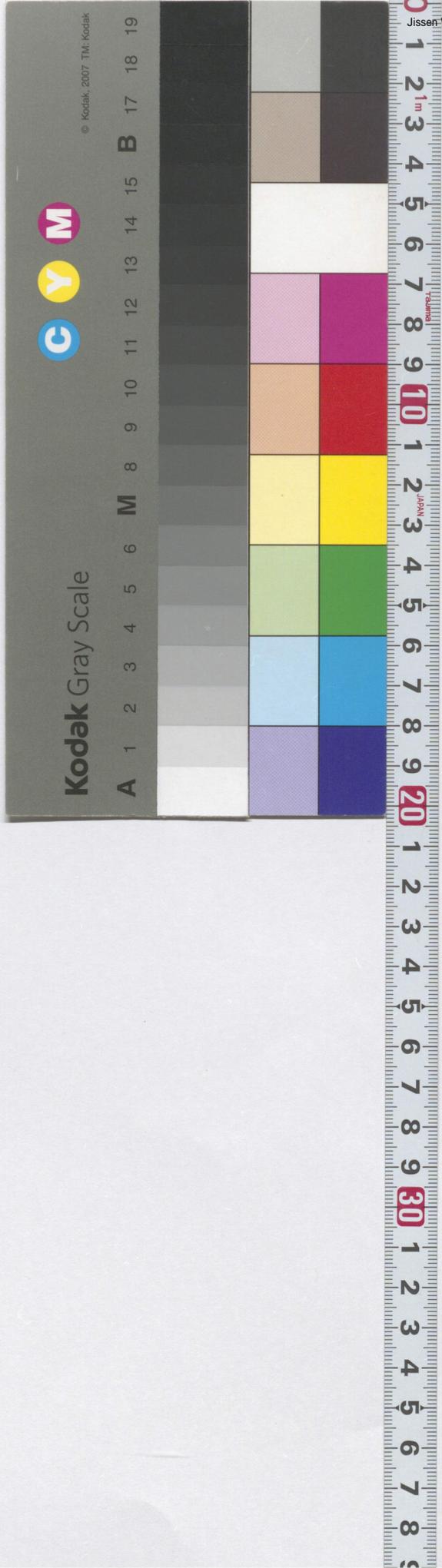


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In our monthly notices of "Parodies" our readers will have recognised the name of Mr Hamilton as the able and careful editor. He has written a meritorious work on the Poets Laureate of England; and now appears as the expounder of that wonderful movement which so many caricature, and sneer at without having a knowledge of its real principles. Even "Punch," which, in the days of Leech and Thackeray, was always quite up in the subject criticised, now shows malevolence without accurate knowledge in the weak satires against æstheticism. A million people have witnessed the æsthetic name of Patience by Gilbert and Sullivan, and many have gone to see "The Colonel," which is an adaptation from a French piece by F. Beraud, and in which the æsthetic movement is unfairly ridiculed; but few of these really understand the satires they contain. Mr Hamilton, evidently an enthusiastic admirer of the School, has very appropriately, in this volume, cleared up the mind of the general reader, and explained the principles and bearing of the movement. The term æsthetic was invented by Baumgarten in 1750; and since that date a great literary controversy has been going on in Germany as to whether an object is actually beautiful in itself, or merely appears so to certain persons having faculties capable of appreciating it. The Philistines do not see the true and the beautiful in nature and art; whilst the Æsthetes have their faculties and tastes educated up to the point necessary for the full appreciation of such qualities. Mr Hamilton, with appreciative skill, traces the origin of the movement, notes the characteristics of its founders and followers, describes the development of the school, and points out the influence it has exercised over modern art and poetry. In 1848 four very young men, Holman Hunt, Millais, Rossetti and Woolner, endowed with great originality of genius, were enthusiastic in their admiration of early Italian art and the mediæval Pre-Raphaelite painters. In a magazine, called the Germ, they explained their views. Persecuted by the rough critics, they were favoured with a champion in Ruskin, who showed how their aims were misunderstood, and their genius unappreciated. What Ruskin so well did for the artistic branch, Mr Hamilton has very creditably done for the poetical department of the æsthetic school, in which lies its principal strength. The leaders of this School, Swinburne, Rossetti, Morris, and Oscar Wilde, have been, since Buchanan's satire, styled fleshly poets. One fair votary of the School declared that Henry Irving's leg was a poem in itself. Constantly yearning for the intense, their language is tinged with some what exaggerated metaphor, and their adjectives are usually superlative. Mr Hamilton tells us of a remarkable incident in the life of Rossetti, the poet-painter. On the death of his beautiful wife, he fell for a time into profound melancholy; and refusing to be known as a poet, buried in her coffin the MS. of the unpublished poems, which he thought were inspired by her sympathetic genius. Years after, when time had soothed the first anguish of his bereavement, he was prevailed upon by his friends to have the coffin opened and the manuscripts restored, which have since been given to the world. Mr Hamilton thoroughly exposes Buchanan's mean attack on Rossetti behind the mask of another name in the "Contemporary Review." The Earl of Southesk, under the name of "Jones

Fisher," made some weak attacks on the so-called Fleshly School. But Mr Hamilton proves very satisfactorily the unfairness of the attacks in Punch—which, according to Disraeli, was "getting malevolent without being playful." The author concludes with a highly appreciative criticism of the youngest of the band, Mr Oscar Wilde; and an interesting description of the Home of the Æsthetes. On pages 50 and 93 we have two slightly different readings of Tennyson's contemptuous verses in reply to Christopher North's slashing of his first volume of poems. Mr Hamilton has shown us, with remarkable acuteness, that the movement has already wrought much in the improved taste displayed in poetry and painting; in dress, furniture and house, decoration. In this, like other movements, may yet be fulfilled in some measure William Morris's prediction:—"First, few men heed it; next, most men condemn it; lastly, all men accept it—and the cause is won."

From the Porcelain Advertiser.  
November 10. 1886 - written by Dr. McPherson  
J.R.S. (Scott.)

*Hull  
Express  
Oct 17. 1883*

## EXTRAORDINARY OUTRAGE NEAR SCARBOROUGH.

Shortly after nine o'clock last night a very respectably-dressed young woman, who gave the name of Ireland, and whom the police know to be well-connected, was brought to the Scarborough Police-station in a very distressed condition, and she alleged that she had been subjected to some foul play of a diabolical character. It seems from the girl's statement that she had started to walk from Flixton to Scarborough, a few miles distance, when she was accosted by a respectably-dressed young fellow, who carried a port-manteau, and had every appearance of being a commercial traveller. He proffered to show her a nearer way than she was accustomed to traverse, and his offer was accepted. They entered into conversation, and any suspicion as to the man's object was disarmed by his plausible address, until the Mere—a picturesque lake at the foot of Oliver's Mount—was reached. Here the man began to conduct himself with impropriety, and the girl resisted him. When he saw that his purpose was frustrated, in a paroxysm of passion, he seized the terrified girl and violently flung her into the water, afterwards running away with all haste. The water being somewhat shallow thereabouts, the girl managed to reach the bank, and shortly afterwards found her way to the hut of a signalman on the North-Eastern Railway, which runs close by the Mere. She related her story to him, and he summoned a cab, in which the girl was conveyed to Scarborough. Her clothes were saturated with water, and from her highly nervous state she had evidently suffered a very severe mental and physical shock. Dr Everley Taylor was summoned, and suitably prescribed for the young woman. The police are investigating the circumstances in connection with the outrage.

### MR. OSCAR WILDE IN HULL.

Last night, at the Hull Royal Institution, Mr Oscar Wilde gave a lecture in connection with the Hull Young People's Institute, on "The House Beautiful." There was a crowded and fashionable audience. The Sheriff (Mr Evan Fraser) occupied the chair, and briefly introduced the lecturer, who was received with great applause.—The famous Apostle of Aestheticism stepped forth—a tall well-built man, dressed in a suit of black broadcloth, white kid gloves, and bright leather boots, swallow-tailed coat, and open vest. A large white lily was displayed upon the left collar of his coat, and a light red silk handkerchief hung out carelessly from the inside left breast pocket. His lecture was delivered with perfect ease of manner, and almost without gesture. After some remarks upon the spirit of beauty for which England was once famed, the lecturer went on to say that it was quite possible to have a beautiful house without being a millionaire, and quite possible to be a millionaire and have a very ugly house. The kind of houses most suited to England was the style most commonly called Queen Anne, though that name was a misnomer. The red brick house, with a free use of timber beams, was the most beautiful to look at. As for the inside, he believed in the rules given by Morris:—First, have nothing in your house that is neither beautiful nor useful. This rule, if strictly acted upon, would banish all the wax flowers in cases, the cork models of cathedrals, and anti-macassars. Second.—Have nothing that has not given pleasure in making. As regards decorating a room all colours were equally beautiful. There are no bad colours, only bad combinations. As regarded the choice of colours, the gradated colours were most beautiful—those which seemed to be passing one into the other. Old stained glass windows looked a splendid mass of primary colours, but this effect was produced by a dexterous use of secondary and tertiary colours. There were only three splendidly decorated places in Europe, the Alhambra in Spain, St. Mark's in Venice, and the Peacock-room, done by Mr Whistler, in London. Exceedingly beautiful papers could be had now, done by the first designers, but he was not in favour of paper. He much preferred to paint the walls. If they could be hung with tapestry or satin so much the better. As regarded the ceiling, that was one of the great problems of house decoration. Open beams were very beautiful; dead white ceilings were bad, modern plaster dries too quickly. Old plaster was more plastic. Paper ceilings were bad; it gave one the sense of living in a paper box. Stamped leather papers were beautiful, though the name was a misnomer. As regarded the floor, it was better not to have it all covered with carpet. Let them have a border of inlaid wood, or Mosaic work, or plain deal, or Eastern matting. The secret of all good architecture and of all good furniture was to have the Greek line with the Oriental phantasy. As regarded windows, he had a great dislike to plate-glass, as they did not want always to be glaring out of the window or to be glared at. Coloured glass, delicately introduced, was best. As regarded the use of curtains, there was no reason that windows should always be curtained. The monstrous array of curtains, with their gigantic tassels and ponderous cornice poles, were out of place. He preferred to have no curtains. If they painted the inside of the shutters then at night they could have an entirely novel scheme of decoration. Blacklead stoves were bad in taste, and troublesome for the servant. The coalscuttle should be of brass or copper, bright so as to catch the firelight. The monstrous marble fireplace ought to be thrown out of the window. The ordinary pier-glass over the mantel was hideous and out of place. The furniture he liked was that called Queen Anne, though that, as he said before, was a misnomer. All beautiful things came from the East. The earliest embroidery, the earliest architecture, the earliest poetry all came from the East. The Queen Anne furniture had the Greek line and the Oriental phantasy. He did not like photographs for decoration. The plate hung on the wall made one feel agitated as to its safety. It looked better on the shelf or in the corner cupboard. A piece of good art did not belong to any century—it belonged to the everlasting century. If they have the central chandelier, then all their decorations will soon be reduced to nothing. Candles or lamps were better. The education of our children was wrong. Instead of taxing their memories so much we should teach them more to observe and to design—teach them to enjoy everything that was beautiful, and in that they would come not to throw the customary stone at the bird.—At the close of the lecture a vote of thanks was 2019-03-18 5

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JAMES B. CRAVEN, Secretary.  
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**PUBLIC NOTICE.**—I, ALFRED H. COOK, of the Grimsby Times, hereby give NOTICE, that Mr. HENRY COARD, late Editor of the above paper, is NO LONGER CONNECTED WITH THE SAME in any way whatever, and that he has no authority to transact business on behalf of the said newspaper.

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## NICE GIRLS.

pupil when Mrs. Beauchamp had health and strength to teach, and so had been educated in the best manner. She could puzzle many a schoolboy in historical knowledge. She was great at facts and dates. She spoke and wrote exquisite English, much better than that in use at our Universities; and she was a musician of no common excellence. She could draw and paint, too, in a lady-like way, and had a fair conversational acquaintance with the more popular sciences. Above all, she had the art of teaching and of making herself respected and beloved.

Every Sunday she came home, and every quarter day she left ten golden sovereigns in her mother's frail hand, taking her silent blessing in return. Mr. Beauchamp did not know of that little arrangement; there are holy secrets among good women which must needs be kept; but he felt that things went on easier to him, as an overburdened horse may feel when an unseen shoulder is put to the wheel behind him. The coal-dealer's bill seemed to dwindle miraculously, nothing was heard of the cost of cod-liver oil for Alice, or of the extras charged in the school bills for Mary and Jane. By-and-by, too, Rosamond's salary was increased, and her contributions grew larger as the rich people with whom she lived appreciated her more and more. She managed to give a hundred pounds, and a gold bracelet which had been a present to her on her birthday, when her sister Jane married a young physician who fell in love with her while in professional attendance on the family. Fortunately, the Beauchamps could not afford a medical man of more experience.

Rosamond for her own part, had renounced all thoughts of marriage when she had gone away from her father's house. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why she prospered. She aroused no jealousies; she excited no rivalries; she was never in the way of her pupils or their friends. She dressed with a certain determined plainness which was without pretension, and wore neither ornaments nor curls. She was very comely, but it was the comeliness of a Quakeress, prim, staid, and reserved, though she was never ascetic or obtrusive in her self-dénial. Her words were always sweet, but they were few.

Possibly this peculiarity, which is precious in woman, may have struck Sir Job Sheepskin, the great equity lawyer, who had been at Winchester with her father, for he got into a way of sidling up to her when he dined, as he did oftener, and oftener, at the house where she lived. No doubt he would have married her if she would have had him; but she had a fine womanly instinct for the proprieties, and brought him to his senses one summer afternoon when he had called early to make his offer. It is seldom, however, even in this hard world that self-sacrifice and steady good conduct go unrewarded; and a marvellous day came at last for the Beauchamps when Sir Job Sheepskin's will was opened, and it was found he had left the whole of a successful barrister's fortune to brave Rosamond.

E. C. GRENVILLE MURRAY.

## XI.—THE ÆSTHETIC GIRL.

"I always was very mimetic,  
And so with my arm round her waist,  
I feel I'm becoming æsthetic—  
A person of taste."



It has been rashly assumed that the so-called æsthetic movement is dying away under the pictorial satire of Mr. Du Maurier, and the scorn cast upon it by Mr. Gilbert in *Patience*. Assuredly the whole business was becoming too supremely ridiculous, not to say contemptible, when the chief priest of pseudo-æstheticism suffered himself to be hired to stump America as a living advertisement of a comic opera, just as a sandwich-man carries

Mr. D'Oyly Carte's placards up and down the Strand. Then, again, when the chief literary outcome of the movement proved to be sundry volumes of silly and dirty verse, while the pictorial result was a number of pictures in which the artists improved on the anatomy of man as being by no means up to the Botticellian mark, it was felt that the craze had gone far enough, and that we had better take up some new "fad."

But, despite all this, it is needless to say that æstheticism still survives; and you cannot enter a room at an evening party without still seeing one or more girls dressed in a "greenery-gallery, Governor-Gallery" style, and more than one young man who models his conversation and dress on the cackle and habiliments of the Radical prigs of the Savile Club.

We are not concerned, however, with male æsthetes, or it is just possible that they would have a bad quarter of an hour, but with the feminine devotees of æstheticism; and here again our choice is limited. We are not allowed to discuss those girls who make æstheticism hideous—the women who take up art as an excuse for living a free and easy Bohemian existence, like the ladies who recently left the Slade school and went to study in France because they were not allowed to draw as much as they liked from the undraped model. It is particularly requested that this special cage in the SOCIAL ZOO should contain only "Nice Girls," and it is undeniable that there are plenty to be found, even amid those who have taken to

## NICE GIRLS.

æstheticism, and hang up blue plates on the wall till the drawing-room bears a pleasing resemblance to a kitchen dresser. Time was when such a young person was unknown; she is a special product of the age, like the taste for dry-champagne and the rage for cigarettes, and it must be said that in many respects she is a fairly satisfactory product, so long as she does not go to extremes.

Let us go through the symptoms of æstheticism in proper order, and first look into the outward and visible signs thereof. Item the first—as to the Æsthetic Girl's hair. This is generally in more or less picturesque disorder, not bandolined or oiled into subjection, or tortured into curls, but done up behind in a simple twist which drives the beholder to distraction—for we are describing a pretty girl, mind you, and not an æsthetic fright who “bangs” her hair with curling-tongs and goes to balls in a dressing-gown secured at her waist with a bell-rope. Item the second—her dress. This is of sage-green, terracotta, cyanine-blue, or any other colour you like that has an indefinable charm about it, and cannot be described except by a double-barrelled word. It is a little high at the waist and it is arranged on the cross, with slashings like dresses of an antique time, and perhaps a sacque behind. Figure to yourself precisely the dress a fashionable milliner would think odious and you will get near this, though it must be said that it is easy to make a dress that will satisfy all reasonable æsthetic requirements and still not be out of the fashion. The moment our æsthetic maiden goes too far she ceases to be a Nice Girl, and is put into another cage. But dress is a ticklish matter for a male pen to handle, so in order to be quite correct we have applied to a nice girl to give us a receipt for an æsthetic dress that may be relied upon to be quite Botticellian in effect, and yet will not make the beholder go off into roars of Philistine laughter whenever the wearer enters a drawing-room.

Here it is. A gown of soft creamy Indian silk is to form the over-skirt, decorated above the hem with a bordure (good word that!) of amber embroidery. A band of the same decoration finishes the gown at the neck, midway between the throat and shoulder. The simple fold of the silk is to hang straight at the back, but to be pulled through a golden cincture or girdle at one side, revealing the petticoat, which may be of deep yellow quilted satin. The sleeves are not to be of the uncouth shape so often affected by the sham æsthete of the day, but simply a little full at the shoulder and gathered into a band of embroidery just below the elbow. Strings of amber beads are to be worn round the throat and arms. As to *bottines*, quaint-looking shoes of tan-coloured Swedish kid, complete a costume which would assuredly win a prize against all the “Dual” and “Hygienic” abominations of the period.

Item the third—her conversation. Now the Æsthetic Girl may be a Nice Girl, and dressed as above, but she may know nothing at all of so-called æsthetic topics—that is to say, she may sensibly decline to talk balderdash

on subjects of which she is ignorant, or she may take a real interest in art and literature, inclining to those poets and painters whom the tendencies of the age have made fashionable. She has read Rossetti, and she will be much interested if you happen to know Mr. Whistler, viewing that clever showman's tricks and dodges for advertising himself and his work with more respect than they deserve, and she will go into the orthodox raptures at the mention of Chippendale chairs.

She may not be quite able to grapple with the “Correggiosity of Correggio,” but she will be willing to listen with interest to, and discourse with intelligence upon, subjects which are certainly better worth the consideration of reasonable beings than those which formed the staple of the drawing-room conversations, say, of her mother or her grandmother. It does not require a genius to take a healthy interest in dry-point, but it is at least a more wholesome subject of conversation than the latest scandalous story out of a Society paper; while the discussion of the Chrysanthemo-Pæonian porcelain of China is at all events as interesting as the details of Lady Blank's costume at the last Drawing Room. But only verse can do justice to her talk. As Mr. Savile Clarke has sung,

“I love an adorable maiden,  
Her years number nearly nineteen,  
A visitant surely from Aidenn,  
So stately she stands and serene.  
She owns a reciprocal passion,  
In fact we have only one heart,  
When suddenly, since it's the fashion,  
She's mad upon art.

“She raves o'er Rossetian lyric,  
A *penchant* for Swinburne she owns;  
She holds every painter empiric,  
Excepting one master—Burne-Jones.  
I scarce understood what the change meant,  
But lo! the result's to be seen:  
She's now an entrancing ‘arrangement’  
In subtle sage green.

“Her talk is of Morris's ‘Lily,’  
And things that are ‘precious’ and ‘sweet;’  
I feel it's consumedly silly,  
But still I bend low at her feet.  
And vainly I try to divine a  
Deep meaning in what gives her joy  
We didn't live up to blue china  
When I was a boy.

“She quotes awful pages of Pater,  
She swears Matthew Arnold is right;  
In my days at old Alma Mater  
We knew neither sweetness nor light.  
She thinks the Renaissance delightful,  
And Raphael quite *comme il faut*;  
In mental condition that's frightful—  
I murmur ‘Just so!’”

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I have received the following from a correspondent :—

Mr. Oscar Wilde has always had an extremely good opinion of himself, and naturally thinks there is only one "Oscar" in the world. At one time he considered himself an authority on æstheticism and dress, at another he posed as a poet, with some success in his own circle, and on the strength of a small volume of more or less musical verse; but now he has awakened to the fact that he is a heaven-born dramatist. Stimulated by the success of "Lady Windermere's Fan," he has determined henceforth to devote himself to play-writing with all the energy his dilettante tendencies will permit, and he is already credited with being at work upon a new comedy.

Mr. Wilde was always an authority upon fans, and the artistic and coquettish uses they could be put to in "lily" hands. But perhaps one of the best stories of his taste on such trifles being considered correct is told by a lady collector of these feminine frivolities. The fair hostess had just received some choice specimens of Japanese manufacture when our only "Oscar" was an expected guest. She had just opened her precious parcel when Mr. Wilde was announced. "Ah, Mr. Wilde!" she remarked, "so glad you've come. I have just received some lovely Japanese fans, and you are here in time to help me arrange them." "Arrange them, my dear Madam," said the languid critic, "pray, don't arrange them at all; let them occur, Madam; let them occur."

Now it occurs to me (the pun is unintentional) that Mr. Wilde might pursue the same plan precisely with his plays. That is to say, why plan them at all? Why not let them "occur?" To some extent this has been the case with "Lady Windermere's Fan"; it "occurs." The slighter the occurrence the less tedious the play, very frequently, and the less necessity to follow a complicated plot. So let them "occur," Oscar; let them occur.

2/4/92

2019-03-18

the 'Spectator' that this book could, in England at least, be a mischievous one. Its *sentiments* can excite in Englishmen only wonder and disgust, and the hope that they are partly paradoxical, partly a reaction against the utilitarian school of criticism. The real danger of M. Gautier's writings is best expressed in the words of one who was no prude—Charles Baudelaire: 'The immoderate taste for beauty leads men to monstrous and unheard-of disorders. In minds absorbed by a frantic passion for the lovely, the grotesque, the beautiful, all notions of truth and justice disappear. The lust for art is a cancer which devours the rest of the moral nature.' And as to paradox, he says, with truth and force, 'what the mouth becomes accustomed to say, the heart learns to believe.' It is in view of such possible results of exclusive study of art that this strange puritan declares he could wish, like Mr. Carlyle's friend, that the 'devil would fly away with the fine arts.'

ANDREW LANG.

## SHELLEY'S HEART.

TO EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY.

'What surprised us all was that the heart remained entire. In snatching this relic from the fiery furnace, my hand was severely burnt.'—Trelawny's 'Recollections of Shelley.'

TRELAWNY'S hand, which held'st the sacred heart,  
 The heart of Shelley, and hast felt the fire  
 Wherein the drossier framework of that lyre  
 Of heaven and earth was molten—but its part  
 Immortal echoes always, and shall dart  
 Pangs of keen love to human souls, and dire  
 Ecstatic sorrow of joy, as higher and higher  
 They mount to know thee, Shelley, what thou art—  
 Trelawny's hand, did then the outward burn  
 As once the inward? O cor cordium,  
 Which *wast* a spirit of love, and now a clot,  
 What other other flame was wont to come  
 Lambent from thee to fainter hearts, and turn—  
 Red like thy death-pyre's heat—their lukewarmth hot!

WM. M. ROSSETTI.



THE INFLUENCE OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT  
ON ART IN COMMON LIFE.

---

IN the forenoon of December 14, 1861, I stood before Windsor Castle, anxious to know the state of the royal patient then so near death; and I stood there with that peculiar strain round the region of the heart which forebodes no good. The December sun had come out in undue splendour and was lighting up the noble Castle, its ivy-covered towers, and the scanty foliage around it. The scene was tempting in the extreme: the very gravel path leading to the Castle seemed to point to hope up there; and yet I experienced that same uneasy feeling, as I looked round and saw the Prince Consort's own harriers breaking out from a side gate. I can scarcely describe the rush of sentiment that overcame me at that moment; the hounds pressed along, and I fancied they looked homeless and masterless, unconscious as they were of this condition. As they passed me I became more apprehensive of evil tidings, and no assurance from the lodge-keeper that his Royal Highness was better would give me comfort. Peaceful the Castle lay enshrined in the December sun—dull and sombre toned the heavy single bell the next morning from St. Paul's Cathedral.

It is now nearly ten years since that December forenoon, and the man who went then to rest has had his share of long and severe mourning in the hearts of those nearest and dearest to him; but in that career of his—cut short by half its length—were elements that have worked their way so unostentatiously yet surely that the very rich fruit they have borne may have hidden the blossom it sprang from, and allowed us to forget endeavours that sowed an abundant seed for good in British soil.

The flattery bestowed upon the memory of a man in high position would be a worthless tribute to one whose real influence we hope, if ever so slightly, to sketch, and if we approach this subject, it is with a desire to foster the germ of every great purpose, wherever we may meet with it.

That climate has to do a great deal with the development of artistic taste in any country is evident to those who search for the true origin of a people's cultivation in natural causes; November fogs, March

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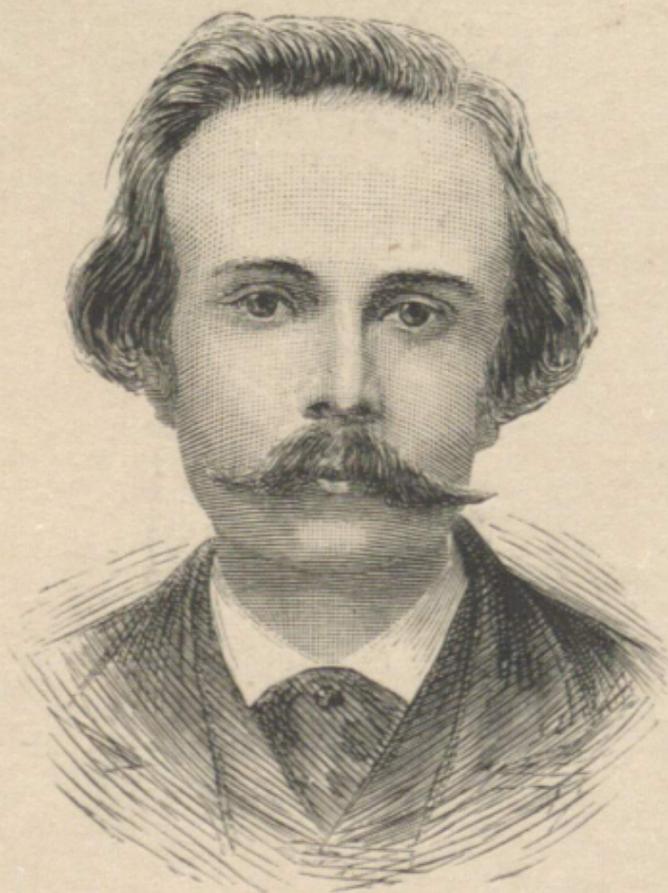
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MR. 2019-03-18 WATS

## ÆSTHETICISM.\*

The motto prefixed by Mr. Hamilton to his work on the "Renaissance of Mediæval Art and Culture" is taken from the mouth of Mr. William Morris, to the following effect:—"Have you not heard how it has gone with many a cause before now? First, few men heed it; next, most men contemn it; lastly, all men accept it, and the cause is won." The cause of the æsthetic revival is not to be included in this category, for though the words of Mr. Morris are in part applicable to the reception accorded by the world to the preaching of the apostles of cult, the third condition has not been fulfilled. First, few men heeded it, then most men contemned it (often without in the least knowing or caring why); but all men have not accepted it, though the burlesques, and parodies, and buffoonery that typified the contemnation have already run their course. The matters at issue have not been sufficiently understood by the generality of persons to have given the subject a fair hearing, and for the present, at least, it would seem that the attempt to produce proper appreciation of the advantages attendant on "the intimate study of the correlation of all arts" has not been brilliantly successful. It might have been reasonably expected that the revivalists of mediæval art would meet with as encouraging a reception as is usually accorded by a large section of the public to any novelty. But there is this difference between æstheticism and the majority of the new-fangled notions that attract public attention, that it can only be properly appreciated by those who are well educated, and who also possess at least an elementary knowledge of the principles of art, and are gifted with some little taste in colour and design, and an ability to comprehend the beauties of poetry and "the underlying principles of truth." The writer has made considerable and important additions to his work, in preparing it for this third edition, and especially the chapter on Dante Rossetti has been rendered more complete. Mr. Hamilton has done much to place the real principles of so-called æstheticism fairly before the educated public, and to explain the ideas of the best known apostles of the creed.

\*The *Æsthetic Movement in England*. By Walter Hamilton. Third edition. London: Reeves and Turner.

Hamilton's Renaissance of Mediæval Art and Culture 26/23

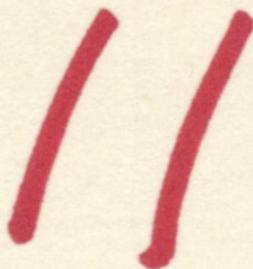
## WEEKLY DISPATCH

## LITERATURE.

THE ÆSTHETIC MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND. By Walter Hamilton. Third Edition. (*Reeves and Turner.*)

The most remarkable thing about this pretentious work is that within a short period it has run to a third edition, and thus, as the author admits, "met with support and approval beyond its merits." Its merits are not conspicuous. Mr. Hamilton has shown a certain sort of industry in picking out of other books and, as he says, collecting from original sources a good deal of desultory information about the pre-Raphaelite painters and the "Fleshy School" of poets, as Mr. Robert Buchanan called Messrs. Swinburne, Rossetti, Morris, and others; about the Grosvenor Gallery and Bedford Park, "Patience" and "The Colonel," and much else, the longest chapter in the volume being a fulsome memoir of Mr. Oscar Wilde. But Mr. Hamilton knows really as little about the meaning and value of "the æsthetic movement" as does *Punch*, whom he abuses for laughing at it, and his work is only a very clumsy and inartistic piece of book-making, which would be quite unreadable but for the personalities in which he indulges and the scandals that he has raked up. No possible good can result from telling over again the story of Mr. Buchanan's offensive attack on Rossetti and his friends, or the details of his action against Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Hamilton's dishing up of unsavoury matters has not the slight merit of being well spiced. "Some of us," he says, in his last sentence but one, "would be better and wiser not to ridicule intellectual aims we do not understand, and not to be continually airing an acquaintance we do not possess with dukes and duchesses." The intelligence exhibited in that remark should have prevented Mr. Hamilton from making ridiculous by his ignorant patronage of it an "æsthetic movement" which he does not professing an acquaintance with poets and artists of whom he evidently knows no more than of dukes and duchesses.

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*The Æsthetic Movement in England.* By WALTER HAMILTON. Reeves and Turner, 196, Strand.

MR. WALTER HAMILTON has just issued his long-promised work on Æstheticism, a subject on which he has collected information over a wide field of research, the result being a complete history of the movement. Those of our readers, therefore, who wish to understand what Æstheticism is, and what are the objects of its votaries, will find the subject amply treated in the pages of this interesting little work, which is published at half-a-crown.

The origin of the movement, he says, may be ascribed to the small circle of artists and poets who styled themselves the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, as far back as 1848. There were seven young Oxford students, namely, Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Thomas Woolner, William Michael Rossetti, G. F. Stevens, and James Collinson, and they started a small magazine, entitled "The Germ," to advocate their peculiar views in art and poetry. After describing the attacks this circle was subjected to, and Mr. Ruskin's able defence of it, comes an outline of Ruskin's influence on art, and Sir Coutts Lindsay's formation of the Grosvenor Gallery, in which nearly all the most celebrated pictures of the Æsthetic School have been exhibited, including the works of E. Burne-Jones, who is by some held to be the head of the School in painting, and the peculiar paintings by J. A. M. Whistler. In connection with the latter artist, an account is given of the remarkable action for libel he brought against Mr. Ruskin.

The chapter devoted to "Æsthetic Culture" is one that will probably excite the greatest interest and curiosity; in it the influence of the new School on art, music, architecture, furniture and dress is distinctly pointed out, and the undoubted good it has achieved, prove that the ridicule which has hitherto been directed against the Æsthetes was both unjust and unreasonable.

In connection with this topic, the author has perhaps gone a little out of his way to be unduly severe on *Punch*.

The poetry of the Æsthetic School is next described, and naturally leads up to an account of Robert Buchanan's attacks upon Dante Gabriel Rossetti and the Fleshly School, with the law-suit that arose out of the curious anonymous poem, "Jonas Fisher." These chapters are full of literary details, which will interest admirers of Swinburne, Morris, Rossetti, and Buchanan, whilst the article on Oscar Wilde contains facts and anecdotes concerning that talented young poet, which will be certainly new to the general public, and extracts from his poems of a stamp likely to astonish some of those who now think it "good form" to sneer at the Æsthetic bard.

The Bedford-park Estate is graphically described; indeed, it is styled "The Home of the Æsthetes," a title to which we venture to take exception, as some people of culture, and some houses in the Queen Anne style are to be found in other parts of town, notably on Haverstock-hill. But the inhabitants of Chiswick will perhaps feel flattered by the distinction conferred upon them, and certainly their neighbourhood merits much of the praises given to it in this book.

The author has throughout treated his topic in a reverent spirit; indeed, he deprecates the frivolity of those who, without understanding its aims or meaning, choose to ridicule Æstheticism, and if he is not himself an Æsthete, he is at any rate an appreciative Philistine.

A wide circle of readers will find information and amusement in this pretty little volume—artists, because of its chapter on the Grosvenor Gallery; theatre-goers, in the explanations of the allusions in "Patience" and "The Colonel;" and lovers of poetry in the notes on Swinburne, Morris, and Rossetti. In connection with the poet and painter last named, who lived in Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, some curious details are given of the sale of his books, &c., which took place last July, thus showing that the information is brought down to the latest date.

*Snatches of Song.* By F. B. DOVETON. Wyman and Sons, Great Queen-street.

WE do not often notice volumes of original poetry; it is rare indeed to meet with any new writing worthy of the name of poetry. We can proudly point to the discovery of a vein of the precious metal, and invite others to share with us the pleasure of prospecting the new mine. It consists of several strata; after a little heavy work through a layer of descriptive and sentimental, we strike upon a thin bed of translations, through which we pass into humorous quartz, which, when crushed, yields a high per-centage of gold per ton of ore. There is only a little copper in this, and the substratum of parody below it, though it yields less gold, is rich in fun and imitative power.

A sample is sent herewith for analysis, taken from the sentimental stratum:—

NEGLECTED.

A joyous smile, and a fond caress,  
For his dogs as they fawn in glee;  
A start at the rustle of some one's dress,  
But never a word for me!

Swift stolen glances between them pass,  
I never was meant to see;  
An ominous blush on her face—alas!  
But never a word for me!

With tortur'd heart and a flaming eye,  
To my chamber lone I flee;  
And they sit 'neath the glowing summer sky,  
But never a word for me!

And still they sit in the sunset's glow,  
Looking out o'er the western sea,  
As the night-winds come, and the night-winds go,  
But never a word for me!

Aug 26. 1882.

REVIEWS.

PHONOGRAPHIC LECTURER. *Phonographic Magazine* for January (new series), edited and published by Mr. F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row, contains some very interesting and instructive matter. It is beautifully printed, the outlines being brought out in the clearest manner, and will be very acceptable to those acquainted with the phonographic art.—*The Phonographic Lecturer*, by Mr. F. Pitman, is written in the reporting style, and will be perused with pleasure by advanced students.

*The Aesthetic Movement in England.* By Walter Hamilton, F.R.G.S., &c. London: Reeves and Turner, 196 Strand.

This short but graphic and most interesting sketch of what is commonly known as the "Aesthetic Movement," has already reached a third edition, and a brief account of its contents will doubtless be acceptable to our readers, seeing that it was in this University that nearly all its most prominent originators and supporters began their career of letters. It was in 1848, Mr. Hamilton tells us, when was inaugurated the society calling itself the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, whose object was to revolutionise the arts of poetry, painting, and sculpture, as then practised in England, to accept nature alone as their future guide, and to condemn all art except the earliest art of Italy. Not only painters but poets joined this enthusiastic band, and to make public their design of uniting art and letters in one harmonious whole, a magazine was started called *The Germ*, of which Mr. W. M. Rossetti was the editor. Thus brought into prominence, the members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood became the subjects of a shower of abuse poured upon them by art critics, and considerable misrepresentation was the consequence, until Mr. Ruskin's powerful pen came to the rescue, who from the first had discerned how much there was of the beautiful and true in the new style inaugurated by the Society. John Ruskin, with all his eccentricities, is a genius, and without doubt some of the success of these daring revolutionists is due to his writings, though when one of their members, Mr. Whistler, outraged the canons of what Mr. Ruskin considered true art, he did not hesitate to attack him. Mr. Hamilton gives a most interesting account of the position which *Punch* has taken up from the beginning against the much-maligned school, characterises it as unjust, mean, and cowardly, and quotes the words of Disraeli, who said that the paper was getting "malevolent without being playful." But that part of the book which will have most interest for Oxford readers is the very admirable account of Mr. Oscar Wilde, whose University career will be well remembered in Oxford, where he attended Mr. Ruskin's lectures and assisted him in the road-making scheme at the village of Hincksey, besides distinguishing himself in the Examination Schools and gaining the Newdigate Prize for his poem on *Ravenna*, which he recited in the Sheldonian Theatre at the Commemoration in 1878. Mr. Hamilton gives a fair and unbiassed description of the merits and demerits of the æsthetes, and those who have read his book must confess that though there is much to condemn yet that great benefits have been bestowed on artistic culture by the enthusiasm of these much-ridiculed men. We append an extract relating to Mr. Wilde's college life:—

"Mr. Wilde occupied some fine old wainscoted rooms over the river in that college which is thought by many to be the most beautiful in Oxford. These rooms he had decorated with painted ceilings and handsome dados, and they were filled with treasures of art, picked up at home and abroad, and here he held social meetings, which were attended by numbers of the men who were interested in art, or music, or poetry, and who for the most part practised some one of these in addition to the ordinary collegiate studies. One who was then acquainted with Mr. O. Wilde has thus described his life at Oxford:—"He soon began to show his taste for art and china, and before he had been at Oxford very long his rooms were quite the show ones of the college, and of the university too. He was fortunate enough to obtain the best situated rooms in the college, on what is called the kitchen staircase, having a lovely view over the river

Cherwell and the beautiful Magdalen Walks and Magdalen Bridge. His rooms were three in number, and the walls entirely panelled. The two sitting rooms were connected by an arch, where folding doors had at one time stood. His blue china was supposed by connoisseurs to be very valuable and fine, and there was plenty of it. The panelled walls were thickly hung with old engravings—chiefly engravings of the fair sex artistically clad as nature clad them. He was hospitable, and on Sunday nights after 'Common Room,' his rooms were generally the scene of conviviality, where undergraduates of all descriptions and tastes were to be met, drinking punch, or a B. and S. with their cigars. It was at one of these entertainments that he made his well-known remark, 'Oh, would that I could live up to my blue china!' His chief amusement was riding, though he never used to hunt. He was generally to be met on the cricket field, but never played himself, and he was a regular attendant at his college barge to see the May eight-oar races, but he never used to trust his massive form to a boat himself."

Oxford Chronicle. 20 May 1883.

## TOOLE'S THEATRE.

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It is not easy to trace the origin of *The Serious Family*, which was revived at Toole's Theatre on Saturday night. The piece is directly derived from M. Bayard's *Le Mari à la Campagne*; but this appears in turn to have been borrowed from Murphy's *The Way to Keep Him*, which, again, had a French original. That the same motive should have been employed so often proves that it is a good one, and so it is; for it must not be forgotten that Mr. Burnand's *The Colonel*, which had so long a run at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, is strictly founded on the lines of what is best known as *The Serious Family*. Mr. Morris Barrett's adaptation was the source of much amusement on Saturday evening. Of course, Mr. Toole is the Aminadab Sleek, the puritanical hypocrite who helps Lady Sowerby-Creamby to make the life of her son-in-law, Charles Torrens, a burden to him, a burden which is removed by the interposition of his genial friend Captain Maguire. Mr. Toole brings out the humours of the plot in a quiet and unexaggerated manner which is specially effective, never seeking to give Sleek undue prominence. Mr. Billington is the dashing Maguire, whose heartiness and unfailing good nature carry all before them; and Mr. E. D. Ward is the Torrens, who recovers his freedom after a struggle in which he would have failed but for the support of his friend. A very welcome feature in the performance was the charming representation of Mrs. Ormesby Delmaine by Miss Marie Linden. This young lady has won reputation for her singularly telling caricatures of popular actresses, but has had very little experience in comedy. She possesses, however, all the qualifications for success. Some of Mrs. Delmaine's speeches are formal in construction and didactic in sentiment, but Miss Linden spoke them in so natural a manner that their weakness was hidden. Miss Emily Thorne played very effectively as the tyrannical Lady Sowerby-Creamby, who aids Sleek in making her son-in-law's house thoroughly uncomfortable, and other characters are filled by Misses, F. Harrington, Blanche Welseley, and Mr. Lowne. The comedy is followed by what is described as "the most successful farce of the time," *Ici on Parle Français*, and as Mr. Toole is said to have repeated his original part of Spriggins 4000 times the description seems justified. Mr. Billington, Mr. Westland, Miss Eliza Johnstone, and Miss Emily Thorne resume parts which they have probably played hundreds of times, if their total does not equal that of their manager.

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THE LATE DANTE ROSSETTI'S HOUSE IN CHELSEA. Jissen Women's University Library  
 and Co., of the King's-road, have let on lease the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti's house, No. 16, Cheyne-walk, to the popular preacher of St. James's, Marylebone, the Rev. Hugh R. Haweis, who intends to occupy it himself and is having the house put in thorough repair, without in any way disturbing its unique old-fashionedness. The house is believed by some to have formed part of Sir Thos. More's palace, but there seems to be no documentary or reliable proof of this. The house will, however, always be remembered as being the residence of the late Dante Rossetti, and certainly is one of the oldest houses in Cheyne-walk.

13/10/83.

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17th 1873.

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The following are some of the highest prices fetched at the sale of the collection of M. Théophile Gautier, which took place at the Hotel Drouot, as previously announced, on January 14th and 15th :—P. Baudry, "Diane au repos," 6000 frs. ; L. Bonnat, "Pasqua Maria," 3700 frs. ; Eug. Delacroix, "Lady Macbeth," 7000 frs. ; Delacroix and Poterlet, "Combat du Giaour," 3350 frs. ; W. Diaz, "View in the East," 4000 frs. ; Gérôme, "Panther," 8100 frs. ; Ingres, "The Three Great Tragic Poets" (Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides), 3600 frs. ; Th. Rousseau, "Forest Scene by Moonlight," 3000 frs. Amongst the drawings, the largest sum was given for Decamps' "Dance of Albanians," 2220 frs.—The Sedelmeyer sale attracted great attention at Vienna at the close of December. A Rembrandt, "Portrait of a Young Woman," went for 8290 fl. ; Ostade's "Bauernunterhaltung," 8500 fl. ; Teniers' "Flemish Interior" went to 15,000 fl. ; and Ruysdael's "Oakwood" to 18,500 fl. Amongst the modern pictures, "An Artist's Atelier," by Stevens, went for 8500 fl., and Knaus' "Mutterglück" for 15,010 fl.

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If ever you are this way I shall be  
glad to see you in <sup>London</sup> ~~London~~ <sup>generally</sup> in <sup>London</sup> ~~London~~  
38 York Terrace <sup>WILKINS CLUB.</sup> I go to the  
York Gate. <sup>KING STREET,</sup> <sup>east in a</sup>  
<sup>Went</sup> <sup>ST. JAMES'S S.W.</sup>

Dear Mr Hamilton,

Many thanks for your  
kind letter: I quite under-  
stood the matter & am sorry  
that Lady Wilde said any-  
thing - or rather, I should be  
had she not, thus, Proceed

has in kind note. I take  
a leaf from the book &  
with knowledge conveyed with  
the accompanying series  
(proof & incomplete) of my 1st  
endeavour yours very truly  
J. W. Gilbarth

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Mem: from

GEORGE W. PLANT,  
EDITOR.

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SOCIETY,"



A HIGH-CLASS JOURNAL OF FACT, FICTION, AND FASHION.

OFFICE: 108 FLEET STREET,  
E.C.

3 Feb. 1883.

Messrs Reeves & Turner,

With Compliments.

"THE Æsthetic Movement in England," by Walter Hamilton (London: Reeves and Turner) has passed into a third edition. I am not surprised at the popularity of this plucky little book, which champions the much-maligned æsthetes boldly, but within the limits of common-sense. Brightly and trenchantly written, Mr. Hamilton's defence of what he would prefer to call the "Renaissance of Mediæval Art and Culture" is well worth reading, and it must be admitted that there is a substantial foundation in fact for his assertion that the æsthetic movement has done, and is doing, good work in fostering a love of the beautiful, and disseminating the principles of art and culture far more widely than had hitherto been attempted.

From Society. 3 Feb. 1883.

Society Feb 3<sup>rd</sup> 1883

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### In the Library.

IT is something nowadays, when three-volume novels are produced as a rule with as strong a family likeness to each other as the houses in a row of suburban villas, to meet with one which displays strong individuality of thought and style. Such a novel is *The Story of an African Farm* (London: Chapman and Hall, Limited), by Ralph Iron. Thoroughly unconventional in subject, style, and tone, these two volumes possess exceptional interest. To many readers there will probably seem an excess of boldness in some of the passages in which Waldo and Lyndall—the hero and heroine—speculate upon theological and social problems, and some of the pseudo-religious scenes, in which Bonaparte Blenkins, a kind of emigrant Alfred Jingle, figures, are daring in the manner in which they describe the blasphemous hypocrisy of the man. But there are many passages of eloquent descriptive writing, many touches of quaint humour, and some forcible character-drawing (the sketch of Otto, an old German herdsman, of childlike simplicity, being a beautiful and touching piece of portraiture) which render the book peculiarly interesting. Who “Ralph Iron” may be I know not; but he has certainly produced a novel which is quite unique, and likely, I think, to be widely read. The title is badly chosen, and altogether inadequate to the scope of the work.

I HAVE received two very interesting volumes of the *Knowledge Library* (London: Wyman and Sons), which are compilations of essays reprinted from *Knowledge*, and issuing chiefly from the experienced and fascinating pen of Mr. R. A. Proctor. These volumes comprise some forty or fifty essays of a most readable and valuable kind; *Nature Studies*, embracing capital papers by Messrs. Proctor, Grant Allen, Andrew Wilson, Thomas Foster, and Edward Clodd, the subjects dealt with ranging over all sorts of interesting fields, from “Brain Troubles” to “Strange Sea Monsters.” Seldom have I met with so much valuable and substantial information imparted in so pleasant a form. The other volume, *Leisure Readings*, is equally captivating and comprehensive, a particularly interesting feature in it being a series of popular papers on “Astronomy,” by Mr. Proctor. Mr. A. C. Ranyard, as well as most of the

contributors to *Nature Studies*, also have articles in this volume. Messrs. Wyman also send *The Stars in their Seasons*, an easy guide to the knowledge of the stars, by Mr. R. A. Proctor. This is a series of admirably clear maps of the heavens, showing plainly the stars which are visible at each time of the night during each month. I can recommend the book strongly to all interested in astronomy, and particularly to young students, to whom it will be of the greatest service.

AN uncharitable critic might be disposed to find fault with *The Knight of Castile* and other poems (London: Ward, Lock, and Co.) because there happens to be, unfortunately, a cockney rhyme on the very first page, but, undeterred by an unpromising opening, I went further, and fared—better. I found that Mr. Austin E. Smith's little volume had some poetry in it, and that some of the minor efforts were a good deal better than the more pretentious “Knight of Castile.” There is evidently hope for Mr. Smith, despite his rhyme of “dawn” and “shorn.”

“THE Æsthetic Movement in England,” by Walter Hamilton (London: Reeves and Turner) has passed into a third edition. I am not surprised at the popularity of this plucky little book, which champions the much-maligned æsthetes boldly, but within the limits of common-sense. Brightly and trenchantly written, Mr. Hamilton's defence of what he would prefer to call the “Renaissance of Mediæval Art and Culture” is well worth reading, and it must be admitted that there is a substantial foundation in fact for his assertion that the æsthetic movement has done, and is doing, good work in fostering a love of the beautiful, and disseminating the principles of art and culture far more widely than had hitherto been attempted.

THE increasing popularity of cycling fully warrants the publication of that very nicely got-up little volume for autographs, compiled by Mr. C. Alan Palmer (London: Alfred Palmer and Sons), and called *My Cycling Friends*. The pages for receiving autographs are tastefully arranged, and facing each are three pretty little engravings of cyclists on the road, coupled with well-chosen quotations.

I AM pleased to see the issue of a sort of *édition de luxe* of “Platt's Essays” (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.) in

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**T**HE ÆSTHETIC MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND contains accounts of the Pre-Raphaelites, Rose, "The Colonel" and the Æsthetic Poets.—Post free 2/6 from Walter Hamilton, 64, Bromfelde-road, Clapham. 577

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**M**AHOGANY Top Counter, 10ft. by 2ft. 2in., in good condition, to be sold cheap.—B. Crook, 1, Victoria-terrace, Acre-lane. 572

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**T.** HARRIS, Chimney Sweeper, 2, Barnwell road, Brixton; carpets beaten, smokey chimneys cured. Orders by post thankfully received and punctually attended to. 547

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**L**ADIES' and Gentlemen's wardrobes purchased by Mrs. Harris, 2, Barnwell-rd., Brixton. Orders by post receive prompt attention; houses cleared of old lumber. 548

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**C**HILDREN'S Dresses, infants' cloaks, robes, pelisse and frocks made to order by Mrs. Jacobs, 121, Ferndale-road, Clapham. 523

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Oxford  
Times  
Feb  
17  
1883

unwholesome and highly spiced literature.

THE ÆSTHETIC MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND. By Walter Hamilton. London: REEVES and TURNER, 196, Strand.— A third edition of this extensive little work makes its appearance at a time when the death of one of the first promoters of art culture in England has added to the interest felt in every thing connected with its first development. To many readers the two first chapters on "The Pre-Raphaelites," and "The Germ," will have a special attraction; while the third on Ruskin will find many adherents in Oxford. Notes on the "Grosvenor Gallery" and its aim, short sketches of the "Poets of the Æsthetic School," and a slap at *Punch* for the constant attacks on the Æsthetes, which have found place in that journal, may all be noted with interest. The chapter devoted to "Mr Oscar Wilde," will perhaps attract as much notice as any, more particularly here. Probably it is already forgotten by many that he won the Newdigate in 1878, the subject of the poem being "Ravenna," followed by a first-class in *Literis Humanioribus*. He was also a constant attendant at Ruskin's lectures, and formed one of the athletic band who assisted in the road-making at New Hinksey, under the stimulus of the Slade Professor's teaching and example. Examples of his verses are culled from a published volume of poems, and show undoubted genius, and his experiences on the other side of the Atlantic are briefly chronicled. The description of the "Bedford Park Estate," or as it has been appropriately termed "The Home of the Æsthetes," with which the volume concludes, shows how a scheme once laughed at as Utopian, has been carried to a successful issue. Now houses of the most artistic type, produced at a moderate rent, are let as soon as built, or indeed sooner, for the demand is far ahead of the supply, and seems to point to a new departure among the building operations of the day. The book should be widely circulated by supporters of the artistic movement, as it is well calculated to remove the ridicule which some of its injudicious supporters have aroused by their extravagances.

THE CHURCHMEN'S SHILLING MAGAZINE.—The last number of this periodical lies on our table, and a notice within the cover tells us that the proprietors have long produced it at a pecuniary loss, hoping that their endeavour to produce wholesome literature would receive the support of Churchmen. This has not been the case; probably the magazine market is overstocked; therefore, they have decided to discontinue it. The series of papers on "Flowerless Plants," by N. D'Anvers, which has been one of the noteworthy features of the periodical, terminates with a full description of the *Lycopodium*, *Selaginæ*, and *Isoëtæ*; a short biography of the celebrated French surgeon "Dr. Dupuytren." "Outside Florence," "Epics of Antiquity," etc., are all readable.

This book, which professes to give a history of the origin and progress of what is popularly known as the æsthetic movement in England, has, we notice, passed into a third edition—an evidence that it has excited considerable curiosity at least. It is, indeed, impossible to glance through its pages without a certain feeling of amused interest at the enthusiasm and zeal with which the author defends, through thick and thin, the doings of the "Æsthetes," and the devotion with which he worships the heroes of the new school, of which, perhaps, John Ruskin may be said to be the first exponent, although he did not himself belong to the original leaders, and Oscar Wilde the latest illustrator. If Mr. Hamilton desired wisely to serve the cause he loves, he would have been less "utter"—to borrow an æsthetic phrase—in his adulation of the apostles of the new faith in Art, and more moderate and reasonable, at once in his vindication of their principles and his denunciation of those to which they were opposed.

Of the origin of the Pre-Raphaelite movement the author gives the following account:—

In the year 1848 there were studying together in the Art School of the Royal Academy, four very young men, namely, Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and Thomas Woolner, the first three being painters, and the last a sculptor. Associated with these artists, were two young literary men, William Michael Rossetti, and G. F. Stephens, both art critics, and the late Mr. James Collinson. This small band of seven constituted the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. Endowed with great originality of genius, combined with remarkable industry, they formed amongst themselves the daring project of introducing a revolution into the arts of poetry, painting, and sculpture, as then practised in England.

These youths were enthusiastic in their admiration of early Italian art and the mediæval Pre-Raphaelite painters, and they christened themselves the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. In the early period of the movement they even signed their works with the initials "P.R.B."

These young men, who in that celebrated year (1848) of political revolutions in Europe thus openly avowed themselves in England as Revolutionists in Art, naturally drew down upon themselves the severe notice of the critics and artists, against whom they set themselves in defiant antagonism, and this brought to their defence Mr. Ruskin, who published a pamphlet in their behalf, in which he avowed that these young men but carried out the advice which he had given to young artists eight years before, thus claiming credit for the origination of the movement.

The author devotes a chapter to a short-lived magazine called *The Germ*, of which there were only four monthly parts published. The failure of this little venture in literature of the ambitious art reformers was ominous of the early dissolution of the Brotherhood, and we wonder that Mr. Hamilton thinks it wise to concentrate attention in circumstances.

Mr. Hamilton also gives a chapter to the Grosvenor Gallery, which, he states, first gave "strength and solidity" to the movement, and as Sir Coutts Lindsey only established this a few years ago, it is plain, even on the showing of this enthusiastic advocate of Pre-Raphaelitism, that the movement is as yet of very brief duration. To those who are desirous of understanding the principles and objects of *Æsthetic Art*, we commend the perusal of this curious section of the book, one extract from which we are tempted to make—it is as follows:—

But it is in the portrayal of female beauty that *Æsthetic art* is most peculiar, both in conception as to what constitutes female loveliness, and in the treatment of it.

The type most usually found is that of a pale distraught lady with matted dark auburn hair falling in masses over her brow, and shading eyes full of love-lorn languor, or feverish despair; emaciated cheeks and somewhat heavy jaws; protruding upper lip, the lower lip being indrawn, long crane neck, flat breasts, and long thin nervous hands.

Can we wonder that artists who have selected such an ideal of female loveliness as this should bring on themselves the derision of the "Philistines," one of whom the author tells us thus describes:—

A FEMALE ÆSTHETE.

Maiden of the fallow brow,  
Listen whilst my love I vow!  
By thy kisses which consume;  
By thy spikenard-like perfume;  
By thy hollow, parboiled eyes;  
By thy heart-devouring sighs;  
By thy sodden, pasty cheek;  
By thy poses, from the Greek;  
By thy tongue, like asp which stings;  
By thy zither's twangy strings;  
By thy dress of stewed-sage green;  
By thy idiotic mien;—  
By these signs, O Æsthete mine,  
Thou shalt be my Valentine!

Other chapters are devoted to "Æsthetic culture." The *Æsthetic poets* (in which several interesting personal particulars will be found, especially respecting Dante Gabriel Rossetti), and a whole chapter, of thirty pages, is devoted to that Irish Æsthete Mr. Oscar Wilde, which we commend to the attention of any of our readers who desire a quarter of an hour's innocent amusement. No less than thirteen pages are employed in denouncing *Punch*, in a manner which we must say sins as grossly against good taste as it does against truth and justice.

We cannot commend the work as a literary performance—either for its skill in arrangement or the judgment or taste it displays in its advocacy of the cause it defends, but it is nevertheless readable and amusing and a good deal of information may, no doubt, be derived from it, regarding the "Æsthetic movement" and leading promoters of it. We do not care to dwell upon the political bias it manifests, which is decidedly Republican, which indeed would be  
2019-03-18 with the revolutionary character of  
Æstheticism.

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2/10/82

*The Æsthetic Movement in England.* By WALTER HAMILTON. Reeves and Turner, 196, Strand.

MR. WALTER HAMILTON has just issued his long-promised work on Æstheticism, a subject on which he has collected information over a wide field of research, the result being a complete history of the movement. Those of our readers, therefore, who wish to understand what Æstheticism is, and what are the objects of its votaries, will find the subject amply treated in the pages of this interesting little work, which is published at half-a-crown.

The origin of the movement, he says, may be ascribed to the small circle of artists and poets who styled themselves the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, as far back as 1848. There were seven young Oxford students, namely, Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Thomas Woolner, William Michael Rossetti, G. F. Stevens, and James Collinson, and they started a small magazine, entitled "The Germ," to advocate their peculiar views in art and poetry. After describing the attacks this circle was subjected to, and Mr. Ruskin's able defence of it, comes an outline of Ruskin's influence on art, and Sir Coutts Lindsay's formation of the Grosvenor Gallery, in which nearly all the most celebrated pictures of the Æsthetic School have been exhibited, including the works of E. Burne-Jones, who is by some held to be the head of the School in painting, and the peculiar paintings by J. A. M. Whistler. In connection with the latter artist, an account is given of the remarkable action for libel he brought against Mr. Ruskin.

The chapter devoted to "Æsthetic Culture" is one that will probably excite the greatest interest and curiosity; in it the influence of the new School on art, music, architecture, furniture and dress is distinctly pointed out, and the undoubted good it has achieved, prove that the ridicule which has hitherto been directed against the Æsthetes was both unjust and unreasonable.

In connection with this topic, the author has perhaps gone a little out of his way to be unduly severe on *Punch*.

The poetry of the Æsthetic School is next described, and naturally leads up to an account of Robert Buchanan's attacks upon Dante Gabriel Rossetti and the Fleshly School, with the law-suit that arose out of the curious anonymous poem, "Jonas Fisher." These chapters are full of literary details, which will interest admirers of Swinburne, Morris, Rossetti, and Buchanan, whilst the article on Oscar Wilde contains facts and anecdotes concerning that talented young poet, which will be certainly new to the general public, and extracts from his poems of a stamp likely to astonish some of those who now think it "good form" to sneer at the Æsthetic bard.

The Bedford-park Estate is graphically described; indeed, it is styled "The Home of the Æsthetes," a title to which we venture to take exception, as some people of culture, and some houses in the Queen Anne style are to be found in other parts of town, notably on Haverstock-hill. But the inhabitants of Chiswick will perhaps feel flattered by the distinction conferred upon them, and certainly their neighbourhood merits much of the praises given to it in this book.

The author has throughout treated his topic in a reverent spirit; indeed, he deprecates the frivolity of those who, without understanding its aims or meaning, choose to ridicule Æstheticism, and if he is not himself an Æsthete, he is at any rate an appreciative Philistine.

A wide circle of readers will find information and amusement in this pretty little volume—artists, because of its chapter on the Grosvenor Gallery; theatre-goers, in the explanations of the allusions in "Patience" and "The Colonel;" and lovers of poetry in the notes on Swinburne, Morris, and Rossetti. In connection with the poet and painter last named, who lived in Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, some curious details are given of the 2019-03-18 books &c., which took place last July, thus showing that the information is brought down to the latest date.

Sept<sup>r</sup>, 1887

MEMORANDUM.

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Gibson Reeves & Turner

With Compliments

"The Æsthetic Movement in England" (Reeves and Turner), is an unsuccessful attempt to record the facts attending the birth and growth of pre-Raphaelitism (so called) by Walter Hamilton, who is so far wanting in the sense of humour as to say very bitter and silly things about the satirists of his pet school. Mr. Hamilton is clearly a slave of the great Code of Sunflowers, and Mr. Du Maurier's lively sallies in *Punch* are very prickly thorns to him indeed. The book contains a good deal that is common-place, and in bad taste. It gathers up what is generally known of the movement from the dream period of the *Germ* to these latter days of fulfilment and—Mr. Oscar Wilde. But of fresh matter there is none, and its quotations are many and long. He who would treat the pre-Raphaelite movement as it deserves should be endowed with fine discrimination, sympathy, taste, and knowledge. Sympathy of a prejudiced sort Mr. Hamilton has, perhaps, but his discrimination and taste apparently do not yet exist, whilst his knowledge is of that kind which may be gathered by means of a hurried perusal of the morning papers. His book may find readers, but as literature it has no claims to consideration.

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like their novels to end happily.

From Reeves and Turner—"The Æsthetic Movement in England." By Walter Hamilton. The majority of people only know æstheticism by the satire and ridicule heaped upon it in comic papers, and through the medium of the stage. Some authorities have ventured to affirm that as a movement it enjoyed nothing more than an imaginary existence; but Mr. Hamilton, in putting forth a defence, attempts something in the shape of a history. He links the pre-Raphaelites and æsthetes together, and sets up Mr. Oscar Wilde as a "genius" to be admired, if not worshipped. It is said quite seriously, if Mr. Wilde "can succeed in banishing tall hats, black frock coats, stand-up collars, and loose trousers, the world will owe him a vast debt of gratitude." Reformers, of course, are always laughed at when they first appear; but, despite Mr. Hamilton's earnest advocacy, we have no profound belief in the young poet who wishes us to change our clothes, and "live up to blue china."

From F. V. White and Co.—"Life and Adventures and Political Opinions of Colonel Fred. Burnaby." By R. K. Mann. A poor compilation, lacking both judgment and good taste.

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this impromptu display of the skill as an actress of the fascinating opera singer,

Mr. Walter Hamilton, the author of the new book on the Modern *Æsthetic*, writes me courteously correcting my statement as to his championing the school of sunflower Oscar. The whole aim of his book on "The *Æsthetic Movement*" is, he says, to point out in what *real* æstheticism (as shown in the works of Morris, Rossetti, Woomert, and Swinburne) differed from the *sham* article as shown in *Punch* and *The Colonel*, and he naturally enough thinks it odd that he should be styled the apologist of the very extravagances he has been trying to expose. And then he adds, "I have simply told the tale of the life and works of Oscar Wilde; he has no need of championship." I have much pleasure in giving Mr. Hamilton the opportunity of setting himself right according to his own idea, but I cannot depart from my opinion that his book champions Oscar.

Everyone must read with pleasure the sentence that was passed on Thursday on John

Land & Water.

21 October 1882.

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*Snatches of Song.* By F. B. DOVETON. Wyman and Sons, Great Queen-street.

WE do not often notice volumes of original poetry; it is rare indeed to meet with any new writing worthy of the name of poetry. We can proudly point to the discovery of a vein of the precious metal, and invite others to share with us the pleasure of prospecting the new mine. It consists of several strata; after a little heavy work through a layer of descriptive and sentimental, we strike upon a thin bed of translations, through which we pass into humorous quartz, which, when crushed, yields a high percentage of gold per ton of ore. There is only a little copper in this, and the substratum of parody below it, though it yields less gold, is rich in fun and imitative power.

A sample is sent herewith for analysis, taken from the sentimental stratum:—

NEGLECTED.

A joyous smile, and a fond caress,  
For his dogs as they fawn in glee;  
A start at the rustle of some one's dress,  
But never a word for me!

Swift stolen glances between them pass,  
I never was meant to see;  
An ominous blush on her face—alas!  
But never a word for me!

With tortur'd heart and a flaming eye,  
To my chamber lone I flee;  
And they sit 'neath the glowing summer sky,  
But never a word for me!

And still they sit in the sunset's glow,  
Looking out o'er the western sea,  
As the night-winds come, and the night-winds go,  
But never a word for me!

Aug. 26. 1882

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General Manager & Secretary.

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AND

CHELSEA AND PIMLICO CHRONICLE.

SATURDAY, AUG. 26TH, 1882

THE early closing movement seems to be making satisfactory progress in Chelsea, Pimlico, and Fulham. The question is one, however, that less concerns the public than the tradesmen themselves. In common with every one else we are only too glad to support whatever may tend to shorten the hours of labour of shop assistants. It would be hard to find a class of people who have fewer opportunities for rational enjoyment or mental improvement than the assistants in retail houses of business. To stand behind a counter from seven or eight o'clock in the morning till nine at night waiting upon customers, or else actively engaged in attending to the multifarious details of business, fatigues both body and mind to a degree that unfits them for the enjoyment of any kind of relaxation. From the shop to the bed-room, and from the bed-room to the shop constitutes the only change in the daily routine of the life of thousands of young persons employed in houses of business. There is no doubt, that public feeling is in favour of early closing becoming a general custom with shopkeepers, wherever practicable. It must be admitted, however, that the whole drift of modern social life in the direction of late hours makes early closing in many branches of trade almost an impossibility. But in the vast majority of instances, tradesmen might close their shops not later than eight o'clock without either suffering loss themselves or inflicting unnecessary inconvenience on the public. But the whole matter rests almost entirely in the hands of the tradesmen themselves. If in a given kind of business thirty-nine shops out of forty are closed at a particular hour, it does not seem feasible that the fortieth shop will gain much by keeping open an hour or more later. Neither would the others lose to any appreciable extent. It is at any rate quite certain that those tradesmen who are desirous of reaping the advantages of early closing must be prepared, if the need should arise, to make some small pecuniary sacrifice in the furtherance of their desires.

As regards the entire closing on one evening a week, it would seem to be a matter that must depend upon the individual judgment of the proprietor of a business. It stands on a different basis from that of the movement for closing regularly at an earlier hour in the evening. For the latter may be pressed as a question of fairness and concern for the well-being of a class over-burdened with long hours of work. If the shopkeepers can agree among

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think this *à propos des bottes*; nevertheless, Saul also is among the prophets. Mr. Nasmyth, whose name is associated inseparably with his great invention, the steam hammer, is a distinguished astronomer, and might have been, like his father and brother, a distinguished artist, too, if he had given his natural taste and talent for painting fair play. As for the steam hammer, it was conceived, designed, drawn, and perfected on paper in half-an-hour, and was so little thought of by the inventor, his partner, or by English ironmasters generally, that it was for two years in use in France before any manufacturer in this country adopted it. But if Mr. Nasmyth himself undervalued it, it was because he undervalues all his inventions and their inventor. A more modest autobiography I have seldom read, or one more interesting.

Modest and interesting are not the precise adjectives you would apply to the autobiography of another distinguished Scotchman, Sir Archibald Alison (?). You have probably read it, as who has not? Never was there such an exhibition of self-complacency *in excelsis*. But its publication is opportune, for there is hardly an opinion expressed in it by the author (including that of his own greatness) which time has not confuted. "The great end I set before myself was to oppose the erroneous opinions which, since the French Revolution, and in consequence of it, had, as I conceived, overspread the world, in political, economical, and social concerns." Mrs. Partington will keep out the Atlantic with her broom! But the Atlantic has you'll find

(1) "The Great Pyramid." By Richard A. Proctor. 6s. (London: Chatto & Windus.)

(2) "Leisure Readings." Edited by Richard A. Proctor. 6s. (London: Wyman & Sons.)

(3) "Nature Studies." Edited by Richard A. Proctor. 6s. (London: Wyman & Sons.)

(4) "Flowers of the Sky." By Richard A. Proctor. 4s. 6d. (London: Chatto & Windus.)

(5) "The Stars in their Seasons." By Richard A. Proctor. 5s. (London: Wyman & Sons.)

(6) "James Nasmyth," an Autobiography. Edited by Samuel Smiles, LL.D. 16s. (London: John Murray.)

(7) "Some Account of My Life and Writings." By the late Sir Archibald Alison, Bart. Edited by his daughter-in-law, Lady Alison. 2 vols. 36s. (Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Son.)

(8) "Oliver Cromwell." By J. Allanson Picton. 7s. 6d. (London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.)

(9) "James Burn, the Beggar Boy." An Autobiography. 7s. 6d. (London: Hodder & Stoughton.)

(10) "John Duncan, Weaver and Botanist." By William Jolly, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. 9s. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

(11) "Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti." By T. Hall Caine. 7s. 6d. (London: Elliot Stock.)

(12) "The Aesthetic Movement in England." By Walter Hamilton. 2s. 6d. (London: Reeves & Turner.)

(13) "Pearls of the Faith; or, Islam's Rosary." By Edwin Arnold, M.A., C.S.I. 7s. 6d. (London: Trübner & Co.)

(14) "A History of English Literature." By Professor Dr. J. Scherr. Translated from the German by M. V. 8s. 6d. (London: Sampson Low & Co.)

(15) "The German Emperor." By Beatty Kingstone. 1s. (London: Routledge & Sons.)

(16) "Fables." By Mr. John Gay; with a Memoir by Austin Dobson. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

lives of the poorest of the poor. James Burn, unlike Dick, Edward, Duncan, Arkwright, or Stephenson, is a poor man and nothing more; and the part of his book which is most interesting—the first part—is interesting only in disclosing to you the desperate shifts, struggles and sufferings of a tramp. At the same time it is impossible to read the book without the kindest feelings towards the author, whose temper remained unsoured and spirit unbroken by "sorrows in battalions."

John Duncan had almost as good a claim to be the subject of a biography as Thomas Edward; and his life, though not so well written, is almost as interesting. Beyond question, it was quite time that a botanist appeared in his part of the country, for he thus begins a local lecture on the subject. "Some people think that botany is a beast. But botany is no beast. Botany is the science that treats of plants." I hope that this atrocious calumny has now at least been silenced for ever in that region.

Have you dipped into the Rossetti literature which has sprung and spread like mushrooms since his death? Certainly Mr. Hall Caine's "Recollections" (11), considering the hurry in which it must have been produced (within a month or two of the death of its subject) is a wonderful *tour de force*. But what necessity is there to dedicate a book, like a tombstone, to an author's memory within a few weeks of his interment? Mr. Hall Caine seems to have been to Rossetti what Forster was to Dickens—guide, philosopher, and friend; but I hardly think it was worth chronicling that the closing lines of the poet's sonnet to Coleridge—

Five years from seventy saved! Yet kindling skies  
Own them a beacon to our centuries,

was amended on Mr. Caine's suggestion to "six years from sixty saved." It reminds me of a delightful paper of Addison's in *The Tatler*, in which he describes Ned Softly as a whole hour making up his mind as to whether, in the couplet—

I fancy when your song you sing,  
(Your song you sing with so much art)

he should change "Your song you sing" into "You sing your song."

Mr. Rossetti's name is unfortunately associated for the moment in my mind with a book it is invoked to dignify—"The Aesthetic Movement in England" (12). This history of what I may call lay ritualism is as mere and mechanical a piece of book-making as I've come across for a long time, and yet it has reached a third edition! It is dedicated chiefly to the worship of Mr. Oscar Wilde, of whom it gives a biography, supplemented by anecdotes of this kind from the other side of the Atlantic:—"I believe you discovered Mrs. Langtry?" A look of rapture came to Oscar's face, and with a gesture, the first of the interview, he said: 'I would rather have discovered Mrs. Langtry than have discovered America.'

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It appears that Oscar Wilde is farmed out by one of the American lecturing bureaus. The circular sent out by the London agent of the firm to mechanics' institutes and kindred associations in the country puts rather a high value on the apostle of pseudo-æstheticism. It runs:—"I can give you a lecture by Mr. Oscar Wilde on Thursday, November 15th, for a fee of £10 10s. Judging by the number of applications received for Mr. Wilde, and by the anxiety of associations to secure his lectures, I should suppose *that no man in the field* would be likely to draw larger audiences, and I am quite sure he would deliver a more interesting address."

2019-03-18 60

*Oct 1853*

Prominent townsmen of Birmingham

...subject of which might represent the judgment  
Solomon, but that it is before three judges that the two  
women and the babe are appearing.

Mr. Walter Hamilton will soon have ready a volume on  
"The Æsthetic Movement," published by  
Messrs. Reeves and Turner. The book will throw consider-  
able light upon a curious chapter of nineteenth-century  
life and literature, and will include chapters on "The Pre-  
Raphaelites and the *Germ*," "John Ruskin and the Critics,"  
"The Grosvenor Gallery and Æsthetic Culture," "Robert  
Buchanan and the Fleshly School of Poetry," "'Patience,'  
by Gilbert and Sullivan, and 'The Colonel.'" "Mr.  
Oscar Wilde: his Poems and Lectures," "What the  
Æsthetic Movement has achieved in Art, Poetry, Music,  
and Decoration."

2019-03-18

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The *Dietetic Reformer* (Pitman, London), is a twopenny  
monthly, which aims to call attention to facts concerning  
food supply and diet and therefore,

THIRD EDITION.  
THE ÆSTHETIC MOVEMENT IN

WALTER HAMILTON. Contents:

The Pre-Raphaelites and *The Germ*—John Ruskin and the Critics—The Grosvenor Gallery and Æsthetic Culture—Robert Buchanan and the Fleshly School of Poetry—The Æsthetic Poets: A. C. Swinburne, D. G. Rossetti, William Morris, Thomas Woolner, &c.—Lord Southesk's poem, "Jonas Fisher"—Buchanan v. *The Examiner*, Action for Libel—Punch's unwarrantable attacks on the Æsthetes—"Patience," an original opera, by Gilbert and Sullivan, and "The Colonel," adapted by F. C. Burnand from "The Serious Family"—Mr. Oscar Wilde, his Poems and Lectures—Æstheticism in the United States—A Home for the Æsthetes: Bedford Park—The beneficial influence the Æsthetic Movement has had on Modern Poetry, Music, Painting, Dress, and the Decorative Arts. Notices of the Press:—Mr. E. L. Blanchard says: "There are many playgoers who are somewhat puzzled to understand the full significance of the satire conveyed in the adapted comedy of *The Colonel* at the Prince of Wales's, and Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's original comic opera of *Patience*, still prolonging its singularly successful career at the Savoy Theatre. To these, and many others, may be safely commended a curiously interesting book, just published, called 'The Æsthetic Movement in England.' The author, Mr. Walter Hamilton, has treated a very important subject with much care and considerable research. His chapters on the painters and poets of the Æsthetic school are excellently written and replete with information not readily accessible, while his sketch of the career of Mr. Oscar Wilde will solve many questions to which few, even in well-informed circles, could readily reply."—*Birmingham Daily Gazette*. Mr. W. M. Rossetti says: "There are, I think, many true and pointed observations in your book, and I necessarily sympathize in the general point of view which it adopts on the questions at issue." Mr. G. A. Sala writes: "Many thanks for your book on 'The Æsthetic Movement in England.' It will be historically curious and valuable long after the silly opposition to the movement has passed away."

Price 2s. 6d.

2019-03-18 LONDON: REEVES & TURNER, 196 Strand, W.C.

The West End  
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Repetitions, by ignorant fashion, of the word "aesthetic" have made it as odious as the word "occupy" seems to have been made by the same detestable agency in the time of Shakespeare. In "The Aesthetic Movement in Eng-

land" (Reeves and Turner), the author, Mr. Walter Hamilton, talks of the "aesthetic school" as if it were some particular and exclusive *cultus* in art and poetry; whereas all schools that in any way pretend to teach principles of beauty, or, we may say, to inform the senses, are and must be aesthetic. It is in the loose jargon of a shop, not in the settled language of a school, that we find the meaning of such phrases as "the aesthetic style," or "in the style of extreme aestheticism," or "an aesthetic costume," or "aesthetic colours," or "aesthetic hair." Probably nine out of ten who use the word never heard or read it until it had fallen upon evil days, by incurring the fate of sudden popularity, and by being incorporated in such common cant as is tenfold more vulgar than any slang dictionary that ever was compiled. Mr. Hamilton's aesthetic capacity may be imagined from his avowed opinion that we get better reading as well as "more of it," from the cheapest current literature "than we can find in any of the 'Spectators' or 'Famblers' of Addison's or Dr. Johnson's time." The exquisite naïveté with which he adds, "But we think little of that," might, in a book of a different cast, be taken for satire.

In Daily Telegraph.

Aug '82.

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2019-03-18

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THE ÆSTHETIC MOVEMENT IN  
ENGLAND.

We understand that the articles which have recently appeared in our columns on this subject have created so much interest in Æsthetic circles, that Mr. WALTER HAMILTON intends shortly to publish them in a connected form, with additional particulars of the works of authors identified with the movement. Some very interesting paragraphs from the most recent lectures by Mr. Oscar Wilde will also be given, clearly explaining the aims of the leaders of Æstheticism.

This little work may be expected to throw considerable light upon a curious chapter of nineteenth century life and literature. It will be published by Messrs. Reeves & Turner, of the Strand.

24 June  
1882

contribute an article on "English Life and Manners of the time of Shakespeare."

Cuthbert Bede, the genial and gifted author of "Verdant Green," a work of great merit, has during the present season given with marked success in London, Cambridge, Hull, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Windsor, Oxford, and other towns, lectures on "Modern Humourists," "Light Literature," and "Wit and Humour." His name has attracted large and brilliant gatherings. He is an entertaining lecturer, and a reader of great dramatic power. He is fairly entitled to be ranked as the leading lecturer of the present time.

Speaking of Cuthbert Bede, we are reminded of a statement respecting "Verdant Green," made in the *Pictorial World* of December 8th, 1882, namely, that "more than 170,000 copies of this inimitable burlesque of Oxford life has been published." Blackwood has issued a cheap edition of this popular book.

We have on our table the third edition of "The Æsthetic Movement in England," by Walter Hamilton, author of several informing and interesting works. In this attractive book the origin of the æsthetic movement in England is ascribed to the small circle of artists and poets who styled themselves the Pre-Raphæelite Brotherhood, as far back as 1848. These were seven young Oxford students, namely, Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Thomas Woolner, William Michael Rossetti, G. F. Stevens, and James Collinson, and they started a small magazine, entitled *The Germ*, to advocate their peculiar views in art and poetry. After describing the attacks this circle was subjected to, and Mr. Ruskin's able defence of it, comes an outline on Ruskin's influence on art, and Sir Coutts Lindsay's formation of the Grosvenor Gallery, in which nearly all the most celebrated pictures of the Æsthetic School have been exhibited, including the works of E. Burne-Jones, who is by some held to be the head of the school in painting, and the peculiar paintings by J. A. M. Whistler. In connection with the latter artist, an account is given of the remarkable action for libel he brought against Mr. Ruskin. Considerable attention is paid to the poets of this school, and favourable examples of their productions are included. A chapter is devoted to "Punch's attacks on Æsthetics," and the author of "Happy Thoughts" receives a good deal of abuse. A pleasant chapter speaks of the Bedford Park estate, other matters receive careful treatment. We have read this work with profit and pleasure, and can with confidence recommend it to the favourable attention of our readers. Messrs. Reeves and Turner, of the Strand, London, are the publishers, and the price is only half-a-crown. The printing and binding of the book are excellent.

Mr. Andrew James Symington in his pleasant papers in the *Fireside*, entitled "Chats about Authors and Books" says, "Chaucer's allusions to Nature are ever fresh and delightful. He leaves his books to wander by 'clear rivers' and green fields y-powered with the daisy,' ever displaying a fond regard for his favourite flower, as if he could not praise it enough, saying that he shall love it till his 'heart dies.'"

# THE CUMBERLAND PACQUET, THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1883

Logan; Lestrainna, Mr. S. K. Kimmner. All the parts were well carried out.

THE ADJOURNED MEETING OF THE WHITEHAVEN PLAYGROUND SUBSCRIBERS.—The adjourned meeting of the subscribers to the Whitehaven Playground was held at the Black Lion Hotel on Monday

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ous. Money was coming in at the rate of £132,000 a year.

The Queen and suite arrived in London, from Windsor, on Monday.

Mr. Ashton Dilke, younger brother of Sir Charles Dilke, died on Monday at Algiers, in the 34th year of his age. The deceased resigned the parliamentary representation of Newcastle only a few weeks ago.

The London police believe that they have cleared up the "mystery" of the disappearance of Stanger, the German baker in St Luke's. There is reason to believe that he was murdered by his wife and the man Stumm, and his body

The navy estimates for the current year, published on Friday, show a net actual increase of £129,567; the gross estimate being set down at £11,582,758. During the year it is proposed to build vessels of an aggregate of 19,644 tons.

Great sensation has been caused by the mysterious flight of Mr. Patrick Egan, whose whereabouts are unknown. Some letters discovered at the house of the informer Carey lead to the inference that Egan was privy to some of the doings of the Invincibles.

Mr. Frank Byrne was released from gaol on Thursday night, much to his own surprise of the public. When the order for

2019-03-18

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are being asked for, not only on home  
largely delivered for general purposes. Forge iron is being  
of general foreign account. Forge iron is being  
are being asked for, not only on home  
largely delivered for general purposes. Forge iron is being

proval. It must be owned, however, that Lady Mirabel is an exaggeration, and that there is another view of the matter to that presented in "Facing the Footlights." The author makes Sherard, an actor who is deprived of work by the engagement of Lady Mirabel's "friend," remark with indignation that "Delamaine" is paying the beauty twenty pounds a night, while "he grudges the five pounds a week which would have kept me on the staff of the company. And there are artists in London at this moment who worked for years in the provinces before they attained their present position, and think themselves fortunate to be engaged at a tenth part of what this woman draws, simply because she has been made the fashion." But if the public did not go to see such women, managers would not pay them twenty pounds a night. It is useless for Miss Marryat, or anyone else, to kick against the pricks.

MR. FREDERICK WILLIAMS, whose history of the rise and progress of the Midland Railway was favourably received a few years ago, has prepared, after an interval of thirty years, a second edition of his first book, "Our Iron Roads" (Bemrose and Sons.) It is stated in the preface that Mr. Williams was on two occasions advised by principal librarians of the British Museum, who did not know him, to read his own work. From that and other evidence he came to the conclusion that a revised edition would be acceptable. We have not the slightest doubt that the handsome volume now published will

be as widely appreciated as the author can desire. There are very many who are quite unfamiliar with the original edition of "Our Iron Roads," and those who know it will, perhaps, be most anxious to see in what respects Mr. Williams has effected improvements. Of the new edition, which abounds in capital illustrations, it is difficult to speak too highly. The title is prosaic, but the contents are as lively as a work of fiction, and they have the advantage of being facts. No work exactly of the same kind has been attempted, and by producing it anew Mr. Williams has placed at the disposal of the public a book which is crammed full of valuable matter—a book of instruction, and yet a book of amusement.

The admirers of Mr. Oscar Wilde should obtain a copy of "The Æsthetic Movement in England" (Reeves and Turner), by Mr. Walter Hamilton. This book, which has lately reached a third edition, is intended as a defence of the æsthetic school, and it is written, or compiled, with considerable skill. We may differ from the conclusions of Mr. Hamilton, but we do not find him dull—especially when he quotes the opinions of other persons. The original matter occupies only a small portion of the volume. The sketch of Mr. Wilde is inspired by his mother, and Mr. Hamilton has to acknowledge other valuable assistance. But, of course, an exhaustive work on the æsthetic movement could not be comprised in less than a hundred and fifty pages. The idea suggested by Mr. Hamilton should be elaborated.

No library can be complete without the works of Flavius Josephus. The edition published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. is an admirable one for every-day use, and has an excellent appendix attached to it. The book is published at a price which places it within the reach of a class who in former days could only dream of buying "Josephus." But the community are indebted to Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. for the publication of many of the best standard works obtainable.

THE new volume of "Debrett's Peerage" (Dean and Son) contains a new feature. The work, which is invaluable for reference, has hitherto been confined to facts relating to living peers, baronets, knights, and their collateral relations. But the edition for 1883 has been extended by the addition of a quantity of useful information referring to predecessors of peers. Since Earl Cairns spoke of "Debrett" as a depository of information which he never opened without amazement and admiration, it has been greatly enlarged and improved. It certainly contains many facts which are not obtainable in any other work of the kind. Messrs. Dean and Sons have also published "Debrett's Illustrated Heraldic and Biographical House of Commons and the Judicial Bench," for 1883. It is late in the day to speak of the great value of this work, but it may be stated that the present edition has all the merits of its predecessors. To public men "Debrett" is indispensable.

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196, Strand, opposite St. Clement's Church, London, W.C.

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# HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED WORKS,

*Imp. 4to,*

Suitable for Presents or Drawing-Room Tables.

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2019-03-18 Albert Memorial, its History and Description, by I. Dafforne 16 <sup>72</sup>

Hamilton (Walter) The Æsthetic Movement in England Pre-Raphaelitic, the Germ, John Ruskin, Wm. Morris, Thos. Woolner, A. C. Swinburne, D. G. Rossetti, etc., 8vo, cloth (pub 2s 6d) 1882

Cruikshank (George) My Sketch Book, 37 *sheets of plates containing nearly 300 subjects, mostly of a comical character, with letterpress under the plates*, oblong 4to, 4s

Cruikshank (George) Scraps and Sketches, 24 oblong folio Plates, *with nearly 150 subjects of an amusing nature*, 73

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*The Morning Post 29/1/83.*

on the "Renaissance of Mediæval Art and Culture" is taken from the mouth of Mr. William Morris, to the following effect:—"Have you not heard how it has gone with many a cause before now? First, few men heed it; next, most men condemn it; lastly, all men accept it, and the cause is won." The cause of the æsthetic revival is not to be included in this category, for though the words of Mr. Morris are in part applicable to the reception accorded by the world to the preaching of the apostles of cult, the third condition has not been fulfilled. First, few men heeded it, then most men contemned it (often without in the least knowing or caring why); but all men have not accepted it, though the burlesques, and parodies, and buffoonery that typified the contemnation have already run their course. The matters at issue have not been sufficiently understood by the generality of persons to have given the subject a fair hearing, and for the present, at least, it would seem that the attempt to produce proper appreciation of the advantages attendant on "the intimate study of the correlation of all arts" has not been brilliantly successful. It might have been reasonably expected that the revivalists of mediæval art would meet with as encouraging a reception as is usually accorded by a large section of the public to any novelty. But there is this difference between æstheticism and the majority of the new-fangled notions that attract public attention, that it can only be properly appreciated by those who are well educated, and who also possess at least an elementary knowledge of the principles of art, and are gifted with some little taste in colour and design, and an ability to comprehend the beauties of poetry and "the underlying principles of truth." The writer has made considerable and important additions to his work, in preparing it for this third edition, and especially the chapter on Dante Rossetti has been rendered more complete. Mr. Hamilton has done much to place the real principles of so-called æstheticism fairly before the educated public, and to explain the ideas of the best known apostles of the creed.

\*The Æsthetic Movement in England. By Walter Hamilton. Third edition. London: Reeves and Turner.

THE JESSEN WOMEN'S UNIVERSITY LIBRARY IN  
ENGLAND.

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This little work may be expected to throw considerable light upon a curious chapter of nineteenth century life and literature. It will be published by Messrs. Reeves & Turner, of the Strand.

West Middlesex  
Advertiser  
24/6/82.

2019-03-18

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I MENTIONED a few weeks ago that a work on the *Aesthetic Movement in England*, by Walter Hamilton,<sup>3</sup> was in the press. I have now received a copy, and I find that Mr. Hamilton treats his subject in a very practical manner, and also very completely. Of course, Mr. Hamilton champions the movement very warmly ; occasionally his partisanship is too pronounced, and verges on partiality, and although it may

<sup>1</sup> London : Simpkin, Marshall and Co.

<sup>2</sup> *Fudy* Office, 99, Shoe Lane, E.C.

<sup>3</sup> London : Reeves and Turner.

SOCIETY.

OCT. 14, 1882.

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he excusable, yet it tends to detract from its merits as an unprejudiced inquiry into the origin, growth, and development of an undoubted revolution in Art.

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“THE ÆSTHETIC MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.”—

We understand that Messrs. Reeves and Turner have a third edition of the above work in the press, which will be published in a few days. It will contain a great deal of information not hitherto published, including some particulars concerning Mr. Oscar Wilde, and the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, which Mr. Walter Hamilton has received since he published the second edition. Full accounts will also be included of Mr. Oscar Wilde's lectures in the United States and Canada, with extracts from his writings. It will be remembered that this work originally appeared in our columns, and we congratulate the author upon the success it has achieved. We believe Messrs. Harper Brothers, of New York, have made arrangements to produce the book in the United States, where the æsthetic movement is the subject of much interest and curiosity.

IV. H. Day.

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THE SERENADE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.)

"WHAT from my sleep awakens me?  
What sweet sounds do I hear?  
O mother, look! who can it be  
At this late hour so near?"

"Nought do I hear, no one I see;  
Sleep, darling, sound and still;  
For who should come and sing to thee,  
Poor child, so weak and ill?"

"No earthly music can this be  
Which fills me with delight;  
'Tis songs of angels calling me—  
O mother dear, good night!"

Glasgow.

FALTERING.

OH! to be nearer Thee, close to Thy heart!  
Close to the source of the life-giving fountain;  
Close to the Rock whence the springs of life start;  
Free from the shadow of Sinai's mountain.  
Closer, still closer, O Jesus, Lord, draw me  
Nearer, still nearer, Thy great loving heart.

Oh! to be liker Thee! like Thee in mind,  
Like Thee in mercy, in grace, and in purity;  
Leaving the world and its treasures behind,  
Having my treasure in heaven's blest security.  
Liker Thee, liker Thee! Jesus, Lord, make me,  
Till in Thy likeness all fulness I find.

Oh! to be full of Thee! Full of Thy love,  
Stirred with the might of its fetterless motion,  
Yet with a peace which no tempest can move,  
Fearless and calm on life's perilous ocean.  
Full of Thee, full of Thee! Jesus, Lord, keep me,  
Full of Thy peace, and Thy rest, and Thy love.

Oh! to be part of Thee! Life of Thy life,  
Branch of Thy root! Thou, my Guide and Defender,  
Fearing no hurt from the Gardener's keen knife,  
Knowing His hand is so wondrously tender.  
Take me, and keep me, O Jesus, Lord, in Thee—  
Far from the world with its sin and its strife.

Glasgow.

E. R. B.

Literary Table Talk.

2019-03-18. BUNTING, a member of the Chancery bar, is now the editor of the *Contemporary Review*.

THE Earls of Rosebery and Breadalbane are among

Stoddard's Latin Grammar. His youngest brother, David, was the missionary to Persia whose biography was written by the late Dr. Thompson, of New York.

THE ex-leader of the Southern Confederacy, Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, who weighs but eighty pounds and is unable to walk, keeps two secretaries busy in attending to his correspondence and revising the proof-sheets of his History of the Civil War. He is a conspicuous example of great mental power in a very small as well as an infirm physical casket.

D. B.

M. ZOLA, the French novelist, according to Mr. Labouchere, is the apostle of license. He has made an immense fortune by pandering to the general loosening of all the bonds of social morality. He wanted to make money, and he saw that this was the only way. Serious books have no sale in Paris; even literary masterpieces like Renan's books have no run. Of Zola's "Nana" 116,000 copies have been sold; of "L'Assommoir," 97,000; and of the "Page d'Amour," 43,000.

THERE are a goodly number of authors and talkers who write and speak after the fashion of the young theological student, who, on delivering his first sermon before the celebrated Mr. Simeon, of Cambridge, thundered out the following sentence: "Amid this tumult the son of Amram stood unmoved." "Stop there!" interrupted his critic. "Whom do you mean by 'the son of Amram'?" "Please, sir, Moses," replied the orator. "Then, if you mean Moses, why don't you say Moses?" quoth the other. How many people who "mean Moses" say Moses?

"THE *Æsthetic Movement in England*" is the title of a volume by Walter Hamilton at present passing through the press. It may be expected to throw considerable light on a strange chapter of nineteenth century life and literature. It will include carefully written articles on such themes as the following:—The Pre-Raphaelites and *The Germ*; John Ruskin and the Critics; Robert Buchanan and the Fleshly School of Poetry; The *Æsthetic Poets*—A. C. Swinburne, D. G. Rossetti, William Morris, Thomas Woolner, etc.; Lord Southesk's poem "Jonas Fisher"; Buchanan v. *The Examiner*, Action for Libel; Mr. Oscar Wilde, his Poems and Lectures; The Home of the *Æsthetes*—Bedford Park; What the *Æsthetic Movement* has achieved in Art, Poetry, Music, and Decoration. Mr. Walter Hamilton is a pleasing writer, and his new work will doubtless be entertaining and informing. The subject is certainly somewhat novel, and many who cannot agree with Mr. Oscar Wilde will be curious to know what is said about him by Mr. Hamilton, who, by the way, is not a member of the *Æsthetic school*.

THE first number of the second volume of the

Evangelistic Notes.

MR. S. MORLEY, M.P., suggests that large halls should be erected in London, not identified with any particular Church system, but with all evangelical denominations, for the preaching of the Gospel to the lapsed masses.

THE Emperor of the Brazils has expressed himself favourable to the work of spreading the Gospel among the masses of the people by means of evangelists, and he has offered to transport any volunteer-labourer to the Brazils at his own cost. He appears to have taken considerable interest in the various religious missions in Europe during his last visit.

DR. RUSSELL REYNOLDS thinks the number of the lapsed masses has been greatly exaggerated in recent estimates. He finds that there are no fewer than twenty-seven classes of people who cannot go to church on Sunday morning. That takes a large proportion away from the number of those who are Sabbath-breakers, and who do not care for religion.

MR. J. M. SCROGGIE has been continuing the work in the Town hall of Greenock begun by Mr. Moody. His meetings have been eminently successful, and he has been assisted by several local pastors, including Revs. Dr. Laughton, the ex-Moderator of the Free Assembly, J. J. Bonar, and M. P. Johnstone. A choir of 150 voices assisted at the services.

MR. PENTECOST, the American evangelist, is speaking nightly, with great power and success, at Alexandria, in the Vale of Leven. Mr. A. Orr Ewing, jun., is the chief promoter of the meetings. Mr. J. C. White, Crosslee, Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins, and other friends are taking part in the work. A shilling life of Mr. Pentecost, with some of his Bible readings, has just been issued by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

A CHRISTIAN FLUTE BAND.—A meeting in connection with the Young Men's Christian flute band, Govan, which was formed a week ago, has been held in the Fairfield Mission Hall, when about twenty-five young men, recently converted—some by the means of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and others by the Salvation Army, together with a few of some years standing as followers of Christ—met for the purpose of considering the propriety of carrying on the movement. The scheme has originated in the fact that there is a want of proper bands to accompany Sabbath school excursions. The majority of this new band have been in connection with bands before, and know the danger that arises from bands composed of unconverted men

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About 150 present  
 Tickets 15p. without wine & courses

## DINNER TO MR. ROBERT ROSS.

Times ————— Dec. 2, 1908

A complimentary dinner was given at the Ritz Hotel, last night, to Mr. Robert Ross, in recognition of the publication of the late Mr. Oscar Wilde's works in face of considerable difficulty owing to the author's estate being in bankruptcy. SIR MARTIN CONWAY presided, and among those present were the Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Howard de Walden, Lord Grimthorpe, Miss Gertrude Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Gosse, the Hon. Evan Charteris, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wells, Mr. W. Rothenstein, Mr. Aymer Vallance, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Jacobs, Mr. Walter Dowdeswell, Mr. Oscar Browning, Mr. Boyd Alexander, Sir Robert Chalmers, Sir Coleridge Kennard, Mr. Murray Carson, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hind, Mr. Frank Harris, Mr. William Archer, Mr. Teixeira de Mattos, Mrs. Frankau, Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, Mr. Max Beerbohm, the Rev. Stewart Headlam, Mr. A. B. Walkley, Lady Tennant, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, and Mr. Herbert Trench.

Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Richard Strauss, Mr. William Heinemann, Mr. Alfred East, and others wrote expressing regret at their inability to be present.

The CHAIRMAN, after submitting the loyal toasts, announced that the gathering was composed of 38 journalists and critics, five actors, 11 art connoisseurs, five Government officials, 20 authors, four editors, 12 poets, four dramatists, seven artists, four publishers, four men of science and medicine, two clergy, four lawyers, and many other people whom he could "not put into a definite category." (Laughter.)

Mr. H. G. WELLS, in proposing the toast of "Our Guest," said that Mr. Ross stood for social courage and for friendship. He stood up for his friend when the whole hurricane of public opinion was against him—when he had roused against himself the cruellest thing in modern life—virtuous indignation.

Mr. WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN spoke in support of the toast, which was enthusiastically received.

Mr. Ross, in responding, said that it was a delusion to think that he had done anything except to concentrate into eight years what might have taken very much longer. It was exactly eight years since Wilde died. A disciple of Mr. Wells, he had always anticipated posterity and never doubted for a single moment that time would readjust those small and greater injustices which ethics, pursuing conduct, inevitably imposed upon art. He did not, however anticipate that he would be so generously complimented for the fulfilment of a promise which he made to himself at the death-bed of a friend. A kind-hearted official at the Court of Bankruptcy assured him in 1901 that Wilde's works were of no value and would never command any interest whatever. It was a less kind successor who, with more enthusiasm, relieved him of the first £1,000 produced by "De Profundis." But the receipts from the productions of Wilde's plays in Germany, together with the first proceeds of "De Profundis," by the middle of 1906 had paid off all the English creditors in full, and there was even a surplus to satisfy in full the French creditors, in accordance with Wilde's last wishes. He was not responsible for the payment of Wilde's debts; it was Germany which performed the feat. The bulk of them was paid by the receipts of the German performance of his plays, chiefly *Salome*, long before Dr. Strauss had set music to words. He added that an anonymous donor had sent him a cheque for £3,000 to place a suitable monument to Oscar Wilde at Père La Chaise. (Cheers.)

Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON proposed the toast of "Modern Drama," and Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER responded. Other toasts followed. That of "Literature" was proposed by Mr. A. B. WALKLEY and was responded to by Mr. F. H. HARRIS.

in forcing something of the profounder truths of criticism on the public, acquired in the theatre a new dignity and a new importance. That much of it was machine-made, a mere verbal jingle—like “the unspeakable in pursuit of the uneatable,” as a description, and surely a very feeble one, of fox-hunting—and that some of it consisted solely in turning accepted phrases upside down, cannot detract from its value as an element in Wilde's comedy, setting the very atmosphere of his plays. There are living writers who have founded serious reputations on the dregs of his achievement in this field of epigram. And the time came at last, if all too late, when Pierrot had the courage to dispense with all models, to walk through (if we may put it so) his looking-glass instead of posturing before it, and to come back with a fragment of the life of his own fantastic, irresponsible world, which lay on the other side. In *The Importance of being Earnest* he perfected the vein he had first attempted in “Lord Arthur Savile's Crime.” He became at last, what he had always pathetically claimed to be, a creator; and in tossing off a trifle he conquered a kingdom.

There was one other occasion when he spoke with sincerity. It is not a pleasant occasion to refer to, but to omit mention of it would be unfair to him as author. We refer to the “Ballad of Reading Gaol.” Pierrot, the gay creature of summer nights and Chinese lanterns, was shocked, infuriated, frightened. And there was wrung from him a scream of pain and terror which it still turns one cold to recall. The ballad is not free from his besetting sin of word-hunting. The much-quoted recurring stanza which begins “Yet each man kills the thing he loves,” will not stand examination. But the poem as a whole gathers up nearly every characteristic of Wilde's mind—its brilliance, its gift of epigram, its preoccupation with the loathly beauties of vice, its arrogance, its mastery of vivid expression, and its penetrating force—and flings them passionately at the head of his friend turned foe, the world. We wish that we could find the same sincerity in that other work of the same period, “De Profundis,” which is now issued with matter not published in the previous editions. There is a looking-glass, it seems, even in the depths; and one may pose before it as beautifully there as in the sunshine.

*Qualis artifex pereo!* It is the thought which recurs, which sums up the contents of these twelve beautiful volumes. What intellectual force, what infectious joy in fine craftsmanship, his own or another's! To have the twelve beautiful volumes on one's shelves is to be certain of inspiring mental recreation. It is to keep a private jester of amazing shrewdness, a genius for perfect impromptu, infinite wit, audacity, and gaiety. The very affectations of your Dagonet are enjoyable—if you happen to be in the mood for them. And whether you deplore it as a tragedy, or accept it as another jest, that one who began by aiming so high and persistently claimed to have achieved his aim should come to be summed up as a jester will depend upon which you value the higher, philosophers or fools. The combination is at least piquant and unique. And while you are under the spell of the jester's charm there is no need to worry about the necessity of conviction, the whole-hearted devotion to truth, a truth, any truth, which is demanded of one who would be something higher than a craftsman, would be an artist.

25 Aug 89

THE BIRMINGHAM

## LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

[BY E. L. BLANCHARD.]

Thursday Night.

Seventeen theatres in London are now closed for the autumnal vacation, and though a few of our more successful professors of the histrionic art can readily afford to take a holiday, or even make greater profits by accepting starring engagements in the country, the more humble members of a disbanded metropolitan theatrical company must be painfully susceptible of the irony of fate in identifying harvest time with the period when they find themselves literally unable to gain their bread. Much given to melancholy retrospection must be the actor in the autumn when one dramatic season has closed and the next has not commenced. His anatomical construction unfortunately is not of such a convenient nature as to enable him to exist without food for several weeks, nor can he throw himself into a state of torpor, and thus remain until he is warmed back into activity by the kindling up of the genial gaslight of his favourite footlights. An exceptional capacity for enduring a prolonged term of impecuniosity must be one of the secrets which the new "School of Dramatic Art" will have to reveal to its pupils, for of all the many mysteries of London how some hundreds of decent folk preserve a cheerful aspect and a respectable appearance when deprived of their usual sources of subsistence has always seemed to the present writer one of the most inexplicable.

Good musicians are, fortunately for themselves, rarely out of the range of remunerative employment. When the London season is over there are festival concerts requiring their services in the country, and at the fashionable watering places a good band of instrumentalists is always in requisition at the pleasantest time of the year. Some actors, like the late Mr. Benjamin Webster and the happily-existing Mr. David Fisher, acquired in early life great proficiency with the violin, and that admirable comedian Mr. W. J. Hill would doubtless, should occasion offer, "play upon the fiddle like an angel," even as our old nautical acquaintance, William, in *Black-eyed Susan*, is described to have played by the unprejudiced witness called on his behalf. Away from the theatre, however, few of the minor performers can turn their talents to any account, and young men taking to the stage would do well to bear in mind that for many weeks, possibly months, in each year they will be almost unavoidably out of an engagement. If an aspiring tragedian would begin by taking lessons on the triangle, or a youthful comedian would commence his career by practising daily on the cornet, he might profitably pass his time at the seaside when the London theatres were closed, and his wigs, dresses, and personal properties were laid up in lavender till managers in the metropolis once more opened their doors.

The Promenade Concert season at Covent Garden Theatre is this year unusually prosperous, and the house is nightly filled with large assemblages. The conductor, Mr. A. Gwyllym Crowe, added last Saturday evening to the programme a tuneful waltz of his own composition called "Ladye Mine," which was most cordially received, and seems likely to become widely popular. The novel system has been introduced of supplying, early in each week, visitors with voting papers, thus enabling the majority to select the compositions they prefer hearing on the following Friday night, when a special "Ballot Concert" is given. The week's arrangements have been both varied and attractive. Tuesday was a "choral night" with the supplemental aid of one hundred and fifty selected voices from the Alexandra Palace choir; on Wednesday, set apart as "the classical night," Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," with Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" overture, formed conspicuous features of the programme. On Thursday was given what was comprehensively termed "The English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh Night," when the spirit-stirring "British Army Quadrilles" aroused the enthusiasm of the auditory; and during the week Madame Rose Hersee, Madame Patey, Madame Mary Cummings, and Mr. Vernon Rigby have been included in the list of vocalists. Such excellent solo players as Mr. J. D. Carrodus and Mr. Viotti Collins on the violin, Miss Anna Bock on the piano-forte, Mr. Howard Reynolds on the cornet, Mr. Radcliff on the flute, Mr. Julian Egerton on the clarinet, Mr. Hadfield on the trombone, and Mr. Samuel Hughes on the ophicleide, have greatly contributed to the gratification of the vast audiences nightly assembled.

The Surrey was re-opened for the regular season on Monday night with a new drama in four acts and seven tableaux, written expressly for this theatre by Mr. Robert Dodson, and entitled *Real Life*. The programme issued for the information of visitors to the stalls and boxes was so full of errors of commission and omission that taken in conjunction with the incomprehensible nature of some portions of the plot *Real Life* was curiously suggestive of an action commenced by the famous firm of "Dodson and Fogg." The story is intricate, but not without strong situations and scenes of interest, and it is very creditably interpreted by the members of the company, among whom Miss H. Claremont as Al Fresco, a vagrant lad of good family, Miss Alice Raynor as the heroine Kate Brandon, and Miss Sophie Fane, as a hard-working ballet girl who has married a scamp, conspicuously carry off the honours. Mr. T. F. Nye distinguishes himself as a polished scoundrel of supreme rascality, and the virtuous and the vicious clerk in the service of a worthy solicitor are well portrayed by their respective representatives. The piece was favourably received.

At the Standard Mr. Frank Harvey has associated the last six nights of the "Beatrice Comedy-Drama Company" with the production of his interesting drama of *The Wages of Sin*, in which he plays the leading part of the country curate. The other prominent characters are effectively impersonated by Miss Emmeline Falconer, Miss Charlotte Saunders, and Mr. Carter-Edwards.

Toole's Theatre will be reopened on Saturday, September 9, with a new play, in which Miss Fanny Davenport, the popular American actress, will appear.

Early next month will take place the annual revival of *Mazepa* at Astley's, when Miss Maude Forrester, who recently appeared as the Queen of the Amazons in *Babil and Bijou* at the Alhambra, will figure as the hero and introduce her trained steed "Lightning." On this occasion it is announced the play will be modernised and re-arranged, but if no one remarks "Again he urges on his wild career" old playgoers at least will be grievously disappointed.

There are many playgoers who are somewhat puzzled to understand the full significance of the satire conveyed in the adapted comedy of *The Colonel* at the Prince of Wales's, and Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's original comic opera of *Patience*, still prolonging its singularly successful career at the Savoy Theatre. To these, and many others, may be safely commended a curiously interesting book, just published, called "The Æsthetic Movement in England." The author, Mr. Walter Hamilton, Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Historical Societies, and who has attained considerable literary distinction by his works on the "Poets Laureate," "National Anthems and Patriotic Songs," and "George Cruikshank," has treated a very important subject with much care and considerable research. His chapters on the painters and poets of the Æsthetic school are excellently written and replete with information not readily accessible, while his sketch of the career of Mr. Oscar Wilde will solve many questions to which few, even in well-informed circles, could readily reply. The book, published by Messrs. Reeves and Turner, 196, Strand, is well timed, and should command a large circulation. The price is only half-a-crown, and the volume contains 130 pages octavo, printed in the best style. In after years such a work will come to be regarded as throwing a most important light on some of our modern manners and customs.

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MR. WALTER HAMILTON, author of *The Poets Laureate of England* and other works, will soon have ready a volume entitled *The Aesthetic Movement in England*, to be published by Messrs. Reeves and Turner. The book will throw considerable light upon a curious chapter of nineteenth-century life and literature, and will include chapters on "The Pre-Raphaelites and the *Germ*," "John Ruskin and the Critics," "The Grosvenor Gallery and Aesthetic Culture," "Robert Buchanan and the Fleshly School of Poetry," "'Patience,' by Gilbert and Sullivan, and 'The Colonel,'" "Mr. Oscar Wilde: his Poems and Lectures," "What the Aesthetic Movement has achieved in Art, Poetry, Music, and Decoration."

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NOTES  
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MR. SWINBURNE'S new volume—*Tristram of Lyonesse, and other Poems*—was to be published to-day. It is dedicated, in a very touching sonnet, to Mr. Theodore Watts, written on the third anniversary of the day when the two went to live together at Putney. In his *Songs to and about Children* the poet strikes a new note which will, we venture to say, win back to him those early admirers who have not been able to follow him in all his later work.

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MR. ALEXANDER J. ELLIS will not be able, as he had hoped, to bring out this year, for the Philo-

like their novels to end happily.

From Reeves and Turner—"The *Æsthetic* Movement in England." By Walter Hamilton. The majority of people who know æstheticism by the satire and ridicule heaped upon it in comic papers, and through the medium of the stage. Some authorities have ventured to affirm that as a movement it enjoyed nothing more than an imaginary existence; but Mr. Hamilton, in putting forth a defence, attempts something in the shape of a history. He links the pre-Raphaelites and æsthetes together, and sets up Mr. Oscar Wilde as a "genius" to be admired, if not worshipped. It is said quite seriously, if Mr. Wilde "can succeed in banishing tall hats, black frock coats, stand-up collars, and loose trousers, the world will owe him a vast debt of gratitude." Reformers, of course, are always laughed at when they first appear; but, despite Mr. Hamilton's earnest advocacy, we have no profound belief in the young poet who wishes us to change our clothes, and "live up to blue china."

From F. V. White and Co.—"Life and Adventure and other Opinions of Colonel Fred. Burnaby." By R. K. Mann. A poor compilation, lacking both judgment and good taste.

Daily Chronicle Oct  
1882

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2019-03-18

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"The Aesthetic Movement in England." By Walter Hamilton, F.R.G.S., author of "A Memoir of George Hamilton." (Reeves and Turner.)—Mr. Hamilton has produced a book which is not only interesting, but will be useful when the present "movement" has become historic. It is the custom of most people to laugh with an air of superiority at the "Aesthetic people," and to lump them altogether as silly creatures or conscious charlatans. We are far from denying the absurdities committed by many persons connected with the movement, and especially by those outsiders who have picked up and misapplied artistic jargon, and dress themselves in ugly, dismal costumes, regardless of suitability or unsuitability. In fact, we do not deny that there are a vast number of persons who are unconsciously, or not, mere counterfeit lovers of art; persons who "take up" art either from a snobbish idea that it is fashionable to do so, or are impelled by a foolish, unmeaning enthusiasm. It is against such persons that Messrs. Gilbert and Du Maurier have directed their satire. But the real aesthetic movement is a respectable one, and we have only to observe how much it has accomplished to convince ourselves that it has reason in it, and that is a beneficial movement. The apostles of the real Aestheticism, to use the common, but somewhat absurd word, were painting and writing for the "cause" before Mr. Oscar Wilde was born. They belonged to the P.R.B.—the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Mr. Ruskin, Mr. W. Morris, Messrs. D. G. and W. M. Rossetti must also be considered as real apostles of the new teaching. These names at once give the aesthetic movement real importance. Mr. Hamilton traces the growth of it from the days of the Brotherhood down to the very present—his last chapter being devoted to Mr. Oscar Wilde. We admire the moral courage of the writer who takes that gentleman seriously, and is not ashamed to say so. We have often thought that he has been roughly dealt with, and that his real ability has been too persistently ignored. Mr. Hamilton quotes some of his poems, which are certainly not devoid of great beauty. He points out, too, that Mr. Wilde is very young—a fact which goes a long way towards excusing the peculiar offences against good sense with which he may be charged. Mr. Wilde has certainly made himself ridiculous; whether he is strong enough to make himself a great name when his vogue shall have passed, time alone can show. Mr. Hamilton deals successively with the P.R.B., and their paper, *The Germ*; Mr. Ruskin; the poets of the "aesthetic school," D. G. Rossetti, Mr. A. C. Swinburne, Mr. William Morris, &c.; the great controversy between Mr. R. Buchanan and Mr. Swinburne; the Grosvenor Gallery, Bedford Park, &c. The book forms a very useful historical sketch of an interesting and most important movement in English art and letters; it is fairly and temperately written, and is very pleasantly "got up." Mr. Hamilton has gathered together a great amount of information which can be met with nowhere else in so small a compass as that of his book.

297/1003  
 Lloyd's Weekly

*The Aesthetic Movement in England.* By WALTER HAMILTON. Third Edition. Reeves & Turner, 196, Strand. Price 2/6.

THIS edition contains much new matter, and is altogether an improvement on its predecessors. Some chapters have been re-arranged; a few somewhat unjust criticisms have been toned down or omitted; a great deal of fresh information is given about the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti; together with further notes about the adventures of Mr. Osear Wilde in America. Some of the details about Rossetti are extremely curious, and are interesting as having been furnished to the author by his brother, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, the art critic, who, in 1850, was the Editor of the Pre-Raphaelite magazine entitled *The Germ*. Singularly enough, the author does not allude to the collection of pictures by the late D. G. Rossetti, now being exhibited at Burlington House—possibly it had not been opened when he corrected his sheets for the press, otherwise he would certainly have referred, with indignation, to the manner in which the pictures were huddled together by the authorities of the Royal Academy, so as to utterly spoil their effect, and it was not till nearly every newspaper had cried "shame" upon the Academicians, that they tardily set to work to re-arrange them. Rossetti, whilst alive, never consented but once to exhibit in the Royal Academy, and his pictures ought from the first to have been sent to the Grosvenor Gallery—their appropriate home.

In his chapter entitled "*Punch's* Attacks on the Aesthetes," the author appears to retaliate pretty freely; but, after all, the worst charge he can bring—and the truest—is that *Punch* is not as comic as it once was, and that the present staff is not equal to its predecessors.

We have noticed the most salient alterations, but the chapters on "Aesthetic Culture," and on the "Poets of the Aesthetic School," have been corrected and much enlarged. The black and gold binding has a rich and quite Aesthetic appearance.

Mr. Llewellyn V. Rees, of the People's Pharmacy, 267, King's-road, has issued a tasteful little calendar for the present year, containing some poetical effusions of his own composition, interspersed among the descriptions of preparations made up by himself, and sold at the "People's Pharmacy" under the designation of Llewellyn V. Rees' Liver Tonic, Antibilious Lozenges, Grape Saline, &c. Mr. Rees' skill as chemist is doubtless far in advance of his skill in the art poetic; yet these fugitive pieces indicate that the author has at least a modicum of poetic feeling. Two of the best of the poems are "An Autumn Reverie," and "Isaac Pride." In addition to the items of information commonly found at the end of an almanac, this one has a table of medicines in general family use, with their doses and remedial properties for adults and for children.

THROAT IRRITATION.—Soreness and dryness, tickling and irritation, inducing cough and affecting the voice. For these symptoms use Epps's Glycerine Jujubes. In contact with the glands the moment they are excited by the act of sucking, the Glycerine in these agreeable confections becomes actively healing. Sold only in boxes, 7½d., tins, 1s. 1½d.; labelled "JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London." A letter received: It may, perhaps interest you to know that, after an extended trial, I have found your Glycerine Jujubes of considerable benefit (with or without medical treatment) in all forms of throat disease. They soften and clear the voice.—Yours faithfully, GORDON HOLMES, M.D., Senior Physician to the Municipal Throat and Ear Infirmary.

Walter Hamilton  
27/1/83

AUG. 18, 1882.

some fine work in oak panelling is supported by stone piers and grey granite columns. The wall at the back of the verandah is built of heavy oak framing, filled in with thin red bricks. The mansion is now for the most part roofed in and slated, and the dormer windows are being filled with small panes of glass. To the south of the drawing-room in the main floor is the library, and off it, facing the sea, is an alcove. In this portion of the building which forms a separate wing, will also be the nursery, and Turkish, and swimming baths, the latter measuring 35ft. by 20ft. At the south angle of the main building is a massive tower about 100ft. in height. Between two turrets on the south front is the billiard-room, 33ft. by 27ft., with three traceried windows opening upon a balcony. The whole exterior of the house, as well as much of the interior, is constructed of dark red sandstone from Caxhill, and the outer walls, which are built hollow, measure in thickness 5ft. from outside to inside. It is estimated that the cost of the mansion will not be less than £250,000. A contract has just been arranged for the formation of a reservoir about a mile from the house, for the supply of water.

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### THE ÆSTHETIC MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.\*

THIS book, which is largely made up of cuttings, seems intended as a defence of the disciples of Æstheticism against *Punch* and two favourite theatres which have for some time past been drawing large audiences to witness works written with the avowed purpose—so Mr. Hamilton says—of ridiculing a certain school known as the Æsthetic. The members of this school, according to their champion, are “*they who pride themselves on having found out what is beautiful in nature and art.*” If this be really so, we fear *Punch* and the playwrights will continue to have the best of it. “Vulgarity,” we are told, “however wealthy it may be, can never be admitted into the exclusive brotherhood of the Æsthetes.” Now, pride is the essence of vulgarity, and it is just because some of the more extravagant disciples of the Æsthetic movement have been so consciously and offensively proud of the slight mastery of art principles and art language by which they have in their own eyes justified their vagaries, that the wits and dramatists have so easily and effectively made them the butts of their satire. Mr. Hamilton says they “have endeavoured to elevate taste into a scientific system, the correlation of the arts being a main feature of the scheme.” We confess we have, as yet, met with little science or system either in the utterances of these members of the school who seem ever ready to teach architects, painters, and sculptors their business. The truth is, that “Æstheticism” is the fringe or froth, so to speak, of the great movement which, during the past thirty or forty years, has lifted art, literature, and religion from the lethargy of several preceding generations. What was good in that movement will survive, and permanently influence the national character for good. The tinsel and the dross, the sickening verses of the erotic poets, the extravagancies of fancy ritualists in ecclesiastical art, and the tomfooleries in dress and furniture of the epicene creatures whose existence is one feverish struggle to imitate their latest idol, will find their own place. Meanwhile, they will, doubtless, hinder the earnest efforts of the true artists and workers, who will chafe at the obstruction, and wince under the undeserved reproach of a supposed association with the parasites that infest them, but, in patient endurance, will work on, not much concerned to defend themselves from criticism or satire; for there is just this difference between one who works for the highest in art and literature for its own sake, and the idler who apes the fashion; that the former knows well that truth and beauty will survive and benefit by all attacks, while the *dilettante* knows that his little travestie of art or letters, dear to him as part of his own little self, and not as the great cause to be worked for apart from all selfish considerations, is perilously in danger of destruction from the rude thrusts of the critic and satirist.

The most readable part of Mr. Hamilton's

\* The Æsthetic Movement in England. By WALTER HAMILTON, F.R.G.S., F.R.H.S., &c. London: Keeves and Turner.

AUG. 18, 1882.

book is his account of the “poets of the Æsthetic school,” among whom he classes the two Rossetti's, O'Shaughnessy, Woolner, William Morris, Swinburne, and Buchanan, not forgetting to rake up the “Jonas Fisher” scandal in connection with the last-mentioned poet. He also gives a biography of Mr. Oscar O'Flahertie Wills Wilde, with copious selections from that gentleman's works, and a careful assortment of all the kind things recently said about them on both sides of the Atlantic. There is a short account of Bedford Park, and a concluding chapter in which he sums up the achievements of his clients, and has a parting fling at *Punch* and the Philistines.

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- Wyld (R. S.) Physics and Philosophy of the Senses, or the Mutual and the Physical in their Mutual Relation, *diagrams and engravings*, 8vo, 562 pages, 4s 6d (pub 16s) *H. S. King & Co.*, 1875
- Yeatman (J. P.) Introduction to the Study of Early English History, post 8vo, 1s 9d (pub 6s) *Longman & Co.*, 1874
- Yorkshire.—The First Book of the Marriage, Baptismal, and Burial Registers of Ecclesfield Parish Church, Yorkshire, from 1558 to 1619; also the Churchwardens' Accounts, from 1520 to 1546, annotated by A. S. Gatty, *frontispiece*, 4to, 8s 6d (pub 15s) 1878
- Yorkshire.—A History of the Parish of Adel in the West Riding of Yorkshire, being an Attempt to Delineate the Past and Present Associations, Archæological, Topographical, and Scriptural, by H. T. Simpson, *many plates*, roy. 8vo, cloth, 9s 6d (pub 21s) 1871

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Albert Memorial. its History and Description. by I. Dafforne. 16

Colonel Edward Durnford has written a memoir of his brother who fell at Isandhlwana, and whose career, especially during his six or seven years of residence in South Africa, contained much to interest the public.

Mr. Walter Hamilton, author of "The Poets Laureate of England," and other works, will soon have ready a volume entitled "The Æsthetic Movement in England," to be published by Messrs. Reeves and Turner.

Mr. Paul Tulane, of Princetown, New Jersey, who made a fortune in business at New Orleans, has given two million dollars (£400,000) for the erection and endowment of a college in that city for teaching languages, literature, science, and art. Its benefits are to be confined to the white race.

Mr. James Croston has in the press (for publication by subscription) a companion volume to his "Nooks and Corners of Lancashire and Cheshire." It will be entitled "Historic Sites of Lancashire and Cheshire: a Wayfarer's Notes in the Palatine Counties—Historical, Legendary, Genealogical, and Descriptive."

The discovery is announced (not we believe, for the

*See do Mercury*

ÆSTHETICISM.\*

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The motto prefixed by Mr. Hamilton to his work on the "Renaissance of Mediæval Art and Culture" is taken from the mouth of Mr. William Morris, to the following effect:—"Have you not heard how it has gone with many a cause before now? First, few men heed it; next, most men contemn it; lastly, all men accept it, and the cause is won." The cause of the æsthetic revival is not to be included in this category, for though the words of Mr. Morris are in part applicable to the reception accorded by the world to the preaching of the apostles of cult, the third condition has not been fulfilled. First, few men heeded it, then most men contemned it (often without in the least knowing or caring why); but all men have not accepted it, though the burlesques, and parodies, and buffoonery that typified the contemnation have already run their course. The matters at issue have not been sufficiently understood by the generality of persons to have given the subject a fair hearing, and for the present, at least, it would seem that the attempt to produce proper appreciation of the advantages attendant on "the intimate study of the correlation of all arts" has not been brilliantly successful. It might have been reasonably expected that the revivalists of mediæval art would meet with as encouraging a reception as is usually accorded by a large section of the public to any novelty. But there is this difference between æstheticism and the majority of the new-fangled notions that attract public attention, that it can only be properly appreciated by those who are well educated, and who also possess at least an elementary knowledge of the principles of art, and are gifted with some little taste in colour and design, and an ability to comprehend the beauties of poetry and "the underlying principles of truth." The writer has made considerable and important additions to his work, in preparing it for this third edition, and especially the chapter on Dante Rossetti has been rendered more complete. Mr. Hamilton has done much to place the real principles of so-called æstheticism fairly before the educated public, and to explain the ideas of the best known apostles of the creed.

\*The Æsthetic Movement in England. By Walter Hamilton. Third edition. London: Reeves and Turner.

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*Mr. Manning Post. 26 Clary 1883.*