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Oscar Wilde
Scrapbook

Vol. 8

STAR.

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Dinner to Mr. Robert Ross.

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st., London, W.

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Publishers' Circular.

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.

Nov. 7. 1908

Hon. Evan Charteris, the Rev. Stewart Headlam, Mr. Herbert Trench, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. William Archer (the dramatic critic), and others.

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Miss BRERETON SMITH, 10, Fitzroy Street, London, W.



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 her "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 a 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 laygoer's library. Oscar Wilde's essay is before me as I write, and with that diffidence which is the chief characteristic of the dramatic critic, I am going to make bold with Mr. Robert Ross's splendid edition of Wilde's works by practically quoting Wilde's words so far as they apply to the actress herself.

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Mr. D. J. Gardner's Sir Harry, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb. Higgs 2
Mr. C. Donald's Sir Harry, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb. G. M. Call 3
Mr. A. Stead's Sir Harry, 5 yrs, 8st 4lb. Henry 0
Mr. H. Walker's Wise Mason, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb. W. Saxby 0
Mr. P. Neke's Queen's Advocate, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb. Madden 0
Mr. R. Walker's Queen's Advocate, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb. W. Winton 0
Mr. G. Lambton's Vedrana, 4 yrs, 7st 11lb. Mr. Glegg 0
Mr. C. Hibbert's Vedrana, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb. Mr. Glegg 0
Mr. J. Misher's Wedding Ring, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb. Keeble 0
Lord Edinboro's King's Champion, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb. Charfers 0
Princess: Walter Smith's Champion II, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb. Plant 0
Bething: 5 to 2 agst Spate, 6 to 1 agst Sir Harry, 15 to 2 agst
Lagos, 100 to 12 agst Was, 100 to 8 agst Mondra-
man and Wedding Ring, 100 to 8 agst Mondra-
Vedrana, 25 to 1 agst Mondra, 20 to 1 agst
At the first attempt the horse was used to an extent
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Stations for tickets should

10 Fitzroy St., W.

WELLS

Spa House, Sandgate

TRENCH

Ansfield Place, Richmond

8 Square

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He at once yielded to the demand, which was backed by the well-known reactionary member of the Duma, M. Paruskievitch. Much time and money had been expended on the production, and there is great indignation in educated liberal circles at the action of the ecclesiastical authorities.

Globe, Nov. 12, 1908

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Morning Advertiser

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

ADELAIDE RISTORI.

THE ENGLISH TESTIMONIAL.

[By B. W. FINDON.]

That art has no country is again shown by the enthusiastic effort that is being made by the members of the English stage to assist in erecting a memorial to the memory of the great Italian actress, Adelaide Ristori. This function is to take place at His Majesty's Theatre on the afternoon of Monday, Nov. 30, and a most elaborate programme will be carried out by a galaxy of artists who may rightfully be considered as representative of the best in native theatrical art.

That such a performance will appeal to the actor goes without saying. His calling is one that is more or less transient in personal fame. He leaves little behind him but a memory and a tradition. The cheers that applaud his efforts float away on the waves of sound until they are lost in the infinity of space. But, as in the case of wonderful singers, there are some who have so visibly impressed their age that they become landmarks which are ever prominent to the eye of posterity.

Malibran and Grisi, Rubini and Mario, Rachel and Ristori, Talma and Salvini, are names that will ever be familiar to the students of singing and acting. In our own country there are those who have impressed themselves just as forcibly on both arts. David Garrick and Edmund Kean are still with us in the spirit, and for generations to come Irving will live as the representative actor of the late Victorian period.

It is true these be bright stars and bodies far removed from the Milky Way of mediocrity, but it is only genius that really lives in art. The fame of the great majority of authors and painters, musicians and poets, is equally ephemeral, although it may be asserted that their works remain as material illustrations of their achievements. But who will rummage among the thousands of books on back shelves in the great national libraries of the world for evidences of their accomplishment? Now and then the antiquary and historian make such a search, and some forgotten worthy is brought to contemporary light, but surely it may be said that a huge proportion of the library catalogues are of no more interest than the names and epitaphs inscribed in dim letters on the marble memorials of some long closed cemetery.

In their day these names represented a certain force in the affairs of the community, and so it is with the great majority of actors and actresses, who are cheered to the echo on "first nights," and who are paragraphed and photographed until they would be more than human if deep down in their hearts they did not believe they were beings of the higher world whose fame should be writ large on the parchment scroll of immortality.

THE ACTOR'S PERSONALITY.

It is good, however, to commemorate the life work of exceptional actors when their personality, which is their principal asset, has passed away. Careers such as those of Adelaide Ristori are wonderful object-lessons in their way. They show what can be accomplished by the man or the woman who has talent, and is determined to get on. Like our own Lady Bancroft, Mrs. Kendal, and Miss Ellen Terry, Ristori was practically born on the stage. She was reared in its environment, and she breathed its atmosphere from her earliest years. She loved her art, and she became a great artist. She had no social influence at her back; she relied on no influential person to advance her fortunes; she believed herself to be an actress, and with a fine sense of independence she mapped out her path in life, and arrived at the goal at which she aimed.

Born in 1821 of humble parents, who played their small parts on the Italian stage, she followed their calling in an equally humble manner until she realised that there was that within her which would lift her to greatness. It was not my good fortune to witness any of her performances, as she took her formal farewell of the English stage at Manchester in 1873, and only made occasional appearances in this country afterwards.

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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. 1905

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Morning Leader.

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2019-03-18 Women's University Library 550

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Jessen Women's University Library

“SALOME” PROHIBITED IN ST. PETERSBURG.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 11.

The production of Oscar Wilde's "Salome" at the Kommissarzewsky Theatre has, contrary to expectation, been forbidden. The Prefect reported favourably to M. Stolypin, the Premier, and it is stated that M. Stolypin personally opposed the suppression of the play, but other forces were at work, and M. Purischkevitch and the reactionary organisations known as the Russian Assembly, succeeded yesterday in securing the issue through the Holy Synod of an order prohibiting the performance of "Salome" in St. Petersburg on the ground of its blasphemous character.

The theatre will lodge a complaint against the Holy Synod for the arbitrary withdrawal of the licence issued in the regular way by the dramatic censor. But, apart from the injustice done to the theatrical management and the question of the grave uneasiness here on account of the unusually vivid light it sheds on the instability prevailing at the centre of authority, it is felt that, if even the application of the regulations of the dramatic censorship were made dependent on the taste of wholly irresponsible persons like M. Purischkevitch, the process of disintegration within the Government has gone very far.

Times.

Nov. 12. 1908

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The authorities at the last moment interdicted the performance of *Salome*, an adaptation of Oscar Wilde's play, although it had been previously sanctioned by the censorship. Jissen Women's University Library
by this action, especially as it was taken at the instigation of the clerico-reactionary group.—*Our Own Correspondent.*

Dublin Express - Nov. 12. 1908

PLAY PROHIBITED IN RUSSIA

(THROUGH REUTER'S AGENCY.)

St. Petersburg, Wednesday.

At the last moment the police authorities prohibited the performance yesterday evening at one of the principal 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.

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10 Fitzroy St.

W.

Nov 26. 08.

Ross Dinner.

With the compliments of the

Secretary

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.

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He at once yielded to the demand, which was backed by the well-known reactionary member of the Duma, M. Puruskievitch. Much time and money had been expended on the production, and there is great indignation in educated liberal circles at the action of the ecclesiastical authorities.

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ADELAIDE RISTORI.

THE ENGLISH TESTIMONIAL.

[By B. W. FINDON.]

That art has no country is again shown by the enthusiastic effort that is being made by the members of the English stage to assist in erecting a memorial to the memory of the great Italian actress, Adelaide Ristori. This function is to take place at His Majesty's Theatre on the afternoon of Monday, Nov. 30, and a most elaborate programme will be carried out by a galaxy of artists who may rightfully be considered as representative of the best in native theatrical art.

That such a performance will appeal to the actor goes without saying. His calling is one that is more or less transient in personal fame. He leaves little behind him but a memory and a tradition. The cheers that applaud his efforts float away on the waves of sound until they are lost in the infinity of space. But, as in the case of wonderful singers, there are some who have so visibly impressed their age that they become landmarks which are ever prominent to the eye of posterity.

Malibran and Grisi, Rubini and Mario, Rachel and Ristori, Talma and Salvini, are names that will ever be familiar to the students of singing and acting. In our own country there are those who have impressed themselves just as forcibly on both arts. David Garrick and Edmund Kean are still with us in the spirit, and for generations to come Irving will live as the representative actor of the late Victorian period.

It is true these be bright stars and bodies far removed from the Milky Way of mediocrity, but it is only genius that really lives in art. The fame of the great majority of authors and painters, musicians and poets, is equally ephemeral, although it may be asserted that their works remain as material illustrations of their achievements. But who will rummage among the thousands of books on back shelves in the great national libraries of the world for evidences of their accomplishment? Now and then the antiquary and historian make such a search, and some forgotten worthy is brought to contemporary light, but surely it may be said that a huge proportion of the library catalogues are of no more interest than the names and epitaphs inscribed in dim letters on the marble memorials of some long closed cemetery.

In their day these names represented a certain force in the affairs of the community, and so it is with the great majority of actors and actresses, who are cheered to the echo on "first nights," and who are paragraphed and photographed until they would be more than human if deep down in their hearts they did not believe they were beings of the higher world whose fame should be writ large on the parchment scroll of immortality.

THE ACTOR'S PERSONALITY.

It is good, however, to commemorate the life work of exceptional actors when their personality, which is their principal asset, has passed away. Careers such as those of Adelaide Ristori are wonderful object-lessons in their way. They show what can be accomplished by the man or the woman who has talent, and is determined to get on. Like our own Lady Bancroft, Mrs. Kendal, and Miss Ellen Terry, Ristori was practically born on the stage. She was reared in its environment, and she breathed its atmosphere from her earliest years. She loved her art, and she became a great artist. She had no social influence at her back; she relied on no influential person to advance her fortunes; she believed herself to be an actress, and with a fine sense of independence she mapped out her path in life, and arrived at the goal at which she aimed.

Born in 1821 of humble parents, who played their small parts on the Italian stage, she followed their calling in an equally humble manner until she realised that there was that within her which would lift her to greatness. It was not my good fortune to witness any of her performances, as she took her formal farewell of the English stage at Manchester in 1873, and only made occasional appearances in this country afterwards.

By a happy coincidence I have just been handed a volume of "Reviews" by the late Oscar Wilde, published by Messrs. Methuen, and his article on her "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 playgoer's library. Oscar Wilde's essay is before me as I write, and with that diffidence which is the chief characteristic of the dramatic critic, I am going to make bold with Mr. Robert Ross's splendid edition of Wilde's works by practically quoting Wilde's words so far as they apply to the actress herself.

A WONDERFUL HISTORY.

The child of poor actors, she made her first appearance when she was three months old, being brought on in a hamper as a New Year's gift to a selfish old gentleman who would not forgive his daughter for having married for love. As, however, she began to cry long before the hamper was opened, the comedy became a farce, to the immense amusement of the public. She next appeared in a medieval melodrama, being then three years of age, and was so terrified at the machinations of the villain that she ran away at the critical moment.

Shortly after her marriage in 1847 to the Marquis de Gillo she left the stage, but the old instinct was too strong, and, being extremely anxious to appear once before a Parisian audience, Paris being at that time the centre of dramatic activity, she left Italy for France in 1855. There, as Wilde says, she seems to have been a great success; classical without being cold, artistic without being academic, she brought to her work the colour element of passion, the form element of style. The French Emperor begged her to join the troupe of the Comédie Française, and Rachel, with the strange narrow jealousy of her nature, trembled for her laurels. Ristori would not, however, consent to remain in France, and we find her subsequently playing in almost every country in the world from Egypt to Mexico, from Denmark to Honolulu.

Her representations of classical plays seem to have been always admired. When she played at Athens the King offered to arrange for a performance in the beautiful old theatre of Dionysos, and during her tour in Portugal she produced "Medea" before the University of Coimbra. Her description of the latter engagement is extremely interesting. On her arrival at the University she was received by the entire body of the undergraduates, who still wear a costume almost medieval in character. Some of them came on the stage in the course of the play as the hand-maidens of Creusa, hiding their faces beneath heavy veils, and as soon as they had finished their parts they took places gravely among the audience, to 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.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

In spite of the large part which the novel has played in our literature during the last couple of hundred years, there have been very few attempts to deal at all adequately with the history of English prose fiction.

SATURDAY JOURNAL

by "RITA"

[October 17, 1908

It is amusing to look over old albums and see the celebrities of twenty or thirty years ago. How strange they look, what weird costumes they wore, and how very extraordinary was the mode of dressing the hair, and the millinery attendant on such coiffures!

I well remember the sensation caused by his marriage. No one had ever supposed he would marry. He himself had always given that impression, for he seemed to place woman in a very much lower scale of intelligence than his own.

He was staying in a country house, and one evening told his hostess that he had spent the entire day in literary work. She asked what he had done. He answered, "I was working on the proof of one of my poems all the morning, and I took out a comma."

"And in the afternoon?" inquired the lady. "Oh, in the afternoon I put it back again!" he replied.

This is a fair specimen of his playing to the gallery. I cannot say whether his social popularity waned or increased after his marriage. I never visited his wife, and very rarely saw him, though I used to meet his brother a great deal at a house in Gloucester Terrace. I heard stories of im-

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possible and unbelievable extravagance on the part of the Wildes.

Their house was a "temple of the arts." A thing of beauty that could scarcely be imagined. Such things are costly. That notable occasion on the first night of his play (I think it was "Lady Windermere's Fan"), when he came before the curtain smoking a cigarette and told his audience he hoped they had enjoyed themselves as much as he had done, was the last time I ever saw him.

The tragedy of his downfall was one of those supreme horrors that occasionally convulse society. Anything like the sensation it created I cannot remember. I think even the Tichborne trial paled before it; or the tragedies of Jack the Ripper. However, the character of the man need not have been visited upon his work.

But truly the prudery of England is a thing to marvel at! At certain times Mrs. Grundy is very much to the fore proclaiming her unassailable virtues as loudly as a fishwife. At others she is conveniently blind and deaf and indifferent.

A case in point was the treatment of Ernest Vizitelly, the publisher of Zola's novels. The poor man was arrested, tried, and imprisoned as a criminal for disseminating such pernicious literature. A few years afterwards the very author of such literature was welcomed to England with open arms. Acclaimed and feted everywhere. (Another instalment of "Rita's" Reminiscences shortly.)

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Nov. 14. 1908 Cardiff.

THE MINSTRELSY OF ISIS

POEMS RELATING TO OXFORD.

Such is the attractive title, suggestive at once of old and new, of a handsome volume of poems relating to Oxford and all phases of Oxford life, selected and arranged by Mr. J. B. Firth, and published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall (6s.). The work is very nicely got up and profusely illustrated with fine photographic views. The poems, it may be said, are by Oxford men, but it must not be thought that all, or even many of the best, Oxford poets are represented in the collection.

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A notable company will attend the dinner which is being given to Mr Robert Ross in recognition of the disinterested service he has rendered to Oscar Wilde's writings. Meanwhile, Mr Ross himself is publishing a book with Mr John Lane, namely, an appreciation of Aubrey Beardsley's art. Like Wilde, Beardsley was undoubtedly a genius, and already people are beginning to collect his drawings.

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THURSDAY NIGHT.

IN spite of the large part which the novel has played in our literature during the last couple of hundred years, there have been very few attempts to deal at all adequately with the history of English prose fiction. One or two Americans have written upon the subject, but Professor Raleigh's book, "The English Novel," a little volume of less than three hundred pages, is the best that has yet appeared. We hear, however, that Professor Saintsbury has planned a big book upon English fiction to follow his "History of English Prosody," upon the third volume of which he is now engaged. Professor Saintsbury has some of the necessary qualities. Few men living have read so many books. He has a real love of literature, and the best of his life has been given up to its pursuit. On the other hand, he is the worst possible judge of an author with whom he is not in sympathy, his style is bad, and he makes inexcusable mistakes in matters of detail. To take only three writers of very different types, Oscar Wilde, the late Professor Churton Collins, and Mr. J. M. Robertson, have each drawn up and published lists of glaring mistakes made by the Professor.

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It is amusing to look over old albums and see the celebrities of twenty or thirty years ago. How strange they look, what weird costumes they wore, and how very extraordinary was the mode of dressing the hair, and the millinery attendant on such *coiffures!* I was looking over such a collection the other day. Some were famous when I was a child. Some I had seen and known myself. Many are dead, more are forgotten. Few indeed are left to claim recognition or remembrance. But here I see Oscar Wilde's strange face. I met him and his brother Willie at Bayswater parties when they were instituting the art of conversation. Their idea of the art consisted in firing off paradoxes of the neurotic and impossible description, and expecting everyone else to listen and applaud. I always thought Oscar Wilde a little mad, brilliant though he was. But his plays were certainly delightful, and one could forgive much to a dramatist who could paint such a faithful picture as that of the mother and son in "A Woman of No Importance." He certainly had the gift of conversation, of creating an atmosphere of intelligence and intellectuality. Whether his enthusiasms were real or simulated, they affected people in an extraordinary degree.

I well remember the sensation caused by his marriage. No one had ever supposed he would marry. He himself had always given that impression, for he seemed to place woman in a very much lower scale of intelligence than his own. But there is no doubt his attitude in society was always a pose. He never made a remark or announced an observation without what I call expecting a hand-clap of approval. A well-known remark of his that has been quoted before seems to me very characteristic of his fashion in proving "what people would stand."

He was staying in a country house, and one evening told his hostess that he had spent the entire day in literary work. She asked what he had done. He answered, "I was working on the proof of one of my poems all the morning, and I took out a comma."

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Jessen Woordenboek der Geschiedenis
University Library

Birmingham Evening Times ^{Nov.}
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Mr. Firth divides the contents into sections, which is obviously the most convenient arrangement. There are poems to "Oxford," including Dr. Alexander's exquisite ode to the Earl of Derby on his installation as Chancellor—one of the gems of the collection. A group follows to "Oxford in Retrospect," and among these appear Matthew Arnold's masterpieces, "The Scholar-Gipsy" and "Thyrsis," the latter an elegy surpassing in beauty and feeling Milton's "Lycidas." In this same group we find Sir Lewis Morris's poem, "To an Unknown Poet"—Henry Vaughan, "the Silurist," a Brecon man. Other well-known names in this section are Sir Edwin Arnold, John Keble, Faber, and York Powell. Among the poets who sang of "Oxford Life" are Chaucer, Samuel Johnson, and Thomas Warton. In another section—that headed "The Isis and Cherwell"—we find John Taylor, "the water-poet," and Michael Drayton, of "Polyolbion" fame, while "Magdalen College" reckons among its admirers Sir John Davies, of Hereford, Robert Montgomery, and Oscar Wilde. Those who extol the praises of Oxford's great library or its founders include Henry Vaughan, while the "occasional" section is made famous by the honoured names of Clough and Newman. The remaining sections consist of "satirical and polemical" poems, poems to "Oxford ale and ale-houses," and a goodly number of the "Lighter Verse" type. In this light-hearted band appears Bishop Stubbs, of Oxford, with his "Visions." The names just given are only a few, a very few, out of the long list included in the volume.

Casino Municipal

«Le Petit Lord» dont la 2ème représentation a lieu ce soir au Casino Municipal m'amène à déclarer que l'éclectisme de M. Labruyère le sert quelquefois à rebours. On comprend difficilement qu'après les hardiesses de «l'Enfant chérie» on attrape son public avec les naïvetés d'un conte enfantin tel que «Le Petit Lord», surtout lorsqu'on sait que la pièce est empruntée à Oscar Wilde, dont l'existence mouvementée et les œuvres spéciales ont fait quelque tapage.

M. Jacques Lemaire, l'auteur de l'emprunt anodin, pourrait donc présenter son enfant pour un prix Montyon; ce n'est pas un crime, même au point de vue théâtral, loin de là; mais pourquoi laisser supposer ce qu'il n'y a pas? et surtout pourquoi nous amuser — dans le mauvais sens — avec des histoires dénuées d'intérêt, dignes tout au plus de la Bibliothèque Rose? Si c'est un coup d'essai de M. Jacques Lemaire, ce n'est pas un coup de maître.

Et cependant, rendons grâces aux dieux, comme disaient les anciens, que cette exécution d'une œuvre falote ait permis à M. Burguet de nous présenter un duc de Dorincourt passant naturellement de l'ire violente d'un personnage goutteux aux accents calins d'un grand papa à la Victor-Hugo. Oui, M. Burguet est à voir dans ce rôle.

Agence Exclusive des
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NICE - 5, Rue B

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27 NOVEMBRE 1908

le Petit Bleu

(Brossé)

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"THE SOUL OF CRESCUS." By G. Villiers Stuart.
(Werner Laurie. 6s.)

Readers of "Dorian Gray" will recall how Mr. Wilde's hero, in spite of a strenuous and ill-balanced career of dissipation, managed to preserve his youth, his good looks, and his courage. There was a portrait of him in a garret; and that portrait mirrored the coarse marks of his excesses—not his face. Mr. Villiers Stuart has chosen a different kind of scape-goat for Standish Vandraken, the youngest of the American millionaires. His hero is united by a bond of hypnotism and "planet rays" by the incantations of an Austrian gipsy, named Abdul von Tarsenheim, to a disappointed candidate for holy orders, named Fabrian Dare; and it is poor Dare's face that exhibits the consequences of the American's wild and appalling excesses. The story, which deals with London and Parisian and Irish life, is extraordinarily fascinating and dramatic. It illustrates how—

A soul pressed close to the gates of life,
And clamoured: Let me in!
My turn! My turn! At the charmed cup
And the scented wine of sin.

A soul crouched low at the gates of death,
And sobbed: Ah! let me through,
For they swarm with ghosts those scented sins
And the grisly things pursue.

Evening Standard.

Nov. 26. 1908

“The Life of James McNeill Whistler.” By E. R. and J. Pennell. (Heinemann. Vol. II.)

In this second volume we get the history of the brief and impermanent Whistler-Wilde friendship, and to-day we do not need Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's version to persuade us which was the originator and which the mimic, or which was the greater *poseur* of the two. The position is summed up in a good story.

Mr. Herbert Vivian tells the story of a dinner given by Whistler after Wilde had been lecturing:—

“‘Now, Oscar, tell us what you said to them,’ Whistler kept insisting, and Wilde had to repeat all the phrases, while Whistler rose and made solemn bows, with his hand across his breast, in mock acceptance of his guests' applause. . . . The cruel part of the plagiarism lay in the fact that, when Mr. Whistler published his ‘Ten o'Clock,’ many people thought it had all been taken from Wilde's lecture.”

It was doubly provoking because it seemed as if by his indiscriminate lecturing, Wilde's endeavour was to force art upon the middle classes, to whom Whistler believed it could only be disastrous in its influence. Altogether, Whistler grew more and more exasperated by the use he thought Wilde was making of him until the merest trifle irritated him.

Yet Wilde must have suffered many things in his turn before the friendship went the way of nearly all these Whistler friendships, from that with Swinburne onwards.

When Whistler saw Wilde in a Polish cap and “green overcoat be-
2019 ISSN Women's University Library 581.” he desired him to “restore those things to Nathan's, and never again let me find you masquerading the streets of my Chelsea in the combined costumes of Kossuth and Mr. Mantalini!”

Post & Mercury

24 Dec 1908

Liverpool.

“The Minstrelsy of Isis” (Chapman and Hall) is a charming anthology of poems relating to Oxford and all phases of Oxford life, arranged and selected by J. B. Firth. The poets, who range from Sir John Davies to Oscar Wilde, treat of Oxford life in all its varied forms with various degrees of poetic merit. The book is illustrated with four and twenty views of points of interest in ancient and modern Oxford.

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Among letters read was one from Mr. George Alexander, who, writing of "Lady Windermere's Fan" and its author, said: "I made him an offer of £1,000 for that play. 'Do you really mean to say that you will give me £1,000 for it?' said he. 'I will, certainly,' said I. 'Then, dear Alec, as I have such complete faith in your judgment, I will not take it. I will take a good percentage instead'—and he did." (Loud laughter.)

The toast of the evening was proposed by Mr. H. G. Wells. Mr. Ross, in reply, said that he was informed in 1901 by an official of the Bankruptcy Court that none of Wilde's works that he had left had any literary or commercial value. But the sales of "De Profundis" at home and abroad soon helped to pay off about £6,000 of his debts. It was Germany and the sales there that did it. Other toasts followed.

December 2, 1908.

MORNING POST.

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Oscar Wilde's own epigram, "People know the price of everything and the value of nothing," was quoted by Mr. Ross in his reply, but, he added with great emotion, the public appreciation of the new edition had given the lie to this. Mr. Ross was sarcastic at the expense of the Court of Bankruptcy. A kind-hearted official in that court informed him in 1901 that Wilde's works were of no value and would never command any interest. "It was a less kind successor," he added, "who relieved me of the first £1,000 produced by 'De Profundis.'"

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Mr. H. G. Wells, in proposing Mr. Ross's health, said that that gentleman stood there for social courage and friendship. It was easy to stick up for a friend when he was prosperous, but it was very difficult and hard to stick up for a friend when he was wrong, and the world was against him. Mr. Ross stood up for his friend when the whole weight of public opinion was against him.

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Daily Chronicle. Dec 2 1908

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Wigan Observer. Dec 19 1908

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DECEMBER 2, 1908

DAILY TELEGRAPH,

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Jissen 2010-03-16 16:58:44 Library. Other toasts followed.

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MORNING POST

Dec. 7. 1908

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Daily Chronicle.

Dec. 2
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Wigan Observer.

Dec. 19
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Roman Times

The Mystery of Oscar Wilde's Death Is He Dead or Still Living?

The wildest rumours are in circulation respecting the death of Oscar Wilde. It is persistently reported that he is not dead, but living quietly in a remote little village in Italy, and several tourists, English and American have declared they have met him.

After Wilde's disgrace and his release from prison he lived in the Hotel d'Alsace, Rue des Beaux Arts, Paris. With him in his short illness were three friends: Robert Ross, Mary Gardner and Sibyl Sanderson, and it is said that they being devoted to the poet, agreed to simulate his death, so that he might be able to live quietly in retirement and free from the annoyance of newspaper correspondents.

In the month of November 1900 he appeared to be very ill, but was able to go out for a walk on the 26th of that month, in the afternoon. Meeting the waiter, — whose name is Petuel, and who is still in the hotel, — he gave him a piece of money, saying « C'est un petit souvenir pour vous Jules », to which the waiter thanking him replied « Will Monsieur return soon? Oscar answered that the waiter asked him a question which no person could answer.

In an interview with Patuel the following has been elicited: About 11 o'clock the same evening, a lady closed veiled entered the hotel with a man whom she said was M. Wilde. He walked with great difficulty, and in fact was carried more than anything else for she seemed to be a woman of great strength. The man was muffled to the eyes, so much so that Petuel did not recognize him. « Monsieur Wilde is very ill » she said, « I will accompany him to his room. This woman was Mrs. Sanderson, since dead.

The next day the waiter slipped into the room and approached the bed, but as the invalid's face was turned to the wall, and the clothes well about his head, Petuel did not recognize him then either. He spoke to him but the man gave him no answer, whereupon one of those present told him that he must not fatigue M. Wilde by speaking to him, or making him speak. « But » says the waiter, when I left the room I could hear the others speak to him, and his voice reply in undertones. I do not know » Petuel adds « if it was Monsieur Wilde who died in the hotel, or if it was another man ».

On the 3rd. of December 1900 a simple funeral cortege left the hotel followed by four persons only: M. Dupoirier the proprietor of the hotel, Robert Ross, Mrs. Sanderson, and Miss Gardner, and proceeded to the cemetery of Bagneux, beyond the Latin quarter. There the body was interred in a grave, the concession of which was for five years only, and consequently was broken up three years ago. On the tombstone was inscribed:

Oscar Wilde

Oct. 16 1854-Nov. 30. 1900.

Verbis meis addere nihil adebant, et super illos stillabat eloquium meum.

JOB. XX, XI, 22.

The verses referred to are — « In the fulness of his sufficiency he shall be in straits; every hand of the wicked shall come upon him ».

This is one thing, therefore I said it, « He destroyeth the perfect and the wicked ».

Of the four persons who composed that memorable cortege M. Dupoirier has long since sold his hotel and departed for some unknown destination; Mrs. Sanderson is dead, as before stated, Robert Ross and Miss Gardner may be found by enquiring for them, but will the mystery ever be cleared up?

Oscar Wilde had every reason to be the chief actor in this complot, if complot there has been. He could not return

Times . Dec. 2. 1908

DINNER TO MR. ROBERT ROSS.

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

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Globe Dec. 2. 1908

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to England, he had been driven from Italy and, he was under police, surveillance in Paris. That he was eccentric and capable of doing strange things everybody knows, but here was a thing which a perfectly sane man might do to escape persecution.

Ross visited him every day while he was in the Hotel d'Alsace, but where is Ross? Having been such an intimate friend of Wilde's he may not care to let the public know his whereabouts, and thus avoid the annoyance of interviewers. Much the same may be said of Miss Gardner, and with greater reason, being of the gentler sex.

Petuel the waiter asserts that on more than one occasion he heard Wilde's friends discuss his future mode of action, and that the latter seemed to be greatly agitated. « I know » says Petuel, « that they were asking him to do something which he shrunk from, for he energetically protested against their proposition ».

A member of the Philadelphia Art Club is said to have spoken to him, and that he told him he wished to write for the American Periodicals. That he had just finished a novel in which none of his old style could be traced, Others affirm they had seen him, some in Naples, some in Venice, etc.

Manchester Guardian . Dec. 3. 1908

The literary executor of Oscar Wilde, Mr. Robert Ross, announces that, from an anonymous donor, he has received £3,000 for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument to Wilde at Père-la-Chaise. The only condition of the gift was that the monument should be carried out by the young sculptor Jacob Epstein. The announcement was made at a dinner given to honour the manner in which Mr. Ross has carried out his duties as literary executor. Sir Martin Conway was in the chair, with the Duchess of Sutherland on his right. Mr. Ross mentioned that the receipts from the productions of Wilde's plays in Germany, together with the first proceeds of "De Profundis," had by the middle of 1906 paid off all the English creditors, with a surplus to satisfy in full the French creditors.

Roman Times

The Mystery of Oscar Wilde's Death Is He Dead or Still Living?

The wildest rumours are in circulation respecting the death of Oscar Wilde. It is persistently reported that he is not dead, but living quietly in a remote little village in Italy, and several tourists, English and American have declared they have met him.

After Wilde's disgrace and his release from prison he lived in the Hotel d'Alsace, Rue des Beaux Arts, Paris. With him in his short illness were three friends: Robert Ross, Mary Gardner and Sibyl Sanderson, and it is said that they being devoted to the poet, agreed to simulate his death, so that he might be able to live quietly in retirement and free from the annoyance of newspaper correspondents.

In the month of November 1900 he appeared to be very ill, but was able to go out for a walk on the 26th of that month, in the afternoon. Meeting the waiter, — whose name is Petuel, and who is still in the hotel, — he gave him a piece of money, saying « C'est un petit souvenir pour vous Jules », to which the waiter thanking him replied « Will Monsieur return soon? » Oscar answered that the waiter asked him a question which no person could answer.

In an interview with Patuel the following has been elicited: About 11 o'clock the same evening, a lady closed veiled entered the hotel with a man whom she said was M. Wilde. He walked with great difficulty, and in fact was carried more than anything else for she seemed to be a woman of great strength. The man was muffled to the eyes, so much so that Petuel did not recognize him. « Monsieur Wilde is very ill » she said, « I will accompany him to his room. This woman Sanderson, since dead.

The next day the waiter slipped into the room and approached the bed, but as the invalid's face was turned to the wall, and the clothes well about his head, Petuel did not recognize him then either. He spoke to him but the man gave him no answer, whereupon one of those present told him that he must not fatigue M. Wilde by speaking to him, or making him speak. « But » says the waiter, when I left the room I could hear the others speak to him, and his voice reply in undertones. I do not know » Petuel adds « if it was Monsieur Wilde who died in the hotel, or if it was another man ».

On the 3rd. of December 1900 a simple funeral cortege left the hotel followed by four persons only: M. Dupoirier the proprietor of the hotel, Robert Ross, Mrs. Sanderson, and Miss Gardner, and proceeded to the cemetery of Bagneux, beyond the Latin quarter. There the body was interred in a grave, the concession of which was for five years only, and consequently was broken up three years ago. On the tombstone was inscribed:

Oscar Wilde

Oct. 16 1854-Nov. 30. 1900.

Verbis meis addere nihil adebant, et super illos stillabat eloquium meum.

JOB. XX, XI, 22.

The verses referred to are — « In the fulness of his sufficiency he shall be in straits; every hand of the wicked shall come upon him ».

This is one thing, therefore I said it, « He destroyeth the perfect and the wicked ».

Of the four persons who composed that memorable cortege M. Dupoirier has long since sold his hotel and departed for some unknown destination; Mrs. Sanderson is dead, as before stated, Robert Ross and Miss Gardner may be found by enquiring for them, but will the mystery ever be cleared up?

Oscar Wilde had every reason to be the chief actor in the plot there has been. He could not return

to England, he had been driven from Italy and, he was under police, surveillance in Paris. That he was eccentric and capable of doing strange things everybody knows, but here was a thing which a perfectly sane man might do to escape persecution.

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But it is interesting to hear that "De Profundis" has enjoyed a sale so enormous that Wilde's executors have been able to pay off £5,000 of his debts from the proceeds. This, I believe, considerably exceeds the profits from Mrs. Maybrick's book.

R. A. S. J.

Dec. 9 1908

OSCAR WILDE & FINANCE.

(To the Editor of "The Daily News.")

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ROBERT ROSS.
Dec. 5th, 1908.

Dec. 3 1908

Glasgow Herald

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Dec. 4 1908

Daily Chronicle

THE HAPPY PRINCE'

Miss Gertrude Elliott Reads Oscar Wilde's Story.

POEM BY MARIE CORELLI.

Among the many delights of yesterday's matinee at the St. James's, in aid of the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital, was an exceedingly interesting experiment in a new form of art, namely, the reading of a story to music. The executant was Miss Gertrude Elliott, the story was Oscar Wilde's "Happy Prince," the music was both composed and played by Miss Liza Lehmann.

It should be noted, perhaps, that since Clifford Harrison led the way the art of reciting to music has advanced amazingly alike in resource and popularity. Both Mr. Henry Ainley and Miss Lena Ashwell have won little triumphs in this direction within the last few days.

With yesterday's effort, however, the case was different, in spite of the delicate and sincere art of both the ladies concerned. Read as it was from a book, with just runs and chords from the piano now and then, this charming fairy tale grew curiously tedious towards the finish. One waited with almost a sense of strain for the piano-cues, and when the Prince's heart broke, and the incident was immediately echoed in the music, there was an almost inevitable titter.

The truth is, doubtless, that where all the expression possible is put into the prose—and neither music nor elocution expected—there is nothing left to interpret, and the flourish upon the piano becomes merely superfluous. When, however, the words interpret or illustrate a melody, as in a slow-music love-scene, or even when they contrast with it, as in Mr. Ainley's delightful example, then all is well.

Daily Telegraph Dec. 26 1908

received Madame Liza Lehmann's incidental music for Oscar Wilde's story, "The Happy Prince." (Clappell)

OSCAR WILDE AS CRITIC.

Reviews and Miscellanies. By Oscar Wilde. Two Vols. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net each.)

THESE two volumes conclude the very handsome edition of Oscar Wilde's complete works which Mr. Robert Ross has edited with so much devotion and care. It is undoubtedly very interesting to have this collection of reviews and articles, contributed mainly to *The Pall Mall Gazette* in the eighties, and for the most part then published anonymously. They are often as thoughtful and suggestive as they are clever and witty, and not a few of them are most amusing reading to-day—twenty years after. For example, the paper on Shakespeare and stage-scenery contains an excellent bit of literary criticism; and, again, in reply to George Sand's passionate protest against 'art for art's sake,' we have the whole point put in a nutshell in the acute remark that 'she hardly understood that art for art's sake is not meant to express the final cause of art, but is merely a formula of creation.' Wilde's felicity of thought and phrase is illustrated when, after pointing out that poets should be read in their original tongue, he adds: 'Still, translations have their value, as echoes have their music.' A remarkably sure gift of literary insight and criticism is evident in the witty notices of Alfred Austin's poetry, in the admirable estimate of William Morris, in the fine things said of Walter Pater, in the penetrating and appreciative article on W. E. Henley as poet, in the very bright and amusing commentary on Mr. Brander Matthews's essays, and in the immediate recognition of the high qualities of Mr. W. B. Yeats when his first volume of poems was published. Oscar Wilde at his best is very good indeed, but how much he fell below that afterwards may be seen in his 'Phrases and Philosophies for the Use of the Young,' which are really stupid and silly in their attempted cleverness.

Morning Leader Dec. 4 1908

LAST FRAGMENT.

WILDE'S MISCELLANIES.

The concluding volumes of the noble edition de luxe of Oscar Wilde are a veritable museum. They contain all sorts of work, good, indifferent, and unfinished. The fragmentary first draft of the lost play, "La Sainte Courtisane" (the full text of which, in MS. was left in a cab in 1907 and never recovered) occupies but nine pages, and is not long enough to be of any artistic value. The long and valuable conclusion of the essay on "The Rise of Historical Criticism" now sees the light for the first time, and four lectures receive an authoritative text. The rest of the two volumes is occupied by reviews, criticisms, and letters to the Press, many hitherto unidentified, and only available to the general reader in this edition. Anyone who wishes to judge of Wilde's ability in every direction (except in regard to poetry, which, of course, fills an earlier volume) must necessarily read these volumes; and the versatility and range of their contents will be surprising even to enthusiasts.

In one of the essays Wilde insists that "we of the younger school" lay emphasis on

the absolutely satisfying value of beautiful workmanship, the primary importance of the sensuous element in art, the love of art for art's sake:

and that is the standpoint underlying most of the criticisms, which range from dress reform to the most minor of poets and novelists. The serious side perhaps predominates, but there are many flashes of sheer irresponsible wit in these fragments as in the famous note to Whistler—"to be great is to be misunderstood." Look where we may, we find brilliance:

Though indignation may make a great poet, bad temper always makes a poor critic.

Mr. Pater has escaped disciples. A nation arrayed in stove-pipe hats and dress-improvers might have built the Parthenon never.

Dulness is the coming-of-age of seriousness.

are random examples; and we must not forget the immortal "vulgarity is the conduct of others." It is amusing to find Wilde stigmatising "The Green Carnation" as "a middle-class and mediocre work": one wonders whether that is the view of the critic or of the man. These papers, ephemeral though some of them certainly are, are well worth reprinting; and they round off suitably and adequately this classical edition, on the successful conclusion of which we congratulate the editor, the publisher, and all concerned.

"The Works of Oscar Wilde." Vols. 12 and 13. London: Methuen. Limited edition, sold only in sets; 12s. 6d. net per volume.

Bazaar Dec. 19 1908

An anonymous donor has given £2000 for the erection of a monument to Oscar Wilde in the cemetery of Père La Chaise. This announcement was recently made at a literary dinner at the Ritz Hotel, and several of those present testified to the difficulties which had been experienced in getting any of the author's works published during the last few years. His estate is in bankruptcy, and one of the officials stated that none of Wilde's works which he had left had any literary or commercial value. This official must have been a critic, for he was speedily proved to be wrong. "De Profundis" was one of those works in which he could see neither literary merit nor commercial possibilities, and yet when the book was published, in spite of him its sales were phenomenal. The net profit from this book alone has amounted to £6000. It appears from a letter written by Mr. George Alexander that he made Oscar Wilde an offer of £1000 for "Lady Windermere's Fan," and that the author had said, "Do you really mean to say that you will give me £1000 for it?" "I will, certainly," replied Mr. Alexander. "Then, dear Alec," said Wilde, "I have such complete faith in your judgment that I will take a good royalty instead." And he did.

Daily News

Dec. 11. 1908

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Among the many delights of yesterday's matinée at the St. James's, in aid of the Royal National Orthopædic Hospital, was an exceedingly interesting experiment in a new form of art, namely, the reading of a story to music. The executant was Miss Gertrude Elliott, the story was Oscar Wilde's "Happy Prince," the music was both composed and played by Miss Liza Lehmann.

It should be noted, perhaps, that since Clifford Harrison led the way the art of reciting to music has advanced amazingly alike in resource and popularity. Both Mr. Henry Ainley and Miss Lena Ashwell have won little triumphs in this direction within the last few days.

With yesterday's effort, however, the case was different, in spite of the delicate and sincere art of both the ladies concerned. Read as it was from a book, with just runs and chords from the piano now and then, this charming fairy tale grew curiously tedious towards the finish. One waited with almost a sense of strain for the piano-cues, and when the Prince's heart broke, and the incident was immediately echoed in the music, there was an almost inevitable titter.

The truth is, doubtless, that where all the expression possible is put into the prose—and neither music nor elocution expected—there is nothing left to interpret, and the flourish upon the piano becomes merely superfluous. When, however, the words interpret or illustrate a melody, as in a slow music recital, or even when they contrast with it, as in Mr. Ainley's delightful example, then all is well.

Daily Telegraph

Dec. 26, 1908

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received Madame Liza Lehmann's incidental music for Oscar Wilde's story, "The Happy Prince."

also

(Chappell)

LAST FRAGMENTS.

WILDE'S MISCELLANIES.

The concluding volumes of the noble edition de luxe of Oscar Wilde are a veritable museum. They contain all sorts of work, good, indifferent, and unfinished. The fragmentary first draft of the lost play, "La Sainte Courtisane" (the full text of which, in MS. was left in a cab in 1907 and never recovered) occupies but nine pages, and is not long enough to be of any artistic value. The long and valuable conclusion of the essay on "The Rise of Historical Criticism" now sees the light for the first time, and four lectures receive an authoritative text. The rest of the two volumes is occupied by reviews, criticisms, and letters to the Press, many hitherto unidentified, and only available to the general reader in this edition. Anyone who wishes to judge of Wilde's ability in every direction (except in regard to poetry, which, of course, fills an earlier volume) must necessarily read these volumes; and the versatility and range of their contents will be surprising even to enthusiasts.

* * *

In one of the essays Wilde insists that "we of the younger school" lay emphasis on

the absolutely satisfying value of beautiful workmanship, the primary importance of the sensuous element in art, the love of art for art's sake:

and that is the standpoint underlying most of the criticisms, which range from dress-reform to the most minor of poets and novelists. The serious side perhaps predominates, but there are many flashes of sheer irresponsible wit in these fragments as in the famous note to Whistler—"to be great is to be misunderstood." Look where we may, we find brilliance:

Though indignation may make a great poet, bad temper always makes a poor critic.

Mr. Pater has escaped disciples.

A nation arrayed in stove-pipe hats and dress-improvers might have built the Pantheon possibly, but the Parthenon never.

Dulness is the coming-of-age of seriousness,

are random examples; and we must not forget the immortal "vulgarity is the conduct of others." It is amusing to find Wilde stigmatising "The Green Carnation" as "a middle-class and mediocre work": one wonders whether that is the view of the critic or of the man. These papers, ephemeral though some of them certainly are, are well worth reprinting; and they round off suitably and adequately this classical edition, on the successful conclusion of which we congratulate the editor, the publisher, and all concerned.

"The Jissen-Women-Club-Library 12 and 13. London: Methuen. Limited edition, sold only in sets; 12s 6d net per volume.

OSCAR WILDE AS CRITIC.

Reviews and Miscellanies. By Oscar Wilde. Two Vols. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net each.)

THESE two volumes conclude the very handsome edition of Oscar Wilde's complete works which Mr. Robert Ross has edited with so much devotion and care. It is undoubtedly very interesting to have this collection of reviews and articles, contributed mainly to *The Pall Mall Gazette* in the eighties, and for the most part then published anonymously. They are often as thoughtful and suggestive as they are clever and witty, and not a few of them are most amusing reading to-day—twenty years after. For example, the paper on Shakespeare and stage-scenery contains an excellent bit of literary criticism; and, again, in reply to George Sand's passionate protest against 'art for art's sake,' we have the whole point put in a nutshell in the acute remark that 'she hardly understood that art for art's sake is not meant to express the final cause of art, but is merely a formula of creation.' Wilde's felicity of thought and phrase is illustrated when, after pointing out that poets should be read in their original tongue, he adds: 'Still, translations have their value, as echoes have their music.' A remarkably sure gift of literary insight and criticism is evident in the witty notices of Alfred Austin's poetry, in the admirable estimate of William Morris, in the fine things said of Walter Pater, in the penetrating and appreciative article on W. E. Henley as poet, in the very bright and amusing commentary on Mr. Brander Matthews's essays, and in the immediate recognition of the high qualities of Mr. W. B. Yeats when his first volume of poems was published. Oscar Wilde at his best is very good indeed, but how much he fell below that afterwards may be seen in his 'Phrases and Philosophies for the Use of the Young,' which are really stupid and silly in their attempted cleverness.

Bazaar . Dec. 17, 1908

An anonymous donor has given £2000 for the erection of a monument to Oscar Wilde in the cemetery of Père La Chaise. This announcement was recently made at a literary dinner at the Ritz Hotel, and several of those present testified to the difficulties which had been experienced in getting any of the author's works published during the last few years. His estate is in bankruptcy, and one of the officials stated that none of Wilde's works which he had left had any literary or commercial value. This official must have been a critic, for he was speedily proved to be wrong. "De Profundis" was one of those works in which he could see neither literary merit nor commercial possibilities, and yet when the book was published, in spite of him its sales were phenomenal. The net profit from this book alone has amounted to £6000. It appears from a letter written by Mr. George Alexander that he made Oscar Wilde an offer of £1000 for "Lady Windermere's Fan," and that the author had said, "Do you really mean to say that you will give me £1000 for it?" "I will, certainly," replied Mr. Alexander. "Then, dear Alec," said Wilde, "I have such complete faith in your judgment that I will take a good royalty instead." And he did.