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Oscar Wilde
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Vol. 3

"Salome." Translated from the French of Oscar Wilde. John Lane, pp. xxiv, 68. 10s. 6d. net.

A sumptuous edition of this tragedy. Mr. Robert Ross writes an introductory note, and Aubrey Beardsley's illustrations are given.

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Wilde, Oscar. Salome. A tragedy in one act: translated from the French of Oscar Wilde, with sixteen drawings by Aubrey Beardsley. 8s. 6d. net.

THE BOOKSHELF

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Oscar Wilde's one-act tragedy SALOME, of which Mr. John Lane publishes a text with the extraordinarily irrelevant illustrations by Aubrey Beardsley (pp. xviii, 66, 10s. 6d. net), has been much acted in nearly every country of Europe, except England, since Sarah Bernhardt produced it in 1893.

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The library of the late Mr. Clement Scott contains nothing of great importance. There are many first editions of works by his contemporaries, Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Meredith, Edwin Arnold, R. L. Stevenson, Buchanan, Lewis Carroll, Frederick Locker, Percy Fitzgerald, Oscar Wilde, and others.

In an absolutely different genre is the edition of Oscar Wilde's Salome, with sixteen drawings by Aubrey Beardsley, which is published by Mr. John Lane.

Stage, Nov. 29

The endeavour to convert the Yorkers to the intense drama has, I do not meet with that success anticipated by the experimenters.

"Salome." By Oscar Wilde. Drawings by Aubrey Beardsley. 10s. 6d. net.

The preface to Oscar Wilde's play says so much that the poor reviewer is bound hand and foot. According to a quoted remark of the author; everyone sees himself in Salome.

"To a Nun Confessed," by Irene Osgeod (London: Sisleys, Ltd.).

"To a Nun Confessed," by Irene Osgeod (London: Sisleys, Ltd.). "He sent me great bunches of almond blossoms to-day," says the married lady confessing to her dear friend the nun about another woman's husband.

THE AUTHOR IN LONDON.

LITERARY LONDON, by Elsie M. Lang, with an introduction by G. K. Chesterton, and illustrations from photographs by W. J. Roberts. London, Werner Laurie, 6s.

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Richard Strauss's "Salome" is to be given in Paris at the Grand Opera next February. M. Gailhard, the manager of the Opera, having written to the composer to ask him whether he could come to Paris to discuss the details of the production, he has received an answer in which Dr. Strauss expresses his regret not to be able to go to Paris until the end of January.

LYRICS OF LOVE.

"Songs to Desideria, and Other Poems." By the Hon. Frederick Coleridge. London: John Lane. 8s. 6d. net.

All lovers of poetry will be grateful for Mr. Stephen Coleridge's volume. Dainty and finished in execution, and instinct with a genuine human sympathy, these lyrics betray the hand of a craftsman in verse.

The second part of Mr. Coleridge's book is dedicated to Gloria and Desideria. Mr. Coleridge has experimented in many forms of verse, and in each with success, but the theme remains the same.

The seaward in the dim-lit cave Awaits the sure returning wave; The rustling corn beneath the stars Awaits the crimson Eastern bars;

The earlier poems in the volume cover a wide field. In the lyric on Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis" there is a note of wistful pity that is constantly recurring throughout the book.

Too beautiful for our dull praise, A child of Heaven's birth She whom we love; But lest we should lose Paradise By finding it on earth She went above.

Verse of this quality should secure for "Songs to Desideria" a sincere welcome.

A contemporary relates a story, which it is rather difficult to believe, concerning Strauss's "Salome," which, by the way, was produced on Wednesday night at Berlin with enormous success.

Vertical text on the left edge of the page, likely from an adjacent page or a library stamp.

Tribune,

25 Sept. 1906.

"Salome." Translated from the French of Oscar Wilde. John Lane. pp. xxiv. 68. 10s. 6d. net.

A summary of the tragedy. Mr. Robert Ross writes an introductory note, and Aubrey Beardsley's illustrations are given.

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Academy,

29 Sept.

DRAMA.

Wilde, Oscar. *Salome*: A tragedy in one act: translated from the French of Oscar Wilde, with sixteen drawings by Aubrey Beardsley. 85 x 67. Pp. xxvi, 66.

[Contains a "Note on Salomé," by Mr. Robert Ross; cast of the first performance in London, and facsimile cast of the operatic version by Richard Strauss.]

2019 ISBN 1 Women's University Library 669

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Scotsman.

27 Sept.

Mr John Lane sends out in English translation Oscar Wilde's *Salome*, a play in one act, which, written in French in 1892, had the distinction of being prohibited by the Censor when Madame Bernhardt proposed to produce it at the Palace Theatre. Its writer described it as "a mirror in which everyone could see himself. The artist, art; the dull, dulness; the vulgar, vulgarity." The feature of this luxurious edition (10s. 6d. net.) of a queer piece is in the illustrations by the late Aubrey Beardsley. In number, they have the same quality of combined attractiveness and repulsiveness as the play itself.

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Globe.

28 Sept.

'SALOME.'

Mr. John Lane has published in a beautifully-decorated cover, reproducing the title-design, the English translation of Oscar Wilde's "Salomé," with the drawings of Aubrey Beardsley. To those who wish to possess the play in English, and the much-criticised designs, the present volume will give complete gratification. It is prefaced by Mr. Robert Ross's comments on the reception accorded to the work by stiff-necked English critics; his rather unnecessary insistence on the European fame of "Salomé"; and his quotation of Wilde's letter to the "Times," and of another written from Reading which shows a natural desire for the praise of French experts. Mr. Ross is faithful to his friend; and with that fidelity there is no need to quarrel. The publishers have produced this edition with all possible care and taste.

THE BOOKSHELF

MR. JOHN LANE sends us a new edition of the English translation of Oscar Wilde's *Salome* (10s. 6d. net) with the drawings of Aubrey Beardsley and "a note on 'Salome'" by Mr. Robert Ross. Mr. Ross's note is not an appreciation of the play: it is a brief history of its reception in England, where it was cordially disliked, and abroad where it is much admired, and frequently acted. Richard Strauss, as Mr. Ross makes clear, made an opera of it—of "Salome" and nothing else, though there have been attempts in England to diminish the composer's debt to the dramatist. In England the performances of the play have been but two. It was forbidden, as all will remember, by the Censor when Mme. Bernhardt, for whom it was written, proposed to play it in French in London: since then it has been played by the New Stage Club in May 1905, and again by the Literary Theatre Club in 1906. Mr. Ross's note contains one or two interesting quotations from the author's letters and conversation; one from a letter being most characteristic; when the play was produced in Paris with great success, the author wrote from prison: "I wish I could feel more pleasure, but I seem dead to all emotions except those of anguish and despair. . . . Try and see what Lemaître, Bauer, and Sarcey said of 'Salome.'" There is no use now in attempting to alter the common English opinion: those who admire the play will be glad to have this beautiful edition, those who do not will not be persuaded to try again. English criticism has not shown itself to advantage in this matter. It is a pity that those who dealt the heavy-handed attacks on an extraordinarily beautiful, if unwholesome, piece of work, did not realise that the last word of criticism had been said by the illustrator. We know of no more cruel, more fiendish comment on *Salome* than Aubrey's Beardsley's drawings. Just because he understood where others did not, because he saw to the full the beauty of what others thought at least merely foolish, his sympathetic mind was able to sum up the faults and merits of the work and to express at the same time the spirit of the artist himself. In all art there is no more extraordinary instance of combined collaboration and criticism; the infernal wit of the drawings mocks at the very beauty which they translate with consummate sympathy and skill.

Stage,

Mar. 29. 1906.

The endeavour to convert the New Yorkers to the intense drama has, I fear, not met with that success anticipated by the experimenters, for Browning's *Pippa Passes* was not hailed with that frantic enthusiasm usually demanded by that poet's apostles; while Oscar Wilde's *Salome* has met with general disapproval. Many years ago I was present at a dinner, when, as a great delicacy, frozen oysters were introduced, and to this day I am not quite sure whether they were really meant as a delicacy, or whether it was a practical joke on the part of our host. Something of the same idea entered my mind when I saw the performance of Browning's poetical play at the Majestic last Tuesday. One incident, however, was worth all the sacrifice on my part, and that was the beautiful treatment by the actress of the scene where Pippa retires, after her day's excursion. Nothing could have excelled the delicacy with which she managed the disrobing scene. It was a veritable triumph for the artist in perhaps one of the most difficult situations ever devised upon the stage.

As regards *Salome*, which Miss Mercedes Leigh chose as the vehicle with which to submit her talents to the inhabitants of this city, to quote one of the principal critics, "what was not dull was disgusting, and what was not disgusting was dull." To which remark I can only add "Hear, hear" though I am sorry for Miss Leigh, whose "Salome" was her own venture entirely, and, of course, means a very large loss to her financially.

OSCAR WILDE'S "SALOME."

At the risk of incurring the charge of Philistinism, one must protest against the republication of Oscar Wilde's drama "Salome," with Aubrey Beardsley's illustrations. When the play was first written in French and published in 1892 it raised a storm amongst the critics. Even the statement that Madame Sara Bernhardt had accepted it and put it in full rehearsal did not allay the objections to the drama; and these were confirmed when the Censor prohibited its production. The translation from the French, made by Lord Alfred Douglas, and issued with Beardsley's illustrations, showed so completely the utter inanity of the dialogue that again the critics protested, denouncing both text and pictures. Nevertheless, in the new edition, put forth by Robert Ross, it is stated that "'Salome' has made the author's name a household word wherever the English language is not spoken." It is also affirmed that the drama "is performed regularly or intermittently in Holland, Sweden, Italy, France, and Russia, and it has been translated into every European language, including the Czech." To this it may be replied that the translators might have been better employed. No doubt it is true that Dr Richard Strauss has set the drama to music; but composers have ever been notoriously bad judges of literature. This drama, regarded as a literary work, may be described as consisting of weak imitations of the vapid silliness of Maeterlinck, misquotations from the Bible, and distortions of historical facts. The story of the beheading of John the Baptist ceases to be tragic in the hands of Oscar Wilde, and becomes mere extravaganza. As to Beardsley's illustrations, they display all his defects and few of his excellences—lack of a sense of figure-proportion, on one hand, and a marvellous knowledge of the power of line-drawing and delicate detail, on the other. Some of the subjects of these pictures are positively pornographic. The book is put forth in splendid style, the printing and binding are concerned. (London: John Lane. 10s 6d net.)

Oct. 5.

Manchester Guardian.

Oscar Wilde's one-act tragedy SALOME, of which Mr. John Lane publishes a text with the extraordinarily irrelevant illustrations by Aubrey Beardsley (pp. xviii. 66, 10s. 6d. net), has been much acted in nearly every country of Europe, except England, since Sarah Bernhardt produced it in 1893. Mr. Robert Ross, who writes an introductory note on it here, says that on the German stage "it is performed more often than any play by any English writer except Shakspeare," which is quite credible, though we have not the figures by us. It also, of course, supplies the words of Strauss's opera, which it suggested. Hardly any modern English play, if any, has had so brilliant a career, though in England itself its performance has been always interdicted by the queer official regulation tabooing plays on Biblical subjects—and not tabooing such plays as "The Sign of the Cross," to which "Salome" is as Hyperion to a satyr. It does not, to our thinking, show its writer's genius at his best; the beauty of the endless strings of similes in which the chief characters—except the highly literal Herodias—indirectly paint their own souls seems to us sometimes overlaboured; the imitations of Maeterlinck's methods—the naïve verbal echoes in dialogue and the effort to fill the stage with vague, shuddering presentiment—have less than Maeterlinck's subtle simplicity and piteousness. At the same time "Salome" is a very beautiful thing. It was written in French, and is here translated into English—we are not told by whom; the English is good, but here and there a Gallicism remains, like the initial "but" in Salome's first speech, on p. 18. There are several misprints. Mr. Ross, in his ardent and combative introduction, says it is interesting that Beardsley "should have found inspiration for his finest work in a play he never admired and by a writer he cordially disliked." All fine illustration of written work expresses the illustrator's delight in that work; Beardsley's drawings here are not illustrations of "Salome" at all; they are rich in their draughtsman's extreme beauty of line and also in the originality, however of debasement and deformity which thronged in his imagination.

Oct. 5.

Birmingham Post.

Bizarre in all respects is "Salome: A Tragedy in One Act," translated from the French of Oscar Wilde, with sixteen illustrations by Aubrey Beardsley (Lane, 10s. 6d. net). In his prefatory note, Mr. Robert Ross says: "'Salome' has made the author's name a household word wherever the English language is not spoken. Few English plays have such a peculiar history. Written in French in 1892, it was in full rehearsal by Madame Bernhardt at the Palace Theatre when it was prohibited by the censor." In 1896 the play was produced for the first time at the Theatre Libre, in Paris, with Lina Mûntz in the title role. When "Salome" was translated into English by Lord Alfred Douglas, the illustrator, Aubrey Beardsley, shared, it is said, some of the obloquy heaped on Wilde. The New Stage Club, in May, 1905, and the Literary Theatre Club, this year, gave performances of "Salome," each evoking, according to Mr. Ross, "an ebullition of rancour and deliberate misrepresentation on the part of the dramatic critics." Yet the drama has become for five years past "part of the literature of Europe." It is frequently performed in Holland, Sweden, Italy, France, and Russia, and it has been translated into every European language. This Continental popularity is not difficult to understand. "Salome" is a beautiful and successful play—terrible in its elemental and cumulative effect.

THE ENGLISH MAETERLINCK.*

We welcome this reprint of one of Mr. Wilde's best works, a pleasant relief after the stream of foolish, sentimental books that has been gushing out since the issue of "De Profundis." As an acting play the merits of "Salome" have long been recognised on the Continent, particularly in Bavaria; and its importance has been enhanced by the operatic version of Richard Strauss. In it Oscar Wilde's Irish capacity for improving on his models is, perhaps, at its height; and there are those who prefer the high-coloured passion of "Salome" to the more delicate work of M. Maeterlinck, its evident inspirer. As a play, it really achieves a success as dramatic as it is mystical; the beauty of it may not appeal to every reader; but it cannot fail of recognition, even when it meets disapproval. This edition, though excellently printed, is hardly worthy of the publisher's bibliographical reputation. There is no reference we can discover to the date or format of the first issue, from which it differs in some particulars; and more especially no remark is made about the changes, small, but not insignificant, in the Beardsley drawings, which are altered not only from those in the first issue, but also from those in the "Early Work of Beardsley," issued by the same publisher. Whether the original mutilation of the drawings was worth making; whether, after it had been made, it was worth while restoring them to their earlier condition, is a matter on which there may be differences of opinion. But there can be no doubt that a note should have been inserted saying that the drawings were restored from the original.

* "Salome." By O. Wilde. 10s. 6d. net. (London: John Lane.)

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Daily
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A good story, *ben trovato* perhaps, is being told that at a rehearsal of Strauss's opera, "Salome," the chorus, in their efforts to sing the chord of G against the persistent F sharp of a prominent part of the orchestra, failed so completely as to necessitate many repetitions. In reply to a remark of the conductor to the composer, the latter replied, "Num, ich habe nix ben'arkt" ("I noticed nothing")!

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Morning Post. Nov. 28. 1906.

A JOURNALIST'S LIBRARY.

The library of the late Mr. Clement Scott contains nothing of great importance. There are many first editions of works by his contemporaries, Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Meredith, Edwin Arnold, R. L. Stevenson, Buchanan, Lewis Carroll, Frederick Lockyer, Percy Fitzgerald, Oscar Wilde, and others. There are also numerous plays, play-bills, and autograph letters. The most interesting lot is Garrick's own copy of Shakespeare's Works (Volume IX. is missing) presented to Mr. Scott by Mr. Augustin Daly, with an autograph inscription. The sale will take place on December 11 at Sotheby's.

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The most important occurrence on the Continent will be the production of Strauss' "Salome" in Berlin to-night, with Frl. Destinn, Herr Krauss, and Herr Berger in the chief parts. Owing to the reports of the opposition to the production in the highest quarters and the rumors that the Emperor and the Empress had protested that they would never permit the work to be produced in Berlin, the public appetite has been whetted to an extraordinary degree.

Jessie Women's University Library

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4 Dec.
1906

World,

October 30, 1906.

In an absolutely different *genre* is the edition of Oscar Wilde's *Salome*, with sixteen drawings by Aubrey Beardsley, which is published by Mr. John Lane. To speak of this volume as "a beautiful book" would be a misuse of the phrase; and yet there is in the drawings of Beardsley, in spite of their extravagance and perversity, something of that harmony which is due to genius and includes some element of beauty. Everyone knows *Salome* the play; the *format* of this edition has the distinction which Mr. Lane customarily gives to his publications. In the illustrations Beardsley seems to have brought his inspiration into complete accord with all that was morbid in the genius of Wilde; and though the book is one which should not be missed by those to whom art even in its suchness appeals, it is emphatically not one to place in the hands of the Young Person.

Morning Post

Nov.
26.

Richard Strauss's "Salomé" is to be given in Paris at the Grand Opéra next February. M. Gailhard, the manager of the Opéra, having written to the composer to ask him whether he could come to Paris to discuss the details of the production, he has received an answer in which Dr. Strauss expresses his regret not to be able to go to Paris until the end of January, and says: "Now until the 3rd of December (the date of the production of 'Salomé' at Berlin) I am occupied night and day in preparing this difficult work. In December, I have concerts at Cassel and in Vienna, on December 17 I go to Turin to conduct the six first performances. From Turin to Leipzig for a concert at the Gewandhaus."

Glasgow Herald,

“Salome.” By Oscar Wilde. Drawings by
Aubrey Beardsley. 10s 6d net. (London:
John Lane.)

The preface to Oscar Wilde's play says so much that the poor reviewer is bound hand and foot. According to a quoted remark of the author; everyone sees himself in Salome, “the artist, art, the dull, dulness; the vulgar, vulgarity;” a self-flattering unctious which probably thousands of writers have laid to their soul when adversely criticised. Well, we have not found it dull. The play itself is really engrossing, and Salome is a perfectly drawn character, with her savage passion and savage revenge. But it seems to us—we say it with all humility—that there is much that is silly, and, like Herodias, a very natural, coarse-minded, matter-of-fact woman, we have found Herod “ridiculous with his peacocks.” The imitations of Maeterlinck are defended on the score that Wilde went one better in Salome. We doubt it. Maeterlinck's manner would seem ridiculous in the world of fact: but with the dream-world of his plays it is perfect harmony. His princes and princesses are phantoms in a realm of dreams; Wilde's characters talk the mystic speech in a world of raw reality. His Jews are perfect in

their way, and the entire dialogue in which they are concerned could scarcely be surpassed for simplicity and vividness. So also in respect to Jokanaan, otherwise John the Baptist; his whole portrayal is marked by power. Our objection, therefore, is not that the play is weak, but that it is unnatural in its “grafting of the mystical on to the grimly real. As to Aubrey Beardsley's illustrations, it is too late in the day to deal with them. Their designer occupies a place apart in art. The worshipper of perfect line will probably grow rapturous over them, while the average cultured man will wonder at their perverse ingenuity, and puzzle over the meaning of that “odd tangent art in which there are no tactile values,” as the preface, with questionable lucidity, puts it. Their decorative skill is beyond all question, but there is a bitter satire in them which has no parallel in the play, and the result is frequently a caricature of life which is ugly. But play and illustrations together make up a remarkable book.

Nov.
15.

"To a Nun Confessed," by Irene Osgood (London: Sisley's, Ltd.).—"He sent me great branches of almond blossoms to-day," says the married lady confessing to her dear friend the nun about another woman's husband. (Both the principals are unattached during a few chapters in the story, but that is a thing of no importance if we are to be in earnest.) "My whole being seemed to burst into flower when I received them, and I felt around my body and atmosphere the effluvia of a dream-caress. I saw and understood his gift of love. There was a message in each petal, turning my prosaic life to roseate, luminous exaltation. He is coming to call this evening, and I hope he will not be long in coming. We will dream the same dear dream. There is a new moon sailing in the splendour of the sun-kissed sky. I wish that he and I might reach it, and be wafted away to a heart-flower planet, where . . . every tree and breeze and honey-throated bird sings or chants ecstatic symphonies of all the deep love-music I have felt for him." Even although we have "run on" the paragraphing of the original, we invite our readers to consider how, in order to waft the flavour of this ethereal rhapsodising before them, we have made considerable demands on what polite correspondents are pleased to term our valuable space. But quotation is really the best way of giving a fair indication of the style of the book. "He (Mr Savage) carried me in his arms to the cottage. In his arms, Mary. For several days I was ill with fever, and my nerves were in an awful condition." "Dear Mary, Lord B. has secured his divorce, and they say Mr Savage is the cause. I read all the loathsome details in an English newspaper." "He gave a strange moan of ecstasy, kissing my hair again and again, until it was all in a tangle." Mr Savage is a playwright, obviously modelled on Oscar Wilde; in fact the scene where Mr Savage is imagined as coming in front of the footlights smoking a cigarette at the end of a "premiere" and expressing his pleasure that the audience has had the good taste to applaud his play, is exactly similar to an incident related of the poet by Mr Sherard, his biographer. This story is written in prettily-balanced English, but its absurdities are self-evident. It seems a pity that the frail but intense lady who would "die of a pain" should be written off as a suicide by motor car. It is breaking a butterfly on the wheel.

LYRICS OF LOVE.

"Songs to Desideria, and Other Poems." By the Hon. Stephen Coleridge. London: John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.

All lovers of poetry will be grateful for Mr. Stephen Coleridge's volume. Dainty and finished in execution, and instinct with a genuine human sympathy, these lyrics betray the hand of a craftsman in verse. They are for the most part the embodiments of a single theme. Mr. Coleridge shares that passion for Nature which is characteristic of all true poets, but in his case Nature is subservient to humanity. It is the human drama, the loves, hates, and despairs of men and women that move him most profoundly. Above all it is the old, elemental passion of Love, the love of a man for a maid, that is the burden of his choicest songs.

Fashions change, but human nature remains very much the same, in spite of all, and the modern poet celebrates the beauties of his Desideria as—five hundred years ago and more—the troubadours sang in rondel and canzonet of their ladies. The following lines breathe the very spirit of old romance. They lack little, indeed, save the rhyme:—

Soon we shall meet, and then will come to me
Sense of your presence, turning the heart faint
With sick desire: the little diamond
Sparkling his passionless eye, close nestling
warm

In rapturous couch where I adventure not,
Will mock me with each tender taken breath;
And I shall marvel at the glories given
To stocks and stones, while I who live and long
May never touch those lily sanctities—
My throne and kingdom in a world profane!
And will you look above my lowly head?
Ah, most Adorable! the Saints in Heaven
Need not the benediction of your eyes
So much as I; and the long nights and days
Are not enough for me to celebrate
All the sweet reasons of my jealousy
Till you look down with pity where I lie.

The second part of Mr. Coleridge's book is dedicated to Gloria and Desideria. Mr. Coleridge has experimented in many forms of verse, and in each with success, but the theme remains the same. It is a tribute, glowing, ardent, and impulsive, to the fresh beauty of English girlhood. The anxious longing of the lover during a period of enforced separation is admirably expressed in this brief lyric:—

The seaweed in the dim-lit cave
Awaits the sure returning wave;
The rustling corn beneath the stars
Awaits the crimson Eastern bars;
When Gloria is gone I must
Secure my peace in perfect trust.

The earlier poems in the volume cover a wide field. In the lyric on Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis" there is a note of wistful pity that is constantly recurring throughout the book. The first two songs of Sir Thomas More's fool are conceived in a spirit of merriment which gives place to tragedy in the third song where the subject is the execution of the great Chancellor. In "An Epitaph" we find Mr. Coleridge perhaps at his best:—

Too beautiful for our dull praise,
A child of Heaven's birth
She whom we love;
But lest we should lose Paradise
By finding it on earth
She went above.

Verse of this quality should secure for "Songs to Desideria" a sincere welcome.

Daily Chronicle.

THE AUTHOR IN LONDON.

LITERARY LONDON, by Elsie M. Lang, with an introduction by G. K. Chesterton, and illustrations from photographs by W. J. Roberts. London, Werner Laurie, 6s.

By W. H. Chesson.

"Paris," said Mr. Henry James, "is divine, but London is adorable." He would have paused at the word "divine," but fierce London eyes (a lady's eyes) were on him, and he rounded the already rotund sentence as only an author could. He would scarcely have said, however, that literary London was adorable, for is it not the London which screws one's eyes to brass plates on walls and inscribed stones on pavements, and does it not, by some freak of Mrs. Lang's topography, extend to Twickenham and Sydenham?

The Choosing Soul.

Yet, though literary London be too tiring a deity for the worship of creatures who have inkpots and fountain pens of their own, it is worth writing about with a choosing soul and the colours of the individual who is imprisoned in every bookmaker. It is a pity that native shyness has caused a woman of rare sympathy and artistic insight to sink her own temperament and be a bookmaker when, in a limited sense, she might have created a literary London to suit herself and her friends. As it is, her literary London is the roomy hive of a mob. Eliza Cook and Mrs. Centlivre, William Blake and William Coombe (misprinted "Cooke"), Matthew Arnold and Jack Sheppard, are in the same conversazione, and yet we find no mention of O. J. S. in the list of names. But not "for shame." The case is too pathetic.

Nov.

21.

Leslie Mercury. h.v. 9.

POPULARITY OF "SALOME."

"'Salome' has made the author's name a household word wherever the English language is not spoken." So writes Mr. Robert Ross cynically in his introductory notes to a new edition of Oscar Wilde's one-act tragedy—a performance of which, by the way, was recently given by the Literary Theatre Club. The statement is, of course, true. "Salome" was received, upon its performance in English at Covent Garden, with severe criticism, but there is much that is beautiful and dramatic in this compact canvas. Admitting that the subject is irritating increasingly as the theme is developed, "Salome" is a wonderful piece of dramatic architecture. Everything is concentrated, tense, yet convincing, and "Salome" stands for Wilde's best workmanship artistically finished. It has a great vogue in Germany, and has been performed in Holland, Sweden, Italy, France, and Russia, and has been translated into every European language. I have before me a copy of the play as issued by Mr. John Lane. It is beautifully mounted, and sixteen drawings by Aubrey Beardsley are included. The price, I believe, is 10s. 6d.

Jissen Worden 2019-06-07 University Library

Pall Mall Gazette,

Dec. 8. 1906.

A contemporary relates a story, which it is rather difficult to believe, concerning Strauss's "Salome," which, by the way, was produced on Wednesday night at Berlin with enormous success. The tale runs thus—that the chorus, having to sing the chord of G, against the orchestra's F sharp, failed utterly. It is said that the conductor made apologies to Strauss, who is also reported to have answered, "I did not observe anything." There may be a certain humour in the repetition of such a story, but that such a master of harmony, discord, and orchestra as Richard Strauss should have failed to notice what any ordinary listener who might be none of these things, would detect, is entirely unthinkable. It is not likely that we shall ever hear "Salome" in England; but there is no question that, wherever it has been produced, it has created an enormous sensation, no matter how gruesome the subject or how bizarre the music may be.

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL'S REMINISCENCES.

By FRANK HARRIS.

For the last sixty or sixty-five years Lady Dorothy Nevill has occupied a peculiar and most enviable position in London society. It was Thoreau, I think, who said that if you live apart from the world, in time you may come to live above it; but Lady Dorothy Nevill has done better than follow this wise admonishing—she has always lived in the world, and yet always above it.

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At first sight Lady Dorothy reminds one in some curious way of Thackeray; she might have stepped out of one of his pages, you think, but when you come to know her better, you find that this suggestion flatters Thackeray intolerably. There is an Early Victorian atmosphere about her, it is true, a perfume, as it were, from a precisian past. Little by little, however, this first amused perception gives place to deeper feelings.

In person Lady Dorothy is small, slight and active; with a regular, yet most vivacious, bird-like face, which must have been lovely in youth, and is still charming through vivid sympathy and quick-changing expression. Never surely was a face more full of life and the pleasure of living than this which mirrors a hundred emotions in a minute. Yet nothing is simulated, nothing affected: sincerity, indeed, is the dominant note of Lady Dorothy's nature—transparent sincerity and unaffected interest in every bright tone of the many-coloured pageant of existence.

Gaiety and Goodness.

And yet beneath the gaiety and cheerful acceptance of all the good things of life, and quick delight in art and witty talk and harmless fun, there is in Lady Dorothy Nevill a sympathy with suffering, a loyalty to her friends, a goodness of nature which, just because it is never obtruded, has an odd power of exciting reverence.

One doesn't meet goodness often in life, and, when one does meet it, it is usually anything but attractive. Virtue is an armed goddess with prudery as a spear, ugliness as a shield, and conscious superiority as sandals. To be a bright and charming talker, to live in the world with a host of friends, to make your drawing-room a meeting place for all sorts of celebrities in art and letters and life, and still to be kindly and loyal, tolerant of evil, and yet a devotee of whatever cause you think good; thus to unite contradictions, is given to few, and pre-eminently in our time among the leaders of English society perhaps to Lady Dorothy Nevill.

The only man I could praise in the same way was the

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ley, and of Mr. Lucy (Toby, M.P.). She is full of reverence, too, for Cardinal Manning; but "Cardinal Newman I did not know."

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It is all very interesting and vivacious; vivid, too, at times; but it sets one thinking, forces one to ask oneself whom one would have known from 1840 to 1906, if one had had the choice. First of all, Carlyle, of course, and his wife, whom Lady Dorothy mentions: Thackeray,...

Dear Madam (or Sir),
May I send you some specimen copies of JOHN BULL for distribution amongst any of your friends who are not at present readers?
Yours respectfully,
The Publisher,
186, Fleet Street, E.C.

late Mr. Bayard, at one time American Minister in London. He, too, was good-looking, curiously interested in every extraordinary thing in life and art, of charming, sympathetic manners, absolutely sincere, and yet one who stood for lost causes and impossible ideals with perfect simplicity of manhood.

Such persons would be overrated in England, one would imagine; for goodness in this country has many temples and employs hordes of priests; but, alas! eminence in goodness is just as difficult to recognise as eminence in any other art, and the Press-censors have their noses spoiled by garbage.

Her Qualifications as a Social Historian.

Lady Dorothy Nevill has met nearly all the "people of importance," to use Browning's phrase, for the last seventy years; many of them she has known intimately; her memory, too, of persons and events is singularly vivid and accurate, and yet the "Reminiscences" are not the masterpiece one might have expected. The old story of the good and bad fairies coming to the child at birth should be re-written; no bad fairy is needed; the good ones in conferring their gifts pass with them an adequate counter-weight of ill-hap. For all good gifts of fortune are of the nature of a handicap in life's race: they have to be carried. First of all, one would imagine to be a favourite in society was a good gift, especially for the person who thinks of writing memoirs. But the social leader meets chiefly persons who belong to the same set; nobles and politicians and dinner-table wits, and these personages hold eminence but for an hour: death sings the requiem over them, and they are straightway forgotten, or, if remembered and recalled again to life by pious sympathy, they affect the living as a mummy does by curiosity, moving to pity and not to interest. Lady Dorothy tells us of "Mad Wyndham" and Lady Blessington, and Louis Napoleon as an exile in London, and, earlier still, of Ludwig, King of Bavaria, and of Mr. Watts as a young student of painting in Florence, and of Princess Mathilde, who became, in the late sixties and seventies, the friend of Flaubert, Tourgenief, Sainte-Beuve, the de Goncourts, and Zola in Paris. Then Lady Dorothy marries her cousin, and chats of the second Duke of Wellington, of Disraeli, of Bernal Osborne, the wit, of Cobden, and of Chamberlain.

When she comes to our times Lady Dorothy just mentions Lord Randolph Churchill and Oscar Wilde, but she delights to talk of Lord Abergavenny, of Mr. Edmund Gosse, of Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell), of Mr. Frederick Locker, of Mr. Austin Dobson, of Mr. Mor-

not," he replied, making swiftly for the door, but pausing, as a polite afterthought, previous to his exit, he exclaimed with magnificent emphasis, "Not that I see any harm in it."

Here is an excellent descriptive epigram of a peer who used to be noted for the gorgeous way in which he dressed. Someone said about him, Lady Dorothy intercalates, "with more wit than justice," that he "had the manners of an Italian organ-grinder with the morals of his monkey."

But the most amusing incident in the whole of the book is a letter of Lord Dufferin's to Lady Dorothy Nevill in '81, just after the Russian Emperor had been assassinated in St. Petersburg. Lord Dufferin tells the whole story, and this is the way the British Ambassador behaves, or was treated, in the requiem service:

An English Ambassador's Behaviour in Church.

"An evening or two afterwards," Lord Dufferin writes from Petersburg, "I attended the transportation of the body (the corpse of the murdered Emperor) from the chamber, where it had been laid out and embalmed, to the chapel. It was a most melancholy scene. The whole palace was lit up as if for a gala festival, and the people present formed themselves into two rows, between which at a given signal, the procession moved. The crowd was so enormous that I had great difficulty in making my way to the chapel, and I was almost crushed to death. In the midst of it I found myself wedged up against a young, rather pretty, and very plump lady, with her back towards me. She pressed against me, and I was pressed against her, for we were both equally powerless. Suddenly she was seized with a fit of nervous impatience, to which she gave vent by using her behind as a battering-ram, with which she made the most desperate plunges. If she had not been rather soft, I should have been brayed as in a mortar."

Whoever wants a pleasing and amusing hour will take up this book, not only for the good stories and witty sayings in it, but also, and chiefly, for the half-unconscious revelation of a charming personality.

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Mr. Rickett, who, by the way, has long been associated with THE NEW AGE, has clearly applied analytical Rontgen rays to the elucidation of his subject; he endeavours to show us the inner self of his patients, much as a song thrush will take a snail to a well-remembered stone and smash out the glutinous portion from the shell.

Concerning Hazlitt and de Quincey he has written in a former treatise, weighing their personal force in literature,

together with that of Newman, Martineau and other giants of the pen, with scholarly acumen.

The love of an outdoor life is not given to every man, and Sir Walter Besant has shown us in "The Monks of Thelema" what tribulations await the inexperienced if they rashly essay the dignity of manual labour.

"What I like best," Hazlitt declares, "is to lie whole mornings on a sunny bank on Salisbury Plain, without any object before me, neither knowing nor caring how time passes, and thus 'with light-winged toys and feathered idleness to melt down hours to moments.'" In those days Salisbury Plain was the haunt of the kingly great bustard, and even a distant view of so distinguished a stranger was worth many hours of idleness. The fruit of these hours and of Thoreau's lonely vigils in his hut we garner in their works. Had they chosen the strenuous life instead, we might have read of fat balances at their bankers or large benefactions squandered to pave the way for a peerage, but posterity would have been the loser.

The early days of poor de Quincey, with his wanderings in "Stony-Hearted Oxford Street," are pathetic beyond measure. There is no loneliness in the world so terrible as that of a gentle retiring soul in a huge city. The very bricks and mortar seem a vast prison-house, and every face a grim, silent gaoler.

Mr. Rickett suggests comparison between De Quincey and Oscar Wilde, handing the palm to the later prose poet for a rarer instinct in his gift of word painting. Wilde's paradoxes were doubtless carefully incubated, and, like Stevenson, he loved a pose, but an ill-starred halo at present haunts his name.

Of Borrow one learns much from this book. That a man almost possessing the gift of tongues should love to consort with tinkers and swill bad ale in country inns is curious, that a man with his Byronic face and Greek physique should live with a masterpiece of Nature like Isopel Berners and not fall down and worship her, but merely kill time by teaching her a useless dialect like Armenian, is almost monstrous. Borrow does not seem, like Gogol, to have been a my-sogonist, for one can easily understand the latter's point of view, with his unprepossessing appearance, towards the sex; but in the former case his sexual attitude, always of course assuming the incomparable creature really existed, was surely gross cruelty, and may have deprived the world of a genius.

Borrow's sense of humour, also, was lopsided, for who but a fanatic could not perceive the amazing impertinence of hawking Protestant Bibles in Spain? The ancestral home of the Inquisition may or may not be steeped in the mud of other times, its people may imagine, as Balzac would say, that ten thousand gods are produced daily from a sack of flour, and love to have it so, but this pales into insignificance before a people who

MORNING POST,
FEBRUARY 4, 1907.

LADY WARWICK'S DEFINITION OF CHARITY.

The Countess of WARWICK, speaking at a Socialist meeting at Bradford last night, deplored the dissensions existing among Socialists, and said that united they could march forward the few remaining steps to the goal in view. The movement was growing in strength and nothing could resist it. The most hopeful feature of the situation was that the best among the poor were ungrateful for charity, which was, after all, a ridiculous and inadequate restitution. Why should they be grateful for crumbs from the rich man's table when they should be sitting at that table?

parade half a dozen brand new religions up every mean street and whose bishops regard war as a virtue.

However, Lavengro and the Romany Rye have come to stay. One could probably be nearer the stars lurching with Mr. Petulengro than with a bridge-gambling dowager, and we would sooner kiss the hem of Miss Berners' petticoat than all the archbishops' rings in Christendom. One can leave Borrow's books on the drawing-room table, and if the embryo horse stealer wishes to learn how to entice a stallion from his pasture here is an opportunity of mastering an equine secret.

On Richard Jefferies, surely one of Nature's gentlemen, we have a sympathetic essay. If every healthy schoolboy—and schoolgirl, too—would read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the matchless "Gamekeeper at Home," even if this involved the destruction of all the ubiquitous catechisms in existence, the earth might be a brighter and better place. Jefferies, like St. Francis of Assisi, loved every denizen of the fields and streams, from the gluttonous pike to the lordly peregrine, and knew by intuition that nothing God has made is common or unclean, a truth which only dawned upon weather-beaten St. Peter after severe snubbing.

Of Stevenson and Whitman we have glowing eulogies. Very pathetic was the former's life, and in recent years we have seen one of the friends he trusted turn and rend him. Mr. Rickett points out that Stevenson regarded Mother Earth with the eye of an artist, while the two greatest living English novelists regard her rather with the eye of the scientific philosopher.

All Britons love courage, and Stevenson had the pluck of a lion. Moreover, he created John Silver, and John Silver, like Mrs. Berry and Tess, is immortal.

Walt Whitman, perhaps the most typical man America has yet raised, is the apostle of sane common-sense. One has only to glance at the splendid likeness of him in this book to recognise a seer like the prophet of old, a man born perhaps in advance of his age. He glories in the wonderful mechanism of the human body; and if, now and again, he carries this to such a pitch that some of his writings have to be expurgated, this need not obscure their extraordinary merit. Mr. Rickett tells us there is more real knowledge of men and women in "Leaves of Grass" or "Les Miserables" than in all the volumes of the Synthetic Philosophy, and in many ways he is right. Mr. Herbert Spencer confesses to a want of courage in his autobiography, and regards things more from an abstract than a human point of view, but Whitman glows crimson with enthusiasm for mankind.

"Good health" was Whitman's secret, and the lack of it is primarily responsible for the morbid consciences and self-inspection of so many unfortunates.

Praising the animals, he sings:—
"They do not screech and whine about their condition;
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins;
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God."

N. E. M.

Glasgow Evening News,

NIETZSCHE.

There is no more surprising thing in a little book on Frederick Nietzsche, by Mr. A. R. Orage, which Mr Foulis, of Edinburgh, publishes, than its classification of certain well-known modern English authors as Dionysians, or followers of Nietzsche's philosophy. I wonder if Mr Orage has the authority of Mr Cunningham-Graham, Mr H. G. Wells, Mr Bernard Shaw, Mr W. H. Hudson, and Mr W. B. Yeats for putting them in the same philosophic gallery with Nietzsche, who was insane at what his followers consider the most fruitful period of his life? Anyhow, they are in good company, for among the other Dionysians, according to Mr Orage, are Blake, Sir Richard Burton, Samuel Butler, Bunyan, Byron, Cervantes, W. K. Clifford, Dostoevsky, Emerson, Goethe, Heine, Ibsen, Jefferies, Machiavelli, Pater, Rabelais, Rochefoucauld, Stendhal, Sterne, Swift, Thoreau, and Oscar Wilde! Beyond a certain paganism, more or less apparent in some of the work of all these men, it is difficult to see in any of them, save Ibsen and Bernard Shaw, any trace of Nietzscheism. What Nietzscheism really is, Mr Orage unfortunately indicates but vaguely, and his brochure, which might have secured a wide circle of sympathetic readers if it were more lucid, will only perplex and irritate. Another writer—Havelock Ellis—summed up Nietzsche very neatly as "the modern incarnation of that image of intellectual pride which Marlowe created in Faustus." His aim was to destroy modern morals: there was something horrible in his psychology, and there was what I fear the Calvinist would consider the justice of God in the tragedy of his latter days.

sec. 6.
1906.

Daily Mail Books Supplement
15 Dec 1906.

COLLEGE DIVERSIONS.

ECHOES FROM KOTTABOS. Edited by R. Y. TYRRELL and ST. EDWARD SULLIVAN. (E. Grant Richards 7s. 6d. net.)

Those of our readers who are the children of Trinity College, Dublin, will forgive us if we explain to the rest of the world that "Kottabos" is the name of a University magazine which began to be published in 1898, and led a chequered existence until 1905. Why was it called "Kottabos"? Professor Tyrrell says this question was "often asked," but he leaves it practically unanswered. He says, vaguely, that kottabos was "a game played by the ancient Greeks." When we turn for information to those pillars of knowledge, Liddell and Scott, we are told that it was much in vogue among young men at Athens, and consisted of each person "throwing the wine left in his cup, so as to strike smartly in a metal basin, at the same time invoking his mistress' name." What fun! No wonder Professor Tyrrell prefers to leave the exact nature of kottabos undetermined.

We would not bandy classic wit with Professor Tyrrell, but we suggest that this agreeable collection should have been called "Kottabosion," since it suggests the metal cup into which the ringing jets of wine have been flung. It is, in plain Irish, a collection of the best things which were published in the college magazine during its long stretch of lively years. It is wonderful how much of it is sparkling still, and what a good show the flushed drinkers make. Many of them are ghosts to-day, and recall pathetic memories. Here are contributions from Arthur Palmer, from the ever-lively C. P. Mulvany, from W. G. Wills, R. F. Littleale, G. F. Armstrong, and Thomas Maguire, from the unhappy Oscar Wilde. The same high spirits, the same ingenious love of learning and liberty and verse, the same unsubdued ardour of youth, breathes from them all. And there are some names here of honoured repute, who are ornaments of Dublin still. Here are Professor Dowden, Professor Tyrrell himself, Mr. Rolleston, Mr. Standish O'Grady, and a dozen more. It is a charming volume, and one which should appeal far beyond the tradition of Trinity College.

NEW AGE.

NOVEMBER 8, 1906

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At first sight Lady Dorothy reminds one in some curious way of Thackeray; she might have stepped out of one of his pages, you think, but when you come to know her better, you find that this suggestion flatters Thackeray intolerably. There is an Early Victorian atmosphere about her, it is true, a perfume, as it were, from a precisian past. Little by little, however, this first amused perception gives place to deeper feelings.

In person Lady Dorothy is small, slight and active; with a regular, yet most vivacious, bird-like face, which must have been lovely in youth, and is still charming through vivid sympathy and quick-changing expression. Never surely was a face more full of life and the pleasure of living than this which mirrors a hundred emotions in a minute. Yet nothing is simulated, nothing affected; sincerity, indeed, is the dominant note of Lady Dorothy's nature—transparent sincerity and unaffected interest in every bright tone of the many-coloured pageant of existence.

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The Immortals.

It is all very interesting and vivacious; vivid, too, at times; but it sets one thinking, forces one to ask oneself whom one would have known from 1840 to 1906, if one had had the choice. First of all, Carlyle, of course, and his wife, whom Lady Dorothy never even mentions; Thackeray and Dickens and Charles Reade; then Rossetti, Meredith, Whistler, and Wilde; later still, Bernard Shaw, Winston Churchill, and Sargent; but no, we are told of Mr. Lockyer and of Mr. Lucy (Toby, M.P.), and we skip the pages hurriedly. Thackeray, according to Lady Dorothy, "was not nearly such a brilliant talker as Charles Lever, who was the life and soul of any party—joyous, good-humoured, and unrestrained. Thackeray, on the other hand, was inclined to be satiric and severe." Some of us would have given ten years of Lever for one hour with Thackeray, and he would not have been severe, the gentle moralist. But we must be thankful for what we get, and Lady Dorothy gives us cheerfully of her best.

A Foreign Tour in 1840.

Here is how her father, Lord Orford, took his two little girls abroad in the late thirties:

"When we set out from Antwerp upon our expedition to Munich we were a large party—six of ourselves, as well as two maids, a footman, and French cook; nor must I forget a wonderful courier, whose principal qualities were external ones—that is to say, his costume was covered with gold and braid, whilst his intelligence was nil. However, one thing he did well, which was to precede our cavalcade and announce the imminent arrival of a great English milord and his suite. We had two fourgons to hold the *batterie de cuisine* and our six beds, which had to be unpacked and made up every night; for in those days there were hardly any real hotels in the country through which we travelled; merely houses used as such by the few travellers chancing to come that way. We had, besides, the family coach and a barouche, whilst there were six saddle-horses, with two attendant grooms! My father delighted in riding with his two little girls, but for my sister and myself—we were but nine and eleven years old—this journey was a real trial of strength, particularly as our papa took his bearings from a map which had no special claims to accuracy, its only merit being that it afforded our party a good deal of excitement by taking us on to private property, the infuriated owners of which would often make themselves extremely disagreeable. In my mind's eye I see one now, and hear his shouts of 'Zum Richter! zum Richter!' ('To the Judge! to the Judge!'). Indeed, a good deal of soothing diplomacy had sometimes to be called into play."

Here is a verse of Austen Dobson's:

"In 1803 Mr. Dobson wrote a memoir of my kinsman, Horace Walpole, which he sent to me with the following lines inscribed on the title-page:

"To Lady Dorothy Nevill.

"Here is Horace, his life. I have ventured to draw him As the Berrys, the Conways, the Montagus saw him— Very kind to his friends, to the rest only so so; A talker, fine gentleman, wit, virtuoso, With running through all his sham Gothic gimcrackery, A dash of Sevigné, Saint Simon, and Thackeray. For errors of ignorance, haste, execution, From you, his descendant, I ask absolution."

Here is a story of George Payne which is quite wonderful:

"Are you not coming to church, Mr. Payne?" was on one occasion the stern interrogation of his hostess, a very great lady, who descended upon him in all the severity of her Sabbath panoply. "No, Duchess; I am

late Mr. Bayard, at one time American Minister in London. He, too, was good-looking, curiously interested in every extraordinary thing in life and art, of charming, sympathetic manners, absolutely sincere, and yet one who stood for lost causes and impossible ideals with perfect simplicity of manhood.

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Borrow's sense of humour, also, was lopsided, for who but a fanatic could not perceive the amazing impertinence of hawking Protestant Bibles in Spain? The ancestral home of the Inquisition may or may not be steeped in the mud of other times, its people may imagine, as Balzac would say, that ten thousand gods are produced daily from a sack of flour, and love to have it so, but this pales into insignificance before a people who

NEW AGE.

NOVEMBER 8, 1906

MORNING POST,
FEBRUARY 4, 1907.

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The Countess of Warwick, speaking at a Socialist meeting at Bradford last night, deplored the dissensions existing among Socialists, and said that united they could march forward the few remaining steps to the goal in view. The movement was growing in strength and nothing could resist it. The most hopeful feature of the situation was that the best among the poor were ungrateful for charity, which was, after all, a ridiculous and inadequate restitution. Why should they be grateful for crumbs from the rich man's table when they should be sitting at that table?

parade half a dozen brand new religions up every mean street and whose bishops regard war as a virtue.

However, Lavengro and the Romany Rye have come to stay. One could probably be nearer the stars lurching with Mr. Petulengro than with a bridge-gambling dowager, and we would sooner kiss the hem of Miss Berners' petticoat than all the archbishops' rings in Christendom. One can leave Borrow's books on the drawing-room table, and if the embryo horse stealer wishes to learn how to entice a stallion from his pasture here is an opportunity of mastering an equine secret.

On Richard Jefferies, surely one of Nature's gentlemen, we have a sympathetic essay. If every healthy schoolboy—and schoolgirl, too—would read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the matchless "Gamekeeper at Home," even if this involved the destruction of all the ubiquitous catechisms in existence, the earth might be a brighter and better place. Jefferies, like St. Francis of Assisi, loved every denizen of the fields and streams, from the gluttonous pike to the lordly peregrine, and knew by intuition that nothing God has made is common or unclean, a truth which only dawned upon weather-beaten St. Peter after severe snubbing.

Of Stevenson and Whitman we have glowing eulogies. Very pathetic was the former's life, and in recent years we have seen one of the friends he trusted turn and read him. Mr. Rickett points out that Stevenson regarded Mother Earth with the eye of an artist, while the two greatest living English novelists regard her rather with the eye of the scientific philosopher.

All Britons love courage, and Stevenson had the pluck of a lion. Moreover, he created John Silver, and John Silver, like Mrs. Berry and Tess, is immortal.

Walt Whitman, perhaps the most typical man America has yet raised, is the apostle of sane common-sense. One has only to glance at the splendid likeness of him in this book to recognise a seer like the prophet of old, a man born perhaps in advance of his age. He glories in the wonderful mechanism of the human body; and if, now and again, he carries this to such a pitch that some of his writings have to be expurgated, this need not obscure their extraordinary merit. Mr. Rickett tells us there is more real knowledge of men and women in "Leaves of Grass" or "Les Miserables" than in all the volumes of the Synthetic Philosophy, and in many ways he is right. Mr. Herbert Spencer confesses to a want of courage in his autobiography, and regards things more from an abstract than a human point of view, but Whitman glows crimson with enthusiasm for mankind.

"Good health" was Whitman's secret, and the lack of it is primarily responsible for the morbid consciences and self-introspection of so many unfortunates.

Praising the animals, he sings:—
"They do not screech and whine about their condition;
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins;
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God."

N. E. M.

Glasgow Evening News,

NIETZSCHE.

There is no more surprising thing in a little book on Frederick Nietzsche, by Mr. A. R. Orage, which Mr. Foulis, of Edinburgh, publishes, than its classification of certain well-known modern English authors as Dionysians, or followers of Nietzsche's philosophy. I wonder if Mr. Orage has the authority of Mr. Cunningham-Graham, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. W. H. Hudson, and Mr. W. B. Yeats for putting them in the same philosophic gallery with Nietzsche, who was insane at what his followers consider the most fruitful period of his life? Anyhow, they are in good company, for among the other Dionysians, according to Mr. Orage, are Blake, Sir Richard Burton, Samuel Butler, Bunyan, Byron, Cervantes, W. K. Clifford, Dostoevsky, Emerson, Goethe, Heine, Ibsen, Jefferies, Machiavelli, Pater, Rabelais, Rostand, Stendhal, Sterne, Swift, Thoreau, and Oscar Wilde! Beyond a certain paganism, more or less apparent in some of the work of all these men, it is difficult to see in any of them, save Ibsen and Bernard Shaw, any trace of Nietzscheism. What Nietzscheism really is, Mr. Orage unfortunately indicates but vaguely, and his brochure, which might have secured a wide circle of sympathetic readers if it were more lucid, will only perplex and irritate. Another writer—Havelock Ellis—summed up Nietzsche very neatly as "the modern incarnation of that image of intellectual pride which Marlowe created in Faustus." His aim was to destroy modern morals; there was something horrible in his psychology, and there was what I fear the Calvinist would consider the justice of God in the tragedy of his latter days.

Daily Mail

Books Supplement
15 Dec 1906

COLLEGE DIVERSIONS.

EXCERPTS FROM KOTTABOS. Edited by R. Y. TYRRELL and Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN. (G. Grafton Richards, 7s. 6d. net.)

Those of our readers who are the children of Trinity College, Dublin, will forgive us if we explain to the rest of the world that "Kottabos" is the name of a University magazine which began to be published in 1898, and led a chequered existence until 1895. Why was it called "Kottabos"? Professor Tyrrell says this question was "often asked," but he leaves it practically unanswered. He says, vaguely, that kottabos was "a game played by the ancient Greeks." When we turn for information to those pillars of knowledge, Liddell and Scott, we are told that it was much in vogue among young men at Athens, and consisted of each person "throwing the wine left in his cup, so as to strike smartly in a metal basin, at the same time invoking his mistress's name." What fun! No wonder Professor Tyrrell prefers to leave the exact nature of kottabos undetermined.

We would not bandy classic wit with Professor Tyrrell, but we suggest that this agreeable collection should have been called "Kottabos," since it suggests the metal cup into which the ringing jets of wine have been flung. It is, in plain Irish, a collection of the best things which were published in the college magazine during its long stretch of lively years. It is wonderful how much of it is sparkling still, and what a good show the flushed drinkers make. Many of them are ghosts to-day, and recall pathetic memories. Here are contributions from Arthur Palmer, from the ever-lively G. P. Mulvaney, from W. G. Wills, R. F. Littleale, G. F. Armstrong, and Thomas Maguire, from the unhappy Oscar Wilde. The same high spirits, the same ingenious love of learning and liberty and verse, the same unshodded ardour of youth, breathe from them all. And there are some names here of honoured repute, who are ornaments of Dublin still. Here are Professor Dowden, Professor Tyrrell himself, Mr. Rolleston, Mr. Standish O'Grady, and a dozen more. It is a charming volume, and one which should appeal far beyond the tradition of Trinity College.

Sunday Even

Dear Sir,
I refrained from citing the name of the Journal in which Alder's
letter appeared for fear of mistake. My impression - or impression all - is that it
was printed by the Post Mail Gazette. I am almost certain that it was an
evening Journal. Believe me

Yours faithfully
Henry Murray

St James's Gazette

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL'S REMINISCENCES.*

BY FRANK HARRIS.

For the last sixty or sixty-five years Lady Dorothy Nevill has occupied a peculiar and most enviable position in London society. It was Thoreau, I think, who said that if you live apart from the world, in time you may come to live above it; but Lady Dorothy Nevill has done better than follow this wise admonishing—she has always lived in the world, and yet always above it.

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL.

At first sight Lady Dorothy reminds one in some curious way of Thackeray; she might have stepped out of one of his pages, you think, but when you come to know her better, you find that this suggestion flatters Thackeray intolerably. There is an Early Victorian atmosphere about her, it is true, a perfume, as it were, from a precision past. Little by little, however, this first amused perception gives place to deeper feelings.

In person Lady Dorothy is small, slight and active; with a regular, yet most vivacious, bird-like face, which must have been lovely in youth, and is still charming through vivid sympathy and quick-changing expression. Never surely was a face more full of life and the pleasure of living than this which mirrors a hundred emotions in a minute. Yet nothing is simulated, nothing affected: sincerity, indeed, is the dominant note of Lady Dorothy's nature—transparent sincerity and unaffected interest in every bright tone of the many-coloured pageant of existence.

Gaiety and Goodness.

And yet beneath the gaiety and cheerful acceptance of all the good things of life, and quick delight in art and witty talk and harmless fun, there is in Lady Dorothy Nevill a sympathy with suffering, a loyalty to her friends, a goodness of nature which, just because it is never obtruded, has an odd power of exciting reverence.

One doesn't meet goodness often in life, and, when one does meet it, it is usually anything but attractive. Virtue is an armed goddess with prudery as a spear, ugliness as a shield, and conscious superiority as sandals. To be a bright and charming talker, to live in the world with a host of friends, to make your drawing-room a meeting place for all sorts of celebrities in art and letters and life, and still to be kindly and loyal, tolerant of evil, and yet a devotee of whatever cause you think good; thus to unite contradictions, is given to few, and pre-eminently in our time among the leaders of English society perhaps to Lady Dorothy Nevill.

The only man I could praise in the same way was the

* "The Reminiscences of Lady Dorothy Nevill." (Edward Arnold.)

ley, and of Mr. Lucy (Toby, M.P.). She is full of reverence, too, for Cardinal Manning; but "Cardinal Newman I did not know."

The Immortals.

It is all very interesting and vivacious; vivid, too, at times; but it sets one thinking, forces one to ask oneself whom one would have known from 1840 to 1906, if one had had the choice. First of all, Carlyle, of course, and his wife, whom Lady Dorothy never even mentions; Thackeray and Dickens and Charles Reade; then Rossetti, Meredith, Whistler, and Wilde; later still, Bernard Shaw, Winston Churchill, and Sargent; but no, we are told of Mr. Lockyer and of Mr. Lucy (Toby, M.P.), and we skip the pages hurriedly. Thackeray, according to Lady Dorothy, "was not nearly such a brilliant talker as Charles Lever, who was the life and soul of any party—joyous, good-humoured, and unrestrained. Thackeray, on the other hand, was inclined to be satiric and severe." Some of us would have given ten years of Lever for one hour with Thackeray, and he would not have been severe, the gentle moralist. But we must be thankful for what we get, and Lady Dorothy gives us cheerfully of her best.

A Foreign Tour in 1840.

Here is how her father, Lord Orford, took his two little girls abroad in the late thirties:

"When we set out from Antwerp upon our expedition to Munich we were a large party—six of ourselves, as well as two maids, a footman, and French cook; nor must I forget a wonderful courier, whose principal qualities were external ones—that is to say, his costume was covered with gold and braid, whilst his intelligence was nil. However, one thing he did well, which was to precede our cavalcade and announce the imminent arrival of a great English milord and his suite. We had two fourgons to hold the *batterie de cuisine* and our six beds, which had to be unpacked and made up every night; for in those days there were hardly any real hotels in the country through which we travelled; merely houses used as such by the few travellers chancing to come that way. We had, besides, the family coach and a barouche, whilst there were six saddle-horses, with two attendant grooms! My father delighted in riding with his two little girls, but for my sister and myself—we were but nine and eleven years old—this journey was a real trial of strength, particularly as our papa took his bearings from a map which had no special claims to accuracy, its only merit being that it afforded our party a good deal of excitement by taking us on to private property, the infuriated owners of which would often make themselves extremely disagreeable. In my mind's eye I see, one now, and hear his shouts of 'Zum Richter! zum Richter!' ('To the Judge! to the Judge!'). Indeed, a good deal of soothing diplomacy had sometimes to be called into play."

Here is a verse of Austin Dobson's:

"In 1893 Mr. Dobson wrote a memoir of my kinsman, Horace Walpole, which he sent to me with the following lines inscribed on the title-page:

"To Lady Dorothy Nevill.

"Here is Horace, his life. I have ventured to draw him
As the Berrys, the Conways, the Montagus saw him—
Very kind to his friends, to the rest only so-so;
A talker, fine gentleman, wit, virtuoso,
With running through all his sham Gothic gimcrackery,
A dash of Sevigné, Saint Simon, and Thackeray.
For errors of ignorance, haste, execution,
From you, his descendant, I ask absolution."

Here is a story of George Payne which is quite wonderful:

"Are you not coming to church, Mr. Payne?" was on one occasion the stern interrogation of his hostess, a very great lady, who descended upon him in all the severity of her Sabbath panoply. "No, I have just been

late Mr. Bayard, at one time American Minister in London. He, too, was good-looking, curiously interested in every extraordinary thing in life and art, of charming, sympathetic manners, absolutely sincere, and yet one who stood for lost causes and impossible ideals with perfect simplicity of manhood.

Such persons would be overrated in England, one would imagine; for goodness in this country has many temples and employs hordes of priests; but, alas! eminence in goodness is just as difficult to recognise as eminence in any other art, and the Press-censors have their noses spoiled by garbage.

Her Qualifications as a Social Historian.

Lady Dorothy Nevill has met nearly all the "people of importance," to use Browning's phrase, for the last seventy years; many of them she has known intimately; her memory, too, of persons and events is singularly vivid and accurate, and yet the "Reminiscences" are not the masterpiece one might have expected. The old story of the good and bad fairies coming to the child at birth should be re-written; no bad fairy is needed; the good ones in conferring their gifts pass with them an adequate counter-weight of ill-hap. For all good gifts of fortune are of the nature of a handicap in life's race: they have to be carried. First of all, one would imagine to be a favourite in society was a good gift, especially for the person who thinks of writing memoirs. But the social leader meets chiefly persons who belong to the same set; nobles and politicians and dinner-table wits, and these personages hold eminence but for an hour: death sings the requiem over them, and they are straightway forgotten, or, if remembered and recalled again to life by pious sympathy, they affect the living as a mummy does by curiosity, moving to pity and not to interest. Lady Dorothy tells us of "Mad Wyndham" and Lady Blessington, and Louis Napoleon as an exile in London, and, earlier still, of Ludwig, King of Bavaria, and of Mr. Watts as a young student of painting in Florence, and of Princess Mathilde, who became, in the late sixties and seventies, the friend of Flaubert, Tourgenief, Sainte-Beuve, the de Goncourts, and Zola in Paris. Then Lady Dorothy marries her cousin, and chats of the second Duke of Wellington, of Disraeli, of Bernal Osborne, the wit, of Cobden, and of Chamberlain.

When she comes to our times Lady Dorothy just mentions Lord Randolph Churchill and Oscar Wilde, but she delights to talk of Lord Abergavenny, of Mr. Edmund Gosse, of Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell), of Mr. Frederick Lockyer, of Mr. Austin Dobson, of Mr. Mor-

not," he replied, making swiftly for the door, but pausing, as a polite afterthought, previous to his exit, he exclaimed with magnificent emphasis, "Not that I see any harm in it."

Here is an excellent descriptive epigram of a peer who used to be noted for the gorgeous way in which he dressed. Someone said about him, Lady Dorothy intercalates, "with more wit than justice," that he "had the manners of an Italian organ-grinder with the morals of his monkey."

But the most amusing incident in the whole of the book is a letter of Lord Dufferin's to Lady Dorothy Nevill in '81, just after the Russian Emperor had been assassinated in St. Petersburg. Lord Dufferin tells the whole story, and this is the way the British Ambassador behaves, or was treated, in the requiem service:

An English Ambassador's Behaviour in Church.

"An evening or two afterwards," Lord Dufferin writes from Petersburg, "I attended the transportation of the body (the corpse of the murdered Emperor) from the chamber, where it had been laid out and embalmed, to the chapel. It was a most melancholy scene. The whole palace was lit up as if for a gala festival, and the people present formed themselves into two rows, between which at a given signal, the procession moved. The crowd was so enormous that I had great difficulty in making my way to the chapel, and I was almost crushed to death. In the midst of it I found myself wedged up against a young, rather pretty, and very plump lady, with her back towards me. She pressed against me, and I was pressed against her, for we were both equally powerless. Suddenly she was seized with a fit of nervous impatience, to which she gave vent by using her behind as a battering-ram, with which she made the most desperate plunges. If she had not been rather soft, I should have been brayed as in a mortar."

Whoever wants a pleasing and amusing hour will take up this book, not only for the good stories and witty sayings in it, but also, and chiefly, for the half-unconscious revelation of a charming personality.

Some Literary Views.

"The Vagabond in Literature," by Arthur Rickett (J. M. Dent, 4s. 6d. net.).

It is a real pleasure to notice these seven essays on certain curious personalities in letters, and the title of vagabond, which the author has thrown over them en masse, like a tarpaulin, is appropriate, particularly so in the cases of Borrow and Jefferies.

Mr. Rickett, who, by the way, has long been associated with *THE NEW AGE*, has clearly applied analytical Röntgen rays to the elucidation of his subject; he endeavours to show us the inner self of his patients, much as a song thrush will take a snail to a well-remembered stone and smash out the glutinous portion from the shell.

Concerning Hazlitt and de Quincey he has written in a former treatise, weighing their personal force in literature,

together with that of Newman, Martineau and other giants of the pen, with scholarly acumen.

The love of an outdoor life is not given to every man, and Sir Walter Besant has shown us in "The Monks of Thelema" what tribulations await the inexperienced if they rashly essay the dignity of manual labour.

"What I like best," Hazlitt declares, "is to lie whole mornings on a sunny bank on Salisbury Plain, without any object before me, neither knowing nor caring how time passes, and thus 'with light-winged toys and feathered idleness to melt down hours to moments'." In those days Salisbury Plain was the haunt of the kingly great bustard, and even a distant view of so distinguished a stranger was worth many hours of idleness. The fruit of these hours and of Thoreau's lonely vigils in his hut we garner in their works. Had they chosen the strenuous life instead, we might have read of fat balances at their bankers or large benefactions squandered to pave the way for a peerage, but posterity would have been the loser.

The early days of poor de Quincey, with his wanderings in "Stony-Hearted Oxford Street," are pathetic beyond measure. There is no loneliness in the world so terrible as that of a gentle retiring soul in a huge city. The very bricks and mortar seem a vast prison-house, and every face a grim, silent gaoler.

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duty to God 693

N. E. M.

NEW AGE.

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The Dramatic Censorship.

Though Oscar Wilde's "Salome" has been played all over the Continent, the preposterous ban on Biblical subjects inflicted by our dramatic censor has hitherto prevented us in England from seeing it; and unless the lovers of opera succeed in smashing the censorship the same archaic stupidity may prevent them from hearing the opera based on the theme by Richard Strauss.

Now this foolishness is becoming tiresome. If "Salome" has any passages calculated to shock the public taste or damage the national morals, that might be a legitimate reason for refusing to license it, but the mere circumstance that one of its characters is mentioned in the Bible is surely no reason for its non-production.

Why was it right for Michael Angelo to represent the Transfiguration with his brush, if it be wrong for Sudermann to translate the story of "John the Baptist" for the stage? If Mendelssohn might recreate "Elijah" in music, or Browning recreate "Saul" in poetry, what harm does Rostand commit in applying the rich instrumentalities of the theatre to the enlargement of the Biblical story of "La Samaritaine"?

What Leonardo da Vinci did for "The Last Supper" — which is a drama in paint — surely be done for the stage by the dramatist, with no purely secular a story as that, for instance, of "Esther," "Abraham," "Ruth," "John the Baptist," are essentially dramatic stories.

When the genius rises equal to the task of dramatising "Moses" is the world to be denied the ethical education and spiritual stimulus that might be derived from that mighty tragic figure, by the senseless ban of the censor?

I am as thoroughly opposed as any man to the irreverent or frivolous treatment of any theme that large sections of people hold sacred, and for this reason opposed the production of "Joan of Arc" when it was made the subject of a Gaiety burlesque.

But it needs no censor to prevent abuse in this direction. Sacrilegious use of sacred things is effectually prevented by the sentiment of the people. Music, sculpture, and painting have drawn their highest inspiration from the Bible, and none of them have ever outraged the public proprieties. Why, then, should it be different with the drama?

A BOOK OF THE DAY.

FATHER BENSON'S NEW CURE.

(By R. A. Scott James.) "The Sentimentalists." By Robert Hugh Benson. Sir Isaac Pitman, 6s.

The reader will probably find it difficult to make up his mind about Father Benson's latest contribution to fiction. While he will be attracted by the admirable opening, the distinctive note of characterisation struck from the first, by the unusual atmosphere, and the skill revealed in narrative, he will nevertheless find himself immersed in contradictions, improbabilities, and violent evidences of perverted sympathy. While he will find that he wants to go on reading and to watch this strangely presented development of character, he will probably feel continual irritation and incredulity. "The Sentimentalists" has many of the qualities of a really important novel combined with many of the nonsensicalities of inferior melodrama. The author knows his society too well to lob us off with the monstrosities of the so-called society novel. He has the merit of being concerned with temperament and emotional experience. Yet he presumes too far upon the artist's freedom of perspective. Being himself enormously interested in his central character, he assumes that all the persons in the story feel in precisely the same way, caring not nearly so much about themselves as they do about the artificial figure set up by the author.

The hero is hardly worth all the pother that is made about him. He seems to be a mild edition of Mr. George Moore as painted by himself, with a dash of Oscar Wilde in his more extravagant artistic poses. He is a dilettante, rone, poseur, and artist with the pride and gallantry of a Villon, the appearance of a Dick Swiveller, and the moral sense of a Quilp. He turns up one day at the house of his old college friend, Father Yolland. He has spent his last shilling, and is divided between the prospect of shelter near peacefully in, is paper pumps in oh "save with he br sheds, well- he s. Georly, it regularly time & felt n. goint me! the doctor st. to humn self won his e suit- "Sirs, inst pen Yol so Del tal natural stat he fi and hi hirs. If bottle. If suffered fgs. I for the ha although ha I was led in to which to the metr "I feel

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TES

FLOW.

ESTER (M.D.)

F. I

Musical Standard. 15 Dec. 1906

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A STORY is being circulated that at a rehearsal of Strauss' opera, "Salome," the chorals, in their efforts to sing the chord of G against the persistent F sharp of a prominent part of the orchestra, failed so completely as to necessitate many repetitions. On the conductor apologising to the composer, the latter replied, "Nun, ich habe nix bemerkt" ("I noticed nothing").

Daily Telegraph, 24 Dec. 1906

"SALOME" IN MILAN.

From Our Own Correspondent. MILAN, Sunday. Last night at the Scala Theatre, before a crowded house, took place a general rehearsal of the opera "Salome," by Oscar Wilde, with music by Richard Strauss. The splendid spectacle kept over a thousand people for two hours under a spell. The audience seemed awed by the audacity, originality, and power of the music, which was never before performed in Italy. At last the crowd rose to their feet, cheering with enthusiasm, and calling the artists before the footlights, and also the chief of the orchestra, Maestro Toscanini.

Truth, 26 Dec. 1906.

MUSIC.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

ON the whole it has been a year of rather small things. No new composers of much mark have appeared, and the old hands have been content for the most part to mark time. Richard Strauss (whatever he may have up his sleeve) has so far produced nothing to eclipse "Salome" in sensationalism, though the continued success of that extraordinary opera, which will soon have been given all over Europe, may not be overlooked as one of the outstanding features of the musical year. Max Reger continues to cover reams of music paper with music which his critics pronounce inscrutable and his admirers find sublime, but agreement seems to be remote as ever concerning the worth of his abstruse creations. His works are still practically unknown in this country, so we are hardly in a position to express an opinion on the point. Of Debussy we have heard lately rather more—though still very little considering the fame which he enjoys—and would gladly make still further acquaintance with a writer who is in his own subtle and elusive manner as original and individual as either Strauss or Reger. A younger Continental composer, Ernst von Boehe, has won some admirers here through an excerpt from his "Odysseus" cycle, which has been heard more than once, while Sibelius, the Finnish composer, has also been a good deal talked of during the past twelve months as a contemporary to be reckoned with.

Stage, 27 Dec. 1906.

Rivalry is going on in Milan and Turin, respecting Richard Strauss' *Salome*, each town trying to outdo the other. The composer is at Turin directing in person the orchestra of 100 musicians engaged by MM. Pozzani and Chiarella, of the Regio theatre.

"The Secret Life," being the Book of a Heretic (John Lane, 6s.), is both amusing and interesting. It is written in the form of a haphazard diary, the first entry dated June 21 and the last Jan. 2. The author deals with many subjects, and has no hesitation in rushing in where angels fear to tread on the rocky paths of controversy; her outspoken ideas on the religion world certainly not appeal to the Nonconformist conscience, from whom she will undoubtedly earn the epithet of heretic. She gives some interesting views on books and authors; Mrs Browning and Byron she dismisses as mere masqueraders, ever present in their productions, and is intensely impressed by Pater's *Greek Studies*—"It affects me physically as well as morally. I must lay the book down now and then, because I find my heart beats and my temples grow moist. It is as if the covers were doors opening into the other world—that world that is always just beyond one"; while Marcel Provost's *Marriage de Julianne*, which book-clubb eliminated, "seemed merely deliciously funny and human, and I am not fond of French fiction as a rule. Most of it leaves in my mind only a sense of dreary nastiness—a sort of more closely knit Hall Caineism with his sloppiness of style left out." She considers Oscar Wilde's *De Profundis* a classic by reason of its beautiful limpid English. For a woman she has a nice sense of style.

The essence of style, I suppose, is in the inspired, instinctive choice of words which present suddenly to the mind a picture of what the writer is talking about. There is, of course, that other element of musical quality, and Hamlet's phrase ("What may this mean, That thou, dead corpse, again in complete steel, Reviv'st thus the glimpses of the moon?") is delicious for its strange broken sibilants, but without the picture the aiterations and vowel sounds are but dead things. All the fine, rolling, organ-like sonority of Scribner's "Hymn to Preserpine" would be tedious without the impressions of light and colour that palpitate through the lines. For style I can think of no better modern example than the concluding paragraph in Lafcadio Hearn's paper on the dragonfly in the volume called *Koto*: "Then let me hope that the state to which I am destined will not be worse than that of a cicade or of a dragonfly; climbing the cryptomerias to clash my tiny cymbals in the sun, or haunting, with soulless flicker of amethyst and gold, some holy silence of lotus pools."

That she can write with a vivid pen is illustrated by a description of a bull-fight in an entry dated May 4, Seville; and the essays on the progress of the world, and the Asiatic and Semitic influence on the religion and nature of the European races show much observation and thought. Though it is a sort of prolonged treatise on woman and her state, the book is consistently interesting. It strikes one at times that the mind of the diarist is, like an over-sensitized plate, apt to take impressions too vividly, but the writing is delightfully fresh and opinionated, and occasionally is lit by unexpected flashes of humour.

TRIBUNE,

DECEMBER 31, 1906.

MUSIC IN 1906.

Not "annus mirabilis"—we cannot call it that, though there has been a great deal of music, and some of it has been very good. No new composer who promises to rank with the immortals has appeared, no work of exceptional merit has added lustre to the fame of the existing masters of music. Of the Germans, Richard Strauss has certainly grown in favour amongst English amateurs, and his "Salome" seems to be received with transports in the various Continental towns where it has been given, though there are not wanting many critics who hold that in its music Strauss shows far less genius than in his earlier tone-poems. Max Reger has obtained a hearing in London, but except among a few of the cognoscenti, his gifts have not made any decided impression. Of the French, Massenet has produced an opera, "Ariane," with much success, but it cannot be said to rank with "Manon," "Werther," and "Le Jongleur." Debussy's rare, strange talent has certainly grown in favour here. Of the Italians, Puccini alone reaches the heart of Londoners. They do not seem to have tired of "Madama Butterfly" or "La Boheme." Among Scandinavians, the name of Sibelius has become favourably known. Of our own composers, Elgar has introduced nothing except "The Kingdom," and, fine as is some of its music, "Gerontius" must still be counted his most satisfactory contribution to choral music. Parry and Stanford have not gained any new laurels, and though Mr. Holbrooke, Mr. Bantock, and the younger men have written a good deal, they have not, so far, found themselves famous.

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Musical News. 29 Dec. 1906

Mention of Strauss serves as a reminder that his newest work, "Salome," continues to excite no little controversy in German musical circles. Berlin, notwithstanding the rapturous reception accorded the opera on its production, would seem to be divided concerning the right of Strauss' score to be ranked with the great things of music. Whereas one well-known critic discovers in it fresh beauties every time he hears the work, another is found to express the view that "the disgust awakened in every man of healthy and natural feeling by the poem is only heightened by the music of Strauss." In his book lately published, "The Music of To-morrow," Mr. Lawrence Gilman, an "American" writer, who seemingly has made himself familiar with the score, speaks of its "essential emptiness and banality." He finds it "weak," and lacking "both salience and vividness," and after writing it down "dull and pretentious music," he goes on to consider what may be the causes of Strauss' "angular and melancholy deterioration" as exemplified in the pages of "Salome." Clearly his rejection by Berlin's Academicians can have nothing to do with it, seeing that a year has elapsed since "Salome" was produced in Dresden.

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It is reported that during an altercation between Richard Strauss and Herr Blech, the conductor, during one of the rehearsals of "Salome," Strauss, in the heat of the moment, cried "Am I the composer or you?" To which the conductor immediately replied, "Thank heaven, you!"

Talking of "Salome," its performance has been definitely prohibited at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, though it may be produced at one of the other theatres.

MORNING POST,

DECEMBER 31, 1906.

Richard Strauss' "Salome" is gradually making its appearance in every important European musical centre. It was given for the first time at the Milan Scala last week, under the direction of Signor Toscanini, with Mme. Krucneski in the title-role. The correspondent of the *Echo de Paris* writes that the opera was listened to in very respectful silence, but that if he can believe the impression of the public it did not please, the applause at the close being meant rather for the interpreters than for the music. The same writer says: "Four times were the interpreters called back, but I think I may affirm that the Milanese public, unlike the Turin public or the German public, did not find in Strauss' music that which could satisfy it; the style is too bold for a public accustomed to melody, like the Italian public. It is a faultless algebraic equation; musical technique is carried to the highest degree of perfection and in this one must recognise the creative power of Strauss. Wagner is a Bellini by the side of the Bavarian master. To sum up, the public was fatigued after hearing the opera. The success may be more sincere in the following representations, but the public is already somewhat disillusioned." Is it not possible that the repellent subject of the opera may prove a bar to its success?

Glasgow Evening Citizen, 30 Dec. 06

"Salome" has taken Turin by storm. It was performed at the Teatro Regio under the composer's baton. The stage manager was Mr. Wirk, of Munich and Covent Garden. The title part was sustained by Signora Bellinioni.

Bradford Observer, 31 Dec. 06

Strauss' "Salome" is not likely to be heard in this country owing to the state of the law. Its production at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, is prohibited. It is reported that during one of the rehearsals an altercation took place between Strauss and Herr Blech, the conductor. Greatly excited, Strauss ejaculated, "Am I the composer, or you?" Blech promptly responded, "Thank heaven, you."

The Dramatic Censorship.

Though Oscar Wilde's "Salome" has been played all over the Continent, the preposterous ban on Biblical subjects inflicted by our dramatic censor has hitherto prevented us in England from seeing it; and unless the lovers of opera succeed in smashing the Censorship the same archaic stupidity may prevent them from hearing the opera based on the theme by Richard Strauss.

Nor this foolishness is becoming tiresome. If "Salome" has any passages calculated to shock the public taste or damage the national morals, that might be a legitimate reason for refusing to license it, but the mere circumstance that one of its characters is mentioned in the Bible is surely no reason for its non-production.

Why was it right for Michael Angelo to represent the Transfiguration with his brush, if it were wrong for Sudermann to translate the story of "John the Baptist" for the stage? If Mendelssohn might recreate "Elijah" in music, or Browning recreate "Sam" in poetry, what harm does Rostand commit in applying the rich instrumentalities of the theatre to the enlargement of the Biblical story of "La Samaritaine"?

What Leonardo de Vinci did for "The Last Supper"—which is a drama in paint—might surely be done for the stage by the dramatist, with so purely secular a story as that, for instance, of "Esther," "Abraham," "Ruth," "John the Baptist," are essentially dramatic stories. When the genius rises equal to the task of dramatising "Moses" is the world to be denied the ethical education and spiritual stimulus that might be derived from that mighty tragic figure, by the senseless ban of the Censor?

I am as thoroughly opposed as any man to the irreverent or frivolous treatment of any theme that large sections of people hold sacred, and for this reason opposed the production of "John of Arc" when it was made the subject of a Gaiety burlesque.

But it needs no censor to prevent abuse in this direction. Sacrilegious use of sacred things is effectually prevented by the sentiment of the people. Music, sculpture, and painting have drawn their highest inspiration from the Bible, and none of them, have ever outraged the public proprieties. Why, then, should it be different with the drama?

A BOOK OF THE DAY.

FATHER BENSON'S NEW CURE.

(By R. A. Scott James.)

"The Sentimentalists." By Robert Hugh Benson. Sir Isaac Pitman, Gs.

The reader will probably find it difficult to make up his mind about Father Benson's latest contribution to fiction. While he will be attracted by the admirable opening, the distinctive note of characterisation struck from the first, by the unusual atmosphere, and the skill revealed in narrative, he will nevertheless find himself immersed in contradictions, improbabilities, and violent evidence of perverted sympathy. While he will find that he wants to go on reading and to watch this strangely presented development of character, he will probably feel continual irritation and incredulity.

The Artistry of a Pauper.

The hero is hardly worth all the pother that is made about him. He seems to be a mild edition of Mr. George Moore as painted by himself, with a dash of Oscar Wilde in his more extravagant artistic poses. He is a dilettante, roue, poseur, and artist with the pride and gallantry of a Villon, the appearance of a Dick Swiveller, and the moral sense of a Quip.

He turns up one day at the house of his old college friend, Father Yolland. He has spent his last shilling, and is divided between the prospects of suicide and the Salvation Army shelter. It is observed, however, that he wears neat patent leather boots, that his hair is beautifully brushed, that the crease of his trousers is perfect, and that his hat, deliberately caved in, is otherwise perfectly respectable.

This hysterical, theatrical personage seems to have some magical power of endearing himself to the hearts of his friends, especially women. Though he talks magniloquently about his experiences, firing off bitter epigrams at unsuitable moments, challenging and erasing to those he meets, quick to take offence, either insulting or over-polite, and extravagantly repentant, he for all that keeps his friends, Dick Yolland, the young priest, seems to hold no aim so high as to serve this worthless Christopher Dell. He supplies him with clothes and money, takes him to his father's country house, and introduces him to his friends.

Chris, however, instead of being severely kicked, is petted. He is petted by Dick's father, by a sympathetic Mrs. Hamilton, by Mrs. Hamilton's son, and especially by her daughter, who likes the soft, mellifluous voice, the tender allusions to Italy, and the romantic bearing and melancholy of this artistic youth. It is somewhat a shock to find that an engagement is allowed, and that the worthy Dick can find the love-making of this coxcomb so abstruse and so delightful. Mrs. Hamilton, "means while," is always "tactful," albeit ostentatiously, sending everyone away, so that she can have a private "talk" with someone about the tremendous personal problems.

A Moral Sandow.

Of course, the proof of love fails. When his disreputable past is revealed, the engagement is fortunately broken off, and Chris has not been cured of his weakness of will and his affections. "Sentimentality" has failed. If "sentimentality" is supposed to be one of Chris's qualities, we can only say that it bears much too good a name; if it is supposed to be the quality of his too kind friends, it seems to be a name for perverted sympathy and weakness of head.

Love having failed to cure his unfortunate hero, Father Benson introduces his *dues ex machina* in the person of a strong-minded "mystic" known as Mr. Rolls. This accommodating gentleman comes to the aid of the Yollands, father and son, who are both bent on "curing" the prodigal Chris. He explains to the priest:

The man is poseur. . . . I mean by that that his character is enervated. That then must be all broken away. It cannot be melted now; it is too late. It has been fused, and has hardened again. It cannot be fused again.

Mr. Rolls explains that he will do the breaking. He seems quite satisfied that the character of a mature man can be treated like a dog's fractured leg. He "appeals to his pride." In other words, by a purely dialectical artifice he drives Chris into accepting the position of an under-gardener. He treats him like a servant, he reveals his past history in public, he horse-whips him, shames him, and, in a word, cures him, till this subjected creature emerges, modest, gentlemanly, self-restrained, as a Christian (of course, Roman Catholic), and a model man of the world.

It is hardly worth discussing whether a mature man of such emaculate character could in six months be cured by sleight of hand. The book teems with improbabilities; the author's admirations are absurd; his conclusion is impossible. Nevertheless, whether we like the people or not, they are drawn with a clearness and a picturesqueness which compels us to be interested. We may not believe they could do what they are made to do, but there is no doubt of their existence, and they are placed in an admirably real framework.

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MUSIC.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

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DECEMBER 31, 1906.

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Glasgow Evening Citizen, 30 Dec. 06

"Salome" has taken Turin by storm. It was performed at the Teatro Regio under the composer's baton. The stage manager was Mr. Wirk, of Munich and Covent Garden. The title part was sustained by Signora Bellincioni.

Bradford Observer, 31 Dec. 06

Strauss' "Salome" is not likely to be heard in this country owing to the state of the law. Its production at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, is prohibited. It is reported that during one of the rehearsals an altercation took place between Strauss and Herr Blech, the conductor. Greatly excited, Strauss ejaculated, "Am I the composer, or you?" Blech promptly responded, "Thank heaven, you."

The Dramatic Censorship.

Though Oscar Wilde's "Salome" has been played all over the Continent, the preposterous ban on Biblical subjects inflicted by our dramatic Censor has hitherto prevented us in England from seeing it; and unless the lovers of opera succeed in smashing the Censorship the same archaic stupidity may prevent them from hearing the opera based on the theme by Richard Strauss. Berlin is said to have proclaimed it "the form which the opera of the future is to take." The "Chronicle" correspondent declares that "Wagner and his school have been superseded by Strauss." But if the Censorship be logical, England must not hear the work because the subject is Biblical!

Now this foolishness is becoming tiresome. If "Salome" has any passages calculated to shock the public taste or damage the national morals, that might be a legitimate reason for refusing to license it, but the mere circumstance that one of its characters is mentioned in the Bible is surely no reason for its non-production.

Why was it right for Michael Angelo to represent the Transfiguration with his brush, if it be wrong for Sudermann to translate the story of "John the Baptist" for the stage? If Mendelssohn might recreate "Elijah" in music, or Browning recreate "Saul" in poetry, what harm does Rostand commit in applying the rich instrumentalities of the theatre to the enlargement of the Biblical story of "La Samaritaine"?

What Leonardo de Vinci did for "The Last Supper"—which is a drama in paint—might surely be done for the stage by the dramatist, with so purely secular a story as that, for instance, of "Esther." "Absalom," "Ruth," "John the Baptist," are essentially dramatic stories.

When the genius rises equal to the task of dramatising "Moses" is the world to be denied the ethical education and spiritual stimulus that might be derived from that mighty tragic figure, by the senseless ban of the Censor?

I am as thoroughly opposed as any man to the irreverent or frivolous treatment of any theme that large sections of people hold sacred, and for this reason opposed the production of "Joan of Arc" when it was made the subject of a Gaiety burlesque.

But it needs no censor to prevent abuse in this direction. Sacrilegious use of sacred things is effectually prevented by the sentiment of the people. Music, sculpture, and painting have drawn their highest inspiration from the Bible, and none of them have ever outraged the public proprieties. Why, then, should it be different with the drama?

A BOOK OF THE DAY.

FATHER BENSON'S NEW CURE.

(By R. A. Scott James.)

"The Sentimentalists." By Robert Hugh Benson. Sir Isaac Pitman, 6s.

The reader will probably find it difficult to make up his mind about Father Benson's latest contribution to fiction. While he will be attracted by the admirable opening, the distinctive note of characterisation struck from the first, by the unusual atmosphere, and the skill revealed in narrative, he will nevertheless find himself immersed in contradictions, improbabilities, and violent evidences of perverted sympathy. While he will find that he wants to go on reading and to watch this strangely presented development of character, he will probably feel continual irritation and incredulity. "The Sentimentalists" has many of the qualities of a really important novel combined with many of the nonsensicalities of inferior melodrama. The author knows his society too well to fob us off with the monstrosities of the so-called society novel. He has the merit of being concerned with temperament and emotional experience. Yet he presumes too far upon the artist's freedom of perspective. Being himself enormously interested in his central character, he assumes that all the persons in the story feel in precisely the same way, caring not nearly so much about themselves as they do about the artificial figure set up by the author.

The Artistry of a Pauper.

The hero is hardly worth all the pother that is made about him. He seems to be a mild edition of Mr. George Moore as painted by himself, with a dash of Oscar Wilde in his more extravagant artistic poses. He is a dilettante, roué, poseur, and artist with the pride and gallantry of a Villon, the appearance of a Dick Swiveller, and the moral sense of a Quilp. He turns up one day at the house of his old college friend, Father Yolland. He has spent his last shilling, and is divided between the prospects of suicide and the Salvation Army shelter. It is observed, however, that he wears neat patent leather boots, that his hair is beautifully brushed, that the crease of his trousers is perfect, and that his hat, deliberately caved in, is otherwise perfectly respectable. His paper parcel contains silk pyjamas, a pair of pumps, an amber cigarette holder, a Boccaccio in chiselled vellum, and a revolver, items "saved from the wreck." He waves his arms with dramatic gestures expressive of his misery, he brightens up, languishes, grovels, patronises, sheds tears, and flings himself into innumerable well-thought-out postures. "The old story," he says, with waving hand, "Chatterton, George Gissing, and the rest. You know it all; melting money; articles unpaid for; things going one by one; a brutal landlady; and behold me!"

This hysterical, theatrical personage seems to have some magical power of endearing himself to the hearts of his friends, especially women. Though he talks magniloquently about his experiences, firing off bitter epigrams at unsuitable moments, challenging and cringing to those he meets, quick to take offence, either insulting or over-polite, and extravagantly repentant, he for all that keeps his friends. Dick Yolland, the young priest, seems to hold no aim so high as to serve this worthless Christopher Dell. He supplies him with clothes and money, takes him to his father's country house, and introduces him to his friends. On one occasion he expostulates with him, whereupon Chris flings himself upon the ground, and arranges himself in a sobbing attitude. His patient friend "began to think bitter things—trying to steel himself; he told himself that Chris lay there to be admired for his *abandon*, his passion—that the whole affair was the other's fault. Then he told himself that he was a brutal bully—that he ought to have remembered that hot, hysterical nature, and the hardships the poor chap had gone through, and his sore soul."

Chris, however, instead of being severely kicked, is petted. He is petted by Dick's father, by a sympathetic Mrs. Hamilton, by Mrs. Hamilton's son, and especially by her daughter, who likes the soft, mellifluous voice, the tender allusions to Italy, and the romantic bearing and melancholy of this artistic youth. It is somewhat a shock to find that an engagement is allowed, and that the worthy Dick can find the love-making of this coxcomb "so absurd and so delightful." Mrs. Hamilton, meanwhile, is always "tactfully," albeit ostentatiously, sending everyone away, so that she can have a private "talk" with someone about the tremendous personal problems.

A Moral Sandow.

Of course, the proof of love fails. When his disreputable past is revealed, the engagement is fortunately broken off, and Chris has not been cured of his weakness of will and his affectations. "Sentimentality" has failed. If "sentimentality" is supposed to be one of Chris's qualities, we can only say that it bears much too good a name; if it is supposed to be the quality of his too kind friends, it seems to be a name for perverted sympathy and weakness of head.

Love having failed to cure his unfortunate hero, Father Benson introduces his *dues ex machina* in the person of a strong-minded "mystic" known as Mr. Rolls. This accommodating gentleman comes to the aid of the Yollands, father and son, who are both bent on "curing" the prodigal Chris. He explains to the priest:

The man is poseur. . . . I mean by that that his character is encrusted. That then must be all broken away. It cannot be melted now; it is too late. It has been fused, and has hardened again. It cannot be fused again.

Mr. Rolls explains that he will do the breaking. He seems quite satisfied that the character of a mature man can be treated like a dog's fractured leg. He "appeals to his pride." In other words, by a purely dialectical artifice he drives Chris into accepting the position of an under-gardener. He treats him like a servant, he reveals his past history in public, he horse-whips him, shames him, and, in a word, cures him, till this subjected creature emerges, modest, gentlemanly, self-restrained, as a Christian (of course, Roman Catholic), and a model man of the world.

It is hardly worth discussing whether a mature man of such emasculate character could in six months be cured by sleight of hand. The book teems with improbabilities; the author's admirations are absurd; his conclusion is impossible. Nevertheless, whether we like the people or not, they are drawn with a clearness and a picturesqueness which compels us to be interested. We may not believe they could do what they are made to do, but there is no doubt of it.

Musical Standard.

15 Dec. 1906

FROM "Musical America" of October 20: Mr. Conried is wondering how he will be able to give "Salome," Richard Strauss' new opera, which is expected to be the sensation of the coming season at any of the subscription performances. It will be necessary to take out two rows of the orchestra seats to make room for the augmented orchestra which the score of this work needs. As these seats are taken by subscribers it will not be possible to give the opera at a subscription performance. This will make "Salome," like "Parsifal," a work to be given only at special performances. The subscribers are said to take another view of the situation. A number of them have expressed the opinion that they are entitled to hear an opera which promises to be a great sensation during the winter. Full rehearsals of the orchestra had been delayed, owing to the failure of the parts to arrive, until Friday. Alfred Herz began work on Monday. "Salome" will be sung first at the annual benefit given to Mr. Conried, which will take place this year in January. One of the instruments to be used in the orchestra of this opera is a celestin, which has just arrived in this country from Paris. It is similar to the glockenspiel played in the Mozart operas, but is supplied with a keyboard. One of these instruments was also imported this year by Henry W. Savage to use in the English production of "Madama Butterfly." They cannot be bought in this country.

A STORY is being circulated that at a rehearsal of Strauss' opera, "Salome," the chorus, in their efforts to sing the chord of G against the persistent F sharp of a prominent part of the orchestra, failed so completely as to necessitate many repetitions. On the conductor apologising to the composer, the latter replied, "Nun, ich habe nix bemerkt" ("I noticed nothing")!

Daily Telegraph,

24 Dec.
1906

"SALOME" IN MILAN.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MILAN, Sunday.

Last night at the Scala Theatre, before a crowded house, took place a general rehearsal of the opera "Salome," by Oscar Wilde, with music by Richard Strauss. The splendid spectacle kept over a thousand people for two hours under a spell. The audience seemed awed by the audacity, originality, and power of the music, which was never before performed in Italy. At last the crowd rose to their feet, cheering with enthusiasm, and calling the artists before the footlights, and also the chief of the orchestra, Maestro Tescanini.

Truth,

26 Dec. 1906.

MUSIC.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

ON the whole it has been a year of rather small things. No new composers of much mark have appeared, and the old hands have been content for the most part to mark time. Richard Strauss (whatever he may have up his sleeve) has so far produced nothing to eclipse "Salomé" in sensationalism, though the continued success of that extraordinary opera, which will soon have been given all over Europe, may not be overlooked as one of the outstanding features of the musical year. Max Reger continues to cover reams of music paper with music which his critics pronounce inscrutable and his admirers find sublime, but agreement seems to be remote as ever concerning the worth of his abstruse creations. His works are still practically unknown in this country, so we are hardly in a position to express an opinion on the point. Of Debussy we have heard lately rather more—though still very little considering the fame which he enjoys—and would gladly make still further acquaintance with a writer who is in his own subtle and elusive manner as original and individual as either Strauss or Reger. A younger Continental composer, Ernst von Boehe, has won some admirers here through an excerpt from his "Odysseus" cycle, which has been heard more than once, while Sibelius, the Finnish composer, has also been a good deal talked of during the past twelve months as a contemporary to be reckoned with.

Stage,

27 Dec. 1906.

Rivalry is going on in Milan and Turin respecting Richard Strauss's *Salomé*, each town trying to outdo the other. The composer is at Turin directing in person the orchestra of 100 musicians engaged by MM. Pozzali and Chiarella, of the Regio theatre.

Jissen Women's University Library

The Secret Life, being the Book of a Heretic (John Lane, 6s.), is both amusing and interesting. It is written in the form of a haphazard diary, the first entry dated June 21 and the last Jan. 2. The author deals with many subjects, and has no hesitation in rushing in where angels fear to tread on the rocky paths of controversy; her outspoken ideas on religion would certainly not appeal to the Nonconformist conscience, from whom she will undoubtedly earn the epithet of heretic. She gives some interesting views on books and authors; Mrs Browning and Byron she dismisses as mere masqueraders, ever present in their productions, and is intensely impressed by Pater's *Greek Studies*—"It affects me physically as well as morally. I must lay the book down now and then, because I find my heart beats and my temples grow moist. It is as if the covers were doors opening into the other world—that world that is always just beyond one"; while Marcel Provost's *Marriage de Julianne*, which book-clubs eliminated, "seemed merely deliciously funny and human, and I am not fond of French fiction as a rule. Most of it leaves in my mind only a sense of dreary nastiness—a sort of more closely knit Hall Caineism with his sloppiness of style left out." She considers Oscar Wilde's *De Profundis* a classic by reason of its beautiful limpid English. For a woman she has a nice sense of style :

The essence of style, I suppose, is in the inspired, instinctive choice of words which present suddenly to the mind a picture of what the writer is talking about. . . . There is, of course, that other element of musical quality, and Hamlet's phrase ("What may this mean, That thou, dead corpse, again in complete steel, Revisist'st thus the glimpses of the moon?") is delicious for its strange broken sibilations, but without the picture the aliterations and vowel sounds are but dead things. All the fine, rolling, organ-like sonority of Swinburne's "Hymn to Preserpine" would be tedious without the impressions of light and colour that palpitate through the lines. For style I can think of no better modern example than the concluding paragraph in Lafcadio Hearn's paper on the dragon-fly in the volume called *Kotto*: ". . . then let me hope that the state to which I am destined will not be worse than that of a cicade or of a dragon-fly; climbing the cryptomerias to clash my tiny cymbals in the sun, or haunting, with soundless flicker of amethyst and gold, some holy silence of lotus pools."

That she can write with a vivid pen is illustrated by a description of a bull-fight in an entry dated May 4, Seville; and the essays on the progress of the world, and the Asiatic and Semitic influence on the religion and nature of the European races show much observation and thought. Though it is a sort of prolonged treatise on woman and her state, the book is consistently interesting. It strikes one at times that the mind of the diarist is, like an over-sensitised plate, apt to take impressions too vividly, but the writing is delightfully fresh, unimpeded, and occasionally is lit by unexpected flashes of humour.

Dec. 29, 1906.

Daily Telegraph,

Mention of Strauss serves as a reminder that his newest work, "Salome," continues to excite no little controversy in German musical circles. Berlin, notwithstanding the rapturous reception accorded the opera on its production, would seem to be divided concerning the right of Strauss's score to be ranked with the great things of music. Whereas one well-known critic discovers in it fresh beauties every time he hears the work, another is found to express the view that "the disgust awakened in every man of healthy and natural feeling by the poem is only heightened by the music of Strauss." In his book lately published, "The Music of To-morrow," Mr. Lawrence Gilman, an American writer, who seemingly has made himself familiar with the score, speaks of its "essential emptiness and banality." He finds it "weak," and lacking "both saliency and vividness," and after writing it down "dull and pretentious music," he goes on to consider what may be the causes of Strauss's "singular and melancholy deterioration" as exemplified in the pages of "Salome." Clearly his rejection by Berlin's Academicians can have nothing to do with it, seeing that a year has elapsed since "Salome" was produced in Dresden.

29 Dec. 1906

Foreign Intelligence.

It is reported that during an altercation between Richard Strauss and Herr Blech, the conductor, during one of the rehearsals of "Salomé," Strauss, in the heat of the moment, cried "Am I the composer or you?" To which the conductor immediately replied, "Thank heaven, you!"

Talking of "Salomé," its performance has been definitely prohibited at the Imperial Theatre, Vienna, though it may be produced at one of the other theatres.

TRIBUNE,

DECEMBER 31, 1906.

MUSIC IN 1906.

Not "annus mirabilis"—we cannot call it that, though there has been a great deal of music, and some of it has been very good. No new composer who promises to rank with the immortals has appeared, no work of exceptional merit has added lustre to the fame of the existing masters of music. Of the Germans, Richard Strauss has certainly grown in favour amongst English amateurs, and his "Salome" seems to be received with transports in the various Continental towns where it has been given, though there are not wanting many critics who hold that in its music Strauss shows far less genius than in his earlier tone-poems. Max Reger has obtained a hearing in London, but except among a few of the cognoscenti, his gifts have not made any decided impression. Of the French, Massenet has produced an opera, "Ariane," with much success, but it cannot be said to rank with "Manon," "Werther," and "Le Jongleur." Debussy's rare, strange talent has certainly grown in favour here. Of the Italians, Puccini alone reaches the heart of Londoners. They do not seem to have tired of "Madama Butterfly" or "La Bohème." Among Scandinavians, the name of Sibelius has become favourably known. Of our own composers, Elgar has introduced nothing except "The Kingdom," and, fine as is some of its music, "Gerontius" must still be counted his most satisfactory contribution to choral music. Parry and Stanford have not gained any new laurels, and though Mr. Halbrooke, Mr. Bax, and the younger men have written a good deal, they have not, so far, found themselves famous.

Covent Garden is often looked down upon for its continued adherence to the older Italian operas. These have friends even in advanced opera-houses on the Continent. In Stuttgart, where a few weeks ago "Salome" made a triumphant entry, "La Traviata" has now been received with an overwhelming welcome. Of course, the style of the representation was responsible for this. The managers do make or mar some operas more than others—for a time, at any rate.

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