of customs duties on printed and unprinted stuffs. At an evening sitting of the Reichstag on the 11th the commercial treaties with Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, and Belgium were read the first and second time. The Reichstag held an evening sitting on Monday, at which the proposed duties on meal and grapes were unanimously adopted. The duty on woollen goods was subsequently agreed to. In Tuesday's sitting the commercial treaties with Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, Belgium, and Roumania were read the third time and passed without debate. At the close of the Session of the Reichstag on Saturday it is anticipated that there will be a dissolution and a subsequent general election.

A banquet was given on the 8th by the King, in the Wilhelma Hall, Stuttgart, in celebration of the Wurtemberg Industrial Exhibition. His Majesty, who was present, proposed as a toast, "The Successful Exhibition of our beloved Wurtemberg and Germany, upon whom may God's richest blessings descend."

GREECE.

M. Sotiropoulos has resigned the Ministry of Finance. M. Gennadius, who has been reappointed Hellenic Minister in London, in the place of M. Contostavlos, left Athens for England on Sunday.

TURKEY.

The formality of exchanging the ratifications of the Greek Convention regulating the cession of the territory was duly accomplished at the Porte on Tuesday afternoon.

Lord Dufferin, the new British Ambassador to Turkey, arrived at Constantinople on Wednesday.

Midhat Pasha is said to have written to the Sultan to the effect that while he had nothing to do with the murder he was a party to the deposition of Sultan Abdul Aziz. His reason was that the Sultan was plotting to change the succession to the Throne, and with a view to that object was arranging with General Ignatieff to bring a Russian army of occupation to Constantinople.

The Persian Ambassador at Constantinople has caused the city to be placarded with instructions to the subjects of the Shah not to pay any taxes on tobacco or spirituous liquors. The police were ordered to remove the documents, and an energetic remonstrance was addressed to the Ambassador.

AMERICA.

At a meeting of the Ohio Republican Convention held at Cleveland, under the presidency of Senator Sherman, the Governor of the State, Mr. Charles Foster, was nominated for re-election. Resolutions were adopted endorsing President Garfield's administration, and claiming full protection for American labour, and discrimination in favour of home production. Mr. Sherman made a speech eulogising the financial policy pursued by Mr. Windom, Secretary of the Treasury.

The New York State Legislature continues to vote for United States senators without obtaining any result, no candidate having up to the present obtained a sufficient majority.

The American victory at Longchamps has not created so much excitement as was caused by that at Epsom. All the morning papers comment on the event. The *Tribune* says that to have produced and sent abroad in a single year two such colts as Iroquois and Foxhall is a thing to be proud of, and that the American turf is certain to benefit largely by it.

The United States steamer Rodgers sailed from San Francisco on Wednesday in search of the Arctic exploring-vessel Jeannette.

A severe storm has visited the States. It has damaged the railways, injured the crops, broken up the timber-rafts on the rivers, and strewn the seacoast with wrecks, and several persons have been killed by lightning. Considerable damage has been done in the neighbourhood of Pittsburg and elsewhere by the overflow of the rivers in Ohio. Great destruction of crops has been caused by violent hailstorms in central Iowa. Several lives were lost and many houses were thrown down. From several districts in the Western States considerable damage from cyclones is reported.

The demand in the States for mechanics and labourers of all kinds still exceeds the supply.

CANADA.

It is stated that Mr. Cornwall, a member of the Dominion Senate, is to be Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia.

The hull of the Victoria has been pumped dry, and a large hole discovered in the bottom of the vessel, as though she had struck upon a snag or sunken rock.

One fourth of the ancient and picturesque city of Quebec is in ashes. On Wednesday night last week a fire broke out in one of the most populous districts of the town, and in the conflagration, which lasted seven hours, eight hundred houses fell a prey to the flames. The fire seems to have originated in a small house in St. Ollivier-street, in the central part of the French quarter. The Governor-General has subscribed 500 dollars, and the Legislative Assembly has voted 10,000 dollars to the fund for the relief of the sufferers.

SOUTH AFRICA.

We learn from Cape Town that the House of Assembly has negatived a resolution to transfer the control of the native territories to the Home Government. The House has voted in favour of a scheme for the extension of the South African railways involving an outlay of £5,000,000.

The Transvaal Commission was expected to begin its sittings at Pretoria on the 14th inst. Sir H. De Villiers, President Brand, and the Boer representatives had arrived.

The *Jessen Women's University Library* of Mr. Malcolm have been surrendered; and those implicated in the murders

of Dr. Barber and Captain Elliot will also, it is stated, be surrendered.

Masupha has announced his intention of paying the fine imposed upon the Basutos by the Cape Government.

INDIA.

The Viceroy of India has issued a minute thanking political and other officers for their services during the past year. Among those mentioned are Sir Richard T. Lieut. Governor of the Punjab, Sir Alfred Lepel Griffin, Sir Robert Sandeman, and Colonel St. Ayoub Khan's defeat with heavy loss by the troops, near Girishk, in Afghanistan, is now confirmed by the Governor of Candahar.

The Bombay Government has reduced the sentences on several of the Kolapore conspirators to one year of imprisonment.

AUSTRALIA.

A telegram from Melbourne, dated June 10, states that there is no present prospect of a favourable issue out of the difficulty caused by the disagreement between the Legislative Council and the Legislative Assembly of Victoria upon the reform of the Constitution. The Government intend to accept the Council's amendments mentioned in the table of the 12th ult., and introduced others, which were agreed to by the Legislative Assembly. All these latter amendments, however, have now been rejected by the Legislative Council.

A further notice has been issued from the office of the Agent-General for Victoria, stating that, in consequence of the prevalence of foot and mouth disease in England, the exportation of stock from this country into Victoria is strictly prohibited in the terms of Section V. of the Ordinance, Council, July 7, 1879.

Reports have reached Aden of the massacre of an exploring party from Assah.

According to intelligence from San Domingo, President Merino has been proclaimed Dictator.

Great damage has been done by a fire at the Arsenal of Carlskrona, many shells having exploded.

It has been resolved that columns of French troops traverse the whole country occupied by hostile tribes in China.

Further earthquake shocks have occurred at Tiphon, in Armenia. One hundred persons are reported to have perished, while about sixty have been injured and a number of houses destroyed. Great suffering exists among the survivors.

The Roman correspondent of the *Standard* says that within his knowledge the Pope is "very much impressed by the conduct of the Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland, and his Holiness has ordered letters to be written to the Bishops, drawing their special attention to the subject."

PATIENCE; OR, BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE.

This is at once the most subtle and incisive of all the tribulations to the exhaustive satire of aestheticism. The if it be an evil, grows by what it feeds upon, and the tation that is so universally ridiculed will increase as plays and the papers get into the provinces and over threshold of quiet domestic life. For stage purposes opera of "Patience," so cleverly written by Mr. W. Gilbert, and exquisitely sung to by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, probably first—the very first—to be designed. It pre the popular "Colonel" in intention if not in date, and it intended as a surprise for the public before they were get a little weary of the banter. By this time the stage is sown all over with a crop of lilies and sunflowers. The is gaudy with the peacock's feather, and the Lazen Liberty silk dress. There are aesthetes in every burlesque and comic opera produced. Even Mr. Toole poses as sunflower when he emerges from a Margate bathing-machine and says that "it does make him so Wilde." Much of satire is clearly on the surface, but the opera of "Patience" goes deeper than the rest into the mystery aestheticism. It gives, with considerable success, a treat not only on the mere decorative craze, but upon form of literature that is supposed to be held high esteem by the ardent lovers of the beautiful in Mr. Gilbert's stanzas and rhymes, his madrigals, roundelays, and his daring exposition of woman's advance the capture of the retiring man, have, indeed, a far de significance than the mere assumption of an obsolete form dress or the soul-sighing of a worshipper of wild flowers, may not be forgotten that long before Mr. Du Maurier invaded Maude and Postlethwaite and pointed his lance at the Cimb Browns, he had satirised the Morris school with great clever but much severity. Years ago he published in *Punch* "Legend of Camelot," with its wild and weird refrain, "Miserie," which affected to turn the laugh at the p of Rossetti and Morris, particularly "The Defence Guinevere," one of the earliest of the poem-books of the p decorator. Mr. Gilbert, with his fleshly and idyllic poet Bunthornes and Grosvenors, his rapturous maidens and milkmaids, goes nearest to Mr. Du Maurier's earlier spirit ridicule, mixing his satire of course with that inimitable of comical invention that is peculiarly Mr. Gilbert's own. say ridiculous things with a grave face is but half Mr. Gilbert's method. That belongs to many American humourists could be mentioned. The key-note of his pleasant will be found in his comical irreverence. He says pre those things which many people think, but very few p say. He unbare the maiden's heart and exposes upon stage warm and quivering the fibre of man's selfishness vanity. He respects no one, and he shows ourselves "others see us," but as we see ourselves. In all the "Ballads," beyond their original quaintness and eccentric daring, there is an undercurrent of tremendous truth. feel as we read them that, laugh or not, here present is the knife of the dissector, and that he waits behind the chair his apron on. "Patience" is a case in point. It is amus but it is terribly true. It is a satire of a human weakness, than of a society craze. It will live in literature where other plays and poems are long ago forgotten. And Patie that bright and coquettish dairy-maid—how she remind in our picture of a maiden lained by Mr. Luke Fildes—remembered, is vastly improved by her musical accompani The officers of the Dragoon Guards, the portentous Lady with her muscular development, the half-starved Bunth the massive Grosvenor, the maidens with their lyes mandolins who crown their devoted poet with roses, a modern revivalists of a form of obsolete pagan worship, the "steady and stolid, jolly bank-holiday, everyday J man" would not be nearly so amusing were it not for strains by Arthur Sullivan that grow upon the ear and be more popular by repetition. Such ditties as "Willy W Oh!" relieve the satirical composition from weariness sameness, and make the audience wonder and regret why name of this gifted composer is not identified with some work that will defy the humour of the time and the fa of the hour.

SOCIETY.

"PATIENTS ; or, Bunion Salve's Bride," says a New York
Paper, continues to tickle the risibilities of crowds at that
March 1, 1882. anti-melancholy foundry known as the San Francisco Minstrel
Opera House.

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SONGS OF SOCIETY.

"A BEAUTIFUL FIRE."

[Among many who called upon Mrs. Langtry whilst the fire was raging was Oscar Wilde, who remarked, "What a beautiful fire!"—*Daily News*, Nov. 1st.]

O, LIST to the bard who sings over the sea,
Far away from beloved Piccadilly,
Who warbles to Beauty at five o'clock tea,
And kneels at the Shrine of the Lily;
O, list as he stands on a "sweet" second-floor,
And smilingly touches his lyre;
The damage and loss some poor folks may deplore,
But oh! 'tis "a beautiful fire!"

The name and the face of the actress are seen
On hoardings and walls in the City,
On every lip is the child of the Dean,
Allied to an adjective pretty;
But not on the stage will she figure to-night,
Command all the house to admire;
The theatre's in flames! At the terrible sight,
Cries one, "What a beautiful fire!"

And Beauty looks on as the furies are tossed,
With countenance smiling and placid,
But those who their wardrobes unhappily lost,
Speak language inclined to be acid;
Misfortune must fall upon someone, you know,
When comes such destruction entire,
But what if a few grief and loss undergo?
It is such "a beautiful fire!"

Why think of the prospects and plans disarranged?
Unfortunate Manager Abbey,
Who ancient traditions has thoroughly changed,
Whose treatment no person calls "shabby."
He'll get higher prices again for each seat,
And popular pity acquire;
Perchance he will join, then, with Oscar the Sweet,
In singing "The Beautiful Fire."

The Lily will go on her way through the States,
And win all the hearts of the people;
The tale of the fire ev'ry paper relates,
'Tis published abroad "from the steeple."
The danger escaped and the peril she passed,
Is flashed far and wide on the wire,
Around her a far greater glory is cast,
Because of "the beautiful fire."

But while we are jesting one thought may arise,
A thought that is burdened with sadness,
Of lives that the flames may secure as their prize,
In their revelling fiery madness.
O silence, then, bard of the strange and untrue,
The sight should your sorrow inspire;
But what are the feelings of others to you,
To whom 'tis "a beautiful fire?"

IMPROVISATORE.

THE sublime imperturbability of Oscar Wilde's opinion of the Abbey's Park Theatre calamity, "It is a beautiful fire," is a fitting sequel to his anathema of the Atlantic. In the case of the "melancholy ocean," it was Oscar who suffered, but at the theatre he was only an unconcerned and critical spectator, hence the difference in his estimate of the two things. The equanimity with which these cultured and sensitive creatures bear misfortune (of others) is touching indeed. I expect Mr. Abbey was inclined to "make it warm" for the aesthete when he heard his remarks.

Scarcely three weeks gone our "Lily" fair,
When news arrives to daze us;
Then, bright as day her prospects were,
Now—she has gone to blaze!
At Abbey's Park Theatre, she
Had hoped to make her mark,
Those who its mouldering embers see,
Now call it Abbey's Park.
When "Beauty" saw the blaze, said she
"It's just an awful sight;
Still I must draw my little fee—
One hundred pounds per night."

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SOCIETY.

DEC. 23, 1882.

SOCIETY.

HOW MRS. LANGTRY KIKED OVER THE TRACES.

OUR American cousins may invariably be trusted to estimate British importations at their real value, and Mrs. Langtry might have known that, despite the ill-advised Royal telegram and general flourish of trumpets which heralded the transplanting of the Lily, she would soon find her level in American society. As a matter of fact, she never obtained a foothold in first-class circles in that country at all, as we have from time to time recorded; but so audaciously has she been kicking over the traces of professional and social decorum that her chaperone, Mrs. Labouchere, has at last discarded her *protégée*, and the American journals are full of the piquant scandal. We give a few extracts, which will show how blunt and fearless American journalism is in matters of this kind.

The New York *Spirit of the Times* says:

Manager Abbey hired twenty carriages to convey the Langtry wardrobe to his special train at the Grand Central depot, and the procession looked ominously like a funeral. Oscar Wilde noticed this omen, and several others had previously excited his sensitive nature. His intaglio ring, with which one of the Doges of Venice had wedded the Adriatic, cracked in Mrs. Langtry's presence, and the British beauty broke her mirror—no wonder that the apostle of æstheticism foreboded disaster. It came in the form of an official announcement from Mrs. Labouchere that she entirely disapproved of Mrs. Langtry's proceedings in this country, would have no further connection with her or her engagements, and would at once return to England, after a brief visit to Washington in company with the family of Mr. Fowler, who has charge of Mr. Labouchere's American investments. This announcement occasioned an outbreak of social, club, and newspaper gossip unparalleled for many years. What had been whispered in confidence was now shouted in restaurants and smoking-rooms, and printed in the papers. A crowd of reporters rushed to the Albemarle to interview Mrs. Labouchere; but she refused to relate the particulars of her disapproval. The man in the case was sought for, named, and his ill-spelled letters published. To-day the scandal culminates in a letter to the *Sun*, evidently inspired by Mrs. Langtry, beginning: "She could not do wrong, even if she wanted to, watched by Mrs. Labouchere, by a younger sister of that woman, by Miss Pattison, by the manager, and by the hotel servants;" cataloguing the "snobs" who "simply wanted to be seen with a woman like her" and "have not pluck enough to pay court to her in earnest," and ending by hinting that Mrs. Labouchere is not married to Mr. Labouchere—which is absurd. The interest in the President's Message is eclipsed by this message from the bruised Lily. More people are observing, through smoked glasses, the transit of Langtry than the transit of Venus.

THERE can be no doubt that the *Spirit of the Times* is in no wise exaggerating the interest which the scandal is causing, and as a still further assurance of its justifiable action in giving the matter such publicity, it says:

Our interest in the sad and shameful scandal is purely professional. The question, "What harm can the advent of Mrs. Langtry do the profession?" is now sternly answered. Although she is not an actress, all actresses will suffer in public esteem from her association with the stage. Manager Abbey now has grounds for reconsidering his notion that it would be a profitable speculation to exhibit a British beauty here, even if she had no dramatic talent, and was only passably good-looking. Miss Kate Pattison will ask herself and Miss Emily Faithfull whether she can afford to remain in the Langtry Company to "watch" the star, like "the hotel servants." A flood of London gossip, hitherto dammed up by princely patronage, will soon inundate the society paragraphs. We sincerely pity the poor gushers on both sides of the Atlantic, who, in defiance of the facts, have painted Mrs. Langtry as a model of loveliness, and gone into ecstasies over her amateur acting. When Mrs. Labouchere is forced to speak, in self-defence, we shall learn, upon the best authority, how her pupil has been parroted and padded, tutored and trained, and how the severe criticisms of the *Spirit* upon her appearance and performances, so far from being exaggerated, have been strictly accurate and thoroughly deserved. But even such an endorsement, gratifying as it might be under other circumstances, cannot compensate for the injury done to the profession by the revelations of the last few days. Mrs. Labouchere has conducted herself with the discretion which might have been expected from a lady of her talents and experience. Compelled to remonstrate, and finding her remonstrances received with contumely, she withdraws with dignity, and returns to the home which so long sheltered an ungrateful guest. We may add that Mrs. Labouchere has had no pecuniary relations whatever with Mrs. Langtry; no agreement with her or with Manager Abbey; and that she has taught and chaperoned Mrs. Langtry as a friend, paying her own expenses, and now receiving not even thanks for her invaluable kindnesses.

In addition to the foregoing, several of our American exchanges comment at considerable length and in unsparing terms upon the incident. Some of the accounts in our opinion are unfit for publication, and we therefore refrain from reproducing any of the details of this painful episode.

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, MAY 7, 1881.—150



BROTHERS OF THE BRUSH.

SONGS OF SOCIETY.

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