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Oscar Wilde
Scrapbook

Vol. 8

CORRESPONDENCE

THE AMERICAN EDITION OF

TO THE EDITOR OF

Sir,—I gladly accept Mr. Le Gallienne's disclaimer of responsibility for the error in speaking of "Mr. Le Gallienne" issued by Messrs. A. R. Keller & Co. in the Complete Edition of Oscar Wilde's *Works*. Whether my error was just or not, it is for the readers of *The Times* to decide, and I have also seen the prospectus in question, which, like Shakespeare, Speight's Chaucer; and the editors took the precaution of not supposing to be introducing to the public who would hardly have pleaded ignorance of the respective editions. To my mind, the literature the Occidental doctrine to be carried rather far. In the present

LETTERS.—For the first time a collection presented to the public, a number of them who study character through chirography these reproductions, and all readers will be glad to see the letters for the light they throw on the most brilliant when most careless, and his finest epigrams.

Mine are the italics. May I be addressed? Was it unreasonable for Le Gallienne had read letters which personality, letters announced as an edition to which he was writing of only one instance in which a precaution of copyrighting his private time; but Mr. Whistler knew the countrymen better than Wilde. English countrymen better than Wilde. English perhaps unwisely, to the honour of the

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Mr. Le Gallienne, who has now had these circumstances, has no fault to confer upon him the honour of a translation. "It is but natural," he thinks, that should take advantage of an author's name, certainly very natural in *America*," so one of Wilde's stories. I venture to

the ancient Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire, his book, "the Italian nation," and appealing work. In 1872, the journal would have been a right and acute anticipation even of had long prophesied in his journal that the journal would have been seen in Rome, would have rejoiced to see and the Empire, the historian of the of "superstition," a Prussian with a taker, with a sneer or a growl ready to be supposed that Gregorovius, a was had passed, and the new era

The Book Monthly

which had suggested my visit. He is, of course, the second of his line, a worthy successor to his father, who founded the business.

As a young man Bernard Quaritch I. was employed with Bohn, whose name is kept green for all good bookmen by Bohn's Library. One morning young Quaritch went to his master and told him he was leaving, and that he proposed to set up business on his own account. Bohn wondered that his assistant, whom he liked and valued, should want to leave the first bookseller in England, as he prided himself on being. "Oh," said Quaritch, "but I'm going to be the first bookseller in Europe." The story is not new, only it is true, as Mr. Bernard Quaritch II. assured me, and so I give it. Moreover, it stands for the spirit which upbuilt Quaritch's.

It was over a little shop in Cassell Street that the name first appeared, the year being 1847. In 1860, when the business had grown to some stature, it was moved to 15 Piccadilly, through the doors of which there have passed many great men, as well as many great books.

"As everybody knows," said Mr. Quaritch, speaking on that text, "Mr. Gladstone and my father were acquainted for many years, and the Liberal leader used to call here very frequently. On one occasion, when I was quite a young

fellow, I attended to him, perhaps because my father may have been out. Anyhow, he asked my opinion on a volume which he thought of purchasing—what did I think of its merits? He spoke in a simple, friendly way—as if I had been his equal in knowledge and years—which made a lasting impression on me. Naturally I knew something about books even then, for I had been working beside my father, and I went regularly to the sale-room, which he, in a phrase that he often used, called the booksellers' university. But my knowledge was a trifle to the Grand Old Man's.

"Mr. Gladstone and my father had many a chat—not the ordinary passages between a bookseller and a customer, but regular give-and-take talks on whatever might be engaging them. I recollect my father saying to me that what constantly struck him about Mr. Gladstone was this—his coolness, composure, geniality, whatever the political atmosphere outside might be. It seemed as if he left all his political cares and worries on the doorstep, or still farther away, and that the only thing in which he had the slightest interest for the time being was literature. No doubt this quality of detachment explains the vigour of intellect and body which the Liberal chief maintained almost until the end of his long life. On his return from

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its way on to the market, and a recent one fetched £67. Over the mantelshelf of Mr. Quaritch's Holy of Holies at Piccadilly there is a beautiful painting of "Old Fitz"—a spirit of the place. Other memories which linger there are of Sir Richard Burton, of Richard Cobden, of John Ruskin—but, indeed, who did not call on the "first bookseller of Europe"? Be it noted that Ruskin was a keen collector of manuscripts, and that he had a very good idea of their value. At Quaritch's there is even a memory of the Royal Family, for the Duke of Albany bought one or two books, and if he had lived longer he might have developed into a Royal collector.

"I suppose," I remarked to Mr. Quaritch, "the most energetic and wealthy collectors now are Americans?"

"Not all of them," he said, "but certainly, within the past ten or fifteen years, Americans have acquired much English literary treasure. America is an English-speaking country, its people are well educated and well off, and they say to themselves, 'We inherit the greatness of the English literature of the past, and we are perfectly entitled to have as many relics of that literature as we can get.' Anything relating to Shakespeare is valued across the Atlantic, and there, as here, Elizabethan

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Oct. 15. 1907 with the elayed and on of Oscar n are about ately syn- of estimates, and new inevitable, ble cheap lassics—are now for a tical work, ss) by no

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FROM e's List.

By HUBERT BLAND. Author of "Letters to a

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INGLEBY.

Demy 8vo, 410 pages, with Crayon Frontispiece by S. Wray. 12s. 6d. net.

THE CHAIN INVISIBLE. By RANGER GULL. (A Novel of Monte Carlo.) 6s.

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The Book Monthly

and, as to a business, it must be
well organised, with plenty of re-
ference material always at hand.
You want an excellent intelligence
department, to which you can go
knowing that it will contain in
detail the information you want,
however out of the way that in-
formation may be."

Before I came away Mr. Qua-

ritch took me round the shelves
containing some of his most
valuable treasures, Shakespeare
 Quartos, first editions of the
"Complete Angler"—trifles, you
know, worth anything from £100
to £1000 or more; and then he
invited me to pay him another
visit when he has moved into his
new premises at Grafton Street.

J. M.

never to have had much more taste for architectu-
dalsms, what is to be expected from the municipalities
than they have now. If the Church commits var-

The postponement of the complete edition of the
works of Oscar Wilde is a great disappointment to
the many admirers of the literary productions of that
author, for his essays and miscellaneous writings are
to all intents and purposes inaccessible. "Intentions,"
a brilliant book, might well be reprinted at a reason-
able price, for it should then command a very con-
siderable sale. We may be grateful, however, that
Messrs. French have published the plays in eighteen-
penny volumes—a fact that is not so widely known
as it might be. Another book on Wilde is now
announced by Mr. Werner Laurie. It has been
written by Mr. L. C. Ingleby, and, it is said, throws
much new light on the man in relation to his work.

Daily Mail Sept. 21, 1907

Messrs. Methuen announce the publica-
tion of a uniform edition of "The Works
of Oscar Wilde," in eleven volumes, which
will include "The Duchess of Padua" and
other material not hitherto published. The
edition is limited to 500 copies for Great
Britain (12s. 6d. net), and there will be an
edition on Japanese vellum, limited to fifty
copies, at 42s. net each volume

20 Sept. 1907

"Times" Literary Supplement.

SOME SHORT STORIES IN GERMAN.

But
equally impossible he deems it for human nature to have too
much virtue for its daily food. So he steers between the
Scylla of Nietzsche and the Charybdis of Christianity, as
he interprets Christian teaching. But his tales, as such, are
well-told. We should guess him to have studied Mr. Meredith,
who shares in these days, with Mr. Bernard Shaw and Oscar
Wilde, the honour of being regarded in Germany as a literary
model. He has something of the richness of thought and
imagination that charms us in the "Shaving of Shagpat,"
though his manner is more nearly derived from satirists among
his own countrymen.

Sept. 12.

Globe.

Considering the wide-reaching character of
his activities, few men have a better claim
to speak on the subject of the dramatist and
the actor than Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who has
been expressing to an interviewer his views
concerning Mr. Pinero's recent pronounce-
ments on the art of the playwright. Mr. Tree
very properly regards the author of "His
House in Order" as a dramatist of uncommon
talents, who may well make laws unto him-
self, and while conceding to Mr. Pinero the
unique claim of "never altering anything at
rehearsals," mentions other writers who have
felt and acknowledged what he well describes
as "the inspiration of the rehearsal," when
the author is working with the producer to a
common end. He particularly quotes one
brilliant example—the late Oscar Wilde—who,
at a given hint would at rehearsal "quietly
retire into a corner, emerging therefrom half
an hour later, with a completed new scene,
instinct with the liveliest humour and most
sparkling wit." Mr. Tree rather speaks as if
this were a habit of the author of "Lady
Windermere's Fan"; it would be most inter-
esting if he would widen the field of his
revelations, and tell us more of the dead
author's dramatic methods.

Messrs. Methuen have in hand a limited uniform edition of
"The Works of Oscar Wilde";

THE ACADEMY
October 5, 1907

The Works of Oscar Wilde. The books are:—The
Duchess of Padua—Poems—Intentions—Salome,
and Other Plays—Lady Windermere's Fan—A
Woman of No Importance—An Ideal Husband—The
Importance of Being Earnest—A House of Pome-
granates and the Happy Prince—Lord Arthur
Savile's Crime and Other Prose Pieces—De Pro-
fundis. Three other volumes will probably com-
plete the seteach net 12/6

Daily Courier Oct. 15, 1907

Liverpool. with the
appearance of the long-delayed and
much-needed complete edition of Oscar
Wilde, which Messrs. Methuen are about
to issue, there will appropriately syn-
chronise quite a little batch of estimates
of the author of "Intentions," and new
editions of another kind—the inevitable,
unaccountable, uncontrollable cheap
reprints of every kind of classics—are
providing a fine excuse just now for a
good deal of introductory critical work,
which is (for all its slightness) by no
means to be belittled.

Daily Express, Nov. 5, 1907

Reply to Mr. H. G. Wells.

To the Editor of the "Express."
Sir,—I am delighted beyond expression at
the great advertisement given to my pam-
phlet on "Socialism, Atheism, and Free
Love," by Mr. H. G. Wells, and am con-
tent to leave the printer's explanation of
the error in one edition as given and ac-
cepted by so many friends.
Mr. Wells has not the courtesy in all
the letters he is scattering over the country
to admit I wrote him, at his residence, en-
closing the copies of the lecture to prove
no attempt had been made to deceive or
mislead, nor to admit that I have done all
that was possible to show my regret that
any such mistake had been made.
He is furious with me for exposing his
quoting, with approval, Mr. Oscar Wilde's
views in the "Fortnightly Review" for
November 1906, and I thank him for now
repeating the quotation from his book, that
"women and children, just as men and
things, must cease to be owned."
In the "Manchester Courier" and other
papers he has the cool assurance to profess
he "advocates marriage and fidelity."

J. H. BOTTOMLEY,
Conservative Agent, Newton-le-Willows,
Nov. 2, 1907.

A SELECTION FROM
Werner Laurie's List.

THE HAPPY MORALIST. By HUBERT BLAND.
A Series of Sparkling Essays by the Author of "Letters to a
Daughter." 3s. 6d. net.

OSCAR WILDE

BY
LEONARD CRESSWELL INGLEBY.
Demy 8vo, 410 pages, with Crayon Frontispiece
by S. Wray. 12s. 6d. net.

THE CHAIN INVISIBLE. By RANGER GULL.
(A Novel of Monte Carlo.) 6s.

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1907
Nation.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AMERICAN EDITION OF OSCAR WILDE'S WORKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—I gladly accept Mr. Le Gallienne's somewhat tardy disclaimer of responsibility for the contents of the circular issued by Messrs. A. R. Keller and Co., announcing their Complete Edition of Oscar Wilde's works. If I committed any error in speaking of "Mr. Le Gallienne's edition" I apologise. Whether my error was justified or not I leave the readers of *The Times* to decide, especially those who have also seen the prospectus in question. We speak of Malone's Shakespeare, Speight's Chaucer; though these old-fashioned editors took the precaution of reading what they were supposed to be introducing to the public; at least, they would hardly have pleaded ignorance as to the contents of the respective editions. To my perhaps Oriental views of literature the Occidental doctrine of irresponsibility seems to be carried rather far. In the prospectus we read:—

LETTERS.—For the first time a collection of the letters of Wilde is presented to the public, a number of them in facsimile. . . . Those who study character through chirography will be greatly interested in these reproductions, and all readers will value the contents of the letters for the light they throw on Wilde's personality. Wilde was most brilliant when most careless, and his letters comprise some of his finest epigrams.

Mine are the italics. May I ask to whom the letters are addressed? Was it unreasonable for me to assume that Mr. Le Gallienne had read letters which throw light on Wilde's personality, letters announced as one of the features of an edition to which he was writing the introduction? I know of only one instance in which a distinguished man took the precaution of copyrighting his private letters in his own lifetime; but Mr. Whistler knew the natural habits of his countrymen better than Wilde. English letter writers trust, perhaps unwisely, to the honour of their correspondents.

Messrs. Keller's edition is said to contain *The Duchess of Padua* and *Vera*; neither of these has been published except in German; they were privately printed for stage purposes in America, and therefore their publication without reference to the author's representative is, I should imagine, a breach even of American copyright law. A scrip of *A Florentine Tragedy* also announced can only have been obtained by questionable means in this country; it is also unpublished. Perhaps Messrs. Keller's edition of this play and *The Duchess of Padua* are merely prose translations from the German, in which case they are spurious and not by Oscar Wilde. I may be wronging them unintentionally.

Mr. Le Gallienne, who has now had ample time to discover these circumstances, has no fault to find with those who have conferred upon him the honour of a spurious Oxford education. "It is but natural," he thinks, that American publishers should take advantage of an author's carelessness. "You are certainly very natural in America," says Lord Canterville in one of Wilde's stories. I venture to think, however, that it was rather careless of Mr. Le Gallienne not to have made himself acquainted with the publisher's intentions and rather flamboyant plans. In certain American States I am told life is insufficiently protected; that does not seem to me an excuse for murder.

Mr. Le Gallienne says truly that "when a man is fighting it is as well that he should know what he is fighting about." I am fighting, Sir, if that is the right expression, for the feeling of indignant protest, against what is a violation of the rights of Wilde's family, a violation of the rights of Messrs. Methuen, the accredited literary agents for the Wilde estate. Still more, I am fighting for Wilde's literary reputation, which is being again jeopardized by the attribution to him of spurious works, one of which I can hardly imagine being published in the virtuous State of New York.

Mr. Le Gallienne's admirers, among whom I count myself, will note with regret his endorsement of a disreputable proceeding; and I scarcely think the late Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, or any former editor of the "beautiful old *Academy*," would have hesitated to condemn that which I believe is condemned by all honourable men of letters on both sides of the Atlantic; at all events, I ask them to judge.

Your obedient servant,

ROBERT ROSS.

The only objection which could be made to Mr. Ross's letter to last Saturday's *Times* on the subject of the complete edition of Oscar Wilde's work, which Mr. Richard le Gallienne is about to bring out in America, is that it is scarcely strong enough and does not perhaps make clear to the ordinary man who has no acquaintance with the facts the outrageous nature of Mr. le Gallienne's intentions. Put in plain English it amounts to this: Mr. le Gallienne (whom the American papers describe as an "old

Oxford chum" of Wilde's, ignoring the fact that Wilde was twenty years older than Mr. le Gallienne, and that the latter never was at Oxford or any other university) proposes to edit and contribute a preface to a pirated edition of Wilde's works, which will include two stories which he well knows were not written by Wilde. By so doing he will be causing a grave injury to the literary reputation of the man whose friend he claims to have been, and he will also be robbing that man's children as surely and as literally as if he had broken into their dwelling and stolen their plate. According to "Who's Who," Mr. le Gallienne, when he ceased to be a bank-clerk in Liverpool, "abandoned business for literature." He has now, apparently, decided to abandon literature for business of the most disreputable and dishonest kind.

O.C. 5, 1907

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's reputation for honesty, decency, and literary judgment would have been better served by silence than by the letter he publishes in *The Times Literary Supplement* of Thursday last. In a letter to that journal on June 28th Mr. Robert Ross, executor of Mr. Oscar Wilde and editor of the forthcoming authorised edition of his works, accused Mr. Le Gallienne of intending to edit and contribute a preface to a pirated edition of Mr. Wilde's works to be published by a New York firm of piratical publishers. Mr. Le Gallienne replies that he is not to edit it; he is merely to contribute the preface. In the same spirit was the reply of the girl who, on being accused of having an illegitimate baby, replied that it was only a little one.

Mr. Le Gallienne's defence is a quibble. The cheque he receives for the preface will probably be smaller than the cheque he would have received for "editing." His responsibility is not for that reason appreciably lessened. He lends his notorious name to a stolen edition of Mr. Wilde's copyright works for which, as he well knows, no royalty will be paid to the author's legal representative for the use of the beneficiaries; and he countenances the inclusion in that edition of two stories which, as he well knows, are not Mr. Wilde's work at all. An opportunity was offered him, on the publication of Mr. Robert Ross's letter, to defend what reputation might still be his for pecuniary probity and critical power by dissociating himself at once and with decision from a flagrantly dishonest proceeding. He has preferred to pocket his gains and take refuge behind an unusually paltry quibble.

With the separate sentences of his letter there is no call to deal. That he was ignorant of the statement made in the prospectus we can well believe; had he known of them, common prudence would have counselled him to contradict them at once, since not even the American public was likely to be gulled into believing Mr. Le Gallienne an Oxford man. But there is one quibble, contained in the last sentences of his letter which needs exposure. The American publishers, he writes, would be glad to know to whom they can pay a royalty on their editions. "Perhaps Mr. Ross would be kind enough to inform them in the interest of Mrs. Wilde's children, or, shall I say, his 'executor'?" The answer is, To no one. Mr. Le Gallienne, as his last sentence proves, knew perfectly well that Mr. Ross is Mr. Wilde's executor. Why did he not tell the pirates, whose booty he proposes to share, that he knew the owners of the property, and that the owners' consent must be obtained before that property was touched? Even if the offer were sincere, what other "freebooter" would have the impudence to consider himself cleared by an offer of a percentage on the value of the thing he had seized?

Quaritch's!

A New Home For A Historic Bookshop

"WHAT," I asked Mr. Bernard Quaritch, "is the most valuable literary treasure that could now turn up?"

"Oh," he said, with a laugh, "the manuscript of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' would be worth something. We can hardly, I suppose, hope to find that of the Pentateuch."

"Can we," it was next put to Mr. Quaritch, "have any hope of ever coming upon a manuscript by Shakespeare—anything in his hand?"

"Well," he answered, "one never can tell what time may bring to light in the way of old manuscripts and rare editions. There cannot be a definite hope of a Shakespeare manuscript being found, because there is really nothing to support such an expectation; but, you know, hope springs eternal. If any Shakespeare MSS. did happen to be lying away, the most natural places for them would, no doubt, be the Midlands of his nativity, and London, where he lived for years. The last word

about literary treasures is that you never can prophesy; after being lost for ages they may be discovered in the most unlikely places. Just think how the French Revolution scattered the art and literary valuables of France. In England we have had no great upheaval since Cromwell's time, and archives which have accumulated dust since then may hold many a literary relic—who knows? Country houses are the most likely depositories to which we must look for 'finds,' whether manuscripts or rare editions. Gradually old private libraries will come into the market, or be arranged and catalogued, so, in either case, making us acquainted with their contents."

My talk with Mr. Quaritch took place in his famous Piccadilly shop, which wore—what is prevalent at this season—an air of spring cleaning. But that was not it. Mr. Quaritch is in process of moving from Piccadilly to new and more convenient premises in Grafton Street, just off New Bond Street, and it was this circumstance

Academy, July 5, 1907 Bookman. Dundee 1907

The Book Monthly

which had suggested my visit. He is, of course, the second of his line, a worthy successor to his father, who founded the business.

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fellow, I attended to him, perhaps because my father may have been out. Anyhow, he asked my opinion on a volume which he thought of purchasing—what did I think of its merits? He spoke in a simple, friendly way—as if I had been his equal in knowledge and years—which made a lasting impression on me. Naturally I knew something about books even then, for I had been working beside my father, and I went regularly to the sale-room, which he, in a phrase that he often used, called the booksellers' university. But my knowledge was a trifle to the Grand Old Man's.

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its way on to the market, and a recent one fetched £67. Over the mantelshelf of Mr. Quaritch's Holy of Holies at Piccadilly there is a beautiful painting of "Old Fitz"—a spirit of the place. Other memories which linger there are of Sir Richard Burton, of Richard Cobden, of John Ruskin—but, indeed, who did not call on the "first bookseller of Europe"? Be it noted that Ruskin was a keen collector of manuscripts, and that he had a very good idea of their value. At Quaritch's there is even a memory of the Royal Family, for the Duke of Albany bought one or two books, and if he had lived longer he might have developed into a Royal collector.

"I suppose," I remarked to Mr. Quaritch, "the most energetic and wealthy collectors now are Americans?"

"Not all of them," he said, "but certainly, within the past ten or fifteen years, Americans have acquired much English literary treasure. America is an English-speaking country, its people are well educated and well off, and they say to themselves, 'We inherit the greatness of the English literature of the past, and we are perfectly entitled to have as many relics of that literature as we can get.' Anything relating to Shakespeare is valued across the Atlantic, and there, as here, Elizabethan

Academy, July 5, 1907

The Book Monthly

things generally are in request. That, you see, was a great period in our literature, and also a remarkable time in the development of the English-speaking race, and it is probably for this twin reason that Elizabethan manuscripts and rare books are so much sought after. But nothing that is good is overlooked by the American collectors, and if a manuscript by Chaucer—another forlorn hope—were ever to turn up I am sure they would make a very good bid for it."

"Is there not, happily, a tendency," I asked, "for American literary collections, when they are dispersed, to return to the Old Country?"

"What happens," said Mr. Quaritch, "is rather this: London is the central second-hand book-market of the world, and so if an American collection is to be sold it naturally comes here for the purpose, although parts of it may again cross the Atlantic. At American sales wealthy collectors bid heavily against each other, and force the few books in which they may speculate up to almost excessive prices, while other books, not necessarily less valuable, will go at a sacrifice. But when you put a collection into the auction-room in London it is different, because Europe, as well as America, attends the sale, and a more equitable test of the individual value of each book is obtained. Then London

has an advantage over Paris as a distributing centre for second-hand books, since a sale here costs very much less. It goes through for the 12½ per cent. which represents the commission of the auction-room; while in Paris, thanks to one thing or another—a Government tax included—you will be lucky if you get a sale over for 25 per cent. of the amount realised."

"You might tell me, Mr. Quaritch, about the champion prices which your father and yourself have paid for rare books."

"The largest single amount paid in the history of the firm was £5600, which I gave not very long ago for William Blake's original drawings to the Book of Job—drawings which, like so much else, are now in America. My father paid £4950 at the Syston Park sale in 1884 for a copy of the Latin version of the Psalms printed by Fust and Schoeffer in 1459. Only the other day, as you would notice, I bought Mr. Locker-Lampson's copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare for £3600. A high price, everybody said. Yes, even for a First Folio in perfect condition; but it had an added value by reason of the fact that it belonged to Mr. Locker-Lampson. An interesting ownership is always an asset in the value of a rare book, as take the instance of Robert

Bookman, October 1907

Quaritch's!

Burns's Family Bible, which I bought for over £1500, and which, very properly, is now in the possession of the Burns Trustees at Ayr for all time. That Bible, as a Bible, probably did not cost five shillings, but it belonged to Burns, it had his name on it, and it was intimately associated with his life. Manuscripts by him, I may mention, are always a considerable gamble, because his habit, when he wrote a poem, was to give friends written copies of it. Thus various copies got about, and it is almost impossible now to tell which of these might be the original."

"What would you say are the chief fashions at the present moment in book-collecting?"

"Our talk has, more or less, answered that question. The great things and the rare things will always be most sought after. You take names like those of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, and corresponding names standing for the literary stars of other countries, and their manuscripts and rare editions are what the collector pursues. Books that were in the possession of Napoleon Bonaparte are valuable, but not so valuable as the cult of the Corsican might lead an outsider to suppose. More valuable really are volumes that happen to have been in the possession of Marie Antoinette and ladies of the French Court like the

Pompadour and the Duchesse du Barry. Books which have a real historical value through their personal associations are gradually disappearing into the retreat of national collections and public libraries, and so there is less spoil of the sort for the private collector, and he must pay more for what fragments he does pick up. The collection of manuscripts or books by Oscar Wilde is increasing notably, and early editions of Swinburne are also rising constantly in price. Stevenson is not worth more than it was a few years ago, and, in fact, has probably receded a little in value from the point of view of the collector."

Finally I asked Mr. Quaritch, would he tell me what is the secret of being a great bookseller—of being "the first bookseller in Europe"?

He laughed and thought, and then said, "Well, you need to have a good memory, a memory which stores away information about books just as a careful man stores away letters of real importance and rejects those which are not likely to have any later use. And you must have experience; yes, even if you are a born bookseller you must have experience. You have got to go through the mill to fill that memory of yours, for there is no other way of doing it that I know. These are personal qualifications;

The Book Monthly

and, as to a business, it must be well organised, with plenty of reference material always at hand. You want an excellent intelligence department, to which you can go knowing that it will contain in detail the information you want, however out of the way that information may be."

Before I came away Mr. Qua-

ritch took me round the shelves containing some of his most valuable treasures, Shakespeare Quartos, first editions of the "Complete Angler"—trifles, you know, worth anything from £100 to £1000 or more; and then he invited me to pay him another visit when he has moved into his new premises at Grafton Street.

J. M.

The postponement of the complete edition of the works of Oscar Wilde is a great disappointment to the many admirers of the literary productions of that author, for his essays and miscellaneous writings are to all intents and purposes inaccessible. "Intentions," a brilliant book, might well be reprinted at a reasonable price, for it should then command a very considerable sale. We may be grateful, however, that Messrs. French have published the plays in eighteen-penny volumes—a fact that is not so widely known as it might be. Another book on Wilde is now announced by Mr. Werner Laurie. It has been written by Mr. L. C. Ingleby, and, it is said, throws much new light on the man in relation to his work.

Daily Mail

Sept. 21. 1907

Messrs. Methuen announce the publication of a uniform edition of "The Works of Oscar Wilde," in eleven volumes, which will include "The Duchess of Padua" and other material not hitherto published. The edition is limited to 500 copies for Great Britain (12s. 6d. net), and there will be an edition on Japanese vellum, limited to fifty copies, at 42s. net each volume

Jissen Women's University Library

edition on Japanese vellum, limited to fifty
copies, at 42s. net each volume

20 Sept. 1907

Times'' *Literary Supplement.*

SOME SHORT STORIES IN GERMAN.

But

equally impossible he deems it for human nature to have too much virtue for its daily food. So he steers between the Scylla of Nietzscheism and the Charybdis of Christianity, as he interprets Christian teaching. But his tales, as such, are well-told. We should guess him to have studied Mr. Meredith, who shares in these days, with Mr. Bernard Shaw and Oscar Wilde, the honour of being regarded in Germany as a literary model. He has something of the richness of thought and imagination of the latter, though his manner is more nearly derived from satirists among his own countrymen.

2019-03-18 Sissen Women's University Library "Shaving of Shagpet," 36

Sept. 12.

Globe.

Considering the wide-reaching character of his activities, few men have a better claim to speak on the subject of the dramatist and the actor than Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who has been expressing to an interviewer his views concerning Mr. Pinero's recent pronouncements on the art of the playwright. Mr. Tree very properly regards the author of "His House in Order" as a dramatist of uncommon talents, who may well make laws unto himself, and while conceding to Mr. Pinero the unique claim of "never altering anything at rehearsals," mentions other writers who have felt and acknowledged what he well describes as "the inspiration of the rehearsal," when the author is working with the producer to a common end. He particularly quotes one brilliant example—the late Oscar Wilde—who, at a given hint would at rehearsal "quietly retire into a corner, emerging therefrom half an hour later, with a completed new scene, instinct with the liveliest humour and most sparkling wit." Mr. Tree rather speaks as if this were a habit of the author of "Lady Windemere's Fan"; it would be most interesting if he would widen the field of his revelations, and tell us more of the dead author's dramatic methods.

Saturday Review Sept. 28, 1907.

3

Messrs. Methuen have in hand a limited uniform edition of
"The Works of Oscar Wilde";

THE ACADEMY

October 5, 1907

The Works of Oscar Wilde. The books are:—The
Duchess of Padua—Poems—Intentions—Salome,
and Other Plays—Lady Windermere's Fan—A
Woman of No Importance—An Ideal Husband—The
Importance of Being Earnest—A House of Pome-
granates and the Happy Prince—Lord Arthur
Savile's Crime and Other Prose Pieces—De Pro-
fundis. Three other volumes will probably com-
plete the seteach net 12/6

2019 Women's University Library 38

Daily Courier

Oct. 15.
1907

Liverpool.

With the

appearance of the long-delayed and much-needed complete edition of Oscar Wilde, which Messrs. Methuen are about to issue, there will appropriately synchronise quite a little batch of estimates of the author of "Intentions," and new editions of another kind—the inevitable, unaccountable, uncontrollable cheap reprints of every kind of classics—are providing a fine excuse just now for a good deal of introductory, critical work, which is (for all its slightness) by no means to be belittled.

Daily Express,

Nov. 5.
1907

Reply to Mr. H. G. Wells.

To the Editor of the "Express."

Sir,—I am delighted beyond expression at the great advertisement given to my pamphlet on "Socialism, Atheism, and Free Love," by Mr. H. G. Wells, and am content to leave the printer's explanation of the error in one edition as given and accepted by so many friends.

Mr. Wells has not the courtesy in all the letters he is scattering over the country to admit I wrote him, at his residence, enclosing the copies of the lecture to prove no attempt had been made to deceive or mislead, nor to admit that I have done all that was possible to show my regret that any such mistake had been made.

He is furious with me for exposing his quoting, with approval, Mr. Oscar Wilde's views in the "Fortnightly Review" for November 1906, and I thank him for now repeating the quotation from his book, that "women and children, just as men and things, must cease to be owned."

In the "Manchester Courier" and other papers he has the cool assurance to profess he "admits no compromise of fidelity."

J. H. BOTTOMLEY.

Conservative Agent, Newton-le-Willows,
Nov. 2, 1907.

A SELECTION FROM
Werner Laurie's List.

THE HAPPY MORALIST. By HUBERT BLAND.

A Series of Sparkling Essays by the Author of "Letters to a Daughter." 3s. 6d. net.

OSCAR WILDE

BY

LEONARD CRESSWELL INGLEBY.

Demy 8vo, 410 pages, with Crayon Frontispiece
by S. Wray. 12s. 6d. net.

2019 Jesen Women's University Library 41

THE CHAIN INVISIBLE. By RANGER GULL.

(A Novel of Monte Carlo.) 6s.

30
Nov.
1907

Nation.

Referee. *Sept. 15. 1907*

At the Cripplegate Institute, on October 28, the New English Players will give the first public performance of a one-act play entitled "The Florentine Tragedy," by Oscar Wilde. For further particulars address the secretary, 15, Vicarage-gardens, Kensington.

Globe. *October 24. 1907*

The New English Players will start their first season on Saturday next, when, at the Cripplegate Institute, they will produce "A Florentine Tragedy," the one-act piece by the late Oscar Wilde. As "A Florentine Tragedy" was left by the author in a fragmentary form, for the purposes of the production the opening scene has been written by T. Sturge Moore.

DAILY CHRONICLE,
OCTOBER 26, 1907

THEATRES AND "HALLS."

Four New Plays to be Produced To-night.

There will be four premières in London this evening—at the Court, the Duke of York's, the Scala, and the Cripplegate Institute. This last will mark the opening of the season of the New English Players, who are to present Oscar Wilde's one-act piece, "A Florentine Tragedy." As left by Wilde, this playlet was in somewhat fragmentary form, and we understand that Mr. T. Sturge Moore has written, or rewritten, the first scene for the purposes of the imminent production. Great interest is being shown by lovers of the literary drama in the plans of the New English Players, and especially in this initial programme, which also includes Messrs. W. T. Drury and Richard Pryce's comedy, "A Privy Council."

Oct 28, 1907

It was stated in error that Oscar Wilde's play, "A Florentine Tragedy," was to be produced at the Cripplegate Institute, on Saturday. The date fixed is this (Monday) evening. *E.S.M.*

Referee. *Oct. 27. 1907*

"A Florentine Tragedy," by Oscar Wilde, and the clever little Haymarket piece, "A Privy Council," will be performed by the New English Players at the Cripplegate Institute to-morrow evening. This will be the first public performance of the Wilde piece.

* * *

Daily Mirror. *Oct. 29. 1907*

NEW OSCAR WILDE PLAY IN THE CITY.

Probably Oscar Wilde himself never thought of a more daring paradox than the idea that a play of his should be performed for the first time at the Cripplegate Institute—a sort of mutual-improvement institution in the heart of the City's warehouse area. Yet so it was last night, when "A Florentine Tragedy" was produced by the New English Players, a society of amateurs. They did their best with the play's many crudities.

Referee. *Nov. 7. 1907*

At Victoria Hall, Faling, to-morrow evening, the Hypocrites D.C. will present Oscar Wilde's comedy "An Ideal Husband."

East Anglian Daily Times
Oct. 26. 1907

NEXT WEEK MR. ROBERTSON HOPE'S comedy company will present two of the late Oscar Wilde's cleverest plays, "The Importance of Being Earnest," and "Lady Windermere's Fan." These brilliant comedies rank very high indeed in dramatic literature, their sparkling epigram and scathing satire commending them to the good graces of those who can admire such triumphs of the playwright's art. It is promised that Mr. Hoffe's intention is to present the plays in a manner fully worthy of their reputation, to which end he has given the most careful attention to the selection of his artists. Some years have passed since "Lady Windermere's Fan" was seen in Ipswich. Those who desire a treat should attend the Lyceum during the week. "The Importance of Being Earnest" is to be performed on Monday and Thursday nights, and at the Saturday matinee, and "Lady Windermere's Fan" will be played on the other nights. The provincial rights of both plays have been obtained by Mr. Hoffe by arrangement with Mr. George Alexander.

Pall Mall Gazette, *Oct. 31. 1907*

Following on the notable works by Mr. A. Walkley and others comes a new volume on the English plays and players, and this time by a foreign critic who has followed the development of the English drama very closely and dispassionately for some years past. The critic in question, Dr. Mario Borsa, published his views some time ago in his native tongue, and the book received a deal of notice from a few English papers which combine the gift of tongues and a passion for dramatic themes. Mr. Selwyn Brinton has now translated the book from the Italian, edited and prefaced it, and the result, under the title "The English Stage of To-day," is to make its appearance from the press of Mr. John Lane in the middle of next month. The work is brought up to date by the inclusion of later productions of interest, and has been carefully revised with a view to the more special interests of the English-speaking public. It will be found that the author takes a very full survey of the English theatre, a survey which, though critical, is by no means unfriendly, and which includes every manifestation of our modern British drama, from the work of Pinero, Barrie, Jones, Wilde, and Shaw to Mr. L. N. Parker's pageants and the Celtic renaissance.

T.P.'s Weekly Nov. 18. 1907.

2,069. — **Maxims.** — A series, "The Royal Library," published by A. L. Humphreys, of 186, Piccadilly, at 6s. a volume net, includes the Maxims of Vauvenargues (2 vols.), La Rochefoucauld, Balzac, Napoleon (all in French and English), Oscar Wilde, and Lord Beaconsfield.

Referee. *Nov. 24. 1907*

A CONSTANT READER (Kensington): 1. Oscar Wilde was sentenced on May 23, 1895. See files of daily papers at public libraries. 2. Cannot find any reference to the lady.

Westminster Gazette. *Oct. 23 1907*

Prisoners as Authors.

Mrs. Price, who has been occupying her enforced leisure in Nottingham Gaol in writing the story of her romantic life, has had many distinguished predecessors as prison-authors. It was in Newgate that Defoe wrote his "Jure Divino" and began his "Review"; in Carisbrooke Castle Sir William Davenant wooed the Muse of Poetry; Howel wrote the greater part of his "Familiar Letters" and many another work in the Fleet Prison; Voltaire penned most of his "Henriade" in the Bastille; and Bunyan his "Pilgrim's Progress" in Bedford Gaol. Raleigh's "History of the World" lightened eleven years of imprisonment; Cervantes is said to have written "Don Quixote" while a captive in Barbary; and Boethius and Grotius plied equally busy pens within prison walls. In later years, among authors who have bequeathed imprisonment with the labours of the pen have been Zola, William O'Brien, Oscar Wilde, Edmund Yates, and many others whose literary activity even durance could not quench.

THE NEW ENGLISH PLAYERS

FIRST SEASON, 1907

FIRST PRODUCTION

AT

THE CRIPPLEGATE INSTITUTE

GOLDEN LANE, E.C.

On 28th October, 1907

At EIGHT o'clock

Doors Open Seven-Thirty o'clock.

collections of Henry Irving.

“A PRIVY COUNCIL”

A Comedy. Period 1665.

BY

MAJOR W. P. DRURY and RICHARD PRYCE.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY IN THE ORDER OF THEIR APPEARANCE.

- MARY.....Miss ANNE COOMBS
- MERCER.....Miss IDA FEARHEAD
- MRS. PEPYS.....Miss MARIE HAYES
- SAMUEL PEPYS, Esq., F.R.S.....Mr. ALEXANDER CLIFTON
- MRS. KNIPP (of the King's Playhouse)...Miss KATHLEEN FEARHEAD
- SIR WILLIAM KILLIGREW.....Mr. J. DOCWRA ROGERS
- SIR CHRISTOPHER MINGS.....Mr. STANLEY SMITH

SCENE: The Dining Room of Mr. Pepys' House.

Ref

“A little history by the morning the Wil

Refere

At Victoria Hall will present Oscar Wilde's comedy "An Ideal Husband."

William O'Brien, Oscar Wilde, Edmund Yates, and many others whose literary activity even during could not quench.

First Public Performance of a New Play in One Act

ENTITLED—

“A FLORENTINE TRAGEDY”

BY

OSCAR WILDE

At 9.15 p.m.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY IN THE ORDER OF THEIR APPEARANCE.

- MARIA (a Tirewoman)..... Miss MARIE HAYES
- BIANCA (Wife to Simone)..... Miss AMY ROOKER
- GUIDO (a young Florentine Nobleman)..... Mr. STANLEY SMITH
- SIMONE (a Florentine Merchant)..... Mr. GEORGE HAYES
- SERVANT TO SIMONE..... Mr. J. DOCWRA ROGERS

SCENE: An Upper Room in a House near Florence.

Period circa 1510.

NOTE.—The Florentine Tragedy having been left by the Author in a fragmentary form the opening scene has been written by Mr. T. Sturge Moore. The dramatic rights are the property of Oscar Wilde's literary executor, Mr. Robert Ross.

collections of Henry Irving.

Stage Nov. 7. 1907

THE NEW ENGLISH PLAYERS.

This new society opened their first season at the Cripplegate Institute, Golden Lane, E.C., on Monday, October 28, 1907, when took place the first public performance of a play, in one act, by Oscar Wilde, entitled:—

A Florentine Tragedy.
Maria Miss Marie Hayes
Bianca Miss Amy Rooker
Guido Mr. Stanley Smith
Simone Mr. George Hayes
Servant to Simone Mr. J. Docwra Rogers

Scene.—An Upper Room in a House near Florence. Period circa 1510. Note.—A Florentine Tragedy having been left by the author in a fragmentary form, the opening scene has been written by T. Sturge Moore. The dramatic rights are the property of Oscar Wilde's literary executor, Robert Ross.

The New English Players, whose moving spirit seems to be Mr. Stanley Smith, and whose programme is, for some reason, printed in a style very similar to that adopted for several years by the Incorporated Stage Society, were greatly daring and over-ambitious in presenting as their "first production" Oscar Wilde's never-completed play A Florentine Tragedy. As it was left by the author in a fragmentary form, it is stated that the opening scene has been written by T. Sturge Moore, whose very bald, commonplace, and undistinguished blank verse fits but oddly with the ensuing picturesque and coloured lines, fraught with the imaginative touches which marked Wilde's style of poetic diction. Acted by a company of artists of the calibre, say, of the St. James's, and with its fine verse delivered with full appreciation and just emphasis and proper balance, A Florentine Tragedy ought to make a great impression upon cultured playgoers; and even with the imperfect performance given at the Cripplegate Institute on Monday, it stirred to genuine enthusiasm a somewhat scanty and, at the outset, but politely friendly audience. Wilde's plot deals with the fatal attachment formed by Guido Bardi, a young Florentine nobleman of a well-known family, and son of Giovanni Bardi, for Bianca, the rather flighty and romantic young wife of Simone, an elderly merchant, whom she regards as but "a common chapman," and immersed in business cares. This view Simone tries to keep up when he finds in company with his spouse this young noble, whom he affects to consider as a customer for his costliest goods. Guido's prodigal offer of a hundred thousand crowns for some of these wares, with the fair Bianca thrown in, is apparently accepted with profuse thanks by the merchant; but there is, nevertheless, grim and sinister meaning in Simone's speeches extolling his merchandise, and inviting the youthful would-be seducer to quaff a goblet of Tuscan wine with his wife. Then, picking up his honoured guest's sword, he bids him match it against his own seldom-used blade. Encouraged by Bianca, who cries out, "Kill him," Guido draws first blood, but his sword is speedily knocked out of his hand, and, in the ensuing dagger fight, he is pinned head downwards, à la Svengali, across the table by the victorious merchant, whose dagger is used for the double purpose of choking and of piercing his noble victim's throat. Guido dead, Simone turns on his wife with the words, "Now for Bianca," but the fickle woman advances with open arms towards her conquering husband, saying, "I did not know you were so strong," and he embracing her tenderly, replies, "I did not know you were so beautiful." So the unhappy Guido is forgotten whilst he still lies rigid across the table. A generally impressive and strong performance of Simone was given by Mr. George Hayes, who certainly helped chiefly to sustain the cumulative interest of the dénouement. Mr. Stanley Smith played carefully, but in a rather lachrymose manner, as Guido, and Miss Amy Rooker showed intelligence in acting as Bianca, although she has still a great deal to learn in the adequate delivery of blank verse. The part of Maria, a firewoman, had a prepossessing exponent in Miss Marie Hayes, who looked well also, but displayed great inexperience, as Mrs. Popsy in Major W. P. Drury and Richard Pryce's A Privy Council, which (as formerly at the Haymarket) served as first piece. Mr. Alexander Clifton seemed to adopt an affected method of utterance as the great diarist. Miss Kathleen Fearnhead was a bright and piquant Mrs. Knipp, though the masquerading as Charles II. was unconvincing. Miss Ida Fearnhead was a vivacious Mercer, and other parts were filled by Miss Anne Coombs, Mr. Stanley Smith, and Mr. J. Docwra Rogers. Between this indifferent representation of A Privy Council and the Wilde piece, which played for about half an hour, there was the outrageously long interval of three-quarters of an hour. It is to be hoped that the New English Players will manage matters differently at "the two performances of Shakespeare's comedies," which they promise in "the Festival week in April next."

Era, Nov. 2. 1907
"A FLORENTINE TRAGEDY."

Play, in One Act, by Oscar Wilde, given for the first time in public at the Cripplegate Institute on Monday, Oct. 28.

Maria Miss Marie Hayes
Bianca Miss Amy Rooker
Guido Mr. Stanley Smith
Simone Mr. George Hayes
Servant to Simone Mr. J. Docwra Rogers

The New English Players is the name of the latest society instituted in the interests of the drama, but their first performance at the Cripplegate Institute on Monday scarcely justified such a portentous title. The inaugural programme was an ambitious one, and included the late Oscar Wilde's posthumous play, The Florentine Tragedy, which was left by the author in a fragmentary form, an opening scene being written by Mr. Sturge Moore. The little piece bears the stamp of the late author's dramatic skill, and provides an irresistible thrill, but the beauties of his verse were in many cases obscured by the faulty rendering. The story of A Florentine Tragedy, which is not unknown to the dramatic reader, deals, it will be remembered, with the illicit love of Guido, a young noble of Florence in the sixteenth century, for Bianca, the girl-wife of Simone, an elderly Florentine merchant. Bianca lends a willing ear to the pleadings of Guido, who is in the midst of his wooing when Simone suddenly returns. Guido makes no secret of his mission, and when the old merchant, intent only on selling his wares, urges him to buy a costly fabric, Guido tells him he will pay him a fabulous price. Simone, apparently delighted with the bargain, declares that Guido may have anything his house contains for that sum, and the youth demands no other than Bianca. The old man protests that his wife is without beauty or talent, worthy only to sit and spin. He tries to engage Guido in conversation, but the youth will talk only of love, and at length, the merchant picking up Guido's sword, expresses admiration for it, and adds that he would like to try its strength against his own rusty blade. Guido consents, and in the fencing bout which follows Guido, urged on by Bianca, endeavours to kill the old merchant. He is, however, disarmed; but Simone bids him resort to the dagger, and eventually catches his opponent by the throat and holds him in a vice-like grip. Guido calls in vain to Bianca, who crouches in a corner in terror. When the youth is dead the old man turns to his wife, who comes forward, and is embraced by her husband. "Why did you not tell me you were so strong?" she says. "Why did you not tell me you were so beautiful?" he answers.

The effect of the play was sadly marred by the incompetency of several of the performers. Miss Amy Rooker was a comely Bianca, but showed herself to be utterly devoid of emotional expression, and hurried the lines into indistinctness. A similar error was perpetrated by Mr. Stanley Smith, whose performance of Guido, moreover, though evidently sincere, was quite colourless, and lacked any semblance of passion or intensity. The redeeming feature of the performance was the rendering of Simone by Mr. George Hayes, who, apart from a certain stagey-ness, was remarkably effective. He delivered his lines with excellent expression, and the suppressed rage of the old man bent upon the extermination of his youthful rival was impressively assumed. Hearty applause from a sparse attendance was given at the end.

The chief piece was preceded by a forty minutes wait, and by something still more tedious in a performance of Major W. P. Drury and Richard Pryce's comedieta, A Privy Council, about the rendering of which it is only charitable to be silent.

Montreal Star Nov 30. 1907

LILY LANGTRY'S LACK OF VANITY.

Lily Langtry, Whistler, Oscar Wilde and Bernhardt are among the stars one gets a closer glimpse of by means of Ellen Terry's telescopic descriptions in the latest chapter of her autobiography, in the December McClure's, called "Recollections of Henry Irving."

English Players

of Shakespeare's Comedies during week in April next.

ing Authorities—

of the Performance by all exits and entrance open.

circuses must be kept entirely free from chairs

ered about the middle of the Performance so

STANLEY SMITH,
15, VICARAGE GARDENS,
KENSINGTON, W.

Wilde, Edmund Yates, and many others

Referee.

Sep 15. 1907

At the Cripplegate Institute, on October 28, the New English Players will give the first public performance of a one-act play entitled "The Florentine" by J. M. Barrie. For further particulars address the secretary, 15, Vicarage-gardens, Kensington.

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Globe.

October 24. 1907

The New English Players will start their first season on Saturday next, when, at the Cripplegate Institute, they will produce *A Florentine Tragedy*, the one-act piece by the late Oscar Wilde. As *A Florentine Tragedy* is a fragmentary work, in a fragmentary form, for the purposes of the production the opening scene has been written by T. Sturge Moore.

Jissen Wo 2010's O'Brien University Library

DAILY CHRONICLE,

OCTOBER 26, 1907

THEATRES AND "HALLS."

Four New Plays to be
Produced To-night.

There will be four premières in London this evening—at the Court, the Duke of York's, the Scala, and the Cripplegate Institute. This last will mark the opening of the season of the New English Players, who are to present Oscar Wilde's one-act piece, "A Florentine Tragedy." As left by Wilde, this playlet was in somewhat fragmentary form, and we understand that Mr. T. Sturge Moore has written, or rewritten, the first scene for the purposes of the imminent production. Great interest is being shown by lovers of the literary drama in the plans of the New English Players and in the initial programme, which also includes Messrs. W. T. Drury and Richard Pryoe's comedy, "A Privy Council."

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Oct 28, 1907

It was stated in error that Oscar Wilde's play,
"A Florentine Tragedy," was to be produced at
the Cripplegate Institute, on Saturday. The
date fixed is this (Monday) evening. C.S.M.

Jessen Women's University Library

Referee.

Oct. 27. 1907

Beacon

"A Florentine Tragedy," by Oscar Wilde, and the clever little Haymarket piece, "A Privy Council," will be performed by the New England Dramatic Society at the Lyceum Theatre tomorrow evening. This will be the first public performance of the Wilde piece.

2019-2020 Women's University Library



Daily Mirror.

Oct. 29. 1907

NEW OSCAR WILDE PLAY IN THE CITY.

Probably Oscar Wilde himself never thought of a more daring paradox than the idea that a play of his should be performed for the first time at the Cripplegate Institute—a sort of mutual-improvement institution in the heart of the City's warehouse area. Yet so it was last night, when "A Florentine Tragedy" was produced by the New English Players, a society of amateurs. They did their best with the play's many crudities.

Jissen 2019-03-18 Universi51 Library

Referee.

Nov. 17. 1907

At Victoria 2019-03 Women's University Library 52
will present Oscar Wilde's comedy "An Ideal Husband." Hypocrites D.C.

East Anglian Daily Times

Oct. 26. 1907

NEXT WEEK MR. HOFFE'S COMEDY company will present two of the late Oscar Wilde's cleverest plays, "The Importance of Being Earnest," and "Lady Windermere's Fan." These brilliant comedies rank very high indeed in dramatic literature, their sparkling epigram and scathing satire commending them to the good graces of those who can admire such triumphs of the playwright's art. It is promised that Mr. Hoffe's intention is to present the plays in a manner fully worthy of their reputation, to which end he has given the most careful attention to the selection of his artists. Some years have passed since "Lady Windermere's Fan" was seen in Ipswich. Those who desire a treat should attend the Lyceum during the week. "The Importance of Being Earnest" is to be performed on Monday and Thursday nights, and at the Saturday matinee, and "Lady Windermere's Fan" will be played on the other nights. The provincial rights of both plays have been obtained by Mr. Hoffe by arrangement with Mr. George Alexander.

Jisser201906518 university53 library

Pall Mall Gazette,

Oct-31-1907

Following on the notable works by Mr. A. Walkley and others comes a new volume on the English plays and players, and this time by a foreign critic who has followed the development of the English drama very closely and dispassionately for some years past. The critic in question, Dr. Mario Borsa, published his views some time ago in his native tongue, and the book received a deal of notice from a few English papers which combine the gift of tongues and a passion for dramatic themes. Mr. Selwyn Brinton has now translated the book from the Italian, edited and prefaced it, and the result, under the title "The English Stage of To-day," is to make its appearance from the press of Mr. John Lane in the middle of next month. The work is brought up to date by the inclusion of later productions of interest, and has been carefully revised with a view to the more special interests of the English-speaking public. It will be found that the author takes a very full survey of the English theatre, a survey which, though critical, is by no means unfriendly, and which includes every manifestation of our modern British drama, from the work of Pinero, Barrie, Jones, Wilde, and Shaw to Mr. L. N. Parker's pageants and the Celtic renaissance.

T.P.'s Weekly Nov. 15. 1907.

2,069. — **Maxims.** — A series, "The Royal Library," published by A. L. Humphreys, of 186, Piccadilly, at 6s. a volume net, includes the maxims of La Rochefoucauld, Balzac, Napoleon (all in French and English), Oscar Wilde, and Lord Beaconsfield.

Jessen Women's University Library

Referee.

201503 Women's University Library 5601

A CONSTANT READER (Kensington) : 1. Oscar Wilde was sentenced on May 25, 1895. See files of daily papers at public libraries. 2. Cannot find any reference to the lady.

Westminster Gazette.

Oct. 23
1907

Prisoners as Authors.

Mrs. Price, who has been occupying her enforced leisure in Nottingham Gaol in writing the story of her romantic life, has had many distinguished predecessors as prison-authors. It was in Newgate that Defoe wrote his "Jure Divino" and began his "Review"; in Carisbrooke Castle Sir William Davenant wooed the Muse of Poetry; Howel wrote the greater part of his "Familiar Letters" and many another work in the Fleet Prison; Voltaire penned most of his "Henriade" in the Bastille; and Bunyan his "Pilgrim's Progress" in Bedford Gaol. Raleigh's "History of the World" lightened eleven years of imprisonment; Cervantes is said to have written "Don Quixote" while a captive in Barbary; and Boethius and Grotius plied equally busy pens within prison walls. In later years, among authors who have be-
guiled imprisonment with their pens have been Zola, William O'Brien, Oscar Wilde, Edmund Yates, and many others whose literary activity even durance could not quench.

THE NEW ENGLISH PLAYERS

FIRST SEASON, 1907

FIRST PRODUCTION

AT

THE CRIPPLEGATE INSTITUTE

GOLDEN LANE, E.C.

On 28th October, 1907

At EIGHT o'clock

Doors Open Seven-Thirty o'clock.

“A PRIVY COUNCIL”

A Comedy. Period 1665.

BY

MAJOR W. P. DRURY and RICHARD PRYCE.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY IN THE ORDER OF THEIR
APPEARANCE.

MARY.....Miss ANNE COOMBS
MERCER.....Miss IDA FEARNHEAD
Mrs. PEPYS.....Miss MARIE HAYES
SAMUEL PEPYS, Esq., F.R.S.....Mr. ALEXANDER CLIFTON
Mrs. KNIPP (of the King's Playhouse)...Miss KATHLEEN FEARNHEAD
SIR WILLIAM KILLIGREW.....Mr. J. DOCWRA ROGERS
SIR CHRISTOPHER MINGS.....Mr. STANLEY SMITH

SCENE: The Dining Room of Mr. Pepys' House.

First Public Performance of a New Play in One Act

ENTITLED—

“A FLORENTINE TRAGEDY”

BY

OSCAR WILDE

At 9.15 p.m.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY IN THE ORDER OF THEIR
APPEARANCE.

MARIA (a Tirewoman).....Miss MARIE HAYES
BIANCA (Wife to Simone).....Miss AMY ROOKER
GUIDO (a young Florentine Nobleman).....Mr. STANLEY SMITH
SIMONE (a Florentine Merchant).....Mr. GEORGE HAYES
SERVANT TO SIMONE.....Mr. J. DOCWRA ROGERS

SCENE: An Upper Room in a House near Florence.

Period circa 1510.

NOTE.—The Florentine Tragedy having been left by the Author in a fragmentary form the opening scene has been written by Mr. T. Sturge Moore. The dramatic rights are the property of Oscar Wilde's literary executor, Mr. Robert Ross.

The New English Players

Will give TWO PERFORMANCES of Shakespeare's Comedies during
the Festival Week in April next.

In accordance with the requirements of the Licensing Authorities—

(a) The Public may leave at the end of the Performance by all exits and entrance
doors, and such doors must at that time be open.

(b) All Gangways, Passages, and Staircases must be kept entirely free from chairs
or any other obstruction.

(c) The Safety Curtain must be lowered about the middle of the Performance so
as to ensure its being in proper working order.

All Communications should be addressed to

MR. STANLEY SMITH,

15, VICARAGE GARDENS,

KENSINGTON, W.

Good, Ltd Burleigh St., Strand, W.O.

THE NEW ENGLISH PLAYERS.

This new society opened their first season at the Cripplegate Institute, Golden Lane, E.C., on Monday, October 28, 1907, when took place the first public performance of a play, in one act, by Oscar Wilde, entitled:—

A Florentine Tragedy.

Maria Miss Marie Hayes
 Bianca Miss Amy Rooker
 Guido Mr. Stanley Smith
 Simone Mr. George Hayes
 Servant to Simone Mr. J. Docwra Rogers

Scene.—An Upper Room in a House near Florence. Period circa 1510. Note.—*A Florentine Tragedy* having been left by the author in a fragmentary form, the opening scene has been written by T. Sturge Moore. The dramatic rights are the property of Oscar Wilde's literary executor, Robert Ross.

The New English Players, whose moving spirit seems to be Mr. Stanley Smith, and whose programme is, for some reason, printed in a style very similar to that adopted for several years by the Incorporated Stage Society, were greatly daring and over-ambitious in presenting as their "first production" Oscar Wilde's never-completed play *A Florentine Tragedy*. As it was left by the author in a fragmentary form, it is stated that the opening scene has been written by T. Sturge Moore, whose very bald, commonplace, and undistinguished blank verse fits but oddly with the ensuing picturesque and coloured lines, fraught with the imaginative touches which marked Wilde's style of poetic diction. Acted by a company of artists of the calibre, say, of the St. James's, and with its fine verse delivered with full appreciation and just emphasis and proper balance, *A Florentine Tragedy* ought to make a great impression upon cultured playgoers; and even with the imperfect performance given at the Cripplegate Institute on Monday, it stirred to genuine enthusiasm a somewhat scanty and, at the outset, but politely friendly audience. Wilde's plot deals with the fatal attachment formed by Guido Bardi, a young Florentine nobleman of a well-known family, and son of Giovanni Bardi, for Bianca, the rather flighty and romantic young wife of Simone, an elderly merchant, whom she regards as but "a common chapman," and immersed in business cares. This view Simone tries to keep up when he finds in company with his spouse this young noble, whom he affects to consider as a customer for his costliest goods. Guido's prodigal offer of a hundred thousand crowns for some of these wares, with the fair Bianca thrown in, is apparently accepted with profuse thanks by the merchant; but there is, nevertheless, grim and sinister meaning in Simone's speeches extolling his merchandise, and inviting the youthful would-be seducer to quaff a goblet of Tuscan wine with his wife. Then, picking up his honoured guest's sword, he bids him match it against his own seldom-used blade. Encouraged by Bianca, who cries out, "Kill him," Guido draws first blood, but his sword is speedily knocked out of his hand, and, in the ensuing dagger fight, he is pinned head downwards, *à la Svengali*, across the table by the victorious merchant, whose dagger is used for the double purpose of choking and of piercing his noble victim's throat. Guido dead, Simone turns on his wife with the words, "Now for Bianca," but the fickle woman advances with open arms towards her conquering husband, saying, "I did not know you were so strong," and he embracing her tenderly, replies, "I did not know you were so beautiful." So the unhappy Guido is forgotten whilst he still lies rigid across the table. A generally impressive and strong performance of Simone was given by Mr. George Hayes, who certainly helped chiefly to sustain the cumulative interest of the *dénouement*. Mr. Stanley Smith played carefully, but in a rather lachrymose manner, as Guido, and Miss Amy Rooker showed intelligence in acting as Bianca, although she has still a great deal to learn in the adequate delivery of blank verse. The part of Maria, a tirewoman, had a prepossessing exponent in Miss Marie Hayes, who looked well also, but displayed great inexperience, as Mrs. Pepys in Major W. P. Drury and Richard Pryce's *A Privy Council*, which (as formerly at the Haymarket) served as first piece. Mr. Alexander Clifton seemed to adopt an affected method of utterance as the great diarist. Miss Kathleen Fearnhead was a bright and piquant Mrs. Knipp, though the masquerading as Charles II. was unconvincing. Miss Ida Fearnhead was a vivacious Mercer, and other parts were filled by Miss Anne Coombs, Mr. Stanley Smith, and Mr. J. Docwra Rogers. Between this indifferent representation of *A Privy Council* and the Wilde piece, which played for about half an hour, there was the outrageously long interval of three-quarters of an hour. It is to be hoped that the New English Players will manage matters differently at "the two performances of Shakespeare's comedies" which they promise in "the Festival week in April next."

"A FLORENTINE TRAGEDY."

Play, in One Act, by Oscar Wilde, given for the first time in public at the Cripplegate Institute on Monday, Oct. 28.

MariaMISS MARIE HAYES
 BiancaMISS AMY ROOKER
 GuidoMR. STANLEY SMITH
 SimoneMR. GEORGE HAYES
 Servant to SimoneMR. J. DOCWRA ROGERS

The New English Players is the name of the latest society instituted in the interests of the drama, but their first performance at the Cripplegate Institute on Monday scarcely justified such a portentous title. The inaugural programme was an ambitious one, and included the late Oscar Wilde's posthumous play, *The Florentine Tragedy*, which was left by the author in a fragmentary form, an opening scene being written by Mr. Sturge Moore. The little piece bears the stamp of the late author's dramatic skill, and provides an irresistible thrill, but the beauties of his verse were in many cases obscured by the faulty rendering. The story of *A Florentine Tragedy*, which is not unknown to the dramatic reader, deals, it will be remembered, with the illicit love of Guido, a young noble of Florence in the sixteenth century, for Bianca, the girl-wife of Simone, an elderly Florentine merchant. Bianca lends a willing ear to the pleadings of Guido, who is in the midst of his wooing when Simone suddenly returns. Guido makes no secret of his mission, and when the old merchant, intent only on selling his wares, urges him to buy a costly fabric, Guido tells him he will pay him a fabulous price. Simone, apparently delighted with the bargain, declares that Guido may have anything his house contains for that sum, and the youth demands no other than Bianca. The old man protests that his wife is without beauty or talent, worthy only to sit and spin. He tries to engage Guido in conversation, but the youth will talk only of love, and at length, the merchant picking up Guido's sword, expresses admiration for it, and adds that he would like to try its strength against his own rusty blade. Guido consents, and in the fencing bout which follows Guido, urged on by Bianca, endeavours to kill the old merchant. He is, however, disarmed; but Simone bids him resort to the dagger, and eventually catches his opponent by the throat and holds him in a vice-like grip. Guido calls in vain to Bianca, who crouches in a corner in terror. When the youth is dead the old man turns to his wife, who comes forward, and is embraced by her husband. "Why did you not tell me you were so strong?" she says. "Why did you not tell me you were so beautiful?" he answers.

The effect of the play was sadly marred by the incompetency of several of the performers. Miss Amy Rooker was a comely Bianca, but showed herself to be utterly devoid of emotional expression, and hurried the lines into indistinctness. A similar error was perpetrated by Mr. Stanley Smith, whose performance of Guido, moreover, though evidently sincere, was quite colourless, and lacked any semblance of passion or intensity. The redeeming feature of the performance was the rendering of Simone by Mr. George Hayes, who, apart from a certain stageyness, was remarkably effective. He delivered his lines with excellent expression, and the suppressed rage of the old man bent upon the extermination of his youthful rival was impressively assumed. Hearty applause from a sparse attendance was given at the end.

The chief piece was preceded by a forty minutes wait, and by something still more tedious in a performance of Major W. P. Drury and Richard Pryce's *Two Men in a Boat* about the rendering of which it is only charitable to be silent.

Montreal Star Nov 30, 1907

LILY LANGTRY'S LACK OF VANITY.

Lily Langtry, Whistler, Oscar Wilde and Bernhardt are among the stars one gets a closer glimpse of by means of Ellen Terry's descriptions, given in the latest chapter of her autobiography, in the December McClure's, called "Recollections of Henry Irving."

Jissen 2019-03-18 Universiteit Library

BRADFORD.—THEATRE ROYAL.—Lessee, Mr. John Hart; General-Manager, Mr. T. F. Doyle; Acting-Manager, Mr. J. Richardson.—The Monckton Hoffe Comedy Company appeared here on Monday in *Lady Windermere's Fan*. Mr. Monckton Hoffe's Lord Windermere was a well-studied effort; Mr. H. Lane-Bayliff was not wanting in earnestness as Lord Darlington; Miss Nona Hoffe gracefully filled the part of Lady Windermere; as the Duchess of Berwick Miss Ada Melrose was de-

lightful; Miss Lydia Busch won distinction and sympathy in the part of Mrs. Eryllyne; and the rest of the characters were in excellent hands.

Outlook.

Nov. 16, 1907

A STUDY OF MODERN GERMANY.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY. By Austin Harrison. London: Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.

MOST of the admonitory pamphlets about modern Germany, of which the press in England has been so fruitful of late years, have been mournfully wanting in the one quality which they ought to possess if they are to attain the desired end. They have been dull. Many have been half informed, and some have been silly as well; but neither defect need have stood in the way of their success if only they had been interesting. The first thing to note about Mr. Austin Harrison's little book of ten chapters is its power to interest. The writer is a journalist by nature; he has hit the vein instinctively. He writes in a way to impress the public, yet entirely without heaviness. At the same time, we should not like to be suspected of admiring his style, which in its full-blown Americanism is as little tinged with Attic quality as any in the world. In one place we find him opening an instructive passage of personal confession as follows:—

With a *Backfisch* of the new genre I remember a primrose flirtation I had on the seashore about a year or so ago, and a most "Walkuric" time it was. I think she was seventeen. Of course we discussed Fichte, Hegel, Neoplatonism, G. B. S., Oscar Wilde, shooting stars, the signs of true love and the zodiac, Telepathy, Theosophy, Socialism, Pantheism.

Evening Standard and St. James's

"Nineteenth Century Prose." Selected by Mrs. Laurence Binyon. Methuen. 6s.

A very readable selection, including many essentially modern writers, and some dozen of living writers. The best feature of Mrs. Binyon's introduction is her treatment of the effect of journalism—by which she means mostly periodical journalism—on literature. We do not think it was necessary, at this time of day, to quote from the "French Revolution" and the "Apologia" to indicate the difference between the prose of Carlyle and that of Newman. Nor would we have it stated so emphatically that "realism is the consequence in fiction of the triumph of science." The point is open to question. Mrs. Binyon is right, however, when she says that no one is ever satisfied with a book of selections made by someone else. We are not satisfied with this, though, as we say, we have found it very readable. It is especially pleasing to discover passages from writers too often overlooked in specimens of English prose, like Trelawny, Jovett, Trollope, Wilde, C. M. Doughty, and "Mark Rut ford." But why Mrs. Ewing? And who is Thomas Cobbett. Comparison between this volume and that of Mr. Masfield, recently published by the same firm, justifies the conclusion of the late Mr. W. E. Henley, that the standard of prose held by our forefathers was higher than our own.)

Les *Plain Tales from the Hills* furent écrits par Kipling il y a une vingtaine d'années, et, dans ces quarante petits récits, l'auteur décrit certains aspects curieux de l'existence que mène la société anglaise aux Indes. M. Savine vient de donner de dix-neuf de ces contes une traduction qui ne pêche pas par l'élégance ni par l'exactitude. La prière d'insérer annonce « un volume tout frais éclos, les *Nouveaux Contes des Collines*, de Rudyard Kipling »; mais quand on attribue le *Prêtre et l'Acolyte* à Oscar Wilde, on n'est pas forcé de savoir, sans doute, que les *Plain Tales* sont de 1887.

New Age,

Nov. 30, 1907

Oscar Wilde. By Leonard Cresswell Ingleby. (T. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d.)

This book is an impertinence. Mr. Ingleby has no qualifications for writing an appreciation of a brilliant man of letters. We know not what malignant deity in England pursues that ill-starred genius beyond the

grave. Elsewhere artists have felt compelled to do him honor. In this country the work is carried out by ignorant clown who discovers, all by himself, that Oscar Wilde "committed the most dreadful crimes against the social well-being." Readers are to pass judgment upon Wilde's characters; Mr. Ingleby, the bank-clerk, supplying the debit and credit accounts. We should have been disposed to pass this book without comment, were it not that necrophagy is now a thriving craft. Quite recently another of these literary jackals was feasting upon the remains of Sir Richard Burton. We could have pardoned the crudities of a "happy Ingley's style—a marriage becomes a 'ycept Gwendolen hymeneal issue'; a young lady is 'ycept Gwendolen insight or had he shown any measure of critical power. Nothing is added of biographical interest to Mr. Sherard's sympathetic and thoughtful books, from which Mr. Ingleby borrows (with due acknowledgment) almost the whole of the first 95 pages. There is some originality, indeed, in filling over a page with an account of Dr. Nordau, taken from "Who's Who?"; in printing long quotations from "Punch" (11 pages), or "Truth," and the "St. James's Gazette," Mr. Ingleby, of mainly uncritical abuse from the "Daily Telegraph,"

consensus of condemnation of his attitude." He cannot do the one, every ignorant fool can do the other.

Mr. Sherard, in his brilliant biography, candidly confessed to his repulsion from the actions that led to Oscar Wilde's imprisonment, and practically to his murder. Mr. Sherard believed that none but a mental expert could adequately handle this aspect of Oscar Wilde. Whilst awaiting this scientific analysis, and whilst confessing our complete ignorance as to whether Oscar Wilde was falsely accused or not, we can draw attention to a note in Professor Semon's work, "Die Uneme" [This work, which pushes Samuel Butler's theory of unconscious memory to its logical extreme, has profoundly influenced Continental thought]. In this note on homosexuality, Semon writes: "Despite the undoubted harmfulness of the act, it is seen to depend upon a quality which is found slumbering in every individual, and one which the conception of a mnemonic dichotomy readily explains." This is, however, a study for the expert, which is not likely to influence a mob that must still be supplied with gladiatorial shows, though Socialists will scarcely dare to think harshly of the author of "The Soul of Man."

SCISSORS AND PASTE.

"Oscar Wilde." By Leonard Cresswell Ingleby. T. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.

There are exactly four hundred pages in this curious work—if work it can be called—by Mr. Ingleby. How he has managed to fill them by repressing himself and drawing upon the writings of others will be a mystery to all not versed in the arts of what is called "book making." Mr. Sherard has already performed—indifferently well—the task of writing Oscar Wilde's biography. To that thin work Mr. Ingleby has not contrived to add anything of value. He has made up this book by stringing together long quotations from contemporary authors, newspapers, and Wilde's own works, arranging them under heads, and flinging in comments to give the appearance of a consecutive argument. Thus, in dealing with what he calls the first period of Wilde's career—the period of the "aesthetic craze"—he quotes Max Nordau at length on the subject of Wilde's egomania, he quotes Mr. Labouchere in "Truth," and he quotes from "Punch," his own interleaved remarks being a shallow attempt to explain his hero's nonsensical mannerisms.

The three subsequent periods which he names are eked out in like manner by quotations from "The Daily Telegraph," "Truth," "The St. James's Gazette," and various articles and letters printed in various places. Then he turns to consider his various plays, poems, novels, etc., each in turn, citing other opinions, reprinting numerous passages from Wilde, and uttering lavish truisms upon each. The only critical chapter is that on "The Philosophy of Beauty," in which we gather that Mr. Ingleby does not agree with Wilde that "All art is immoral."

As a compilation this book may be of interest to those who are devoted to periodical literature. For the rest we can only say that, whatever fate Oscar Wilde may have deserved, he cannot have deserved anything so ill as his literary panegyrists have meted out to him.

Daily Chronicle

3 NEW BOOKS.

THE HAPPY MORALIST

By HUBERT BLAND

(Hubert of the Sunday Chronicle) Author of "Letters to a Daughter," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. net.

The door that hope seemed shut on is now opened by the sea, And doomed the loathly buton is, We mates with rapture bear, Nor fear the world will look on us In puns naturalibus.

Mr. Werner Laurie is publishing shortly "Oscar Wilde." By Leonard Cresswell Ingleby. It is a large and comprehensive work complimentary to Mr. R. H. Sherard's life of the extraordinary genius, whose sad past is now being consigned to a merciful oblivion in view of the widespread renewal of interest taken in his literary productions all over England and the Continent of Europe. The "Appreciation" is packed with new and interesting information, has a long and brilliant study of the complex personality of Wilde, and gives a complete account and detailed criticism of all his writings.

LAW TIMES

[Nov. 30, 1907.

SUICIDES AND MALINGERERS.

By TIGHE HOPKINS.

It is to be hoped that the Home Secretary will look again into the case of Rayner, Mr. William Whiteley's murderer, whose sentence was commuted from death to penal servitude for life. During the short time he has been in prison, Rayner has twice, it seems, attempted to destroy himself. Feints at suicide are, of course, not unknown in prison, but the determined effort generally differs both in method and in circumstances from that of the mere malingering. The man who is bent on hanging himself in his cell chooses a time when he is little likely to be disturbed; the pretender awaits an hour at which a visit is due from some officer of the prison. A magisterial inquiry has resulted, it is said, in the classification of Rayner as a malingering, and "his punishment is twenty days of solitary confinement." A shorter sentence than this would doubtless serve to bring a counterfeiter to his senses; but a man whose mind has been in some degree affected by the isolation of the first months of confinement, and the dreadful vista of twenty years in a convict prison, might not impossibly be driven mad by three weeks of absolute seclusion. It is not a question for the sentimentalist to play with, but it is almost certainly one for the consideration of the Secretary of State.

COUNTY COURTS.

SITTINGS OF THE COURTS.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DEC. 7.

- Aberayron, Thursday, at 10
Accrington, Thursday, at 9.30
Aldershot, Wednesday, at 9.30
Appleby, Saturday, at 12
Ashborne, Wednesday, at 10
Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Thursday, at 11
Ashford, Monday, at 11.30
Axminster, Wednesday, at 10
Aylesbury, Wednesday, at 9.30
Bala and Corwen, Friday, at 10
Barry, Tuesday, at 10
Basingstoke, Monday, at 10.30
Bedford, Thursday, at 10
Beverley, Friday
Bicester, Friday, at 11
Bingham, Tuesday, at 10
Birkenhead, Wednesday (L.), Tuesday (L.), and Friday (L.), at 10
Blackburn, Monday, at 9.30
Blackpool, Wednesday, at 10
Blaenau Ffestiniog, Thursday, at 10.30
Blyth, Friday, at 10.30
Bolton, Wednesday, at 9.30
Boston, Thursday (R. By), at 1.30
Bow, Wednesday and Friday
Brackley, Tuesday, at 12
Bradford (Yorks.), Monday (A.O.), at 2; Tuesday, and Wednesday (R. By), at 10; Thursday (J.S.), at 10.30; Friday and Saturday, at 10
Brentford, Tuesday and Friday, at 10
Brighton, Friday, at 10
Bristol, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, at 10; Friday (By), at 11
Bromley, Friday, at 9
Bungay, Tuesday
Bury, Monday, at 9
Canterbury, Tuesday, at 10
Cardiff, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, at 10
Cardigan, Friday, at 10
Chard, Tuesday, at 11
Cheddar, Thursday, at 10
Cheltenham, Friday
Chenestow, Monday, at 10
Long Eaton, Thursday, at 11
Loughton, Tuesday, at 9.30
Loughborough, Friday, at 9.30
Lowestoft, Wednesday
Macclesfield, Thursday, at 10
Macclesfield, Wednesday, at 10
Majmiesbury, Monday
Manchester, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 10
Mansfield, Monday, at 10.30
Marrgate, Thursday, at 10
Market Bosworth, Saturday, at 10
Market Harborough, Monday, at 1
Marylebone, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10.30
Matlock, Monday, at 10
Melton Mowbray, Wednesday, at 11
Middlesbrough, Monday, at 9.30
Milton, Thursday, at 11.45
Mold, Friday
Newcastle-in-Emlyn, Saturday, at 10
New Malton, Wednesday
Newport (I. of W.), Wednesday, at 10
Newport (Mon.), Tuesday (R. By), at 11
Newton Abbot, Friday, at 10.30
Northampton, Tuesday (R. By), at 12; Saturday (J.S.), at 11
Northwich, Saturday, at 11
Nottingham, Wednesday, Thursday (E.L.), and Friday (J.S.), at 10
Okehampton, Tuesday, at 10
Oldham, Thursday, at 9.30; Friday (R. By), at 11; Saturday (J.S. & A.O.), at 9.30
Oswestry, Thursday, at 10
Otley, Wednesday, at 9.45
Peterborough, Tuesday, at 9.30
Pontefract, Tuesday and Wednesday, at 10
Pontypridd, Wednesday and Thursday
Porth, Tuesday
Portmadoc, Wednesday, at 10
Portsmouth, Thursday, at 10.30
Preston, Tuesday, at 9.30
Pwllheli, Tuesday, at 10

graciously filled the part of Lady Fermore; as the Duchess of Berwick Miss Ada Melrose was de-

Outlook.

Nov. 16. 1907

A STUDY OF MODERN GERMANY. ENGLAND AND GERMANY. By Austin Harrison. London: Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.

Most of the admonitory pamphlets about modern Germany, of which the press in England has been so fruitful of late years, have been mournfully wanting in the one quality which they ought to possess if they are to attain the desired end. They have been dull. Many have been half informed, and some have been silly as well; but neither defect need have stood in the way of their success if only they had been interesting. The first thing to note about Mr. Austin Harrison's little book of ten chapters is its power to interest. The writer is a journalist by nature; he has hit the vein instinctively. He writes in a way to impress the public, yet entirely without heaviness. At the same time, we should not like to be suspected of admiring his style, which in its full-blown Americanism is as little tinctured with Attic quality as any in the world. In one place we find him opening an instructive passage of personal confession as follows:—

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Evening Standard and St. James's

"Nineteenth Century Prose." Selected by Mrs. Laurence Binyon. Methuen, 6s.
(A very readable selection, including many essentially modern writers, and some dozen of living writers. The best feature of Mrs. Binyon's introduction is her treatment of the effect of journalism—by which she means mostly periodical journalism—on literature. We do not think it was necessary, at this time of day, to quote from the "French Revolution" and the "Apologia" to indicate the difference between the prose of Carlyle and that of Newman. Nor would we have it stated so emphatically that "realism is the consequence in fiction of the triumph of science." The point is open to question. Mrs. Binyon is right, however, when she says that no one is ever satisfied with a book of selections made by someone else. We are not satisfied with this, though, as we say, we have found it very readable. It is especially pleasing to discover passages from writers too often overlooked in specimens of English prose, like Trelawny, Jowett, Trollope, Wilde, C. M. Doughty, and "Mark Rutford." But why Mrs. Ewing? And who is Thomas Cobbett. Comparison between this volume and that of Mr. Masefield, recently published by the same firm, justifies the conclusion of the late Mr. W. E. Henley, that the standard of prose held by our forefathers was higher than our own.)

in vol Rudyard Wilde, o de 1887.

Some 130 pages are devoted to Wilde's dramatic works; a merit is acquired by copious quotations from the plays themselves; for instance, 13 pages of dialogue from "The Ideal Husband." Mr. Ingleby places Wilde as a dramatist alongside Victorien Sardou. He considers that Mrs. Arbutnot's ("The Woman of No Importance") "pathetic peroration: 'Child of my shame, be still the child of my shame,' touches the deepest chords of human sorrow and anguish." Mr. Ingleby is a naughty man. He doesn't mind a bit of spice in his plays: "Love, licit or illicit, the mainspring of all drama, is the same to-day as it was yesterday, and will be for ever and ever in this world." "One man and one woman, or one woman and two men, or again, as a pleasant variant, two women and one man." Apparently, like the Tamar Indians, Mr. Ingleby cannot count beyond three. "The Importance of Being Earnest" furnishes the critic with another of his inimitable studies: "Even the genius of W. S. Gilbert in the fantastic line pales before the irresponsible frolicsomeness of the Irishman's wit. His fancy disports itself in an atmosphere of epigrams, like a young colt in a meadow."

Mr. Ingleby's ethics are as quaint as his grammar. Referring to the "Star Child" he assures us that: "If one had taken up this tale and known not whose pen had traced it, he would not hesitate to place it in his children's hands." "Poems in Prose" are condemned for their teaching from which "no honest man, no Christian, no Catholic, no Protestant, but must turn with sorrow." We are left in ignorance as to whether Jews, Mahomedans, etc., unlike Christians, Catholics, and Protestants, are honest men or whether they would execute some other gymnastic movement—say, turn a somersault. Mr. Ingleby overheard Oscar Wilde talking on two occasions, "but the brilliant conversationalist did not in the writer's presence attempt his highest flights." Mr. Ingleby should take this plain hint. He claims to have "given every credit to one of the greatest literary artists of our time," and also to have placed "on record a very solid and weighty consensus of condemnation of his attitude." He cannot do the one, every ignorant fool can do the other.

Mr. Sherard, in his brilliant biography, candidly confessed to his repulsion from the actions that led to Oscar Wilde's imprisonment, and practically to his murder. Mr. Sherard believed that none but a mental expert could adequately handle this aspect of Oscar Wilde. Whilst awaiting this scientific analysis, and whilst confessing our complete ignorance as to whether Oscar Wilde was falsely accused or not, we can draw attention to a note in Professor Semon's work, "Die Uneme" [This work, which pushes Samuel Butler's theory of unconscious memory to its logical extreme, has profoundly influenced Continental thought]. In this note on homosexuality, Semon writes: "Despite the undoubted harmfulness of the act, it is seen to depend upon a quality which is found slumbering in every individual, and one which the conception of a mnemonic dichotomy readily explains." This is, however, a study for the expert, which is not likely to influence a mob that must still be supplied with gladiatorial shows, though Socialists will scarcely dare to think harshly of the author of "The Soul of Man."

There are exactly four names in this curious work—if work it be called—by Mr. Ingleby. How he has managed to fill them by repressing himself and drawing upon the writings of others will be a mystery to all not versed in the arts of what is called "book making." Mr. Sherard has already performed—indifferently well—the task of writing Oscar Wilde's biography. To that thin work Mr. Ingleby has not contrived to add anything of value. He has made up this book by stringing together long quotations from contemporary authors, newspapers, and Wilde's own works, arranging them under heads, and flinging in comments to give the appearance of a consecutive argument. Thus, in dealing with what he calls the first period of Wilde's career—the period of the "aesthetic craze"—he quotes Max Nordau at length on the subject of Wilde's egomania, he quotes Mr. Labouchere in "Truth," and he quotes from "Punch," his own interleaved remarks being a shallow attempt to explain his hero's nonsensical mannerisms.

The three subsequent periods which he names are eked out in like manner by quotations from "The Daily Telegraph," "Truth," "The St. James's Gazette," and various articles and letters printed in various places. Then he turns to consider his various plays, poems, novels, etc., each in turn, citing other opinions, reprinting numerous passages from Wilde, and uttering lavish truisms upon each. The only critical chapter is that on "The Philosophy of Beauty," in which we gather that Mr. Ingleby does not agree with Wilde that "All art is immoral."

As a compilation this book may be of interest to those who are devoted to periodical literature. For the rest we can only say that, whatever fate Oscar Wilde may have deserved, he cannot have deserved anything so ill as his literary panegyrist's have meted out to him.

LAW TIMES

[Nov. 30, 1907.

SUICIDES AND MALINGERERS.

By TIGHE HOPKINS.

It is to be hoped that the Home Secretary will look again into the case of Rayner, Mr. William Whiteley's murderer, whose sentence was commuted from death to penal servitude for life. During the short time he has been in prison, Rayner has twice, it seems, attempted to destroy himself. Feints at suicide are, of course, not unknown in prison, but the determined effort generally differs both in method and in circumstances from that of the mere malingeringer. The man who is bent on hanging himself in his cell chooses a time when he is little likely to be disturbed; the pretender awaits an hour at which a visit is due from some officer of the prison. A magisterial inquiry has resulted, it is said, in the classification of Rayner as a malingeringer, and "his punishment is twenty days of solitary confinement." A shorter sentence than this would doubtless serve to bring a counterfeiter to his senses; but a man whose mind has been in some degree affected by the isolation of the first months of confinement, and the dreadful vista of twenty years in a convict prison, might not impossibly be driven mad by three weeks of absolute seclusion. It is not a question for the sentimentalist to play with, but it is almost certainly one for the consideration of the Secretary of State.

Suicides in prison are usually, though not always, discreditable to the system, and the fewer the medical inspector has to record in his annual report, the better that document looks. Only two convicts committed suicide last year. One of these, says Dr. Herbert Smalley, "was a weak-minded recidivist, who hanged himself on the eve of his discharge after completing a sentence of four years' penal servitude; he had not shown any signs of suicidal tendency during his imprisonment, and no probable motive could be suggested for his act other than a dread of again facing the struggle for life out of prison. The other case of suicide, also by hanging, was that of a murderer undergoing a life sentence, of which he had served only three and a half months. He, also, had not been deemed suicidal." In view of the question raised concerning Rayner, the second case is significant. Rayner, also, in the opinion of the magistrates, is not suicidal, but a shammer.

Mistakes are made in prison as elsewhere. The man who is thought to be feigning madness, and feigning it clumsily, sometimes turns out to be fit only for the strait waistcoat and the padded cell of the lunatic asylum; and another who is believed to be playing tricks with the medical officer and the warders is occasionally found to have hanged himself in good earnest. One convict will end his life sooner than face again a world that has defeated him; another will rather shuffle off than confront twenty years of the quarries of Portland or the Dartmoor bog.

A painful case was discussed in the Press by the late Oscar Wilde a few weeks after his release from Reading Gaol. Among Wilde's fellow prisoners was a young soldier whom all except the officials regarded as weak-minded and scarcely better than an imbecile. Every prison, he wrote (in a striking and mournful letter published ten years ago), "has, of course, its half-witted clients, who return again and again, and may be said to live in the prison. But this young man struck me as being more than usually half-witted. . . . He was noticed by all the other prisoners on account of the strangeness of his conduct."

The authorities took a different view of the case. Suddenly, one Saturday, says Wilde, "I was startled by the most horrible and revolting shrieks, or rather howls, for at first I thought some animal like a bull or a cow was being unskillfully slaughtered outside the prison walls. I soon realised, however, that the howls proceeded from the basement of the prison, and I knew that some wretched man was being flogged."

It was the soldier, whom the whole body of prisoners believed to be half-witted. He "had had twenty-four lashes in the cook-house by order of the visiting justices on the report of the doctor." The man was seen at exercise the next day, "his weak, ugly, wretched face bloated by tears and hysteria almost beyond recognition. The other prisoners all watched him, and not one of them smiled." This man, if he were not insane at the time, was certainly being driven insane. That was ten years ago, and prisoners are no longer flogged for malingering, or the suspicion of malingering. No doubt many a half-demented creature has come under the "cat" or birch who ought to have been in hospital or at Broadmoor.

But there is not the least occasion to deny that prison is the theatre in chief of the malingeringer. There are all sorts of solid reasons for malingering in prison, and the medical officer and his assistant are incessantly on the watch. A man sentenced to corporal punishment (there are now only two offences in prison for which flogging is inflicted) declares that his heart is weak, and the doctor must satisfy himself on this point. More food, or a change of food,

went his punishment without a as positively as ever." Rare prison has known them.

To avoid work, to get something, to secure a bed in hospital even to win change of air from long sentence will simulate even Feints at suicide have been glori-

To keep malingering thoroughishments is a flat impossibility lock and key the doctors cannot presents himself, and often allowing between real and assumed treat or pass into hospital vigilance never sleeps, for on may produce an epidemic. I of the various foreign gaols in (though I believe he was not the doctor that he was suffering an ideal malady for convicted eyes which makes clear vision other words, day-blindness. down with hemeralopia.

Contractures of any and of who likes to sit idle. Dr. P the prison medical service (from a curious story of a convict with a wrist. Ankylosis of the wrist suspected his man. He had the prisoner lightly by the a gruesome tale of an ex-dramatic moment in the r dropped. Another prisoner the knee, and was allowed to discharge he said, mildly: now; I'll try if I can put it d without an effort.

There are malingeringers in themselves; there are others to do so. In the old days at name), convicts engaged on under the wheels of running made with nails, pins, and opens the vein of an arm, and inserts a morsel of rags, ments of glass. One prisoner tissue from the ankle, and a half of slate pencil. An not put him on special diet body which would take m pass is probably more than almost certainly humour his

There is no longer, as h the most persistent mali doctored in ways disagreea electric shock, as they can mode 66, if treatment that fe ever, a man can be laugh sense of fun, and a flow lecture in the infirmary

Daily Chronicle

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Nov. 26