



Jissen Women's University Rare Books  
Honma Hisao Collection

Digital Archives of Mason Library

Oscar Wilde  
Scrapbook

Vol. 8

a few days before been persuaded to receive the visits of a priest and that he had become converted.

On December 3 a humble cortège set forth from the Hôtel d'Alsace. Following the coffin were two women and M. Dupoirier. Through the Latin quarter, past the big inside fortifications and to the Cimetière des Bagneux they went. There, in a grave that had been hired for five years, the body was buried. When the first spadeful of earth fell on the casket it seemed that nothing of Wilde was left living but his genius. The world began to forget everything but that.

This, runs the story, was all that it was intended the world should remember. And for a time it was all. But gradually, again and again, there have come men and women who reported that they had met Oscar Wilde in their wanderings. Not one or two, but dozens Americans, French and English, who hesitatingly told of their encounter, and met by a solid wall of unbelief, kept silence after. He had been seen in Venice, in Naples, in a little villa outside of Milan. There is one man who studied in London and Paris who knew Wilde in his best days. This man fowed that he had met Wilde in Palermo, had talked with him and that at last he had admitted his identity. Wilde was a new man, he said, content with his new life and revelling in his "posthumous" fame. He had said that he was living by his pen, writing for American, French and English magazines and that he had nearly finished a novel under his new name.

"But there's none of the old Wilde in it," he remarked. "It's mine by second marriage—with life."

This man was laughed at by the few friends to whom he spoke of the incident, the victim of a clever imposture. Fearing more ridicule, he has never spoken of it again, but his conviction is still unshaken.

As these reports have grown, some people have interested themselves in a quiet investigation recently. They have found that the official persecution of Wilde had been greater than they had deemed possible. There had been absolutely no hope in England; he could not set foot in that country. He had been hounded out of Italy. In Paris he had been under the constant surveillance of the police. Of those at the funeral, one had been an English woman who now occupies a responsible position in Paris; the others are not positively known. There is evidence that one was Sibyl Sanderson. Dupoirier was the fourth. He and Mme. Dupoirier have gone from Paris; the old Hôtel d'Alsace is in

other hands. Only Petuel, the garçon—is left—and he has told such a strange story!

It was apparently on the afternoon of November 26 that Wilde left for the last time the little, second-story back room of the Hôtel d'Alsace. Petuel saw him go and spoke to him. He seemed better than he had been for some time. On the same night a dying man was carried into that same room by a woman. Wilde at the time, according to the new theory, was already sheltered in a haven in London with friends caring for him. It had been decided that he should not leave for the hiding place found for him in Italy until news of his death had been published and the funeral of the substitute was over.

To the man who had consented to take Wilde's place many things had been promised and were afterwards scrupulously performed. It appears that he had known the poet and that in many ways he resembled him closely. Closely enough, at all events, to make danger of recognition, considering the ravages which illness was supposed to have created on his face and body, practically nil. In Wilde's room, with its artificial flowers, its pictures of Tolstoi, scriptural engravings and all the intimate ornaments which Dupoirier had rescued from the Hôtel Marsollier, he was ensconced.

Two things nearly upset the plan. First the fact that Jules Petuel was met when the substitute was being carried in, and second the fact that the double was a Catholic. Whatever suspicions Petuel may have had were easily lulled. It had not been expected, though, that the occupant of Wilde's room would die so soon. The crisis came at an inadvertent moment. Two of his friends were away putting the final touches to Wilde's escape. Only Dupoirier was there and he rushed out and secured a priest. Whether the priest had knowledge of the secret is of course unknown. It is most likely that he did not, for after reports said that "Wilde" had been too far gone to speak and that he could only faintly press his lips to the crucifix.

Wilde's friends reached the room next morning. There were few to question; the burial arrangements were quickly made, and three days after the body was on its way to the hired grave in the Bagneux Cemetery. The secret seemed safe. Far off in Italy the poet was beginning his new life.

Above the grave a simple shaft was raised and on it was inscribed a verse from Job. None knew who five years later renewed the lease for ten years and saved the body within from being cast into the common pit of the cemetery.

Otto Schulze

- Wilde, Oscar. The Picture of Dorian Gray. Pt. 8vo, cl., uncut. Paris, 1905. 10s. 6d. 2765
- A Bibliography of his Poems. By Stuart Mason. Illustrated with Portraits and Facsimiles. Extra crown 8vo, half cloth. Limited to 475 copies. 1907. 6s. 2766
- SEBASTIAN MELMOTH [Oscar Wilde.] Maxims selected from his Works, with The Soul of Man under Socialism. Nicely printed edition on deckle-edged paper. Sq. 12mo, paper covers. 1905. 6s. 2767
- DOUGLAS, LORD ALFRED. Poems (in English) with parallel French Prose Translations. Strang's Portrait of the Author. Cr. 8vo, art linen, leather label, gilt tops. 1896. 5s. 6d. 2768

Morning Advertiser

OSCAR WILDE'S "SALOME."

Nov. 12 1908

A St. Petersburg telegram says that at the last moment the police authorities prohibited the performance on Tuesday 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 the statute relating to the prevention of crime and the preservation of civic order and public tranquillity.—Reuter.



Florentine Dreyer

Mr. Tree arranged to produce the fairy play, "Pinkie and the Fairies," on Saturday last. In the cast are Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Stella Patrick Campbell, Miss Viola Tree, Miss Iris Hawkins (who is the Pinkie), and Miss Marie Löhr, and Mr. Frederick Volpé and Master Philip Tongé. In this photograph Miss Campbell is seen in the costume she wore for a production of Oscar Wilde's "Duchess of Padua."

Daily Mirror, Nov. 12, 1908

"SALOME" BANNED.

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.—Reuter.

Daily Chronicle Nov. 12 1908

"SALOME" BANNED.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 11. 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 the statutes relating to the prevention of crime and the preservation of civic order and public tranquillity.—Reuter.

a few days before been persuaded to receive the visits of a priest and that he had become converted.

On December 3 a humble cortège set forth from the Hôtel d'Alsace. Following the coffin were two women and M. Dupoirier. Through the Latin quarter, past the big inside fortifications and to the Cimetière des Baigneux they went. There, in a grave that had been hired for five years, the body was buried. When the first spadeful of earth fell on the casket it seemed that nothing of Wilde was left living but his genius. The world began to forget everything but that.

This, runs the story, was all that it was intended the world should remember. And for a time it was all. But gradually, again and again, there have come men and women who reported that they had met Oscar Wilde in their wanderings. Not one or two, but dozens. Americans, French and English, who hesitatingly told of their encounter, and met by a solid wall of unbelief, kept silence after. He had been seen in Venice, in Naples, in a little villa outside of Milan. There is one man who studied in London and Paris who knew Wilde in his best days. This man vowed that he had met Wilde in Palermo, had talked with him and that at last he had admitted his identity. Wilde was a new man, he said, content with his new life and revelling in his "posthumous" fame. He had said that he was living by his pen, writing for American, French and English magazines and that he had nearly finished a novel under his new name.

"But there's none of the old Wilde in it," he remarked. "It's mine by second marriage—with life."

This man was laughed at by the few friends to whom he spoke of the incident, the victim of a clever imposture. Fearing more ridicule, he has never spoken of it again, but his conviction is still unshaken.

As these reports have grown, some people have interested themselves in a quiet investigation recently. They have found that the official persecution of Wilde had been greater than they had deemed possible. There had been absolutely no hope in England; he could not set foot in that country. He had been hounded out of Italy. In Paris he had been under the constant surveillance of the police. Of those at the funeral, one had been an English woman who now occupies a responsible position in Paris; the others are not positively known. There is evidence that one was Sibel Sanderson. Dupoirier was the fourth. He and Mme. Dupoirier have gone from Paris; the old Hôtel d'Alsace is in

other hands. Only Petuel, the garçon—is left—and he has told such a strange story!

It was apparently on the afternoon of November 26 that Wilde left for the last time the little, second story back room of the Hôtel d'Alsace. Petuel saw him go and spoke to him. He seemed better than he had been for some time. On the same night a dying man was carried into that same room by a woman. Wilde at the time, according to the new theory, was already sheltered in a haven in London with friends caring for him. It had been decided that he should not leave for the hiding place found for him in Italy until news of his death had been published and the funeral of the substitute was over.

To the man who had consented to take Wilde's place many things had been promised and were afterwards scrupulously performed. It appears that he had known the poet and that in many ways he resembled him closely. Closely enough, at all events, to make danger of recognition, considering the ravages which illness was supposed to have created on his face and body, practically nil. In Wilde's room, with its artificial flowers, its pictures of Tolstoi, scriptural engravings and all the intimate ornaments which Dupoirier had rescued from the Hôtel Marsollier, he was ensconced.

Two things nearly upset the plan. First the fact that Jules Petuel was met, when the substitute was being carried in, and second the fact that the double was a Catholic. Whatever suspicions Petuel may have had were easily lulled. It had not been expected, though, that the occupant of Wilde's room would die so soon. The crisis came at an inadvertent moment. Two of his friends were away putting the final touches to Wilde's escape. Only Dupoirier was there and he rushed out and secured a priest. Whether the priest had knowledge of the secret is of course unknown. It is most likely that he did not, for after reports said that "Wilde" had been too far gone to speak and that he could only faintly press his lips to the crucifix.

Wilde's friends reached the room next morning. There were few to question, the burial arrangements were quickly made, and three days after the body was on its way to the hired grave in the Baigneux Cemetery. The secret seemed safe. Far off in Italy the poet was beginning his new life.

Above the grave a simple shaft was raised and on it was inscribed a verse from Job. None knew who five years later renewed the lease for ten years and saved the body within from being cast into the common pit of the cemetery.

# Otto Schulze

- Wilde, Oscar. The Picture of Dorian Gray. Pt. 8vo, cl., uncut. Paris, 1905. 10s. 6d. 2765
- A Bibliography of his Poems. By Stuart Mason. Illustrated with Portraits and Facsimiles. Extra crown 8vo, half cloth. Limited to 475 copies. 1907. 6s. 2766
- SEBASTIAN MELMOTH [Oscar Wilde.] Maxims selected from his Works, with The Soul of Man under Socialism. Nicely printed edition on deckle-edged paper. Sq. 12mo, paper covers. 1905. 6s. 2767
- DOUGLAS, LORD ALFRED. Poems (in English) with parallel French Prose Translations. Strang's Portrait of the Author. Cr. 8vo, art linen, leather label gilt, top. 6s. 6d. 2768

# Morning Advertiser

## OSCAR WILDE'S "SALOME."

---

A St. Petersburg telegram says that at the last moment the police authorities prohibited the performance on Tuesday 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 the statute relating to the prevention of crime and the preservation of civic order and public tranquillity.—  
Reuter.

Nov. 12  
1908



*Florentine Dreyer*

Mr. Tree arranged to produce the fairy play, "Pinky and the Fairies," on Saturday last. In the picture are Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Stella Patrick Campbell, Miss Viola Tree, Miss Iris Hawkins (who is the Pinkie), and Miss Marie Löhr, and Mr. Frederick Volpe and Master Philip Tonge. In this photograph Miss Campbell is seen in the costume she wore for a production of Oscar Wilde's "Duchess of Padua."

2019-03-18

Jessen Women's University Library

657

Daily Mirror,

Nov. 12, 1908

---

---

"SALOME" BANNED.

---

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.—Reuter.

2019-09-18 University of Toronto Libraries

# Daily Chronicle

Nov. 12

1908

## "SALOME" BANNED.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 11.

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 the statutes relating to the prevention of crime and the maintenance of public order and public tranquillity.—Reuter.

Jesse W. Jones's University Library



**THE "SALOME" DANCE BY MAUD ALLAN.**  
**A Lurid, Sinuous Series of Sensuous Corymbic Gyration.**

Maud Allan was born in Toronto, Canada, and spent her girlhood in San Francisco, where she was educated at the Cogswell School and began to acquire the skill in dancing which has since made her famous. In 1899 she obtained the means to go to Europe, and complete her professional training. Physically Maud Allan is not beautiful, but she has a remarkably muscular and highly developed figure. Her physical development has obviously been the chief feature in the extraordinary dance which has won the approval of even royalty.

It is difficult to exaggerate the success which has attended Maud Allan's suggestive dances in Europe. London, Paris, Vienna and Budapest have raved over her. The commercial city of Manchester forbade her performance as revolting, but elsewhere she has triumphed over all scruples. Twice she has danced before the King of England. Once was while he was taking the cure at Marienbad, and the next time was at a great dinner given by the Countess of Dudley to celebrate the engagement of the Hon. John Hubert Ward and Ambassador Whitelaw Reid's daughter. His Majesty applauded Maud Allan's dancing with as much enthusiasm probably as King Herod displayed over the original performance.

She also danced specially for Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister of England, at a party

given in honour of the King's birthday. She has danced before the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Francis of Teck, Mr. Balfour and Lord Rosebery, both the latter being ex-Prime Ministers of England, and many other royal and aristocratic persons. Some of them have gone to the theatre over and over again, apparently fascinated by her grotesque contortions.

The dance called "The Vision of Salome" clearly depends for its attractiveness on suggestiveness, sacrilegious horror, and the semi-nudity of the dancer. The theatrical critic of the London "Times," who raves with morbid ecstasy over it, describes it as a "happy medium" between the voluptuous and the lascivious.

The same erudite critic reveals to us something of the nature of Maud Allan's dance when he remarks: "It is of the essence of Eastern dancing to show rhythmic movements of the body round itself as a pivot, which means of course, that it may become, as in the notorious case of the danse du ventre, so to speak repulsively ugly."

So great has Maud Allan's vogue become among British Royalty and aristocracy that a number of unoccupied gentlemen of the latter class have become filled with an ardent desire to marry her. Do they think that life would be delightful with a wife doing Salome dances all round them? They must have very peculiar tastes. A young man named Rawlinson, of very ancient

family, a relative of the Marquis of Bute, was lately reported to be one of the strongest candidates for her hand.

"The Vision of Salome," it may be recalled, is a version garbled by Oscar Wilde of the sacred story of how the daughter of Herodias dined before King Herod, which delighted him so that he offered any reward she pleased, "even to the half of my kingdom," when, upon she demanded and obtained the head of St. John the Baptist on a charger. The music for Maud Allan's performance was composed by Richard Strauss.

The rising curtain discloses the dancer, erect, with feet together, arms extended and head thrown back, showing a well-turned throat.

Her hair is black. Orientally arranged, and surmounted by a head dress of Eastern fashion, jewelled plates outline her breasts, three pendants of pearls. From a waistband supported by the hips hangs a skirt of black net, just below the waist is some sort of ballet dancers when they appear in tights.

But this dancer does not wear tights. Neither above nor below does she wear them. Except for the undergarment mentioned, she is absolutely nude, body and limbs. Her body and limbs are somewhat large, but graceful and remarkably free from deformities.

The dance begins with some highly significant posture and movements. What their signification is left to the imagination. When these movements have nearly exhausted the performer, the head of St. John the Baptist, called here "Yokanaan," appears suddenly on a pedestal at the left of the dancer.

She sees it and folds up like a recoiling serpent. Then she un winds and creeps toward it with tense, low strides. She hesitates, she throbs, she turns away. She approaches again, and finally she pounces upon the head and carries it toward the footlights. Then she goes into a spasm of physical raptures over it.

Suddenly Maud Allan springs to her full height and, swinging the head at arm's length, brings it above her face. Then she suddenly drops the white lips upon her own, and for a moment seems to drink kisses from them as from the brim of a cup. Then follows a writhing revulsion. She puts the head behind her, hides her face with one arm and creeps back toward the pedestal. In another moment she drops behind the pedestal and falls shuddering to her knees.

Again she rises, this time slowly. Her whole figure quivers. She writhes and worms her way across the stage. She wreathes fantastic figures with her arms, her legs, she falls, a shining mass in the pallid moonlight. The curtain descends.

ILLUSTRATED POLICE BUDGET.—XMAS SUPPLEMENT.

DECEMBER 5, 1908.



**THE "SALOME" DANCE BY MAUD ALLAN.  
A Lurid, Sinuous Series of Sensuous Corybantic Gyration.**

Maud Allan was born in Toronto, Canada, and spent her girlhood in San Francisco, where she was educated at the Cogswell School and began to acquire the skill in dancing which has since made her famous. In 1900 she obtained the means to go to Europe and complete her professional training.

Physically Maud Allan is not beautiful, but she has a remarkably muscular and highly developed figure. Her physical development has obviously been the chief feature in the extraordinary dance which has won the approval of even British royalty.

It is difficult to exaggerate the success which has attended Maud Allan's suggestive dances in Europe. London, Paris, Vienna and Budapest have raved over her. The commercial city of Manchester forbade her performance as revolting, but elsewhere she has triumphed over all scruples.

Twice she has danced before the King of England. Once was while he was taking the cure at Marienbad, and the next time was at a great dinner given by the Countess of Dudley to celebrate the engagement of the Hon. John Hubert Ward and Ambassador Whitelaw Reid's daughter. His Majesty applauded Maud Allan's dancing with as much enthusiasm probably as King Herod displayed over the original performance.

She also danced specially for Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister of England, at a party

given in honour of the King's birthday. She has danced before the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Francis of Teck, Mr. Balfour and Lord Rosebery, both the latter being ex-Prime Ministers of England, and many other royal and aristocratic persons. Some of them have gone to the theatre over and over again, apparently fascinated by her gruesome contortions.

The dance called "The Vision of Salome" clearly depends for its attractiveness on suggestiveness, sacrilegious horror, and the semi-nudity of the dancer. The theatrical critic of the London "Times," who raves with morbid ecstasy over it, describes it as a "happy medium between the voluptuous and the lascivious."

The same erudite critic reveals to us something of the nature of Maud Allan's dance when he remarks: "It is of the essence of Eastern dancing to show rhythmic movements of the body round itself as a pivot, which means, of course, that it may become, as in the notorious case of the danse du ventre, something repulsively ugly."

So great has Maud Allan's vogue become among British Royalty and aristocracy that a number of unoccupied gentlemen of the latter class have become filled with an ardent desire to marry her. Do they think that life would be delightful with a wife doing Salome dances all round them? They must have very peculiar tastes. A young man named Rawlinson, of very ancient

family, a relative of the Marquis of Bute, was lately reported to be one of the strongest candidates for her hand.

"The Vision of Salome," it may be recalled, is a version garbled by Oscar Wilde of the sacred story of how the daughter of Herodias danced before King Herod, which delighted him so that he offered any reward she pleased, "even to the half of my kingdom," whereupon she demanded and obtained the head of St. John the Baptist on a charger. The music for Maud Allan's performance was composed by Richard Strauss.

The rising curtain discloses the dancer, erect, with feet together, arms extended and head thrown back, showing a well-turned throat.

Her hair is black, Orientally arranged, and surmounted by a head dress of Eastern fashion. Jewelled plates outline her breasts. Across the front of the torso swing two or three pendants of pearls. From a waistband supported by the hips hangs a skirt of black net. Just below the waist is some sort of undergarment of the kind usually worn by ballet dancers when they appear in tights.

But this dancer does not wear tights. Neither above nor below does she wear them. Except for the undergarment mentioned, she is absolutely nude, body and limbs.

Her body and limbs are muscular. Her bare feet are seen to be somewhat large, but graceful and remarkably free from deformities.

The dance begins with some highly significant postures and movements. What they signify is left to the imagination. When these movements have nearly exhausted the performer, the head of St. John the Baptist, called here "Jokanaan," appears suddenly on a pedestal at the left of the dancer.

She sees it and folds up like a recoiling serpent. Then she unwinds and creeps toward it with tense, low strides. She hesitates, she throbs, she turns away. She approaches again, and finally she pounces upon the head and carries it toward the footlights. Then she goes into a spasm of physical raptures over it.

Suddenly Maud Allan springs to her full height and, swinging the head at arm's length, brings it above her face. Then she suddenly drops the white lips upon her own, and for a moment seems to drink kisses from them as from the brim of a cup. Then follows a writhing revulsion. She puts the head behind her, hides her face with one arm and creeps back toward the pedestal. In another moment she drops behind the pedestal and falls shuddering to her knees.

Again she rises, this time slowly. Her whole figure quivers. She writhes and worms her way across the stage. She wreathes fantastic figures with her arms, her legs her gleaming body. She staggers, she reels, she falls, a shining mass in the pallid moonlight. The curtain descends.

Blackburn Telegraph Nov. 12. 08

A PLAY PROHIBITED.

"SALOME" BANNED IN ST. PETERSBURG

The production of Oscar Wilde's "Salome" at the Komisarzewsky Theatre has been forbidden, says the St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Morning Post." The Premier reported favourably to M. Stolypine, the Premier, and it is stated that M. Stolypine personally opposed the suppression of the play; but other forces were at work, and M. Pureschkevitch and the reactionary organisations known as the Russian Assembly succeeded on Tuesday 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 license issued in the regular way by the dramatic censor.

Midland Counties Mened  
Birmingham Oct. 15. 08

THE PILGRIM PLAYERS.—The Pilgrim Players have once more placed local lovers of the dramatic art under a debt of gratitude for their notable performance on Saturday last at the Edgbaston Assembly Rooms of Oscar Wilde's brilliant comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest," which has rarely, if ever, been seen in Birmingham. The Pilgrim Players did full justice to the clever play, which abounds in brilliant dialogue, and the large audience showed unmistakable signs of approval. The rules of the Pilgrims compel anonymity in their players, but a clever band of amateurs it would be difficult to find. The lady who played Lady Bracknell gave a most finished study of a difficult part, and one might hazard the conjecture that the anonymous lady is none other than our well-known leading amateur actress. The Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax and Cecily Cardew were both admirably played. Two of the best performances were undoubtedly those of Miss Prism and Canon Chasuble, both thoroughly life-like representations, and from an elocutionary standpoint alone quite perfect. John Worthing and Algernon Moncrieff were very cleverly played by two of the leading officers of the society, both excellent exponents of the actor's art, and the two menservants seemed to the manner born. It would be impossible to find the slightest fault with the performance, which was excellent in all respects. May the Pilgrims proceed prosperously and continue to give us of their best.

Birmingham Daily Mail

Oct. 20  
1908

A revival of "Two Gentlemen of Verona" was given last night by the Pilgrim Players in aid of the funds of the Birmingham Street Children's Union. A large and distinguished audience appeared thoroughly to enjoy the play, which was handled in the artistic and original fashion which has earned the Pilgrims a wide reputation in amateur dramatic circles. Members of last night's audience who witnessed the same company's presentation of Oscar Wilde's comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest," on Saturday night, must have been impressed with the versatility of the Pilgrims, and could not but commend the spirit in which they treated two such extremes. The performance at the Assembly Rooms, Edgbaston, last night represented the first appearance of the Pilgrims in serious drama after the lapse of several months, and the rendering of the various characters had an individual freshness about it. The "Two Gentlemen" will be repeated to-night at Edgbaston, and on Thursday at Sutton, in aid of the same charity, while on Saturday "The Importance of Being Earnest" will be staged at the Moseley and Balsall Heath Institute.

Birmingham Post Oct. 12. 1908

THE PILGRIM PLAYERS.

PERFORMANCE AT EDGBASTON ASSEMBLY ROOMS.

From "The Interlude of Youth" to "The Importance of Being Earnest" is a great stretch in dramatic annals, but in the progress of the Pilgrim Players two intermediate stages have been marked by productions of "Eager Heart" and "Two Gentlemen of Verona." The presentation of four plays so diverse and so unfamiliar by a youthful band of amateurs in the first year of their corporate existence shows both courage and catholicity, and the artistic ensemble which characterised each performance has thoroughly justified the existence of the society. The production on Saturday evening of a brilliant comedy by Oscar Wilde, which has rarely, if ever, been seen in Birmingham, was an indication that the Pilgrims not only realise "the importance of being earnest," but also the desirability of being versatile. They showed they could entertain as well as edify, and a fairly large audience at the Edgbaston Assembly Rooms gave unmistakable signs of appreciation and enjoyment. The author aptly described his play as "a trivial comedy for serious people." That is to say, it makes some demand upon the intellect without unduly straining the emotions. In other respects it can be more confidently classed in the Shavian category of "plays pleasant" than either "A Woman of No Importance" or "Lady Windermere's Fan," though it is less witty than the former and less dramatic than the latter play. The title is a play upon words, for the plot is woven round the circumstance that John Worthing has assumed the name of Ernest, and he is made to realise the importance of it when he becomes engaged to a young lady who dotes upon that name. The case is complicated by the fact that he has only masqueraded as Ernest when he wished to enjoy himself in London, and has led his friends in the country to believe Ernest is his scapegrace brother. The crisis of the play is reached when a mischievous friend arrives at his country house in the guise of brother Ernest, and wins the love of his ward just as he has made arrangements for quietly killing off his imaginary brother. The situation that ensues is intensely amusing, and the confusion is worse confounded when it transpires that Worthing's real name is Ernest after all.

Enough has been said to indicate that the humour is of the fantastic order, and it goes without saying, Oscar Wilde's dialogue must come trippingly off the tongue if it is to carry conviction. In the first act a few points were missed through undue haste in delivery, but when the players had settled down in their parts, full justice was done to the literary graces and the dramatic possibilities of the play. The Pilgrims proved they can interpret modern manners as well as mediæval mysteries, though the leading members of the company are more at home in blank verse tragedy than in cynical comedy. Criticism is almost disarmed by the fact that the Pilgrims desire to remain anonymous, but impersonal praise may be fairly evenly distributed. The parts of John Worthing and Algernon Moncrieff were admirably cast, the secretary of the society being responsible for the former part and the stage manager for the latter role. The Rev. Canon Chasuble was also excellent in his way, though it was not quite the Pilgrim way. The menservants were sufficiently servile, but not sufficiently plebeian. The cast was exceptionally strong on the spindle side. Lady Bracknell was as autocratic as could be desired, the Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax was sufficiently affected, and Cecily Cardew was delightfully ingenuous, whilst Miss Prism was a thoroughly life-like representation of an elderly governess. The stage management and the scenery were excellent.

Nov. 17. 1908

THEATRICAL ARRANGEMENTS.—Mme. Liza Lehmann has composed incidental music for Oscar Wilde's story, "The Happy Prince," and it will be performed for the first time on December 3, at the matinee on behalf of the Royal National Orthopedic Hospital, at St. James's Theatre, when Miss Gertrude Elliott has kindly consented to recite, the composer herself being at the piano.

Evening Standard

Nov. 17

"THE HAPPY PRINCE."

Mme. Liza Lehmann has composed incidental music for Oscar Wilde's story, "The Happy Prince," and it will be performed for the first time on December 3, at the matinee on behalf of the Royal National Orthopedic Hospital, at St. James's Theatre, when Miss Gertrude Elliott has kindly consented to recite, the composer herself being at the piano.

Daily Telegraph Nov. 17. 1908

The arrangements for the special matinee on behalf of the rebuilding fund of the Royal National Orthopedic Hospital at the St. James's Theatre on Dec. 3 are now well in hand, and the sale of tickets is proceeding very briskly. Princess Christian has graciously given her patronage to the performance. Madame Albani and Sir Charles Santley have promised to sing. Mr. Cyril Maude will appear in the dressing-room scene from "The Clandestine Marriage"; Miss Winifred Emery will appear in an episode, by Cosmo Hamilton, entitled, "Soldiers' Daughters"; Miss Gertrude Elliott will read Oscar Wilde's story of "The Happy Prince," to music specially composed by Madame Liza Lehmann, who will herself preside at the piano; Mrs. Cecil Raleigh will appear in a new one-act play; and a number of other well-known artists will contribute to the programme. The ordinary prices are to be charged for admission. A beautiful souvenir programme will be on sale at the matinee, and many of the leading actresses in London have kindly promised to act as programme-sellers.

ally slips Nov. 21. 1908

I am asked to announce that a matinee will be given at the St. James's on December 3 in aid of the Orthopedic Hospital. Miss Gertrude Elliott will read Oscar Wilde's "Humpty Dumpty" to a musical accompaniment composed and played by Miss Liza Lehmann. The entertainment on this occasion, which has been jointly arranged by Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Forbes Robertson, will be so rich in varied attractions that the seats are certain to be snapped up at once.

Lincoln Gazette Nov. 21. 1908

Mme. Liza Lehmann has composed incidental music for Oscar Wilde's story, "The Happy Prince," and it will be performed for the first time on Dec. 3, at the matinee on behalf of the Royal Orthopedic Hospital, at St. James's Theatre, London, when Miss Gertrude Elliott has kindly consented to recite, the composer herself being at the piano.

Nov. 22. 1908

"The Happy Prince," the late Mr. Oscar Wilde's story, has been furnished with incidental music specially composed by Mme. Liza Lehmann, which will be heard for the first time at St. James's Theatre, on December 3rd, the occasion being a matinee on behalf of the Royal National Orthopedic Hospital. Mme. Lehmann has promised to appear at the piano, and Miss Gertrude Elliott to recite.

DAILY TELEGRAPH,

OCTOBER 22, 1908.

LONDON PRODUCE MARKETS.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 21.

PRODUCE MARKETS.

SHAG BACON, per cwt. 27 1/2

**THEATRICAL ARRANGEMENTS.**—Mme. Liza Lehmann has composed incidental music for Oscar Wilde's story, "The Happy Prince," and it will be performed for the first time on December 3, at the *matinée* on behalf of the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital, at St. James's Theatre, when Miss Gertrude Elliott has kindly consented to recite, the composer herself being at the piano.

**Evening Standard** Nov. 17

**"THE HAPPY PRINCE."**

Mme. Liza Lehmann has composed incidental music for Oscar Wilde's story, "The Happy Prince," and it will be performed for the first time on December 3, at the *matinée* on behalf of the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital, at St. James's Theatre, when Miss Gertrude Elliott has kindly consented to recite, the composer herself being at the piano.

**Daily Telegraph** Nov. 17, 1908

The arrangements for the special *matinée* on behalf of the rebuilding fund of the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital at the St. James's Theatre on Dec. 3 are now well in hand, and the sale of tickets is proceeding very briskly. Princess Christian has graciously given her patronage to the performance. Madame Albani and Sir Charles Santley have promised to sing. Mr. Cyril Maude will appear in the dressing-room scene from "The Clandestine Marriage"; Miss Winifred Emery will appear in an episode, by Cosmo Hamilton, entitled, "Soldiers' Daughters"; Miss Gertrude Elliott will read Oscar Wilde's story of "The Happy Prince," to music specially composed by Madame Liza Lehmann, who will herself preside at the piano; Mrs. Cecil Raleigh will appear in a new one-act play; and a number of other well-known artists will contribute to the programme. The ordinary prices are to be charged for admission. A beautiful souvenir programme will be on sale at the *matinée*, and many of the leading actresses in London have kindly promised to act as programme-sellers.

**Daily Express** Nov. 21, 1908

I am asked to announce that a *matinée* will be given at the St. James's on December 3 in aid of the Orthopaedic Hospital. Miss Gertrude Elliott will read Oscar Wilde's "Humpty Dumpty" to a musical accompaniment composed and played by Miss Liza Lehmann. The entertainment on this occasion, which has been jointly arranged by Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Forbes Robertson, will be so rich in varied attractions that the seats are certain to be snapped up at once.

**London Gazette** Nov. 21, 1908

Mme. Liza Lehmann has composed incidental music for Oscar Wilde's story, "The Happy Prince," and it will be performed for the first time on Dec. 3, at the *matinée* on behalf of the Royal Orthopaedic Hospital, at St. James's Theatre, London, when Miss Gertrude Elliott has kindly consented to recite, the composer herself being at the piano.

"The Happy Prince," the late Mr. Oscar Wilde's story, has been furnished with incidental music specially composed by Mme. Liza Lehmann, which will be heard for the first time at St. James's Theatre, on December 3rd, the occasion being a *matinée* on behalf of the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital. Mme. Lehmann has promised to appear at the piano, and Miss Gertrude Elliott to recite.

Nov. 22, 1908

**DAILY TELEGRAPH,  
OCTOBER 22, 1908.**

**JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER**

**HIS LIFE AND PICTURES.**

(HEINEMANN.)

By CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

The long-expected life of James McNeill Whistler by E. R. and J. Pennell, now published by Mr. William Heinemann (himself among the most intimate, the most helpful friends of Whistler's later years), will pleasantly surprise those who feared and expected acrimonious controversy and an indiscreet raking up, in all their most painful details, of rancid quarrels, while it will, in an equal degree disappoint those who hoped to find the biographers fighting all the battles, old and new, over again, tearing open the old wounds, and the wounds more recent that time has as yet but half scarred over. Of course, the story must be told, painful as it must be to those who would, as far as possible, shut out and forget all these antics, these jarring witticisms, these Pyrrhic victories in combat, so that they may in peace and in reverence contemplate the lofty, the serious, the marvellously subtle and pathetic art of the master. It must be told because it is not merely an unbroken series of unfortunate accidents, but the whole tragedy of the gifted artist's being, the main cause that the great art was not greater still and more sustained, that its recognition was so long delayed, its true significance so cruelly and so foolishly denied. The story is told in full detail, and with no material suppression of fact, but with a discretion, with a moderation, too, in most instances, that is wholly unexpected. Of course, the biographers are partisans, seeing that they were counted among Whistler's most devoted friends during the last twenty years of his life. But they have shown themselves capable, while strongly upholding their hero's view in the innumerable controversies into which he was drawn (or, rather, projected himself), of stating their case with calmness and with a full appreciation of the impossible side of Whistler's nature, of his frenzied arrogance, his unlimited capacity for implacable resentment, for pitiless persecution, where there was any question of injury, fancied or real, to himself or his interests. We may be mocked at for playing the weeping where the part of the laughing philosopher would appear so obviously suggested, so natural in dealing with the life of the man who was a very Robin Goodfellow in his delight in mischief, who rejoiced in his own "wickedness," his own "joyousness," and was ever the malicious sprite of the persistent buzz and the wasp sting rather than the true mephistopheles.

**WHISTLER, JESTER AND FIGHTER.**

Whistler the undaunted, the indefatigable in attack, and in defence more aggressive still, the supreme master of fence with the poison-tipped rapier, Whistler the most fashionable, the most accomplished, the most terrible jester of two generations—he who flayed the opponent with the same imperturbable smile that we see on the face of Apollo when, serene and merciless, he requites the hapless Marsyas—this Whistler, with his Barnum methods, with his magnificence of self-assertion, has no doubt added much to the gaiety of nations. This Whistler—"Jimmy," as those called him who loved or feared—it is he whom many people, to whom art means little or nothing, still remember as a figure unique in his day, as the unerring archer whose Parthian shafts they loved to watch in their swift flight, especially when they were themselves safe and under cover. All this sort of thing was undoubtedly great fun to the on-looker, and the barbed sarcasms, whether they were met with applause or execration, were eagerly looked for. Whistler was certainly the greatest slayer of friends and friendships that ever lived, and in this respect even Jean-Jacques Rousseau himself cannot compare with him. The truth is that with a nature essentially warm and affectionate, with a rare capacity for tenderness and sympathy, the man was in concentrated egoism, in arrogance, in intolerance, a very Lucifer. He could not brook by his side a great or even a strikingly original personality in art or in letters. Life must be to him not a duet, or a concerted piece, with the instruments more or less on equal terms, but a concerto in which he should be the brilliant soloist and the conductor as well—lovingly, but without question, supported by all the rest. Contention, diversity of view, criticism even the most sympathetic, was not to be borne, and the opponent, the critic, was at once marked down for hatred and contempt, or else icily ignored and cast out. In these baleful fires, fed also from other sources, melted away the friendships with Seymour Haden, Alphonse Legros, Algernon Swinburne, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Oscar Wilde, and countless others, concerning the dissolution of whose friendly relations with Whistler we must refer our readers to the pages of the biography, in which these stories, from which now all the fun has faded, leaving but the sadness, the bitterness behind, are set down succinctly, somewhat drily, indeed, but "without malice."

Blackburn Telegraph Nov. 12. '08

---

## A PLAY PROHIBITED.

---

### "SALOME" BANNED IN ST. PETERSBURG

The production of Oscar Wilde's "Salome" at the Kommissarzewsky Theatre has been forbidden, says the St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Morning Post." The Prefect reported favourably to M. Stolypine, the Premier, and it is stated that M. Stolypine personally opposed the suppression of the play; but other forces were at work, and M. Pureschkevitch and the reactionary organisations known as the Russian Assembly succeeded on Tuesday 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, and will probably secure withdrawal of the license issued in the regular way by the dramatic censor.

Midland Counties Herald

Birmingham

Oct. 15. '08

THE PILGRIM PLAYERS.—The Pilgrim Players have once more placed local lovers of the dramatic art under a debt of gratitude for their notable performance on Saturday last at the Edgbaston Assembly Rooms of Oscar Wilde's brilliant comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest," which has rarely, if ever, been seen in Birmingham. The Pilgrim Players did full justice to the clever play, which abounds in brilliant dialogue, and the large audience showed unmistakable signs of approval. The rules of the Pilgrims compel anonymity in their players, but a cleverer band of amateurs it would be difficult to find. The lady who played *Lady Bracknell* gave a most finished study of a difficult part, and one might hazard the conjecture that the anonymous lady is none other than our well-known leading amateur actress. The *Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax* and *Cecily Cardew* were both admirably played. Two of the best performances were undoubtedly those of *Miss Prism* and *Canon Chasuble*, both thoroughly life-like representations, and from an elocutionary standpoint alone quite perfect. *John Worthing* and *Algernon Moncrief* were very cleverly played by two of the leading officers of the society, both excellent exponents of the actor's art, and the two menservants seemed to the manner born. It would be impossible to find the slightest fault with the performance, which was excellent in all respects. May the Pilgrims proceed prosperously and continue to give us of their best.

# Birmingham Daily Mail

O. N. 20  
1908

A revival of "Two Gentlemen of Verona" was given last night by the Pilgrim Players in aid of the funds of the Birmingham Street Children's Union. A large and distinguished audience appeared thoroughly to enjoy the play, which was handled in the artistic and original fashion which has earned the Pilgrims a wide reputation in amateur dramatic circles. Members of last night's audience who witnessed the same company's presentation of Oscar Wilde's comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest," on Saturday night, must have been impressed with the versatility of the Pilgrims, and could not but commend the spirit in which they treated two such extremes. The performance at the Assembly Rooms, Edgbaston, last night represented the first appearance of the Pilgrims in serious drama after the lapse of several months, and the rendering of the various characters had an individual freshness about it. The "Two Gentlemen" will be repeated to-night at Edgbaston, and on Thursday at Sutton, in aid of the same charity, while on Saturday "The Importance of Being Earnest" will be staged at the Moseley and Balsall Heath Institute.

Birmingham Post, Oct. 12, 1908

## THE PILGRIM PLAYERS.

### PERFORMANCE AT EDGBASTON ASSEMBLY ROOMS.

From "The Interlude of Youth" to "The Importance of Being Earnest" is a great stretch in dramatic annals, but in the progress of the Pilgrim Players two intermediate stages have been marked by productions of "Eager Heart" and "Two Gentlemen of Verona." The presentation of four plays so diverse and so unfamiliar by a youthful band of amateurs in the first year of their corporate existence shows both courage and catholicity, and the artistic ensemble which characterised each performance has thoroughly justified the existence of the society. The production on Saturday evening of a brilliant comedy by Oscar Wilde, which has rarely, if ever, been seen in Birmingham, was an indication that the Pilgrims not only realise "the importance of being earnest," but also the desirability of being versatile. They showed they could entertain as well as edify, and a fairly large audience at the Edgbaston Assembly Rooms gave unmistakable signs of appreciation and enjoyment. The author aptly described his play as "a trivial comedy for serious people." That is to say, it makes some demand upon the intellect without unduly straining the emotions. In other respects it can be more confidently classed in the Shavian category of "plays pleasant" than either "A Woman of No Importance" or "Lady Windermere's Fan," though it is less witty than the former and less dramatic than the latter play. The title is a play upon words, for the plot is woven round the circumstance that John Worthing has assumed the name of Ernest, and he is made to realise the importance of it when he becomes engaged to a young lady who dotes upon that name. The case is complicated by the fact that he has only masqueraded as Ernest when he wished to enjoy himself in London, and has led his friends in the country to believe Ernest is his scapegrace brother. The crisis of the play is reached when a mischievous friend arrives at his country house in the guise of brother Ernest, and wins the love of his ward just as he has made arrangements for quietly killing off his imaginary brother. The situation that ensues is intensely amusing, and the confusion is worse confounded when it transpires that Worthing's real name is Ernest after all.

Enough has been said to indicate that the humour is of the fantastic order, and it goes without saying Oscar Wilde's dialogue must come trippingly off the tongue if it is to carry conviction. In the first act a few points were missed through undue haste in delivery, but when the players had settled down in their parts, full justice was done to the literary graces and the dramatic possibilities of the play. The Pilgrims proved they can interpret modern manners as well as mediæval mysteries, though the leading members of the company are more at home in blank verse tragedy than in cynical comedy. Criticism is almost disarmed by the fact that the Pilgrims desire to remain anonymous, but impersonal praise may be fairly evenly distributed. The parts of John Worthing and Algernon Moncrieff were admirably cast, the secretary of the society being responsible for the former part and the stage manager for the latter role. The Rev. Canon Chasuble was also excellent in his way, though it was not quite the Pilgrim way. The manservants were sufficiently servile, but not sufficiently plebeian. The cast was exceptionally strong on the spindle side. Lady Bracknell was as autocratic as could be desired, the Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax was sufficiently affected, and Cecily Cardow was delightfully ingenuous, whilst Miss Prism was a thoroughly life-like representation of an elderly governess. The stage management and the scenery were excellent.

Times

Nov 17. 1908

THEATRICAL ARRANGEMENTS.—Mme. Liza Lehmann has composed incidental music for Oscar Wilde's story, *The Happy Prince*, and it will be performed for the first time on December 3, at the *matinée* on behalf of the Royal National Orthopædic Hospital, at St. James's Theatre, when Miss Gertrude Elliott has kindly consented to recite, the composer herself being at the piano.

Jisc 2019/0031/18 University 668

# Evening Standard

Nov. 17

## "THE HAPPY PRINCE."

Mme. Liza Lehmann has composed incidental music for Oscar Wilde's story, "The Happy Prince," and it will be performed for the first time on December 3, at the matinée on behalf of the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital, at St. James's Theatre, when Miss Gertrude Linné has kindly consented to recite, the composer herself being at the piano.

Jissel 2019-03-18 University of London Library

Daily Telegraph Nov. 17 1908

The arrangements for the special matinée on behalf of the rebuilding fund of the Royal National Orthopædic Hospital at the St. James's Theatre on Dec. 3 are now well in hand, and the sale of tickets is proceeding very briskly. Princess Christian has graciously given her patronage to the performance. Madame Albani and Sir Charles Santley have promised to sing. Mr. Cyril Maude will appear in the dressing-room scene from "The Clandestine Marriage"; Miss Winifred Emery will appear in an episode, by Cosmo Hamilton, entitled, "Soldiers' Daughters"; Miss Gertrude Elliott will read Oscar Wilde's story of "The Happy Prince," to music specially composed by Madame Liza Lehmann, who will herself preside at the piano; Mrs. Cecil Raleigh will appear in a new one-act play; and a number of other well-known artists will contribute to the programme. The ordinary prices are to be charged for admission. A beautiful souvenir programme will be on sale. The artistes and many of the leading actresses in London have kindly promised to act as programme-sellers.

ally stoper Nov. 21, 1908

I am asked to announce that a matinée will be given at the St. James's on December 3 in aid of the Orthopaedic Hospital. Miss Gertrude Elliot will read Oscar Wilde's "Humpty Dumpty" to a musical accompaniment composed and played by Miss Liza Lehmann. The entertainment on this occasion, which has been jointly arranged by Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Forbes Robertson, will be so rich in seats are certain to be snapped up at once.

\* \* \*

*Lincoln Gazette*      *NOV. 21. 1908*

Mme. Liza Lehmann has composed incidental music for Oscar Wilde's story, "The Happy Prince," and it will be performed for the first time on Dec. 3, at the matinee on behalf of the Royal Orthopaedic Hospital, at St. James's Theatre, London, when Miss Gertrude Elliott has kindly consented to recite, the composer herself being at the piano.

Jissen2016n03s18niversitey2 library

# Weekly Times and Echo

"The Happy Prince," the late Mr. Oscar Wilde's story, has been furnished with incidental music specially composed by Mme. Liza Lehmann, which will be heard for the first time at St. James's Theatre, on December 3rd, the occasion being a matinee on behalf of the Royal National Orthopedic Hospital. Mme. Lehmann has promised to appear at the piano, and Miss Gertrude Elliott to recite.

NOV. 22. 1908

# JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER

## HIS LIFE AND PICTURES.

(HEINEMANN.)

By CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

The long-expected life of James McNeill Whistler by E. R. and J. Pennell, now published by Mr. William Heinemann (himself among the most intimate, the most helpful friends of Whistler's later years), will pleasantly surprise those who feared and expected acrimonious controversy and an indiscreet raking up, in all their most painful details, of rancid quarrels, while it will, in an equal degree disappoint those who hoped to find the biographers fighting all the battles, old and new, over again, tearing open the old wounds, and the wounds more recent that time has as yet but half scarred over. Of course, the story must be told, painful as it must be to those who would, as far as possible, shut out and forget all these antics, these jarring witticisms, these Pyrrhic victories in combat, so that they may in peace and in reverence contemplate the lofty, the serious, the marvellously subtle and pathetic art of the master. It must be told because it is not merely an unbroken series of unfortunate accidents, but the whole tragedy of the gifted artist's being, the main cause that the great art was not greater still and more sustained, that its recognition was so long delayed, its true significance so cruelly and so foolishly denied. The story is told in full detail, and with no material suppression of fact, but with a discretion, with a moderation, too, in most instances, that is wholly unexpected. Of course, the biographers are partisans, seeing that they were counted among Whistler's most devoted friends during the last twenty years of his life. But they have shown themselves capable, while strongly upholding their hero's view in the innumerable controversies into which he was drawn (or, rather, projected himself), of stating their case with calmness and with a full appreciation of the impossible side of Whistler's nature, of his frenzied arrogance, his unlimited capacity for implacable resentment, for pitiless persecution, where there was any question of injury, fancied or real, to himself or his interests. We may be mocked at for playing the weeping where the part of the laughing philosopher would appear so obviously suggested, so natural in dealing with the life of the man who was a very Robin Goodfellow in his delight in mischief, who rejoiced in his own "wickedness," his own "joyousness," and was ever the malicious sprite of the persistent buzz and the wasp sting rather than the true Mephistopheles.

### WHISTLER, JESTER AND FIGHTER.

Whistler the undaunted, the indefatigable in attack, and in defence more aggressive still, the supreme master of fence with the poison-tipped rapier, Whistler the most fashionable, the most accomplished, the most terrible jester of two generations—he who flayed the opponent with the same imperturbable smile that we see on the face of Apollo when, serene and merciless, he requites the hapless Marsyas—this Whistler, with his Barnum methods, with his magnificence of self-assertion, has no doubt added much to the gaiety of nations. This Whistler—"Jimmy," as those called him who loved or feared—it is he whom many people, to whom art means little or nothing, still remember as a figure unique in his day, as the unerring archer whose Parthian shafts they loved to watch in their swift flight, especially when they were themselves safe and under cover. All this sort of thing was undoubtedly great fun to the onlooker, and the barbed sarcasms, whether they were met with applause or execration, were eagerly looked for. Whistler was certainly the greatest slayer of friends and friendships that ever lived, and in this respect even Jean-Jacques Rousseau himself cannot compare with him. The truth is that with a nature essentially warm and affectionate, with a rare capacity for tenderness and sympathy, the man was in concentrated egoism, in arrogance, in intolerance, a very Lucifer. He could not brook by his side a great or even a strikingly original personality in art or in letters. Life must be to him not a duet, or a concerted piece, with the instruments more or less on equal terms, but a concerto in which he should be the brilliant soloist and the conductor as well—lovingly, but without question, supported by all the rest. Contradiction, diversity of view, criticism even the most sympathetic, was not to be borne, and the opponent, the critic, was at once marked down for hatred and contempt, or else icily ignored and cast out. In these baleful fires, fed also from other sources, melted away the friendships with Seymour Haden, Alphonse Legros, Algernon Swinburne, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Oscar Wilde, and countless others, concerning the dissolution of whose friendly relations with Whistler we must refer our readers to the pages of the biography, in which these stories, from which now all the fun has faded, leaving but the sadness, the bitterness behind, are set down succinctly, somewhat unfairly, and with a certain malice."

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

The members of the King's Lynn Amateur Dramatic Society combined with Mr. B. Parcezer, the lessee of the Theatre Royal, on Wednesday in an effort to aid the Gaywood Parish Church Restoration Fund. The amateurs essayed the rather difficult task of presenting Oscar Wilde's brilliant comedy, "The Importance of Being in Earnest," and they succeeded so admirably in their interpretation that the large audience were more than satisfied. Although it must be confessed that a goodly proportion of the author's subtle cynicisms appeared to fall on barren soil, the audience rose to the whimsical perversions unfolded in the story, and while appreciating the witty phrases with which the play scintillates, realised to the full that the company responsible for the production were giving an intelligent and studied exposition of their respective parts. Mr. Horace H. Dow gave a capital portrayal of John Worthing, and managed to sustain interest in the character throughout the entire play. He acted exceedingly well, and exercised the necessary restraint until towards the end, when, unfortunately, he allowed his enthusiasm to run away with him, and a smart piece of comedy degenerated into farce. It is most difficult for an amateur to appear natural behind the foot-lights, but Mr. Harold E. Smith, who assumed the role of Algernon Moncrieff, did so, and considerably enhanced his reputation. He gave a finished impersonation, and his lines were delivered with a confidence that prevented any display of elocutionary fireworks, placing him, without doubt, in the front rank of East Anglian amateur thespians. Mrs. B. Parcezer was very effective as Lady Bracknell, and she is entitled to considerable credit for the praiseworthy manner in which she accomplished a great deal of exacting work. Mrs. H. J. Thompson very nearly attained to brilliancy as the Hon. Gwendoline Fairfax, and Miss Florence Gamble invested the part of Cecily Cardew with a sweetness and charm that gained for her a full meed of recognition. A clever piece of characterisation was that of Mr. J. Basil Neale, who made Merriman, the butler, an outstanding feature of the performance. He had very little to do and much less to say, but what he did and said went right home. Mr. Oliver S. Springall was also admirable as the Rev. Canon Chausable, and he contributed not a little to the general success that was achieved. Miss Janet M. Copley filled the role of Miss Prism very adequately, and Mr. E. Jeary Harrison acquitted himself well as Mr. Moncrieff's manservant. At the conclusion of the performance the amateurs were loudly cheered, and the ladies were presented with lovely bouquets by the Rev. H. S. Radcliffe, the rector of Gaywood. Sir William Folkes, the president of the society, who was present with Lady Folkes, also took the opportunity of personally congratulating the members of the cast upon the merits of their work. As a result of the performance, Mr. B. Parcezer has been able to hand over £20 to the Restoration Fund.

Morning Advertiser

ROYAL ORTHOPAEDIC HOSPITAL.

The arrangements for the special matinee at the St. James's Theatre on Thursday next in aid of the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital are now nearing completion. The tickets have gone extremely well, and though here are a few seats still left, early application must be made by those who intend to secure admission. The Princess Christian has graciously given her patronage to the performance, among the other patronesses being Julia Marchioness of Tweeddale, the Countess of Denbigh, the Dowager Countess of Cottenham, and the Countess de Torre Diaz. The programme includes items by most of the leading actors and actresses in London, and will be specially characterised by the unusual number of items played for the first time. Miss Gertrude Elliott is to recite Oscar Wilde's story of the "Happy Prince," to music specially composed for the occasion by Madame Liza Lehmann, who will herself preside at the piano. Miss Winifred Emery will appear in the new one-act play, "Soldiers' Daughters," and Mrs. Cecil Raleigh will appear in the new play, "The Belle of the Wash-Tub."

Nov. 30. 1908

D'OYLY CARTE COMPANY AT THE LYCEUM.

"PATIENCE."

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company produced last night, with all the sumptuousness and finish which characterises their management, Gilbert and Sullivan's whimsical opera, "Patience." Written nearly thirty years ago, its motive at the present day may be somewhat vague to the rising generation, who know little or nothing of the cult of the sunflower and the craze for asceticism which for a while dominated society and came to a height in the early eighties, having for its chief apostle the late Oscar Wilde. Nevertheless society has still its devotees of the higher life, and no doubt the type would be readily recognised last night, though presented, as it was, in a somewhat exaggerated form. As material on which to exercise the peculiar bent of Gilbertian humour, "Patience" offers a wide and inexhaustible field which has been readily seized upon by the author; Mr Gilbert is at his best when he lays open with the scalpel the innermost soul of the poet to show us that our idol, with all his yearnings and cravings for better things, has after all merely feet of clay. For this feast of humour and flow of soul the late Sir Arthur Sullivan has composed some of his finest music; the lyrics throughout are marked by originality and sweetness, and the choruses by a massiveness and roundness which speak the master hand. The company gave a splendid rendering of the piece, notable among the principals being Mr Charles Walenn as Reginald Bunthorne, who declaimed with great insight and clearness of articulation the cynical and razor-edged witticisms allotted to him. On the vocal side his efforts were remarkably tuneful, as were also those of Mr Leicester Tunks as the idyllic poet and Miss Clara Dow as Patience. The chorus of officers, dragoon guards, and rapturous maidens was particularly well drilled, and the piece went with a fine swing throughout. A crowded audience showed enthusiastic appreciation of the company's efforts.

Military Mail Nov. 27. 1908

For Sweet Charity's Sake.

Princess Christian has given her patronage to the matinee at St. James's on December 3rd in aid of the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital. Mr. Cyril Maude will appear in the dressing-room scene from "The Clandestine Marriage"; Miss Winifred Emery will appear in an episode by Cosmo Hamilton entitled "Soldiers' Daughters"; Miss Gertrude Elliott will read Oscar Wilde's story of "The Happy Prince" to music specially composed by Mme. Liza Lehmann, who will herself preside at the piano, and Mrs. Cecil Raleigh will appear in a new one-act play. A souvenir programme will be on sale at the matinee, and many of the leading actresses in London have kindly promised to act as programme sellers. Seats may be booked at the Hospital, 234, Great Portland-street, W., at the St. James's Theatre, or at the usual ticket agencies.

Daily Telegraph

Gertrude Elliott read Oscar Wilde's "The Happy Prince," with incidental music by Madame Liza Lehmann;

Dec. 4 1908

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE POETS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

SIR,—An excellent article which you insert to-day about Milton at Cambridge may interest your readers in the old comparison of Oxford and Cambridge as poetic nurseries. It must be chiefly a matter of chance whether a budding poet is sent to either University, but the comparison is curious.

Cambridge, I think, may claim Chaucer, both on account of an old tradition and by reason of the intimate local knowledge which he displays of a certain mill at Trumpington. Other poets of distinction who were at Cambridge were Spenser, Marlowe, Chapman and Ben Jonson (probably), Sir T. Wyatt, Campion, Quarles, Fletcher, Henry More, Herrick, George Herbert, John Milton, Andrew Marvell, Abraham Cowley, Waller, John Dryden, Shirley, Richard Crashaw; then, after a long unpoetic interval, Thomas Gray, Samuel Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Macaulay, Edward Fitzgerald, Alfred Tennyson.

Oxford can claim Walter Raleigh, Francis Beaumont, Sir Philip Sidney—a delightful trio—Donne, Carew, Vaughan, Addison, Shenstone, Edward Young, Samuel Johnson, Shelley, W. S. Landor, Robert Southey, Matthew Arnold, Algernon Swinburne, Morris, J. H. Newman, Clough.

Perhaps Shelley, having been sent down in his second term on a charge of atheism, can hardly be called an Oxford poet. Can any of your readers add to or correct the list?

Some excellent poets were at neither University though. I. Any offence under the Explosives Substances Act. II. Any offence under the Explosives Substances Act. Chapter XXXII, Section 506. 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

THE SCHEDULE (SEE SECTION 1). Indian Penal Code, viz.: Chapter VI, Sections 121, 121A, 122, 123, and 124; Chapter VII, Sections 131 and 132; Chapter VIII, Section 148; Chapter XVI, Sections 302, 304, 307, 308, 309, 327, 329, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

18. An association shall not be deemed to have ceased to exist by reason only of any formal act of dissolution, or change of title, but shall be deemed to continue so long as any actual combination for the purposes of such association continues between any members thereof.

17. (1) Whoever is a member of an unlawful association or takes part in meetings of any such association, or contributes or receives or solicits any contributions for the purpose of any such association, or in any way assists the operation of any such association, shall be punished with imprisonment for a term which may extend to six months, or with fine, or with both. (ii) Whoever manages or assists in the management of an unlawful association, or promotes or assists in promoting a meeting of any such association or of any members thereof as such members, shall be punished with imprisonment for a term which may extend to three years, or with fine, or with both.

16. If the Governor-General in Council is of opinion that any association interferes with, or has for its object interference with, the administration of the law, or with the maintenance of law and order, or that it constitutes a danger to the public peace, the Governor-General in Council may by notification in the Official Gazette declare such association to be unlawful.

15. In this Part (i) "association" means any combination or body of persons whether the same be known by any distinctive name or not; and (ii) "unlawful association" means an association (a) which encourages or aids persons to commit acts of violence or intimidation, or of which the members habitually commit such acts; or (b) which has been declared to be unlawful by the Governor-General in Council under the powers hereby conferred.

14. If the Governor-General in Council is of opinion that any association interferes with, or has for its object interference with, the administration of the law, or with the maintenance of law and order, or that it constitutes a danger to the public peace, the Governor-General in Council may by notification in the Official Gazette declare such association to be unlawful.

13. In this Part (i) "association" means any combination or body of persons whether the same be known by any distinctive name or not; and (ii) "unlawful association" means an association (a) which encourages or aids persons to commit acts of violence or intimidation, or of which the members habitually commit such acts; or (b) which has been declared to be unlawful by the Governor-General in Council under the powers hereby conferred.

12. In this Part (i) "association" means any combination or body of persons whether the same be known by any distinctive name or not; and (ii) "unlawful association" means an association (a) which encourages or aids persons to commit acts of violence or intimidation, or of which the members habitually commit such acts; or (b) which has been declared to be unlawful by the Governor-General in Council under the powers hereby conferred.

11. In this Part (i) "association" means any combination or body of persons whether the same be known by any distinctive name or not; and (ii) "unlawful association" means an association (a) which encourages or aids persons to commit acts of violence or intimidation, or of which the members habitually commit such acts; or (b) which has been declared to be unlawful by the Governor-General in Council under the powers hereby conferred.

10. In this Part (i) "association" means any combination or body of persons whether the same be known by any distinctive name or not; and (ii) "unlawful association" means an association (a) which encourages or aids persons to commit acts of violence or intimidation, or of which the members habitually commit such acts; or (b) which has been declared to be unlawful by the Governor-General in Council under the powers hereby conferred.

9. In this Part (i) "association" means any combination or body of persons whether the same be known by any distinctive name or not; and (ii) "unlawful association" means an association (a) which encourages or aids persons to commit acts of violence or intimidation, or of which the members habitually commit such acts; or (b) which has been declared to be unlawful by the Governor-General in Council under the powers hereby conferred.

8. In this Part (i) "association" means any combination or body of persons whether the same be known by any distinctive name or not; and (ii) "unlawful association" means an association (a) which encourages or aids persons to commit acts of violence or intimidation, or of which the members habitually commit such acts; or (b) which has been declared to be unlawful by the Governor-General in Council under the powers hereby conferred.

7. In this Part (i) "association" means any combination or body of persons whether the same be known by any distinctive name or not; and (ii) "unlawful association" means an association (a) which encourages or aids persons to commit acts of violence or intimidation, or of which the members habitually commit such acts; or (b) which has been declared to be unlawful by the Governor-General in Council under the powers hereby conferred.

6. In this Part (i) "association" means any combination or body of persons whether the same be known by any distinctive name or not; and (ii) "unlawful association" means an association (a) which encourages or aids persons to commit acts of violence or intimidation, or of which the members habitually commit such acts; or (b) which has been declared to be unlawful by the Governor-General in Council under the powers hereby conferred.

5. In this Part (i) "association" means any combination or body of persons whether the same be known by any distinctive name or not; and (ii) "unlawful association" means an association (a) which encourages or aids persons to commit acts of violence or intimidation, or of which the members habitually commit such acts; or (b) which has been declared to be unlawful by the Governor-General in Council under the powers hereby conferred.

4. In this Part (i) "association" means any combination or body of persons whether the same be known by any distinctive name or not; and (ii) "unlawful association" means an association (a) which encourages or aids persons to commit acts of violence or intimidation, or of which the members habitually commit such acts; or (b) which has been declared to be unlawful by the Governor-General in Council under the powers hereby conferred.

3. In this Part (i) "association" means any combination or body of persons whether the same be known by any distinctive name or not; and (ii) "unlawful association" means an association (a) which encourages or aids persons to commit acts of violence or intimidation, or of which the members habitually commit such acts; or (b) which has been declared to be unlawful by the Governor-General in Council under the powers hereby conferred.

But the most interesting, as it was the most novel, of all the items was Miss Gertrude Elliott's reading of Oscar Wilde's story, "The Happy Prince," with music by Mme. Liza Lehmann, who was at the piano in person. A dangerous experiment, about the results of which we had some anxiety. That anxiety Miss Gertrude Elliott soon removed. Her reading was, indeed, in its perfect simplicity, its delicate touch, its variety and its finish a very charming and affecting performance, without a trace of the insincerity which would have ruined the story, or of the exaggeration which would have rubbed the bloom off it. The close was exquisitely managed. Mme. Liza Lehmann's music was barely more than a phrase or two here and there; the Prince's tears, the bowing of the reed, the flight of the swallow, the song of triumph at the end, and so forth; but, slight as it was, it was entirely appropriate, and greatly enhanced the effect of the reading. Towards the end of the programme Mr. George Alexander appeared on the stage to plead the cause of the hospital in a well-turned little speech. The programme—more of a book than a programme—contained many illustrations, and literary contributions from Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, and others.

Standard Dec. 4. 1908

Another interesting novelty was the recitation by Miss Gertrude Elliott of Oscar Wilde's "The Happy Prince," with a musical accompaniment by Mme. Liza Lehmann. Mrs. Cecil Raleigh produced a one-act play entitled "The Belle of the Wash Tub," in which she appeared as the Duchess of Dantzig, Mr. C. V. France playing Napoleon, and Mr. Tom Reynolds Fouché. Mlle. Lydia Kyasht danced, Miss Valli Valli sang two delightful songs, and Mr. Alfred Lester gave his inimitable "Scene Shifter's Lament." There was a large and distinguished audience, among those present being Lord Blyth, the Dowager Marchioness of Tweeddale, the Dowager Duchess of Bedford, and Lord and Lady Denbigh.

Daily Express Dec. 17. 1908

"THE HAPPY PRINCE."

A musical setting of Oscar Wilde's "The Happy Prince," by Mme. Liza Lehmann, was produced at the St. James' Theatre yesterday afternoon at the matinee on behalf of the National Orthopaedic Hospital. Mme. Lehmann played the music, and Miss Gertrude Elliott recited the words. Some new verses by Miss Marie Corelli, praising the stage at the expense of the Church, were printed in the programme. The following is the last verse:—

"And I thought that even a priestly theme  
Could scarce teach more of the God above,  
Than the force of the Player's working  
creed  
Expressed in a labour of love;  
For surely close to the Throne of Grace  
'Sock and Buskin' have found a place."

Standard Dec. 1. 1908

The arrangements for the special matinee at the St. James's Theatre, on Thursday next, in aid of the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital, are now nearing completion. The tickets have sold extremely well, and though there are a few seats still left, it is necessary that early application should be made for them by those desiring to secure admission. The Princess Christian has given her patronage to the performance, among the other patronesses being Julia Marchioness of Tweeddale, the Count

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

The members of the King's Lynn Amateur Dramatic Society combined with Mr. B. Parcezer, the lessee of the Theatre Royal, on Wednesday in an effort to aid the Gaywood Parish Church Restoration Fund. The amateurs essayed the rather difficult task of presenting Oscar Wilde's brilliant comedy, "The Importance of Being in Earnest," and they succeeded so admirably in their interpretation that the large audience were more than satisfied. Although it must be confessed that a goodly proportion of the author's subtle cynicisms appeared to fall on barren soil, the audience rose to the whimsical perversions unfolded in the story, and while appreciating the witty phrases with which the play scintillates, realised the full that the company responsible for the production were giving an intelligent and studied exposition of their respective parts. Mr. Horace H. Dow gave a capital portrayal of John Worthing, and managed to sustain interest in the character throughout the entire play. He acted exceedingly well, and exercised the necessary restraint until towards the end, when, unfortunately, he allowed his enthusiasm to run away with him, and a smart piece of comedy degenerated into farce. It is most difficult for an amateur to appear natural behind the footlights, but Mr. Harold E. Smith, who assumed the role of Algernon Moncrieff, did so, and considerably enhanced his reputation. He gave a finished impersonation, and his lines were delivered with a confidence that prevented any display of elocutionary fireworks, placing him, without doubt, in the front rank of East Anglian amateur thespians. Mrs. B. Parcezer was very effective as Lady Bracknell, and she is entitled to considerable credit for the prize-worthy manner in which she accomplished a great deal of exacting work. Mrs. H. J. Thompson very nearly attained to brilliancy as the Hon. Gwendoline Fairfax, and Miss Florence Gamble invested the part of Cecily Cardew with a sweetness and charm that gained for her a full meed of recognition. A clever piece of characterisation was that of Mr. J. Basil Neale, who made Merriman, the butler, an outstanding feature of the performance. He had very little to do and much less to say, but what he did and said went right home. Mr. Oliver S. Springall was also admirable as the Rev. Canon Chausable, and he contributed not a little to the general success that was achieved. Miss Janet M. Copley filled the role of Miss Prism very adequately, and Mr. E. Jeary Harrison acquitted himself well as Mr. Moncrieff's manservant. At the conclusion of the performance the amateurs were loudly cheered, and the ladies were presented with lovely bouquets by the Rev. H. S. Radcliffe, the rector of Gaywood. Sir William Folkes, the president of the society, who was present with Lady Folkes, also took the opportunity of personally congratulating the members of the cast upon the merits of their work. As a result of the performance, Mr. B. Parcezer has been able to hand over £20 to the Restoration Fund.

Morning Advertiser

ROYAL ORTHOPAEDIC HOSPITAL. The arrangements for the special matinee at the St. James's Theatre on Thursday next in aid of the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital are now nearing completion. The tickets have gone extremely well, and, though there are a few seats still left, early application must be made by those who intend to secure admission. The Princess Christian has graciously given her patronage to the performance, among the other patronesses being the Marchioness of Tweeddale, the Countess of Denbigh, the Dowager Countess of Cottenham, and the Countess de Torre Diaz. The programme includes items by most of the leading actors and actresses in London, and will be specially characterised by the unusual number of items played for the first time. Miss Gertrude Elliott is to recite Oscar Wilde's story of the "Happy Prince," to music specially composed for the occasion by Madame Liza Lehmann, who will herself preside at the piano. Miss Winifred Emery will appear in the new one-act play, "Soldiers' Daughters," and Mrs. Cecil Raleigh will appear in the new play, "The Belle of the Wash-Tub."

Nov. 30. 1908

D'OYLY CARTE COMPANY AT THE LYCEUM.

"PATIENCE." The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company produced last night, with all the sumptuousness and finish which characterises their management, Gilbert and Sullivan's whimsical opera, "Patience." Written nearly thirty years ago, its motive at the present day may be somewhat vague to the rising generation, who know little or nothing of the cult of the sunflower and the craze for asceticism which for a while dominated society and came to a height in the early eighties, having for its chief apostle the late Oscar Wilde. Nevertheless society has still its devotees of the higher life, and no doubt the type would be readily recognised last night, though presented, as it was, in a somewhat exaggerated form. As material on which to exercise the peculiar bent of Gilbertian humour, "Patience" offers a wide and inexhaustible field which has been readily seized upon by the author. Mr Gilbert is at his best when he lays open with the scalpel the innermost soul of the poet to show us that our idol, with all his rearings and cravings for better things, has after all merely feet of clay. For this feast of humour and flow of soul the late Sir Arthur Sullivan has composed some of his finest music; the lyrics throughout are marked by originality and sweetness, and the choruses by a massiveness and roundness which speak the master hand. The company gave a splendid rendering of the piece, notable among the principals being Mr Charles Walenn as Reginald Bunthorne, who declaimed with great insight and clearness of articulation the cynical and razor-edged vituperations allotted to him. On the vocal side his efforts were remarkably tuneful, as were also those of Mr Leicester Tunks as the idyllic poet and Miss Clara Dow as Patience. The chorus of officers, dragon guards, and rapturous maidens was particularly well drilled, and the piece went with a fine swing throughout. A crowded audience showed enthusiastic appreciation of the company's efforts.

Military Mail Nov. 27. 1908

For Sweet Charity's Sake.

Princess Christian has given her patronage to the matinee at St. James's on December 3rd in aid of the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital. Mr. Cyril Maude will appear in the dressing-room scene from "The Claudine Marriage"; Miss Winifred Emery will appear in an episode from Cosmo Hamilton entitled "Soldiers' Daughters." Miss Gertrude Elliott will read Oscar Wilde's story of "The Happy Prince" to music specially composed by Mme. Liza Lehmann, who will herself preside at the piano, and Mrs. Cecil Raleigh will appear in a new one-act play. A souvenir programme will be on sale at the matinee, and many of the leading actresses in London have kindly promised to act as programme sellers. Seats may be booked at the Hospital, 234, Great Portland-street, W., at the St. James's Theatre, or at the usual ticket agencies.

Daily Telegraph

Miss Gertrude Elliott read Oscar Wilde's "The Happy Prince," with incidental music by Madame Liza Lehmann.

Dec. 4. 1908

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE POETS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST. SIR,—An excellent article which you insert to-day about Milton at Cambridge may interest your readers in the old comparison of Oxford and Cambridge as poetic nurseries. It must be chiefly a matter of chance whether a budding poet is sent to either University, but the comparison is curious.

Cambridge, I think, may claim Chaucer, both on account of an old tradition and by reason of the intimate local knowledge which he displays of a certain mill at Trumpington. Other poets of distinction who were at Cambridge were Spenser, Marlowe, Chapman and Ben Jonson (probably), Sir T. Wyatt, Campion, Quarles, Fletcher, Henry More, Herrick, George Herbert, John Milton, Andrew Marvell, Abraham Cowley, Waller, John Dryden, Shirley, Richard Crashaw; then, after a long unpoetic interval, Thomas Gray, Samuel Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Macaulay, Edward Fitzgerald, Alfred Tennyson.

Oxford can claim Walter Raleigh, Francis Beaumont, Sir Philip Sidney—a delightful trio—Donne, Carew, Vaughan, Addison, Shenstone, Edward Young, Samuel Johnson, Shelley, W. S. Landor, Robert Southey, Matthew Arnold, Algernon Swinburne, Morris, J. H. Newman, Clough.

Perhaps Shelley, having been sent down in his second term on a charge of atheism, can hardly be called an Oxford poet. Can any of your readers add to or correct the list?

Some excellent poets were at neither University, though some were at Scottish or Irish Universities, such as Drummond of Hawthornden, J. Thomson, Francis Thompson, Walter Scott, Thomas Campbell, Thomas Moore, Oliver Goldsmith. Nor was Pope, nor Keats, nor Crabbe, nor Robert Browning.

It is curious to know that George Herbert, as a young don, Oliver Cromwell and Robert Herrick, as widely differing undergraduates, walked the Cambridge streets at the same time.—Yours, &c., B. H. H. Dec. 11.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE POETS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

SIR,—Please allow a non-University man to add a few names to "B. H. H.'s" list of University poets. Oxford has claims on John Lydgate and Stephen Haw, John Heywood, Nicholas Udall, Sir Edward Dyer, Thomas Watson, William Warner, and probably Richard Barnfield; on that great trio—Lyly, Peele, and Lodge—on John Marston, George Chapman, and Philip Massinger, the dramatists; on the exquisite Samuel Daniel, and, according to Sir Aston Cokayne, on Michael Drayton, on Sir John Beaumont, Sir John Davies, William Browne, of Tavistock, and George Wither; also on Mr. Dobell's "discover," Thomas Traherne. Denham, Cartwright, and Corbet, Lovelace and Henry King, Edward Sherburne, Thomas Stanley, Sidney Godolphin, and Davenant, Rochester and John Oldham carry the tradition down to Otway and Collins, after whom Cambridge for a period have much the best of matters, though I must mention the name of T. L. Beddoes.

In very recent days Oxford has almost a monopoly: Eugene Lee-Hamilton, T. E. Brown, Mr. Robert Bridges, Ernest Dowson, Oscar Wilde, John Addington Symonds, Mr. A. E. Housman, Lord Alfred Douglas, Lionel Johnson, Herbert Trench, Alfred Noyes, and Gerald Gould; in addition to those "B. H. H." refers to, being balanced by few, to my knowledge, save that genius, much under-rated as a poet, Frederick Myers. I must admit, however, that I do not know to which University Mr. Charles Doughty (perhaps the greatest of all), and many others belong, and am, therefore, very probably doing Cambridge an injustice. I might add to the Oxford list several living members of the Horace Club, and the name of John Ruskin, who was always a poet save when he deliberately wrote poetry.

Among Cambridge poets omitted by "B. H. H." may be mentioned John Skelton, George Gascoigne, Fulke Greville, Donne (who belonged to both, as did Braithwaite, Randolph, and perhaps Greene and Shirley), Henry Constable, Thomas Nash, John Still, Thomas Heywood, Giles and Phineas Fletcher, Sir John Suckling, John Cleveland, Matthew Prior, John Byrom, Christopher Smart (also at Durham), W. M. Praed, and Charles Kingsley.—Yours, &c., J. W. H. Dec. 16.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

SIR,—In your issue of the 12th inst. a correspondent has an interesting letter on Oxford and Cambridge Poets. He puts forth the old comparison of Oxford and Cambridge as poetic nurseries, and, while granting that "it may be chiefly a matter of chance whether a budding poet is sent to either University," claims that the comparison from certain standpoints is curious. After having scheduled the poets according to their Universities, he asks, "Can your readers add to or correct the list?" I gladly accept his invitation, and point out that in the list of poets claimed by Oxford the name of John Leicester Warren—afterwards Lord de Tabley—is not found. The omission is evidently an oversight. It is not necessary to attempt to justify Lord de Tabley's name in the list quoted, but I might quote the following from a short biographical notice of Lord de Tabley by Mountstuart Grant Duff: "A convenient opportunity of estimating Lord de Tabley's comparative merit is afforded by the volume in which Mr. Miles has brought together specimens taken from him and from a number of contemporary poets, including Mr. William Morris, Mr. Swinburne, and twelve others. It appears to me that he holds his own extremely well in this honourable company." Lord de Tabley, I believe, took his degree as a member of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1857.—Yours, &c., J. F. W. D. Diocesan Chambers, Manchester, Dec. 16.

Dec. 17

But the most interesting, as it was the most novel, of all the items was Miss Gertrude Elliott's reading of Oscar Wilde's story, "The Happy Prince," with music by Mme. Liza Lehmann, who was at the piano in person. A dangerous experiment about the results of which we had some anxiety. That anxiety Miss Gertrude Elliott soon removed. Her reading was, indeed, in its perfect simplicity, its delicate touch, its variety and its finish a very charming and affecting performance, without a trace of the insincerity which would have ruined the bloom of it. The close was exquisitely managed. Mme. Liza Lehmann's music was barely more than a phrase or two here and there; the Prince's tears, the bowing of the reed, the flight of the swallow, the song of triumph at the end, and so forth; but, slight as it was, it was entirely appropriate, and greatly enhanced the effect of the reading. Towards the end of the programme Mr. George Alexander appeared on the stage to plead the cause of the hospital in a well-turned little speech. The programme—more of a book than a programme—contained many illustrations, and literary contributions from Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, and others.

Standard Dec. 4. 1908

Another interesting novelty was the recitation by Miss Gertrude Elliott of Oscar Wilde's "The Happy Prince," with a musical accompaniment by Mme. Liza Lehmann. Mrs. Cecil Raleigh produced a one-act play entitled "The Belle of the Wash-Tub," in which she appeared as the Duchess of Danzig, Mr. C. V. France playing Napoleon, and Mr. Tom Reynolds Fouché. Mlle. Lydia Kysht danced, Miss Valli Valli sang two delightful songs, and Mr. Alfred Lester gave his inimitable "Scene Shifter's Lament." There was a large and distinguished audience, among those present being Lord Blyth, the Dowager Marchioness of Tweeddale, the Dowager Duchess of Bedford, and Lord and Lady Denbigh.

Daily Express Dec. 17. 1908

"THE HAPPY PRINCE."

A musical setting of Oscar Wilde's "The Happy Prince," by Mme. Liza Lehmann, was produced at the St. James' Theatre yesterday afternoon at the matinee on behalf of the National Orthopaedic Hospital. Mme. Lehmann played the music, and Miss Gertrude Elliott recited the words. Some new verses by Miss Marie Corelli, praising the stage at the expense of the Church, were printed in the programme. The following is the last verse:—

"And I thought that even a priestly theme  
Could scarce teach more of the God above,  
Than the force of the Player's working creed  
Expressed in a labour of love:  
For surely close to the Throne of Grace  
'Sock and Buskin' have found a place."

Standard Dec. 1. 1908

The arrangements for the special matinee at the St. James's Theatre, on Thursday next, in aid of the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital, are now nearing completion. The tickets have sold extremely well, and though there are a few seats still left, it is necessary that early application should be made for them by those desiring to secure admission. The Princess Christian has given her patronage to the performance, among the other patronesses being Julia Marchioness of Tweeddale, the Countess of Denbigh, the Dowager Countess of Cottenham, and the Countess de Torre Diaz. The programme includes items by most of the leading actors and actresses in London, and will be specially characterised by the unusual number of items played for the first time. Miss Gertrude Elliott is to recite Oscar Wilde's story of the "Happy Prince" to music specially composed for the occasion by Mme. Liza Lehmann, who will herself preside at the piano.

## AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

The members of the King's Lynn Amateur Dramatic Society combined with Mr. B. Pareezer, the lessee of the Theatre Royal, on Wednesday in an effort to aid the Gaywood Parish Church Restoration Fund. The amateurs essayed the rather difficult task of presenting Oscar Wilde's brilliant comedy, "The Importance of Being in Earnest," and they succeeded so admirably in their interpretation that the large audience were more than satisfied. Although it must be confessed that a goodly proportion of the author's subtle cynicisms appeared to fall on barren soil, the audience rose to the whimsical perversions unfolded in the story, and while appreciating the witty phrases with which the play scintillates, realised to the full that the company responsible for the production were giving an intelligent and studied exposition of their respective parts. Mr. Horace H. Dow gave a capital portrayal of John Worthing, and managed to sustain interest in the character throughout the entire play. He acted exceedingly well, and exercised the necessary restraint until towards the end, when, unfortunately, he allowed his enthusiasm to run away with him, and a smart piece of comedy degenerated into farce. It is most difficult for an amateur to appear natural behind the footlights, but Mr. Harold E. Smith, who assumed the role of Algernon Moncrieff, did so, and considerably enhanced his reputation. He gave a finished impersonation, and his lines were delivered with a confidence that prevented any display of elocutionary fireworks, placing him, without doubt, in the front rank of East Anglian amateur Thespians. Mrs. B. Pareezer was very effective as Lady Bracknell, and she is entitled to considerable credit for the praiseworthy manner in which she accomplished a great deal of exacting work. Mrs. H. J. Thompson very nearly attained to brilliancy as the Hon. Gwendoline Fairfax, and Miss Florence Gamble invested the part of Cecily Cardew with a sweetness and charm that gained for her a full meed of recognition. A clever piece of characterisation was that of Mr. J. Basil Neale, who made Merriman, the butler, an outstanding feature of the performance. He had very little to do and much less to say, but what he did and said went right home. Mr. Oliver S. Springall was also admirable as the Rev. Canon Chausible, and he contributed not a little to the general success that was achieved. Miss Janet M. Copley filled the role of Miss Prism very adequately, and Mr. E. Jeary Harrison acquitted himself well as Mr. Moncrieff's manservant. At the conclusion of the performance the amateurs were loudly cheered, and the ladies were presented with lovely bouquets by the Rev. H. S. Radcliffe, the rector of Gaywood. Sir William folkes, the president of the society, who was present with Lady folkes, also took the opportunity of personally congratulating the members of the cast upon the merits of their work. As a result of the performance, Mr. B. Pareezer has been able to hand over £20 to the Restoration Fund.

# Morning Advertiser

## ROYAL ORTHOPÆDIC HOSPITAL.

Nov.  
30.  
1908

The arrangements for the special matinée at the St. James's Theatre on Thursday next in aid of the Royal National Orthopædic Hospital are now nearing completion. The tickets have gone extremely well, and, though there are a few seats still left, early application must be made by those who intend to secure admission. The Princess Christian has graciously given her patronage to the performance, among the other patronesses being Julia Marchioness of Tweeddale, the Countess of Denbigh, the Dowager Countess of Cottenham, and the Countess de Torre Diaz.

The programme includes items by most of the leading actors and actresses in London, and will be specially characterised by the unusual number of items played for the first time. Miss Gertrude Elliott is to recite Oscar Wilde's story of the "Happy Prince," to music specially composed for the occasion by Madame Liza Lehman on the piano. Miss Winifred Emery will appear in the new one-act play, "Soldiers' Daughters," and Mrs. Cecil Raleigh will appear in the new play, "The Belle of the Wash-Tub."

2019-2020 Women's University Library

Edinburgh Dispatch - Dec. 11. 1908

## D'OYLY CARTE COMPANY AT THE LYCEUM.

### "PATIENCE."

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company produced last night, with all the sumptuousness and finish which characterises their management, Gilbert and Sullivan's whimsical opera, "Patience." Written nearly thirty years ago, its motive at the present day may be somewhat vague to the rising generation, who know little or nothing of the cult of the sunflower and the craze for asceticism which for a while dominated society and came to a height in the early eighties, having for its chief apostle the late Oscar Wilde. Nevertheless society has still its devotees of the higher life, and no doubt the type would be readily recognised last night, though presented, as it was, in a somewhat exaggerated form. As material on which to exercise the peculiar bent of Gilbertian humour, "Patience" offers a wide and inexhaustible field which has been readily seized upon by the author; Mr Gilbert is at his best when he lays open with the scalpel the innermost soul of the poet to show us that our idol, with all his yearnings and cravings for better things, has after all merely feet of clay. For this feast of humour and flow of soul the late Sir Arthur Sullivan has composed some of his finest music; the lyrics throughout are marked by originality and sweetness, and the choruses by a massiveness and roundness which speak the master hand. The company gave a splendid rendering of the piece, notable among the principals being Mr Charles Walenn as Reginald Bunthorne, who declaimed with great insight and clearness of articulation the cynical and razor-edged witticisms allotted to him. On the vocal side his efforts were remarkably tuneful, as were also those of Mr Leicester Tunks as the idyllic poet and Miss Clara Dow as Patience. The chorus of officers, dragoon guards, and rapturous maidens was particularly well drilled, and the piece went with a fine swing throughout. The audience showed an enthusiastic appreciation of the company's efforts.

Military Mail. Nov. 27. 1908

### For Sweet Charity's Sake.

Princess Christian has given her patronage to the matinee at St. James's on December 3rd in aid of the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital. Mr. Cyril Maude will appear in the dressing-room scene from "The Clandestine Marriage"; Miss Winifred Emery will appear in an episode by Cosmo Hamilton entitled "Soldiers' Daughters"; Miss Gertrude Elliott will read Oscar Wilde's story of "The Happy Prince" to music specially composed by Mme. Liza Lehmann, who will herself preside at the piano, and Mrs. Cecil Raleigh will appear in a new one-act play. A souvenir programme will be on sale at the matinee, and many of the leading actresses in London have kindly promised to act as programme sellers. Seats may be obtained at the original, 234, Great Portland-street, W., at the St. James's Theatre, or at the usual ticket agencies.

Jissen 2019-03-18 Universitätsbibliothek

• • • •

# Daily Telegraph

Jiss 2019/003en's University 686 rary Miss

Gertrude Elliott read Oscar Wilde's "The Happy Prince," with incidental music by Madame Liza Lehmann;

Dec. 4  
1908

## OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE POETS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

SIR,—An excellent article which you insert to-day about Milton at Cambridge may interest your readers in the old comparison of Oxford and Cambridge as poetic nurseries. It must be chiefly a matter of chance whether a budding poet is sent to either University, but the comparison is curious.

Cambridge, I think, may claim Chaucer, both on account of an old tradition and by reason of the intimate local knowledge which he displays of a certain mill at Trumpington. Other poets of distinction who were at Cambridge were Spenser, Marlowe, Chapman and Ben Jonson (probably), Sir T. Wyatt, Campion, Quarles, Fletcher, Henry More, Herrick, George Herbert, John Milton, Andrew Marvell, Abraham Cowley, Waller, John Dryden, Shirley, Richard Crashaw; then, after a long unpoetic interval, Thomas Gray, Samuel Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Macaulay, Edward Fitzgerald, Alfred Tennyson.

Oxford can claim Walter Raleigh, Francis Beaumont, Sir Philip Sidney—a delightful trio—Donne, Carew, Vaughan, Addison, Shenstone, Edward Young, Samuel Johnson, Shelley, W. S. Landor, Robert Southey, Matthew Arnold, Algernon Swinburne, Morris, J. H. Newman, Clough.

Perhaps Shelley, having been sent down in his second term on a charge of atheism, can hardly be called an Oxford poet. Can any of your readers add to or correct the list?

Some excellent poets were at neither University, though some were at Scottish or Irish Universities, such as Drummond of Hawthornden, J. Thomson, Francis Thompson, Walter Scott, Thomas Campbell, Thomas Moore, Oliver Goldsmith. Nor was Pope, nor Keats, nor Crabbe, nor Robert Browning.

It is curious to know that George Herbert, as a young don, Oliver Cromwell and Robert Herrick, as widely differing undergraduates, walked the Cambridge streets at the same time.

Dec. 11.

Dec. 17

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE POETS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

SIR,—Please allow a non-University man to add a few names to “B. H. H.’s” list of University poets. Oxford has claims on John Lydgate and Stephen Hawes, John Heywood, Nicholas Udall, Sir Edward Dyer, Thomas Watson, William Warner, and probably Richard Barnfield; on that great trio—Lyly, Peele, and Lodge—on John Marston, George Chapman, and Philip Massinger, the dramatists; on the exquisite Samuel Daniel, and, according to Sir Aston Cokayne, on Michael Drayton, on Sir John Beaumont, Sir John Davies, William Browne, of Tavistock, and George Wither; also on Mr. Dobell’s “discovery,” Thomas Traherne. Denham, Cartwright, and Corbet, Lovelace and Henry King, Edward Sherburne, Thomas Stanley, Sidney Godolphin, and Davenant. Rochester and John Oldham carry the tradition down to Otway and Collins, after whom Cambridge for a period have much the best of matters, though I must mention the name of T. L. Beddowes.

In very recent days Oxford has almost a monopoly: Eugene Lee-Hamilton, T. E. Brown, Mr. Robert Bridges, Ernest Dowson, Oscar Wilde, John Addington Symonds, Mr. A. E. Housman, Lord Alfred Douglas, Lionel Johnson, Herbert Trench, Alfred Noyes, and Gerald Gould, in addition to those “B. H. H.” refers to, being balanced by few, to my knowledge, save that genius, much under-rated as a poet, Frederick Myers. I must admit, however, that I do not know to which University Mr. Charles Doughty (perhaps the greatest of all), and many others belong, and am, therefore, very probably doing Cambridge an injustice. I might add to the Oxford list several living members of the Horace Club, and the name of John Ruskin, who was always a poet save when he deliberately wrote poetry.

Among Cambridge poets omitted by “B. H. H.” may be mentioned John Skelton, George Gascoigne, Fulke Greville, Donne (who belonged to both, as did Braithwaite, Randolph, and perhaps Greene and Shirley), Henry Constable, Thomas Nash, John Still, Thomas Heywood, Giles and Phineas Fletcher, Sir John Suckling, John Cleveland, Matthew Prior, John Byrom, Christopher Smart (also at Durham), W. M. Praed, and Charles Kingsley.—Yours, &c.,

J. W. H.

Dec. 16.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

SIR,—In your issue of the 12th inst. a correspondent has an interesting letter on Oxford and Cambridge Poets. He puts forth the old comparison of Oxford and Cambridge as poetic nurseries, and, while granting that “it may be chiefly a matter of chance whether a budding poet is sent to either University,” claims that the comparison from certain standpoints is curious. After having scheduled the poets according to their Universities, he asks, “Can your readers add to or correct the list?” I gladly accept his invitation, and point out that in the list of poets claimed by Oxford the name of John Leicester Warren—afterwards Lord de Tabley—is not found. The omission is evidently an oversight. It is not necessary to attempt to justify Lord de Tabley’s name in the list quoted, but I might quote the following from a short biographical notice of Lord de Tabley by Mountstuart Grant Duff: “A convenient opportunity of estimating Lord de Tabley’s comparative merit is afforded by the volume in which Mr. Miles has brought together specimens taken from him and from a number of contemporary poets, including Mr. William Morris, Mr. Swinburne, and twelve others. It appears to me that he holds his own extremely well in this honourable company.” Lord de Tabley, I believe, took his degree as a member of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1857.—Yours, &c.,

J. F. W. D.

Dec. 4. 1908

But the most interesting, as it was the most novel, of all the items was Miss Gertrude Elliott's reading of Oscar Wilde's story, "The Happy Prince," with music by Mme. Liza Lehmann, who was at the piano in person. A dangerous experiment, about the results of which we had some anxiety. That anxiety Miss Gertrude Elliott soon removed. Her reading was, indeed, in its perfect simplicity, its delicate touch, its variety and its finish a very charming and affecting performance, without a trace of the insincerity which would have ruined the story, or of the exaggeration which would have rubbed the bloom off it. The close was exquisitely managed. Mme. Liza Lehmann's music was barely more than a phrase or two here and there; the Prince's tears, the bowing of the reed, the flight of the swallow, the song of triumph at the end, and so forth; but, slight as it was, it was entirely appropriate, and greatly enhanced the effect of the reading. Towards the end of the programme Mr. George Alexander appeared on the stage to plead the cause of the hospital in a well-turned little speech. The programme—more of a book than a programme—contained many illustrations, and many songs from Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, and others.

Standard

Dec. 4. 1908

Another interesting novelty was the recitation by Miss Gertrude Elliott of Oscar Wilde's "The Happy Prince," with a musical accompaniment by Mme. Liza Lehmann. Mrs. Cecil Raleigh produced a one-act play entitled "The Belle of the Wash Tub," in which she appeared as the Duchess of Dantzic, Mr. C. V. France playing Napoleon, and Mr. Tom Reynolds Fouché. Mlle. Lydia Kyasht danced, Miss Valli Valli sang two delightful songs, and Mr. Alfred Lester gave his inimitable "Scene Shifter's Lament." There was a large and distinguished audience, among those present being the Dowager Marchioness of Tweeddale, the Dowager Duchess of Bedford, and Lord and Lady Denbigh.

---

## "THE HAPPY PRINCE."

A musical setting of Oscar Wilde's "The Happy Prince," by Mme. Liza Lehmann, was produced at the St. James' Theatre yesterday afternoon at the matinée on behalf of the National Orthopædic Hospital.

Mme. Lehmann played the music, and Miss Gertrude Elliott recited the words. Some new verses by Miss Marie Corelli, praising the stage at the expense of the Church, were printed in the programme.

The following is the last verse:—

"And I thought that even a priestly theme  
Could scarce teach more of the God above,  
Than the force of the Player's working  
creed

Expressing the labour of love  
For surely close to the Throne of Grace  
'Sock and Buskin' have found a place."

Standard

Dec. 1. 1908

The arrangements for the special matinée at the St. James's Theatre, on Thursday next, in aid of the Royal National Orthopædic Hospital, are now nearing completion. The tickets have sold extremely well, and though there are a few seats still left, it is necessary that early application should be made for them by those desiring to secure admission. The Princess Christian has given her patronage to the performance, among the other patronesses being Julia Marchioness of Tweeddale, the Countess of Denbigh, the Dowager Countess of Cottenham, and the Countess de Torre Diaz. The programme includes items by most of the leading actors and actresses in London, and will be specially characterised by the unusual number of items played for the first time. Miss Gertrude Elliott is to recite Oscar Wilde's "The Canterbury Tales" to music specially composed for the occasion by Mme. Liza Lehmann, who will herself preside at the piano.

Jissen 2009-03-18 Universiteitsbibliotheek

Dec. 11 1908

Gertrude Elliott read Oscar Wilde's fairy story, "The Happy Prince," Miss Liza Lehmann at the pianoforte playing incidental music composed by herself. The music was charming, and Miss Elliott read most beautifully. But one did not greatly enjoy the item. In the first place the story is rather long. In the second Wilde is never seen to such disadvantage as when he assumes the mantle of Hans Andersen. Andersen is one of the greatest poets the world has known. He did for the old folk stories of his part of the world, such as are crudely recorded in Grimm, precisely what Shakespeare did for old plays. He gave them souls and immortality. Andersen and Wilde lived in different worlds, neither could breathe the other's atmosphere. All Wilde could do was to borrow Andersen's methods and ideas which, the spirit absent, became in Wilde's hands just so many tricks. To those who properly appreciate Andersen's genius Wilde's fairy stories are chiefly interesting as illustrations of incompatibility of temperament. "The Happy Prince" is a tissue of depredations made in the dark. A decadent Andersen is a contradiction in terms, and even in Wilde's most promising fairy story, "The Selfish Giant," the cloven hoof peeps out in the nauseous pseudo-religious ending. One enjoyed Miss Elliott's reading so much that one would like to hear her read something from the sound and sweet original instead of the tainted fin-de-siècle imitation.

Liverpool Echo Oct. 22. 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.

Yet to say that this great Greek tragedy must stir the emotions of the majority of workaday Liverpool folk in a curiously novel way is not to suggest that last night's performance missed fire. The air of bleak desolation pervading the whole theme, and the elemental grandeur of it, struck home with fearful force, and were in every sense true to the ancient Greek spirit. Electra, as presented by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, was a haunting figure. Very skillfully the great actress embodied the majesty which must ever surround great and terrible anguish, no matter how sordid its environment. The Clytemnestra of Miss Florence Farr was also distinctly within the picture. To account for the excellent translation of the Von Hofmannsthal version of the tragedy, a bare mention of the name of Arthur Symonds will suffice.

"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 much better known in Liverpool than Eschylus, Sophocles, or any other of his earlier rivals.

Dec. 22 1908

THE LIFE OF WHISTLER.\*

PUBLISHED TO-DAY.

Whistler wore out his friends as another artist wears out his paint-brushes. Ten years seems to have been the limit of amicable duration; generally it seems to have been five. Mr. Pennell some time since elected to throw over everything and everybody for the Master; but fortunately his own artistic position was already assured when he forsook all for the dry points of Whistler. Does this biography lose by the absence of letters? That is the question which the authors have anxiously asked themselves. We can unhesitatingly affirm that it has rather gained; at least for the worshippers at the shrine. Mrs. Pennell's graceful writing, her soothing influence on her collaborator, if we may say so, more than compensates for that staccato correspondence of which far too many examples have been published already. It is needless to say that the two volumes are beautifully printed and arranged in accordance with the canon of "Lepidoptera." But is this the real Whistler? "A good companion and the best of friends until he was provoked into making enemies." We are presented with a harmony in honey, the portrait of a man whose only weakness appears to have been an amiable and reasonable life (as Whistler's did in spite of himself), or it has no significance except for dreary collectors and dismal connoisseurs and dishonest dealers. Ruskin may have been too anxious to make art a domestic servant for religion, ethics, or politics; Pater may have regarded it with too literary a bias; Wilde with a too sensuous interest; but how much nearer truth and beauty they were than Whistler with his North American Indian fetishism for art and his pretentious Thibetan sacerdotalism. How ghastly to have kept copies or cuttings of all the ill-natured letters of a lifetime! How inhuman, paltry, and provincial. Many of them are very amusing for verbal repartee. Whistler always got "the best of everyone," it must be conceded; but that is rather a common bayleaf worn by many a smart criminal barrister. And then the artist! Here it is easier to soar with Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, though not, perhaps, to the zenith of their admiration. Whistler is certainly one of the innovators, one of the great painters; but they are not so few as later aesthetic criticism contends, or so many as art books would lead us to believe. Regarding him as an American, he is one of two painters which America has produced. As a naturalised Englishman he gave us three or four pictures which rank with Holbein's. "Miss Alexander," in a sort of way, conquered the world for us, the world of which "Carlyle" was not thinking; she is to Nineteenth Century portraiture what Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" was to the Eighteenth. As a French painter he surpassed Manet, and avoided the vulgarity of his predecessor, or kept it for his letters. Whistler's taste on canvas or copper never seemed to be at fault. As an etcher Mr. Claude Phillips has allowed, and Mr. Pennell with justice has asserted, he is the only rival of Rembrandt. But he was a jaundiced man, and his predilection for yellow is a profound symbol. He is almost greater for what he abolished from English art than for what he created or conjured on its behalf.

stand in relation to life (as Whistler's did in spite of himself), or it has no significance except for dreary collectors and dismal connoisseurs and dishonest dealers. Ruskin may have been too anxious to make art a domestic servant for religion, ethics, or politics; Pater may have regarded it with too literary a bias; Wilde with a too sensuous interest; but how much nearer truth and beauty they were than Whistler with his North American Indian fetishism for art and his pretentious Thibetan sacerdotalism. How ghastly to have kept copies or cuttings of all the ill-natured letters of a lifetime! How inhuman, paltry, and provincial. Many of them are very amusing for verbal repartee. Whistler always got "the best of everyone," it must be conceded; but that is rather a common bayleaf worn by many a smart criminal barrister. And then the artist! Here it is easier to soar with Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, though not, perhaps, to the zenith of their admiration. Whistler is certainly one of the innovators, one of the great painters; but they are not so few as later aesthetic criticism contends, or so many as art books would lead us to believe. Regarding him as an American, he is one of two painters which America has produced. As a naturalised Englishman he gave us three or four pictures which rank with Holbein's. "Miss Alexander," in a sort of way, conquered the world for us, the world of which "Carlyle" was not thinking; she is to Nineteenth Century portraiture what Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" was to the Eighteenth. As a French painter he surpassed Manet, and avoided the vulgarity of his predecessor, or kept it for his letters. Whistler's taste on canvas or copper never seemed to be at fault. As an etcher Mr. Claude Phillips has allowed, and Mr. Pennell with justice has asserted, he is the only rival of Rembrandt. But he was a jaundiced man, and his predilection for yellow is a profound symbol. He is almost greater for what he abolished from English art than for what he created or conjured on its behalf.

FOURTEEN

Liverpool Evening Express Dec. 22 1908

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell appeared in the title rôle of her new production, "Electra," at the Royal Court Theatre last evening. Larger audiences have witnessed better known plays, but none have signified their approval of art, both in its literary and dramatic forms, with greater gusto and with greater justification than was the case last night. "Electra" is tragedy in its most intense, its most heartrending form. It begins in the despair of the orphan and culminates in the dance of death. The play, which is in one act, has been translated by Arthur Symonds from the German of Hugo Von Hofmannsthal, and puts into modern dramatic guise an old Greek legend. When the play opens Electra's father, King Agamemnon, has been one to death by his wife, Clytemnestra, and her lover, Aegisthus. We are first greeted by the sad, weird, haunting soliloquy of the heartbroken Electra, who with her sister has been thrust among the serving-women. Electra, whose tender, filial love for her father is only surpassed by her almost fiendish hate of his murderers, is intent upon revenge. Through the various emotional phases of a character at one moment ennobled with a lofty love, at another dispirited with a bestial rage, we are led by Mrs. Campbell, whose dramatic delivery and beautiful elocution admirably fit her for so complex a rôle, and one learns to linger on a word and see a book of meaning in it. In the part of Clytemnestra she has an effective contrast, and the prodigal declamatory powers of Miss Florence Farr are taxed to the uttermost in one long interview. The last scene, which witnesses the vengeance of Electra's brother upon Clytemnestra, and in which death also overtakes Electra while she dances in thanksgiving, constitutes a grim curtain.

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.

Glasgow News. 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 Pere-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.

Mr. Robert Ross, known for his literary devotion to Oscar Wilde, has taken up the somewhat cognate art of Aubrey Beardsley, and has issued a study of that artist ("Aubrey Beardsley," by Robert Ross, with sixteen full-page illustrations, and a revision by Aymer Vallance. London: John Lane, 3s. 6d.). His sketch of Aubrey Beardsley's life is, of course, sympathetic; and it would not be reasonable for a critic, who never met that undoubted young genius, to say anything about the personal aspect of the study. The sketch Mr. Ross gives might, perhaps, be modified by others. What we are concerned with is the praise of his art. The drawings Mr. Ross has had reproduced are eminently characteristic. There is a frontispiece of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, reproduced from the drawing now in the Berlin National Gallery. There is no question of the quality of the workmanship, the insistence and inevitableness of the delicate line; but the drawing is caricature from beginning to end, and utterly repulsive at that. As for some of the others, they are not only repulsive, but disgustingly unhealthy. The light woolly fungus that grows on decaying food is, no doubt, beautiful in itself; if you examine it under a microscope you get some of the most delicate tracery imaginable; it is, however, a sign of putridity, and in no other way is it possible to view Aubrey Beardsley's art. Mr. Ross declares that in his illustrations of Oscar Wilde's "Salome," he "reached the consummation of the new convention he created for himself. They are collectively his masterpiece." If a man derives his highest inspiration from that production by Oscar Wilde, this fact surely sets upon his forehead the mark by which posterity will characterise him.

Dec. 9 1908

AUBREY BEARDSLEY AND "SALOME."

To the Editor of The Yorkshire Post.  
Sir,—Your reviewer of the book "Aubrey Beardsley" has evidently a poor opinion of Wilde's play "Salomé." He is, of course, fully entitled to hold any opinion he likes about a work of art which violates almost all the canons of our rather riotous respectability. But he goes on rashly to insinuate that posterity will condemn Beardsley if that artist really drew his highest inspiration from Wilde's drama. This is a bold assumption, that posterity's verdict on "Salomé" will echo your critic's rather insular opinion. On what grounds does this quaint supposition rest? The present evidence points the other way.

Is your reviewer prepared to deny the critical ability of Germany, Russia, France, Austria, and Italy, which have all acclaimed "Salomé" as a masterpiece? And would he venture to assert that Englishmen dislike the play, when, as a matter of fact, they are debarred from seeing its public performance, and consequently from giving a just opinion? It seems to me that if Beardsley's future reputation has to stand or fall with "Salomé's" future reputation his work is sure of a niche in the eternal temple of Fame.—Yours, etc.,

WILFRID M. LEADMAN,  
Ashland House, Pocklington, Dec. 9.  
\* \* We print Mr. Leadman's letter, but we cannot provide space for a discussion of diseased and debased art, or the possible decadence of posterity.—Ed.

Dec. 10 1908

Baldwin Transcription (U.S.A.) Dec. 16 1908

recp. 133

Dec. 21 1908

Gertrude Elliott read Oscar Wilde's fairy story, "The Happy Prince," Miss Liza Lehmann at the pianoforte playing incidental music composed by herself. The music was charming, and Miss Elliott read most beautifully. But one did not greatly enjoy the item. In the first place the story is rather long. In the second Wilde is never seen to such disadvantage as when he assumes the mantle of Hans Andersen. Andersen is one of the greatest poets the world has known. He did for the old folk stories of his part of the world, such as are crudely recorded in Grimm, precisely what Shakespeare did for old plays. He gave them souls and immortality. Andersen and Wilde lived in different worlds, neither could breathe the other's atmosphere. All Wilde could do was to borrow Andersen's methods and ideas which, the spirit absent, became in Wilde's hands just so many tricks. To those who properly appreciate Andersen's genius Wilde's fairy stories are chiefly interesting as illustrations of incompatibility of temperament. "The Happy Prince" is a tissue of deprecations made in the dark. A decadent Andersen is a contradiction in terms, and even in Wilde's most promising fairy story, "The Selfish Giant," the cloven hoof peeps out in the nauseous pseudo-religious ending. One enjoyed Miss Elliott's reading so much that one would like to hear her read something from the sound and sweet original instead of the tainted *fin-de-siècle* imitation.

Liverpool Echo Oct. 22, 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.

Yet to say that this great Greek tragedy must stir the emotions of the majority of workaday Liverpool folk in a curiously novel way is not to suggest that last night's performance missed fire. The air of bleak desolation pervading the whole theme, and the elemental grandeur of it, struck home with fearful force, and were in every sense true to the ancient Greek spirit. Electra, as presented by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, was a haunting figure. Very skillfully the great actress embodied the majesty which must ever surround great and terrible anguish, no matter how sordid its environment. The Clytemnestra of Miss Florence Farr was also distinctly within the picture. To account for the excellent translation of the Von Hoffmannsthal version of the tragedy, a bare mention of the name of Arthur Symonds will suffice.

"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 much better known in Liverpool than Eschylus, Sophocles, or any other of his earlier rivals.

Oct. 22 1908

THE LIFE OF WHISTLER.\*

PUBLISHED TO-DAY.

Whistler wore out his friends as another artist wears out his paint-brushes. Ten years seems to have been the limit of amicable duration; generally it seems to have been five. Mr. Pennell some time since elected to throw over everything and everybody for the Master; but fortunately his own artistic position was already assured when he forsook all for the dry points of Whistler. Does this biography lose by the absence of letters? That is the question which the authors have anxiously asked themselves. We can unhesitatingly affirm that it has rather gained; at least for the worshippers at the shrine. Mrs. Pennell's graceful writing, her soothing influence on her collaborator, if we may say so, more than compensates for that staccato correspondence of which far too many examples have been published already. It is needless to say that the two volumes are beautifully printed and arranged in accordance with the canon of "Lepidoptera." But is this the real Whistler? "A good companion and the best of friends until he was provoked into making enemies." We are presented with a harmony in honey, the portrait of a man whose only weakness appears to have been an amiable and reasonable ambition to obtain official recognition from the country of his adoption. If we turn to the very typical and amusing row over the Suffolk Street Gallery we learn that "the differences between him and the Society found the publicity which Whistler could never escape." No one courted or enjoyed publicity more than Whistler. The reciprocated affection of Fleet-street was hardly less than for Mr. Algernon Ashton. Though lavish in amusing anecdotes, the authors are so eager to include every significant story connected with their hero that they have passed one or two of which the humour or interest is really not apparent, stories of the kind Wordsworth used to tell after dinner. Again, when they say: "Everything he wrote had the same end . . . that the artist's sole preoccupation is with beauty," we can only express amazement at the idealism and chivalry which, we are told on page 113, are never understood in England. Whistler's "Gentle Art" indicates very clearly his opinion that an artist can and ought to have other preoccupations—quarrelling with friends, skirmishing with journalists, scuffling with critics. Stupid as some of Whistler's critics were, it is obvious from his attitude towards Mr. Swinburne that his idea of criticism was sycophantic adulation, of friendship uncritical applause. Mr. Pennell, being an artist himself, is naturally illuminating on Whistler's technique, and his observations make this Life, although another work is adumbrated, indispensable. The authors, of course, underrate the external influences of much greater artists, notably that of Hiroshige and Rossetti, because they think, and in this they are mistaken, that the admission would vitiate Whistler's claims to originality. Not without

\* Life of James McNeill Whistler. By E. R. and J. Pennell. Two Vols. 36s. William Heinemann.

reason did the Master forget dates. It would have been difficult to harmonise them with the legend which he contrived for a younger generation, and firmly believed by his biographers. When we read that "he drew better than Ingres, as his etchings prove," we are impelled to record the negative. Whistler was certainly more of a painter than the great grammarian, but his draughtsmanship is weak. We must not be deceived into praising one artist for what he does not possess any more than we must criticise others for not rendering that at which they have not aimed. Such instances, out of several that we have ventured to emphasise, relegate this biography, or, let us say, lift this biography, into the realms of imaginative literature comparable to Froude's portrait of Henry VIII. or Macaulay's William III.

Mr. and Mrs. Pennell have invited by this publication a discussion of Whistler, the man and the artist; or, rather, have invited the world to accept their valuation, based on deep personal knowledge of both. They are the experts on their own subject, and we would no more question their capacity or right of opinion than we would that of Mr. Cecil Smith on the Hermes of Praxiteles. But of Whistler the man it would be idle even for friends to accept their estimate. The late Mr. Leathart, one of the most generous and high-minded patrons of art in England, told the present writer of this review that Whistler was the greatest rogue and the greatest artist he ever met. From a resident at Newcastle that was a striking testimonial. Even Mr. and Mrs. Pennell are unable to get over the Leyland story, except by the usual "Whistler never forgave him." Leyland may or may not have been a scrupulous man; with characteristic delicacy the biographers do not enter into his failings; but whatever they may have been does not affect the ethics of the Peacock Room. Whistler cheated or tried to cheat Leyland. The story from its inception is one of the most terrible in the annals of art. A great man not an American would have forgone so base a victory. It was worthy of Mr. Hyde, and only a Balzac could conceive the horror of the demented Jekyll painting with gold peacocks the floor of his studio. He "forgot his grief in a madhouse," is the brief comment of the authors. Art! art! art! we are told was the ineffable cause, effect, and excuse. Whistler canted on art like a Nonconformist. Art must stand in relation to life (as Whistler's did in spite of himself), or it has no significance except for dreary collectors and dismal connoisseurs and dishonest dealers. Ruskin may have been too anxious to make art a domestic servant for religion, ethics, or politics; Pater may have regarded it with too literary a bias; Wilde with a too sensuous interest; but how much nearer truth and beauty they were than Whistler with his North American Indian fetishism for art and his pretentious Thibetan sacerdotalism. How ghastly to have kept copies or cuttings of all the ill-natured letters of a lifetime! How inhuman, paltry, and provincial. Many of them are very amusing for verbal repartee. Whistler always got "the best of everyone," it must be conceded; but that is rather a common bayleaf worn by many a smart criminal barrister. And then the artist! Here it is easier to soar with Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, though not, perhaps, to the zenith of their admiration. Whistler is certainly one of the innovators, one of the great painters; but they are not so few as later aesthetic criticism contends, or so many as art books would lead us to believe. Regarding him as an American, he is one of two painters which America has produced. As a naturalised Englishman he gave us three or four pictures which rank with Holbein's. "Miss Alexander," in a sort of way, conquered the world for us, the world of which "Carlyle" was not thinking; she is to Nineteenth Century portraiture what Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" was to the Eighteenth. As a French painter he surpassed Manet, and avoided the vulgarity of his predecessor, or kept it for his letters. Whistler's taste on canvas or copper never seemed to be at fault. As an etcher Mr. Claude Phillips has allowed, and Mr. Pennell with justice has asserted, he is the only rival of Rembrandt. But he was a jaundiced man, and his predilection for yellow is a profound symbol. He is almost greater for what he abolished from English art than for what he created or conjured on its behalf.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell appeared in the title rôle of her new production, "Electra" at the Royal Court Theatre last evening. Larger audiences have witnessed better known plays, but none have signified the approval of art, both in its literary and dramatic forms, with greater gusto and with greater justification than was the case last night. "Electra" is tragedy in its most intense, its most heartrending form. It is a study in the despair of the orphan and culminate in the dance of death. The play, which in one act, has been translated by Arthur Symonds from the German of Hugo Von Hoffmannsthal, and puts into modern dramatic guise an old Greek legend. When the play opens Electra's father, King Agamemnon, has been one to death by his wife, Clytemnestra, a lover, Aegisthus. We are first greeted, he said, weird, haunting soliloquy of heartbroken Electra, who with her sister seen thrust among the serving-women Electra, whose tender, filial love for her father is only surpassed by her all-fatherish hate of his murderers, is intent upon revenge. Through the various emotional phases of a character at one moment noble with a lofty love, at another depicted with a bestial rage, we are led by Mrs. Campbell, whose dramatic delivery and beautiful elocution admirably fit her for so complex a rôle, and one learns to linger on word and see a book of meaning in it. In the part of Clytemnestra she has an effectual contrast, and the prodigal declamatory powers of Miss Florence Farr are taxed to the uttermost in one long interview. The last scene, which witnesses the vengeance Electra's brother upon Clytemnestra, and which death also overtakes Electra while she dances in thanksgiving, constitutes a grand curtain.

The play is preceded by that beautiful piece 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 Guelfo Mr. Alan Patrick Campbell, and as Maria Miss Florence Wells, both earn meritorious applause.

Glasgow News.

The literary executor of Oscar Wilde, Mr B. Ross, announces that, from an anonymous donor he has received £3,000 for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument to Wilde at Pere-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 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. mentioned that the receipts from the production of Wilde's plays in Germany, together with first proceeds of "De Profundis," had by the month of 1906 paid off all the English creditors, with surplus to satisfy in full the French creditors.

# Morning Post

Dec. 11  
1908

Gertrude Elliott read Oscar Wilde's fairy story, "The Happy Prince," Miss Liza Lehmann at the pianoforte playing incidental music composed by herself. The music was charming, and Miss Elliott read most beautifully. But one did not greatly enjoy the item. In the first place the story is rather long. In the second Wilde is never seen to such disadvantage as when he assumes the mantle of Hans Andersen. Andersen is one of the greatest poets the world has known. He did for the old folk stories of his part of the world, such as are crudely recorded in Grimm, precisely what Shakespeare did for old plays. He gave them souls and immortality. Andersen and Wilde lived in different worlds, neither could breathe the other's atmosphere. All Wilde could do was to borrow Andersen's methods and ideas which, the spirit absent, became in Wilde's hands just so many tricks. To those who properly appreciate Andersen's genius Wilde's fairy stories are chiefly interesting as illustrations of incompatibility of temperament. "The Happy Prince" is a tissue of depredations made in the dark. A decadent Andersen is a contradiction in terms, and even in Wilde's most promising fairy story, "The Selfish Giant," the cloven hoof peeps out in the nauseous pseudo-religious ending. One enjoyed Miss Elliott's reading so much that one would like to hear her read something from the sound and sweet original instead of the tainted *fin-de-siècle* imitation.

Liverpool Echo. Oct. 22. 1908

## THE TRUE SPIRIT OF TRAGEDY. 13

### "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.

Yet to say that this great Greek tragedy must stir the emotions of the majority of workaday Liverpool folk in a curiously novel way is not to suggest that last night's performance missed fire. The air of bleak desolation pervading the whole theme, and the elemental grandeur of it, struck home with fearful force, and were in every sense true to the ancient Greek spirit. Electra, as presented by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, was a haunting figure. Very skilfully the great actress embodied the majesty which must ever surround great and terrible anguish, no matter how sordid its environment. The Clytemnestra of Miss Florence Farr was also distinctly within the picture. To account for the excellent translation of the Von Hoffmannsthal version of the tragedy, a bare mention of the name of Arthur Symons will suffice.

"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 much better known in Liverpool than Eschylus. See also the notes of his earlier rivals.

THE LIFE OF WHISTLER.\*

PUBLISHED TO-DAY.

Whistler wore out his friends as another artist wears out his paint-brushes. Ten years seems to have been the limit of amicable duration; generally it seems to have been five. Mr. Pennell some time since elected to throw over everything and everybody for the Master; but fortunately his own artistic position was already assured when he forsook all for the dry points of Whistler. Does this biography lose by the absence of letters? That is the question which the authors have anxiously asked themselves. We can unhesitatingly affirm that it has rather gained; at least for the worshippers at the shrine. Mrs. Pennell's graceful writing, her soothing influence on her collaborator, if we may say so, more than compensates for that staccato correspondence of which far too many examples have been published already. It is needless to say that the two volumes are beautifully printed and arranged in accordance with the canon of "Lepidoptera." But is this the real Whistler? "A good companion and the best of friends until he was provoked into making enemies." We are presented with a harmony in honey, the portrait of a man whose only weakness appears to have been an amiable and reasonable ambition to obtain official recognition from the country of his adoption. If we turn to the very typical and amusing row over the Suffolk Street Gallery we learn that "the differences between him and the Society found the publicity which Whistler could never escape." No one courted or enjoyed publicity more than Whistler. The reciprocated affection of Fleet-street was hardly less than for Mr. Algernon Ashton. Though lavish in amusing anecdotes, the authors are so eager to include every significant story connected with their hero that they have passed one or two of which the humour or interest is really not apparent, stories of the kind Wordsworth used to tell after dinner. Again, when they say: "Everything he wrote had the same end . . . that the artist's sole preoccupation is with beauty," we can only express amazement at the idealism and chivalry which, we are told on page 113, are never understood in England. Whistler's "Gentle Art" indicates very clearly his opinion that an artist can and ought to have other preoccupations—quarrelling with friends, skirmishing with journalists, scuffling with critics. Stupid as some of Whistler's critics were, it is obvious from his attitude towards Mr. Swinburne that his idea of criticism was sycophantic adulation, of friendship uncritical applause. Mr. Pennell, being an artist himself, is naturally illuminating on Whistler's technique, and his observations make this Life, although another work is adumbrated, indispensable. The authors, of course, underrate the external influences of much greater artists, notably that of Hiroshige and Rossetti, because they think, and in this they are mistaken, that the admission would vitiate Whistler's claims to originality. Not without

\* Life of James McNeill Whistler. By E. R. and J. Pennell. Two Vols. 36s. William Heinemann.

reason did the Master forget dates. It would have been difficult to harmonise them with the legend which he contrived for a younger generation, and firmly believed by his biographers. When we read that "he drew better than Ingres, as his etchings prove," we are impelled to record the negative. Whistler was certainly more of a painter than the great grammarian, but his draughtsmanship is weak. We must not be deceived into praising one artist for what he does not possess any more than we must criticise others for not rendering that at which they have not aimed. Such instances, out of several that we have ventured to emphasise, relegate this biography, or, let us say, lift this biography, into the realms of imaginative literature comparable to Froude's portrait of Henry VIII. or Macaulay's William III.

Mr. and Mrs. Pennell have invited by this publication a discussion of Whistler, the man and the artist; or, rather, have invited the world to accept their valuation, based on deep personal knowledge of both. They are the experts on their own subject, and we would no more question their capacity or right of opinion than we would that of Mr. Cecil Smith on the Hermes of Praxiteles. But of Whistler the man it would be idle even for friends to accept their estimate. The late Mr. Leathart, one of the most generous and high-minded patrons of art in England, told the present writer of this review that Whistler was the greatest rogue and the greatest artist he ever met. From a resident at Newcastle that was a striking testimonial. Even Mr. and Mrs. Pennell are unable to get over the Leyland story, except by the usual "Whistler never forgave him." Leyland may or may not have been a scrupulous man; with characteristic delicacy the biographers do not enter into his failings; but whatever they may have been does not affect the ethics of the Peacock Room. Whistler cheated or tried to cheat Leyland. The story from its inception is one of the most terrible in the annals of art. A great man not an American would have forgone so base a victory. It was worthy of Mr. Hyde, and only a Balzac could conceive the horror of the demented Jekyll painting with gold peacocks the floor of his studio. He "forgot his grief in a madhouse," is the brief comment of the authors. Art! art! art! we are told was the ineffable cause, effect, and excuse. Whistler canted on art like a Nonconformist. Art must stand in relation to life (as Whistler's did in spite of himself), or it has no significance except for dreary collectors and dismal connoisseurs and dishonest dealers. Ruskin may have been too anxious to make art a domestic servant for religion, ethics, or politics; Pater may have regarded it with too literary a bias; Wilde with a too sensuous interest; but how much nearer truth and beauty they were than Whistler with his North American Indian fetishism for art and his pretentious Thibetan sacerdotalism. How ghastly to have kept copies or cuttings of all the ill-natured letters of a lifetime! How inhuman, paltry, and provincial. Many of them are very amusing for verbal repartee. Whistler always got "the best of everyone," it must be conceded; but that is rather a common bayleaf worn by many a smart criminal barrister. And then the artist! Here it is easier to soar with Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, though not, perhaps, to the zenith of their admiration. Whistler is certainly one of the innovators, one of the great painters; but they are not so few as later æsthetic criticism contends, or so many as art books would lead us to believe. Regarding him as an American, he is one of two painters which America has produced. As a naturalised Englishman he gave us three or four pictures which rank with Holbein's. "Miss Alexander," in a sort of way, conquered the world for us, the world of which "Carlyle" was not thinking; she is to Nineteenth Century portraiture what Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" was to the Eighteenth. As a French painter he surpassed Manet, and avoided the vulgarity of his predecessor, or kept it for his letters. Whistler's taste on canvas or copper never seemed to be at fault. As an etcher Mr. Claude Phillips has allowed, and Mr. Pennell with justice has asserted, he is the only rival of Rembrandt. But he was a jaundiced man, and his predilection for yellow is a profound symbol. He is almost greater for what he abolished from English art than for what he created or conjured on its behalf.

Oct. 22 1908  
Liverpool Evening Express.

## ROYAL COURT THEATRE.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell appeared in the title rôle of her new production, "Electra," at the Royal Court Theatre last evening. Larger audiences have witnessed better known plays, but none have signified their approval of art, both in its literary and dramatic forms, with greater gusto and with greater justification than was the case last night. "Electra" is tragedy in its most intense, its most heartrending form. It begins in the despair of the orphan and culminates in the dance of death. The play, which is in one act, has been translated by Arthur Symonds from the German of Hugo Von Hofmannsthal, and puts into modern dramatic guise an old Greek legend. When the play opens Electra's father, King Agamemnon, has been done to death by his wife, Clytemnestra, and her lover, Aegisthus. We are first greeted by the sad, weird, haunting soliloquy of the heartbroken Electra, who with her sister has been thrust among the serving-women. Electra, whose tender, filial love for her father is only surpassed by her almost fiendish hate of his murderers, is intent upon revenge. Through the various emotional phases of a character at one moment ennobled with a lofty love, at another dissipated with a bestial rage, we are led by Mrs. Campbell, whose dramatic delivery and beautiful elocution admirably fit her for so complex a rôle, and one learns to linger on a word and see a book of meaning in it. In the part of Clytemnestra she has an effective contrast, and the prodigal declamatory powers of Miss Florence Farr are taxed to the uttermost in one long interview. The last scene, which witnesses the vengeance of Electra's brother upon Clytemnestra, and in which death also overtakes Electra while she dances in thanksgiving, constitutes a grim curtain.

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 Mrs. Arthur Campbell, and as Maria Miss Florence Wells, both earn meritorious applause.

# Glasgow News.

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 Pere-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 his plays in England, at the middle of 1906 paid off all the English creditors, with a surplus to satisfy in full the French creditors.

Mr. Robert Ross, known for his literary devotion to Oscar Wilde, has taken up the somewhat cognate art of Aubrey Beardsley, and has issued a study of that artist ("Aubrey Beardsley," by Robert Ross, with sixteen full-page illustrations, and a revision by Aymer Vallance. London: John Lane, 3s. 6d.). His sketch of Aubrey Beardsley's life is, of course, sympathetic; and it would not be reasonable for a critic, who never met that undoubted young genius, to say anything about the personal aspect of the study. The sketch Mr. Ross gives might, perhaps, be modified by others. What we are concerned with is the praise of his art. The drawings Mr. Ross has had reproduced are eminently characteristic. There is a frontispiece of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, reproduced from the drawing now in the Berlin National Gallery. There is no question of the quality of the workmanship, the insistence and inevitableness of the delicate line; but the draw-

ing is caricature from beginning to end, and utterly repulsive at that. As for some of the others, they are not only repulsive, but disgustingly unhealthy. The light woolly fungus that grows on decaying food is, no doubt, beautiful in itself; if you examine it under a microscope you get some of the most delicate tracery imaginable; it is, however, a sign of putridity, and in no other way is it possible to view Aubrey Beardsley's art. Mr. Ross declares that in his illustrations of Oscar Wilde's "Salome," he "reached the consummation of the new convention he created for himself. They are collectively his masterpiece." If a man derives his highest inspiration from that production by Oscar Wilde, this fact surely sets upon his forehead the mark by which posterity will characterise him.

Dec. 9

1908

AUBREY BEARDSLEY AND "SALOME."

To the Editor of The Yorkshire Post.

Sir,—Your reviewer of the book "Aubrey Beardsley" has evidently a poor opinion of Wilde's play "Salomé." He is, of course, fully entitled to hold any opinion he likes about a work of art which violates almost all the canons of our rather riotous respectability. But he goes on rashly to insinuate that posterity will condemn Beardsley if that artist really drew his highest inspiration from Wilde's drama. This is a bold assumption, that posterity's verdict on "Salomé" will echo your critic's rather insular opinion. On what grounds does this quaint supposition rest? The present evidence points the other way.

Is your reviewer prepared to deny the critical ability of Germany, Russia, France, Austria, and Italy, which have all acclaimed "Salomé" as a masterpiece? And would he venture to assert that Englishmen dislike the play, when, as a matter of fact, they are debarred from seeing its public performance, and consequently from giving a just opinion? It seems to me that if Beardsley's future reputation has to stand or fall with "Salomé's" future reputation his work is sure of a niche in the eternal temple of Fame.—Yours, etc.,

WILFRID M. LEADMAN.

Ashland House, Pocklington, Dec. 9.

- \* \* We print Mr. Leadman's letter, but we cannot provide space for a discussion of diseased and debased art, or the possible decadence of posterity.—  
Ed.

Dec. 10  
1908

Bolton Transcript (U.S.A.)  
Dec. 16, 1908

sep. 133

Dec. 14. 1908

### Glasgow Herald.

contemptuous Whistler never treated anything more contemptuously than Oscar Wilde's hopes of awakening a general and transforming interest in art. There never was and there never could be, Whistler maintained, such a thing as an artistic or art-loving period. What we called artistic periods were simply those in which men took what artists gave them, and said nothing; dilettantism, amateurism, and literary art-criticism were the distinguishing features of aggressively inartistic periods. Whistler's attitude in the matter was plainly as arbitrarily pessimistic as Wilde's was childishly sanguine. Considering the almost miraculous harmony of mind and body which constitutes what is called the artistic temperament, to expect all the members of a community to become artists would be slightly less reasonable than to expect them all to be Sandows or senior wranglers. It would be perhaps absurd even to expect them all to be appreciative of art. But it is not for man to fix the limits of his own potentialities. As Mr Michael Simons pointed out in his speech to the teacher-students of the Glasgow School of Art on Saturday, it was quite possible "that every child might have the art instinct and a love for form and colour from its birth." That possibility being admitted, the function of the teacher as regards art is plainly enough expressed in the etymology of the word education. Genius can overcome difficulties, and even gain strength in the struggle; but genius, too, can be starved and stunted by discouragement. Whistler would not have been the Whistler whom we know had his parents remained in America and been unable to send him to Paris. Really great artists are so scarce that the conscience of a self-respecting community should be troubled at the thought of having withheld a helping hand from a single incipient Raeburn or embryo Turner. Amateurism and a lowering of the standard of first-rate work—the objections urged against a general system of art-teaching—are rather the results of a partial system which presupposes that every child who is taught art will become a professional artist. Under the universal system, so admirably fostered by the Saturday teacher's-classes in the Glasgow School of Art, a proper perspective will soon be attained; the emergence of the potential great artist will make clearer than ever to a trained public the salutary distinction between creative talent and appreciative perception.

Sunday Times Dec. 13. 1908

### Jeuilleton.

#### AN OPEN LETTER TO G. K. CHESTERTON, ESQ.

By HENRY MURRAY.

*Good men disbelieve, not because they hate religion and wish to be rid of it, but because they will not call evil good, nor paradox a sacred mystery.*—JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

Sir,—You may perhaps remember that, a few years ago, it was my privilege to review, in the columns of a contemporary newspaper, your critical study of Robert Browning. In the course of that review I ventured to remonstrate against the judgment by which you had placed Bishop Blougram among Browning's "bad men," on a level with Djabal and "Mr. Sludge, the Medium." While reading your last book, "Orthodoxy," I was more than once tempted to exclaim that I must indeed have converted you to my way of thinking about the good old Bishop, and with a vengeance; so thoroughly indeed that in writing your last volume you had elected to copy the polemical method which, in the earlier book, you had stigmatised as so objectionable. There is a truly remarkable resemblance between your utterance and the allocution with which Blougram favours his dumb opponent, "Gigadibs the literary man." The sentiments evoked by the two pronouncements are absolutely identical. They are both bewilderingly clever; both, in their respective fashions, at once eloquent and scholarly: both alternately strong and feeble, sincere and insincere, and both contain passages in which sincerity and insincerity are so inextricably mingled that it is impossible—for me at least—to determine to which category they should be finally relegated. And both have left me, as Blougram has left thousands and your book by this time will have left scores, of Agnostics, precisely where it found me. I have read both with a momentary admiration of their cleverness, but

Sunday Times Dec. 13. 1908

they have passed through my mental system like water through a sponge, leaving behind them no resultant sediment of thought.

Your book, if it has any real, ultimate meaning at all, is a plea for Roman Catholicism. It is that, or it is nothing, and I could wish that you had for a moment got far enough away from your usual elusive and slippery method of expression to avow as much in plain and unmistakable terms. But it is a plea which I cannot fancy any sincere Catholic reading with any very strong sentiments of admiration or gratitude for its author. I feel that, were I a Catholic, I should detect in it a certain subtle and rather offensive note of patronage. Were I a devoutly religious person, I should not care to see the central objects of my worship, the Creator of the Universe and the Divine Protagonist of the world-tragedy of Calvary, brought into quite such close juxtaposition with Jack the Giant-killer and Ali Baba and Robin Goodfellow, as pleasant and amusing personages on whom an intelligence, bored by the aridity of modern science, can dwell with a quite blameless sense of aesthetic repose. Paul Verlaine has somewhere a phrase about

"Nous, les suprêmes poètes,  
Qui vénérans les dieux et qui n'y croyons pas."  
and, without for one moment aspiring to rank myself among the poets, "supreme" or otherwise, I take my stand, Agnostic as I am, beside, if not among them, in that particular of venerating what I can no longer worship. Somebody once wrote a book about the Folly of the Wise. Will not somebody else write one about the Irreverence of the Religious? He would have no cause to complain of lack of examples. Oscar Wilde, who professed to have found religion in his prison cell, chattered about how delightful it was to know that Christ spoke Greek and how nice it was to think that if He could have met Plato they would have been able to interchange ideas! That "boiling-over Christian"—to employ the phraseology of Mr. Panks—Miss Marie Corelli, disregarding the Redeemer's categorically expressed warning that, when He again visits earth, it will be in His full terrors as Judge and Avenger, brought Him into the plot of a novel, the action of which falls in the last decade of the nineteenth century, in the disguise of a lost and starving Jew! Without

in the least desiring to be offensive to anybody, I have my doubts of the sincerity of the "faith" which can find no more reverential expression for itself than such lively and fanciful irresponsibilities.

It is rather curious to note the shallowness of the reasoning by which a man of your intelligence seeks to enforce his plea for a return to forms of belief which the culture of the world has discarded. On page 271 of "Orthodoxy," you tell us—"in history I found that Christianity, so far from belonging to the Dark Ages, was the one path along the Dark Ages that was not dark. It was a shining bridge connecting two shining civilisations." Even so excellent and generally original a polemic as Mr. W. S. Lilly was content to fall back, in a book he published some few years ago, on this sophism—for sophism it is, used as he and you both use it, as an alleged reason for the world reverting to the paramount authority of the Roman Church. Nobody with the merest smattering of history will deny the debt owed to that Church by human society. As Mr. Lilly claimed for her, she was the nursing-mother of the arts and sciences. Expunge her work and her influence from the annals of Europe, and you reduce history to an absolutely inexplicable chaos. She did more than nourish art and science. She was the parent of modern political liberty, as so good and so combative a Protestant as Sir James Stephen loudly proclaimed. The debt England owes to the four great Primates—Lanfranc, Anselm, Langton, and Becket—is as great as that she pays to the memories of Hampden and Eliot and Cromwell. "Whatever may have been their personal motives, and whatever their demerits, they, and they alone, wrestled successfully with the despotism of the Conqueror and his descendants to the fourth generation; maintaining among us, even in those evil days, the balanced power, the control of public opinion, and the influence of moral over physical... which at this day remain the inheritance of England." But the fact which the Protestant perceives, and to which the Catholic is obstinately blind, is that the Church lost her control over science and liberty by unnaturally and illogically quarrelling with her bantlings because, like all healthy organisms properly nourished, they grew. The tender

# Glasgow Herald.

contemptuous Whistler never treated anything more contemptuously than Oscar Wilde's hopes of awakening a general and transforming interest in art. There never was and there never could be, Whistler maintained, such a thing as an artistic or art-loving period. What we called artistic periods were simply those in which men took what artists gave them, and said nothing; dilettantism, amateurism, and literary art-criticism were the distinguishing features of aggressively inartistic periods. Whistler's attitude in the matter was plainly as arbitrarily pessimistic as Wilde's was childishly sanguine. Considering the almost miraculous harmony of mind and body which constitutes what is called the artistic temperament, to expect all the members of a community to become artists would be slightly less reasonable than to expect them all to be Sandows or senior wranglers. It would be perhaps absurd even to expect them all to be appreciative of art. But it is not for man to fix the limits of his own potentialities. As Mr Michael Simons pointed out in his speech to the teacher-students of the Glasgow School of Art on Saturday, it was quite possible "that every child might have the art instinct and a love for form and colour from its birth." That possibility being admitted, the function of the teacher as regards art is plainly enough expressed in the etymology of the word education. Genius can overcome difficulties, and even gain strength in the struggle; but genius, too, can be starved and stunted by discouragement. Whistler would not have been the Whistler whom we know had his parents remained in America and been unable to send him to Paris. Really great artists are so scarce that the conscience of a self-respecting community should be troubled at the thought of having withheld a helping hand from a single incipient Raeburn or embryo Turner. Amateurism and a lowering of the standard of first-rate work—the objections urged against a general system of art-teaching—are rather the results of a partial system which presupposes that every child who is taught art will become a professional artist. Under the universal system, so admirably fostered by the Saturday teacher's-classes in the Glasgow School of Art, a proper perspective will soon be attained; the emergence of the potential great artist will make clearer than ever to a trained public the salutary distinction between creative talent and appreciation.

Sunday Times Dec. 13. 1908

# Fenilleton.

## AN OPEN LETTER TO G. K. CHESTERTON, ESQ.

By HENRY MURRAY.

*Good men disbelieve, not because they hate religion and wish to be rid of it, but because they will not call evil good, nor paradox a sacred mystery.*—JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

Sir,—You may perhaps remember that, a few years ago, it was my privilege to review, in the columns of a contemporary newspaper, your critical study of Robert Browning. In the course of that review I ventured to remonstrate against the judgment by which you had placed Bishop Blougram among Browning's "bad men," on a level with Djabal and "Mr. Sludge, the Medium." While reading your last book, "Orthodoxy," I was more than once tempted to exclaim that I must indeed have converted you to my way of thinking about the good old Bishop, and with a vengeance; so thoroughly indeed that in writing your last volume you had elected to copy the polemical method which, in the earlier book, you had stigmatised as so objectionable. There is a truly remarkable resemblance between your utterance and the allocution with which Blougram favours his dumb opponent, "Gigadibs the literary man." The sentiments evoked by the two pronouncements are absolutely identical. They are both bewilderingly clever; both, in their respective fashions, at once eloquent and scholarly: both alternately strong and feeble, sincere and insincere, and both contain passages in which sincerity and insincerity are so inextricably mingled that it is impossible—for me at least—to determine to which category they should be finally relegated. And both have left me, as Blougram has left thousands and your book by this time will have left scores, of Agnostics, precisely where it found me. I have read both with a momentary admiration of their cleverness, but

Sunday June  
8er. 13. 1908

ney have passed through my mental system like water through a sponge, leaving behind them no resultant sediment of thought.

\* \* \* \* \*

Your book, if it has any real, ultimate meaning at all, is a plea for Roman Catholicism. It is that, or it is nothing, and I could wish that you had for a moment got far enough away from your usual elusive and slippery method of expression to avow as much in plain and unmistakable terms. But it is a plea which I cannot fancy any sincere Catholic reading with any very strong sentiments of admiration or gratitude for its author. I feel that, were I a Catholic, I should detect in it a certain subtle and rather offensive note of patronage. Were I a devoutly religious person, I should not care to see the central objects of my worship, the Creator of the Universe and the Divine Protagonist of the world-tragedy of Calvary, brought into quite such close juxtaposition with Jack the Giant-killer and Ali Baba and Robin Goodfellow, as pleasant and amusing personages on whom an intelligence, bored by the aridity of modern science, can dwell with a quite blameless sense of aesthetic repose. Paul Verlaine has somewhere a phrase about

"Nous, les suprêmes poètes,  
Qui vénérons les dieux et qui n'y croyons pas."

and, without for one moment aspiring to rank myself among the poets, "supreme" or otherwise, I take my stand, Agnostic as I am, beside, if not among them, in that particular of venerating what I can no longer worship. Somebody once wrote a book about the Folly of the Wise. Will not somebody else write one about the Irreverence of the Religious? He would have no cause to complain of lack of examples. Oscar Wilde, who professed to have found religion in his prison cell, chattered about how delightful it was to know that Christ spoke Greek and how nice it was to think that if He could have met Plato they would have been able to interchange ideas! That "boiling-over Christian"—to employ the phraseology of Mr. Panks—Miss Marie Corelli, disregarding the Redeemer's categorically expressed warning that, when He again visits earth, it will be in His full terrors as Judge and Avenger, brought Him into the plot of a novel, the action of which falls in the last decade of the nineteenth century, in the disguise of a lost and starving ~~tramp~~! Without

in the least desiring to be offensive to anybody, I have my doubts of the sincerity of the "faith" which can find no more reverential expression for itself than such lively and fanciful irresponsibilities.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is rather curious to note the shallowness of the reasoning by which a man of your intelligence seeks to enforce his plea for a return to forms of belief which the culture of the world has discarded. On page 271 of "Orthodoxy," you tell us—"in history I found that Christianity, so far from belonging to the Dark Ages, was the one path along the Dark Ages that was not dark. It was a shining bridge connecting two shining civilisations." Even so excellent and generally original a polemic as Mr. W. S. Lilly was content to fall back, in a book he published some few years ago, on this sophism—for sophism it is, used as he and you both use it, as an alleged reason for the world reverting to the paramount authority of the Roman Church. Nobody with the merest smattering of history will deny the debt owed to that Church by human society. As Mr. Lilly claimed for her, she was the nursing-mother of the arts and sciences. Expunge her work and her influence from the annals of Europe, and you reduce history to an absolutely inexplicable chaos. She did more than nourish art and science. She was the parent of modern political liberty, as so good and so combative a Protestant as Sir James Stephen loudly proclaimed: The debt England owes to the four great Primates—Lanfranc, Anselm, Langton, and Becket—is as great as that she pays to the memories of Hampden and Eliot and Cromwell. "Whatever may have been their personal motives, and whatever their demerits, they, and they alone, wrestled successfully with the despotism of the Conqueror and his descendants to the fourth generation; maintaining among us, even in those evil days, the balanced power, the control of public opinion, and the influence of moral over physical . . . which at this day remain the inheritance of England." But the fact which the Protestant perceives, and to which the Catholic is obstinately blind, is that the Church lost her control over science and liberty by unnatural and illogically quarrelling with her bantlings because, like all healthy organisms properly nourished, they grew. The tender