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Oscar Wilde
Scrapbook

Vol. 8

There was never any doubt as to the success of the new collected edition of Oscar Wilde's works. His writings are much admired in Germany and elsewhere on the Continent, and no doubt many sets of the issue will go abroad. Indeed an effort was made some time ago to publish an edition of Wilde in Russian, a poor edition, because it was translated from German and French translations of the originals. Much of the quality of Oscar Wilde's work lies in its craftsmanship, and a book which has undergone two or three translations naturally loses that all-important thing, native atmosphere.

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Six more volumes completing the uniform edition of Oscar Wilde's works—Methuen, 12s. 6d. net a volume.

THE WORLD OF BOOK

Oscar Wilde as Playwright and Poet.

It is rather a strange coincidence that twice within a century Continental opinion, which so rarely waxes fervent over English men of letters, should have chosen as an object of its enthusiasm an author who in his own country was under a cloud. From the very first Byron has been rated far higher by his foreign than by his English critics, and that is not too much to say that he is the only English poet of modern times who has won an enduring European reputation. Oscar Wilde's vogue on the Continent cannot be compared with his, but it is a fact that while the tragedy of this unhappy author's life was still being played out audiences in Germany and France were welcoming with delight his drama of "Salome," and since then his fame throughout Europe has gone on steadily increasing. In the case of Byron English experts—at any rate, since Matthew Arnold's days—have refused to endorse the verdict of the Continent. I for my own part shall not be surprised to see a similar divergence of judgment over Oscar Wilde, now that the issue of his "Collected Works" (Methuen, 11 vols.) affords opportunities for a general estimate of his position.

Wilde, I suppose, stands or falls as a force in modern literature by virtue of his plays and his poems, and as the composition of his dramas occupied the best working hours of his manhood these deserve our prior consideration. What, then, is to be said of the half-dozen or more pieces that constitute the Wilde theatre? Really, however, only five of them, the four comedies and "Salome," call for serious discussion. "The Duchess of Padua," as I have already shown in these columns, is merely an imitation of Jacobean tragedy, full of the most arduous echoes of Shakespeare and his poetic contemporaries. "A Florentine Tragedy," which curiously resembles some of Browning's dramas, is but a fragment of what might have been something brilliant. "Vera" is youthful work, melodrama dealing with Nihilism. What about the rest? Here once more we must discriminate. "Salome" has nothing in common with the comedies, save that in it, as in them, is revealed the author's delight in mere beauty of phrasing. Yet its style is quite different from that of the other plays. In "Salome" are to be found the strange repetitions and *naïvetés* of Maeterlinck's diction employed, it would seem, quite independently of Maeterlinck's influence. Its atmosphere, too, is exotic, like that of many of the poems; its theme deals with an aberration of sex-feeling. Salome, if she may not kiss the living lips of John the Baptist, will have his head in a charger that she may kiss them somehow, and the brutal sensualist Herod, through jealousy of a dead man, causes her to be smothered with soldiers' shields. Here is that morbid, perverse strain of romance so characteristic of Wilde. But is it great art? Is there dignity or grandeur in the treatment? I think not, despite the play's diabolical cleverness. The grotesque figure which the Baptist is made to cut, a certain lack of balance in the scheme which makes depravity picturesque and not horrible—these things, for me at least, spoil "Salome." And in any case this drama stands outside our English canon; it belongs no less in spirit than in language to the Gallic stage.

There remain the comedies, which are a genuine contribution to our drama. But to what extent? No one, I contend, who re-studies these plays to-day can say that Oscar Wilde had any gift for creating character. His pretty prudes, whom he was so fond of making his heroines—Lady Windermere, Hester Worsley, Lady Chiltern—are obvious puppets; his wits—Lord Darlington, Lord Illingworth, Mrs. Arbuthnot, and even Lord Goring—are no more than phonographs which give forth the author's epigrams. In some of the more emotional speeches—for instance, one of Mrs. Erynn's addressed to her daughter, and one of Mrs. Arbuthnot's appealing to her son—a note of humanity is struck, a sense of character is expressed. But for the most part the dialogue is made up of rhetoric and paradox, and often enough the paradoxes are dragged in and huddled one on the top of the other with but the scantest excuse. Wilde, in fact, was altogether too self-conscious a writer to be able to pierce below the skin of other persons, to get away from his own personality, to realise other points of view than his own. As for his technique, that was almost old-fashioned in his own day: Scribe, not Ibsen, was his master. The one play of his which began something like a new departure is the piece of inconsequence which makes no pretence to reflect life, but is sheer rollicking fantasy, "The Importance of Being Earnest." Here we get something like a foretaste of some of the qualities of another Irish playwright, Mr. Bernard Shaw. But this apart, what is our stage's debt to Oscar Wilde? I think we have to thank him for two things—for restoring literature to our theatre and for bringing back to it the lost quality of wit. It is a droll circumstance that the dramatists who have done most to reconcile our modern drama with literature should be two Irishmen—Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw; and perhaps also two Scotchmen—Stevenson and Mr. Barrie. But of the four, Wilde was the first to popularise literary drama, and the first to make wit acceptable once more in the playhouse. Not that he was a second Sheridan. Sheridan's characters are alive in their own artificial world.

No, I have an idea that Oscar Wilde will live longer as a poet than as a playwright. And this though the bulk of his verse labours under the defects of imitativeness, desperate self-consciousness, and a tendency towards excess. There are echoes in it at almost every point. Now we are reminded of Shakespeare, or of Milton, or of Wordsworth, now of Keats, or of Rossetti, or of Swinburne. Even a lovely little dirge like "Requiescat" might not have been written but for Hood. Pieces like "Panthea," "The Burden of Itys," or "Charmides," all of them a little too long, are charged with reminiscences, and there is scarcely a sonnet of Wilde's which has not its betraying phrase. When the poet does not imitate others he copies himself. There is not a pretty image or a happy turn of expression in his Newdigate prize-poem which he does not incorporate into later work. Whenever he hits off in a series of beautiful images the charms of an English spring or gives an impressionist sketch of a river scene or a sunset—and he is always good, both at Whistler-like impressions or at vernal landscapes—he has an air of standing back from his canvas and admiring his handiwork. He suggests too often Narcissus worshipping

himself in the mirror of the stream. It is true that he is an artist always, that he adorns what he touches, whether borrowed or not. But he is too pre-occupied with his own feelings, and often enough he is too lavish with his colour. He will insist on gilding the lily and painting the rose. So orchids please him better than natural flowers; sin is more interesting because more variegated than innocence. His cult of sensations and his incapacity for getting away from himself give his poems an appearance of artificiality, and it would almost seem as if some rough experience had been necessary to remind him of the existence and sufferings of his fellow-men. At any rate, it is significant that the one poem in which he rises to his supreme height of passion is also that in which he forgets himself in the cause of another—"The Ballad of Reading Gaol." That piece, if perhaps that alone, will serve to keep Oscar Wilde's memory green with posterity. Otherwise, though an artist in grain, he cannot be reckoned an artist of the first rank.

April 5

CORRESPONDENCE.

OSCAR WILDE'S WORKS.

To the Editor of THE SUNDAY TIMES.

Sir.—Oscar Wilde says somewhere in "Intentions" that "it is only the Philistine who seeks to estimate a personality by the vulgar test of production," and I may possibly fall under this charge when I question your statement in THE SUNDAY TIMES that Oscar Wilde's vogue on the Continent cannot be compared with Byron's.

Practically everything that Wilde ever wrote (and a good deal that has been falsely attributed to him) has been translated and published in nearly every European country, and his better-known works, such as "Salome" and the "Ballad of Reading Gaol," have been issued in every conceivable language, including Russian, Modern Greek, Czech, and Yiddish. I can confidently challenge anyone to produce such a list of Byron's translations as I can produce of Wilde's.

May I refer to one other point in your notice of the new edition of Wilde's works? You state that "there is not a single pretty image or a happy turn of expression in his Newdigate Prize Poem which he does not incorporate into later work." I know exactly the passages you refer to, and I maintain, sir, and am prepared to prove, if necessary, that exactly the opposite is the case. I have carefully collated all these parallel passages and in every case they are from poems published before 1878, and in no single instance is a line from "Ravenna" repeated in a poem written at a date subsequent to the Newdigate Prize Poem.—Yours, etc.,
149, Edgware-road, W. SPURAT MASON.
March 31.

Cambridge Chronicle, March 7, 1908.

THE DUCHESS OF PADUA. By Oscar Wilde. (Methuen).

This early work of Oscar Wilde's was commenced in 1882 and completed in the following year. It bears many evidences of immaturity and promise of greater work to come. It must have been written after a veritable debauch of Shakespeare, Webster, Turnour and Co., particularly Webster; it is even and often verbally reminiscent, and it is indeed a fairly good example of the Elizabethan school of "battle, murder, and sudden death." If the wholly unnecessary and quite undramatic Act IV. were omitted it should prove striking on the stage, if well acted; perhaps some of our local "societies" will oblige? The experiment would be interesting. The blank verse is often faulty, but on occasions both in thought and in expression rises to a high level. But it is only a promissary note.



Liverpool.

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE.

THE DUCHESS OF PADUA. A Play. By Oscar Wilde. London: Methuen and Co. 12s. 6d. net.

It was as "an artist in attitudes" that Wilde was once rather dexterously defined, and in "The Duchess of Padua" (written, if we remember aright, at the Hotel Voltaire, in a white-cowled Balzacian dressing-gown, at the beginning of what he was self-aware enough to call his "third period") he is discovered assuming the proper Shakespearean porte, mouthing delicious blank-verse thunders, and filling his stage (no naked Shakesperean platform-stage, by the way, but ample and loamy enough to support a whole grove of Trees) with Paduan nobles clad in correct Elizabethan costumes, and numbered clowns and citizens who doggedly try to convince you, maugre their anonymity, that they really are blood-brothers of bully Bottom and Dogberry:

FIRST CITIZEN: This is a strange day for Padua, is it not?—the Duke being dead.

SECOND CITIZEN: I tell you, neighbour

Dominick, I have not known such a day since the last Duke died: and if you believe me not I am no true man.

FIRST CITIZEN: They will try him first, and sentence him afterwards, will they not, neighbour Anthony?

SECOND CITIZEN: Nay, for he might 'scape his punishment then; but they will condemn him first, so that he gets his deserts, and give him a trial afterwards, so that no injustice is done.

FIRST CITIZEN: Well, well, it will go hard with him I doubt not.

SECOND CITIZEN: Surely it is a grievous thing to shed a Duke's blood.

THIRD CITIZEN: They say a Duke has blue blood.

SECOND CITIZEN: I think our Duke's blood was black, like his soul.

THIRD CITIZEN: What think you of this young man who stuck the knife into the Duke?

SECOND CITIZEN: Why, that he is a well-behaved, and a well-meaning and a well-favoured lad, and yet wicked in that he killed the Duke.

THIRD CITIZEN: 'Twas the first time he did it: may be the law will not be hard on him, as he did not do it before.

SECOND CITIZEN: True.

But in spite of the occurrence of cool recollections of this sort, it must not be supposed that the tragedy is either (on the one hand) a piece of patient sampler-work, or (on the other) a mere turn of strength, a bit of artistic "blague." Cries and epithets of a searching newness ring out from it; its colour is personal and modern; and the implicit criticism of life which runs through it contains things undreamed of by Ford's or Webster's philosophy. And although the music of the verse is too deliberate and cautious (or perhaps attacks an ear too well prepared?) to seem properly varied and alive, yet the due variations are none the less there, perfectly interlocking, played with the utmost nicety, and giving constant assurance of a hot wit moving nimbly to and fro beneath them.

Sit down here,
A little lower than me: yes, just so, sweet,
That I may run my fingers through your hair,
And see your face turn upwards like a flower
To meet my kiss.

Have you not sometimes noted,
When we unlock some long-disused room
With heavy dust and soiling mildew filled,
Where never foot of man has come for years,
And from the windows take the rusty bar,
And fling the broken shutters to the air,
And let the bright sun in, how the good sun
Turns every grimy particle of dust
Into a little thing of dancing gold?
Guido, my heart is that long-empty room.
But you have let love in, and with its gold
Gilded all life.

Nor is there ever (as it might seem there almost inevitably must be in such an exercise) any stopping up of metrical holes with juicy adjectives: the bones of the periods show through (dainty bones, of course, but still very feat and serviceable) and firmly control the flesh-curves; and even the passages which Wilde marked for excision (such as those square-bracketed in the following quotation) would almost always have received the approval of any less exacting critic,—of any other critic in the world, that is to say, than Wilde himself:—

[You would have said so had you seen that mist:

And then the air rained blood] and then he groaned,

And then he groaned no more! I only heard
The dripping of the blood upon the floor.

Profoundly interesting as it is in its relation to the poems which preceded it and the plays which it preceded, "The Duchess of Padua" has thus, it will be seen, a clear intrinsic value also, a distinction great enough to establish its author, even had he done nothing different or better, as a dramatist and poet of high and curious rank. It fails, indeed, to establish him as a dramatic poet. The excellent joinery of its thrills and curtains proves the presence of the craftsman who was ultimately to contrive that elaborate nest of jewel-cases, "The Importance of Being Earnest"; the great thunders of Guido and the rich speeches of the Duchess prove the presence of the lyrist who at once weakened and sweetened the prose of "De Profundis"; but the two artists are never more than yoke-fellows, they never become one and indivisible. The drama is never of the sort that can only be made manifest by poetry; the poetry, tearing passions to rags so magnificently, is never of the kind that tears the last rag from a passion and leaves it naked. The visible lightnings and the vocal thunders often coincide very convincingly; but they have always been forged separately, the product of different forces.

But that defect is, of course, by no means fatal to "The Duchess of Padua's" modern actability. Vocal thunders alone were often quite good enough for Shakespeare (that incorrigible rhetorician) and for Shakespeare's platform-stage-surrounding audience; and the lightnings and visible splendours which Wilde (shrewdly mindful of the shrunken proscenium) is always careful to pile up in addition, would clearly ravish a public in love with Hamlet-cum-Pantomime and Mr. Stephen Phillips. "A large corridor in the Ducal Palace: a window looks out on a view of Padua by moonlight: a staircase leads up to a door with a portiere of crimson velvet, with the Duke's arms embroidered in gold on it: on the lowest step of the staircase a figure draped in black is sitting: the hall is lit by an iron cresset filled with burning tow: thunder and lightning outside; the time is night." It is impossible to conceive Mr. Tree perusing stage-directions of that kind without a momentous watering of the teeth.

So that one firmly hopes that the publication of this fine play of Wilde's (the first to be written, the last to appear) will precede only by a little way its first production on an English stage; and for that reason alone, its place in the van of this great complete edition of his works is a thing to welcome. Of the edition itself, the physical details are already so well known that we need do no more than mention them here. It will consist of about fourteen volumes, is limited to 1,000 copies, is most admirably printed on hand-made paper, and is being generally edited by the author's literary executor, Mr. Robert Ross. The beauty of its format has a candour and dignity

Book Monthly. March 1908.

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Referee.

March 1-1908

* * *
The Scala Theatre was well filled on Tuesday at the matinée given in support of the League of Mercy. Of course, interest in the said League awakened interest in the occasion, but it may be taken for granted that the excellent patronage came chiefly of a desire to make or to renew acquaintance with the Wilde comedy

"The Importance of Being Earnest,"

which has a reputation for its impudence, its wit, and its cleverness. The performance went through with remarkable smoothness, and many ripples of laughter attended the deliverances of the various characters, whose representatives appeared well up to their work. Most successful were the Hon. Stephen Powys, as John Worthing, M.P., the by no means bashful individual who has one name for the country and another for the town, and who, in aspiring to the hand of a lady of aristocratic birth, confesses ignorance of his own parentage, and relates how he was discovered in a hand-bag in the cloak-room at Victoria Station; Mr. Ernest Thesiger, as Algernon Moncrieff; and the Hon. Mary Thesiger, as Lady Bracknell, the very starchy old lady who is horrified at the suggestion that her daughter should enter into matrimonial alliance "with a parcel." The remaining parts were admirably filled by Mr. E. Herbert Wyand, as Canon Chasuble; Mr. Noel Adams, as the butler with a fine taste in champagne; Mr. Auckland Branwell, as Lane, the manservant; Miss Juliet Hardinge, as the Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax; Miss Ella Harman, as Cecily Cardew; and Miss Prism.

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DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS AT THE LEAGUE OF MERCY MATINÉE AT THE SCALA

Above is a reproduction of the company of actors and actresses who gave a most successful rendering of Oscar Wilde's comedy, *The Importance of Being Earnest*. The names, reading from left to right, are: Standing—Miss Juliet Hardinge, Mrs. C. Enthoven, Mr. E. Herbert Wyand, Miss Ella Harman, Mr. Ernest Thesiger; seated—Mr. Noel Adams, the Hon. Stephen Powys, the Hon. Mary Thesiger, and Mr. Auckland Branwell. The comedy was preceded by a performance of *Under the Greenwood Tree*, produced at the Scala on a similar occasion more than a year ago

Tatler.

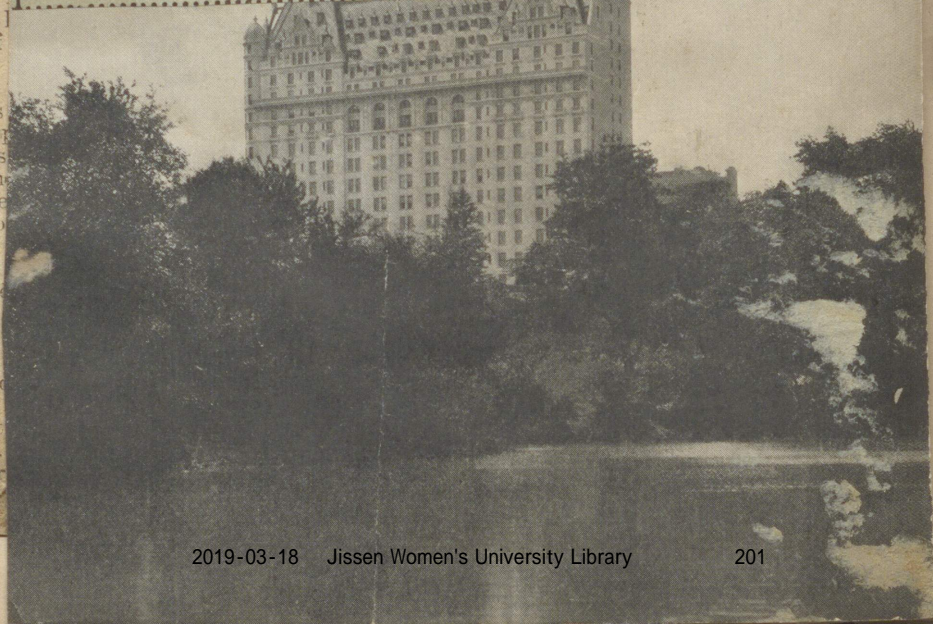
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THE WORLD OF BOOK

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149, Edgware-road, W.

STUART MASON.

March 31.

Cambridge Chronicle, March 7, 1908.

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GERMAN MUSIC "BOYCOTT."

FOREIGN UNION DISPUTES WITH QUEEN'S HALL.

Following the announcement that the forthcoming production at the Queen's Hall of a series of selections from Dr. Strauss's musical version of Oscar Wilde's "Salome" had been cancelled, our Berlin correspondent has received from the Union of German Composers the following official statement:—

"The Queen's Hall orchestra required the assent of this union to the production of selections from 'Salome,' because all the prominent German composers (including Dr. Strauss) have entrusted this union with their rights. The orchestra has disputed the rights of this union in a series of other compositions, and until it admits them unconditionally, we are compelled to refuse it permission to produce any of our members' compositions."

The "dance" music of "Salome" was once played in London last year, but practically all Dr. Strauss's other works were heard frequently at the Queen's Hall during the last few years. Recently, however, they have been notably absent from the programmes.

Daily Express March 10, 1908

"The Duchess of Padua." By Oscar Wilde. Methuen, 12s. 6d.

A Fine Edition.

Charmingly bound and printed, Messrs. Methuen have issued the first volume of a complete edition of the works of Oscar Wilde, arranged by his literary executor, Mr. Robert Ross. The edition is limited, and the volumes are of a rare and complete beauty.

"The Duchess of Padua," the first work to be issued, is an early tragedy of Wilde's written as long ago as 1882, and practically unknown in this country. As drama it is characterless, but the poetry, though uneven, is often full of character and charm.

Daily Post & Mercury

March 11. Liverpool.

To-morrow Messrs. Methuen will publish five further volumes of the uniform series of Oscar Wilde's works. The titles are "Poems," "Intentions," "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime," "A House of Pomegranates," and "De Profundis." The latter contains a number of passages now for the first time published in English. Two volumes of miscellaneous essays will complete the series.

Morning Post March 13

"De Profundis." By Oscar Wilde. Methuen. This new volume in the collected edition of Wilde's works differs from previous editions of "De Profundis" in containing: (1) A prefatory dedication by the editor, Mr. Robert Ross; (2) Four letters from Reading Prison to Mr. Ross; (3) Several passages in the work itself hitherto only found in German editions; (4) Two letters on prison life reprinted from the Daily Chronicle.

Yorkshire Daily Post

Messrs. Methuen & Co., who are about to publish a uniform edition in fourteen volumes of the works of Oscar Wilde, have issued the "Duchess of Padua" (12s. 6d.), edited by Mr. Robert Ross. The play is practically a new one, since, although it was performed in New York in 1891, having been written eight or nine years previously, only twenty prompt copies were printed for private circulation, and of these but two copies are known to exist. One of the two, as Mr. Ross states, has upon it corrections by Oscar Wilde, and upon this the publication is based. A translation has been issued in Germany, and from this an English prose translation has been made and sold—to the discontent of Mr. Ross. The original play, however, is mainly in verse, and apparently is represented in the volume before us. It is a curious production; Oscar Wilde's quips turned into blank verse in imitation of that of the Elizabethans have a curious effect.

So be not honest; eccentricity is not a thing should ever be encouraged, Although, in this dull stupid age of ours, The most eccentric thing a man can do Is to have brains, then the mob mocks at him; And for the mob, despise it as I do, I hold its bubble praise and windy favours In such account, that popularity Is the one insult I have never suffered.

This might serve for caricature; it is bastard art. There is much of the same sort in the play, and it must be added, much that is turgid and feeble. The construction of the play is certainly not in Shakespeare's method, but rather is akin—as also no little of the language—to the drama known familiarly as that of "the Surrey side." The curious mixing that one finds of entirely modern phrases with a poor imitation of the Elizabethan line destroys whatever verisimilitude and poetry the play might otherwise possess. Had the author criticised it he might have said that the badness of its morals does not atone for the poverty of its art.

Outlook March 14, 1908

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Scotsman March 16, 1908

NEW EDITIONS.

From Messrs. Methuen & Co., London, comes a handsomely appointed new edition of the late Mr. Oscar Wilde's *De Profundis*. This somewhat remarkable work of a remarkable personality has been edited by Mr. Robert Ross, who provides a preface, and has been able to supply some supplementary letters and other matter that make the book as complete a record of its writer's thoughts during his last months in prison as it is desirable to have.

A commencement has been made with the publication of a collected edition of Oscar Wilde's works by bringing out a tragedy, "The Duchess of Padua," written before Wilde's genius

had come to anything like fruition. He was then distinctly at the imitative stage, and there are very few of the inversions which were so characteristic of his writing later on.

Empire (Calcutta) May 13 1908

PRELIMINARY.

Scala Theatre,

CHARLOTTE STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

Proprietor - - - - - Mr. E. DISTIN MADDICK. Under the Management of Mr. W. H. C. NATION.

A MATINÉE In Aid of the League of Mercy

WILL BE GIVEN

On Tuesday, February 25th, 1908, at 2 p.m.,

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.,

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES (Lady Grand President of the League of Mercy),

Who has graciously signified her intention of being present,

And H.H. PRINCESS LOUISE AUGUSTA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

The Programme will consist of . . .

"The Importance of Being Earnest,"

By OSCAR WILDE.

The Caste will include . . .

The Hon. MARY THESIGER, Mrs. CHARLES ENTHOVEN, Miss JULIET HARDINGE, Miss ENA HARMAN, Hon. STEPHEN POWYS, Mr. ERNEST THESIGER, Mr. T. HERBERT WYNAND, Mr. BRANWELL, Mr. NOEL ADAMS.

Preceded by . . .

"Under the Greenwood Tree,"

A Pastoral Play by Major PHILIP TREVOR,

IN WHICH WILL APPEAR:

Master C. P. TREVOR, Miss PHYLLIS TREVOR, Miss VIOLET TREVOR, Miss DOROTHY TREVOR, Miss EVELYN TREVOR, Miss ENID TREVOR, Master ALAN TREVOR.

Tickets at the Ordinary Theatre Prices,

To be obtained from the Organizer, Miss C. MOSELEY, Vice-President of St. George's District, 101, Park Street, Park Lane; the Hon. Sec., Major H. C. C. GIBBINGS, 11, Charles Street, St. James's Square, S.W.; and through all Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the League of Mercy; the Social Bureau, Bond Street.

The profit on each Theatre Ticket will go to the credit of the District by which it is sold.

ems, "House of Pomegranates," "De Profundis," "Salome," "A Florentine Tragedy," and "Vera," "A Woman of Importance," "The Importance of Being Earnest," "Lady Dermere's Fan," "An Ideal Husband," "The Duchess of Padua." The edition, which is printed on hand-made paper, is sold to 1,000 copies for the United Kingdom and America.

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THE LEAGUE OF MERCY.

Founded by Royal Charter to promote the welfare of Hospitals by securing support for King Edward's Hospital Fund.

PATRON OF THE LEAGUE AND SOVEREIGN OF THE ORDER:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

GRAND PRESIDENT:
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

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THE LADY GARVAGH
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THE HON. MRS. DE BEAUMONT KLEIN
THE HON. ELIZABETH POWYS
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MRS. CARL HENTSCHEL, 55, Chancery Lane, W.C.
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MRS. LUMLEY HOLLAND, 5, Wilton Crescent, S.W.
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MRS. RODWELL, 100, Philbeach Gardens, S.W.
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MR. E. THESIGER, 142, Sloane Street
MRS. TREVOR, Rodney Stone, Richmond
MR. MALCOLM WAGNER, 26, Walton Street, S.W.

Hon. Bankers:

SIR C. R. McGRIGOR, BART., & CO., 25, Charles Street, St. James's Square, S.W.

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1908

March 19, 1908

Books of the Day.

TRIBUTE TO GENIUS.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF OSCAR WILDE.

"Duchess of Padua." A play by Oscar Wilde.
"De Profundis." By Oscar Wilde. (Methuen.)

The works of Oscar Wilde (who was a genius, if wayward and degenerate) deserve far more the compliment of a sumptuous edition, uniform in style and binding, than those of many writers now so honoured; and we are glad to see that so well-known and reputable a firm of publishers as Messrs. Methuen have undertaken the responsibility of doing justice to the ability of a man whose memory is, and perhaps always will be, under a cloud among the English race. This edition is all that the hand, the eye, and the mind can desire. It is satisfactory in every respect. Not even the ultra-artistic temperament of the author, we should imagine, would have been able to find fault with the general scheme of the final edition of his works. The covers in cream parchment cloth with gold letterings and neat artistic embellishments are matched by the strong, stout binding, heavy pure white parchment paper, and clear black type. The pages have an ample margin as all noble pages should. No collection of books need be ashamed to welcome these volumes among them.

"The Duchess of Padua," we gather from a note by Mr. Robert Ross, the author's literary executor, was written in 1882 and finished in March, 1883. It was produced in New York on November 14, 1890, at Hammerstein's Opera House. Twenty years ago the tragedy pined as if it were another "Romeo and Juliet."

The new edition of "De Profundis" contains a good deal more matter than the original issue. Concerning Wilde's reputation the Editor in his Prefatory Dedication says:

Wilde's name unfortunately did not bring very agreeable memories to English ears: his literary position, hardly recognised even in the zenith of his successful dramatic career had come to be ignored by Mr. Ruskin's countrymen, unable to separate the man and the artist; how rightly or wrongly it is not for me to say. In Germany and France, where tolerance and literary enthusiasm are more widely distributed, Wilde's works were judged independently of the author's career. "Salome," prohibited by the English censor in the author's lifetime, had become part of the repertoire of the European stage, long before that finest of his dramas inspired the great opera of Dr. Strass; whilst the others, performed occasionally in the English provinces without his name, were still banned in the London theatres. His great intellectual endowments were either denied or forgotten. Wilde (who in "De Profundis" exaggerates his lost contemporary position in England and shows no idea of his future European reputation) gauges fairly accurately the nadir he had reached when he says that his name would become a synonym for folly.

Of "De Profundis" itself there is little need to say much. The generous reception accorded to it when it first came out has justified the preparation of a new and fuller edition. Six editions of the book have already appeared, but this is the first in which notable additions are made. One passage deleted from the original work here reinstated reads:

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I had genius, a distinguished name, social position, brilliancy, intellectual daring; I made art a philosophy and philosophy an art; I altered the minds of men and the colour of things; there was nothing I said or did that did not make people wonder. I took the drama, the most objective form known to art, and made it as personal a mode of expression as the lyric or the sonnet; at the same time I widened its range and enriched its characterisation. Drama, novel, poem in prose, poem in rhyme, subtle or fantastic dialogue, whatever I touched, I made beautiful in a new mode of beauty: to truth itself I gave what is false no less than what is true as its rightful province, and showed that the false and the true are merely forms of intellectual existence. I treated art as the supreme reality and life as a mere mode of fiction. I awoke the imagination of my century, so that it created myth and legend around me. I summed up all systems in a phrase and all existence in an epigram.

Prodigious, is it not?

F. G. BETTANY.

Daily Express, March 17.

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Westminster Gazette March 21.

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The time of the play is the latter half of the sixteenth century. The scene of the play is Padua. Guido Ferranti, a foundling, is told by a certain Count Moranzone the story of his (Guido's) birth and parentage, how his unknown father was murdered, and how the son can avenge that death. With this object Guido enters the service of the Duke of Padua and awaits the sign from Moranzone to kill the Duke. Meanwhile, he meets the Duchess and falls in love with her, his affection being returned. Soon, too soon, comes the fateful sign:

Guido: Oh, horrible!
Had I so soon forgot my father's death,
Did I so soon let love into my heart,
And must I banish love, and let in murder
That beats and clamours at the outer gate?
Duchess: Guido!
Guido: Beatrice,
You must forget that name, and banish me
Out of your life for ever.
Duchess: What!
With your hot kisses fresh upon my lips
Forget the vows of love you made to me?
Guido: I take them back.
Duchess: Alas, you cannot, Guido.
For they are part of nature now; the air
Is tremulous with their music, and outside
The little birds sing sweeter for those vows.

While Guido is perplexed how he can kill the Duke and yet continue to love the Duchess, the latter resolves the difficulty, which is admirably worked up from her own point of view, by killing the Duke herself. She thinks she has effectually removed the "barrier" between them. He, conscience stricken, asks "How could we sit together at love's table?" When the murder is discovered Guido tells his story of revenge, concluding "I killed the Duke." Condemned to death he is allowed poison to escape the headsman. The Duchess relenting enters the prison to take his place and provide an escape for her lover. She soliloquises:

What if I drank these juices, and so ceased?
Were it not better than to wait till Death
Come to my bed with all his serving men,
Remorse, disease, old age, and misery?
I wonder does one suffer much: I think
That I am very young to die like this.
But so it must be. Why, why should I die?
He will escape to-night, and so his blood
Will not be on my head. No, I must die:
I have been guilty, therefore I must die:
He loves me not, and therefore I must die:
I would die happier if he would kiss me.
But he will not do that. I did not know him.
I thought he meant to sell me to the judge;
That is not strange; we women never know
Our lovers till they leave us. . . .

With the poisoned cup in her hand she declaims

O love, love, love,
I did not think that I would pledge thee thus!

As she drinks, Guido awakes. The result of their interview may be gathered from these lines:

"What!" he cries, "am I fallen so low
That I may not have leave to die for you?"

And the tragedy ends as if it were another "Romeo and Juliet."

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GERMAN MUSIC "BOYCOTT."

FOREIGN UNION DISPUTES WITH
QUEEN'S HALL.

Following the announcement that the forthcoming production at the Queen's Hall of a series of selections from Dr. Strauss's musical version of Oscar Wilde's "Salome" had been cancelled, our Berlin correspondent has received from the Union of German Composers the following official statement:—

"The Queen's Hall orchestra required the assent of this union to the production of selections from 'Salome,' because all the prominent German composers (including Dr. Strauss) have entrusted this union with their rights. The orchestra has disputed the rights of this union in a series of other compositions, and until it admits them unconditionally, we are compelled to refuse it permission to produce any of our members' compositions."

The "dance" music of "Salome" was once played in London last year, but practically all Dr. Strauss's other works were heard frequently at the Queen's Hall during the last few years. They have been notably absent from the programmes.

Daily Express

March
10. 1908.

"The Duchess of Padua," By Oscar Wilde.
(Methuen, 12s. 6d.)

A Fine Edition.

Charmingly bound and printed, Messrs. Methuen have issued the first volume of a complete edition of the works of Oscar Wilde, arranged by his literary executor, Mr. Robert Ross. The edition is limited, and the volumes are of a rare and complete beauty.

"The Duchess of Padua," the first work to be issued, is an early tragedy of Wilde's written as long ago as 1882, and practically unknown in this country. As drama it is characterless, but the poetry, though uneven, is often full of character and charm.

Daily Post & Mercury

March 11. Liverpool.

To-morrow Messrs. Methuen will publish five further volumes of the uniform series of Oscar Wilde's works. The titles are "Poems," "Intentions," "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime," "A House of Pomegranates," and "De Profundis." The latter contains a number of passages now for the first time published in English. Two volumes of miscellaneous essays will complete the series.

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Morning Post

March
13

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So be not honest; eccentricity
Is not a thing should ever be encouraged,
Although, in this dull stupid age of ours,
The most eccentric thing a man can do
Is to have brains, then the mob mocks at him;
And for the mob, despise it as I do,
I hold its bubble praise and windy favours
In such account, that popularity
Is the one insult I have never suffered.

This might serve for caricature; it is bastard art. There is much of the same sort in the play, and it must be added, much that is turgid and feeble. The construction of the play is certainly not in Shakespeare's method, but rather is akin—as also no little of the language—to the drama known familiarly as that of "the Surrey side." The curious mixing that one finds of entirely modern phrases with a poor imitation of the Elizabethan line destroys whatever verisimilitude and poetry the play might otherwise possess. Had the author criticised it he might have said that the richness of its morals does not atone for the poverty of its art.

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Scotsman

March 16, 1908

NEW EDITIONS.

From Messrs Methuen & Co., London, comes a handsomely appointed new edition of the late Mr Oscar Wilde's *De Profundis*. This somewhat remarkable work of a remarkable personality has been edited by Mr Robert Ross, who provides a preface, and has been able to supply some supplementary letters and other matter that make the book as complete a record of his private thoughts during his last months in prison as it is desirable to have.

A commencement has been made with the publication of a collected edition of Oscar Wilde's works by bringing out a tragedy, "The Duchess of Padua," written before Wilde's genius

had come to anything like fruition. He was then distinctly at the imitative stage, and the inversions which were so characteristic of his writing later on.

Empire
(Calcutta)
May 13
1908

JSS1940346's University Library

Sunday Times, March 15, 1908.
PRELIMINARY.

Scala Theatre,

CHARLOTTE STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

Proprietor - - - - - Mr. E. DISTIN MADDICK.
Under the Management of Mr. W. H. C. NATION.

A MATINÉE

In Aid of the League of Mercy

WILL BE GIVEN

On Tuesday, February 25th, 1908, at 2 p.m.,

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.,

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES (Lady Grand President of the League of Mercy),

Who has graciously signified her intention of being present,

And H.H. PRINCESS LOUISE AUGUSTA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

The Programme will consist of . . .

“The Importance of Being Earnest,”

By OSCAR WILDE.

The Cast will include . . .

The Hon. MARY THESIGER, Mrs. CHARLES ENTHOVEN,
Miss JULIET HARDINGE, Miss ENA HARMAN, Hon. STEPHEN POWYS,
Mr. ERNEST THESIGER, Mr. T. HERBERT WYNAND, Mr. BRANWELL,
Mr. NOEL ADAMS.

Preceded by . . .

“Under the Greenwood Tree,”

A Pastoral Play by Major PHILIP TREVOR,

IN WHICH WILL APPEAR :

Master C. P. TREVOR, Miss PHYLLIS TREVOR, Miss VIOLET TREVOR, Miss DOROTHY TREVOR,
Miss EVELYN TREVOR, Miss ENID TREVOR, Master ALAN TREVOR.

Tickets at the Ordinary Theatre Prices,

To be obtained from the Organizer, Miss C. MOSELEY, Vice-President of St. George's District, 101, Park Street, Park Lane; the Hon. Sec., Major H. C. C. GIBBINGS, 11, Charles Street, St. James's Square, S.W.; and through all Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the League of Mercy; the Social Bureau, Bond Street.

The profit on each Theatre Ticket will go to the credit of the District by which it is sold.

THE LEAGUE OF MERCY.

Founded by Royal Charter to promote the welfare of Hospitals by securing support for King Edward's Hospital Fund.

**PATRON OF THE LEAGUE AND SOVEREIGN OF THE ORDER:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.**

GRAND PRESIDENT:
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

LADY GRAND PRESIDENT:
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Patronesses:

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THE LADY O'HAGAN
THE LADY GARVAGH
LADY LLANGATTOCK
LADY CONSTANCE GORE

THE LADY ALICE LESLIE
LADY KATHLEEN SKINNER
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LADY DURNING LAWRENCE
THE HON. MRS. DE BEAUMONT KLEIN
THE HON. ELIZABETH POWYS
LADY EVERY
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Patrons:

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.T.
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THE HON. STEPHEN POWYS

MR. ANTROBUS
COLONEL HAMILTON

Committee:

THE COUNTESS GROSVENOR
DORA COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD
THE VISCOUNTESS DUPPLIN
THE LADY ALICE LESLIE
THE HON. MRS. DE BEAUMONT KLEIN
THE LADY GARVAGH
MISS BACON, 23, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.
MADAME BRICKA, 100, Bessborough Street, Pimlico
MRS. BURROUGHES
MRS. MATEO CLARK, 182, Colherne Court, S.W.
MAJOR H. C. C. GIBBINGS (*Hon. Secretary and Treasurer*), 11, Charles Street, St. James's Square, S.W.

MRS. CARL HENTSCHEL, 55, Chancery Lane, W.C.
MRS. HENDERSON, 18, Rutland Gate, S.W.
MRS. LUMLEY HOLLAND, 5, Wilton Crescent, S.W.
LADY THOMAS
MRS. RODWELL, 100, Philbeach Gardens, S.W.
MISS MOSELEY (*President*)
MR. TAVENER, 77, Bridge Road, Battersea
MR. E. THESIGER, 142, Sloane Street
MRS. TREVOR, Rodney Stone, Richmond
MR. MALCOLM WAGNER,
26, Walton Street, S.W.

Hon. Bankers:

SIR C. R. McGRIGOR, BART., & CO., 25, Charles Street, St. James's Square, S.W.

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Sunday Times, March 15, 1908.

Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis."

Sets of the collected works of Oscar Wilde, published by Messrs. Methuen (there will be thirteen volumes in all), are now complete, with the exception of two volumes of miscellanies to be issued later, and a very beautiful edition in all respects it proves. I hope to deal in detail with the plays, the poems, the essays, and the stories on some future occasion. Just at present I can only make a few remarks on the revised issue of "De Profundis," to which that devoted editor, Mr. Robert Ross, has now added the passages printed in the German but excised from the former English edition, as well as certain letters written to him by the author, and the two famous letters addressed to the "Chronicle" from Reading Gaol. "De Profundis" has been too recently reviewed in these columns to call for any fresh comment. It still remains an exquisite piece of prose-writing, but I cannot think the passages now added, though they may increase its psychological interest, really enhance its appeal to the emotions. They are not likely to reconcile readers any the more to their writer, for they emphasise his colossal vanity—not personal but literary vanity. Listen, for example, to this pronouncement—perhaps the most important of the additions:

I had genius, a distinguished name, social position, brilliancy, intellectual daring; I made art a philosophy and philosophy an art; I altered the minds of men and the colour of things; there was nothing I said or did that did not make people wonder. I took the drama, the most objective form known to art, and made it as personal a mode of expression as the lyric or the sonnet; at the same time I widened its range and enriched its characterisation. Drama, novel, poem in prose, poem in rhyme, subtle or fantastic dialogue, whatever I touched, I made beautiful in a new mode of beauty; to truth itself I gave what is false no less than what is true as its rightful province, and showed that the false and the true are merely forms of intellectual existence. I treated art as the supreme reality and life as a mere mode of fiction. I awoke the imagination of my century, so that it created myth and legend around me. I summed up all systems in a phrase and all existence in an epigram.

Prodigious, is it not?

Daily Express, ^{March} 17.

De Profundis.

It is an almost uncanny experience to pass from the light-hearted pages of a conventional novel to the profound tragedy of Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis," just reissued as the second volume of Messrs. Methuen's sumptuous complete edition of Wilde's works.

Mr. Robert Ross, the editor, has added some new matter in this edition, notably three letters written to him from Reading Gaol. Certain passages cut in the original English edition have also been replaced.

All that need be said of the book itself is that it remains a deeply moving and amazingly complete revelation of its writer's temperament.

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Westminster Gazette *March 21.*

VARIOUS VOLUMES.

Eleven of the thirteen volumes which are to comprise the collected works of Oscar Wilde have been issued by Messrs. Methuen. They are "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime," "Intentions," "Poems," "House of Pomegranates," "De Profundis," "Salome," "A Florentine Tragedy," and "Vera," "A Woman of No Importance," "The Importance of Being Earnest," "Lady Windermere's Fan," "The Duchess of Padua." The edition, which is printed on hand-made paper, is limited to 1,000 copies for the United Kingdom and America.

March

19, 1908

Books of the Day.

TRIBUTE TO GENIUS.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF OSCAR WILDE.

"Duchess of Padua." A play by Oscar Wilde.

"De Profundis." By Oscar Wilde. (Methuen.)

The works of Oscar Wilde (who was a genius, if wayward and degenerate) deserve far more the compliment of a sumptuous edition, uniform in style and binding, than those of many writers now so honoured; and we are glad to see that so well-known and reputable a firm of publishers as Messrs. Methuen have undertaken the responsibility of doing justice to the ability of a man whose memory is, and perhaps always will be, under a cloud among the English race. This edition is all that the hand, the eye, and the mind can desire. It is satisfactory in every respect. Not even the ultra-artistic temperament of the author, we should imagine, would have been able to find fault with the general scheme of the final edition of his works. The covers in cream parchment cloth with gold letterings and neat artistic embellishments are matched by the strong, stout binding, heavy pure white parchment paper, and clear black type. The pages have an ample margin as all noble pages should. No collection of books need be ashamed to welcome these volumes among them.

"The Duchess of Padua," we gather from a note by Mr. Robert Rose, the author's literary executor, was written in 1882 and finished in March, 1883. It was produced in New York on November 14, 1891, at Hammerstein's Opera House. Twenty prompt copies were printed for private circulation and use in the theatre. One of only two copies known to exist contains the author's correction, and on it the present edition is based. We also learn that the original manuscript was stolen, with other unpublished works, from the author's house in April, 1895. The play, which was translated by Dr. Max Mayerfeld (Egon, Fleischel, and Co., Berlin, 1904), has never, owing to a long series of mischances, received the consideration it deserves. It is a curious piece of work. Elizabethan in manner and atmosphere, in form and language, "The Duchess of Padua," nevertheless, embodies flashes of thought which belong to classic times, turns of phrases which are essentially modern, and throughout there is a high level of excellence which places the work almost in a category by itself. In many ways the play is a literary tour de force, transcending all but the greatest of its models.

The time of the play is the latter half of the sixteenth century. The scene of the play is Padua. Guido Ferranti, a foundling, is told by a certain Count Moranzone the story of his (Guido's) birth and parentage, how his unknown father was murdered, and how the son can avenge that death. With this object Guido enters the service of the Duke of Padua and awaits the sign from Moranzone to kill the Duke. Meanwhile, he meets the Duchess and falls in love with her, his affection being returned. Soon, too soon, comes the fateful sign:

Guido: Oh, horrible!

Had I so soon forgot my father's death,
Did I so soon let love into my heart,
And must I banish love, and let in murder
That beats and clamours at the outer gate?

Duchess: Guido!

Guido: Beatrice,
You must forget that name, and banish me
Out of your life for ever.

Duchess: What!

With your hot kisses fresh upon my lips
Forget the vows of love you made to me?

Guido: I take them back.

Duchess: Alas, you cannot, Guido.
For they are part of nature now; the air
Is tremulous with their music, and outside
The little birds sing sweeter for those vows.

While Guido is perplexed how he can kill the Duke and yet continue to love the Duchess, the latter resolves the difficulty, which is admirably worked up from her own point of view, by killing the Duke herself. She thinks she has effectually removed the "barrier" between them. He, conscience stricken, asks "How could we sit together at love's table?" When the murder is discovered Guido tells his story of revenge, concluding "I killed the Duke." Condemned to death he is allowed poison to escape the headsman. The Duchess relenting enters the prison to take his place and provide an escape for her lover. She soliloquises:

What if I drank these juices, and so ceased?
Were it not better than to wait till Death
Come to my bed with all his serving men,
Remorse, disease, old age, and misery?
I wonder does one suffer much: I think
That I am very young to die like this.
But so it must be. Why, why should I die?
He will escape to-night, and so his blood
Will not be on my head. No, I must die;
I have been guilty, therefore I must die;
He loves me not, and therefore I must die:
I would die happier if he would kiss me.
But he will not do that. I did not know him.
I thought he meant to sell me to the judge;
That is not strange; we women never know
Our lovers till they leave us. . . .

With the poisoned cup in her hand she declaims

O love, love, love,

I did not think that I would pledge thee thus!

As she drinks, Guido awakes. The result of their interview may be gathered from these lines:

"What!" he cries, "am I fallen so low
That I may not have leave to die for you?"

And the tragedy ends as if it were another "Romeo and Juliet."

The new edition of "De Profundis" contains a good deal more matter than the original issue. Concerning Wilde's reputation the Editor in his Prefatory Dedication says:

Wilde's name unfortunately did not bring very agreeable memories to English ears: his literary position, hardly recognised even in the zenith of his successful dramatic career had come to be ignored by Mr. Ruskin's countrymen, unable to separate the man and the artist; how rightly or wrongly it is not for me to say. In Germany and France, where tolerance and literary enthusiasm are more widely distributed, Wilde's works were judged independently of the author's career. "Salome," prohibited by the English censor in the author's lifetime, had become part of the repertoire of the European stage, long before that finest of his dramas inspired the great opera of Dr. Strauss; whilst the others, performed occasionally in the English provinces without his name, were still banned in the London theatres. His great intellectual endowments were either denied or forgotten. Wilde (who in "De Profundis" exaggerates his lost contemporary position in England and shows no idea of his future European reputation) gauges fairly accurately the nadir he had reached when he says that his name would become a synonym for folly.

Of "De Profundis" itself there is little need to say much. The generous reception accorded to it when it first came out has justified the preparation of a new and fuller edition. Six editions of the book have already appeared, but this is the first in which notable additions are made. One passage deleted from the original work here reinstated reads:

My place would be between Gilles de Retz and the Marquis de Sade. I dare say it is best so. I have no desire to complain. One of the many lessons that one learns in prison is, that things are what they are and will be what they will be. Nor have I any doubt that the leper of medievalism and the author of "Justine" will prove a more fitting companion for Sandford and Merton."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

"DE PROFUNDIS."

"DE PROFUNDIS." By Oscar Wilde. New Edition. London: Methuen and Co. 12s. 6d. The impression produced by Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis," the most widely-discussed book of the past ten years, is proved by the fact that as many as six editions of it were published between February, 1905, and March, 1906. In this handsome volume, presumably an instalment of the author's "complete works," with its hand-made paper, Constable printing, exquisite binding, and guarantee of an issue limited to a thousand copies, is to be found "additional matter" of the utmost interest to students of English literature. Mr. Robert Ross, the editor, to whom the reading public owes a debt of gratitude for his work as the literary executor of a wayward genius, tells us much about this remarkable work in a prefatory dedication to Dr. Max Meyerfeld. It is explained that

"De Profundis" is a manuscript of eighty close-written pages on twenty folio sheets; that it is cast in the form of a letter to a friend, not myself, that it was written at intervals during the last six months of the author's imprisonment on blue stamped prison foolscap paper. Reference to it and directions in regard to it occur in the letters addressed to myself and printed in this volume. Wilde handed me the document on the day of his release; he was not allowed to send it to me from prison. . . . Contrary to a general impression, it contains nothing scandalous. There is no definite scheme or plan in the work; as he proceeded the writer's intention

favoured of the plaintiffs, and the trade mark of their whiskies sold in Japan, has been decided in that registered by them in Japan and placed on mark registered by a Japanese and resembling that the case brought by Messrs. Buchanan, The Japanese Consul-General in London states two thousand three hundred hands. work on Saturday, the 25th inst. The firm has in the spinning and other departments to cease possible regret compelled to give notice to all from the weaving department it was with next a notice stating that in consequence of the notices day on behalf of over twelve hundred weavers Ltd., and in consequence of inability to come to a settlement notices were delivered on Wednesday employed by Messrs. Ashton Brothers and Co. count of the wages paid to the Northrop weavers trade at Hyde. The matter has arisen on account of a serious stoppage is threatened in the cotton THEATRENED STOPPAGE AT HYDE.

NORTHROP WEAVERS' WAGES.

approached on the matter. and the Lancashire County Council is to be in regard to restrictions on the transfer of cattle separated from other parts of the County Palatine further agreed to try and get Northrop weavers received with much satisfaction, and it was horses were concerned. This statement that Sir Thomas Elliot had agreed to constitute Northrop weavers a separate county, so far as London was entirely free from glanders, and Agriculture, and had pointed out that Northrop weavers were the officials of the Board of J.P. said that with Mr. Victor Cavendish, M.P. Association at Liverpool, Councilor S. Taylor day at a meeting of the Furness District Farmers' Association to Northrop weavers. Letter

March 20, 1908.

March 27

"DE PROFUNDIS."

["De Profundis." By Oscar Wilde. (Methuen.) 12s. 6d. net.]

In attractive form, and containing much additional matter and passages now printed for the first time in English, Messrs. Methuen present this new edition of the work in which Oscar Wilde laid bare his sufferings and his feelings after his imprisonment. Mr. Robert Ross contributes an interesting dedication, in the course of which he expresses doubt as to Wilde's great unhappiness after his release: "I think his good spirits and enjoyment of life far outweighed any bitter recollections or realisation of an equivocal and tragic position." But, as Mr. Ross admits, Wilde was a man with so many facets to his character, presenting this side to one observer and that to another, that it is difficult to say whether those who hold that he suffered poignantly in his last days or those who think he felt but lightly are the more correct. The volume contains also four letters written from Reading Prison, two letters to the "Daily Chronicle" on prison life, and, as has been said, certain passages of "De Profundis" now printed for the first time. Here is one that bears upon his after feelings: "I must not be afraid of the past; if people tell me that is irrevocable I shall not believe them; the past, the present, and the future are one moment in the sight of God, in whose sight we should try to live. Time and space, succession and extension, are merely accidental conditions of thought: the imagination can transcend them and move in a free sphere of ideal existences. Things also are in their essence of what we choose to make them; a thing is according to the mode in which we look at it"

Messrs Methuen have just published a new and very beautifully got-up edition of Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis" (5s net, London), which, it may be noted, contains a good many passages omitted in the somewhat mutilated original English edition. It also contains two letters on the treatment of prisoners written by Wilde to the "Daily Chronicle," and several remarkably characteristic letters, but very agreeably so, to his friend Mr Robert Ross, the editor of this edition, whose sympathetic introduction sets forth Oscar Wilde's sterling claims—long recognised by the more responsive public of France and Germany, but churlishly ignored by his narrow-minded and convention-crusted compatriots—to one of the highest places among European prose artists of the nineteenth century. If it were only to "save our faces" in the eyes of an astonished and contemptuous Continent, it would be advisable to give musical comedy a month's rest, and see what "Salome" and "The Duchess of Padua" were like on the stage.

STEINWAY-HALL.—The mere proposal to give a recital of Oscar Wilde's poems shows such a lack of understanding of the arts either of poetry or of recitation that we were scarcely surprised at Mr. Arthur Goodall's failure to attract a large audience or to do justice to his material. Recited or read, sometimes indistinctly and sometimes in a voice too low to be audible, the poems and prose fancies lost all their delicacy, their beauty, and their meaning. Even the rhythms of Mr. Kipling suffered in the reciter's mouth; and in Gunga Din (a name which Mr. Goodall consistently mispronounced in spite of the rhymes) the most important and audible word was "but." The effect of such treatment on Wilde's work—which shared the programme with Mr. Kipling's—is better imagined than described. Mr. Felix Swanstead played Chopin and Rubinstein and a polonaise of his own composition.

March 21

"WITH ADDITIONAL MATTER."

DE PROFUNDIS. By Oscar Wilde. Edited by Robert Ross. London: Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.

THE famous document called—not by its author—*De Profundis*, about which so much dispute raged a few years since, makes a new and changed appearance as a volume in Mr. Robert Ross's complete edition of the works of Oscar Wilde. This is the seventh English edition of the strange work produced in prison by the author, and first given to the world—the German world—in response to the pertinacious prayers of Dr. Max Meyerfeld (to whom the book is dedicated) who had it translated for publication in *Die Neue Rundschau*. Mr. Ross made certain excisions before issuing the English text which has hitherto been

"We Seek for Truth."

MANCHESTER BRANCH OF THE

National Secular Society

Rusholme Road, All Saints.

On Sunday Evening, March 22nd.

Lecture

Will be given the above-named Hall, by

J. M. STUART-YOUNG,

Upon the Subject of

"OSCAR WILDE as a Force"

In this Lecture, the intellectual power of the unfortunate Master of Paradox and Epigram, will be weighed against his physical limitations.

Courteous discussion—upon the points raised in the speaker's review—will be invited.

CHAIR TO BE TAKEN AT 6-30 p.m.

ADMISSION FREE.

March 27

"THE DUCHESS OF PADUA."

"DE PROFUNDIS."

The beautiful edition of the work of Oscar Wilde, which Messrs. Methuen are now publishing, is printed on hand-made paper, and limited to one thousand copies. The type and the format are perfect, and it is a veritable "edition de luxe." The first volume is "The Duchess of Padua," a play which was written in 1882, and produced in New York at Hammerstein's Opera House in 1891. Of the edition then published for use in the theatre only two are known to exist, and the present edition is based on the one of those copies which contains the author's corrections. The original manuscript was stolen from the author's house in 1895, and an unused prose translation from the German by Dr. Max Meyerfeld has been in London, Paris, or America. But the present edition is the only one which gives us as the author wrote it, and wished to be played. There are some remarkably beautiful passages in the poem, which is certainly the best poetical play which has been written of late years. The story is a terrible one, as befits a play in blank verse, but Mr. Wilde considered that it was unbecomingly of him, the general verdict will be that the passages he rises to a high level of

gedy of another sort, and of a personal nature. It is "De Profundis," the last volume in the edition. The book, with all its agony of thought, was first published in 1905, and the first issue ran to six copies. But the present volume is the first edition. There is a Prefatory Dedication by Meyerfeld by the editor, Mr. Robert Ross, fifteen passages now printed for the first time in English, four letters from the author to Mr. Robert Ross, and the letters on Prison Life addressed to the "Daily Chronicle." It is, therefore, the first edition. As certain passages were omitted in the first edition, the general impression was that they contained something ominous, but this is not the case, and in this edition they are replaced, with others of minor importance. In addition to the main body of the work, many will be glad to have the letters on Prison Life, which contain such a indictment of many of the aspects of English gaols. This very handsome edition contains all the works of Oscar Wilde with the exception of "Dorian Gray."

Nov. April 1905

March 22, Mr. J. M. Stuart-Young gave a lecture before the Manchester branch of the National Secular Society on "Oscar Wilde as a Force."

Royal Tragedy. By Chedomille Mijatovich. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50 net.

In his "Intentions," Oscar Wilde describes literature always anticipates life. It does not copy it, but moulds it to its purpose. We are merely carrying out, with notes and unnecessary additions, the dream or fancy or creative vision of a great artist. . . . A great artist invents a life and Life tries to copy it, to reproduce it in popular form, like an enterprising publisher.

What an example of this tendency is the tragedy related by Mijatovich!

New York Evening Post April 23 1908

March
20,
1906.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

"DE PROFUNDIS."

"DE PROFUNDIS." By Oscar Wilde. New Edition. London: Methuen and Co. 12s. 6d.

The impression produced by Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis," the most widely-discussed book of the past ten years, is proved by the fact that as many as six editions of it were published between February, 1905, and March, 1906. In this handsome volume, presumably an instalment of the author's "complete works," with its hand-made paper, Constable printing, exquisite binding, and guarantee of an issue limited to a thousand copies, is to be found "additional matter" of the utmost interest to students of English literature. Mr. Robert Ross, the editor, to whom the reading public owes a debt of gratitude for his work as the literary executor of a wayward genius, tells us much about this remarkable work in a prefatory dedication to Dr. Max Meyerfeld. It is explained that

"De Profundis" is a manuscript of eighty close-written pages on twenty folio sheets; that it is cast in the form of a letter to a friend, not myself, that it was written at intervals during the last six months of the author's imprisonment on blue stamped prison foolscap paper. Reference to it and directions in regard to it occur in the letters addressed to myself and printed in this volume. Wilde handed me the document on the day of his release; he was not allowed to send it to me from prison. . . . Contrary to a general impression, it contains nothing scandalous. There is no definite scheme or plan in the work; as he proceeded the writer's intention obviously and constantly changed; it is desultory; a large portion of it is taken up with business and private matters of no interest whatever.

Wilde in the letters mentioned suggests that, as the manuscript "is too long for any amanuensis to attempt," perhaps, "the only thing to do is to be thoroughly modern and to have it type-written," under supervision, by a woman—since "women are the most reliable as they have no memory for the important." Proceeding, he says:

I wish the copy to be done not on tissue paper but on good paper such as is used for plays, and a wide rubricated margin should be left for corrections. . . . If the copy is done at Hornton-street the lady typewriter might be fed through a lattice in the door, like the Cardinals when they elect a Pope, till she comes out on the balcony and can say to the world: "Habet Mundus Epistolam"; for, indeed, it is an Encyclical letter, and as the Bulls of the Holy Fathers are named from their opening words, it may be spoken of as the "Epistola: in Carcere et Vinculis."

It appears that but for Dr. Meyerfeld the book would probably never have been published, since Mr. Ross "thought it would be premature to do so." The doctor urged that the Germans should have an opportunity of seeing a new work by one of their favourite authors, and the editor somewhat reluctantly consented to a translation of portions of the manuscript. Subsequently it occurred to Mr. Ross that a simultaneous publication in this country would gratify Wilde's friends and admirers who had expressed curiosity on the subject, and so the book came into existence. On sending the "copy" to Messrs. Methuen and Co., the editor "anticipated refusal as though the work were my own," and indeed he finds it necessary now to ridicule the suggestion of a well-known French writer that "the text was an entire forgery by myself or a 'cènto' of Wilde's letters to myself." But the book was accepted, though certain passages which appeared in the German version were excised, and these are now restored, and with them are given some letters to Mr. Ross written by Wilde in Reading Gaol, and a couple of his communications on prison life reprinted from a London journal. It may be added that Mr. Ross accepts responsibility for the title, and makes no apology for it. In answer to the question why he does not write a life of Wilde he says all-too modestly: "I am not capable of doing so; and Mr. Robert Sherard has ably supplied the deficiency," though he adds "his view of Wilde, however, is not my view, especially in reference to the author's unhappiness after his release." In explanation of this statement he proceeds:

That Wilde suffered at times from extreme poverty and intensely from social ostracism I know very well; but his temperament was essentially a happy one, and I think his good spirits and enjoyment of life far outweighed any bitter recollections or realisation of an equivocal and tragic position. . . . He was, however, a man with many facets to his character; and he left in regard to that character, and to his attainments, both before and after his downfall, curiously different impressions on professing judges of their fellowmen.

The "additional matter" is compact of curious and interesting details, especially the letters to Mr. Ross from Reading, which afford illuminating glimpses of the brilliant and erratic nature of the writer. For the book it can at least be said that it is a wonderful piece of writing, and that the public will thank Mr. Ross and Messrs. Methuen and Co. for presenting it in this beautiful form.

"DE PROFUNDIS."

["De Profundis." By Oscar Wilde. (Methuen.) 12s. 6d. net.]

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a lattice in the door, like the Cardinals when they elect a Pope, till she comes out on the balcony and can say to the world: 'Habet Mundus Epistolam.'" One can believe Mr. Ross when he makes it plain in the preface that the talk about Wilde's great unhappiness after his release has been grossly exaggerated. But he was of course not the man who went out of the dock to prison; and how the change came about the work called *De Profundis*, for all its faults, helps us to understand.

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Wilde in the letters mentioned suggests that, as the manuscript "is too long for any amanuensis to attempt," perhaps, "the only thing to do is to be thoroughly modern and to have it typewritten," under supervision, by a woman—since "women are the most reliable as they have no memory for the important." Proceeding, he says:

I wish the copy to be done not on tissue paper but on good paper such as is used for plays, and a wide rubricated margin should be left for corrections. . . . If the copy is done at Hornton-street the lady typewriter might be fed through a lattice in the door, like the Cardinals when they elect to a Pope, till she comes out on the balcony and can say to the world: "Habet Mundus Epistolam"; for, indeed, it is an Encyclical letter, and as the Bulls of the Holy Fathers are named from their opening words, it may be spoken of as the "Epistola: in Carcere et Vinculis."

It appears that but for Dr. Meyerfeld the book would probably never have been published, since Mr. Ross "thought it would be premature to do so." The doctor urged that the Germans should have an opportunity of seeing a new work by one of their favourite authors, and the editor somewhat reluctantly consented to a translation of portions of the manuscript. Subsequently it occurred to Mr. Ross that a simultaneous publication in this country would gratify Wilde's friends and admirers who had expressed curiosity on the subject, and so the book came into existence. On sending the "copy" to Messrs. Methuen and Co., the editor "anticipated refusal as though the work were my own;" and indeed he finds it necessary now to ridicule the suggestion of a well-known French writer that "the text was an entire forgery by myself or a 'cênto' of Wilde's letters to myself." But the book was accepted, though certain passages which appeared in the German version were excised, and these are now restored, and with them are given some letters to Mr. Ross written by Wilde in Reading Gaol, and a couple of his communications on prison life reprinted from a London journal. It may be added that Mr. Ross accepts responsibility for the title, and makes no apology for it. In answer to the question why he does not write a life of Wilde he says all-too modestly: "I am not capable of doing so; and Mr. Robert Sherard has ably supplied the deficiency," though he adds "his view of Wilde, however, is not my view, especially in reference to the author's unhappiness after his release." In explanation of this statement he proceeds:

That Wilde suffered at times from extreme poverty and intensely from social ostracism I know very well; but his temperament was essentially a happy one, and I think his good spirits and enjoyment of life far outweighed any bitter recollections or realisation of an equivocal and tragic position. . . . He was, however, a man with many facets to his character; and he left in regard to that character, and to his attainments, both before and after his downfall, curiously different impressions on professing judges of their fellowmen.

The "additional matter" is compact of curious and interesting details, especially the letters to Mr. Ross from Reading, which afford illuminating glimpses of the brilliant and erratic nature of the writer. For the book it can at least be said that it is a wonderful piece of writing, and that the public will thank Mr. Ross and Messrs. Methuen and Co. for presenting it in this beautiful form.

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MANCHESTER BRANCH
OF THE
National Secular Society
Rusholme Road, All Saints.

On Sunday Evening, March 22nd,

... A ...

Lecture

Will be given the above-named Hall, by

J. M. STUART-YOUNG,

Upon the Subject of

"OSCAR WILDE as a Force"



In this Lecture, the intellectual power of the unfortunate Master of Paradox and Epigram, will be weighed against his physical limitations.

Courteous discussion—upon the points raised in the speaker's review—will be invited.

CHAIR TO BE TAKEN AT 6-30 p.m.

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"WITH ADDITIONAL MATTER."

DE PROFUNDIS. By Oscar Wilde. Edited by Robert Ross. London: Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.

THE famous document called—not by its author—*De Profundis*, about which so much dispute raged a few years since, makes a new and changed appearance as a volume in Mr. Robert Ross's complete edition of the works of Oscar Wilde. This is the seventh English edition of the strange work produced in prison by the author, and first given to the world—the German world—in response to the pertinacious prayers of Dr. Max Meyerfeld (to whom the book is dedicated) who had it translated for publication in *Die Neue Rundschau*. Mr. Ross made certain excisions before issuing the English text which has hitherto been before the public. In this edition those excisions are restored.

The general impression left on the mind by perusing the excised passages is that the publisher's reader who advised their omission in 1905 wanted to raise in the public mind the maximum of doubt as to the authorship of the book. They are, so far as our appreciation of the Grundian point of view allows us to see, totally without offence; and they are the most unmistakably characteristic passages in the book. Thus, for example, after the sentence, "The gods had given me almost everything," the public was not permitted to read this curiously interesting self-appreciation:—

I had genius, a distinguished name, high social position, brilliancy, intellectual daring; I made art a philosophy and philosophy an art: I altered the minds of men and the colours of things: there was nothing I said or did that did not make people wonder. I took the drama, the most objective form known to art, and made it as personal a mode of expression as the lyric or sonnet; at the same time I widened its range and enriched its characterisation. Drama, novel, poem in prose, poem in rhyme, subtle or fantastic dialogue, whatever I touched, I made beautiful in a new mode of beauty: to truth itself I gave what is false no less than what is true as its rightful province, and showed that the false and the true are merely forms of intellectual existence. I treated art as the supreme reality and life as a mere mode of fiction. I awoke the imagination of my century so that it created myth and legend around me. I summed up all systems in a phrase and all existence in an epigram.

De Profundis is a loose tissue of melancholy reflections, made upon no plan. It is full of signs of that degeneration of the author's powers which shock and suffering precipitated, though vice would doubtless have done the work in its own time. Not less interesting than the book itself are the four letters to Mr. Ross from Wilde in Reading gaol, now first published. In these we see flashes of that old happiness of spirit that carried Wilde through life before his fall, the spring of his wit as well as of the deliberate eccentricities with which he amused himself and *ébouriffé* the British public. Noting that he intends to learn German, he remarks that "prison seems the proper place for such a study"—a foolish quip enough, but still a quip. Again, in appointing Mr. Ross his literary executor and formally handing over his works, he says: "The deficit that their sale will produce may be lodged to the credit of Cyril and Vivian," his children. In directing that a copy of the manuscript of what Mr. Ross named *De Profundis* should be made by a typewriting-girl—"women are the most reliable as they have no memory for the important"—he suggests that "if the copy is done at Hornton Street the lady typewriter might be fed through a lattice in the door, like the Cardinals when they elect a Pope, till she comes out on the balcony and can say to the world: 'Habet Mundus Epistolam.'" One can believe Mr. Ross when he makes it plain in the preface that the talk about Wilde's great unhappiness after his release has been grossly exaggerated. But he was of course not the man who went out of the dock to prison; and how the change came about the work called *De Profundis*, for all its faults, helps us to understand.

"THE DUCHESS OF PADUA."

"DE PROFUNDIS."

The beautiful edition of the works of Oscar Wilde, which Messrs. Methuen are now publishing, is printed on hand-made paper, and limited to one thousand copies. The type and the format are perfect, and it is a veritable "edition de luxe." The first volume is "The Duchess of Padua," a play which was written in 1882, and produced in New York at Hammerstein's Opera House in 1891. Of the edition then published for use in the theatre only two are known to exist, and the present edition is based on the one of those copies which contains the author's corrections. The original manuscript was stolen from the author's house in 1895, and an unauthorised prose translation from the German version by Dr. Max Meyerfeld has been printed in London, Paris, or America. But the present edition is the only one which gives the play as the author wrote it, and wished it to be played. There are some remarkably fine passages in the poem, which is certainly the finest poetical play which has been written of late years. The story is a terrible tragedy, as befits a play in blank verse, but though Mr. Wilde considered that it was unworthy of him, the general verdict will be that in many passages he rises to a high level of poetry.

A tragedy of another sort, and of a personal nature, is "De Profundis," the last volume of this edition. The book, with all its poignant agony of thought, was first published in 1905, and the first issue ran to six editions. But the present volume is the first which contains the passages omitted in the first edition. There is a Prefatory Dedication to Dr. Meyerfeld by the editor, Mr. Robert Ross, fifteen passages now printed for the first time in English, four letters from Reading Prison to Mr. Robert Ross, and the two letters on Prison Life addressed to the "Daily Chronicle." It is, therefore, the first complete edition. As certain passages were omitted in the first edition, the general impression was that they contained something scandalous, but this is not the case, and in this edition they are replaced, with others of minor importance. In addition to the main body of the work, many will be glad to have the letters of Prison Life, which contain such a terrible indictment of many of the aspects of the English gaols. This very handsome edition contains all the works of Oscar Wilde with the exception of "Dorian Gray."

Author. April 1905

On March 22, Mr. J. M. Stuart-Young gave a lecture before the Manchester branch of the National Secular Society on "Oscar Wilde as a Force."

Jisc Women's University Library

A Royal Tragedy. By Chedomille Mijatovich.
New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50 net.

In his "Intentions," Oscar Wilde de-
clares:

Literature always anticipates life. It does not copy it, but moulds it to its purpose. We are merely carrying out, with footnotes and unnecessary additions, the whim or fancy or creative vision of a great novelist. . . . A great artist invents a type and Life tries to copy it, to reproduce it in popular form, like an enterprising publisher.

What an example of this tendency is the tragedy related by Mijatovich!

New York
Evening Post
April 23
1908

Issued by Women's University Library

I was at Steinway Hall twice last week, the first time to hear Mr. Arthur Goodsall recite "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" and other of Wilde's poems, which he did with obviously sincere, though over-accentuated, appreciation. He has most of the bad tricks of the common-or-platform reciter, but he can get rid of these if he chooses. What I liked in him was his ambition, his sympathy, his youth. Miss Louise Perceval-Clark extorted admiration, on the other hand, by the easy skill with which she gave point to little dialogues dealing with everyday incidents of life. She has something new to offer in the recitation line, and should be warmly welcomed by hostesses who wish to entertain their friends in more than the conventional sense.

H. HAMILTON FYFE.

Sphere, March 25, 1905.

Mr. Oscar Wilde died in 1900, five years after he had disappeared from London society under a cloud. To many an onlooker not only was his career over then but his work, his renown, had departed with it. Few believed that his writings would ever be resuscitated. His copyrights went in many cases for "a song." One of his most notable books, Dorian Grey, was sold to a bookseller in Paris, I believe, for a five-pound note by a London publisher who must now suffer poignant regrets. There were debts to the extent of several thousand pounds and two penniless children.

Whatever may be said of the author and of his work it will be admitted that the loyalty of his friend, Mr. Robert Ross, was altogether admirable. Thanks to him, within a few years of Wilde's death all his debts had been paid and his sons were educated and sent into the world under happy auspices. Edition after edition of his separate books were published, some of them unauthorised, but all selling well.

Finally, we now have a complete edition of Oscar Wilde's works published at about eight guineas, and the greater part of this edition was

subject in view of the Bill which was to be introduced by a noble lord in another place. Mr. SINGLAIH replied that question would arise when the circumstances which Lord Helmstedt referred to occurred. In reply to Mr. Balfour as to the business of the next week. Mr. ASQUITH said on Monday the Home Bill would be taken on Monday week. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS (U. Birmingham, Bordesley Div.) asked whether there was not a distinct understanding that Tuesday nights from 8.15 to 11 should be reserved to private members, and whether the adjournment of the House last night was not unprecedented and a violation of the undertaking. Mr. WHEATLEY said the adjournment took place with the general agreement of the House. It was very rarely that the time allotted to private members' motions was not fully occupied.

Steinway Hall.

It is always curious to note how distinctive of the subject an audience will be. Take music, poetry, painting, or drama, it matters not what, the class of people who gather together are usually quite a part of, and typical of, the subject chosen.

So it was at the Steinway Hall last week, when Mr. Arthur Goodsall gave a recital of Oscar Wilde's poems. Fashionably, elegantly dressed ladies, pale-faced, large-eyed youths—only Mr. Goodsall himself did not seem to fit into the picture, though this is no insult to him.

Of the poems recited, the "Ballade of Reading Gaol" made most impression that afternoon. For all the while Mr. Goodsall spoke these bitter, hopeless words came the sound of children's voices into that silent room. We had listened to Oscar Wilde, to music by Chopin, by Rubinstein, and Liszt in their softer moods, until there was a feeling of deadness in the air, of hopelessness and uselessness. Then came the sound of merry children's voices: children just let out from school, with all their pent-up energy and joyful optimism. And not all Oscar Wilde's genius could drive away the thoughts these voices brought with them. The sun rose clear and bright after the night of tears and despair.

Mr. Goodsall was rather inclined to a "preachy" tone in his recitations, and was also uncertain in memory. But these are faults easily remedied by care and attention. Otherwise his recital was very enjoyable.

PLAYERS' DRAMATIC CLUB.

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST."

Since its formation some sixteen years ago the Players' Dramatic Club has acquired a reputation in Glasgow and the West of Scotland that few amateur organisations of this kind attain. The efforts of the members on behalf of charity have been unceasing, and over £1,400 has been drawn from performances by the Players during the last five seasons alone. Last night's performance at the Athenaeum was fresh evidence, if that were required, of the high state of efficiency attained by the members of the club in their dramatic essays. That brilliant comedy of Oscar Wilde's, "The Importance of Being Earnest," was admirably set off by the cast chosen last night nothing of the delicate humour of the play being lost by weak handling. Mr. W. H. Hunter reached a high standard of excellence in the part of John Worthing, J.P., a role which gave him scope for the display of undoubted histrionic ability. As Alger non Monotieff, Mr. E. Kerr was no less successful; and Miss J. W. Lawrenson made an admirable Hon. Gwendoline, cool and businesslike. The other parts were in no less capable hands. Miss E. R. Rowan (Lady Bracknell), Miss J. Reid (Miss Prism), Miss R. Hymans (Cecily Cardew), Mr. F. D. Bayly (Rev. Canon Chasuble), Mr. J. Rathbone (Merriman), and Mr. J. A. Bell (Lane) sustaining their roles acceptably. E. M. Bryant's comedy "The Peacemaker," was a highly successful curtain-raiser. The club orchestra provided incidental music during the evening. There was a good audience, and the performance will be repeated to-night and to-morrow night.

Glasgow News, 20 March 1908

things"; and the longer, sensuous poems are not a little firing. Yet the book sold as few modern books of verse sell; and young persons insufficiently acquainted with Rossetti and Swinburne, Verlaine and Baudelaire, may be yet found to acclaim its splendours. What is simply that the book was really an advertisement.

Wilde was not genuinely moved to write verse; write verse was far inferior to his passion for forming the art-world. Odd as it may sound, time was that of a reformer; how his efforts see from the pages of "Punch" or from efforts succeeded may be told by any one who d's eye, house decorations of the seventies and day. This passion for reforming never quite rate till his imprisonment; and we get one of estations in the essay on "The Soul of Man" reprinted as an appendix to "Intentions." y that at times Wilde in his art does break out 'writing with a purpose'; and when he does work, the work we may regard as typical. But his prison, he still sometimes keeps his chains, ins they are, at any rate in the fairy-stories dren. Even if this edition does nothing more ders to "The House of Pomegranates" and it will justify its existence; here in one volume s of their kind since Hans Andersen. And we soon be purchasable separately and at a lower e fairy-stories Wilde's best and most charac- found in "The Sphinx," "The Picture of i is to be issued uniform with this edition), f Being Earnest," "Salomé," and "The col." What claims have these books on the ture, and what chance have they of survival? the supreme English example of the second- n who has little originality, but who never oving, or without adding something individual e. In "The Sphinx" he came as near being d; but we cannot forget Flaubert's "Tenta- while we admire the extraordinary felicity with es his mosaic and then picks out his mosaic with s hard and rhetorical no doubt; but it is an ; which may not be the highest, yet is a legiti- "The Picture of Dorian Gray," while techni- an endless treasure-house of clever epigram, ingenious thought—a treasure-house that Wilde plays. Of these the chief place must be given of Being Earnest." Its sheer irresponsibility, distorted logic all remind one that there was an : Mr. Bernard Shaw; and that if Wilde owed 'alace of Truth," Mr. Shaw's "You Never Can / succession from Wilde's play. "Salomé," usurdly overpraised—we are not sure that "The were it complete, would not prove the better ws Wilde's amazing genius (it is more than work. Here is a Maeterlinck play, carried to a 'rich Maeterlinck himself never attained (nor In spite of its clumsy, theatrical ending the de force. There remains "The Ballad of Read- eve the judgment of posterity will put this at the k. It has a greater sincerity than "De Pro-

Globe, March 28, 1908

On Thursday and Friday, Messrs. Hodgson will sell a collection of books from various sources, comprising Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery, and other folio fine art books, ornithological works, rare first editions by Keats and others, library editions by Scott, Thackeray, Oscar Wilde, and other famous authors, also a few autograph letters of naval documents.

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Whatever may be said of the author and of his work it will be admitted that the loyalty of his friend, Mr. Robert Ross, was altogether admirable. Thanks to him, within a few years of Wilde's death all his debts had been paid and his sons were educated and sent into the world under happy auspices. Edition after edition of his separate books were published, some of them unauthorised, but all selling well.

Finally, we now have a complete edition of Oscar Wilde's works published at about eight guineas, and the greater part of this edition was taken up before publication. Eleven volumes of this fine series are before me, all bearing the imprint of the firm of Methuen. Only one volume is open to a separate circulation—The Duchess of Padua. The prose work, it seems to me, shows the author at his best and justifies his claim to being "a lord of language."

Newcastle Chronicle March 27, 1905

AMATEUR THEATRICALS IN NEWCASTLE.

At the Grand Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge, Newcastle last night, in connection with the Unionist bazaar that is being held there, an excellent and very enjoyable dramatic entertainment was given by a company of amateurs, to the unqualified pleasure of a considerable gathering of ladies and gentlemen. Owing to recent bereavements, Miss Myra Swan and Mr. C. F. R. Englebach, who had been included in the cast, were unable to play, and a change had to be made in the programme by the substitution of one piece for another. The plays presented were "Jerry and the Sunbeam" and "The Importance of being in Earnest." In the former, the dialogue was carried through, smoothly and ably, and with admirable expression, by Miss Page and Mr. Guy Simonds. In the longer play the parts were filled by Mr. Thomas Hitch, Mr. Guy Simonds, Mr. Charles Walker, Mr. E. Wilkinson, Miss Page, Mrs. J. J. Pawson, Miss Nora Dillon and Mrs. Wilson. In each case the representation was excellent. The lines were spoken with a genuine appreciation of the comedy, and a most entertaining rendering of the play was given. The ladies were remarkably good, Miss Page's Lady Bracknell being a capital study, Mrs. Pawson's Gwendoline full of grace and charm, Miss Nora Dillon's Cecily Cardew very dainty, and Mrs. Wilson's Miss Prism exceedingly clever. Mr. Walker was a capital Lane; and Mr. Hitch, Mr. Simonds and Mr. E. Wilkinson were all perfect. Music was rendered by Mr. W. Ellison Fenwick's skilful orchestra, which is always appreciated at functions of the kind. The scenery and effects were by Messrs. Carnegie, Ltd. and Mr. Hitch was an able stage manager. Oscar Wilde's sparkling play received a thoroughly good representation. The programme is to be repeated to-night.

Glasgow News. 20 March 1908

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"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST."

Since its formation some sixteen years ago the Players' Dramatic Club has acquired a reputation in Glasgow and the West of Scotland that few amateur organisations of this kind attain. The efforts of the members on behalf of charity have been unceasing, and over £1,400 has been drawn from performances by the Players during the last five seasons alone. Last night's performance at the Athenæum was fresh evidence, if that were required, of the high state of efficiency attained by the members of the club in their dramatic essays. The brilliant comedy of Oscar Wilde's, "The Importance of Being Earnest," was admirably set off by the cast chosen last night nothing of the delicate humour of the play being lost by weak handling. Mr. W. H. Hunter reached a high standard of excellence in the part of John Worthing, J.P., a role which gave him scope for the display of undoubted histrionic ability. As Alger non Monocleff, Mr. E. Kerr was no less successful; and Miss J. W. Lawrenson made an admirable Hon. Gwendoline, cool and businesslike. The other parts were in no less capable hands. Miss E. R. Rowan (Lady Bracknell), Miss J. Reid (Miss Prism), Miss R. Hyman (Cecily Cardew), Mr. F. D. Bayly (Rev. Canon Chasuble), Mr. J. Rathbone (Merriman), and Mr. J. A. Bell (Lane) sustaining their roles acceptably. E. M. Bryant's comedy "The Peacemaker," was a highly successful curtain-raiser. The club orchestra provided incidental music during the evening. There was a good audience, and the performance will be repeated to-night and to-morrow night.

savage philosophy; but this adds to the distinction of the poem. It is written, on the whole, with a rare restraint, a restraint which is not incompatible with the exaggerations to be found in it. Here, if anywhere, Wilde escapes from his prison-house and his chains. While he was in gaol even his power of detachment could not make him see his environment at all impersonally; but in the "Ballad" we feel that time and again the outlook is that of Trooper C. T. W., of his fellow prisoners, and of C. 3. 3—not perpetually, as in his other books, that of Oscar Wilde.

The chief thought, after reading through these volumes, is Wilde's inability to understand character, to grasp the importance of life. There is a new passage in "De Profundis" in which he compares himself with Goya and Cellini, and speaks of people whom he had helped to ruin as if they were but types of revolt against decent, ordered life. Wilde's disease, if he was diseased, was a too great obsession with the value of ideas. Like Mr. Shaw, he might have been a scholastic of the Middle Ages, and discussed with fervour "Whether fat men would look fat at the day of judgment," or "How many angels could dance on the point of a needle." Of his inability to understand character his books are sufficient evidence. Nearly all his people are ideas, types, or, sometimes, merely phonographs. For he, like most artists who put too much emphasis on the abstract, attaches an enormously exaggerated importance to words. We have mentioned the ending of "Salomé": this is an excellent example of what we mean. It will be remembered that the play ends with Herod ordering the soldiers to crush Salomé with their shields: which they do. Now, this sudden revulsion of feeling towards Salomé simply plays havoc with Herod's character. The end should be far liker the end of "A Florentine Tragedy"; Herod being the beast he is, Salomé would charm the more in her horrible rôle of murderess. Wilde, in fact, was astonishingly deficient in psychology. He was too interested in mere ideas to consider that no idea has much value until it has some correlation in life; that words which are chosen for nothing express nothing but their own beauty, may be decorative, but can scarcely elucidate character or inform with life.

While this failure to remember the people he lived among robs Wilde of the right to be called a great artist, there are reasons why his work deserves to be remembered and considered. Too little justice, for one thing, has been done to his style. While it is halting in the "Poems," and somewhat too precious in "The Sphinx," it is forcible and simple in the "Ballad of Reading Gaol." His best work as a stylist, however, must be found in his prose works. In "Intentions," in "Dorian Gray," and in "De Profundis," there are passages of astonishing power and beauty. The style, elaborate and decorated as it is, is less heavy than John Addington Symonds'; and carefully as it is written, it is not "laid out" with quite such funereal pomp as the stately language of Pater. It is, in fact, a more flexible instrument than the one, and a more attractive than the other. Then his books always deserve reading for their wit; it is true the trick of it has been copied ad nauseam by others, but the real article can still please and amuse. And, lastly, exaggerated as may be his statement of it in "De Profundis," there is something in Wilde's claim that he stood "in symbolic relations to the art and culture of my age." Here, as elsewhere, he garnered where others had sown; and our debt to Morris is far greater than our debt to Wilde. But nevertheless he did something towards carrying Morris's gospel into circles where it would have taken longer to penetrate had it not been for Wilde's Irish impudence and Irish pride. And these qualities will emerge all the more strongly in the many excerpts from our own files, which are to figure in remaining volumes of this edition.

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H. HAMILL

Steinway Hall.

It is always curious to note how distinctive of the subject an audience will be. Take music, poetry, paint-

IN CARCERE ET VINCULIS.*

"Epistola: in Carcere et Vinculis." So in a letter to Mr. Robert Ross, printed in this edition of Oscar Wilde's works, the author of the book renamed "De Profundis" speaks of that sad and astonishing piece of writing. It is a pity, to our mind, that Mr. Ross did not adopt Wilde's suggestion and name the book with the frank words that head this article. As a title they obviously suit the self-possessed genius of the work far better than the somewhat unreal "De Profundis." We do not wish to deny that Wilde went down into the depths; but while he was there, he was silent or inarticulate; speech came when he was struggling to the top again, and with speech the old conceit, the old insatiable intellectual curiosity, the old pride which his experience inverted but never broke. Nor is it altogether fancy that would make "In Carcere et Vinculis" a suitable motto for Wilde's life and works. With his life we are not here directly concerned. We would only say this: that we trust this collected edition of his writings will take attention away from the man to his books.

How, firstly, as applied to Wilde's writings, can we justify the legend "In Carcere et Vinculis"? Let us recall the circumstances of his early poetical work. The Newdigate prize poem and the volume of 1881 (here reprinted with the subsequent poetical works of the author) are perhaps the least valuable of Wilde's writings. The verses of that early time are little more than echoes of better, and better-known, poets. Even the beautiful "Requiescat" recalls Matthew Arnold; the Swinburnian sonnets are spoiled by such lamentable endings as "God knows it—I am with them in some

*"The Works of Oscar Wilde." (London: Methuen and Co.) 11 vols. 12s. 6d. net each.

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Pall Mall Gazette

measure is r. educate the nation. Or, y course, than teetotal intemperance, and you proceed to hit the millionaire masher of malt shops in his tenderest and most vulnerable place. The millionaire masher, however, in these days, is merely the figure-head of a concatenation of shareholders, every shareholder representing another series of concatenations. You set every man and woman of them against your measure, and, in the name of temperance, you wonder why. For it never occurs to you to wonder what else you could expect.

The Punch drama of the streets, with the peripatetic theatre, has, I observe, gone the way of many other excellent institutions; it has pretty well been improved off the London landscape, and, in my walks abroad, I pass many an old "pitch," where the show was wont to do good business; and where I have many a time and oft been amongst the assistance. It always appealed to me, that show. It was just what an entertainment of the stage, and just what Lady Mary said a letter ought to be—"short, clear, and surprising." The stage just suited it. A bigger stage would have damaged the illusion, spoilt the intimacy of the cudgel-play, and ruined the effect of the catapultic exits and entrances on which the play so great depends. Coming from another Punch's show the other evening, I was inclined to wish that the exiguity of stage accommodation which obtains where this show comes from had continued to obtain for it on its temporary transfer to our metropolis. No doubt, the conditions which made such a transfer possible have to be considered; but, still, the smaller the space from which a shock is administered the more convincing is the administration. However, there were the shocks, and there was a British public that took them to the best of its ability. You might, indeed, have been inclined to fancy that there is room and verge enough—which is as who should say public enough—for a Punch's show of this calibre in London town. Everything by "turns," and nothing long, has been the device of our variety stage for a long while, now, and the making of many empires would appear to testify the soundness of the principle. Yet, somehow, when the British public that was so hard to wean from the three-volume

things"; and the longer, sensuous poems are not a little firing. Yet the book sold as few modern books of verse sell; and young persons insufficiently acquainted with Rossetti and Swinburne, Verlaine and Baudelaire, may be yet found to acclaim its splendours. What is the explanation? Simply that the book was really an advertisement. We do not mean that Wilde was not genuinely moved to write verse; but that the passion to write verse was far inferior to his passion for being known, and for reforming the art-world. Odd as it may sound, Wilde's real rôle at this time was that of a reformer; how his efforts were received we can see from the pages of "Punch" or from "Patience." How his efforts succeeded may be told by any one who can compare, in his mind's eye, house decorations of the seventies and house decorations of to-day. This passion for reforming never quite deserted Wilde, at any rate till his imprisonment; and we get one of its most brilliant manifestations in the essay on "The Soul of Man under Socialism," here reprinted as an appendix to "Intentions." Of course we do not deny that at times Wilde in his art does break out of the prison-house of "writing with a purpose"; and when he does so he achieves his best work, the work we may regard as typical. But even when he is out of his prison, he still sometimes keeps his chains, and very beautiful chains they are, at any rate in the fairy-stories which he wrote for children. Even if this edition does nothing more than to bring new readers to "The House of Pomegranates" and "The Happy Prince" it will justify its existence; here in one volume are the best fairy-stories of their kind since Hans Andersen. And we hope this volume will soon be purchasable separately and at a lower price. Apart from the fairy-stories Wilde's best and most characteristic work is to be found in "The Sphinx," "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (which is to be issued uniform with this edition), "The Importance of Being Earnest," "Salomé," and "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." What claims have these books on the lover of English literature, and what chance have they of survival?

Wilde is perhaps the supreme English example of the second-class artist; the man who has little originality, but who never borrows without improving, or without adding something individual and rare and distinctive. In "The Sphinx" he came as near being original as he ever did; but we cannot forget Flaubert's "Tentation de St. Antoine," while we admire the extraordinary felicity with which Wilde first makes his mosaic and then picks out his mosaic with jewels. The poem is hard and rhetorical no doubt; but it is an achievement in a class which may not be the highest, yet is a legitimate class of verse. "The Picture of Dorian Gray," while technically a poor novel, is an endless treasure-house of clever epigram, beautiful phrase, and ingenious thought—a treasure-house that Wilde himself rifled for his plays. Of these the chief place must be given to "The Importance of Being Earnest." Its sheer irresponsibility, its wonderful wit, its distorted logic all remind one that there was an Irish dramatist before Mr. Bernard Shaw; and that if Wilde owed something to "The Palace of Truth," Mr. Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" is in the true succession from Wilde's play. "Salomé," though it has been absurdly overpraised—we are not sure that "The Florentine Tragedy," were it complete, would not prove the better play—once more shows Wilde's amazing genius (it is more than talent) for imitative work. Here is a Maeterlinck play, carried to a point of actuality which Maeterlinck himself never attained (nor sought for) till later. In spite of its clumsy, theatrical ending the play is a brilliant *tour de force*. There remains "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." We believe the judgment of posterity will put this at the head of Wilde's work. It has a greater sincerity than "De Pro-

Globe, March 28, 1908

On Thursday and Friday, Messrs. Hodgson will sell a collection of books from various sources, comprising Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery, and other folio fine art books, ornithological works, rare first editions by Keats and others, library editions by Scott, Thackeray, Oscar Wilde, and other famous authors, also a few autograph letters of naval documents.

March 25th

I was at Steinway Hall twice last week, the first time to hear Mr. Arthur Goodsall recite "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" and other of Wilde's poems, which he did with obviously sincere, though over-accentuated, appreciation. He has most of the bad tricks of the common-or-platform reciter, but he can get rid of these if he chooses. What I liked in him was his ambition, his sympathy, his youth. Miss Louise Perceval-Clark extorted admiration, on the other hand, by the easy skill with which she gave point to little dialogues dealing with everyday incidents of life. She has something new to offer in the recitation line, and should be warmly welcomed by hostesses who wish to entertain their friends in more than the conventional sense.

H. HAMILTON FYFE.

Mr. Oscar Wilde died in 1900, five years after he had disappeared from London society under a cloud. To many an onlooker not only was his career over then but his work, his renown, had departed with it. Few believed that his writings would ever be resuscitated. His copyrights went in many cases for "a song." One of his most notable books, *Dorian Grey*, was sold to a bookseller in Paris, I believe, for a five-pound note by a London publisher who must now suffer poignant regrets. There were debts to the extent of several thousand pounds and two penniless children.

Whatever may be said of the author and of his work it will be admitted that the loyalty of his friend, Mr. Robert Ross, was altogether admirable. Thanks to him, within a few years of Wilde's death all his debts had been paid and his sons were educated and sent into the world under happy auspices. Edition after edition of his separate books were published, some of them unauthorised, but all selling well.

Finally, we now have a complete edition of Oscar Wilde's works published at about eight guineas, and the greater part of this edition was taken up before publication. Eleven volumes of this fine series are before me, all bearing the imprint of the firm of Methuen. Only one volume is open to a separate circulation—*The Duchess of Padua*. The prose work, it seems to me, is his best and justifies his claim to being "a lord of language."

Newcastle Chronicle March 27. 1908

AMATEUR THEATRICALS IN NEWCASTLE.

At the Grand Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge, Newcastle, last night, in connection with the Unionist bazaar that is being held there, an excellent and very enjoyable dramatic entertainment was given by a company of amateurs, to the unqualified pleasure of a considerable gathering of ladies and gentlemen. Owing to recent bereavements, Miss Myra Swan and Mr. C. F. R. Englebach, who had been included in the cast, were unable to play, and a change had to be made in the programme by the substitution of one piece for another. The plays presented were "Jerry and the Sunbeam" and "The Importance of being in Earnest." In the former, the dialogue was carried through, smoothly and ably, and with admirable expression, by Miss Page and Mr. Guy Simonds. In the longer play the parts were filled by Mr. Thomas Hitch, Mr. Guy Simonds, Mr. Charles Walker, Mr. E. Wilkinson, Miss Page, Mrs. J. J. Pawson, Miss Nora Dillon and Mrs. Wilson. In each case the representation was excellent. The lines were spoken with a genuine appreciation of the comedy, and a most entertaining rendering of the play was given. The ladies were remarkably good, Miss Page's Lady Bracknell being a capital study, Mrs. Pawson's Gwendoline full of grace and charm, Miss Nora Dillon's Cecily Cardew very dainty, and Mrs. Wilson's Miss Prism exceedingly clever. Mr. Walker was a capital Lane; and Mr. Hitch, Mr. Simonds and Mr. E. Wilkinson were all perfect. Music was rendered by Mr. W. Ellison Fenwick's skilful orchestra, which is always appreciated at functions of the kind. The scenery and effects were by Messrs. Carnegie, Ltd. and Mr. Hitch was an able stage manager. Oscar Wilde's sparkling play received a thoroughly good representation. The programme is to be repeated to-night.

Steinway Hall.

It is always curious to note how distinctive of the subject an audience will be. Take music, poetry, painting, or drama, it matters not what, the class of people who gather together are usually quite a part of, and typical of, the subject chosen.

So it was at the Steinway Hall last week, when Mr. Arthur Goodsall gave a recital of Oscar Wilde's poems. Fashionably, elegantly dressed ladies, pale-faced, large-eyed youths—only Mr. Goodsall himself did not seem to fit into the picture, though this is no insult to him.

Of the poems recited, the "Ballade of Reading Gaol" made most impression that afternoon. For all the while Mr. Goodsall spoke these bitter, hopeless words came the sound of children's voices into that silent room. We had listened to Oscar Wilde, to music by Chopin, by Rubinstein, and Liszt in their softer moods, until there was a feeling of deadness in the air, of hopelessness and uselessness. Then came the sound of merry children's voices: children just let out from school, with all their pent-up energy and joyful optimism. And not all Oscar Wilde's genius could drive away the thoughts these voices brought with them. The sun rose clear and bright after the night of tears and despair.

Mr. Goodsall was rather inclined to a "preachy" tone in his recitations, and was also uncertain in memory. But these are faults easily remedied by care and attention. Otherwise his recital was very enjoyable.

fundis," just because it is cast into a more imaginative form. There was something about Wilde's personality that renders it difficult for the reader to believe in his sincerity when he is writing a purely personal apologia; this difficulty does not occur in reading the "Ballad." Again, beautiful as some of the prose in "De Profundis" is, the book as a whole is formless and imperfect: it is bound to be; while the form of the "Ballad" leaves little to be desired. There may be some who would wish away the curious undertone of savage philosophy; but this adds to the distinction of the poem. It is written, on the whole, with a rare restraint, a restraint which is not incompatible with the exaggerations to be found in it. Here, if anywhere, Wilde escapes from his prison-house and his chains. While he was in gaol even his power of detachment could not make him see his environment at all impersonally; but in the "Ballad" we feel that time and again the outlook is that of Trooper C. T. W., of his fellow prisoners, and of C. 3. 3—not perpetually, as in his other books, that of Oscar Wilde.

The chief thought, after reading through these volumes, is Wilde's inability to understand character, to grasp the importance of life. There is a new passage in "De Profundis" in which he compares himself with Goya and Cellini, and speaks of people whom he had helped to ruin as if they were but types of revolt against decent, ordered life. Wilde's disease, if he was diseased, was a too great obsession with the value of ideas. Like Mr. Shaw, he might have been a scholastic of the Middle Ages, and discussed with fervour "Whether fat men would look fat at the day of judgment," or "How many angels could dance on the point of a needle." Of his inability to understand character his books are sufficient evidence. Nearly all his people are ideas, types, or, sometimes, merely phonographs. For he, like most artists who put too much emphasis on the abstract, attaches an enormously exaggerated importance to words. We have mentioned the ending of "Salomé": this is an excellent example of what we mean. It will be remembered that the play ends with Herod ordering the soldiers to crush Salomé with their shields: which they do. Now, this sudden revulsion of feeling towards Salomé simply plays havoc with Herod's character. The end should be far liker the end of "A Florentine Tragedy"; Herod being the beast he is, Salomé would charm the more in her horrible rôle of murderess. Wilde, in fact, was astonishingly deficient in psychology. He was too interested in mere ideas to consider that no idea has much value until it has some correlation in life; that words which are chosen for nothing express nothing but their own beauty, may be decorative, but can scarcely elucidate character or inform with life.

While this failure to remember the people he lived among robs Wilde of the right to be called a great artist, there are reasons why his work deserves to be remembered and considered. Too little justice, for one thing, has been done to his style. While it is halting in the "Poems," and somewhat too precious in "The Sphinx," it is forcible and simple in the "Ballad of Reading Gaol." His best work as a stylist, however, must be found in his prose works. In "Intentions," in "Dorian Gray," and in "De Profundis" there are passages of astonishing power and beauty. The style, elaborate and decorated as it is, is less heavy than John Addington Symonds'; and carefully as it is written, it is not "laid out" with quite such funereal pomp as the stately language of Pater. It is, in fact, a more flexible instrument than the one, and a more attractive than the other. Then his books always deserve reading for their wit; it is true the trick of it has been copied *ad nauseam* by others, but the real article can still please and amuse. And, lastly, exaggerated as may be his statement of it in "De Profundis," there is something in Wilde's claim that he stood "in symbolic relations to the art and culture of my age." Here, as elsewhere, he garnered where others had sown; and our debt to Morris is far greater than our debt to Wilde. But nevertheless he did something towards carrying Morris's gospel into circles where it would have taken longer to penetrate had it not been for Wilde's Irish impudence and Irish pride. And these qualities will emerge all the more as we turn over our own files, which are to figure in remaining volumes of this edition.