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Oscar Wilde
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Vol. 3

A POSTHUMOUS BOOK BY
OSCAR WILDE.

"DE PROFUNDIS."

By W. L. COURTNEY.

This is a curious and interesting work, written, so the publishers, Messrs. Methuen, announce, in the last few months of his prison life by the late Mr. Oscar Wilde. It is, indeed, more than curious and interesting; it is extraordinary. There is no necessity nowadays to recount how one of the most brilliant of contemporary writers lost fame, position, life, by an appalling trial and an appalling condemnation. Oscar Wilde was incontestably one of the best of modern dramatists, a man who seemed to be about to revive for the English stage that social comedy which we identify with the author of "The School for Scandal" and "The Rivals." As a poet Mr. Wilde was an English equivalent to the French school of "decadents," and as a prose writer he composed essays which, with all their obvious perversity and their love of paradox, will still remain as some of the most considerable achievements in a kind of literature of which many of us have lost the secret. As we all know, Mr. Oscar Wilde was a petulant, extravagant child of genius, a witty paradoxical creature, who wrote epigrams which everyone quoted, and who also was capable of saying things full of illuminating subtlety, not always true, but always brilliant and amusing. He was also a spoilt child of genius, not a little vain, a dramatic author who did not hesitate to come before the footlights with a jaunty air of indifference and a cigarette in his mouth. It is advisable to recall these things, because in "De Profundis" we are presented with a very different man. As we all knew him at the zenith of his prosperity he was the original of Mr. Robert Hichens's clever book, "The Green Carnation"; but in the work before us he has learnt certain lessons, and has become master of certain phrases which come strangely enough from his mouth—phrases admirably composed, but breathing an entirely different moral from all that he had given us before.

Naturally this is the first point that interests us in this strange work, written apparently before "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" and before the time of his release. Now and again we get sentences which remind us of the Oscar Wilde of the older time. He describes himself, for instance, as a "lord of language." He says that he always stood "in symbolic relations to the art and the culture of his time." He adds: "I felt it myself, and made others feel it. Byron was a symbolic figure, but his relations were to the passion of his age and its weariness of passion. Mine were to something more noble, more permanent, of more vital issue, of larger scope. The gods had given me almost everything." But now observe the difference. Here are sentences which reveal a very different state of mind, a state so absolutely alien that we read with a growing astonishment:

I forgot that every little action of the common day makes or unmakes character, and that, therefore, what one has done in the secret chamber one has some day to cry aloud on the housetop. I ceased to be lord over myself. I was no longer the captain of my soul, and did not know it. . . . There is only one thing for me now, absolute humility. . . . Now I find hidden somewhere away in my nature something that tells me that nothing in the whole world is meaningless, and suffering least of all. That something hidden away in my nature, like a treasure in a field, is humility.

Or shall we listen to him on the teaching of sorrow?

I long to live so that I can explore what is no less than a new world to me. Do you want to know what this new world is? I think you can guess what it is. It is the world in which I have been living. Sorrow, then, and all that it teaches one, is my new world.

Or again:

There are times when sorrow seems to me to be the only truth. Other things may be the illusions of the eye or the appetite, made to blind the one and cloy the other, but out of sorrow have the worlds been built, and at the birth of a child or a star there is pain.

The last is a pretty phrase, but it is more like Maeterlinck or Emerson than Wilde. Or, take one more passage:

I wanted to eat of the fruit of all the trees in the garden of the world. . . . My only mistake was that I confined myself exclusively to the trees of what seemed to me the sunlit side of the garden, and shunned the other side for its shadow and its gloom. Failure, disgrace, poverty, sorrow, despair, suffering, tears even, and broken words that come from lips in pain, remorse that makes one walk on thorns, conscience that condemns, self-abasement that punishes, the misery that puts ashes on its head, the anguish that chooses sackcloth for its raiment and into its own drink puts gall—all these were things of which I was afraid. And as I had determined to know nothing of them, I was forced to taste each of them in turn, to feed on them, to have for a season, indeed, no other food at all.

And now this entirely new being, born in prison and cradled in sorrow, turns to very different sources of literature. He quotes largely from Dante; he knows all about St. Francis of Assisi; he refers to the doctrine of the Fathers about Acedia or lethargy; he illustrates what he writes by an allusion to High Mass; he speaks of the impossibility of anyone in revolt being susceptible of the influences of grace. As we are aware, the author became a Roman Catholic before his death, and doubtless he said much and wrote much to those who received him into the arms of Mother Church. But it would be interesting to know whether this book was in any sense edited, and who was the editor. Was it Mr. Robert Ross, or was he only the recipient of the prisoner's letters? And why has there been so much delay in publishing the manuscript?

Let us pass on to other points. One of the most significant features of the book is that, in however sketchy a manner, it contains a sort of philosophy of religion. Oscar Wilde in his prison says that he read again the four prose poems, in the original Greek, which deal with the life of Christ, and he also discusses the question whether the Founder of our religion spoke in Aramaic or in Greek. To him the main interest of the life of Christ is that the "Galilean peasant" was "the first of the Romantics"—an artist, whose life was a poem, whose justice was a poetic justice, and who waged war, like all children of light have to do in all ages, against Philistines.

"The very basis of his nature," he cries, "was the same as that of the nature of the artist, an intense and flame-like imagination. . . . Christ's place, indeed, is with the poets. His whole conception of humanity sprang right out of the imagination, and can only be realised by it. . . . Before His time there had been gods and men, and, feeling through the mysticism of sympathy that in Himself each had been made incarnate, he calls Himself the Son of the one or the Son of the other, according to his mood. . . . His miracles seem to me to be as exquisite as the singing of spring and quiet as autumn. I see no difficulty at all in believing that such was the charm of His personality that His mere presence could bring peace to souls in anguish, and that those who touched His garments or His hands forgot their pain. . . . Indeed, that is the charm about Christ, when all is said; He is just like a work of art. He does not really teach one anything, but by being brought into His presence one becomes something. And everybody is predestined to His presence. Once at least in his life each man walks with Christ to Emmaus."

Here, veritably, is a new gospel, a gospel fascinatingly expounded, but involving certain assumptions not always easy to accept. For instance, "Christ, through some divine instinct in Him, seems to have always loved the sinner as being the nearest possible approach to the perfection of man." That is a hard saying, which one could not find even in "the Gospel according to St. Thomas," the name which Wilde gives to Renan's "Vie de Jésus." "His primary desire was not to reform people any more than his primary desire was to relieve suffering. To turn an interesting thief into a tedious honest man was not his aim. . . . But in a manner not yet understood of the world he regarded sin and suffering as being in themselves beautiful and holy things and modes of perfection. It seems a very dangerous idea. It is—all great ideas are dangerous. That it was Christ's creed admits of no doubt. That it is the true creed I don't doubt myself." In sentences like these fingers some of the old spirit of Oscar Wilde, some touch of that love of the paradoxical for its own sake which is twin brother to perversity in life and morals. Quite logically from this point of view the Founder of the Christian religion was an individualist. If he preached the duty of doing good to others, it was not because self-sacrifice was a virtue, but because self-sacrifice was a subtle way of doing good to oneself. And, naturally enough, although there may have been Christians before Christ, there have—so our author declares—been no Christians since, except St. Francis of Assisi. Are we, however, to suppose from his study of the gospels and from his recognition of the ethical value of suffering, punishment, and sorrow, that Oscar Wilde be-

lieved in what we ordinarily call repentance? Apparently not. Here is a decisive passage:

Perhaps I may go out (of prison) with something that I had not got before. I need not tell you that to me reformations in morals are as meaningless and vulgar as reformations in theology. But while to propose to be a better man is a piece of unscientific cant, to have become a deeper man is the privilege of those who have suffered. And such I think I have become.

Nor does he in any sense regret his past experiences:

People thought it dreadful of me to have entertained at dinner the evil things of life, and to have found pleasure in their company. But then, from the point of view through which I, as an artist in life, approach them they were delightfully suggestive and stimulating. The danger was half the excitement. . . . My business as an artist was with Ariel. I set myself to wrestle with Caliban.

Lastly, if we ask to what this semi-aesthetic, semi-religious philosophy eventually comes, we find that though, above almost everyone else, the author accepted and lived in the visible world as though it were the ultimate reality, he discovers that there is something behind the show of things. "There is some spirit hidden of which the painted forms and shapes are but modes of manifestation, and it is with this spirit that I desire to become in harmony. I have grown tired of the articulate utterances of men and things. The Mystical in Art, the Mystical in Life, the Mystical in Nature—this is what I am looking for." Yes, this is what Emerson might look for, what Maeterlinck might everywhere try to suggest, but the strange thing is that Oscar Wilde should have sought to find it except in violent reaction with all his past.

"De Profundis" is a curious book—a book full of refinement of thought and phrase, instinct with a certain rare poetry of its own, with flashes here and there of the old bizarre and paradoxical aphorisms, which seem strangely out of harmony with their new surroundings. And the terrible thing is that by the testimony of most of those who saw him after he came out of prison he seemed incapable of doing any work at all. Perhaps, if the right man had met him, and had held out their hands to him, it might have been different. If we judge by the present book, his newly-learned associations and sympathies certainly involved a distinct and final severance with those of earlier years. We do not know what might have happened under certain circumstances, we can only feel the pity of what actually occurred. But turn to M. Joseph Renard, who has written from his own experience in the current number of "La Grande Revue." The picture he draws is one which we hardly care to quote. It is assuredly one of hopeless incompetence and absolute failure, of dreadful decay. "Incappable of writing a line, with atrophied brain, he had only as listeners men who haunted the restaurants and stood him drinks. . . . There only remained to him his musical voice and his large, blue, childish eyes." So, too, speaks M. Ernest La Jeunesse, who describes how this piteous wreck asked of the sea, of Paris, of Naples, a new era of fables and dramas, and asked in vain. Several young writers pressed round him with their sympathy and encouragement. He was offered the chance of a weekly article in a Parisian journal, but he refused. M. Fernand Xau made him this offer. And then came the sordid tragedy of his death, too terrible in its squalor, its loneliness, its ugliness, to be referred to here. At all events, he had written "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," and also these beautiful lines, which we extract as our final quotation, from the book, "De Profundis":

Society, as we have constituted it, will have no place for me, has none to offer; but Nature, whose sweet rains fall on unjust and just alike, will have cloths in the rocks where I may hide, and secret valleys in whose silence I may weep undisturbed. She will hang the night with stars, so that I may walk abroad in the darkness without stumbling, and send the wind over my footprints, so that none may track me to my hurt; she will cleanse me in great waters, and with bitter herbs make me whole.

The man who could write that had certainly learnt the hard discipline of woe. But it is not the Wilde we knew, nor the Wilde of the Parisian boulevards.

Bookman.

A BOOK OF PENITENCE.*

By WILLIAM BARRY.

THERE will be those who feel that "De Profundis" ought never to have been written; and, for my part, I shall not agree with them. Others will say that it was not for the public, and should have been kept among friends as a memorial, very sad though touched

everything, and found the Master of Masters. In his book that discovery flashes and kindles to clear day with a warning in its light, a power, a sweetness, a new charm, but, above all, with a conviction for those who look steadily into it, which no after events, no side

taken. So it appears to more than one cadent works under every shape. They moved from that assurance by any failure later on; for it is the inspired moment of illumination, not the dark, though it unfold. Here is an argument for the one need. It is pointed by circumstance, even from suffering that was the penalty of

The book offers it complete. And who is to drift or deny its force?

There is a romantic movement in art, now, and under some form, is Christ, or the st." He is the "palpitating centre of No doubt, sentences of this temper and be in their degree condemnable, as putting thing, which is religion, below the lesser, if we did not call to mind who it is that

We must, however, grant or insist that and literature do borrow their unearthly the New Testament; why, then, should we

Is there any quality more lacking to the these latter days than beauty as the Gospel ever common things? If we will not be and sticklers for words where it is rather the that we should make our own, this novel teaching the Sermon on the Mount will do us not harm. "Once at least in his life," says

each man walks with Christ to Emmaus." Talk on Easter Day of the condemned with here it is surely painted for us, in colours beautiful, with sincerity of heart, with such all from the eyes of a prisoner, who has but hour in his friend's company.

st judgment on this volume and its apology, ed in its last words, if we understand by the Power we dare not name. Let us read

stand. "All trials," it says, "are trials for just as all sentences are sentences of death; times have I been tried. The first time I left

be arrested, the second time to be led back se of detention, the third time to pass into a two years. Society, as we have constituted

ave no place for me, has none to offer; but those sweet rains fall on unjust and just alike, clefts in the rock where I may hide, and secret

whose silence I may weep undisturbed. She the night with stars so that I may walk the darkness without stumbling, and send the

wind over my footprints so that none may track me to my hurt; she will cleanse me in great waters, and with bitter herbs make me whole." Fiat!

List of Books by the late

OSCAR WILDE, ✧

many of which are here offered for the first time,

FOR SALE BY:

EDWARD BAKER,
14 & 16, John Bright Street, BIRMINGHAM.

Sphinx (The), A POEM, roy. 8vo, boards, edges uncut, new, 15s. Privately Printed, 1901

Only 250 copies of this were printed, each being numbered.

Lady Windermere's Fan, A PLAY ABOUT A GOOD WOMAN, square 8vo, cloth, edges uncut, new, 21s. Paris, 1903

This edition is limited to 250 copies, each being numbered.

Dorian Gray, The Picture of, 8vo, cloth, gilt top, edges uncut, new, 10s 6d. Paris, 1905

Poems, together with his Lecture on the English Renaissance (now first published) cr. 8vo, buckram, edges uncut, new, 21s. Paris, 1903

This edition is limited to 250 copies, each being numbered.

The Ballad of Reading Gaol, by O. 33 (Oscar Wilde), 8vo, half vellum, uncut, as new, 5s 1899

This is printed on specially prepared paper, got up in the book-maker's style. Written in memoriam of C. T. W., sometime Trooper of the Royal Horse Guards, Obit H.M. Prison, Reading.

Essays, Criticisms, and Reviews now first collected, 4to, limp boards, edges uncut, scarce, edition limited to 300 copies, each being numbered, 10s 6d. Privately Printed, 1901

Lord Arthur Savile's Crime, A STUDY OF DUTY, 8vo, wrappers, sewn, edges uncut, scarce, limited edition of 300 copies, each of which is numbered, 10s 6d. Privately Printed, 1901

Another Copy, 1st Edition, 12mo, boards, rare, 25s. Osgood, London, 1891

Sebastian Melmoth, 1st Edition, 12mo, vellum, uncut, 6s 6d. 1904

The Story of an Unhappy Friendship, with portraits, and facsimile letters, by R. HARRINGTON SHEPARD, cr. 4to, half vellum and art green buckram gilt, gilt top, edges uncut, scarce, new, 15s. Privately Printed, 1902

This edition must not be confused with the smaller one published at 5s.

A handsomely got-up volume written by a great friend of Wilde's, in which he portrays Wilde in his daily life. We should advise everybody to read this memoir especially those who condemned him, as it will help greatly to a better understanding of a man of rare heart and rare genius.

The Daily Telegraph says: "It is certainly pathetic, and undeniably interesting. It is well written, too, and in parts rises to the dignity of real literature."

Satyricon of Petronius, A New Translation with introduction and notes, by "Sebastian Melmoth" [O.W.], 8vo, cloth, gilt top, edges uncut, new, £2 2s

In this edition, not only is every word of the Latin original, rendered by its exact English Equivalent, but we also have the valuable Historical, Philological and Anthropological Notes, which make it the most complete translation ever issued.

De Profundis, cr. 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt top, edges uncut, nice clean copy, 1st Edition, 15s N.D.

This is the only work, Wilde wrote during his imprisonment, and is also the last prose work he ever wrote.

Happy Prince (The) and other Tales, illustrated by W. CRANE and JACOB HODG, 2nd edition, boards, edges uncut, nice clean copy, 21s. 1889

Priest and the Acolyte (The), square 8vo, wrappers, edges uncut, as new, 21s.

Decay of Lying (The) An Observation, 12mo, half buckram, edges uncut, limited edition, 1,000 copies each numbered, as new, 10s 6d. New York, 1902

Apologia pro Oscar Wilde, by DAL YOUNG, M.A., square cr. 8vo, wrapper, scarce, out of print, 10s 6d.

Rose Leaf and Apple Leaf.—L'Envoi, cr. 8vo, wrappers, title page printed in 2 colours, 7s 6d.

Poems, cr. 8vo, cloth, 1st Edition, 30s. Privately Printed, 1904

Sphinx without a Secret, The Canterville Ghost, The Model Millionaire, in one wrapper, sewn, only 300 copies issued, each being numbered, 10s 6d. Privately Printed, 1904

Poems in Prose, 8vo, paper wrappers, 5s. Paris, Privately Printed, 1905

Another Copy, same edition, printed on vellum, 10s.

What Never Dies: A Romance by BARBET D'AREVILLE, translated into English by Sebastian Melmoth [O.W.], limited edition of 500 copies, bound in white vellum, gilt top, edges uncut, 25s. Paris, Privately Printed, 1902

Harlot's House (The) A Poem, with five illustrations by ALTHEA GYLES, loose in portfolio, Plate Paper Edition, £2 2s. 1904

his very self. It is the confession of one that did not seek but was sought; that was made to learn his lesson in the pillory at Clapham Junction; amid the forlorn of the lower depths over whom Society tramples. He lost

"De Profundis," a posthumous volume from the pen of that gifted but wayward genius, Oscar Wilde, has attracted, both in the press and elsewhere, a considerable amount of attention, and the sales justify its being classed as probably the leading item of the month.

* "De Profundis." By Oscar Wilde. 5s. net. (Methuen and Co.)

Daily Mirror.

WHAT BOOK IS THIS?

An injunction was granted yesterday on behalf of Mr. George Alexander against Messrs. Wright, booksellers, for infringing his copyright in a book and play written by the late Oscar Wilde. The name of the book was not mentioned.

Messrs. Wright did not oppose the injunction, and had, in fact, ceased to sell the book as soon as they heard of the claim. Negotiations as to a settlement were in progress.

JULY 15, 1905.

Daily Chronicle JULY 1, 1905.

Mrs. Brown Potter's Home
Under the Hammer.

Among the books also were several presentation volumes, but the inscriptions did not seem to add very much to their price. A copy of the Anglo-Saxon Review, with an autograph inscription "from Queenie Randolph Churchill," went for 16s., which was considerably below the original price. A presentation copy, too, of Oscar Wilde's "Happy Prince" was knocked down, with five volumes of Emerson, at 88s. the lot.

The People,

"LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN." MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER IN COURT. In the Chancery Division, before Justice Swinfen Eady, an application was made by Mr. Russell, on behalf of Mr. George Alexander, the well-known actor, to restrain the defendants, Messrs. Wright and Jones, booksellers, of Fulham-rd., from infringing the copyright of "Lady Windermere's Fan," written by the late Oscar Wilde. Mr. Russell said that Mr. Alexander was the registered owner of the copyright of the play, and defendants had imported into England an edition printed in Paris, resulting in damage to the owner.—Mr. Tomlin, who appeared for defendants, stated that his clients, since they heard of the claim, had ceased to sell the book. Defendants did not see their way to resist the motion, and negotiations were now pending to settle the matter.—His lordship granted an injunction.

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The last is a pretty phrase, but it is more like Masterlinck or Emerson than Wilde. Or, take one more passage:

I wanted to see the garden of the world. I confined myself to the garden of the world. I shunned the other. Failure, disgrace, tears even, and I pain, remorse the science that cond the misery that that chooses sack drink puts gall—afraid. And as them, I was forced on them, to food at all.

And now this and cradled in sources of life Dante; he knows he refers to the Acedia or lethargy by an allusion impossibility of of the influence author became death, and de much to those of Mother Chi to know who edited, and a Robert Ross, prisoner's letter much delay in.

Let us pass most significant however sketch philosophy of prison says to poems, in the life of C question who spoke in Ararat interest of the lean peasant. —an artist, was a poetic all children of Philistines.

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"Christ, through some divine instinct in Him, seems to have always loved the sinner as being the nearest possible approach to the perfection of man." That is a hard saying, which one could not find even in "the Gospel according to St. Thomas," the name which Wilde gives to Renan's "Vie de Jésus." "His primary desire was not to reform people any more than his primary desire was to relieve suffering. To turn an interesting thief into a tedious honest man was not his aim. . . . But in a manner not yet understood of the world he regarded sin and suffering as being in themselves beautiful and holy things and modes of perfection. It seems a very dangerous idea. It is—all great ideas are dangerous. That it was Christ's creed admits of no doubt. That it is the true creed I don't doubt myself." In sentences like these fingers some of the old spirit of Oscar Wilde, some touch of that love of the paradoxical for its own sake which is twin brother to perversity in life and morals. Quite logically from this point of view the Founder of the Christian religion was an individualist. If he preached the duty of doing good to others, it was not because self-sacrifice was a virtue, but because self-sacrifice was a subtle way of doing good to oneself. And, naturally enough, although there may have been Christians before Christ, there have—so our author declares—been no Christians since, except St. Francis of Assisi. Are we, however, to suppose from his study of the gospels and from his recognition of the ethical value of suffering, punishment, and sorrow, that Oscar Wilde be-

offered the chance of a weekly article in a Parisian journal, but he refused; M. Fernand Xau made him this offer. And then came the sordid tragedy of his death, too terrible in its squalor, its loneliness, its ugliness, to be referred to here. At all events, he had written "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," and also these beautiful lines, which we extract as our final quotation, from the book, "De Profundis":

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It is literature, if not great (which another age will determine) surely pathetic, in ways given to few that have expressed their sorrow and shame before the world. Severe critics have taken offence at moments when the attitudinising of the decadent comes back; but how should it not, in one so little trained to the life he was feeling after—the *Vita Nuova*, he calls it rightly—while his old self was on its deathbed? He could not fail for want of striking, paradoxical, often exquisite phrases; but in religion he was a novice. Always the artist in him had an eye upon form; as soon as he found permission to write in his cell at Reading, the man of letters dominated the convict. And in a situation so dreadful, as the wings of genius strove to lift themselves from the mire, we know not which is more piercingly impressive, the thing of dust or the "angelical" child of air, rising toward a new dawn.

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JULY 15, 1905.

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Among the books also were several presentation volumes, but the inscriptions did not seem to add very much to their price. A copy of the Anglo-Saxon Review, with an autograph inscription "from Queenie Randolph Churchill," went for 16s., which was considerably below the original price. A presentation copy, too, of Oscar Wilde's "Happy Prince" was knocked down, with five volumes of Emerson, at 88s. the lot.

The People,

"LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN," MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER IN COURT. In the Chancery Division, before Justice Swinfen Eady, an application was made by Mr. Russell, on behalf of Mr. George Alexander, the well-known actor, to restrain the defendants, Messrs. Wright and Jones, booksellers, of Fulham-rd., from infringing the copyright of "Lady Windermere's Fan," written by the late Oscar Wilde. Mr. Russell said that Mr. Alexander was the registered owner of the copyright of the play, and defendants had imported into England an edition printed in Paris, resulting in damage to the owner.—Mr. Tomlin, who appeared for defendants, stated that his clients, since they heard of the claim, had ceased to sell the book. Defendants did not see their way to resist the motion, and negotiations were now pending to settle the matter.—His lordship granted an injunction.

A POSTHUMOUS BOOK BY
OSCAR WILDE.

"DE PROFUNDIS."

By W. L. COURTNEY.

This is a curious and interesting work, written, so the publishers, Messrs. Methuen, announce, in the last few months of his prison life by the late Mr. Oscar Wilde. It is, indeed, more than curious and interesting; it is extraordinary. There is no necessity nowadays to recount how one of the most brilliant of contemporary writers lost fame, position, life, by an appalling trial and an appalling condemnation. Oscar Wilde was incontestably one of the best of modern dramatists, a man who seemed to be about to revive for the English stage that social comedy which we identify with the author of "The School for Scandal" and "The Rivals." As a poet Mr. Wilde was an English equivalent to the French school of "decadents," and as a prose writer he composed essays which, with all their obvious perversity and their love of paradox, will still remain as some of the most considerable achievements in a kind of literature of which many of us have lost the secret. As we all know, Mr. Oscar Wilde was a petulant, extravagant child of genius, a witty paradoxical creature, who wrote epigrams which everyone quoted, and who also was capable of saying things full of illuminating subtlety, not always true, but always brilliant and amusing. He was also a spoilt child of genius, not a little vain, a dramatic author who did not hesitate to come before the footlights with a jaunty air of indifference and a cigarette in his mouth. It is advisable to recall these things, because in "De Profundis" we are presented with a very different man. As we all knew him at the zenith of his prosperity he was the original of Mr. Robert Hichens's clever book, "The Green Carnation"; but in the work before us he has learnt certain lessons, and has become master of certain phrases which come strangely enough from his mouth—phrases admirably composed, but breathing an entirely different moral from all that he had given us before.

Naturally this is the first point that interests us in this strange work; written apparently before "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," and before the time of his release. Now and again we get sentences which remind us of the Oscar Wilde of the older time. He describes himself, for instance, as a "lord of language." He says that he always stood "in symbolic relations to the art and the culture of his time." He adds: "I felt it myself, and made others feel it. Byron was a symbolic figure, but his relations were to the passion of his age and its weariness of passion. Mine were to something more noble, more permanent, of more vital issue, of larger scope. The gods had given me almost everything." But now observe the difference. Here are sentences which reveal a very different state of mind, a state so absolutely alien that we read with a growing astonishment:

I forgot that every little action of the common day makes or unmakes character, and that, therefore, what one has done in the secret chamber one has some day to cry aloud on the housetop. I ceased to be lord over myself. I was no longer the captain of my soul, and did not know it. . . . There is only one thing for me now, absolute humility. . . . Now I find hidden somewhere away in my nature something that tells me that nothing in the whole world is meaningless, and suffering least of all. That something hidden away in my nature, like a treasure in a field, is humility.

Or shall we listen to him on the teaching of sorrow?

I long to live so that I can explore what is no less than a new world to me. Do you want to know what this new world is? I think you can guess what it is. It is the world in which I have been living. Sorrow, then, and all that it teaches one, is my new world.

Or again:

There are times when sorrow seems to me to be the only truth. Other things may be the illusions of the eye or the appetite, made to blind the one and cloy the other, but out of sorrow have the worlds been built, and at the birth of a child or a star there is pain.

The last is a pretty phrase, but it is more like Maeterlinck or Emerson than Wilde. Or, take one more passage:

I wanted to eat of the fruit of all the trees in the garden of the world. . . . My only mistake was that I confined myself exclusively to the trees of what seemed to me the sunlit side of the garden, and shunned the other side for its shadow and its gloom. Failure, disgrace, poverty, sorrow, despair, suffering, tears even, and broken words that come from lips in pain, remorse that makes one walk on thorns, conscience that condemns, self-abasement that punishes, the misery that puts ashes on its head, the anguish that chooses sackcloth for its raiment and into its own drink puts gall—all these were things of which I was afraid. And as I had determined to know nothing of them, I was forced to taste each of them in turn, to feed on them, to have for a season, indeed, no other food at all.

And now this entirely new being, born in prison and cradled in sorrow, turns to very different sources of literature. He quotes largely from Dante; he knows all about St. Francis of Assisi; he refers to the doctrine of the Fathers about Accidia or lethargy; he illustrates what he writes by an allusion to High Mass; he speaks of the impossibility of anyone in revolt being susceptible of the influences of grace. As we are aware, the author became a Roman Catholic before his death, and doubtless he said much and wrote much to those who received him into the arms of Mother Church. But it would be interesting to know whether this book was in any sense edited, and who was the editor. Was it Mr. Robert Ross, or was he only the recipient of the prisoner's letters? And why has there been so much delay in publishing the manuscript?

Let us pass on to other points. One of the most significant features of the book is that, in however sketchy a manner, it contains a sort of philosophy of religion. Oscar Wilde in his prison says that he read again the four prose poems, in the original Greek, which deal with the life of Christ, and he also discusses the question whether the Founder of our religion spoke in Aramaic or in Greek. To him the main interest of the life of Christ is that the "Galilean peasant" was "the first of the Romantics"—an artist, whose life was a poem, whose justice was a poetic justice, and who waged war, like all children of light have to do in all ages, against Philistines.

"The very basis of his nature," he cries, "was the same as that of the nature of the artist, an intense and flame-like imagination. . . . Christ's place, indeed, is with the poets. His whole conception of humanity sprang right out of the imagination, and can only be realised by it. . . . Before His time there had been gods and men, and, feeling through the mysticism of sympathy that in Himself each had been made incarnate, he calls Himself the Son of the one or the Son of the other, according to his mood. . . . His miracles seem to me to be as exquisite as the coming of spring and quite as natural. I see no difficulty at all in believing that such was the charm of His personality that His mere presence could bring peace to souls in anguish, and that those who touched His garments or His hands forgot their pain. . . . Indeed, that is the charm about Christ, when all is said; He is just like a work of art. He does not really teach one anything, but by being brought into His presence one becomes something. And everybody is predestined to His presence. Once at least in his life each man walks with Christ to Emmaus."

Here, veritably, is a new gospel, a gospel fascinatingly expounded, but involving certain assumptions not always easy to accept. For instance, "Christ, through some divine instinct in Him, seems to have always loved the sinner as being the nearest possible approach to the perfection of man." That is a hard saying, which one could not find even in "the Gospel according to St. Thomas," the name which Wilde gives to Renan's "Vie de Jésus." "His primary desire was not to reform people any more than his primary desire was to relieve suffering. To turn an interesting thief into a tedious honest man was not his aim. . . . But in a manner not yet understood of the world he regarded sin and suffering as being in themselves beautiful and holy things and modes of perfection. It seems a very dangerous idea. It is—all great ideas are dangerous. That it was Christ's creed admits of no doubt. That it is the true creed I don't doubt myself." In sentences like these fingers some of the old spirit of Oscar Wilde, some touch of that love of the paradoxical for its own sake which is twin brother to perversity in life and morals. Quite logically from this point of view the Founder of the Christian religion was an individualist. If he preached the duty of doing good to others, it was not because self-sacrifice was a virtue, but because self-sacrifice was a subtle way of doing good to oneself. And, naturally enough, although there may have been Christians before Christ, there have—so our author declares—been no Christians since, except St. Francis of Assisi. Are we, however, to suppose from this study of the Gospels and from his recognition of the ethical value of suffering, punishment, and sorrow, that Oscar Wilde be-

lieved in what we ordinarily call repentance? Apparently not. Here is a decisive passage:

Perhaps I may go out (of prison) with something that I had not got before. I need not tell you that to me reformations in morals are as meaningless and vulgar as reformations in theology. But while to propose to be a better man is a piece of unscientific cant, to have become a deeper man is the privilege of those who have suffered. And such I think I have become.

Nor does he in any sense regret his past experiences:

People thought it dreadful of me to have entertained at dinner the evil things of life, and to have found pleasure in their company. But then, from the point of view through which I, as an artist in life, approach them they were delightfully suggestive and stimulating. The danger was half the excitement. . . . My business as an artist was with Ariel. I set myself to wrestle with Caliban.

Lastly, if we ask to what this semi-aesthetic, semi-religious philosophy eventually comes, we find that though, above almost everyone else, the author accepted and lived in the visible world as though it were the ultimate reality, he discovers that there is something behind the show of things. "There is some spirit hidden of which the painted forms and shapes are but modes of manifestation, and it is with this spirit that I desire to become in harmony. I have grown tired of the articulate utterances of men and things. The Mystical in Art, the Mystical in Life, the Mystical in Nature—this is what I am looking for." Yes, this is what Emerson might look for, what Maeterlinck might everywhere try to suggest, but the strange thing is that Oscar Wilde should have sought to find it except in violent reaction with all his past.

"De Profundis" is a curious book—a book full of refinement of thought and phrase, instinct with a certain real poetry of its own, with flashes here and there of the old bizarrerie and paradoxical aphorisms, which seem strangely out of harmony with their new surroundings. And the terrible thing is that by the testimony of most of those who saw him after he came out of prison he seemed incapable of doing any work at all. Perhaps, if the right men had met him, and had held out their hands to him, it might have been different. If we may judge by the present book, his newly-learned associations and sympathies certainly involved a distinct and final severance with those of earlier years. We do not know what might have happened under certain circumstances, we can only feel the pity of what actually occurred. But turn to M. Joseph Renaud, who has written from his own experiences in the current number of "La Grande Revue." The picture he draws is one which we hardly care to quote. It is assuredly one of hopeless incompetence and absolute failure, of dreadful decay. "Incapable of writing a line, with atrophied brain, he had only as listeners men who haunted the restaurants and stood him drinks. . . . There only remained to him his musical voice and his large, blue, childish eyes." So, too, speaks M. Ernest La Jeunesse, who describes how this piteous wreck asked of the sea, of Paris, of Naples a new era of fables and dramas, and asked in vain. Several young writers pressed round him with their sympathy and encouragement. He was offered the chance of a weekly article in a Parisian journal, but he refused; M. Fernand Xau made him this offer. And then came the sordid tragedy of his death, too terrible in its squalor, its loneliness, its ugliness, to be referred to here. At all events, he had written "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," and also these beautiful lines, which we extract as our final quotation, from the book, "De Profundis":

Society, as we have constituted it, will have no place for me, has none to offer; but Nature, whose sweet rains fall on unjust and just alike, will have clefts in the rocks where I may hide, and secret valleys in whose silence I may weep undisturbed. She will hang the night with stars, so that I may walk abroad in the darkness without stumbling, and send the wind over my footprints, so that none may track me to my hurt; she will cleanse me in great waters, and with bitter herbs make me whole.

The man who could write that had certainly learnt the hard discipline of woe. But it is not the Wilde we knew, nor the Wilde of the Parisian boulevards.

List of Books by the late

➤ OSCAR WILDE, ➤

many of which are here offered for the first time,

...FOR SALE BY...

EDWARD BAKER,

14 & 16, John Bright Street, BIRMINGHAM.

Sphinx (The), A POEM, roy. 8vo, boards, edges uncut, new, 15s Privately Printed, 1901
Only 250 copies of this were printed, each being numbered.

Lady Windermere's Fan, A PLAY ABOUT A GOOD WOMAN, square 8vo, cloth, edges uncut, new, 21s Paris, 1903
This edition is limited to 250 copies, each being numbered.

Dorian Gray, The Picture of, 8vo, cloth, gilt top, edges uncut, new, 10s 6d Paris, 1905

Poems, together with his Lecture on the English Renaissance (now first published) cr. 8vo, buckram, edges uncut, new, 21s Paris, 1903
This edition is limited to 250 copies, each being numbered.

The Ballad of Reading Gaol, by C. 33 (Oscar Wilde), 8vo, half vellum, uncut, as new, 5s 1899

This is printed on specially prepared paper, got up in the book-lover's style. Written in memoriam of C. T. W., sometime Trooper of the Royal Horse Guards, Obitt H.M. Prison, Reading.

Essays, Criticisms, and Reviews now first collected, 4to, limp boards, edges uncut, scarce, edition limited to 300 copies, each being numbered 10s 6d Privately Printed, 1901

Lord Arthur Savile's Crime, A STUDY OF DUTY, 8vo, wrappers, sewn, edges uncut, scarce, limited edition of 300 copies, each of which is numbered, 10s 6d Privately Printed, 1901

— Another Copy, 1st Edition, 12mo, boards, rare, 25s Osgood, London, 1891

Sebastian Melmoth, 1st Edition, 12mo, vellum, uncut, 6s 6d 1904

The Story of an Unhappy Friendship, with portraits, and facsimile letters, by R. HARBOROUGH SHERARD, cr. 4to, half vellum and art green buckram gilt, gilt top, edges uncut, scarce, new, 15s Privately Printed, 1902

This edition must not be confused with the smaller one published at 5s. A handsomely got-up volume written by a great friend of Wilde's, in which he portrays Wilde in his daily life. We should advise everybody to read this memoir especially those who condemned him, as it will help greatly to a better understanding of a man of rare heart and rarer genius.

The Daily Telegraph says:—"It is certainly pathetic and undeniably interesting. It is well written, too, and in parts rises to the dignity of real literature."

Satyricon of Petronius, A New Translation with introduction and notes, by "Sebastian Melmoth" [O.W.], 8vo, cloth, gilt top, edges untrimmed, new, £2 2s

In this edition, not only is every word of the Latin original, rendered by its exact English Equivalent, but we also have the valuable Historical, Philological and Anthropological Notes, which make it the most complete translation ever issued.

De Profundis, cr. 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt top, edges uncut, nice clean copy, 1st Edition, 15s N.D.

This is the only work, Wilde wrote during his imprisonment, and is also the last prose work he ever wrote.

Happy Prince (The) and other Tales, illustrated by W. CRANE and JACOB HOOD, 2nd edition, boards, edges uncut, nice clean copy, 21s 1889

Priest and the Acolyte (The), square 8vo, wrappers, edges uncut, as new, 21s Printed for Presentation only, N.D.

Decay of Lying (The) An Observation, 12mo, half buckram, edges uncut, limited edition of 1,000 copies each numbered, as new, 10s 6d New York, 1902

Apologia pro Oscar Wilde, by DAL YOUNG, M.A., square cr. 8vo, wrapper, scarce, out of print, 10s 6d N.D.

Rose Leaf and Apple Leaf.—L'Envoi, cr. 8vo, wrappers, title page printed in 2 colours, 7s 6d Privately Printed, 1904

Poems, cr. 8vo, cloth, 1st Edition, 30s Boston, U.S.A. 1881

Sphinx without a Secret, The Canterville Ghost, The Model Millionaire, in one wrapper, sewn, only 300 copies issued, each being numbered, 10s 6d Privately Printed, 1904

Poems in Prose, 8vo, paper wrappers, 5s Paris, Privately Printed, 1905

— Another Copy, same edition, printed on vellum, 10s 1905

What Never Dies: A Romance by Barbey D'Aureville, translated into English by Sebastian Melmoth [O.W.] limited edition of 500 copies, bound in white vellum, gilt top, edges uncut, 25s Paris, Privately Printed, 1902

Harlot's House (The) A Poem, with five illustrations by ALTHEA GYLES, loose in portfolio, Plate Paper Edition, £2 2s 1904

A BOOK OF PENITENCE.*

BY WILLIAM BARRY.

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In the Chancery Division, before Justice Swinfen Eady, an application was made by Mr. Russell, on behalf of Mr. George Alexander, the well-known actor, to restrain the defendants, Messrs. Wright and Jones, book-sellers, of Fulham-rd., from infringing the copyright of "Lady Windermere's Fan," written by the late Oscar Wilde. Mr. Russell said that Mr. Alexander was the registered owner of the copyright of the play, and defendants had imported into England an edition printed in Paris, resulting in damage to the owner.—Mr. Tomlin, who appeared for defendants, stated that his clients, since they heard of the claim, had ceased to sell the book. Defendants did not see their way to resist the motion, and the matter is now pending to settle the matter.—His lordship granted an injunction.

TO-DAY.

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OCTOBER 21, 1905

THE ACADEMY

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OXFORD: THE HOLYWELL PRESS.

OSCAR WILDE, Books, MSS., Magazine Articles—everything relating to him.—J. Jacob, Book-seller, 149 Edgware Road, London, W. Libraries and small collections of books purchased in town or country.

The World,

York Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

Cutting from issue dated Nov. 14. 1905

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There will be many to take interest in a dainty opusculé edited, with an introduction, by Mr. Stuart Mason, published by the Keystone Press, Sunderland, and obtainable of Mr. Jacob, 149 Edgware-road. It preserves in an agreeable form Oscar Wilde's *Impressions of America*, and contains, in addition to much wit and sense, two exquisite poems, "Le Jardin" and "Le Mer." The little book is worth keeping.

Durrant's Press Cuttings,

St. ANDREW'S HOUSE,
HOLBORN CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.

(Late 57, Holborn Viaduct.)

Sphere,

Great New Street, E.C.

(Nineteen Hundred Publishing Syndicate, Ltd.)

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I announced in a recent Letter a new Life of Oscar Wilde by a Mr. Millard. This was, I think, an American publication. Mr. T. Werner Laurie also promises a new Life by Mr. Robert Sherrard. Mr. Sherrard is already responsible for two lives—one privately printed, the other more or less the same book. The new biography will be much fuller than anything hitherto attempted.

THE 'VARSITY, OCTOBER 19, 1905.]

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Oxford: The Holywell Press.

Oct. 21, 1905

Publishers' Circular

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Imperial 16mo, pp. 120.

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Oxford: THE HOLYWELL PRESS.

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THE FREETHINKER

OCTOBER 8, 1905

SUNDAY EVENING FREETHOUGHT LECTURES

Under the Auspices of the Secular Society, Limited.

Public Opinion

October 13 1905.

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How Oscar Wilde Died.

THE report dealt with at length in the New York Critic for July that Oscar Wilde is living is emphatically denied. "Inasmuch as the Americans seem to have conceived the strange idea that Oscar Wilde is still alive," remarks the Paris correspondent of the Berlin Tageblatt, "it is perhaps well to state how he died." The Tageblatt correspondent (as quoted by the October Current Literature, New York), goes on to tell of a number of people in Paris who knew the poet after his downfall, some of whom saw him in his death-bed and followed his funeral train. The correspondent quotes M. Joseph Renaud, the French translator of "Intentions." The book is the one in which Wilde laid down his artistic creed, and in a new preface M. Renaud gives explicit details in regard to Wilde's last days. The poet, so we are told, used to frequent a bar on the Boulevard des Italiens, whose customers were "sports," rather than literary men: "The dandy of 'green carnation' memories, the master wont to instruct duchesses in the rules of elegance, who was so rich and so beautiful, the great poet in verse and prose, the wonderful talker of former days, now swaggered grotesquely in an old, ready-made suit from the 'Belle Jardinière'! His hands were badly manicured, his cuffs celluloid. He was unable to write; his brain was tired out, and his only audience were the old habitués of the bar, who paid his reckoning out of curiosity. All that was left of him was his golden voice and his great blue eyes, like those of a child. I saw him frequently in that place. He had neither money, nor clothes, nor true friends." Yet his old pride had not deserted him. One day Fernand Xau, the late publisher of the Journal, asked him to write an article for him every week. He added brutally, that after the noise which the trial had made he would be sure to score a success. But here Mr. Wilde flashed up. "Thank you," he said, "I am quite satisfied with my successes before that event." And, of course, the articles were never written.

"Side by side with this nobler aspect of his nature," M. Renaud writes, "went his desire to impress people, which in fact seems to have increased in proportion with his misery. . . . One evening he asks for cigarettes. The waiter brings him a package of 'Maryland.' He refuses to take them, nor does another brand find more favour. 'No, let me have some with gold tips!' The waiter goes to get the brand desired, and on his return Mr. Wilde hands him a twenty-franc gold piece. Then the poet lights a cigarette and utters a contemptuous 'Pah.' When the waiter returns with the change, he waves his hand. 'Ah, keep the whole. . . . That may give me the illusion that the cigarettes are good!'"

"His last months," M. Renaud continues, "were terrible. One of my colleagues who witnessed everything cannot speak of it without tears in his eyes. A severe attack of influenza, which lasted five days, freed the great writer from his suffering. Before he died he became a Catholic. . . . The hotel in which he died was one of those miserable places which are called in the popular papers 'Houses of Crime.' A veritable Hercules of a porter led me through a long, evil-smelling corridor. At last the door of some disinfectant struck my nostrils. An open door. A little quadrangular room. I stood before the corpse. His whitish, emaciated face, strangely altered through the growth of a beard after death, seemed to be lost in profound contemplation. A hand, cramped in agony, still clutched the dirty bed cloth. There was no one to watch by his body. Only much later they sent him some flowers. The noise of the street pierced the thin walls of the building. A stale odour filled the air. Ah, what loneliness, what an end! I bethought me of the army of courtiers that was wont to throng about him in London, and among whom there were always the most celebrated names of the aristocracy both of blood and of letters. He seemed then like a mighty monarch, lord over all the treasures that civilisation can bestow. And now. . . ." M. Renaud was unable to attend the funeral. Ernest

Queen's (Minor) Hall.
15, Gough Place, London, W.

NOTE:

"DREAMS OF DEATH."

"OSCAR WILDE AND JESUS CHRIST."

Sugar Plums.

The new Queen's Hall course of meetings opened finely on Sunday evening. There was a splendid audience, including a large number of ladies. The professional gentlemen who had volunteered their services took the platform first, and "discoursed most excellent music" to the evident delight of all who were present. The highly accomplished instrumentalists (who do not desire a more particular advertisement) played in a masterly manner, and were enthusiastically applauded. After the conclusion of the musical program, which lasted nearly three quarters of an hour, Mr. Foote took the platform, accompanied by his chairman, Mr. F. A. Davies, and delivered his lecture on "Dreams of Death," which was followed with profound attention and frequently greeted with rousing cheers. Questions were invited after the lecture, and many were asked and answered, but no one came forward to offer formal opposition.

Mr. Foote occupies the Queen's Hall platform again this evening (Oct. 8), and will lecture on "Oscar Wilde and Jesus Christ." We are sorry to see that some foolish persons have raised an objection to this title. The objection only shows their ignorance. Oscar Wilde's *De Profundis* has been reviewed in the leading daily and weekly papers, and has been the subject of sermons by leading preachers, such as Dr. Campbell, of London, and Dr. Aked, of Liverpool. Reviews and sermons alike have dwelt on Oscar Wilde's flattering references to Jesus Christ, which fill a great portion of the book; yet a fuss is made by some people because Mr. Foote associates these two names in the title of his lecture. All that Mr. Foote aims at doing is to show what Oscar Wilde's praise of Jesus Christ is worth. But perhaps, as the Christians are playing their usual game, the Freethinkers will do their best to crowd Queen's Hall on this occasion, as they can easily do by giving publicity to the lecture amongst their friends and acquaintances.

We are happy to state that there will be music before the lecture at all these Queen's Hall meetings. Most of the musicians, if not all of them, have kindly promised to attend again this evening (Oct. 8), and some of them will attend at Mr. Cohen's and Mr. Lloyd's lectures. A little good singing may be added to fill up the program.

The following is the band program at Queen's Hall this evening (Oct. 8):—March, "Fatiniza," Suppé; "Chanson Italien," Reinecke; Valse, "Hydropaten," Gungl; Three Dances from "Nell Gwynne," German; Violin Solo, "Romance," Svendsen.

the Sun.

Nov. 1905.

THEATRE.

REAL HUSBAND FULHAM.

Excellent company, under the management of Messrs. O'Neill and Fulham. Fulham this evening an "Ideal Husband." Witnessed Oscar Wilde's ears ago will remember remarkable, as is "Lady's Fan," for its facile ever cynicism, and that and Lady Chiltern are characters. These, last played by Mr. O'Neill Elizabeth Meller, in a rich left little to be de-Meller being particularly in the scene where Lady recovers the means by husband has achieved his F. Dansey handled in a her the part of the cynic, and Miss Mayne the most of her opportunity. Other played by Mr. Athol Mena Travers, and Miss Trill.

OXFORD CHRONICLE.

In the "Burlington Magazine" Mr. R. S. Clouston calls the attention of furniture reformers to the persistent ugliness of the piano.

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NOVEMBER 3, 1905.

Daily Telegraph, 10 July 1906

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(5 Oct 1906)

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Durrant's Press Cuttings

HOLBORN

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La Jeunesse, who was one of the few who accompanied the dead poet to the graveyard at Baynes, tells us that thirteen persons followed the funeral procession. The translator in *Current Literature* mentions that the unlucky number was also represented at the funeral of Heine.

Musical and Dramatic Notes

A SPECIAL afternoon concert will be given at Queen's Hall on Saturday, Oct. 2, of Nelson's Centenary. The audience will "Save the King," and the programme Mackenzie's "Britannia" overture, I Bay of Biscay," Dibdin's "Heart of Techaikovsky's "1812" overture (by way of the entente cordiale), Chopin's Funeral March, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Dan Godfrey's "Reminiscences of England of course, "Rule Britannia."

There is little to be said in favour of "Ba a symphonic poem by Siegmund von Hau present conductor of the Museum in Frankfurt for the first time in England, at menade Concerts on Tuesday. To-morrow the first performance in England will be Symphony in D minor (Irish) by Hamilt The present "Promenade" season will Oct. 27.

On Saturday Herr Kubelik gave his only London before his departure for a tour world, and an enormous gathering came to the Queen's Hall to hear him.

There was a brilliant audience, including Prince and Princess of Wales, when the company started a second autumn season Garden on Oct. 5, under the direction of B. Rendle and Neil Forsyth. The work was Puccini's popular composition, "La in which Madame Melba represented the heroine, Mimi, singing with all her us On Monday Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" Signora Giachetti reappeared in the title the close of the second act all the singer conductor (Signor Mugnone) and Signor P self, were called again and again to acknowledgments.

Francesca Bendeke, who made a successful appearance in the Beethoven-Saal in I afterwards received most favourable notice Press while on tour in Russia, has been her technique in the school of Kubelik teacher, Prof. Sevcik. She is to be heard this season.

"Public Opinion," by Mr. R. C. Car warm welcome at Wyndham's on Tuesday Bligh (Miss Annie Hughes), a light of "t plaintiff in the breach of promise suit Poffley." She and Viscount Poffley (A Crawford) are going to marry on the dam his family will pay. At various periods career she has passed by different names always been the sole support of a maiden the Hon. Mr. Justice Mulley (Mr. Henry K Babington Mulley, F.R.C.P. (Mr. Charles A Percy Kilgour (Mr. Athol Stewart), and H sey (Mr. George Giddens) have all written promising letters. The last-named is whom all the other principal characters of the gentlemen are afraid the fascinating produce the letters in the course of the they, as well as Spencer Traughton, C.B. (Kerr), Poffley's guardian, and Lady Di shaw (Miss Compton), Lord Percy Kilg endeavour to secure them. Burglary Bligh's flat, theft of the letters by Lady loss of them because the bag in which she is like Pansy's make-up bag, are among th that keep the risible muscles at work ti fall of the curtain. "Now and then," says "the fun is rather in the nature of what personages calls a 'jamboree.' But, by crook, you are persuaded, when you are pelled, to laugh." "Assuming no airs of

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THE FREETHINKER

OCTOBER 8, 1905

SUNDAY EVENING FREETHOUGHT LECTURES

Under the Auspices of the Secular Society, Limited.

Third Course—QUEEN'S (MINOR) HALL. LANGHAM PLACE, LONDON, W.

October 1—Mr. G. W. FOOTE:

"DREAMS OF DEATH."

"OSCAR WILDE AND JESUS CHRIST."

SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, etc.

Notices of Lectures, etc., must reach us by first post on Tuesday and be marked "Lecture Notice," if not sent or postcard.

LONDON.

QUEEN'S (MINOR) HALL (Langham-place, London, W.): 7.30. Mr. W. Foote, "Oscar Wilde and Jesus Christ." Instrumental music at 7.

Mr. Foote's Engagements.

Sunday, October 8. Queen's (Minor) Hall, Langham-place, London, W., at 7.30 "Oscar Wilde and Jesus Christ: with reference to *De Profundis*." Music before Lecture.

OCTOBER 15, 1905

There was another fine audience at Queen's Hall on Sunday evening, rather larger, if anything, than on the previous Sunday. Several of the bandsmen who volunteered their services on the opening night of this course attended again, and delighted the audience with masterly renderings of beautiful music—the violin solo being, indeed, a most exquisite performance. As before many strangers were present and a gratifying number of ladies. Mr. Foote's lecture on "Oscar Wilde and Jesus Christ" was evidently

much enjoyed; of course there was plenty of applause, but the silent appreciation of the quieter parts of the lecture, when you might have heard a pin drop, as the saying is, was perhaps the most flattering tribute. Mr. F. A. Davies, who took the chair again, invited questions and discussion, but this time there was none.

The Stage,

THE FULHAM S.V.

Oscar Wilde's comedy, *An Ideal Husband*, is being played this week by Messrs. Edward O'Neill and Herbert Dansey's company. Mr. Edward O'Neill gives an excellent portrayal of the harassed Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The crusty Earl of Chaversham finds an admirable representative in Mr. H. Athole Ford, and the careless, nonchalant Viscount Goring is capably played by Mr. Herbert Dansey. The part of the unscrupulous, resourceful, yet fascinating, Mrs. Cheveley is skilfully undertaken by Miss Rosamond Mayne Young, who acts throughout with commendable vigour and intensity. Commendable, too, are the Lady Chiltern of Miss Elizabeth Meller and the Lady Markby of Miss Eugenie Vernie. Miss Mona Travers is bright and natural as Mabel Chiltern. Mr. Lionel Glenister is the stage-manager.

Morning Post.

7 Nov. 1905

Books.

To-morrow lovers of modern literature may secure at Messrs. Sotheby's many valuable books by living or recently deceased authors. For instance, there is the Edinburgh edition of R. L. Stevenson's works with the appendix of reprints of the rare Davos Platz pieces, 1894-98, which should retain its market value, as well as "The Baronet and the Butterfly"—and not fewer than twenty-five volumes of Oscar Wilde. In addition there are first editions of most of Mr. Andrew Lang's works. The times are from the library of the late J. F. R. Anderson, Edinburgh. Messrs. Hodgson and Co. will sell to-day, to-morrow, and Friday the library of the late Rev. Arthur Godson, removed from All Saints' Vicarage, Gordon-square.

The Sun.

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THE THEATRE.

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OXFORD CHRONICLE.

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(5021672)

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22 Sept: 1905.

Literary Supplement

2019 SS on Women's University Library 329

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2019-Q3333 Women's University Library 330

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1905

Oct. 21, 1905

Publishers' Circular

READY IMMEDIATELY.

OSCAR WILDE

By **STUART MASON.**

With five Illustrations and Complete Bibliography.

Imperial 16mo. pp. 120.

500 copies 3s. 6d. net; 50 copies on Van Gelder
handmade paper, with the Illustrations on
Japan Vellum, numbered and signed, 10s. 6d. net.

Jissen 2019-03-17 University of Tokyo Library

Oxford: **THE HOLYWELL PRESS.**

Lady's
Pictorial
1906
Pictorial

THERE will be many to take interest in a dainty opúscule edited, with an introduction, by Mr. Stuart Mason, published by the Keystone Press, Sunderland, and obtainable of Mr. Jacob, 149 Edgware-road. It preserves in an agreeable form Oscar Wilde's impressions of America, and contains, in addition to much wit and sense, two exquisite poems, "Le Jardin" and "Le Mer." The little book is worth keeping.

2019-03-17 Witten Women's University Library 337

How Oscar Wilde Died.

THE report dealt with at length in the *New York Critic* for July that Oscar Wilde is living is emphatically denied. "Inasmuch as the Americans seem to have conceived the strange idea that Oscar Wilde is still alive," remarks the Paris correspondent of the *Berlin Tageblatt*, "it is perhaps well to state how he died." The *Tageblatt* correspondent (as quoted by the *October Current Literature*, New York), goes on to tell of a number of people in Paris who knew the poet after his downfall, some of whom saw him at his death-bed and followed his funeral train. The correspondent quotes M. Joseph Renaud, the French translator of "Intentions." The book is the one in which Wilde laid down his artistic creed, and in a few preface M. Renaud gives explicit details in regard to Wilde's last days. The poet, so we are told, used to frequent a bar on the Boulevard des Italiens, whose customers were "sports," rather than literary men: "The dandy of 'green carnation' memories, the master wont to instruct duchesses in the rules of elegance, who was so rich and so beautiful, the great poet in verse and prose, the wonderful talker of former days, now swaggered grotesquely in an old, ready-made suit from the 'Belle Jardinière'! His hands were badly manicured, his cuffs celluloid. He was unable to write; his brain was tired out, and his only audience were the old habitués of the bar, who paid his reckoning out of curiosity. All that was left of him was his golden voice and his great blue eyes, like those of a child. I saw him frequently in that place. He had neither money, nor clothes, nor true friends." Yet his old pride had not deserted him. One day Fernand Xau, the late publisher of the *Journal*, asked him to write an article for him every week. He added brutally, that after the noise which the trial had made he would be sure to score a success. But here Mr. Wilde flashed up. "Thank you," he said, "I am quite satisfied with my successes *before* that event." And, of course, the articles were never written.

"Side by side with this nobler aspect of his nature," M. Renaud writes, "went his desire to impress people, which in fact seems to have increased in proportion with his misery. . . . One evening he asks for cigarettes. The waiter brings him a package of 'Maryland.' He refuses to take them, nor does another brand find more favour. 'No, let me have some with gold tips!' The waiter goes to get the brand desired, and on his return Mr. Wilde hands him a twenty-franc gold piece. Then the poet lights a cigarette and utters a contemptuous 'Pah.' When the waiter returns with the change, he waves his hand. 'Ah, keep the whole. . . . That may give me the illusion that the cigarettes are good!'"

"His last months," M. Renaud continues, "were terrible. One of my colleagues who witnessed everything cannot speak of it without tears in his eyes. A severe attack of influenza, which lasted five days, freed the great writer from his suffering. Before he died he became a Catholic. . . . The hotel in which he died was one of those miserable places which are called in the popular papers 'Houses of Crime.' A veritable Hercules of a porter led me through a long, evil-smelling corridor. At last the odour of some disinfectant struck my nostrils. An open door. A little quadrangular room. I stood before the corpse. His whitish, emaciated face, strangely altered through the growth of a beard after death, seemed to be lost in profound contemplation. A hand, cramped in agony, still clutched the dirty bed cloth. There was no one to watch by his body. Only much later they sent him some flowers. The noise of the street pierced the thin walls of the building. A stale odour filled the air. Ah, what loneliness, what an end! I bethought me of the army of courtiers that was wont to throng about him in London, and among whom there were always the most celebrated names of the aristocracy both of blood and of letters. He seemed then like a mighty monarch, lord over all the treasures that civilisation can bestow. And now. . . ." M. Renaud was unable to

La Jeunesse, who was one of the few who accompanied the dead poet to the graveyard at Bayreuth, tells us that thirteen persons followed the funeral procession. The translator in *Current Literature* mentions that the unlucky number was also represented at the funeral of Heine.

Musical and Dramatic Notes

A SPECIAL afternoon concert will be given at the Queen's Hall on Saturday, Oct. 2, in connection with the centenary of Nelson's death. The audience will hear "Save the King," and the programme will include Mackenzie's "Britannia" overture, I. J. Bay's "Bay of Biscay," Dibdin's "Heart of Oak," Tchaikovsky's "1812" overture (by way of making the entente cordiale), Chopin's Funeral March, and Knight's "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." Dan Godfrey's "Reminiscences of England" will, of course, "Rule Britannia."

There is little to be said in favour of "Balthazar," a symphonic poem by Siegmund von Hausemann, the present conductor of the Museum in Frankfurt, which was produced for the first time in England at the Promenade Concerts on Tuesday. To-morrow will be the first performance in England of the "Symphony in D minor (Irish)" by Hamilton. The present "Promenade" season will close on Oct. 27.

On Saturday Herr Kubelik gave his only London concert before his departure for a tour of the world, and an enormous gathering came to the Queen's Hall to hear him.

There was a brilliant audience, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, when the company started a second autumn season at the Garden on Oct. 5, under the direction of B. Rendle and Neil Forsyth. The work was Puccini's popular composition, "La Bohème," in which Madame Melba represented the heroine, Mimì, singing with all her usual power. On Monday Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" was given. Signora Giachetti reappeared in the title role. At the close of the second act all the singers, the conductor (Signor Mugnone) and Signor Puccini himself, were called again and again to receive acknowledgments.

Francesca Bendeke, who made a successful appearance in the Beethoven-Saal in Berlin, and afterwards received most favourable notices from the Press while on tour in Russia, has been engaged to teach her technique in the school of Kubelik, her teacher, Prof. Sevcik. She is to be heard there this season.

"Public Opinion," by Mr. R. C. Carr, was warmly welcomed at Wyndham's on Tuesday. Bligh (Miss Annie Hughes), a light of "the plaintiff in the breach of promise suit," Poffley. She and Viscount Poffley (Mr. Crawford) are going to marry on the day when his family will pay. At various periods of her career she has passed by different names, but always been the sole support of a maid. The Hon. Mr. Justice Mulley (Mr. Henry K. Babington Mulley, F.R.C.P. (Mr. Charles A. Percy Kilgour (Mr. Athol Stewart), and Henry (Mr. George Giddens) have all written promising letters. The last-named is the one to whom all the other principal characters of the novel are afraid the fascinating letters will be produced in the course of the trial. They, as well as Spencer Traughton, C.B. (Mr. Kerr), Poffley's guardian, and Lady Diana (Miss Compton), Lord Percy Kilgour, are endeavouring to secure them. Burglary at Bligh's flat, theft of the letters by Lady Diana, and loss of them because the bag in which she carries them is like Pansy's make-up bag, are among the incidents that keep the risible muscles at work till the fall of the curtain. "Now and then," says Carr, "the fun is rather in the nature of what a personage calls a 'jamboree.' But, by and by, you are persuaded, when you are pressed, to laugh." "Assuming no airs of

SUNDAY EVENING FREETHOUGHT LECTURES

Under the Auspices of the Secular Society, Limited.

Third Course—**QUEEN'S (MINOR) HALL.**
LANGHAM PLACE, LONDON, W.

October 1—**Mr. G. W. FOOTE:**

"DREAMS OF DEATH."

340

„ 8— „ „

"OSCAR WILDE AND JESUS CHRIST."

SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, etc.

Notices of Lectures, etc., must reach us by first post on Tuesday and be marked "Lecture Notice," if not sent on postcard.

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QUEEN'S (MINOR) HALL (Langham-place, London, W.): 7.30,
A. W. Foote, "Oscar Wilde and Jesus Christ." Instrumental
music at 7.

Mr. Foote's Engagements.

Sunday, October 8, Queen's (Minor) Hall, Langham-place,
London, W., at 7.30 "Oscar Wilde and Jesus Christ: with
reference to *De Profundis*." Music before Lecture.

Sugar Plums.

The new Queen's Hall course of meetings opened finely on Sunday evening. There was a splendid audience, including a large number of ladies. The professional gentlemen who had volunteered their services took the platform first, and "discoursed most excellent music" to the evident delight of all who were present. The highly accomplished instrumentalists (who do not desire a more particular advertisement) played in a masterly manner, and were enthusiastically applauded. After the conclusion of the musical program, which lasted nearly three quarters of an hour, Mr. Foote took the platform, accompanied by his chairman, Mr. F. A. Davies, and delivered his lecture on "Dreams of Death," which was followed with profound attention and frequently greeted with rousing cheers. Questions were invited after the lecture, and many were asked and answered, but no one came forward to offer formal opposition.

Mr. Foote occupies the Queen's Hall platform again this evening (Oct. 8), and will lecture on "Oscar Wilde and Jesus Christ." We are sorry to see that some foolish persons have raised an objection to this title. The objection only shows their ignorance. Oscar Wilde's *De Profundis* has been reviewed in the leading daily and weekly papers, and has been the subject of sermons by leading preachers, such as Dr. Campbell, of London, and Dr. Aked, of Liverpool. Reviews and sermons alike have dwelt on Oscar Wilde's flattering references to Jesus Christ, which fill a great portion of the book; yet a fuss is made by some people because Mr. Foote associates these two names in the title of his lecture. All that Mr. Foote aims at doing is to show what Oscar Wilde's praise of Jesus Christ is worth. But perhaps, as the Christians are playing their usual game, the Freethinkers will do their best to crowd Queen's Hall on this occasion, as they can easily do by giving publicity to the lecture amongst their friends and acquaintances.

We are happy to state that there will be music before the lecture at all these Queen's Hall meetings. Most of the musicians, if not all of them, have kindly promised to attend again this evening (Oct. 8), and some of them will attend at Mr. Cohen's and Mr. Lloyd's lectures. A little good singing may be added to fill up the program.

The following is the band program at Queen's Hall this evening (Oct. 8):—March, "Fatinitza," Suppé; "Chanson Italien," Reinecke; "Walse," "Hydronten," Gungl; Three Dances from "Nell Gwynne," German; Violin Solo, "Romance," Svendsen.

OCTOBER 15, 1905

There was another fine audience at Queen's Hall on Sunday evening, rather larger, if anything, than on the previous Sunday. Several of the bandsmen who volunteered their services on the opening night of this course attended again, and delighted the audience with masterly renderings of beautiful music—the violin solo being, indeed, a most exquisite performance. As before many strangers were present and a gratifying number of ladies. Mr. Foote's lecture on "Oscar Wilde and Jesus Christ" was evidently

much enjoyed; of course there was plenty of applause, but the silent appreciation of the quieter parts of the lecture, when you might have heard a pin drop, as the saying is, was perhaps the most flattering tribute. Mr. F. A. Davies, who took the chair again, invited questions and discussion, but this time there was none.

9 Nov. 1905

The Stage,

THE FULHAM, S.W.

Oscar Wilde's comedy, *An Ideal Husband*, is being played this week by Messrs. Edward O'Neill and Herbert Dansey's company. Mr. Edward O'Neill gives an excellent portrayal of the harassed Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The crusty Earl of Caversham finds an admirable representative in Mr. H. Athole Forde, and the careless, nonchalant Viscount Goring is capitally played by Mr. Herbert Dansey. The part of the unscrupulous, resourceful, yet fascinating, Mrs. Cheveley is skilfully undertaken by Miss Rosamond Mayne Young, who acts throughout with commendable vigour and intensity. Commendable, too, are the Lady Chiltern of Miss Elizabeth Meller and the Lady Marbury of Miss M. M. M. Miss Mona Travers is bright and natural as Mabel Chiltern. Mr. Lionel Glenister is the stage-manager.

The Sun.

7 Nov. 1905.

THE THEATRE.

"AN IDEAL HUSBAND" AT FULHAM.

A very excellent company, under the direction of Messrs. O'Neill and Dansey, is visiting Fulham this week with an "Ideal Husband." Those who witnessed Oscar Wilde's play some years ago will remember that it is remarkable, as is "Lady Windermere's Fan," for its facile wit, and clever cynicism, and that Sir Robert and Lady Chiltern are its chief characters. These, last night were played by Mr. O'Neill and Miss Elizabeth Meller, in a manner which left little to be desired, Miss Meller being particularly successful in the scene where Lady Chiltern discovers the means by which her husband has achieved his success. Mr. Dansey handled in a clever manner the part of the cynical Lord Goring, and Miss Mayne Young made the most of her opportunities as Mrs. Chevely. Other parts were played by Mr. Athol Forde, Miss Mona Travers, and Miss Eugenie Vernil.

OXFORD CHRONICLE.

In the "Burlington
THE UGLINESS OF THE Magazine" Mr. R. S.
PIANO. Clouston calls the at-

tention of furniture re-

formers to the persistent ugliness of the piano.
"We can buy wall-papers, carpets, tables, even
coal-boxes"—(Oscar Wilde in his early aesthetic
lectures laid much stress on the need for more
beautiful coal-boxes)—"at a reasonable price with
which it is possible to live without incessant re-
volt. Why should the instrument on which we
play 'Home, Sweet Home,' be the one artistically
discordant note in the house?" He admits that
much has been done to render the piano less un-
sightly—and no one can see a piano that has sur-
vived from the mid-Victorian period without be-
coming grateful for the improvement—but he
urges "more remains to do." Clearly, when we
remember that the piano has never been
made in artistic furnishing during the last few
years even the piano need not be despaird of.

Morning Post.

7 Nov. 1905

BOOKS.

To-morrow lovers of modern literature may secure at Messrs. Sotheby's many valuable books by living or recently deceased authors. For instance, there is the Edinburgh edition of R. L. Stevenson's works with the appendix of reprints of the rare Davos Platz pieces, 1894-98, which should retain its market value, as well as Whistler's quiverful of arrows—"Whistler v. Ruskin," "Ten o'Clock," "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," "The Baronet and the Butterfly"—and not fewer than twenty-five volumes of Oscar Wilde. In addition there are first editions of most of Mr. Andrew Lang's works. The tomes are from the library of the late J. F. R. Anderson, Edinburgh.

Messrs. J. & J. G. Smith, 17, Pall Mall, London, to-day, to-morrow, and Friday the library of the late Rev. Arthur Godson, removed from All Saints' Vicarage, Gordon-square.

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NOVEMBER 3, 1905.

Daily Telegraph. 10 July 1906

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A letter by Washington on recruiting
under 18 and the names of 349 by Oscar Wilde
£16 15s (Quaritch).

(502621)

Free Lance,

"Oscar the Self-sufficient." The Hermes Press.
7s. 6d.

Possibly the recent revival of "Lady Windermere's Fan" at a London theatre gave Mr. J. M. Stuart-Young the idea that the time had come when the public would welcome a memoir of Oscar Wilde's life and character. In this we differ from Mr. Young, considering that we have only recently had "De Profundis." We think the publication of anything relating to the dead playwright's private life premature. The revival of his plays is one thing, the printing of a memoir, which makes the astounding statement that Wilde "was more a victim than a culprit," is another. The memoir is one long excuse for Wilde's immorality, and shows that the author, who tells us that he was one of the few privileged to call Wilde "Heart's-brother," was willing to condone, or, at any rate, shut his eyes to, any of the playwright's sins on account of his genius. He says:—"The aberration which brought his splendid life to ruins, and which had ruled him since his childhood, was known only to the favoured few; and it is one of my fondest recollections that I appreciated the work and the personality of Oscar in his hey-day." He relates with a strange gusto a dinner he had with Wilde at the Savoy:—"I remember that he was wearing a priceless fur-lined overcoat, and a blue tie, with a diamond pin. He was tall and rather bloated looking, his face clean shaven, and his fingers glittering with fine rings. . . . then Oscar accompanied me to the railway station. The journey to Manchester was a remarkably short one, for my mind was absolutely bemused by the glamour of his presence."

The description which Mr. Young gives of his visit to Wilde in the Rue des Beaux Arts after his imprisonment will touch a sympathetic chord in the hearts of most of his readers, and one cannot help a feeling of admiration for his constancy to his disgraced friend. Constance Wilde, in one of her letters, says of Wilde's imprisonment: "He has been greatly depressed in prison, and looks back upon the last three years as a hideous dream." But the poet's own description of his sufferings—told in the "Ballad of Reading Gaol"—is infinitely more touching:—

"We tore the tarry ropes to shreds
With blunt and bleeding nails;
We rubbed the doors and scrubbed the floors,
And cleaned the shining rails;
And, rank by rank, we soaped the plank,
And clattered with the pails."

One can quite understand that a man of Wilde's intellect and luxurious habits of life would feel with bitter poignancy the performance of such menial duties. At the conclusion of his memoir Mr. Young quotes Wilde's "Requiescat," and, after claiming for him immortality, states that no man who could write such verses could be wholly bad. No one will dispute that statement, but we think the author would have served his late friend's interests better by allowing Wilde's works to be revived and his delinquencies forgotten by degrees. There is, however, one amusing feature in the book, and that is the stilted and unnatural style in which it is written.

Here is one instance:—"Human nature is built upon two potential instincts—the predilection for the preservation of the ego, and the appetency for the propagation of the race." After such a sentence as that we are not surprised at the language of the poem "Oscar," which is a verified description of Wilde's life-long "aberration of mind." The book is entitled "Oscar, the Self-sufficient," and it seems to us that it has been written by Stuart-Young the self-sufficient. There are three photographs of both Wilde and Young. The book is elaborately got up by the Hermes Press, and the best thing about it, perhaps, is the binding.

Times Literary Supplement.

FRIDAY, OCT. 6, 1905.

OSCAR, THE SELF-SUFFICIENT, and other Poems. With a Memoir of the late Oscar Wilde. By J. M. STUART-YOUNG. 10½ x 7½, 120 pp. The Hermes Press. 7s. 6d. n.
[Adorned with photographs of the author at different periods of his life.]

Academy, Aug. 18, 1906

"he Man Who Rose Again. By JOSEPH HOCKING. (Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.)

Oscar Wilde's delightful fairy tales ends thus:

"I am rather afraid I have annoyed him," answered the Linnet. "The fact is, that I told him a story with a moral."
"Ah! That is always a very dangerous thing to do," said the Duck.

It is perhaps a little unfair to begin a review of a book by Mr. Joseph Hocking with a quotation from a story by Mr. Oscar Wilde; but the moral of the former is so very obvious that it called to mind the offended water-rat, who said that, had he known beforehand that there was a moral, he should certainly have said "Pooh!" Mr. Hocking does everything aboveboard, however; we know from the beginning that the cynical young man with a brilliant Parliamentary career, who is given to secret drinking will

The Speaker,

NOT VERY GOOD.

OSCAR, THE SELF-SUFFICIENT. By J. M. Stuart-Young. The Hermes Press. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. YOUNG was a friend of Oscar Wilde's, and he has made a book, part verse and part prose, out of that fact. When Mr. Young first met Oscar Wilde he was "budding fifteen" and worshipped Mr. le Gallienne, Mr. Stephen Phillips, and other young poets. The verse of Oscar Wilde aroused something within him "which savoured more of ashteny than robustness." It also gave him a taste for curious words, for in his own verse we read:

"Frangible is life and here no roses blow;
Creatures but sigh and sigger out their day."

Also:

"What gain results from grim and gnarring age?"

Very little, apparently, in Mr. Young's case, or he would not have written, still less published, most of this book. He seems to have taken everything that Oscar Wilde said to him quite seriously, and he takes it seriously still. Wilde, for him, is "a poet of the first water, exuberant, fantastic, tuneful," and he tries himself to be exuberant and fantastic.

"Sonnambulated by the pine's low voice
He saw three skylarks, speeding from the blue,
With expectative throb of tested choice."

This kind of verse has gone out of fashion, and our minor poets attempt now to surprise with a different kind of epithet. (See the works of Mr. Stephen Phillips *passim*.) Mr. Young also practises a kind of simplicity which he has caught from Mr. le Gallienne:

"Roses and lilies!
How still is
My heart. It reposes
On lilies and roses."

It reminds one of

"London is the missus
Of this Narcissus."

To say nothing of:

"Mendoza's Louisa, Louisa Mendoza."

And yet Mr. Young is tired of the other poets. "Arthur Symonds becomes sickly sensuous. Yates is shadowy and intangible. Swinburne (*sic*) is our greatest living poet, but his music is often thin. Edmund Gosse has ceased to soar." In fact, "England is developing into the home of the middle-class," in whose parlours this book is not likely to be found in company with the Family Bible and a case of stuffed birds. Mr. Young probably has the middle-class rather too much on the brain. He is too anxious not to be taken for a member of it. Hence his epithets and not too melodious tears. But he must be careful. He tells us how he once dined with Wilde, who wore "a price-less fur-lined overcoat and a blue tie with a diamond pin." If he writes much in this style the middle class will claim him for its own.

Glasgow Herald,

Nov. 18, 1905

Publishers' Circular

From the Hermes Press.—"Oscar, the Self-

Sufficient," by J. M. Stuart-Young. This volume of poems and reminiscences is a tribute to the memory of Oscar Wilde.

While mature neither in conception nor execution, the verses have the true ring about them; occasionally they reach a height of

indisputable eloquence, and here and there is a stanza of real beauty and feeling. Mr. Stuart-Young became acquainted with the poet a short time before the catastrophe which ended so abruptly that brilliant and tragic career; though the recollections here

set forth are but slight, they are nevertheless interesting and of some value. One closes the volume with sad reflections: the pity and tragedy of it all seem emphasised by the record of this friend, who instead of reproach

has kind words of sympathy to offer, and who in the place of recrimination brings regret.

Just

It is generally supposed that Mr. Arthur Balfour coined the phrase, an "Unfortunate entanglement." It is, however, taken from the play, "The Importance of Being Earnest."—"I am not able to return to a common duty."

CECILY [thoughtfully and sadly]: Whatever unfortunate entanglement my dear boy may have got into, I will never reproach him with it after we are married.

GWENDOLINE: Do you allude to me, Miss Cardew, as an entanglement?

Free Lance.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CANTUAR.—"Lady Windermere's Fan" and "The Importance of Being Earnest" can be obtained in acting editions from Saml. French, 1s. 6d. each; but Messrs. Methuen are going to publish a collected edition of Wilde's works, of which full particulars will be given later in the "Diary."

IS OSCAR WILDE DEAD?

AN EXTRAORDINARY RUMOUR.

("REYNOLDS'S" SPECIAL.)

In certain literary circles in the United States the opinion is being freely expressed that Mr. Oscar Wilde is still alive. It is even suggested that articles from his pen are still appearing over unfamiliar signatures. That these articles are not in all respects up to the high level of sparkling epigram associated with the brilliancy of Mr. Wilde's genius is accounted for by the depressing experiences through which he passed.

Now, we have no hesitation in characterizing this story as baseless. We have perfect confidence in the genuineness of the narratives that *Reynolds's News* has published on the subject of Mr. Wilde's sad death. The event is vouched for by several reliable persons, one of whom, M. La Jeunesse, definitely asserts that he followed the remains to the grave.

It is only in America that our narrative would be doubted for a moment. In London and in Paris the decease of the famous writer is recognised as a fact established upon irrefutable evidence.

BOYCOTTING A NAME.

Whilst we are referring to Mr. Wilde, it is just as well to enter a protest against a new method of treating his work. A play recently produced in London has been advertised upon the hoardings as "By the Author of 'Lady Windermere's Fan.'" To us this seems an indignation that the dramatist's name must not be mentioned in polite circles. Here and there, indeed, we are in the habit of referring to a writer by the title of the work by which he or she achieved fame. Thus we correctly speak of the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." This custom does not apply to Mr. Wilde. His name was always much more widely known than that of anything he wrote.

In this connection, we are able to quote from an article in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. The great German daily paper writes as follows:—

"The only paper that all the time had the honesty to print in black and white the hated name was *Reynolds's Newspaper*. It has a right now to scoff at its opponents. Other journals were too Christian to imitate Christ. They gratified themselves, and it seems that they gratified their readers with ridiculous periphrases and beatings about the bush, using such terms as 'the poet of Salome' for the intellectually-gifted author who came to grief so pitifully."

We are glad to find that one journal of high standing appreciates our desire to show fair treatment to a fallen man's reputation.

OSCAR WILDE.

Str.—Referring to the article, "Is Oscar Wilde Dead?" in to-day's issue of your excellent paper, I have frequently had occasion to see O. W. in Paris after his release from prison. He, M. La Jeunesse, and other *littérateurs*, congregated nightly at the Calisaya, on the Boulevard des Italiens. Their conversation was as good as a University lecture on contemporary international literature. I sat at the next table an attentive listener.

After O. W.'s death, the waiter informed me that he died in abject poverty, and owed him 40¢, mostly money lent. He had written to Lord A. D., who had come to Paris to bury his friend, that he could not afford to lose the money, being poor and having a wife and children to provide for. Lord A. D. at once sent him the money, as he seems to have paid other small outstanding debts of O. W.'s.—Your obedient servant.
London, November 12, 1905. H. A.

TABLE TALK.

Amateurs of coincidence are offered a curious specimen for their collections. "May I draw your attention," writes Mr. Stuart Mason, from Oxford, "to the following literary coincidence, which is surely but another instance of the truth that 'great minds think alike'?"

Ballad of Reading Gaol, page 12.

In the heart of every man terror was lying still.

Picture of Dorian Gray, chap. VI.

Whenever a man does a thoroughly stupid thing, it is always from the noblest motives.

Made in His Image, chap. I.

In the heart of nearly every one in London terror was lying still.

Made in His Image, chap. IV.

When a man has done a thoroughly stupid thing, it is always from the noblest motives.

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DAILY NEWS.

NOVEMBER 27, 1905.

By a sufficiently strange sub-coincidence, the same post brings us a letter from another Mr. Mason, in Reading, drawing attention to another literary coincidence. He says: "I wonder whether anyone else has discovered that Rudyard Kipling appears to be indebted to Ralph Waldo Emerson for one of the best lines in his 'Recessional'?" The resemblance is, at any rate, very remarkable. Kipling writes:

Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine.

"The following is a couplet from Emerson's 'Wood Notes':

And grant to dwellers with the pine
Dominion o'er the palm and vine."

The comment we made on the preceding case seems to us to be equally proper here. It is an interesting example of unconscious plagiarism.

Star.

27 Nov. 1905

MADE IN HIS LANGUAGE.

Amateurs of coincidence are offered a curious specimen for their collections. "May I draw your attention," writes Mr. Stuart Mason from Oxford to the "Daily News," "to the following literary coincidence, which is surely but another instance of the truth that 'great minds think alike'?"

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"Oscar the Self-sufficient." The Hermes Press.
7s. 6d.

Possibly the recent revival of "Lady Windermere's Fan" at a London theatre gave Mr. J. M. Stuart-Young the idea that the time had come when the public would welcome a memoir of Oscar Wilde's life and character. In this we differ from Mr. Young, considering that we have only recently had "De Profundis." We think the publication of anything relating to the dead playwright's private life premature. The revival of his plays is one thing, the printing of a memoir, which makes the astounding statement that Wilde "was more a victim than a culprit," is another. The memoir is one long excuse for Wilde's immorality, and shows that the author, who tells us that he was one of the few privileged to call Wilde "Heart's-brother," was willing to condone, or, at any rate, shut his eyes to, any of the playwright's sins on account of his genius. He says:—"The aberration which brought his splendid life to ruins, and which had ruled him since his childhood, was known only to the favoured few; and it is one of my fondest recollections that I appreciated the work and the personality of Oscar in his hey-day." He relates with a strange gusto a dinner he had with Wilde at the Savoy:—"I remember that he was wearing a priceless fur-lined overcoat, and a blue tie, with a diamond pin. He was tall and rather bloated looking, his face clean shaven, and his fingers glittering with fine rings. . . . then Oscar accompanied me to the railway station. The journey to Manchester was a remarkably short one, for my mind was absolutely bemused by the glamour of his presence."

The description which Mr. Young gives of his visit to Wilde in the Rue des Beaux Arts after his imprisonment will touch a sympathetic chord in the hearts of most of his readers, and one cannot help a feeling of admiration for his constancy to his disgraced friend. Constance Wilde, in one of her letters, says of Wilde's imprisonment: "He has been greatly depressed in prison, and looks back upon the last three years as a hideous dream." But the poet's own description of his sufferings—told in the "Ballad of Reading Gaol"—is infinitely more touching:—

"We tore the tarry ropes to shreds
With blunt and bleeding nails;
We rubbed the doors and scrubbed the floors,
And cleaned the shining rails;
And, rank by rank, we soaped the plank,
And clattered with the pails."

One can quite understand that a man of Wilde's intellect and luxurious habits of life would feel with bitter poignancy the performance of such menial duties. At the conclusion of his memoir Mr. Young quotes Wilde's "Requiescat," and, after claiming for him immortality, states that no man who could write such verses could be wholly bad. No one will dispute that statement, but we think the author would have served his late friend's interests better by allowing Wilde's works to be revived and his delinquencies forgotten by degrees. There is, however, one amusing feature in the book, and that is the stilted and unnatural style in which it is written.

Here is one instance:—"Human nature is built upon two potential instincts—the predilection for the preservation of the ego, and the appetency for the propagation of the race." After such a sentence as that we are not surprised at the language of the poem "Oscar," which is a versified description of Wilde's life-long "aberration of mind." The book is entitled "Oscar, the Self-sufficient," and it seems to us that it has been written by Stuart-Young the self-sufficient. There are three photographs of both Wilde and Young. The book is elaborately got up by the Hermes Press, and the best thing about it, perhaps, is the binding.

Times Literary Supplement.

FRIDAY, OCT. 6, 1905.

OSCAR, THE SELF-SUFFICIENT, and other Poems. With a Memoir of the late Oscar Wilde. By J. M. STUART-YOUNG. 10½ x 7½, 120 pp. The Hermes Press. 7s. 6d. n.

[Adorned with photographs of the author at different periods of his life.]

Leading. Aug. 18, 1906

"The Man Who Rose Again." By JOSEPH HOCKING. (Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.)

O.E. of Oscar Wilde's delightful fairy tales ends thus:

"I am rather afraid I have annoyed him," answered the Linnet. "The fact is, that I told him a story with a moral."
"Ah! That is always a very dangerous thing to do," said the Duck.

It is perhaps a little unfair to begin a review of a book by Mr. Joseph Hocking with a quotation from a story by Mr. Oscar Wilde; but the moral of the former is so very obvious that it called to mind the offended water-rat, who said that, had he known beforehand that there was a moral, he should certainly have said "Pooh!" Mr. Hocking does everything aboveboard, however; we know from the beginning that the cynical young man with a brilliant Parliamentary career, who is given to secret drinking will

NOT VERY GOOD.

OSCAR, THE SELF-SUFFICIENT. By J. M. Stuart-Young. The Hermes Press. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. YOUNG was a friend of Oscar Wilde's, and he has made a book, part verse and part prose, out of that fact. When Mr. Young first met Oscar Wilde he was "budding fifteen" and worshipped Mr. le Gallienne, Mr. Stephen Phillips, and other young poets. The verse of Oscar Wilde aroused something within him "which savoured more of astheny than robustness." It also gave him a taste for curious words, for in his own verse we read:

"Frangible is life and here no roses blow;
Creatures but sigh and sigger out their day."

Also:

"What gain results from grim and gnarring age?"

Very little, apparently, in Mr. Young's case, or he would not have written, still less published, most of this book. He seems to have taken everything that Oscar Wilde said to him quite seriously, and he takes it seriously still. Wilde, for him, is "a poet of the first water, exuberant, fantastic, tuneful," and he tries himself to be exuberant and fantastic.

"Sonnambulated by the pine's low voice
He saw three skylarks, speeding from the blue,
With expectative throb of tested choice."

This kind of verse has gone out of fashion, and our minor poets attempt now to surprise with a different kind of epithet. (See the works of Mr. Stephen Phillips *passim*.) Mr. Young also practises a kind of simplicity which he has caught from Mr. le Gallienne:

"Roses and lilies!
How still is
My heart. It reposes
On lilies and roses."

It reminds one of

"London is the missus
Of this Narcissus."

To say nothing of:

"Mendoza's Louisa, Louisa Mendoza."

And yet Mr. Young is tired of the other poets. "Arthur Symonds becomes sickly sensuous. Yates is shadowy and intangible. Swinburne (*sic*) is our greatest living poet, but his music is often thin. Edmund Gosse has ceased to soar." In fact, "England is developing into the home of the middle-class," in whose parlours this book is not likely to be found in company with the Family Bible and a case of stuffed birds. Mr. Young probably has the middle-class rather too much on the brain. He is too anxious not to be taken for a member of it. Hence his epithets and not too melodious tears. But he must be careful. He tells us how he once dined with Wilde, who wore "a priceless fur-lined overcoat and a blue tie with a diamond pin." If he writes much in this style the middle class will claim him for its own.

Glasgow Herald,

Nov. 18, 1905

Publishers' Circular

"Oscar the Self-Sufficient, and Other Poems." By J. M. Stuart-Young. 7s. 6d. net. (London: The Hermes Press.)

Three portraits of the author accompany this strange production, and although the volume consists largely of personal impressions of the late Oscar Wilde, the portraits are so little necessary that we should judge the author himself to be by no means lacking in self-sufficiency or at least self-complacency. The memoir which introduces the book is merely a record of scraps of conversation, chiefly literary, marked by all Wilde's biting wit, with quotations from letters—curious letters, too, as coming from a man to a lad of fifteen. We need not quote either, or any of the strange poems in which Mr. Young essays to trace the growth or degeneration of the poet, and to tell how he sank more and more under the dominion of the flesh, while "day by day, and year by year, his constant aim was—art."

It is a fine bit of verse as verse, but its moral law is all topsy-turvy, a reversal of ordinary law being apparently a necessary condition of the faithful following of art. The miscellaneous poems which follow reveal artistic quality and individuality, and are not without true poetic insight. Those entitled "Desire," "The Aftermath," "Satiety," and "A Misty Evening" are far above commonplace, and there is something altogether admirable in the lawless defiance of the Aftermath.

The child is mine.
Not all the turbulence of the poignant past,
Not all the midnight secrets that o'ercrest
His little soul's clear purity can charm
The fact away. Come death, come storm or calm,
The child is mine.

The volume all in all is a curious one. We can quite sympathise with the author's sorrow over his "dead friend," we can understand his worship of the artistic side of his nature, but we cannot get over the belief that the general tone of the book bears witness to a moral "twist" somewhere.

Free Lance.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CANTAB.—"Lady Windermere's Fan" and "The Importance of Being Earnest" can be obtained in acting editions from Samuel French, 1s. 6d. each; but Messrs. Methuen are going to publish a collected edition of Wilde's works, of which full particulars will be given later in the "Diary."

IS OSCAR WILDE DEAD?

AN EXTRAORDINARY RUMOUR.

("REYNOLDS'S" SPECIAL.)

In certain literary circles in the United States the opinion is being freely expressed that Mr. Oscar Wilde is still alive. It is even suggested that articles from his pen are still appearing over unfamiliar signatures. That these articles are not in all respects up to the high level of sparkling epigram associated with the brilliancy of Mr. Wilde's genius is accounted for by the depressing experiences through which he passed.

Now, we have no hesitation in characterizing this story as baseless. We have perfect confidence in the genuineness of the narratives that *Reynolds's News* has published on the subject of Mr. Wilde's sad death. The event is vouched for by several reliable persons, one of whom, M. La Jeunesse, definitely asserts that he followed the remains to the grave.

It is only in America that our narrative would be doubted for a moment. In London and in Paris the decease of the famous writer is recognised as a fact established upon irrefutable evidence.

BOYCOTTING A NAME.

Whilst we are referring to Mr. Wilde, it is just as well to enter a protest against a new method of treating his work. A play recently produced in London has been advertised upon the boards as "By the Author of 'Lady Windermere's Fan.'" To us this seems an insinuation that the dramatist's name must not be mentioned in polite circles. Here and there, indeed, we are in the habit of referring to a writer by the title of the work by which he or she achieved fame. Thus we correctly speak of the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." This custom does not apply to Mr. Wilde. His name was always much more widely known than that of anything he wrote.

In this connection, we are able to quote from an article in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. The great German daily paper writes as follows:—

"The only paper that all the time had the honesty to print in black and white the hated name was *Reynolds's Newspaper*. It has a right now to scoff at its opponents. Other journals were too Christian to imitate Christ. They gratified themselves, and it seems that they gratified their readers with ridiculous periphrases and headings about the bush, using such terms as 'the poet of Salomé' for the intellectually-gifted author who came to grief so pitifully."

We are glad to find that one journal of high standing appreciates our desire to show fair treatment to a fallen man's reputation.

OSCAR WILDE.

SIR.—Referring to the article, "Is Oscar Wilde Dead?" in to-day's issue of your excellent paper, I have frequently had occasion to see O. W. in Paris after his release from prison. He, M. La Jeunesse, and other *littérateurs*, congregated nightly at the Calisaya, on the Boulevard des Italiens. Their conversation was as good as a University lecture on contemporary international literature. I sat at the next table an attentive listener.

After O. W.'s death, the waiter informed me that he died in abject poverty, and owed him 40¢, mostly money lent. He had written to Lord A. D., who had come to Paris to bury his friend, that he could not afford to lose the money, being poor and having a wife and children to provide for. Lord A. D. at once sent him the money, as he seems to have paid other small outstanding debts of O. W.'s.—Your obedient servant.
London, November 12, 1905. H. A.

TABLE TALK.

Amateurs of coincidence are offered a curious specimen for their collections. "May I draw your attention," writes Mr. Stuart Mason, from Oxford, "to the following literary coincidence, which is surely but another instance of the truth that 'great minds think alike'?"

Ballad of Reading Gaol,

page 12.
In the heart of every man terror was lying still.

Picture of Dorian Gray,

chap. VI.
Whenever a man does a thoroughly stupid thing, it is always from the noblest motives.

Made in His Image,

chap. I.
In the heart of nearly every one in London terror was lying still.

Made in His Image,

chap. IV.
When a man has done a thoroughly stupid thing, it is always from the noblest motives.

"The quotations from *Made in His Image*

will be found," adds Mr. Mason, "in 'The Daily Mail' for November 17 and 22 respectively."

For our part, we should put it down as a case of unconscious memory. There is such a thing; and it is hard to suppose that it could be anything else.

27 Nov. 1905

MADE IN HIS LANGUAGE.

Amateurs of coincidence are offered a curious specimen for their collections. "May I draw your attention," writes Mr. Stuart Mason from Oxford to the "Daily News," "to the following literary coincidence, which is surely but another instance of the truth that 'great minds think alike'?"

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MARCH 22, 1905.

DAILY CHRONICLE

GRANT DUFF STORIES.

NOTES FROM A DIARY, 1896 to January 23, 1901, by the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, G.C.S.I., F.R.S., in two volumes. London, John Murray, 13s.

Published to-day.

We spoke of Mr. Raleigh of All Souls, and he (Mr. St. Joe Strachey) mentioned a very quick reply of his. There had been talk at Magdalen about throwing a notorious person into the river. Some one protested against such a proceeding as quite illegal. "Yes," said Mr. Raleigh, "distinctly illegal under the Rivers Pollution Act."

With that we must say farewell—though, indeed, the cry rises, "Will we no come back again?"—to the closing volumes of a modern journal which has qualities, contents, and a style that suggest Evelyn's.

Glasgow Herald.

ROYALTY THEATRE—"AN IDEAL HUSBAND."

It is a true saying that he who dies pays all debts. On this showing the memory of the late Oscar Wilde stands quits with the world. If he sinned he suffered, and now that he has passed into oblivion, that same world that flattered him in his prosperity and condemned him for his folly seems to have risen to the idea that some at least of his works deserve a better fate than befel the man himself. Some such consideration probably accounts for the recent revival upon the stage of some of his dramas. This week one of them is being performed at the Royalty Theatre. It is entitled "An Ideal Husband." So far as its literary and dramatic qualities are concerned, it might have been well had it been allowed to remain in obscurity. It compares indifferently with brilliant efforts like "Lady Windermere's Fan," and "A Woman of No Importance," and consequently suffers by the comparison. Yet it possesses much of the author's individuality both in dialogue and construction, although in both respects, and especially in the latter, there are weaknesses which are altogether too palpable. Neither is the story upon which the drama is founded strikingly original. The character which provides the title is a young and rising politician who has secured the financial means necessary to the pursuit of his career by the betrayal of a Cabinet secret. But for this false step made early in life he is otherwise a man of integrity and unblemished morality. In the interval he has married a lady of such a rigidly ethical standard that—as the wicked woman of the play puts it—the very severity of her handwriting seems to carry with it the Ten Commandments in every stroke of the pen, and the whole moral law on every page of note-paper. In her eyes her husband is the perfect man, and she naturally suffers a great shock when the wicked woman aforesaid takes a fiendish delight in informing her of his early and only lapse from conventional honesty. In the end the machinations of the wicked woman are defeated, and the rest of the play is devoted to teaching the husband the sin of ambition and the wife that ultra-high idealism is none the worse of being tempered with a little judicious common sense. As has been indicated, the dialogue is in parts characteristically brilliant. But it has the defect of all the author's stage work—it is too obviously artificial. He makes his characters constantly talk epigrammatically to it for a couple of hours is indeed a mental exhilaration. But to ask us to believe that in any class of society conversation is always carried on in the language of paradox, repartee, or wit and humour is to ask us to accept too much. It is clever writing all the same, and to follow it and grasp it makes an enlivening and a stimulating evening's entertainment. The play is admirably acted. Mr. Edward O'Neill in the title part, and Miss Madge M'Intosh as the wife, give distinction to their respective characters. They have several very spirited scenes, and they carry them through with appropriate intensity. Miss R. Mayne Young in the ungracious part of the venturous fills an important part very satisfactorily; and other parts are also very ably sustained by Misses Eugénie Vernie, Janet Rogers, Eve Erskine, and Morna Travers. Messrs H. Athole Ford and Herbert Dansey. The play was well received by a good house.

Dec. 3, 1905.

Amateurs of coincidence are offered a curious specimen for their collections. "May I draw your attention," writes Mr. Stuart to the *Daily News*, from Oxford, "to the following literary coincidence, which is surely but another instance of the truth that 'great minds think alike'?"

Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of

Reading Gaol," page 12.
In the heart of every man terror was lying still.

Oscar Wilde's "Picture of

Dorian Gray," Chap. vi.
Whenever a man does a thoroughly stupid thing, it is always from the noblest motives.

"Made in His Image,"

Chap. I.
In the heart of nearly every one in London terror was lying still.

"Made in His Image,"

Chap. IV.
When a man has done a thoroughly stupid thing, it is always from the noblest motives.

DAILY NEWS.

NOVEMBER 27, 1905.

By a sufficiently strange sub-coincidence, the same post brings us a letter from another Mr. Mason, in Reading, drawing attention to another literary coincidence. He says: "I wonder whether anyone else has discovered that Rudyard Kipling appears to be indebted to Ralph Waldo Emerson for one of the best lines in his 'Recessional'?" The resemblance is, at any rate, very remarkable. Kipling writes:

Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine.

"The following is a couplet from Emerson's 'Wood Notes':—

And grant to dwellers with the pine
Dominion o'er the palm and vine."

The comment we made on the preceding case seems to us to be equally proper here. It is an interesting example of unconscious plagiarism.