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Scrapbook

Vol. 8

Liverpool Echo. Oct. 22. 1908

NEW NOVELS.

THE MUMMY'S ROMANCE, by Théophile Gautier, translated by G. F. Monkshood (Greening, pp. xviii. 254, 1s. 6d. net), recalls Gautier's remark that "to talk poetry with Hugo is like talking theology with God." We have failed to find a simile to fit Mr. Monkshood on Gautier. He is so tremendously tall. "If we accept the great, good Saintsbury once more as our mentor, we must believe that 'La Morte Amoureuse' will merit the perfect praise of men for kalpa upon kalpa of time." There is a great deal of this sort of thing in Mr. Monkshood's trumpeting preface. He is worried about the charges of immorality levelled against Gautier, and is at great pains to defend his idol. Why not admit straightaway that "Mademoiselle de Maupin" is immoral, as it undoubtedly is to people who care about morality in art? It happens to be one of the great masterpieces of fiction, and that is, for some of us at any rate, quite enough. "La Morte Amoureuse" is an admirable little story, and perhaps we need hardly bother about kalpas of time. Mr. Monkshood has translated it carefully, with a measure of excellence that may be gathered by anyone with an ear for the difference between "La Morte Amoureuse" and "The Dreamland Bride." The other two stories in the volume are "The Mummy's Romance" and the delightfully witty "Princess Hermonthis." Gautier should really have been translated by Oscar Wilde, but Mr. Monkshood's little volume will perhaps contribute a friendly shove to his hero's progress "adown the ages yet to be." The book is dedicated to "Rider Haggard, whose 'Cleopatra' is the greatest romance of Egypt ever written by an Englishman." Either Mr. Monkshood has never read Gautier's "Une Nuit de Cléopâtre" or he lacks a sense of humour. J. E. A.

Oct. 23 1908

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF TRAGEDY.

"ELECTRA" AT THE COURT THEATRE.

The true spirit of tragedy held sway over the audience during Mrs. Patrick Campbell's rendering of "Electra" at the Court Theatre last night. And, in sooth, it proved a novelty. One could hardly have expected otherwise in an age when sackcloth and ashes are more or less out of date, and a silk hat and frock-coat—our regulation costume at funerals—synchronise, perhaps, more nearly with the average present-day conception of the tragic muse.

"Electra" was preceded by an Oscar Wilde fragment entitled "A Florentine Tragedy," remarkable for dignity of diction and a surprisingly tricky ending. Both plays will be repeated on Saturday afternoon; while on the remaining evenings of her stay Mrs. Campbell will revert to Pinerò, who, by the way, is much better known in Liverpool than Eschylus, Sophocles, or any other of his earlier rivals.

Liverpool Courier. Oct. 22. 1908

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Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Triumph.

Whether Wilde would have considered us "a successful audience" in the Court last night, one does not know; but certainly, if we were regarded as representatives of Liverpool, we decidedly did not deserve to be called before the curtain. We were admirably intent, it is true, and extremely enthusiastic, and the cheering at the close was remarkable. But there were many ugly gaps in the house, many grievous lacunae in circle, boxes, and stalls; and that, in view of the sumptuous entertainment laid before us, was really nothing less than tragic. Three of the most memorable names in modern literature appeared as signatures to the plays—two of the greatest tragic actresses of our time were on the stage simultaneously—and yet Liverpool remained apathetic, held perversely aloof, and stumbled through its part with a graceless lethargy. It shirked—not its obvious duty—but its obvious pleasure; and it therefore deserved, and deserves, to be soundly and publicly hissed.

That, in view of the fact that "A Florentine Tragedy" and "Electra" were both written by the same hand, it is not surprising that the local community, which falls the local government to deal with the matter no matter what they called national lines; not to in-municipalities of the country have all been themselves. But on the contrary, the large suggested that they derived powers to rate applied for those loans, and they have never Local Government Board. They have for three or four months with the have, as I have shown, been in communication for this power. (Hear, hear.) They were no municipality in the country has that decision stands. So far as we are make clear what are the grounds on which for such a change in the law. I will try to conclusion that the circumstances do not call most careful consideration, have come to the that question. The Government, after the employed. But it is not necessary to go into any disposition to assist their own in-which have not shown in one way or another we ought to be very chary in giving con-

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The play is preceded by that beautiful play in one act, "A Florentine Tragedy," by Oscar Wilde. In this, though partaking of the same dramatic elements, we have a sufficient contrast in style as to obviate monotony. The strong part in it, Simone the Merchant, is taken by Mr. Murray Carson, whose delineation is very impressive. Bianca has a delightfully engaging representative in Miss Stella Patrick Campbell, whilst as Guido Bardo Mr. Alan Patrick Campbell, and as Maria Miss Florence Wells, both earn meritorious applause.

Liverpool Evening Express. Oct. 24 1908

Liverpool Post. Oct. 22. 1908

"Electra" will be repeated on Saturday afternoon, when it will be preceded, as it was last night, by a one-act piece by Oscar Wilde (with a missing scene ably provided by Mr. T. Sturge Moore), which is by way of being a little masterpiece. It is entitled "A Florentine Tragedy," and in it Mr. Murray Carson achieves real distinction as a cynical merchant of Florence, who tricks his wife's lover, a gay young nobleman, into fighting a duel. The fight is thrillingly done by Mr. Carson and Mr. Alan Patrick Campbell. Mr. Campbell's fighting, indeed, was far better than his acting, which bore slight signs of immaturity. Miss Stella Patrick Campbell gives a perfect representation of the neglected young wife, who gets weary of spinning alone and seeks consolation. The end of the tragedy is a surprise, which it would be a pity to give away.

Dublin Express. Oct. 28. 1908

Mrs. Patrick Campbell will follow Mr. Bourchier's season playing "The Thunderbolt," Monday, Tuesday, and a special matinee on Wednesday. "Electra," Wednesday and Saturday matinee preceded by "A Florentine Tragedy," by Oscar Wilde, and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings.

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M.H. Times. Nov. 5. 1908

MEN AND BOOKS.

If one examines the piles of new books that arrive week by week in these strenuous autumn seasons, or glances through the lists of more important books issued in the last two or three years, one can hardly fail to notice how many men of letters betake themselves from time to time to the discussion of pictorial or plastic art. Mr. Laurence Binyon discourses on art in all its forms, and is only one of many poets who have written about the pictures of Blake. Mr. Hichens often writes about art. Mr. Chesterton has produced a book on Watts. Mr. Bernard Shaw has been a professional art critic. Mr. Benson never writes con-

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But we do not want new provinces of art. I do not think it is a very healthful pursuit to go groping about after "colour-sequences" or "sublimated forms of reverie." We surely have nightmares enough, without setting out to invent them. Literature is a wedding of the real and the ideal; to deny either side is to deny the existence of literature. As long as we are in the world at all we have to realise that facts are nothing without thought, and that thought is nothing without facts. Mr. Benson is on the way to becoming a Buddhist.

As I am speaking of Mr. Benson, I should like to add that his new volume is more interesting than either of the two preceding volumes. In one of the essays he takes the trouble to reply to his critics, and shows that the objections of some of them, at any rate, he has misunderstood. But perhaps that criticism has been not without use, for in some parts of this book he is content to write about real facts and to suppress his egotistic, introspective habit.

R. A. J. S.

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That, in view of the fact that "A Florentine Tragedy" and "Electra" are to be repeated on Saturday afternoon, is really the most important socially, if not aesthetically, the pleasantest of the things one wants to say; and so one puts it first. Next, as to the quality and depth of the pleasure which the majority of the "Courier's" readers so preposterously missed. The evening began with Wilde's one-act play, "A Florentine Tragedy," and "A Florentine Tragedy" is a piece of richly jewelled decorator's work, a square of sumptuous modern tapestry, sewn and splashed with stars and lutes and hanging-gardens, lovers, flowers, and tissues. Here and there, perhaps, the purple patches take a slight tinge of magenta, and it happens, more than once, that the action of the play shakes the tapestry unduly, blurring the beauty of its "velvet wrought with pomegranates," and its silk stuff "soft as water, strong as steel." Some will prefer, no doubt, to state that flaw reversed; seeing the velvet as a hampering cloak, the silk-stuffs and the flowers and stars as but so many exquisite snare. It really matters little which attitude you take. If the first, then you chuckle over the ending as an ingenious flourish—the instinct for decoration escaping into the field of psychology. If the second, you will hold the ending deeply justified, and see in the torchlight and bloodstains that precedes it a strange baptismal bath. But in either case your enjoyment cannot fail to be intense; in either case you will have tasted one of the most satisfying pieces of true drama work that Liverpool has been offered for many years. And in spite of that, in spite of "A Florentine Tragedy's" fair superiority to the stuff we usually obtain, when the curtain blots it out from vision the better part of your evening's amusement has not begun.

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Tim. L. Nov. 5 1905

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R. A. J. S.

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A similar readiness to write about music is not so common, for the obvious reason that the emotional effects of music, though perhaps felt as easily as those of art, are more difficult to render into words without a profound expert knowledge. The Elizabethan poets wrote often of painting or music, but only in the untechnical way in which they would write of wine or love. The musical metaphor in

Fain would I change that note
To which fond Love hath charm'd me.
is not very different from the metaphor in

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine.
And it is not very different from that in
Phœbus, arise!
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red.

No doubt the influence of Ruskin accounts for much in the broad culture of the modern littérateur; and Rossetti's influence in combining the arts of poetry and painting gave a direct impulse to the æsthetic movement. Walter Pater, too, by his own vast knowledge of Italian painting, gave inspiration, if not direction, to the chaotic tastes of the young æsthetes of the last generation. But we must go still further back for the real origin of this all-round interest in the arts—we must go to Goethe and the German Romanticists, and in England to Coleridge. "All the fine arts are different species of poetry," says Coleridge. "The same spirit speaks to the mind through different senses by manifestations of itself, appropriate to each. They admit, therefore, of a natural division into poetry of language (poetry in the emphatic sense, because less subject to the accidents and limitations of time and space); poetry of the ear, or music; and poetry of the eye, which is again subdivided into plastic poetry, or statuary, and graphic poetry, or painting."

That sounds very much like a pronouncement from one of the modern æsthetes. Coleridge meant that all art is concerned to express the same spiritual truths. Form is important because without it we could not convey meaning. Technique is only a means to an end, and that end is the same in poetry as in music, in music as in painting. That is a truth which inevitably thrusts itself forward in a self-conscious age like the present; and there are two dangerous results to which it has led in modern times—first, it leads people to concentrate attention on a spiritual unity which in itself is inexpressible, making them forget the concrete facts with which life is directly concerned; and, secondly, it leads people to regard all objects as symbols, and to forget that symbols are both facts in themselves and also symbols of something else. Oscar Wilde, Mr. Moore, and to some extent Mr. Arthur Symonds himself have suffered from this habit of mind.

But Coleridge had far too thorough a mastery in one art not to realise the distinction between the arts. If he is speaking of landscape painting he adds modestly: "Here I beg to be understood as speaking with the utmost diffidence." He would never have said, as Mr. A. C. Benson says in his latest volume of essays, "At Large" (published by Messrs. Smith, Elder): "To utter the unuttered thought—that is really the problem of literature in the future." That would only be true if Mr. Benson meant that behind all sublime literature lie unuttered and, indeed, unutterable thoughts, and that the fine feeling which makes artists is the secret of the universe, the despair of the artist—something evanescent and only revealed in glimpses, something far too acutely experienced ever to be transmitted. That is not the "problem of literature," for literature is far too definite, far too concretely individual a thing, ever to hand itself over to this kind of mysticism; literature can never be mysticism in this sense—its nature is to be an intermediary between mysticism and hard, external fact.

So it seems to me that Mr. Benson is desiring the impossible when he goes on to say:

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"ELECTRA" AT THE COURT THEATRE.

The true spirit of tragedy held sway over the audience during Mrs. Patrick Campbell's rendering of "Electra" at the Court Theatre last night. And, in sooth, it proved a novelty. One could hardly have expected otherwise in an age when sackcloth and ashes are more or less out of date, and a silk hat and frock-coat—our regulation costume at funerals—synchronise, perhaps, more nearly with the average present-day conception of the tragic muse.

"Electra" was preceded by an Oscar Wilde fragment entitled "A Florentine Tragedy," remarkable for dignity of diction and a surprisingly tricky ending. Both plays will be repeated on Saturday afternoon; while on the remaining evenings of her stay Mrs. Campbell will revert to Pinero, who, by the way, is not a bad deal better than Eschylus, Sophocles, or any other of his earlier rivals.

Liverpool Courier . Oct. 22. 1907

"ELECTRA."

Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Triumph.

Whether Wilde would have considered us "a successful audience" in the Court last night, one does not know; but certainly, if we were regarded as representatives of Liverpool, we decidedly did not deserve to be called before the curtain. We were admirably intent, it is true, and extremely enthusiastic, and the cheering at the close was remarkable. But there were many ugly gaps in the house, many grievous lacunae in circle, boxes, and stalls; and that, in view of the sumptuous entertainment laid before us, was really nothing less than tragic. Three of the most memorable names in modern literature appeared as signatures to the plays—two of the greatest tragic actresses of our time were on the stage simultaneously—and yet Liverpool remained apathetic, held perversely aloof, and stumbled through its part with a graceless lethargy. It shirked—not its obvious duty—but its obvious pleasure; and it therefore deserved, and deserves, to be soundly and publicly hissed.

That, in view of the fact that "A Florentine Tragedy" and "Electra" are to be repeated on Saturday afternoon, is really the most important socially, if not aesthetically, the pleasantest of the things one wants to say; and so one puts it first. Next, as to the quality and depth of the pleasure which the majority of the "Courier's" readers so preposterously missed. The evening began with Wilde's one-act play, "A Florentine Tragedy," and "A Florentine Tragedy" is a piece of richly jewelled decorators' work, a square of sumptuous modern tapestry, sewn and splashed with stars and lutes and hanging-gardens, lovers, flowers, and tissues. Here and there, perhaps, the purple patches take a slight tinge of magenta, and it happens, more than once, that the action of the play shakes the tapestry unduly, blurring the beauty of its "velvet wrought with pomegranates," and its silk stuff "soft as water, strong as steel." Some will prefer, no doubt, to state that flaw reversed; seeing the velvet as a hampering cloak, the silk-stuffs and the flowers and stars as but so many exquisite snare. It really matters little which attitude you take. If the first, then you chuckle over the ending as an ingenious flourish—the instinct for decoration escaping into the field of psychology. If the second, you will hold the ending deeply justified, and see in the torchlight and bloodstains that precedes it a strange baptismal bath. But in either case your enjoyment cannot fail to be intense; in either case you will have tasted one of the most satisfying pieces of true drama work that Liverpool has been offered for many years. And in spite of that, in spite of "A Florentine Tragedy's" fair superiority to the stuff we usually obtain, when

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better part of your evening's amusement has not begun.

Liverpool Post. Oct. 22. 1908

"Electra" will be repeated on Saturday afternoon, when it will be preceded, as it was last night, by a one-act piece by Oscar Wilde (with a missing scene ably provided by Mr. T. Sturge Moore), which is by way of being a little masterpiece. It is entitled "A Florentine Tragedy," and in it Mr. Murray Carson achieves real distinction as a cynical merchant of Florence, who tricks his wife's lover, a gay young nobleman, into fighting a duel. The fight is thrillingly done by Mr. Carson and Mr. Alan Patrick Campbell. Mr. Campbell's fighting, indeed, was far better than his acting, which bore slight signs of immaturity. Miss Stella Patrick Campbell gives a perfect representation of the neglected young wife, who gets weary of spinning alone and seeks consolation. The end of the tragedy will be a pity to give away.

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Dublin Express · Oct. 28 1907

Mrs. Patrick Campbell will follow Mr. Bouchier's season playing "The Thunderbolt," Monday, Tuesday, and a special matinee on Wednesday. "Electra," Wednesday and Saturday matinee preceded by "A Florentine Tragedy" by Oscar Wilde, and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings.

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THEATRE ROYAL.

"Electra" was preceded by a one act play by Oscar Wilde, called "A Florentine Tragedy," with which we were not previously acquainted. It is a remarkable little play, full of interest and excitement, but with few traces of Wilde's comedy style, though once or twice we believed we detected traces of the author of "Vera" and "Salomé." It tells the story of an old Florentine merchant, who returns home unexpectedly to find a young noble paying attentions to his wife. The merchant first plays with the noble and then fights a duel with him, and kills him by a feat of strength which immediately wins him back his wife's affections. The conclusion was a typical Wilde touch, and the whole play is full of vigour, and contains much graceful writing. It was received with remarkable enthusiasm, there being no less than five calls at the end, a most unusual tribute to a curtain-raiser. It was scarcely fair, however, to the author's reputation to place the parts of Bianca and Guido Bardi, both of them extremely difficult, into the comparatively inexperienced hands of Mr. Alan and Miss Stella Patrick Campbell. Miss Stella Patrick Campbell can play a straight part like Helen Thornhill in "The Thunderbolt" against all comers, but she was not nearly strong enough for Bianca. As for Mr. Alan, we are sorry to say that he let his scenes drop horribly. In consequence, Mr. Murray Carson had not only to play his own part, but also to help out the other two parts as well. It is on an occasion of this sort that the worth of a skilled actor shows itself, and it is not too much to say that Mr. Carson carried the whole burden of the play on his own shoulders. His Simone was a beautiful piece of character playing, always sufficient and never exaggerated. With more experienced support the play should be a great success.

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MEN AND BOOKS.

If one examines the piles of new books that arrive week by week in these strenuous autumn seasons, or glances through the lists of more important books issued in the last two or three years, one can hardly fail to notice how many men of letters betake themselves from time to time to the discussion of pictorial or plastic art. Mr. Laurence Binyon discourses on art in all its forms, and is only one of many poets who have written about the pictures of Blake. Mr. Hichens often writes about art. Mr. Chesterton has produced a book on Watts. Mr. Bernard Shaw has been a professional art critic. Mr. Arthur Symons writes continually about painters and sculptors. And so also does Mr. George Moore. And if we go a little further back we find men like W. E. Henley and Oscar Wilde creating or endorsing tastes and fashions in the art world, and setting up their opinions against the recognised experts.

A similar readiness to write about music is not so common, for the obvious reason that the emotional effects of music, though perhaps felt as easily as those of art, are more difficult to render into words without a profound expert knowledge. The Elizabethan poets wrote often of painting or music, but only in the untechnical way in which they would write of wine or love. The musical metaphor in

Fain would I change that *note*
To which fond Love hath charm'd me.

is not very different from the metaphor in

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine.

And it is not very different from that in

Phœbus, arise!
And *paint* the sable skies
With azure, white, and red.

No doubt the influence of Ruskin accounts for much in the broad culture of the modern littérateur; and Rossetti's influence in combining the arts of poetry and painting gave a direct impulse to the æsthetic movement. Walter Pater, too, by his own vast knowledge of Italian painting, gave inspiration, if not direction, to the chaotic tastes of the young æsthetes of the last generation. But we must go still further back for the real origin of this all-round interest in the arts—we must go to Goethe and the German Romanticists, and in England to Coleridge. "All the fine arts are different species of poetry," says Coleridge. "The same spirit speaks to the mind through different senses by manifestations of itself, appropriate to each. They admit, therefore, of a natural division into poetry of language (poetry in the emphatic sense, because less subject to the accidents and limitations of time and space); poetry of the ear, or music; and poetry of the eye, which is again subdivided into plastic poetry, or statuary, and graphic poetry, or painting."

That sounds very much like a pronouncement from one of the modern æsthetes. Coleridge meant that all art is concerned to express the same spiritual truths. Form is important because without it we could not convey meaning. Technique is only a means to an end, and that end is the same in poetry as in music, in music as in painting. That is a truth which inevitably thrusts itself forward in a self-conscious age like the present; and there are two dangerous results to which it has led in modern times—first, it leads people to concentrate attention on a spiritual unity which in itself is inexpressible, making them forget the concrete facts with which life is directly concerned; and, secondly, it leads people to regard all objects as symbols, and to forget that symbols are both facts in themselves and also symbols of something else. Oscar Wilde, Mr. Moore, and to some extent Mr. Arthur Symons himself have suffered from this habit of mind.

But Coleridge had far too thorough a mastery in one art not to realise the distinction between the arts. If he is speaking of landscape painting he adds modestly: "Here I beg to be understood as speaking with the utmost diffidence." He would never have said, as Mr. A. C. Benson says in his latest volume of essays, "At Large" (published by Messrs. Smith, Elder): "To utter the unuttered thought—that is really the problem of literature in the future." That would only be true if Mr. Benson meant that behind all sublime literature lie unuttered and, indeed, unutterable thoughts, and that the fine feeling which makes artists is the secret of the universe, the despair of the artist—something evanescent and only revealed in glimpses, something far too acutely experienced ever to be transmitted. That is not the "problem of literature," for literature is far too definite, far too concretely individual a thing, ever to hand itself over to this kind of mysticism; literature can never be mysticism in this sense—its nature is to be an intermediary between mysticism and hard, external fact.

So it seems to me that Mr. Benson is desiring the impossible when he goes on to say:

And if a writer could be found to free himself from all stereotyped forms of expression, and to give utterance to the strange texture of thought and fancy, which differentiates each single personality so distinctly, so integrally, from other personalities, and which we cannot communicate to our dearest and nearest, he might enter upon a new province of art.

But we do not want new provinces of art. I do not think it is a very healthful pursuit to go groping about after "colour-sequences" or "sublimated forms of reverie." We surely have nightmares enough, without setting out to invent them. Literature is a wedding of the real and the ideal; to deny either side is to deny the existence of literature. As long as we are in the world at all we have to realise that facts are nothing without thought, and that thought is nothing without facts. Mr. Benson is on the way to becoming a Buddhist.

As I am speaking of Mr. Benson, I should like to add that his new volume is more interesting than either of the two preceding volumes. In one of the essays he takes the trouble to reply to his critics, and shows that the objections of some of them, at any rate, he has misunderstood. But perhaps that criticism has been not without use, for in some parts of this book he is content to write about real facts and to suppress his egotistical, introspective habit.

Dublin Evening Telegraph Nov. 8. 1908

The curtain-raiser was a very vigorous little play, "A Florentine Tragedy," by the late Oscar Wilde, written partly by Mr. T. Sturgess Moore. Miss Nella Patrick Campbell was a charming Bianca, the young wife of an old burgher; Mr. Alan Patrick Campbell was Guido Bardi, a noble lover; and Mr. Murray Carson was Simone, the husband. Rapidly a duel with rapiers and daggers is brought on. It is very exciting. The language is polished, but the workmanship is crude. Was ever a woman won so easily, a husband so blind, yet so blandly murderous, a lover so suddenly successful only to be stricken down?

Irish Independent Nov. 5. 1908

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JACQUES.

Stage Oct. 22. 1908

Favourable, though belated, mention may be made of two volumes of verse from the ready, pointed, and versatile pen of Arthur Scott Craven. As would be gathered from the title, there is considerable variety of style to be found in the volume called "Poems in Divers Keys." Noteworthy among these are the dialect poems, "Sallie Dear," supposed to be indited to his wife by a convict in Dartmoor Prison (very different in manner from Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol"), and "Billie Boy," the latter, in which also the pathetic stop is touched, setting forth the regenerating influence exercised by an ex-loafer's "fust, bright, bouncin' boy." Other poems to be mentioned are "Sweet Jennie, with the Laughing Eyes," "The Death of Hafiz," "The Cross in the Rock," and "The Song of the Stars." A book more recently published is "Joe Skinner, or the Man with the Sneer," a satirical poem, narrating in trenchant verse, that Lowell might almost have penned, the progress to the grave of an unfortunate man, whom the author, dropping his sarcastic vein, finally styles "this un-trumpeted, martyred saint."

Birmingham Gazette Oct. 12. 1908

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Considerable success attended the production on Saturday evening at the Edgbaston Assembly Rooms, by the Pilgrim Players, of Oscar Wilde's comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest." Encouraged by the previous performances of these clever local artists to expect an enjoyable evening, a more than usually representative house was by no means disappointed, for distinct ability was displayed in the portrayal of the several parts.

When the players preserve strict anonymity criticism seems invidious. The gentleman acted admirably, and the representation of Lady Bracknell was a mixture of effective dignity and mercenary motive. The artificiality and effusiveness of the Hon. Gwendolen were a little tiring, but the portrayal of the naive and imaginative Cecil was most refreshing. Miss Priem, with her old-world etiquette and ringlets, lent charm to the performance.

T.P.'s Weekly, Oct. 23. 1908

Oscar Wilde.—"De Mortuis Nil Nisi Bonum" writes: I have read your paper regularly since its first appearance. I regret to say that now, for the first time, I have to protest against a reference by one of your contributors to your current issue, and to protest with all the emphasis consistent with courtesy. The reference is contained in an article by Mr. Charles Tibbits, and is to the late Mr. Oscar Wilde. Mr. Tibbits alludes to Mr. Wilde, together with Casanova, Collini, and Verlaine—as the latter, by the bye, a "criminal" in the common sense of the word?—as a "literary criminal." He throws a poor sop to his memory by admitting his "ability to write." For your contributor's purpose allusion to Mr. Wilde was entirely unnecessary, and his name need not have been mentioned. The man sinned; he was punished; some think he was persecuted and punished excessively—let that pass. Whatever his fault, it was expiated in blood and tears, and with a broken heart. Cannot your contributor—and others, I regret to say—allow him to rest in peace in his obscure grave? Fairplay, the common justice we all expect for ourselves, the mercy we all must needs claim some day, all these demand that Mr. Wilde's name should no longer be made "copy" of and vilified by those who, had they been privileged to call him friend, would have learned from him a larger charity than they exhibit.

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Nov. 6. 1908

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Observer, Oct. 25. 1908

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To-morrow night is the last of the "Grand Soir" at the Théâtre des Arts. In a few days' time the whole of the Théâtre des Arts company will appear in London at the Court Theatre, where they will introduce the English public to this play, which has been so successful here. The acting is superb, and you get a constant succession of shivers and sensations during the course of the evening. The palm goes to Mlle. Sergine, herself a subject of the Czar, who plays the heroine. With the disappearance of the "Grand Soir" from the Boulevard des Batignolles comes a new play, a German one this time, called here "The Awakening of Spring." It has had a great success in Berlin and Vienna. When it has run its course the artistic director, M. d'Humieres, intends to present for the first time in France Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan." After that comes Kipling's "Light That Failed," so you see the Parisian public is being rapidly initiated into the successes of the British stage.

Nov. 1908

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"The specimen Lady Randolph quotes of Oscar Wilde's wit reminds me of Whistler's retort to Wilde's admiration of a *mot* of the painter's. "I wish I had said that, Whistler!" "You will, Oscar!" For, when Lord Ribblesdale, in Lady Randolph's hearing, had, in reply to Oscar Wilde's boast that he could speak at a moment's notice on any subject, suggested "The Queen," the poet answered, "She is not a subject"—a venerable chestnut, I need hardly say.

Fairplay Nov. 12. 1908

ON Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday next week the Baltic Amateur Dramatic and Operatic Society will present "Lady Windermere's Fan," by Oscar Wilde, to be preceded by "A Day in Town," at the Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square, S.W., commencing at 8 p.m. Tickets, at 7s. 6d. for the stalls and dress circle, 4s. for upper circle, and 2s. 6d. for the pit, can be obtained from Mr. Walter Townend, 55, Bishopsgate Street, E.C., and it is hoped that every member of the Baltic will endeavour to be present, as the performance is certain to be a good one, and the profits go to Baltic charities, while nothing encourages performers more than a full house.

Irish Times, Nov. 6. 1908

EGYPT AND ITS MONUMENTS.

This very handsome book is the joint production of a well-known writer, and a well-known illustrator. They have, moreover, added many photographs, which look very gray and poor beside the rich colouring of M. Guérin's pictures. These latter are very charming, but in one respect misleading to readers who have

not seen Egypt. The skies, if they are not amber sunsets, are very deep blue, as dark as the sky on a moonlit night, whereas the figures on the scene show their full daylight colours. As a matter of fact, the day sky in Egypt is very light blue, often nearly white with excess of light, so that the effect is quite at variance with M. Guérin's beautiful plates. As compositions, and as representing the poetry of Egyptian scenery, they are admirable, even though some of them are almost startling.

When we turn to the chapters of description, which these pictures illustrate, we find ourselves dazzled by the splendour of poetic style, which reminds us of the modern music that is perpetually changing key, and recoils from no extravagance in combining what were once called discords. The author seems to us so steeped in French poetic prose that he gives us that sort of art in English, though it is contrary to the traditions of English literature. For the English separate poetry and prose, and so have not maimed their poetry, as the French have done.

We do not for one moment object to a sentimental book of travels; in fact, no such book will live if it be not sentimental, as we could easily show from example. But to have nothing but sentiment, page after page, palls upon the mind, and we long for some healthy adventure in simple description. Mr. Hichens's use of epithets is of the modern very impressionist kind; we are not at home with "drowsy gold," or "rebuked daylight," or "lustrous languor," nor do we feel any sense in the phrase that the Egyptian, or any other, tombs are "odorous of the dead desires of men." It is, perhaps, hardly fair to quote such phrases out of their connection, for in the cold light of a newspaper column these things are not as they seem in the luscious and lurid pages of Mr. Hichens's prose. But we do protest against such a riot of imagination, and think it the evidence of an unhealthy taste in modern literary circles. For we feel sure that he writes for a large circle of people who admire such style, and think it beautifully poetic. If so, he is welcome to despise our judgment, and set us down as tame and old-fashioned, and dating before the age when Oscar Wilde brought this sort of prose into fashion. Wilde had genius to do it, but his school does not please us. We will not deny, however, that we enjoy an occasional page of this "lustrous languor," and recommend our readers to have this handsome volume by them and enjoy it in small doses. In this way they may enjoy it not a little.

"Egypt and its Monuments." By Robert Hichens. With illustrations by Jules Guérin. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 20s. net.

Fairplay Dec. 10. 1908

THERE would appear to be no limit to the public spirit and versatility of "The Baltic" community. I have recently chronicled the smart proceedings at the annual festival of their patriotic and flourishing Rifle Club; and the charming performance of "Lady Windermere's Fan"

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Fairplay Nov. 12. 1908

ON Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday next week the Baltic Amateur Dramatic and Operatic Society will present

"Lady Windermere's Fan," by Oscar Wilde, to be preceded by "A Day in Town," at the Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square, S.W., commencing at 8 p.m. Tickets, at 7s. 6d. for the stalls and dress circle, 4s. for upper circle, and 2s. 6d. for the pit, can be obtained from Mr. Walter Townend, 55, Bishopsgate Street, E.C., and it is hoped that every member of the Baltic will endeavour to be present, as the performance is certain to be a good one, and the profits go to Baltic Library while nothing encourages performers more than a full house.

EGYPT AND ITS MONUMENTS.

This very handsome book is the joint production of a well-known writer, and a well-known illustrator. They have, moreover, added many photographs, which look very gray and poor beside the rich colouring of M. Guérin's pictures. These latter are very charming, but in one respect misleading to readers who have not seen Egypt. The skies, if they are not amber sunsets, are very deep blue, as dark as the sky on a moonlit night, whereas the figures on the scene show their full daylight colours. As a matter of fact, the day sky in Egypt is very light blue, often nearly white with excess of light, so that the effect is quite at variance with M. Guérin's beautiful plates. As compositions, and as representing the poetry of Egyptian scenery, they are admirable, even though some of them are almost startling.

When we turn to the chapters of description, which these pictures illustrate, we find ourselves dazzled by the splendour of poetic style, which reminds us of the modern music that is perpetually changing key, and recoils from no extravagance in combining what were once called discords. The author seems to us so steeped in French poetic prose that he gives us that sort of art in English, though it is contrary to the traditions of English literature. For the English separate poetry and prose, and so have not maimed their poetry, as the French have done.

We do not for one moment object to a sentimental book of travels; in fact, no such book will live if it be not sentimental, as we could easily show from example. But to have nothing but sentiment, page after page, palls upon the mind, and we long for some healthy adventure in simple description. Mr. Hichens's use of epithets is of the modern very impressionist kind; we are not at home with "drowsy gold," or "rebuked daylight," or "lustrous languor," nor do we feel any sense in the phrase that the Egyptian, or any other, tombs are "odorous of the dead desires of men." It is, perhaps, hardly fair to quote such phrases out of their connection, for in the cold light of a newspaper column these things are not as they seem in the luscious and lurid pages of Mr. Hichens's prose. But we do protest against such a riot of imagination, and think it the evidence of an unhealthy taste in modern literary circles. For we feel sure that he writes for a large circle of people who admire such style, and think it beautifully poetic. If so, he is welcome to despise our judgment, and set us down as tame and old-fashioned, and dating before the age when Oscar Wilde brought this sort of prose into fashion. Wilde had genius to do it, but his school does not please us. We will not deny, however, that we enjoy an occasional page of this "lustrous languor," and recommend our readers to have this handsome volume by them and enjoy it in small doses. In this way they may enjoy

Fairplay

Dec: 10, 1908

HERE would appear to be no limit to the public spirit and versatility of "The Baltic" community. I have recently chronicled the smart proceedings of the annual festival of their patriotic and flourishing Rifle Club; and the charming performance of "Lady Windermere's Fan"

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CHIPS FROM AN EDITOR'S WORKSHOP.

["Reviews and Miscellanies. Volumes 12 and 13 of the Works of Oscar Wilde." Edited by Robert Ross. (Methuen and Co.) 12s. 6d. net.]

Having sent to the press eleven volumes of the uniform edition of "The Works of Oscar Wilde," Mr. Ross found himself in possession of a vast amount of material in the form of reviews, essays, lectures, letters to the Press, etc., and, mindful that the first editor of any author must sooner or later incur censure, he determined that his sins should be those of commission. Accordingly he has printed every fragment that could be identified as having been written by Wilde. There can be no question that from a biographical point of view these are the two most interesting volumes in the series. They enable us to trace the literary, and to some extent the artistic, growth of Wilde for a period of ten years. The reviews date from 1885 to 1890, and include criticisms of the works of many men of note; and it is interesting to find that, on the whole, his opinions have been confirmed by those of later critics. "The only thing," he once confessed, "that prejudices me against a book is the lack of literary style"; and one instinctively feels that this is true, although it is curious to find an avowed purist using the word "poetess." He showed himself desirous of finding something good in the books that passed under his notice, and was obviously pleased when he was able to bestow praise. When, however, he discovered "a sheep in wolf's clothing" he unhesitatingly tore off the disguise and exposed the fraud.

The "Miscellanies" contains a considerable amount of hitherto unpublished material, including the recently-discovered second half of "The Rise of Historical Criticism," the first portion of which appeared in an earlier volume; the lectures, reprinted from manuscript for the first time; and a first fragmentary draft of "La Sainte Courtisane." The manuscript of this play was left by its author in a Paris cab, and has never since been traced. It expanded a favourite idea of Wilde's that to convert another was to lose one's own faith. Myrrha the courtesan seeks out Honotius the hermit to try her power over him. He tells her of the love of God, and that the body is vile. She becomes a Christian, and Eponorus goes back to Alexandria to sate himself in the pleasures of the city. From the glow and colour of this fragment one is tempted to believe that Wilde was wrong when he laughingly remarked "that a cab was a very proper place for it."

The lectures, now for the first time reprinted, will enable the present generation to see what Wilde's views upon the arts and crafts really were, and the present generation will probably be at a loss to understand why a man enunciating such sound and serious convictions could have been held up to public ridicule. The explanation is simple. Wilde was himself the greatest enemy of his teaching. He preached art to a public that had been accustomed only to morality; he adopted in his earlier years a style of dress that appeared outrageous, for the English mind is very sensitive upon the subject of clothes. As a dramatist he maintained that "the aim of social comedy is to mirror the manners, not reform the morals, of its day," an unforgivable heresy to the stage-and-moral-teaching faction. It was not Wilde's views that created "Patience," but his method of expressing and expanding them. Geographically he was misplaced; one must not be dramatic north of Paris. It remains only to congratulate Mr. Robert Ross upon his labours. He has done all that is possible for a painstaking editor to do.

LYNN AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

PERFORMANCE FOR GAYWOOD CHURCH.

On Wednesday evening the Lynn Amateur Dramatic Society, of which Sir William folkes is the president, produced Oscar Wilde's comedy "The Importance of being Earnest" at the Lynn Theatre on behalf of the Gaywood Church Extension and Restoration Fund. The attendance was large, the dress and side circles and the orchestra stalls being full, and the pit was fairly well filled. Sir William and Lady folkes and party took the principal box, and Rev. H. S. Radcliffe (rector of Gaywood) occupied a prominent seat in the dress circle.

The piece deals with the careers of two young gentlemen who, in order to surmount difficulties which stand in the way of their meeting the ladies of their choice, change their names from John and Algernon to Ernest. This leads to complications and many ludicrous situations follow. Difficulties are eventually overcome by the discovery that John's real name is Ernest.

The dramatic persons were as under:— John Worthing, J.P., Mr. Horace Hamilton Dow.

Algernon Moncrieff, Mr. Harold E. Smith. Rev. Canon Chasuble, D.D., Mr. Oliver S. Springall.

Merriman, Mr. J. Basil Neale. Lane, Mr. E. Jeary Harrison. Lady Bracknell, Mrs. B. Pareezer. Hon. Gwendoline Fairfax, Mrs. H. J. Thompson.

Cecily Cardew, Miss Florence Gamble. Miss Prism, Miss Janet M. Copley.

The play, which does not lend itself to any great display of histrionic ability, was produced in excellent style, the performers acquitting themselves admirably. Mr. H. H. Dow as John Worthing interpreted the character in a splendid manner, and was heartily applauded. Mr. Harold E. Smith as Algernon did remarkably well, his acting being particularly good. Mr. Oliver S. Springall was very successful as the Canon, and as servants Messrs J. Basil Neale and E. Jeary Harrison left nothing to be desired. Of the ladies, Mrs. B. Pareezer made an excellent Lady Bracknell, portraying the role of the aristocratic dame with much skill. The Hon. Gwendoline Fairfax of Mrs. H. J. Thompson was very clever, and Miss Florence Gamble was charming as Cecily Cardew. Miss Janet M. Copley gave a good account of herself as Miss Prism. At the close the performers were heartily applauded and the ladies were each presented with bouquets of flowers. The incidental music was played by the theatre orchestra under the direction of Mr. G. G. Rix.

Daily News Nov. 14 1908

BOOKS AND BOOKSELLERS.

If we may judge by the ugly posters on the hoardings, we are still living in a reaction against the aesthetes. Occasional announcements in the publishers' lists, on the other hand, suggest that we are in the midst of a reaction in favour of the aesthetes again. Mr. Robert Ross, whose work as literary executor of Oscar Wilde is well known, has written a monograph on Aubrey Beardsley, which Mr. John Lane will shortly publish. Several of Beardsley's drawings, including "Mrs. Patrick Campbell," "Siegfried," and "The Woman in the Moon," will be reproduced.

THE PERSISTENT NOTE IN OSCAR WILDE'S GENIUS

THE two main characteristics of Wilde's writings, as of his own nature, to be found there in unusual juxtaposition, are, in the opinion of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, the love of beauty and the sense of comedy. "It was as tho Keats and Sheridan had been reincarnated in one man. One might add Beau Brummell, and one gains a rough generalization of the complexity that was Oscar Wilde. Keats, Sheridan and Beau Brummell. Not that he was so eminent as any one of these in their own special characteristic; but it was the combination of all three in one man, plus his own extraordinary individuality, that made him so original a figure, that made him Oscar Wilde."

In this charming introduction to the first uniform edition* of the works of the dead poet, playwright and wit, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne gives us the explanation of the startling Wilde resurrection seven years after his death. It is Wilde's unique personality as expressed in his writings that makes him a more potent influence today than in the season of his prime when society worshiped at his feet and three theaters were simultaneously producing his plays in the English metropolis. A strong individuality cannot be downed; we may bury it in dark places and burden its coffin with heavy stones, but it is bound to return from the grave and walk the earth until its mission is fulfilled and its dynamic power exhausted at the last.

Wilde's literary career, like his life, was strange and sad. "The sorrow," observes the New York Herald, "is at an end, but the strangeness continues even in posthumous episodes." "In his early years," we are told, "even after he had written some deathless verse, he was looked upon as part joke and part nuisance." To quote further:

"The Oxford Union, of which he was a member, refused a presentation copy of his poems for the library and defeated a proposal to discontinue the society's subscription to Punch on account of Du Maurier's caricature of the 'aesthetes.' At Magdalen, the headquarters of 'aestheticism,' the undergraduates put one of Wilde's disciples under the pump and 'ragged' the rooms of others and pitched their blue china out of windows. Next day all the aesthetes in Oxford had their hair cut and resumed their stand-up collars.

"Wilde crossed the Atlantic and was received

* THE WRITINGS OF OSCAR WILDE. In fifteen volumes. Illustrated. With introduction by Richard Le Gallienne. London and New York: A. R. Keller and Company.

with the same derision that he had confronted in London. He laughed back at us and returned to England with \$50,000 of our money.

"He soon vindicated himself. He silenced the scoffers. People began to realize that this young man with the queer clothes and the queer affectations was no fool. He succeeded alike in poetry, in drama, in essay, in fairy tale and in novel. His caustic paradoxes, combining shrewdness with wit, were on everybody's lips.

"Then the law cast a dark shadow over his fame, and in that shadow he died. It would seem that his works had died with him. His books were left unread. His plays were banished from the stage.

"All of a sudden there came a revival. A piquant and daredevil quality in Wilde's better self made the public oblivious to his worse one. His books were reread, his plays were restored to the stage. He has taken his place permanently among a small group of immortals whose hold upon humanity seems to be permanent and persuasive. They are by no means the greatest of the sons of men. But they are the most individual and self-assertive. Burns is one of them and Paul Verlaine and Edgar Allan Poe."

This verdict seems to express the continental consensus of opinion; it is significant only in coming from an American newspaper. For in France, the Paris correspondent of the Boston Transcript avers, there is a continuous interest in Wilde and on the shelves of the bookstores are translations of practically every line that he left behind. His essays and romances have been translated into Italian, Scandinavian, Russian and German. He has found excellent interpreters, and it seems that his work makes an equally strong appeal to Teuton and Latin races. "His books," the writer asserts, "are universal because they are individual." A reviewer in The Catholic Standard and Times, on the other hand, lays stress on the penalty that we must pay to the world for being different from it—the penalty that the bird of paradise pays to the hawk. The very traits that constituted Wilde's genius were responsible for the bitterness of his persecution. He had erred, this Catholic writer admits, but he had repented with the "superhuman humility of a saint," without, however, being able to reconcile the British Pharisees whom he had often lampooned.

"Never was punishment so swift, so sure, so terrible, so cowardly—a thousand armed vengeurs against one defenseless, and, unhappily, not innocent, antagonist. They would not only drive him off the earth; they vowed to obliterate his name from the annals of his generation; they heaped obloquy on his memory when all too soon the hunted man was hunted into an early grave in the prime of his years and his genius. With

allowed to take his stand only on what was best in him.

Nov. 5 1908

Nov. 18 1908

Lyman Advertising Oct. 31-1908

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CURRENT LITERATURE

ghoulis energy they strove long after his death to shut his works and his fame in the charnel-house. In this they have been bitterly disappointed. There are other nations than England, and in all the foreign tongues of civilization was the art of the unhappy one preserved until the time—scarce two years since—when his rehabilitation was completed in the world of letters, and the best publishers in America and in England rushed to a belated publication of his works. Even the most trivial scrap of memoranda left by the wasted son of 'Speranza' has a ludicrous value today, when collectors of Wildiana place quite a Stevensonian estimate on their finds."

At last it seems the tide has turned completely. A conservative British house (Methuen and Company) are publishing the "authorized" edition of Wilde's complete works. They have, however, been anticipated in this country by an enterprising firm of publishers (Keller and Company) to whose edition we have already referred. The news of the American edition met with a storm of protest in England, and Mr. Le Gallienne was censured for allowing his name to be connected with the "piratical" enterprise. Mr. Le Gallienne in reply calls attention to the fact that the English edition leaves out, among other important documents, "The Picture of Dorian Gray." Yet that strangely moral immoral confession is Wilde's spiritual autobiography. "Wilde without Dorian Gray," says Mr. Le Gallienne, "is Wilde without Wilde." If the English edition will be incomplete, the American publishers have gone to the opposite extreme by including much that is spurious, notoriously a story entitled "The Priest and the Acolyte." They also include the works of Wilde's mother, Lady Speranza. Most objectionable is the fact that owing to copyright regulations "De Profundis," Wilde's cry "from the depths," appears in a retranslation from the German, instead of in the original English. On the other hand, the firm has expended, it is said, almost \$40,000, in order to make the edition as complete as possible. Moreover, the American publishers are willing to pay a royalty to Wilde's heirs, provided they can deal directly with them. Mr. Keller, in an interview printed in The Herald, sheds some interesting light on the question of what had become of Wilde's children, who mysteriously disappeared after the trial. He says:

"I have made some inquiries and only learn that one of Wilde's sons is a Catholic priest and the other has changed his name. Neither is in the indigent circumstances that have been reported concerning them. Lady Wilde left a considerable estate. The priest will be looked after,

moreover, by his Church. As to the other, a son who is ashamed of his father's name has no great claim to consideration on his father's account."

Now that the complete edition of Oscar Wilde lies before us, it is possible to form a just estimate of his manifold gifts. His poems have been compared to those of Keats, Rossetti and Swinburne, his plays with those of Sheridan and Goldsmith; his tales, especially "Dorian Gray," are akin to Poe's and Stevenson's; and his essays, his publishers claim, are incomparable, De Quincey and Whately alone being worthy of mention in the same breath with him. Andersen might have written his fairy tales; his "Soul of Man Under Socialism" is the greatest literary exposition of the subject; and "Salome" stands unique among the tragedies of the world.

The writings of Wilde, Mr. Le Gallienne insists, brilliant and even beautiful as they are, are but the marginalia, so to say, of a strikingly fantastic personality. "Some writers," he says, "seem to be all writers; as with the silk worm, we forget them entirely in what they produce. They themselves have no personal interest or existence for us. With Oscar Wilde it was precisely otherwise, as he himself hinted when he said that he gave his talent to his writings, but kept his genius for his conversation." Toward the development of his sublime self-assertion everything was forced to contribute:

"Blue china, sunflowers, knee breeches, estheticism, green carnations, poetry, prose or plays—or even tragic scandal—all these were indifferently used as means toward the making of the legend of himself. He wished to be known—not as the poet Oscar Wilde or the playwright Oscar Wilde, but merely as—Oscar Wilde. It was a superb egoism, the superbest egoism of our time."

Wilde was at times deliberately whimsical, but, we are informed by Mr. Le Gallienne, who has himself been accused—no doubt unjustly—of being a poseur, that fundamentally he was strangely sincere. Mr. Le Gallienne adds, in concluding:

"I know that to attribute anything like simplicity to the great apostle of pose may seem far fetched, but those who knew him were well aware of that quality in him alongside of his elaborate affectations; for he was a poet, and in a poet's soul, however overlaid it may be with surface insincerities, there is always something left of the child. It was the essential sincerity of Wilde's nature which gave force even to his insincerities and all the vagaries of his fantastic career. Intellectual sincerity was surely his, and the power of his best epigrams lies in the strong brain work behind them."

Nov. 7 1908

OSCAR WILDE.

THE COMPLETION OF HIS COLLECTED WORKS.

WILDE AND WHISTLER.

REVIEWS MISCELLANIES. (Methuen, 12s. 6d. net each.)

With these two volumes, beautifully printed and produced, is reached the end of the completed edition of Oscar Wilde's works, under the editorship of Mr. Robert Ross. Mr. Ross claims that "Wilde is a much greater force in our literature than even friendly contemporaries ever supposed he would become," and that his literary reputation has survived so much that it is "proof against any exhumation of articles which he or his admirers would have preferred to forget."

With regard to the volume of reviews, written mostly for daily or weekly newspapers in the ordinary course of a journalistic period in Wilde's life, we cannot help thinking that the exhumation has been too completely carried out. Some jewels have been brought to light, but for the most part it is journeyman's work, and work done with poor and perishable material. Nine-tenths of the books reviewed are dead, and deserve no better fate, and the occasions on which the critic discovered a new writer whose work has lived are rather surprisingly rare.

On the "Miscellanies" a very different verdict may be pronounced. There is nothing here that is not worth preserving, either as illustrating its author or, and chiefly, for its own value. The long essay on "Historical Criticism," of which the first part was printed in another volume of the series, has come to light in its entirety quite lately. It was written for the Chancellor's English Essay prize at Oxford in 1879, and, although "the prize was not awarded," it is a good and mature piece of work.

The fragment of the drama "La Sainte Courtisane" is all that exists, and it has not before been printed. Wilde left the nearly finished play in a cab in Paris, and it has never been recovered. He said that "a cab was a very proper place for it."

There is a good deal that is amusing in this book about the relations of Wilde and Whistler. Wilde has been continually accused of plagiarising Whistler's bons mots, concerning which Mr. Ross says "that it seems a pity the great painter did not get them off on the public before he was forestalled. Reluctance from an appeal to publicity was never a weakness in either of the men."

Wilde's first mention of Whistler is in a notice of the Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition of 1877, in which he says that the colour symphonies, including the famous "Battersea Bridge," are worth looking at "for about as long as one looks at a real rocket—that is, for somewhat less than a quarter of a minute." But he devotes seven lines of commendation to the "Carlyle." Eight years afterwards, however, he records his opinion that Whistler is "indeed one of the very greatest masters of painting," an opinion in which, he adds, "Mr. Whistler himself entirely concurs"; and again: "Whatever comes from Mr. Whistler's brush is far too perfect in its loveliness to stand or fall by any intellectual dogmas on art, even by his own." It was not until five years later again, when the two had quarrelled, that Wilde wrote: "It is a trouble for any gentleman to have to notice the lucubrations of so ill-bred and ignorant a person as Mr. Whistler."

Whistler's personal follies have been washed away in men's minds by the greatness of what he has left behind him. It is to be hoped that the publication of this fine edition of Oscar Wilde's works will hasten the day in which he also will be allowed to take his stand only on what was best in him.

WILDE AS CRITIC.

Nov. 5 1908

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If we say that these volumes introduce us to a new, or at any rate to a forgotten Wilde, it is not only because they introduce us to Wilde the reviewer, the journalist, the editor of a paper—and a ladies' paper. It certainly is not widely regrettable because the *Lancet* of October 3 last has connected with the spiritual condition of the Baganda; emphatic terms, is really intended. On another point, context whether the statement, though twice repeated in are at variance; indeed, it seems a little doubtful from the Wakavondo is a verdict with which all other authorities pointed out that his very unfavourable opinion of the section of his flock may seem presumptuous; but it must be and to contradict him on a question of the morals of a Dr. Tucker has known Uganda under twelve Governors, intervention of the Almighty to prevent the journey. take in it a visit to a certain island is ascribed to the direct-

down of a steam launch just before he was ready to under- less robust faith would not discern them. Thus the break- inclined to look for supernatural influences, where those of other half of Cromwell's maxims. Bishop Tucker, in fact, is ascribes the happy result entirely to observance of the powder day the bishop acted most wisely, though the himself party safety to the journey's end. In thus keeping his much healthier northern route, by which he brought the the way. Two years later he chose the newly-opened and suffered severely from fever, and two of its members died on round the south end of Victoria Nyanza; the expedition he used the old caravan route through German territory the nearest frontier of his present diocese. On his first visit way was built he had to travel 800 miles on foot to reach his work in such a climate means. Until the Uganda Rail- Few dwellers in temperate zones can appreciate fully what well attested in this story of the 18 years of his bishopric. Dr. Tucker has made and carried out his life's work in monotonous after history in the making. In what manner ence; and lists of baptisms and confirmations are somewhat appear tame compared with that of a struggle for bare exist- eventful. But a record of steady progress must always the length and breadth of his enormous diocese ever un- missionaries; nor were the bishop's visitations afoot through heroic deeds, and, above all, by deaths, among the ity in Uganda was not, indeed, at any time unchequered by are of rather less general interest. The advance of Christian- no longer hindered the activities of the mission, his pages

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Nov. 5
1908

CHIPS FROM AN EDITOR'S
WORKSHOP.

["Reviews and Miscellanies. Volumes 12 and 13 of the Works of Oscar Wilde." Edited by Robert Ross. (Methuen and Co.) 12s. 6d. net.]

Having sent to the press eleven volumes of the uniform edition of "The Works of Oscar Wilde," Mr. Ross found himself in possession of a vast amount of material in the form of reviews, essays, lectures, letters to the Press, etc., and, mindful that the first editor of any author must sooner or later incur censure, he determined that his sins should be those of commission. Accordingly he has printed every fragment that could be identified as having been written by Wilde. There can be no question that from a biographical point of view these are the two most interesting volumes in the series. They enable us to trace the literary, and to some extent the artistic, growth of Wilde for a period of ten years. The reviews date from 1885 to 1890, and include criticisms of the works of many men of note; and it is interesting to find that, on the whole, his opinions have been confirmed by those of later critics. "The only thing," he once confessed, "that prejudices me against a book is the lack of literary style"; and one instinctively feels that this is true, although it is curious to find an avowed purist using the word "poetess." He showed himself desirous of finding something good in the books that passed under his notice, and was obviously pleased when he was able to bestow praise. When, however, he discovered "a sheep in wolf's clothing" he unhesitatingly tore off the disguise and exposed the fraud.

The "Miscellanies" contains a considerable amount of hitherto unpublished material, including the recently-discovered second half of "The Rise of Historical Criticism," the first portion of which appeared in an earlier volume; the lectures, reprinted from manuscript for the first time; and a first fragmentary draft of "La Sainte Courtisane." The manuscript of this play was left by its author in a Paris cab, and has never since been traced. It expanded a favourite idea of Wilde's that to convert another was to lose one's own faith. Myrrhina the courtesan seeks out Honorius the hermit to try her power over him. He tells her of the love of God, and that the body is vile. She becomes a Christian, and Honorius goes back to Alexandria to sate himself in the pleasures of the city. From the glow and colour of this fragment one is tempted to believe that Wilde was wrong when he laughingly remarked "that a cab was a very proper place for it."

The lectures, now for the first time reprinted, will enable the present generation to see what Wilde's views upon the arts and crafts really were, and the present generation will probably be at a loss to understand why a man enunciating such sound and serious convictions could have been held up to public ridicule. The explanation is simple. Wilde was himself the greatest enemy of his teaching. He preached art to a public that had been accustomed only to morality; he adopted in his earlier years a style of dress that appeared outrageous, for the English mind is very sensitive upon the subject of clothes. As a dramatist he maintained that "the aim of social comedy is to mirror the manners, not reform the morals, of its day," an unforgivable heresy to the stage-and-moral-teaching faction. It was not Wilde's views that created "Patience," but his method of expressing and expanding them. Geographically he was misplaced; one must not be dramatic north of Paris. It remains only to congratulate Mr. Robert Ross upon his labours. He has done all that is possible for a painstaking editor to do.

Lynn Advertiser, Oct. 31. 1908

LYNN
AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

PERFORMANCE FOR GAYWOOD
CHURCH.

On Wednesday evening the Lynn Amateur Dramatic Society, of which Sir William folkes is the president, produced Oscar Wilde's comedy "The Importance of being Earnest" at the Lynn Theatre on behalf of the Gaywood Church Extension and Restoration Fund. The attendance was large, the dress and side circles and the orchestra stalls being full, and the pit was fairly well filled. Sir William and Lady folkes and party took the principal box, and Rev. H. S. Radcliffe (rector of Gaywood) occupied a prominent seat in the dress circle.

The piece deals with the careers of two young gentlemen who, in order to surmount difficulties which stand in the way of their meeting the ladies of their choice, change their names from John and Algernon to Ernest. This leads to complications and many ludicrous situations follow. Difficulties are eventually overcome by the discovery that John's real name is Ernest.

The *dramatis personæ* were as under:—

John Worthing, J.P., Mr. Horace Hamilton Dow.

Algernon Moncrieff, Mr. Harold E. Smith.

Rev. Canon Chasuble, D.D., Mr. Oliver S. Springall.

Merriman, Mr. J. Basil Neale.

Laxe, Mr. E. Jeary Harrison.

Lady Bracknell, Mrs. B. Pareezer.

Hon. Gwendoline Fairfax, Mrs. H. J. Thompson.

Cecily Cardew, Miss Florence Gamble.

Miss Prism, Miss Janet M. Copley.

The play, which does not lend itself to any great display of histrionic ability, was produced in excellent style, the performers acquitting themselves admirably. Mr. H. H. Dow as John Worthing interpreted the character in a splendid manner, and was heartily applauded. Mr. Harold E. Smith as Algernon did remarkably well, his acting being particularly good. Mr. Oliver S. Springall was very successful as the Canon, and as servants Messrs J. Basil Neale and E. Jeary Harrison left nothing to be desired. Of the ladies, Mrs. B. Pareezer made an excellent Lady Bracknell, portraying the role of the aristocratic dame with much skill. The Hon. Gwendoline Fairfax of Mrs. H. J. Thompson was very clever, and Miss Florence Gamble was charming as Cecily Cardew. Miss Janet M. Copley gave a good account of herself as Miss Prism. At the close the performers were heartily applauded and the ladies were each presented with bouquets of flowers. The incidental music was played by the theatre orchestra under the direction of Mr. G. G. Rix.

Daily News

Nov 4
1908

BOOKS AND BOOKSELLERS.

If we may judge by the ugly posters on the hoardings, we are still living in a reaction against the æsthetes. Occasional announcements in the publishers' lists, on the other hand, suggest that we are in the midst of a reaction in favour of the æsthetes again. Mr. Robert Ross, whose work as literary executor of Oscar Wilde is well known, has written a monograph on Aubrey Beardsley, which Mr. John Lane will shortly publish. Several of Beardsley's drawings, including "Mrs. Patrick Campbell," "Siegfried," and "The Woman in the Moon," will be reproduced.

Jissen Wom 2019-08-08 University Library

THE PERSISTENT NOTE IN OSCAR WILDE'S GENIUS

THE two main characteristics of Wilde's writings, as of his own nature, to be found there in unusual juxtaposition, are, in the opinion of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, the love of beauty and the sense of comedy. "It was as tho Keats and Sheridan had been reincarnated in one man. One might add Beau Brummell, and one gains a rough generalization of the complexity that was Oscar Wilde. Keats, Sheridan and Beau Brummell. Not that he was so eminent as any one of these in their own special characteristic; but it was the combination of all three in one man, plus his own extraordinary individuality, that made him so original a figure, that made him Oscar Wilde."

In this charming introduction to the first uniform edition* of the works of the dead poet, playwright and wit, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne gives us the explanation of the startling Wilde resurrection seven years after his death. It is Wilde's unique personality as expressed in his writings that makes him a more potent influence today than in the season of his prime when society worshiped at his feet and three theaters were simultaneously producing his plays in the English metropolis. A strong individuality cannot be downed; we may bury it in dark places and burden its coffin with heavy stones, but it is bound to return from the grave and walk the earth until its mission is fulfilled and its dynamic power exhausted at the last.

Wilde's literary career, like his life, was strange and sad. "The sorrow," observes the *New York Herald*, "is at an end, but the strangeness continues even in posthumous episodes." "In his early years," we are told, "even after he had written some deathless verse, he was looked upon as part joke and part nuisance." To quote further:

"The Oxford Union, of which he was a member, refused a presentation copy of his poems for the library and defeated a proposal to discontinue the society's subscription to *Punch* on account of Du Maurier's caricature of the 'esthetes.' At Magdalen, the headquarters of 'aestheticism,' the undergraduates put one of Wilde's disciples under the pump and 'ragged' the rooms of others and pitched their blue china out of windows. Next day all the esthetes in Oxford had their hair cut and resumed their stand-up collars.

"Wilde crossed the Atlantic and was received

with the same derision that he had confronted in London. He laughed back at us and returned to England with \$50,000 of our money.

"He soon vindicated himself. He silenced the scoffers. People began to realize that this young man with the queer clothes and the queer affections was no fool. He succeeded alike in poetry, in drama, in essay, in fairy tale and in novel. His caustic paradoxes, combining shrewdness with wit, were on everybody's lips.

"Then the law cast a dark shadow over his fame, and in that shadow he died. It would seem that his works had died with him. His books were left unread. His plays were banished from the stage.

"All of a sudden there came a revival. A piquant and daredevil quality in Wilde's better self made the public oblivious to his worse one. His books were reread, his plays were restored to the stage. He has taken his place permanently among a small group of immortals whose hold upon humanity seems to be permanent and persuasive. They are by no means the greatest of the sons of men. But they are the most individual and self-assertive. Burns is one of them and Paul Verlaine and Edgar Allan Poe."

This verdict seems to express the continental consensus of opinion; it is significant only in coming from an American newspaper. For in France, the Paris correspondent of the *Boston Transcript* avers, there is a continuous interest in Wilde and on the shelves of the bookstores are translations of practically every line that he left behind. His essays and romances have been translated into Italian, Scandinavian, Russian and German. He has found excellent interpreters, and it seems that his work makes an equally strong appeal to Teuton and Latin races. "His books," the writer asserts, "are universal because they are *individual*." A reviewer in *The Catholic Standard and Times*, on the other hand, lays stress on the penalty that we must pay to the world for being different from it—the penalty that the bird of paradise pays to the hawk. The very traits that constituted Wilde's genius were responsible for the bitterness of his persecution. He had erred, this Catholic writer admits, but he had repented with the "superhuman humility of a saint," without, however, being able to reconcile the British Pharisees whom he had often lampooned.

"Never was punishment so swift, so sure, so terrible, so cowardly—a thousand armed vengeurs against one defenseless, and, unhappily, not innocent, antagonist. They would not only drive him off the earth; they vowed to obliterate his name from the annals of his generation; they heaped obloquy on his memory when all too soon the hunted man was hunted into an early grave in the prime of his years and his genius. With

* THE WRITINGS OF OSCAR WILDE. In fifteen volumes. Illustrated. With introduction by Richard Le Gallienne. London and New York: A. R. Keller and Company.

ghoulish energy they strove long after his death to shut his works and his fame in the charnel-house. In this they have been bitterly disappointed. There are other nations than England, and in all the foreign tongues of civilization was the art of the unhappy one preserved until the time—scarce two years since—when his rehabilitation was completed in the world of letters, and the best publishers in America and in England rushed to a belated publication of his works. Even the most trivial scrap of memoranda left by the wasted son of 'Speranza' has a ludicrous value today, when collectors of Wildiana place quite a Stevensonian estimate on their finds."

At last it seems the tide has turned completely. A conservative British house (Methuen and Company) are publishing the "authorized" edition of Wilde's complete works. They have, however, been anticipated in this country by an enterprising firm of publishers (Keller and Company) to whose edition we have already referred. The news of the American edition met with a storm of protest in England, and Mr. Le Gallienne was censured for allowing his name to be connected with the "piratical" enterprise. Mr. Le Gallienne in reply calls attention to the fact that the English edition leaves out, among other important documents, "The Picture of Dorian Gray." Yet that strangely moral immoral confession is Wilde's spiritual autobiography. "Wilde without Dorian Gray," says Mr. Le Gallienne, "is Wilde without Wilde." If the English edition will be incomplete, the American publishers have gone to the opposite extreme by including much that is spurious, notoriously a story entitled "The Priest and the Acolyte." They also include the works of Wilde's mother, Lady Speranza. Most objectionable is the fact that owing to copyright regulations "De Profundis," Wilde's cry "from the depths," appears in a retranslation from the German, instead of in the original English. On the other hand, the firm has expended, it is said, almost \$40,000, in order to make the edition as complete as possible. Moreover, the American publishers are willing to pay a royalty to Wilde's heirs, provided they can deal directly with them. Mr. Keller, in an interview printed in *The Herald*, sheds some interesting light on the question of what had become of Wilde's children, who mysteriously disappeared after the trial. He says:

"I have made some inquiries and only learn that one of Wilde's sons is a Catholic priest and the other has changed his name. Neither is in the indigent circumstances that have been reported concerning them. Lady Wilde left a considerable estate. The priest will be looked after,

moreover, by his Church. As to the other, a son who is ashamed of his father's name has no great claim to consideration on his father's account."

Now that the complete edition of Oscar Wilde lies before us, it is possible to form a just estimate of his manifold gifts. His poems have been compared to those of Keats, Rossetti and Swinburne, his plays with those of Sheridan and Goldsmith; his tales, especially "Dorian Gray," are akin to Poe's and Stevenson's; and his essays, his publishers claim, are incomparable, De Quincey and Whately alone being worthy of mention in the same breath with him. Andersen might have written his fairy tales; his "Soul of Man Under Socialism" is the greatest literary exposition of the subject; and "Salome" stands unique among the tragedies of the world.

The writings of Wilde, Mr. Le Gallienne insists, brilliant and even beautiful as they are, are but the marginalia, so to say, of a strikingly fantastic personality. "Some writers," he says, "seem to be all writers; as with the silk worm, we forget them entirely in what they produce. They themselves have no personal interest or existence for us. With Oscar Wilde it was precisely otherwise, as he himself hinted when he said that he gave his talent to his writings, but kept his genius for his conversation." Toward the development of his sublime self-assertion everything was forced to contribute:

"Blue china, sunflowers, knee breeches, estheticism, green carnations, poetry, prose or plays—or even tragic scandal—all these were indifferently used as means toward the making of the legend of himself. He wished to be known—not as the poet Oscar Wilde or the playwright Oscar Wilde, but merely as—Oscar Wilde. It was a superb egoism, the superbest egoism of our time."

Wilde was at times deliberately whimsical, but, we are informed by Mr. Le Gallienne, who has himself been accused—no doubt unjustly—of being a poseur, that fundamentally he was strangely sincere. Mr. Le Gallienne adds, in concluding:

"I know that to attribute anything like simplicity to the great apostle of pose may seem far fetched, but those who knew him were well aware of that quality in him alongside of his elaborate affectations; for he was a poet, and in a poet's soul, however overlaid it may be with surface insincerities, there is always something left of the child. It was the essential sincerity of Wilde's nature which gave force even to his insincerities and all the vagaries of his fantastic career. Intellectual sincerity was surely his, and the power of his best epigrams lies in the strong brain work behind them."

OSCAR WILDE.

THE COMPLETION OF HIS COLLECTED WORKS.

WILDE AND WHISTLER.

REVIEWS MISCELLANIES. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net each.)

With these two volumes, beautifully printed and produced, is reached the end of the completed edition of Oscar Wilde's works, under the editorship of Mr. Robert Ross. Mr. Ross claims that "Wilde is a much greater force in our literature than even friendly contemporaries ever supposed he would become," and that his literary reputation has survived so much that it is "proof against any exhumation of articles which he or his admirers would have preferred to forget."

With regard to the volume of reviews, written mostly for daily or weekly newspapers in the ordinary course of a journalistic period in Wilde's life, we cannot help thinking that the exhumation has been too completely carried out. Some jewels have been brought to light, but for the most part it is journeyman's work, and work done with poor and perishable material. Nine-tenths of the books reviewed are dead, and deserve no better fate, and the occasions on which the critic discovered a new writer whose work has lived are rather surprisingly rare.

On the "Miscellanies" a very different verdict may be pronounced. There is nothing here that is not worth preserving, either as illustrating its author or, and chiefly, for its own value. The long essay on "Historical Criticisms," of which the first part was printed in another volume of the series, has come to light in its entirety quite lately. It was written for the Chancellor's English Essay prize at Oxford in 1879, and, although "the prize was not awarded," it is a good and mature piece of work.

The fragment of the drama "La Sainte Courtisane" is all that exists, and it has not before been printed. Wilde left the nearly finished play in a cab in Paris, and it has never been recovered. He said that "a cab was a very proper place for it."

There is a good deal that is amusing in this book about the relations of Wilde and Whistler. Wilde has been continually accused of plagiarising Whistler's *bons mots*, concerning which Mr. Ross says "that it seems a pity the great painter did not get them off on the public before he was forestalled. Reluctance from an appeal to publicity was never a weakness in either of the men."

Wilde's first mention of Whistler is in a notice of the Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition of 1877, in which he says that the colour symphonies, including the famous "Battersea Bridge," are worth looking at "for about as long as one looks at a real rocket—that is, for somewhat less than a quarter of a minute." But he devotes seven lines of commendation to the "Carlyle." Eight years afterwards, however, he records his opinion that Whistler is "indeed one of the very greatest masters of painting," an opinion in which, he adds, "Mr. Whistler himself entirely concurs"; and again: "Whatever comes from Mr. Whistler's brush is far too perfect in its loveliness to stand or fall by any intellectual dogmas on art, even by his own." It was not until five years later again, when the two had quarrelled, that Wilde wrote: "It is a trouble for any gentleman to have to notice the lucubrations of so ill-bred and ignorant a person as Mr. Whistler."

Whistler's personal follies have been washed away in men's minds by the greatness of what he has left behind him. It is to be hoped that the publication of this fine edition of Oscar Wilde's works will hasten the day when he will be allowed to take his stand only on what was best in him.

Nov. 5
1908

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Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Forbes Robertson are jointly organising a special afternoon performance at the St. James's for Thursday, Dec. 3, on behalf of the Orthopaedic Hospital. An exceptionally attractive programme is in course of preparation, among those who have already volunteered their services being Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude, Sir Charles Santley, Miss Marie Tempest, Mr. G. P. Huntley, Miss Ada Reeve, Miss Ethel Irving, and Miss Lydia Krashinsky. For the occasion Miss Liza Lehmann has composed accompanying music to Oscar Wilde's "Happy Prince," which is to be read by Miss Gertrude Elliott, Miss Lehmann herself presiding at the piano.

Observer, ^{Nov. 1, 1908}

The reading by Miss Gertrude Elliott of Oscar Wilde's "Humpty Dumpty" to a musical accompaniment composed and played by Miss Liza Lehmann will be a novel and noteworthy feature of the programme at a St. James's matinee on the 3rd December on behalf of the Orthopaedic Hospital. The entertainment, which is jointly arranged by Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Forbes Robertson, will be so rich in varied attractions that seats for it are sure to be snapped up at once.

^{Nov. 8, 1908}
The story by Oscar Wilde which Miss Gertrude Elliott is to recite at the St. James's matinee on December 3 is "The Happy Prince."

Sunday Times ^{Nov. 1, 1908}

Sudermann's "John the Baptist."

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The recent publication in book form by Messrs. Methuen of Oscar Wilde's scattered reviews and scraps of journalism, in our opinion, to be regretted. We do not consider that it is doing any service to a dead man of genius to dig up out of the obscurity of bygone daily or weekly papers such things as the notice of a novel or a volume of minor poetry. Wilde was a very good journalist no doubt, but he was also a great man of letters, and we cannot imagine that he would have relished the idea of seeing his unconsidered trifles of journalism brought again into the hard light of criticism. Any one who knew Oscar Wilde must be aware that he was for ever girding at journalists and journalism, and admitting that this was a fad, and a not altogether consistent one, his feelings on the subject should have been considered. As it is, the publication of these miscellaneous trifles has given the opportunity which is never missed by his inferiors in the literary world to "spit their small wits at him." In the *Spectator*, for example, we find the truly idiotic remark that his "literary gift was in essence flashy and mechanical." When the *Spectator* gives up the practice which it indulges at present of printing fifth-rate verse, including some specimens by Mr. T. H. Warren, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, and of intrusting to the same incompetent hand the task of reviewing poetry, it will be time enough for any judge of literature to take its impudent references to dead men of genius seriously. In the meanwhile they are merely silly. We are not in the least surprised that Messrs. Methuen, having set out to publish Wilde, and having, out of sheer stupidity, refused to include in their edition what is probably his finest book, should not hesitate to publish a collection of newspaper articles which cannot possibly add to Wilde's reputation, and may, even in the eyes of unthinking people, detract from it. What does surprise us is that Mr. Ross should have consented to authorise such a publication, though we would not for a moment even appear to suggest that Mr. Ross's motives were not beyond reproach. It strikes us merely as an error of judgment on his part.

GLOBE, NOVEMBER 14, 1908.

MISS PANKHURST'S BOOK.

CANNOT WRITE IT IN PRISON.

While Miss Christabel Pankhurst has been in Holloway Prison she has been approached by a firm of publishers, who suggested that she should write a book dealing with the Women's Suffrage movement, and her experiences at Holloway. Miss Pankhurst consented to do so, and on her behalf an application was made on the 11th inst. to the Home Office by the National Women's Social and Political Union for the necessary facilities to be given to enable Miss Pankhurst to write the book while in prison on the understanding that it would not be published until after her release. To this application the Home Secretary has expressed his regret that he "cannot comply with the request." This refusal the Suffragettes regard as an act of injustice. "When Mr. Ginnell, M.P., was imprisoned for inciting to cattle driving," said Miss Sylvia Pankhurst to a "Globe" representative, "which was an offence on a par with ours, he was allowed to write a book in prison, and received many other privileges, such as receiving letters and visits which we have been denied. Even people guilty of revolting crimes have been allowed to write books in prison, so why should Mr. Gladstone refuse our application?"

Jesus im Urteil der Jahrhunderte: Die bedeutendsten Auffassungen Jesu in Theologie, Philosophie, Literatur und Kunst bis zur Gegenwart. Von Gustav Pfannmüller. (Leipzig, B. G. Teubner.)—This book corresponds exactly to its title. Its design is to present to the reader the conceptions formed of Jesus from the first days of Christianity down to the present time. It is divided into four periods: 'The Old Church,' 'The Middle Ages,' 'From the Reformation to the Nineteenth Century,' and 'The Nineteenth Century and the Beginning of the Twentieth.' It consists of extracts from the works of the great writers of these periods which exhibit their ideas in regard to the character and life of Christ. Every phase of thought is taken up, and quotations are made from Christians of every sect, and from the enemies of Christianity as well as from its friends. Each division of the book is preceded by introductory remarks in which Herr Pfannmüller briefly, but accurately defines the attitude which the writers quoted assume to the conception of Christ. The first introduction states clearly what he believes to be the idea of Christ conveyed by the Synoptic Gospels according to the results of recent criticism, and this idea is the standard by which he criticizes all subsequent writers. His criticisms are generally based on a careful study of the writers, and, indeed, they are rather historical statements than controversial arguments. The book takes a wide range. It includes theologians, philosophers, novelists, dramatists, hymn-writers, and poets; and, in fact, quotations are made from every department of literature. An appendix also furnishes an historical sketch of the pictures of Christ from the time of the Catacombs to the present day, and engravings supply illustrations. Considering the wide range of the book, its accuracy deserves praise. It is an interesting, curious, and instructive production. It must have cost a great amount of labour, and the diligence and carefulness of the author merit hearty recognition. The book is prepared only for Germans. This may be seen from the fourth section. Extracts are made in it from many prominent German theologians, philosophers, literary men, and poets. But there are only two English theologians mentioned, Stalker and Peabody; only one philosopher, John Stuart Mill; and only three literary men, Oscar Wilde, Edwin Arnold, and Carlyle. A list of the books used in the compilation is also printed, and they are nearly all German; when they are not originally German, German translations of them are recorded. France and Italy are treated in the same way as England. No recent theologians, philosophers, and literary men of these countries are discussed, nor is even any reference made to them.

Glasgow News. ^{Nov. 20, 1908}

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PROTEST.

November 19, 1908.

DAILY TELEGRAPH,

Oct.
29. 1908

Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Forbes Robertson are jointly organising a special afternoon performance at the St. James's for Thursday, Dec. 3, on behalf of the Orthopædic Hospital. An exceptionally attractive programme is in course of preparation, among those who have already volunteered their services being Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude, Sir Charles Santley, Miss Marie Tempest, Mr. G. P. Huntley, Miss Ada Reeve, Miss Ethel Irving, and Miss Lydia Kyasht. For the occasion Miss Liza Lehmann has composed accompanying music to Oscar Wilde's "Happy Prince," which is to be read by Miss Gertrude Elliott, Miss Lehmann herself presiding at the piano.

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Observer,

Nov. 1.
1908

The reading by Miss Gertrude Elliott of Oscar Wilde's "Humpty Dumpty" to a musical accompaniment composed and played by Miss Liza Lehmann will be a novel and noteworthy feature of the programme at a St. James's matinée on the 3rd December on behalf of the Orthopaedic Hospital. The entertainment, which is jointly arranged by Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Forbes Robertson, will be so rich in varied attractions that you are sure to be snapped up at once.

Nov. 8. 1908

The story by Oscar Wilde which Miss Gertrude Elliott is to recite at the St. James's matinée on December 3 is "The Happy Prince."

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Sunday Times

Nov
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Manchester Guardian. Oct. 26. 1908

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November 19, 1908.

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STAR.

With the object of recognising the unselfish and public-spirited task of Mr. Robert Ross in editing the Collected Works of the late dramatist, Mr. Oscar Wilde, recently completed in 14 volumes, a small public dinner will take place on 1 Dec. at the Hotel Ritz.

Many well-known people have already formally signified their intention of being present to do honor to Mr. Ross, among them the Duchess of Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Gosse, Lord Howard de Walden, Mr. W. Somerset Maugham (the dramatist), Mr. C. H. Shannon, the Rev. Stewart Headlam, Mr. H. G. Wells, and Mr. William Archer.

Times. Nov. 12, 1908

In recognition of the services of Mr. Robert Ross in editing the collected works of Oscar Wilde, recently completed in 14 volumes, he will be entertained at a small public dinner, which will take place at a quarter to 8, on December 1, at the Ritz Hotel. Many well-known people have already signified their intention of being present to do honour to Mr. Ross, and among these are the following:—The Duchess of Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Gosse, Lord Howard de Walden, Mrs. Styan, Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, Mr. Charles S. Rickotts, Mr. C. H. Shannon, the Hon. Evan Charteris, the Rev. Stewart Headlam, Mr. Herbert Trench, Mr. H. G. Wells, and Mr. William Archer. All applications for tickets, which will cost 15s. each, should be addressed to the hon. secretary, Ross dinner, Miss Brereton Smith, 10, Fitzroy-street, W.

Morning Leader.

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Applications for tickets, 15s. each, should be addressed to the hon. secretary, Ross Dinner, Miss Brereton Smith, 10, Fitzroy-st., London, W.

Morning Post, Nov. 13

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Star. Nov. 11, 1908

Oscar Wilde's play "Salome" has been prohibited at a St. Petersburg theatre, though advertised under another title. The audience had already assembled, says Reuter.

Morning Post, Nov. 12, 1908

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Times

"SALOME"

The anti-performance play, although censorship, by this action of the government.

Public

At author yesterday

theatres of Mr. Oscar Wilde's "Salome" under an assumed title. The house had been sold out, and the audience had assembled. The performance was prohibited in virtue of statutes relating to the prevention of crime and the preservation of civil order and public tranquility.

Publishers' Circular, Nov. 7, 1908

Reports wanted, on Books, MS. (in any language) and Prints interesting to Jews. Oscar Wilde, Whistler, and Beardsley.

J. JACOBS, (The Bibliophile Press) 149 Edgware Rd., London, W. Phone 2825 Padd.

By a happy coincidence I have just been handed volume of "Reviews" by the late Oscar Wilde, published by Messrs. Methuen, and his article on "Etudes et Souvenirs" has led me to look the book up in the British Museum. It is a pity there is no English version, because the work has such an agreeable flow of narrative, is so full of interesting details, and contains such a wealth of clever criticism on the plays in which she has appeared, that it would make a valuable addition to every Anglophile's library. Oscar Wilde's essay is before me as I write, and with that diffidence which is

To C Millard Esq.

November 9, 1908.

Dear Sir,

We hope that you will be interested in the enclosed announcement, and that you will kindly give your personal support to the proposed Dinner.

You will notice that applications for tickets should be made to Miss Brereton-Smith, 10 Fitzroy St., W.

Yours faithfully,

H. G. WELLS,

Spade House, Sandgate.

HERBERT TRENCH,

3, Mansfield Place, Richmond,

Surrey.

Mr. D. J. Gardner's "The King's Champion" 4 yrs, 78s 12d
Mr. C. G. Gardner's "The King's Champion" 4 yrs, 78s 12d
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Madame Ristori's horror, still in their Greek dress, but with their veils thrown back, and smoking long cigars. That Madame Ristori was an acute critic is shown by her analysis of the character of Lady Macbeth, which is full of psychological interest, and which goes far to prove that the subtleties of Shakespearean criticism are not necessarily confined to those who have views on weak endings and rhyming tags, but may also be suggested by the art of acting itself. In subscribing to this memorial performance the public will be paying tribute to the art of acting and to its permanent worth. The man who writes is the worst of all men to appraise the actor. The writer works hard and gets little recognition, and yet knows himself to be in every way, but that of the art of miming, infinitely superior to the player. He recognises, however, that every rule has its exception, and, speaking for my class, I am well pleased that English artists should do their utmost to perpetuate the fame of an exceptionally gifted member of their craft.