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Oscar Wilde
Scrapbook

Vol. 8

...is rather surprising to...ographical records that at so...never showed any superiority in con...tion. "He never stood out in essays..."

...barbaric hue as when they...ed this prodigal and wayward...genius—a companion for the gods at his...best, and at his worst a subject fit only...for pathologists or alienists—to herd with...common criminals and to spend two years...on the treadmill. Yet at least those two...years gave us two masterpieces which re-...veal Oscar Wilde's intellect in its noblest...guise—the "Ballad of Reading Gaol" and...the "De Profundis."

Years have passed and England has not yet forgiven, though she strives hard to forget, the wild wag who made sport of her pet hypocrites, and she still fools herself with the fiction that it is outraged virtue and not hurt vanity which makes her wince at the memory of his name.

In Continental Europe Wilde has soared back again from bog to sky. Back of his authorship lies the man, back of his sin the broken outcast and repentant sinner, who appeals powerfully to the Latin and Teutonic imagination. As with the English Byron and the American Poe, it is the sorrow and shame of this Irishman's life—sorrow, the tax he paid for excess, and shame, the confiscation exacted by society from the too public publican—that has placed him among the great sufferers of history.

Like Byron and Poe, Wilde has been translated into French, into German, into Italian—into one knows not how many languages. He is read and appreciated by people to whom Wordsworth and Milton and Browning are unknown and unknowable.

It has been reserved for this country, however, to prepare and publish the first definitive edition of Oscar Wilde's writings in prose and verse. This work has been undertaken by Messrs. A. R. Keller & Co., acting as the publication department of the Anglo-American Authors' Association. They have secured the general editorial supervision of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, who had the advantage of personal acquaintance with Wilde. In this capacity Mr. Le Gallienne prefixes an introduction to these volumes, which is written with tact and good taste and shows a nice critical understanding of qualities that the Anglo-Saxon mind is usually incapable of grasping.

A preliminary life of Oscar Wilde, compiled from various sources, is put forward less as a biographical study than as a collation of documents and memoranda—some of them invaluable, all of them interesting—which might otherwise have perished in the dust heap of time.

An advance notice of this new edition, made from proofs and unbound sheets, appeared in the HERALD on March 31, of last year. It was explained that the set would be completed in sixteen volumes and that it would include much matter which was merely lying perdu in more or less obscure periodicals and newspapers. Oscar Wilde, it was explained, valued himself chiefly on his talents as a wit and raconteur, and was curiously careless about the future of these rantlings of his brain. Consequently, many of them had escaped printed record in any permanent literary form. Not only in London and in Paris, but in New York and in other American cities where Wilde lectured on his tour in '88, the compilers of this edition unearthed a considerable amount of fugitive verse, critical comment, parables, personalia and so on.

OSCAR WILDE came into his heritage of genius by right of birth. His father, Sir William Wilde, was one of the greatest surgeons of the early nineteenth century and a man of the rosiest culture. His mother, under the pseudonym of Speranza, was the most popular and the most effective of the poets who espoused the Young Ireland cause in the pages of the Dublin Nation. Her mournful appeal to Daniel O'Connell in his alliance with the whigs is said to have made the great agitator as no other track elite in prose or poetry ever loved his girl. As we read it now in cold blood we still see how good it is, though we must fain own it would have

When Punch began to exploit him and his associate aesthetes the rank and file of the Oxford undergraduates, with boylike fickleness, turned against the apostle and his disciples. They put some of the latter under the pump, they "ragged" the rooms of others and pitched their blue china out of window. Next day all the aesthetes in Oxford had cut their hair and resumed their stand-up collars. They could not so easily feaze the leader. They waylaid the "blue china cove" when he was out for a walk, bound him with cords and dragged him to the top of a hill. Though hurt and bruised, the victim did not protest, and when he was at length released he flicked the dust from his coat, gazed out complacently at the prospect, and remarked, "Yes, the view from this hill is very charming."

He crossed the Atlantic and was received with the same derision that he had serenely confronted at Oxford and afterward in London. He laughed back at us and returned to England with \$50,000 of our money in the pockets of his velvet knickerbockers.

He soon vindicated himself. He baffled the scoffers. People began to realize that this young man with the queer clothes and the queer affectations was no fool. He succeeded alike in poetry, in drama, in essay, in fairy tale and in novel. With Whistler he divided the reputation of being the greatest wit of his day. His caustic paradoxes, combining shrewdness with wit, were in everybody's mouth. But the scoffers, though baffled, were not all silenced. It was urged that his wit was simply the mechanical reversal of a proverb or a platitude. It is true that Wilde rejoiced in turning a proverb turtlewise on its back and exposing the rich and juicy meat of paradox that lay on its nether side.

Did British Philistines repeat by rote such hackneyed quotations as "Charity covers a multitude of sins," Wilde would smartly remind them that charity creates a multitude of sins. If the same ponderous personalities solemnly asserted that culture depended upon judicious reading, Wilde would mischievously suggest that "more than half of modern culture depends upon what one shouldn't read."

Nevertheless it is also true that no mere trick of verbal mechanism supplied the wit to these Wildean reversals of current platitudes. It was the corrective half truth whimsically hidden in his perversions of hackneyed half truths that supplied them with their real vitality and point. They were welcomed by the jaded taste as a complementary color might be welcomed by the eye wearied of a too self assertive and therefore a misleading hue.

Wilde's fellow countryman, George Bernard Shaw, put the case admirably. "The critics," he said, "laugh angrily at his epigrams, like a child who is coaxed into being amused in the very act of setting up a yell of rage and agony. They protest that the trick is obvious and that such epigrams can be turned out by the score by any one light minded enough to condescend to such frivolity. As far as I can ascertain, I am the only person in London who cannot sit down and write an Oscar Wilde play at will. The fact that his plays, though apparently lucrative, remain unique under these circumstances says much for the self-denial of our scribes."

MR. LE GALLIENNE utters some sound sense on the same side of the subject. Though he grants that Wilde could be and often was deliberately

reads. I believe that Wilde was genuinely disappointed with the Atlantic, as many another of us, crossing it monotonously in those vulgar sea going hotels we call liners, have surely been; and he said so quite simply to the interviewers as he landed."

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

THE news of this coming edition was cabled over to England. There it met with public protest. It was said that the "pirated" American edition was a gross violation of the rights of Oscar Wilde's heirs. Mr. Le Gallienne was censured for allowing his name to be connected with the enterprise.

To obtain the answer of the publishers and the editor of the American edition I called the other day at the publication office. I was fortunate in finding Mr. Le Gallienne and Mr. Keller closeted together. Both were quite willing to talk.

"The Messrs. Methuen, who are the authorized publishers of Wilde's works in England," said Mr. Le Gallienne, "aver that they are preparing to bring out a complete edition of Wilde's works. But their edition, as announced on paper, leaves out many important items, among others 'The Portrait of Dorian Gray.'"

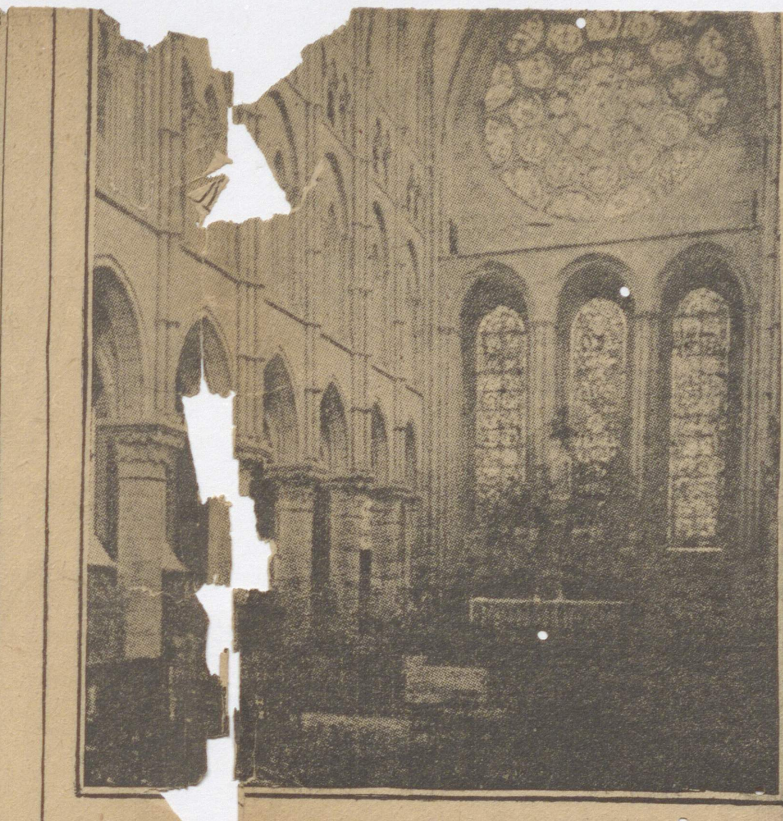
Now, Dorian Gray is the Hamlet among Wilde's books. It is his spiritual autobiography. Wilde without Dorian Gray is Wilde without Wilde. It is Hamlet with Hamlet left out.

"More than that," said Mr. Keller, "the edition is still in an inchoate form. Still, the Methuen firm thought that they could dispose of three hundred copies of this edition in America. They offered it everywhere, and everywhere their offer was refused. Then we undertook to accept it. We thought there might be three hundred Englishmen in this country who might prefer the English edition. We were willing to take them on a gamble. But we couldn't tie the English publishers down to any definite arrangement about the delivery of the copies. We wanted so many volumes to be ready at such and such a date, the three hundred copies of the first four volumes, and then the other volumes at regular intervals. We could get no satisfactory assurance that the respective volumes would be out on time. So the arrangement fell through."

"UNDERSTAND," put in Mr. Le Gallienne, "that the American publishers are also quite willing to respect any legitimate claims of Oscar Wilde's heirs."

"Yes, provided we can find them," added Mr. Keller. "We do not care to deal indirectly with them through Wilde's literary executor, a Mr. Ross. I have made some inquiries and only learn that one of Wilde's sons is a Catholic priest and the other has changed his name. Neither is in the indigent circumstances that have been reported concerning them. Lady Wilde left a considerable estate. The priest will be looked after, moreover, by his Church. As to the other, a son who is ashamed of his father's name has no great claim to consideration on his father's account. None the less we are willing to set aside a fair share of the profits arising from this edition for the benefit of both sons, provided we can learn their whereabouts and deal directly with them. So far the enterprise has been all expense and only when the sales begin to recoup us will the profits begin. The expenses have been enormous."

"Of late," Mr. Keller went on to explain, "there has been a great interest in Wildeana among bibliophiles, and authoritative



15TH CENTURY ROSE AND LANCETS, LADON FROM "STAINED GLASS TOURS IN FRANCE." COPYRIGHT 1908 BY JOHN LANE CO.

texts have come...prices—single poems...of eight pages sell...\$27.50 each. Origin...of Wilde have...brought as high...of Wilde, here...and published...the original m...prices, when it is...who wrote them...seven years. Sim...of the works and...of Wilde for the...present edition...of thousands...including the value...spent in tracing...ed that no complete...of another modern...so difficult and ex...pensive to compile. After...all been collected there...outlay required to illus...trate the volumes, to secure appropriate...paper, presswork...and binding."

"THE STRUGGLE FOR A ROYAL CHILD"

Mrs. Ida Kremer Describes Experiences as Governess in Home of Countess Montignoso During 1906.

It was toward the end of October, 1906, that Mrs. Ida Kremer was appointed by the King of Saxony governess to his youngest daughter, Anna Monica, Duchess of Saxony, a four-year-old child living with her expatriated mother in Florence, Italy.

That mother's life romance is well known. Before her husband had succeeded to the throne, and when he respectively the Crown Princess of Saxony, the fencing master, Giron, from what she described as the gilded slavery of domestic circle. She left behind her five children. The first was born shortly after her flight. Her

between the royal pair was impossible, but a legal separation was secured by her consort. Then she broke with Giron and settled down as a pensioned exile, with the understanding that on December 1, 1906, the little Princess should be handed over to the royal court in Dresden for her future education, and that she should give up her Saxon title and assume that of Countess Montignoso, which belonged to her through her mother.

But the Countess Montignoso knew how to make her conditions too. She demanded that the future governess should undertake the child's education under her mother's eye for one month prior to her surrender, so that the mother should have some personal acquaintance with the teacher and that the child might find a friendly link between her old home and her new and strange environment.

The demand seemed reasonable enough. The court agreed and therewith put into cunning maternal hands a new weapon wherewith to lengthen out the struggle for the royal child.

It was under these circumstances that Mrs. Kremer found herself in the afternoon of October 31, driven up to the open hall door of the villa at Bellosguardo (the highest point in Florence), in which the Countess of Montignoso had taken up her residence.

She descended from the carriage and entered the villa. The hall was only dimly lit by a shaded lamp. All she could see in a hasty survey was that a crimson carpeted staircase on the right led to the upper stories. There wasn't a servant to be seen. She slipped back irresolutely to look after her luggage. * * * Just then a slender white-gobed apparition came down the stairs leading a little girl by the hand. Surely, thought Mrs. Kremer to herself, this must be Fraulein Haubold, the nursery governess, and the little princess. She went up to the pair and said interrogatively:—

"Fraulein Haubold?" "Oh, please, no," the apparition laughed. "I'm Her Imperial Highness herself! How are you? Did you you have a comfortable journey. Frau Kremer? And see, I've

And then—Her Imperial Highness:—"Nothing here of her brother Wolfgang's fan for the dropping of titles; she does not even seem satisfied with Countess; she likes better to be Princess of Tuscany—Her Imperial Highness."

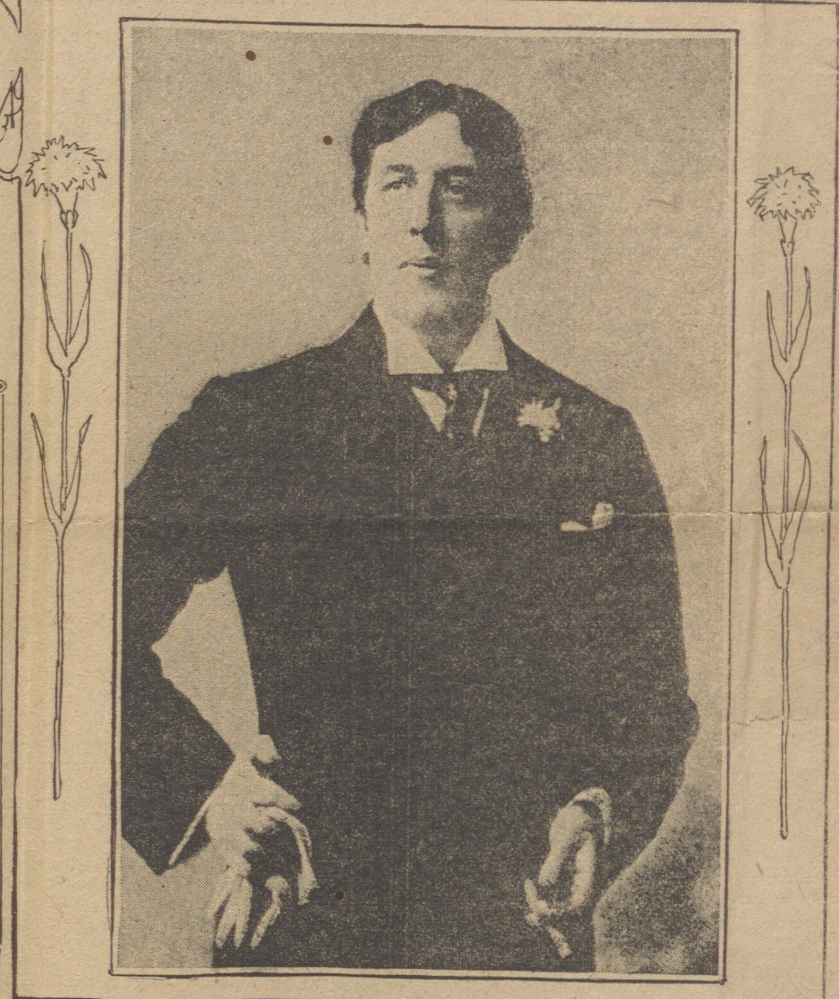
AND now the real Fraulein Haubold appeared—a Saxon girl who greeted the newcomer with a curt nod, caught the little Princess by the hand and disappeared with her.

In the meantime the Countess, with an indescribable charm, set herself to make the difficult situation as easy as possible for Mrs. Kremer, who on her side was grateful to her for making a joke out of the accidental meeting. "If I had come hither in a defiant and spiteful spirit, as the trusted emissary of the royal court, this kindness would have disarmed me from the first moment. I

apocalypse. "This concentration of all the old glass in these two quarters has the satisfactory result that any one standing at the crossing and looking either into the north transept or into the choir sees nothing but the splendid richness of mosaic medallions and is not distracted by the sight of any other style of glazing." (John Lane Company).

THE PETER PAN PICTURE BOOK

PETER PAN has already taken his place among the immortals of the nursery. The play in which his feats are celebrated will probably form part of the holiday festivities of the winter solstice for many future generations of schoolboys and schoolgirls. Peter him-



OSCAR WILDE FROM "NEW DEFINITION EDITION OF HIS WORKS." COPYRIGHT 1907 BY A. R. KELLER AND CO.

well understand how such a woman can entrap you into loving her, and therefore I must be doubly on my guard, so that she must not make me unfaithful to my trust and win me over to her side. That would be a new way for her to snap her fingers in the face of the court."

FURTHER acquaintance deepened the governess' sense of Princess Louise's charms and also of her frolicsome, frivolous and irresponsible nature, Fraulein Haubold awoke her next morning. "Her Imperial Highness," she said, "wishes to know if you have had a good night's rest? Didn't you hear the car-

LEICESTER took no notice of him until he left Eton, at the age of seventeen, in the year 1771. Then she wrote him this curt and characteristic note:—

"Sir—I understand you have left Eton, and probably intend to go to one of those schools of vice, the universities. If, however, you chuse to travel I will give you £500 per annum."

As his father added to this offer the promise of an additional £200 a year young Coke decided to accept. Then came a command to the young heir to go to Holkham and view the kingdom that would one day be his own. He found Lady Leicester a delicate featured, slightly built lady who in her studied richness of dress suggested female vanity rather than strength of mind. He was soon to be undeceived. She seated herself beside him upon the sofa and studied his features with great earnestness. No doubt in that moment she was thinking of the dead son to whose birthright the youth before her would in all probability succeed. Next she addressed him firmly:—

"Young man, you are now for the first time at Holkham, and it is probable that you will one day be master of this house; but understand, I will live as long as I can."

To emphasize this declaration she raised her clinched hands and shook them in his face with such vehemence that the sofa under them trembled with his agitation.

The most romantic episode of Coke's tour in Europe was his meeting at Rome with the Princess Louise of Stolberg, a bright and beautiful girl of twenty, who had just married the second Pretender, Charles Edward, a man fifty-two years old, already degraded in mind and person by excess. No wonder that the handsome young Englishman appealed to the imagination of the high spirited girl more strongly than her quinquagenarian spouse.

At a grand fancy dress ball in Rome she showed her appreciation by dancing with him and presenting him with a white cockade, which he was too gallant to refuse, despite his staunch whig principles. Later she ordered Battoni to paint for him a life size portrait of himself, appraised as he had appeared at the ball, into which there was ingeniously smuggled a portrait of herself.

LOOK at the reproduction of the picture on this page of the HERALD. Immediately behind the figure of Coke, and extending across the background, is a statue of the lovely Ariadne. Now, it was well known that in this statue, one of the most famous relics of antiquity, the Princess had fancied a likeness to herself. The artist has elaborated fancy into fact. Mrs. Stirling surmises that the Princess may have impersonated Ariadne at the ball when she danced with young Coke. The fact of so suggestive a figure being introduced into the picture with marked prominence, by her own command, gave rise to much comment, and possibly to no little amusement.

There is no evidence that Louise, although she visited England in 1791, ever again met the subject of her early romance, but many years afterward, when Coke's eldest daughter, Lady Andover, was staying in Florence the Princess paid a visit to her and referred with much feeling to the recollection she still retained of the handsome youth.

"I hear that young Mr. Coke has returned from abroad in love with the Pretender's Queen," wrote Horace Walpole on August 18, 1774. The arch gossip was wrong. Young Mr. Coke had timed his return so as to be present at the wedding of his sister to James Dutton, of Sherborne. Between Dutton's sister Jane and Coke himself there had been a long standing boy and girl romance which now ripened into a lifelong attachment. Even when Walpole wrote an understanding had been reached between the young people. Despite paternal opposition Coke married his choice shortly after reaching his majority, on October 5, 1775.

The year 1776 was the most eventful in the life of Coke. By the successive deaths of his father and his great aunt, he entered his dual inheritance

claimed salt marsh. Lady Townshend wittily described it as "one blade of grass, and two rabbits fighting for that."

Now you will remember Swift's saying that the man who can make two blades of grass grow where only one had grown before is the true benefactor of men.

Coke bettered Swift's prescription. He made the single blade spread into a pasture. He planted thousands of acres with grass; he grew wheat upon soil which had been mere sea swept wastes. He turned his attention to every branch of agriculture, introduced Southdown sheep and Devon cattle and instituted the famous "Holkham clippings"—gatherings which gave an incalculable stimulus to scientific farming throughout England and America.

PRINCIPALLY through Coke's agency, says his biographer, vast tracts of land eventually became cultivated; "between 1804 and 1821 no less than 133 enclosures took place in Norfolk alone, while between the years 1790 and 1810 he was directly instrumental in bringing into tillage not less than two millions of acres of waste land.

One stupendous result of his achievements and his example must be signaled. Before Coke had thus transformed the aspect of agriculture throughout the country England, unable to feed her people, was dependent for sustenance on foreign supplies. Had this state of affairs continued she would at the cruellest crisis in her history have been at the mercy of Bonaparte's decrees. Coke by the timely impetus he gave to agriculture raised the whole standard of cultivation throughout the kingdom, so that before Bonaparte became all powerful England became self-supporting. But for the energy and determination of the man who was the first to give and the most indefatigable in sustaining that impetus, England's very existence as an independent power would have been at stake.

In short, as one of Coke's contemporaries said, he saved his country with a ploughshare where a sword would have failed.

BEAUX AND BELLES OF FRENCH CAPITAL

"Society Recollections in Paris and Vienna, 1879-1904," by an English Officer.

OUR anonymous officer, let us hope, is more proficient with the sword than with the pen. He has seen much that possesses a social and even an historical interest, but a good deal of what he has seen loses all its point in the effort at relating it. Slipshod English, trite sentiments, a narrow outlook upon life, sheer inability to fathom the depths that underlie the froth of society—these and other faults deprive his book of any dignity or importance. But the froth which he skims from the surface has a certain interest. The book is ever readable. It will amuse an idle hour.

While serving with his regiment toward the end of the seventies our author tells us he made up his mind to spend his winter leave partly in Paris and partly in Vienna. Vienna he had never seen. Paris he had known since childhood.

He had the entrée alike among the old French families in the Faubourg St. Germain and the modern colony of wealthy Americans in the Champs Elysées. He confesses that he was always most amused at the houses of the latter. Judging him through his book, one can readily divine the reason, even if he did not himself suggest it:—"Probably it was that the suppers given by the Americans were so much better, and included every luxury one could think of in the way of eating and drinking."

Add to this that there was always a gorgeous display of toilets by the American ladies. In French society, on the other hand, everything was much simpler. Lemonade was served at supper in lieu of champagne. The ladies were mostly all married; there was a melancholy dash



THOMAS WILLIAM COKE IN FANCY DRESS
PAINTED AND REPRODUCED BY
COMMENTARY OF LOUISE
WIFE OF CHARLES EDWARD
THE YOUNG PRETENDER
FROM "COKE OF NORFOLK"
COURTESY OF JENNY LANE CO.

of the lovely young girls who gave life and lustre to the American reunions.

At a very smart ball given by a young American married couple he was introduced by the hostess to a pretty young French girl of sixteen, daughter of a French consul, whose parents were surprised to find that it was a ball and not a mere soirée dansante to which they had been invited. The daughter warned him he must not, after dancing with her, take her out of sight of her mother.

"She told me this in a naive, charming manner, though it surprised me not a little, as I was accustomed to the liberty which American girls enjoy at balls. She added that it was quite unusual for young French girls of the noblesse to frequent balls at all, except, perhaps, a bal blanc, and that she had been brought only through a misunderstanding of the invitation."

Going as often as he did to American balls our author felt quite strange. "French ones and sometimes forgot himself. For example, at a soirée dansante, given by some French people he sat down after a dance beside Mademoiselle Waterlot, a great Parisian heiress. "She asked me not to be offended, but said it was not customary for a gentleman to sit on the same sofa with a young girl in France—the people might be shocked—otherwise she would not mind in the least."

MOST admired among all the American girls at this period was Miss Fanny Parnell, a sister of the Irish agitator. Her salon was much frequented by gentlemen, for she was not only a remarkable beauty, but she excelled in esprit, and one was never dull in her society for one moment." Before leaving Paris, however, she forfeited some of her popularity by writing a skit on the American colony there which many of its members took seriously to heart.

"I remember her telling me that she had passed one season in London with her cousin, Lord Darley, and she was surprised to find how few dresses she required in London compared with Paris; moreover, that ladies in town often wore the same ball dress at different balls, which could never be done in Paris. She also found that English ladies had at that time an utter want of taste in dress. Miss Fanny Parnell was always taken for an American, she told me, when in town; but she much preferred to be considered Irish, as her father was Irish, although her mother was an American."

At the Parnell salon our author met the Duc de Beaufort Spontin, who told him of the many letters he had received from the mothers of young girls on behalf of their daughters and how he had always declined them. "Once, however, he had made a mistake in refusing a young lady, for happening to travel in a railway carriage with a most delightful lady whom he fell in love with he asked at the station when she got out who she was and was informed that she was a French courtesee whom he had lately been married and he then discovered that she was the young lady whom he had recently refused to marry without having seen her."

"As a rule, however, the best American families cared little for association with the Faubourg St. Germain. Some of them made a point never to invite any Frenchmen to visit them. "I remember M. Lesceuyer d'Atainville, the grandson of Prince de Rivoli (Massena), saying to me at that time that he envied me much, for I had the entrée to all the best American houses in



Paris, which he never obtain."

When the Marquis of Anglesey, who had been two American and other a widow, finally decided to marry that the Marquis was chosen, for now he will be a very best American society in

THE English in Paris did not entertain many of the same dances in the evening, and only a few English were to be met there. "She told me that the Count of Loetiglon, a Frenchman who attended her dances, to which she answered in the negative, and so he said he was very sorry, but he could not come to them as he wanted to marry a rich heiress."

There was also a young daughter who once or twice a month gave a concert that ended up in a dance. He made the acquaintance of a German lady of their house. "She one hinted that she was fast, so the Count hastened off one evening and said that he hoped to come any more of an evening to see the indignant and said that he need not have done this; that it was not at all necessary to come and insult her in her own house. Ever afterwards he was particularly so as it was a great deal of laughter and stayed oftentimes at her house."

A curious little New World trait is suggested by another anecdote. Our author visited two families, English and French, respectively, who had the same house and were with the other. Calling each home he found the French ladies busily cutting out dresses for a ball. They told him they always made their own ball dresses and yet their circumstances to make economy necessary.

"I happened soon after to visit an American ball given by a young American girl asked

tended to the Prince proceeded on his way. At the appointed rendezvous he found George Baltazzi, who was also desperately in love with the Baroness. Words led to violence, and the Prince was struck down dead by a blow on the temple from his rival's lantern.

"The young girl who told me this version of the story said she had heard it from the daughter of the coachman, who had driven the Crown Prince that night, and all witnesses of the affair were paid immense sums for life to keep the matter quiet. She told me, too, that the young Baroness Vecsera was not killed, but that she was compelled to be dead to the world, and that she is still living in some small place in Bohemia. As for Baltazzi, he was forced to leave Austria at once and went to America."

Our author adds that the Emperor, on hearing the version current among the public, which made the Crown Prince Rudolph the murderer of the Baroness and a suicide, declared that any version was better than the truth. (D. Appleton & Co.)

ALPINE FLORA OF CANADIAN ROCKIES

Text by Curator Stewardson Brown and Colored Drawings and Photographs by Mrs. Charles Schaffer.

THERE is a close resemblance, Mr. Brown informs us, between the floral families and genera that inhabit the Alps in Europe and the Rocky Mountains in Canada. This resemblance is pointed out with due differentiation of detail by the pen of Curator Brown and the pencil, paint brush and camera of Mrs. Schaffer.

The anemones are to be found in Canada as in Switzerland, though not in the scarlets and crimsons, and so are the buttercups, with large showy flowers often perched on dwarf plants. The saxifrages, the drabas and the vetches are innumerable. So are the heaths, though with fewer and very different species. Wintergreen and forget-me-nots are found on both sides of the Atlantic, but our primroses and gentians make but a poor showing beside the magnificent



MRS. RONALDS FROM "SOCIETY RECOLLECTIONS IN PARIS" COURTESY OF D. APPLETON & CO.

mology, or the philosophy of earthquakes. A new epoch in the latter science was inaugurated when in the year 1894 Professor von Rebeur-Paschwitz detected perturbations in the movements of a delicate pendulum which he traced to earthquakes on the other side of the planet. The possibility of studying the larger earthquakes from distant points of observation was thus for the first time proven, and at once opened up a new and attractive field for investigation.

To-day there are two distinct types of seismologists. On the one hand is a body of watchmen posted at observatories, who, with the aid of delicate and largely automatic instruments, are able to announce the arrival of earthquake shocks and study the registration of wave motions

blockade of Boston, the capture of Manchester, Tories at Falmouth, Washington, the invasion of Canada, the evacuation of Boston, capture of British vessels, the wounded at Bunker Hill, the attack on New York, the defence of Charleston, the Conway cabal, the battle of Lexington, the battle of Trenton, the war in the Jerseys and the appointment of Washington.

One letter from John Adams, written to Elbridge Gerry, contains what is probably the first suggestion ever made as to the forming of an American navy. "Mr. Gadsden, of North Carolina," it reads, "was, in his younger years, an officer on board the navy, and is well acquainted with the fleet. He has several times taken pains to convince me that this fleet is not so formidable to America as we fear. He says we can easily take their sloops, schooners and cutters, on board of which

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UNIFORM EDITION OF OSCAR WILDE

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"Young man, you are now for the first time at Holkham, and it is probable that you will one day be master of this house; but understand, I will live as long as I can."

To emphasize this declaration she raised her clinched hands and shook them in his face with such vehemence that the sofa under them trembled with his agitation.

The most romantic episode of Coke's tour in Europe was his meeting at Rome with the Princess Louise of Stolberg, a bright and beautiful girl of twenty, who had just married the second Pretender, Charles Edward, a man fifty-two years old, already degraded in mind and person by excess. No wonder that the handsome young Englishman appealed to the imagination of the high spirited girl more strongly than her quinquagenarian spouse.

At a grand fancy dress ball in Rome she showed her appreciation by dancing with him and presenting him with a white cockade, which he was too gallant to refuse, despite his stanch whig principles. Later she ordered Battoni to paint for him a life size portrait of himself, appraised as he had appeared at the ball, into which there was ingeniously smuggled a portrait of herself.

LOOK at the reproduction of the picture on this page of the HERALD. Immediately behind the figure of Coke, and extending across the background, is a statue of the lovelorn Ariadne. Now, it was well known that in this statue, one of the most famous relics of antiquity, the Princess had fancied a likeness to herself. The artist has elaborated fancy into fact. Mrs. Stirling surmises that the Princess may have impersonated Ariadne at the ball when she danced with young Coke. The fact of so suggestive a figure being introduced into the picture with marked prominence, by her own command, gave rise to much comment, and possibly to no little amusement.

There is no evidence that Louise, although she visited England in 1791, ever again met the subject of her early romance, but many years afterward, when Coke's eldest daughter, Lady Andover, was staying in Florence the Princess paid a visit to her and referred with much feeling to the recollection she still retained of the handsome youth.

"I hear that young Mr. Coke has returned from abroad in love with the Pretender's Queen," wrote Horace Walpole on August 18, 1774. The arch gossip was wrong. Young Mr. Coke had timed his return so as to be present at the wedding of his sister to James Dutton, of Sherborne. Between Dutton's sister Jane and Coke himself there had been a long standing boy and girl romance which now ripened into a lifelong attachment. Even when Walpole wrote an understanding had been reached between the young people. Despite paternal opposition Coke married the girl of his choice shortly after reaching a majority, on October 5, 1775.

The year 1776 was the most eventful in the life of Coke. By the successive deaths of his father and his great aunt he entered his dual inheritance

claimed salt marsh. Lady Towne wittily described it as "one blade of grass and two rabbits fighting for that." Now you will remember Swift's satire of the man who can make two blades of grass grow where only one had before is the true benefactor of mankind. Coke bettered Swift's prescription of Trenton, the war in culture. He planted thousands of acres of grass; he grew wheat upon soil which had been mere sea swept wastes. He turned attention to every branch of agriculture introduced Southdown sheep and cattle and instituted the famous "Holkham clippings"—gatherings which gave a calculable stimulus to scientific farming throughout England and America.

PRINCIPALLY through Coke's says his biographer, vast tracts of land eventually became cultivated; between 1804 and 1821 no less than 16 closes took place in Norfolk alone, between the years 1790 and 1810 he was directly instrumental in bringing into cultivation not less than two millions of acres of land.

One stupendous result of his achievements and his example must be signalled. Before Coke had thus transformed the aspect of agriculture throughout the country England, unable to feed her people was dependent for sustenance on foreign supplies. Had this state of affairs continued she would at the cruellest crisis her history have been at the mercy of Bonaparte's decrees. Coke by the impetus he gave to agriculture raised whole standard of cultivation throughout the kingdom, so that before Bonaparte came all powerful England became supporting. But for the energy and determination of the man who was the to give and the most indefatigable in maintaining that impetus, England's very existence as an independent power would have been at stake.

In short, as one of Coke's contemporaries said, he saved his country with a plowshare where a sword would have failed.

BEAUX AND BELLES OF FRENCH CAPITAL "Society Recollections in Paris and Vienna, 1879-1904," by an English Officer.

OUR anonymous officer, let us hope more proficient with the sword than with the pen. He has seen much and possesses a social and even an historical interest, but a good deal of what he has seen loses all its point in the effort at relating it. Slipshod English, trite sentiments, a narrow outlook upon life, inability to fathom the depths that underlie the froth of society—these and other faults deprive his book of any dignity or importance. But the froth which skims from the surface has a certain interest. The book is ever readable, will amuse an idle hour.

While serving with his regiment towards the end of the seventies our author made up his mind to spend a winter leave partly in Paris and partly in Vienna. Vienna he had never seen, Paris he had known since childhood.

He had the entrée alike among the best seamen, and with the French families in the Faubourg St. Germain take their large ships, and the main and the modern colony of wealth are all their impressed Americans in the Champs Elysées. I men. He thinks the main confesses that he was always most amusing on board the large ships at the houses of the latter. Judging hellow subjects, but would through his book, one can readily divy their own officers. He says the reason, even if he did not himself thing to fight the French suggest it:—"Probably it was that the sus from what it is to fight the French given by the Americans were so munns. In one case if taken up better, and included every luxury or must lie in prison for year could think of in the way of eating or drinking."

Add to this that there was always a go experiments should be made geous display of toilets by the Americaters. He is confident that ladies. In French society, on the oth fleet of our own at a che hand, everything was much simpler. Lenhis would give great spirits made was served at supper in lieu ent, as well as little spirits champagne. The ladies were mostly married; there was a melancholy dea

ART LITERATURE

IFORM EDITION OF OSCAR WILDE Definitive Collection of the Prose Verse of This Wit, Poet, Dramatist and Essayist.

been better had it been less reminiscent of Browning's "The Lost Leader." Let us quote a few lines to prove our point.

He whose proud bosom once raged with humanity, He whose broad forehead was circled with might; Sunk to a time serving drivelling inanity— God! Why not spare our loved country the sight! Was it the gold of the stranger that tempted him? Ah! we'd have pledged to him body and soul— Toiled for him, fought for him, starved for him, died for him; Smiled though our graves were the steps to his goal.

It is the most poignant of all the tragedies of the world. It is the story of the life of Oscar Wilde, the greatest of our modern poets.

THE COUNTESS MONTIGNOSO AND HER DAUGHTER, PRINCESS MONICA OF SAXONY FROM "THE STRUGGLE FOR A ROYAL CHILD" COPYRIGHT BY MITCHELL KENNEDY



LIBRARY AND ART SECTION. THE NEW YORK, SUNDAY, WEEK in the WEEK

1908

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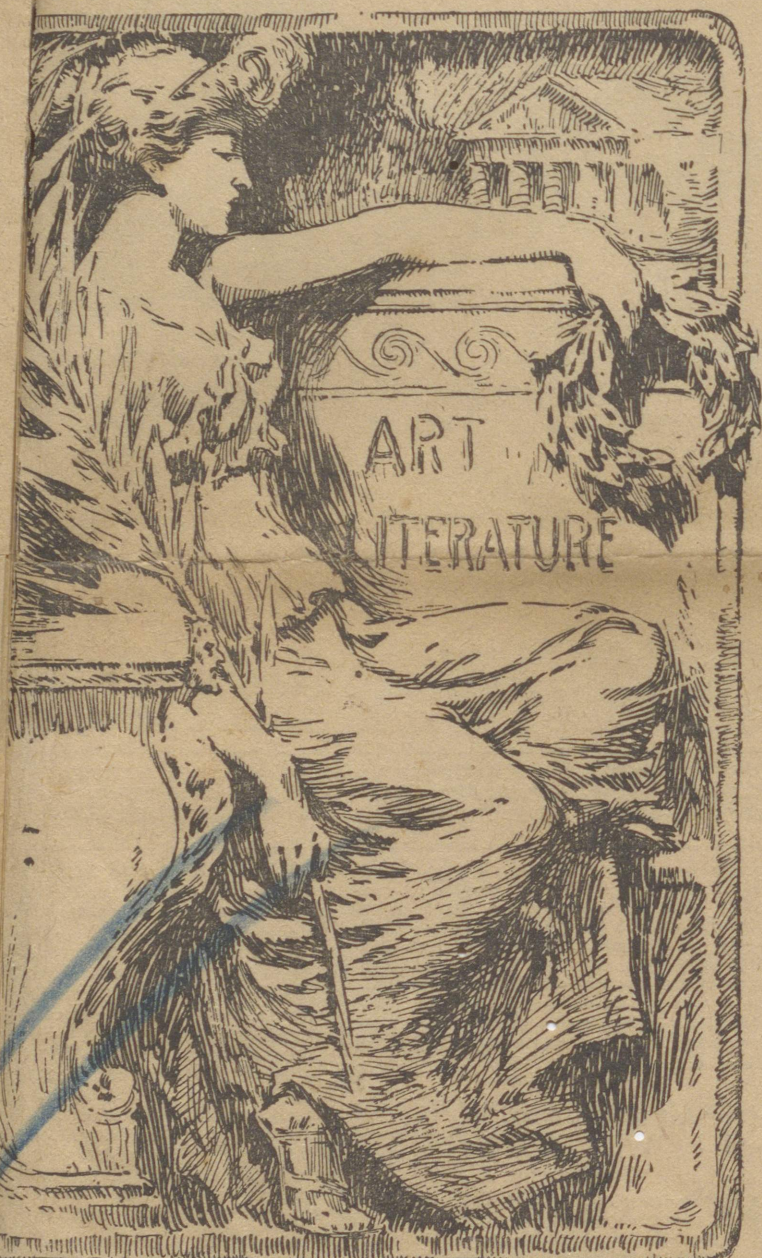
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the works of nounced by under the t will be in t a volume, eat Britain large paper a plays will Florentine lua," which an transla- tories, the d children's the "Fort- r. W. H.," of course, of Reading letters and

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"To say—to take one of Wilde's most notorious mots—that you are disappointed with the Atlantic seems nothing but a huge joke, a pose, to a world which is accustomed to go into false raptures over nature and to speak of the Atlantic and Niagara as it speaks of the classics it

One WEEK in the WORLD of LITERATURE & ART



THE COUNTESS MONTIGNOSO AND HER DAUGHTER, PRINCESS MONICA OF SAXONY.

FROM "THE STRUGGLE FOR A ROYAL CHILD" COPYRIGHT BY MITCHELL KENNEDY.

NURSE TO THE PAPOOSES! FROM "THE PETER PAN PICTURE BOOK" COURTESY THE MACMILLAN CO.

UNIFORM EDITION OF OSCAR WILDE

Definitive Collection of the Prose Verse of This Wit, Poet, Dramatist and Essayist.

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riage this mornin' She is gone to early mass. Ah," added the girl, with a pious upward glance, "she goes to mass every morning." Mass, Mrs. Kramer found out later, was a mere pretext. Every morning the Countess got into her carriage with a copy of Goethe's "Faust" in her hand, neatly bound in prayer book style, but she was driven not to church but to the fencing school of her Italian master, Signor Giolini, where she practised for an hour or so with the foils.

"STAINED GLASS TOURS IN FRANCE"

Mr. Charles Hitchcock Sherrill Prosecutes Favorite Study in Old French Churches and Castles.

MR. SHERRILL, a lawyer by profession, has a special fad for stained glass windows. He has made a study of the subject. He has buttressed mere book learning with personal observation gained among ancient monuments at much expense of time and labor and pains. The labor he delights in physics pain. The present book is an agreeable compound of art enthusiasm and high animal spirits. Being in a holiday mood he does not attempt to go into the technicalities of glass making. Nor does he deem it necessary to discuss any use of glass alien to that of the window. He only draws brief attention to the curious fact that all other sorts of glassware suffered an eclipse when artists turned their attention to the staining of windows. Glassware had constantly improved in design and color up to the time when the great interest in windows sprang up. That was early in the twelfth century. This new taste temporarily paralyzed all other developments of this material until, at the end of the sixteenth century, stained glass suddenly lost its vogue and simultaneously glassware renewed its popularity through the artistic skill and creative ingenuity of the Venetians. Five centuries, therefore, mark the golden age of the stained glass window. As the art was primarily a French one, and as France has ever produced its masterpieces, this record of Mr. Sherrill's "stained glass tours" among the churches and castles of that country is really a summary of the principal monuments left behind by the glass stainers. Incidentally he takes us through perfect roads into picturesque towns and quaint villages and explores with us ancient buildings, lay and ecclesiastical, that in themselves are full of historical and artistic interest. In the cathedral at Laon our author finds two of the best extant specimens of thirteenth century rose windows. The northern rose represents the sciences as understood and practised in the thirteenth century. The centre of the splendid eastern rose is occupied by a figure of the Virgin Mary between John the Baptist and Isaiah, and around this group are two circles of medallions, the inner one, of twelve, containing the Apostles and the

NATURE and MAN in CURRENT BOOKS.

COKE OF NORFOLK AND HIS FRIENDS'

Life of Thomas William Coke, First Earl of Leicester of Holkham, by His Granddaughter.

THERE was a time when Coke of Norfolk was a name almost as familiar in America as in England, when its bearer was a power in his own country and in his own county a demigod. He lived to be eighty-eight years old, and from the time that he entered Parliament, at twenty-two, until he left it, fifty years later, he was hardly ever out of the public eye. To-day he is forgotten by the America which he befriended during the Revolution, and he exists only as a name in his native country, to which he was one of the greatest benefactors and one of the most unselfish of patriots. So quickly may a man sink beneath the waters of oblivion if no life belt is proffered him in the shape of a good biography.

Many attempts, indeed, were made before the present succeeded. Immediately after Lord Leicester's death half a dozen biographies were in process. One and all were abandoned when it was learned that the authoritative life had been undertaken by Lady Leicester's brother, Mr. Thomas Keppel, who alone had access to the necessary documents. By an unfortunate chain of accidents this biography was lost in manuscript, and with it perished a quantity of invaluable material in the shape of letters and memoranda written by Coke himself. Consequently Mrs. A. M. W. Stirling, the present biographer (a granddaughter of her biographee) has been obliged to draw upon the reminiscences of multitudinous friends to make good the deficit.

She has presented Coke under his many phases, as politician, sportsman, landed magnate and agriculturist. She makes a mistake, however, in drawing him on the same scale in each of these capacities, whereas it is only as an agriculturist that he was really great.

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In politics he was an uncompromising Whig. When quite a small child his grandfather, Philip Roberts, took him upon his knee and said:—

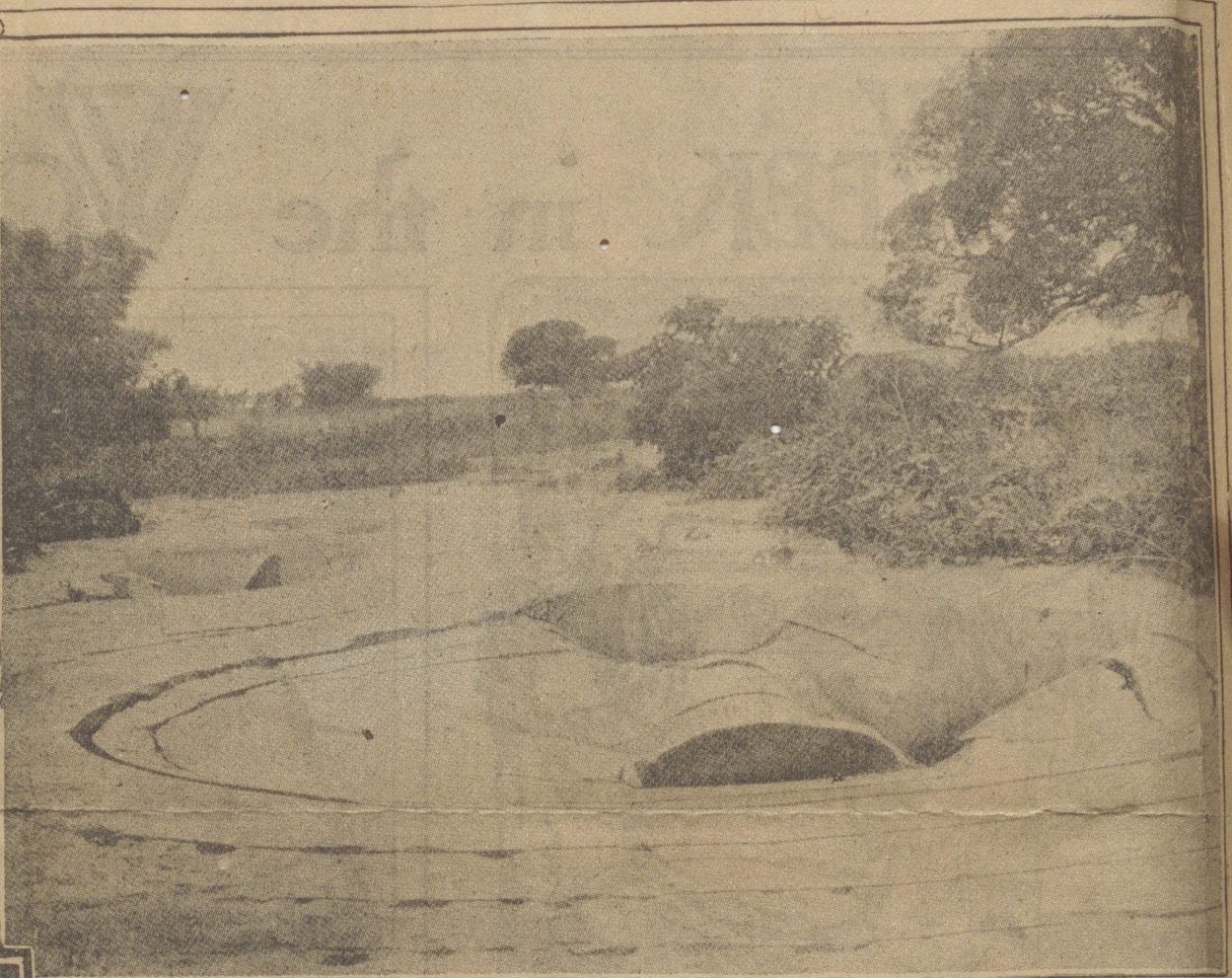
"Now, remember, Tom, as long as you live never trust a Tory." In repeating this story Coke used to add, "I never have and, by God, I never will!"

Later his father had echoed the exhortation. "Let me give you this advice," he said. "Don't trust a Tory; the Tories will always be with you when you don't want them and against you when you do."

Nearly seventy years afterward, in 1830, at Lynn, "Tom" repeated to a crowd of his constituents the exact words his father had spoken to him as a boy. Throughout a long life they had remained fixed upon his memory and had, no doubt, determined the whole trend of his career.

Through all his political career Coke was Fox's unflinching friend and unswerving follower. Vehemently opposed to the American war, he voted in the first minority against it. "Not only," says Mrs. Stirling, "did he foresee its disastrous consequences and deplore the mistaken policy which had led to it, not only did he recognize that the American States, who as our allies were a source of our commercial prosperity, as a people conquered and alienated could prove only an impossible drain upon our resources, but a perpetual menace to our tranquillity. Stronger than any motives of selfish policy to him was the question of fair play. Taxation without representation was radically unjust; those who paid the taxes had a right to appoint those who imposed the taxes. Upon that ground alone he opposed the prosecution of the war, for the colonies had been goaded into insurrection. The Declaration of Independence had at first been accepted by twelve of the thirteen States unwillingly and only when all hope of compromise was at an end. And Coke, recognizing the reasonable nature of their demands, believed, even at this critical juncture, that it was not too late for an administration with insight and tact to cope with the situation. But the obstinacy of the King and the incompetency of the Ministers were fatal to a pacific adjustment."

FOR George III, Coke ever expressed abhorrence, although he well knew that to uphold the King's policy was the only way to place and power. He denounced him as "that bloody King!" and "the worst man that ever sat upon a throne." He even presented to the discomfited monarch in the picturesque country garb which as a Knight of the Shire he had the right to wear at court the address which put an end to the American war. Piquant as was Coke's political career, he was greatest, as we have already said, as an agriculturist. The story of his work at Holkham reads like an agricultural epic. The land in the neighborhood of



SAND VENTS AT ROWMARI FORMED DURING THE EARTHQUAKE IN INDIA ON JUNE 12, 1897 FROM "EARTHQUAKES" COPYRIGHT 1907 BY D. APPLETON & CO

lette. I said I thought it very pretty and asked her if she had made it herself, whereupon she answered most indignantly, 'No! Did you make your own coat and trousers?' I tried to improve matters, but could never regain her good graces after this."

FROM Vienna our author has brought back a brand new version of the mysterious tragedy wherein Prince Rudolph of Austria lost his life. According to this story, the Crown Prince had arranged a meeting with the Baroness Vecsera at a house near Mayerling. On his way he met the gamekeeper's wife, with whom he had a little flirtation. The gamekeeper surprised the couple together, and, not recognizing the Prince, fired and wounded him in the back. The wound was only a slight one, and after it was at-

array on Alpine heights. On the other hand, Europe can show nothing to compare with our Indian paint brush, found throughout the Canadian Rockies, on the river shores and bars during late June and early July, and later through the summer in its innumerable forms and colors in the moist meadows and slopes. Mrs. Schaffer's photographs are excellent, and her water colors are particularly commendable. (G. P. Putnam's Sons).

"EARTHQUAKES," BY WILLIAM H. HOBBS

NO science save only that which is daily revealing fresh marvels in the phenomena of radiant energy has made such astounding advances during the last decade as that of seis-

which have originated in jars anywhere upon or near the surface of the globe. In co-operation they are now able to determine the location of the disturbed districts. Thus, for the first time, it is possible to issue an annual earthquake catalogue for the planet regarded as a whole. These earthquake watchmen have been trained as physicists, and are too often lacking in special knowledge of geology. A different body of investigators are such geologists as have been awakened to the fact that earthquakes are but manifestations of the forces which are active within the earth's crust, and constitute, therefore, a most important province within their field of study. It is the aim of Mr. Hobbs in the present book (D. Appleton & Co.) to urge a closer association than has yet been attained between the physicist and his brother the geologist.

HERE AND THERE IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

AN unusually interesting sale of autographs takes place at the Merwin-Clayton rooms on next Wednesday. Coming from the papers of Ellbridge Gerry, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and one time Vice President of the United States, they comprise letters and documents written or signed by those of the Revolution and their



Bookman, Jam

the often-postponed edition of the... Wide is now definitely announced... Mr. Robert Ross. It will be in... volumes, at 12s. 6d. net a volume... will be limited in Great Britain... ordinary and fifty large-paper copies... our best known plays will be included... Vera," "A Florentine Tragedy... of Padua," which has appeared... German translation. There are... the brilliant "Intentions... children's tales, the "Poems in... (Highly Review), "The Portrait... an Essay on Artists' Models," and... Profundis" and "The Ballad of... well as some unpublished letters... welcome this edition heartily, for... tribute should be paid to the great... unhappy but gifted man.

Morning Post

BOOKS. Messrs. Hodgson and Co., Chicago, included their first sale in the New York Society's publications from 1878 to Palmer's Index to "The Times" £12; the first edition of Pierce Esq. the Turf, the Chase, the Ring, and the Goethe's "Werke," edited by S. 1887-1906, £11; the publications of Society, 1891-1901, £7 10s.; and "Rose Leaf and Apple Leaf," by R. Introduction, "L'Envoi," by Oscar Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Street, begin the New Year with a series of various properties. The works include books, French illustrated works, costume, sporting, Ackerman's, Robert Green's "Planethomach", editions of the writings of Thackeray, Ainsworth, Oscar Wilde, Leigh Hunt and the Law Reports from 1875 to

Tribune San

In a sale of various libraries Wednesday at Messrs. Sotheby's included a number of first editions of Wilde's plays and essays, with his Newdigate prize poem.

"DYING BEYOND MY MEANS"

that said on his death-bed, "I am dying beyond my means," and doctors around him, and no estate to provide for the children. [Attributed to Oscar Wilde]

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NATURE in CURRENT BOOKS.

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THERE was a time when Coke of Norfolk was a name almost as familiar in America as in England, when its bearer was a power in his own country and in his own county a demigod. He lived to be eighty-eight years old, and from the time that he entered Parliament, at twenty-two, until he left it, fifty years later, he was hardly ever out of the public eye. To-day he is forgotten by the America which he befriended during the Revolution, and he exists only as a name in his native country, to which he was one of the greatest benefactors and one of the most unselfish of patriots. So quickly may a man sink beneath the waters of oblivion if no life belt is proffered him in the shape of a good biography.

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It was not too late for an admiring student to take up the study of the situation. But the obstinacy of the American States in the present war, and the incompetency of the American States in the present war, were fatal to a pacific adjustment between the physicist and his brother the biologist.

AND ART SECTION



ORDERING THE
FROM
APPLETON & CO

HERE AND THERE IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

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Bookman, January 1908

The often-postponed edition of the works of Oscar Wilde is now definitely announced by Messrs. Methuen to appear shortly under the supervision of Mr. Robert Ross. It will be in about fourteen volumes, at 12s. 6d. net a volume, and the edition will be limited in Great Britain to five hundred ordinary and fifty large-paper copies. Besides the four best known plays will be included "Salomé," "Vera," "A Florentine Tragedy" and "The Duchess of Padua," which has appeared hitherto only in a German translation. There will be the short stories, the brilliant "Intentions," the delightful children's tales, the "Poems in Prose" (from the *Fortnightly Review*), "The Portrait of Mr. W. H.," "An Essay on Artists' Models," and of course "De Profundis" and "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," as well as some unpublished letters and poems. We welcome this edition heartily, for it is time that a tribute should be paid to the great talents of this unhappy but gifted man.

John Bull, January 11, 1908

"Oscar Wilde." By Leonard Cresswell Ingleby. (London: Laurie, 1907. Price 12s. 6d. net.)
There seems to be a misguided effort to keep alive the memory of a wretched man who would be much better forgotten. I met Wilde in his heyday, when he was the sort of fashionable tame cat of the hour, and when quite a number of people found amusement in his literary poses and artistic vagaries. I thought him empty and stupid, and soon found that he was not even original. However, his plays have still survived, probably because there are so few plays nowadays which will keep anyone awake. If he is to be remembered at all, it must be as a playwright—I had almost written plagiarist. The writer of this book, dealing with Wilde as an alleged dramatist, indulges in a great deal of foolish fawning, and actually asserts, in the midst of a wilderness of flattery:
"Much would be forgiven for one definition alone, that of the fox-hunter—the unspeakable in pursuit of the uneatable." And Sheridan himself might envy the pronouncement that "the youth of America is its oldest tradition."
These are certainly very characteristic of Wilde's idea of epigram. The definition of the fox-hunter is merely stupid and ignorant; the "pronouncement" about Yankees has neither a vestige of meaning nor a glimmer of common sense. Surely, if Wilde's friends have his memory at heart, the best thing they can do is to allow him to be forgotten. If they believe him to be worthy of Paradise, let it take the form of a Nirvana. In any case, they should not allow half hysterical hero-worshippers to talk nonsense.
"The Soul of Man." By Oscar Wilde. (London: Humphreys, 1907. Price 3s. 6d. net.)
This is a sumptuous reprint of an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, far below the average of the excellent articles which usually appear in that admirable periodical. The binding and paper and printing are quite attractive.

Hebert
Vivian

Morning Post, Jan. 10 IN THE SALE ROOM.

BOOKS.
Messrs. Hodgson and Co., Chancery-lane, have concluded their first sale in the New Year. The Folk-Lore Society's publications from 1878 to 1907 made £20 10s.; Palmer's Index to "The Times" from 1874 to 1906, £12; the first edition of Pierce Egan's "Anecdotes of the Turf, the Chase, the Ring, and the Stage," £5 12s. 6d.; Goethe's "Werke," edited by Sophie Von Sachsen, 1887-1906, £11; the publications of the Henry Bradshaw Society, 1891-1901, £7 10s.; and the first editions of "Rose Leaf and Apple Leaf," by Rennell Rodd, with an Introduction, "L'Envoi," by Oscar Wilde, £9.
Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, Wellington-street, begin the New Year with a sale of books including various properties. The works comprise early-printed books, French illustrated works, topography, poetry, costume, sporting, Ackerman's "Westminster Abbey," Robert Green's "Planethomachia," 1585, and first editions of the writings of Thackeray, Dickens, Surtees, Ainsworth, Oscar Wilde, Leigh Hunt, Lever, Swinburne, and the Law Reports from 1875 to 1907.

Tribune, Jan. 10, 1908

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"DYING BEYOND MY MEANS."—Who was it that said on his death-bed, "I fear I am dying beyond my means," when he saw the doctors around him, and knew that he had no estate to provide for their fees? P.
[Attributed to Oscar Wilde.]

August 12, 1905.

Publishers' Circular, Jan. 11, 1908

Messrs. Wright & Jones, Booksellers and Publishers, 350, Fulham Road, London S.W., write:—"Leonard Charles Smithers, the well-known publisher (and Editor) of 'The Arabian Nights,' and translator (with Sir R. F. Burton) of Catullus, died suddenly on the 19th ult. (his birthday), aged 46. He will always be identified as the patron and producer of Aubrey Beardsley's finest work, and as the original publisher of Oscar Wilde's Plays, and the world-famous 'Ballad of Reading Gaol.' He died in very straitened circumstances, and leaves a widow and son totally unprovided for."

Birmingham Gazette, Jan. 13

The often-postponed edition of the works of Oscar Wilde is now definitely announced by Messrs. Methuen to appear shortly under the supervision of Mr. Robert Ross. It will be in about fourteen volumes, at 12s. 6d. net a volume, and the edition will be limited in Great Britain to five hundred ordinary and fifty large paper copies. Besides the four best known plays will be included "Salomé," "Vera," "A Florentine Tragedy," and "The Duchess of Padua," which has appeared hitherto only in a German translation. There will be the short stories, the brilliant "Intentions," the delightful children's tales, the "Poems in Prose" (from the *Fortnightly Review*), "The Portrait of Mr. W. H.," "An Essay on Artists' Models," and, of course, "De Profundis" and "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," as well as some unpublished letters and poems.

... rather surprising to... geographical records that at 80,000 never showed any superiority in con- tion. "He never stood out in essays. Oscar Wilde was never asked upon as a formidable competitor by the boys who went in for examinations in Portico school." Nevertheless, he was known as a great reader and one who assimilated what he read in a remarkable manner. At Oxford he began to attract attention by prose and poetical contributions to periodicals. Here also he developed the first symptoms of his so-called "aesthetic craze;" he covered the walls of his room with blue china, and then and there he uttered the famous phrase which Du Maurier later caught up for Punch:—"Ah, let us try to live up to our blue china."

Years have passed and England has not yet forgiven, though she strives hard to forget, the wild wag who made sport of her pet hypocrites, and she still fools herself with the fiction that it is outraged virtue and not hurt vanity which makes her wince at the memory of his name.

In Continental Europe Wilde has soared back again from bog to sky. Back of his authorship lies the man, back of his sin the broken outcast and repentant sinner, who appeals powerfully to the Latin and Teutonic imagination. As with the English Byron and the American Poe, it is the sorrow and shame of this Irishman's life—sorrow, the tax he paid for excess, and shame, the confiscation exacted by society from the too public publican—that has placed him among the great sufferers of history.

Like Byron and Poe, Wilde has been translated into French, into German, into Italian—into one knows not how many languages. He is read and appreciated by people to whom Wordsworth and Milton and Browning are unknown and unknowable.

It has been reserved for this country, however, to prepare and publish the first definitive edition of Oscar Wilde's writings in prose and verse. This work has been undertaken by Messrs. A. R. Keller & Co., acting as the publication department of the Anglo-American Authors' Association. They have secured the general editorial supervision of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, who had the advantage of personal acquaintance with Wilde. In this capacity Mr. Le Gallienne prefaces an introduction to these volumes, which is written with tact and good taste and shows a fine critical understanding of qualities that the Anglo-Saxon mind is usually incapable of grasping.

A preliminary life of Oscar Wilde, compiled from various sources, is put forward less as a biographical study than as a collection of documents and memoranda—some of them invaluable, all of them interesting—which might otherwise have perished in the dust heap of time.

An advance notice of this new edition, made from proofs and unbound sheets, appeared in the HERALD on March 31, of last year. It was explained that the set would be completed in sixteen volumes and that it would include much matter which was merely lying perdu in more or less obscure periodicals and newspapers. Oscar Wilde, it was explained, valued himself chiefly on his talents as a wit and raconteur, and was curiously careless about the future of these bantlings of his brain. Consequently, many of them had escaped printed record in any permanent literary form. Not only in London and in Paris, but in New York and in other American cities where Wilde lectured on his tour in 1881, the compilers of this edition unearthed a considerable amount of fugitive verse, critical comment, parables, personalia and so on.

OSCAR WILDE came into his heritage of genius by right of birth. His father, Sir William Wilde, was one of the greatest surgeons of the early nineteenth century and a man of the road of culture. His mother, under the pseudonym of Speranza, was the most popular and the most effective of the poets who espoused the Young Ireland cause in the pages of the Dublin Nation. Her mournful appeal to Daniel O'Connell on his alliance with the whigs is said to have made the great agitator as no other tactician in prose or poetry ever loved his girl. As we read it now in cold blood we still see how good it is, though we must fain own it would have

reads. I believe that Wilde was genuinely disappointed with the Atlantic, as many another of us, crossing it monotonously in those vulgar sea going hotels we call liners, have surely been; and he said so quite simply to the interviewers as he landed.

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

THE news of this coming edition was cabled over to England. There it met with public protest. It was said that the "pirated" American edition was a gross violation of the rights of Oscar Wilde's heirs. Mr. Le Gallienne was censured for allowing his name to be connected with the enterprise.

To obtain the answer of the publishers and the editor of the American edition I called the other day at the publication office. I was fortunate in finding Mr. Le Gallienne and Mr. Keller closeted together. Both were quite willing to talk.

"The Messrs. Methuen, who are the authorized publishers of Wilde's works in England," said Mr. Le Gallienne, "aver that they are preparing to bring out a complete edition of Wilde's works. But their edition, as announced on paper, leaves out many important items, among others 'The Portrait of Dorian Gray.'"

Now, Dorian Gray is the Hamlet among Wilde's books. It is his spiritual autobiography. Wilde without Dorian Gray is Wilde without Wilde. It is Hamlet with Hamlet left out.

"More than that," said Mr. Keller, "the edition is still in an inchoate form. Still, the Methuen firm thought that they could dispose of three hundred copies of this edition in America. They offered it everywhere, and everywhere their offer was refused. Then we undertook to accept it. We thought there might be three hundred Englishmen in this country who might prefer the English edition. We were willing to take them on a gamble. But we couldn't tie the English publishers down to any definite arrangement about the delivery of the copies. We wanted so many volumes to be ready at such and such a date, the three hundred copies of the first four volumes, and then the other volumes at regular intervals. We could get no satisfactory assurance that the respective volumes would be out on time. So the arrangement fell through."

"UNDERSTAND," put in Mr. Le Gallienne, "that the American publishers are also quite willing to respect any legitimate claims of Oscar Wilde's heirs."

"Yes, provided we can find them," added Mr. Keller. "We do not care to deal indirectly with them through Wilde's literary executor, a Mr. Ross. I have made some inquiries and only learn that one of Wilde's sons is a Catholic priest and the other has changed his name. Neither is in the indigent circumstances that have been reported concerning them. Lady Wilde left a considerable estate. The priest will be looked after, moreover, by his Church. As to the other, a son who is ashamed of his father's name has no great claim to consideration on his father's account. None the less we are willing to set aside a fair share of the profits arising from this edition for the benefit of both sons, provided we can learn their whereabouts and deal directly with them. So far the enterprise has been all expense and only when the sales begin to recoup us will the profits begin. The expenses have been enormous."

"Of late," Mr. Keller went on to explain, "there has been a great interest in Wilde-iana among bibliophiles, and authoritative

texts have come in the form of single poems or little pamphlets of eight pages selling for as much as \$27.50 each. Original text of Wilde have brought as high as \$100. The letters of Wilde, here and published at the original prices, when it is that the man who wrote them seven years. Some of the works and present edition have included the value of the time and labor spent in tracing and securing the material. It may be safely claimed that no complete edition of the works of another modern author has been half so difficult and expensive to compile. After the material had all been collected there was a further large outlay required to illustrate the volumes, to secure appropriate paper, presswork and binding.

between the royal pair was impossible, but a legal separation was secured by her consort. Then she broke with Giron and settled down as a pensioned exile, with the understanding that on December 1, 1906, the little Princess should be handed over to the royal court in Dresden for her future education, and that she should give up her Saxon title and assume that of Countess Montignoso, which belonged to her through her mother.

But the Countess Montignoso knew how to make her conditions too. She demanded that the future governess should undertake the child's education under her mother's eye for one month prior to her surrender, so that the mother should have some personal acquaintance with the teacher and that the child might find a friendly link between her old home and her new and strange environment.

The demand seemed reasonable enough. The court agreed and therewith put into cunning maternal hands a new weapon wherewith to lengthen out the struggle for the royal child.

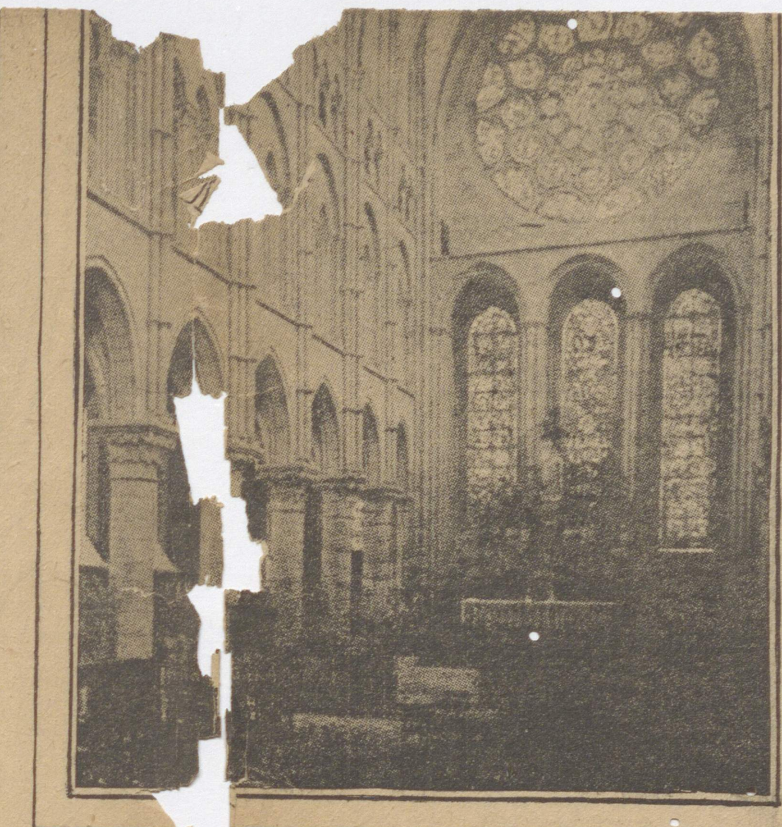
IT was under these circumstances that Mrs. Kremer found herself in the afternoon of October 31 driven up to the open hall door of the ville at Belosguardo (the highest point in Florence), in which the Countess of Montignoso had taken up her residence. She descended from the carriage and entered the villa. The hall was only dimly lit by a shaded lamp. All she could see in a hasty survey was that a crimson carpeted staircase on the right led to the upper stories. There wasn't a servant to be seen. She slipped back irresolutely to look after her luggage. * * * Just then a slender white gowned apparition came down the stairs leading a little girl by the hand. Surely, thought Mrs. Kremer to herself, this must be Fraulein Haubold, the nursery governess, and the little princess. She went up to the pair and said interrogatively:—

"Fraulein Haubold?"

"Oh, please, no," the apparition laughed. "It's Her Imperial Highness herself! How are you? Did you have a comfortable journey. Frau Kremer? And see, I've

well understand how such a woman can entrap you into loving her, and therefore I must be doubly on my guard, so that she must not make me unfaithful to my trust and win me over to her side. That would be a new way for her to snap her fingers in the face of the court."

FURTHER acquaintance deepened the governess' sense of Princess Louise's charms and also of her frolicsome, frivolous and irresponsible nature. Fraulein Haubold awoke her next morning. "Her Imperial Highness," she said, "wishes to know if you have had a good night's rest? Didn't you hear the car-



15th CENTURY ROSE AND LANCETS, LADON FROM STAINED GLASS TOURS IN FRANCE. COPYRIGHT 1908 BY JOHN LANE CO.

THE STRUGGLE FOR A ROYAL CHILD" Mrs. Ida Kremer Describes Experiences as Governess in Home of Countess Montignoso During 1906. IT was toward the end of October, 1906, that Mrs. Ida Kremer was appointed by the King of Saxony governess to his youngest daughter, Anna Monica, Duchess of Saxony, a four-year-old child living with her expatriated mother in Florence, Italy. That mother's life romance is well known. Before her husband had succeeded to the throne, and when he and she were respectively the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess of Saxony, the lady fled with her fencing master, Giron, from what she described as the gilded slavery of court life and the brutalities of her domestic circle. She left behind her four children. The fifth, Anna Monica, was born shortly after her flight. Her mother, a divorcee

And then—Her Imperial Highness:—"Nothing here of her brother Wolfgang's fan for the dropping of titles; she does not even seem satisfied with Countess; she likes better to be Princess of Tuscany—Her Imperial Highness."

AND now the real Fraulein Haubold appeared—a Saxon girl who greeted the newcomer with a curt nod, caught the little Princess by the hand and disappeared with her. In the meantime the Countess, with an indescribable charm, set herself to make the difficult situation as easy as possible for Mrs. Kremer, who on her side was grateful to her for making a joke out of the accidental meeting.

"If I had come hither in a defiant and spiteful spirit, as the trusted emissary of the royal court, this kindness would have disarmed me from the first moment. I

"This concentration of all the old glass in these two quarters has the satisfactory result that any one standing at the crossing and looking either into the north transept or into the choir sees nothing but the splendid richness of mosaic medallions and is not distracted by the sight of any other style of glazing." (John Lane Company).

THE PETER PAN PICTURE BOOK

PETER PAN has already taken his place among the immortals of the nursery. The play in which his feats are celebrated will probably form part of the holiday festivities of the winter solstice for many future generations of schoolboys and schoolgirls. Peter him-



OSCAR WILDE FROM "NEW DEFINITIVE EDITION OF HIS WORKS." COPYRIGHT 1907 BY A. R. KELLER AND CO.

self and Wendy, and Tinker Bell and Captain Hook and his pirates, and the Redskins and the Mermaids are almost as vivid realities to the schoolboys and schoolgirls of to-day as "Teddy" Roosevelt or the "Teddy" bears. In the present volume Mr. Daniel O'Connor has done for Barrie what Charles Lamb and his sister did for Shakespeare's dramas by reducing the play of "Peter Pan" to a prose tale and Miss B. Woodward has done for Barrie what no one ever did or ever could do for Shakespeare—i. e., put into pictorial form an adequate embodiment of his most gently humorous and fantastic creations. (The Macmillan Company).

the WEEK in the WORLD of LITERATURE & ART



THE COUNTESS MONTIGNOSO AND HER DAUGHTER, PRINCESS MONICA OF SAXONY

FROM "THE STRUGGLE FOR A ROYAL CHILD" COPYRIGHT BY MITCHELL KENNERLEY

NURSE TO THE PAPOOSES, FROM "THE PETER PAN PICTURE BOOK" COURTESY THE MACMILLAN CO.

riage this mornin' She is gone to early mass. Ah," added the girl, with a pious upward glance, "she goes to mass every morning."

Mass, Mrs. Kramer found out later, was a mere pretext. Every morning the Countess got into her carriage with a copy of Goethe's "Faust" in her hand, neatly bound in prayer book style, but she was driven not to church but to the fencing school of her Italian master, Signor Giolini, where she practised for an hour or so with the foils.

"STAINED GLASS TOURS IN FRANCE"

Mr. Charles Hitchcock Sherrill Prosecutes Favorite Study in Old French Churches and Castles.

M R. SHERRILL, a lawyer by profession, has a special fad for stained glass windows. He has made a study of the subject. He has buttressed mere book learning with personal observation gained among ancient monuments at much expense of time and labor and pains. The labor he delights in physics pain. The present book is an agreeable compound of art enthusiasm and high animal spirits.

Being in a holiday mood he does not attempt to go into the technicalities of glass making. Nor does he deem it necessary to discuss any use of glass alien to that of the window. He only draws brief attention to the curious fact that all other sorts of glassware suffered an eclipse when artists turned their attention to the staining of windows. Glassware had constantly improved in design and color up to the time when the great interest in windows sprang up. That was early in the twelfth century. This new taste temporarily paralyzed all other developments of this material until, at the end of the sixteenth century, stained glass suddenly lost its vogue and simultaneously glassware renewed its popularity through the artistic skill and creative ingenuity of the Venetians.

Five centuries, therefore, mark the golden age of the stained glass window. As the art was primarily a French one, and as France has ever produced its masterpieces, this record of Mr. Sherrill's "stained glass tours" among the churches and castles of that country is really a summary of the principal monuments left behind by the glass stainers. Incidentally he takes us through perfect roads into picturesque towns and quaint villages and explores with us ancient buildings, lay and ecclesiastical, that in themselves are full of historical and artistic interest.

In the cathedral at Laon our author finds two of the best extant specimens of thirteenth century rose windows. The northern rose represents the sciences as understood and practised in the thirteenth century. The centre of the splendid eastern rose is occupied by a figure of the Virgin Mary between John the Baptist and Isaiah, and around this group are two circles of medallions, the inner one of twelve, containing the Apostles, the

brought Monili too! Go, Monili, give Frau Kremer, your handie, and be sweet and good."

Mrs. Kremer acknowledges that she was thund' struck. She had not been pre-

UNIFORM EDITION OF OSCAR WILDE

Definitive Collection of the Prose Verse of This Wit, Poet, Dramatist and Essayist.

OST poignant of all the tragedies of the most stirring once and his Oscar

been better had it been less reminiscent of Browning's "The Lost Leader." Let us quote a few lines to prove our point.

He whose proud bosom once raged with humanity, He whose broad forehead was circled with might;

Sunk to a time serving drivelling inanities— God! Why not spare our loved country the sight! Was it the gold of the stranger that tempted him? Ah! we'd have pledged to him body and soul— Told for him, fought for him, starved for him, died for him;

Smiled though our graves were the steps to his goal.

It is from these lines that we learn from these

whimsical, many of his most famous mots were meant not so much to be witty as to be true.

"To say—to take one of Wilde's most notorious mots—that you are disappointed with the Atlantic seems nothing but a huge joke, a pose, to a world which is accustomed to go into false raptures over nature and to speak of the Atlantic and Niagara as it speaks of the classics. It

NATURE and MAN in CURRENT BOOKS.

COKE OF NORFOLK AND HIS FRIENDS'

Life of Thomas William Coke, First Earl of Leicester of Holkham, by His Granddaughter.

HERE was a time when Coke of Norfolk was a name almost as familiar in America as in England, when its bearer was a power in his own country and in his own county a demigod. He lived to be eighty-eight years old, and from the time that he entered Parliament, at twenty-two, until he left it, fifty years later, he was hardly ever out of the public eye. To-day he is forgotten by the America which he befriended during the Revolution, and he exists only as a name in his native country, to which he was one of the greatest benefactors and one of the most unselfish of patriots. So quickly may a man sink beneath the waters of oblivion if no life belt is proffered him in the shape of a good biography.

Many attempts, indeed, were made before the present succeeded. Immediately after Lord Leicester's death half a dozen biographies were in process. One and all were abandoned when it was learned that the authoritative life had been undertaken by Lady Leicester's brother, Mr. Thomas Keppel, who alone had access to the necessary documents. By an unfortunate chain of accidents this biography was lost in manuscript, and with it perished a quantity of invaluable material in the shape of letters and memoranda written by Coke himself. Consequently Mrs. A. M. W. Stirling, the present biographer (a granddaughter of her biographee) has been obliged to draw upon the reminiscences of multitudinous friends to make good the deficit.

She has presented Coke under his many phases, as politician, sportsman, landed magnate and agriculturist. She makes a mistake, however, in drawing him on the same scale in each of these capacities, whereas it is only as an agriculturist that he was really great.

Born to a name that dated back to the Conquest, that had been immortalized in Elizabeth's day by the great Chief Justice and that had again risen to authority and distinction under Queen Anne, when his great-uncle, Thomas Coke, became Earl of Leicester, Thomas William Coke added to these accidents of fortune the beauty of an Apollo and the stature and strength of a Hercules. Nor was this all. His father was a great landed proprietor, owning a magnificent property in Longford, Norfolk, and the death of his great-uncle and his cousin left him at an early age the heir presumptive to the earl's estate at Holkham, as well as to the paternal estate at Longford, with a centric Lady Leicester, his uncle's widow, standing between him and the hall.

and was later elected to Parliament for his country.

In politics he was an uncompromising Whig. When quite a small child his grandfather, Philip Roberts, took him upon his knee and said:—

"Now, remember, Tom, as long as you live never trust a Tory." In repeating this story Coke used to add, "I never have and, by God, I never will!"

Later his father had echoed the exhortation. "Let me give you this advice," he said. "Don't trust a Tory: the Tories will always be with you when you don't want them and against you when you do."

Nearly seventy years afterward, in 1830, at Lynn, "Tom" repeated to a crowd of his constituents the exact words his father had spoken to him as a boy. Throughout a long life they had remained fixed upon his memory and had, no doubt, determined the whole trend of his career.

Through all his political career Coke was Fox's unflinching friend and unswerving follower. Vehemently opposed to the American war, he voted in the first minority against it. "Not only," says Mrs. Stirling, "did he foresee its disastrous consequences and deplore the mistaken policy which had led to it, not only did he recognize that the American States, who as our allies were a source of our commercial prosperity, as a people conquered and alienated could prove only an impossible drain upon our resources, but a perpetual menace to our tranquillity. Stronger than any motives of selfish policy to him was the question of fair play. Taxation without representation was radically unjust; those who paid the taxes had a right to appoint those who imposed the taxes. Upon that ground alone he opposed the prosecution of the war, for the colonies had been goaded into insurrection. The Declaration of Independence had at first been accepted by twelve of the thirteen States unwillingly and only when all hope of compromise was at an end. And Coke, recognizing the reasonable nature of their demands, believed, even at this critical juncture, that it was not too late for an administration with insight and tact to cope with the situation. But the obstinacy of the King and the incompetency of the Ministers were fatal to a pacific adjustment."

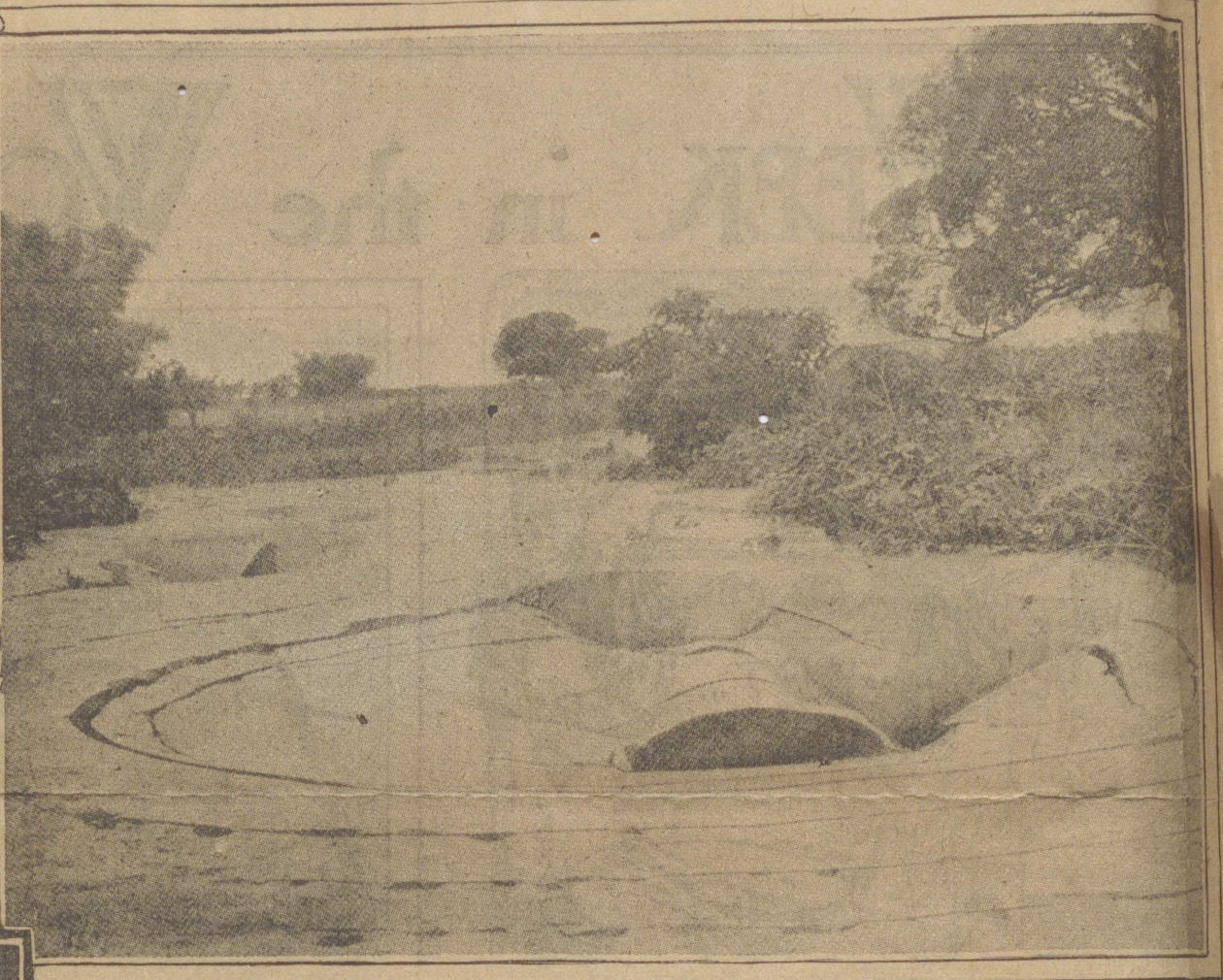
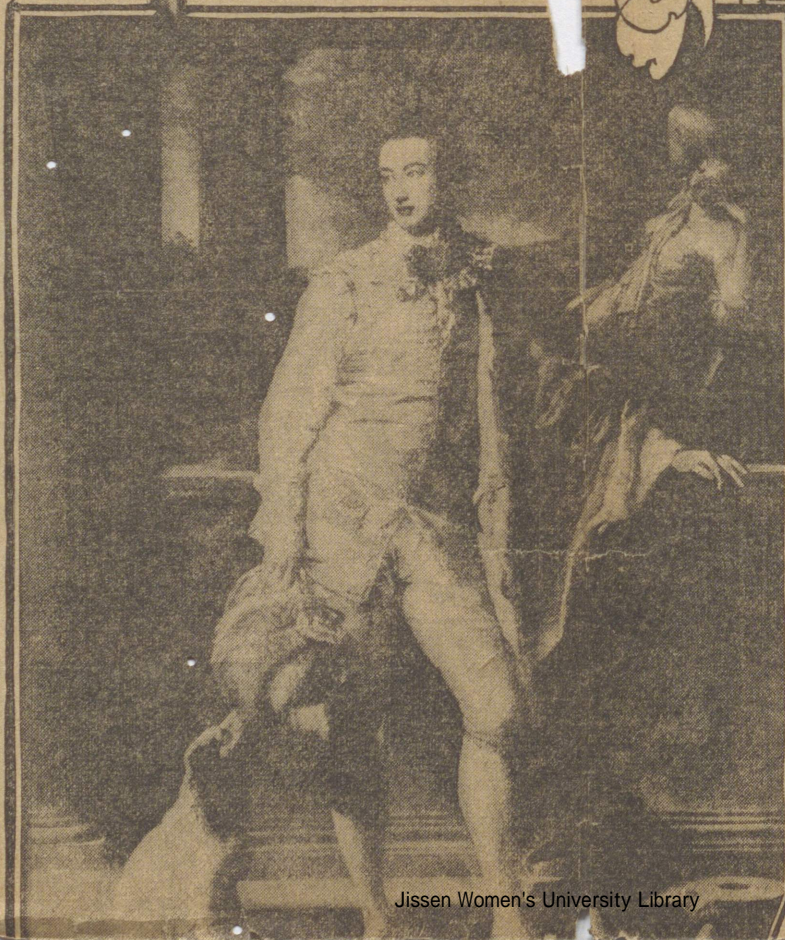
FOR George III. Coke ever expressed abhorrence, although he well knew that to uphold the King's policy was the only way to place and power. He denounced him as "that bloody King!" and "the worst man that ever sat upon a throne." He even presented to the discomfited monarch in the picturesque country garb which as a Knight of the Shire he had the right to wear at court the address which put an end to the American war.

Piquant as was Coke's political career, he was greatest, as we have already said, as an agriculturist. The story of his work at Holkham reads like an agricultural epic. The land in the neighborhood of the hall



MIMULUS LEWISII FURSE USED MONKEY FLOWER FROM ALPINE FLORA OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

COPYRIGHT 1907 BY G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS



SAND VENTS AT ROWMARI FORMED DURING THE EARTHQUAKE IN INDIA ON JUNE, 12, 1897 FROM "EARTHQUAKES" COPYRIGHT 1907 BY D. APPLETON & CO

lette. I said I thought it very pretty and asked her if she had made it herself, whereupon she answered most indignantly, "No! Did you make your own coat and trousers?" I tried to improve matters, but could never regain her good graces after this."

FROM Vienna our author has brought back a brand new version of the mysterious tragedy wherein Prince Rudolph of Austria lost his life. According to this story, the Crown Prince had arranged a meeting with the Baroness Vecsera at a house near Mayerling. On his way he met the gamekeeper's wife, with whom he had a little flirtation. The gamekeeper surprised the couple together, and, not recognizing the Prince, fired and wounded him in the back. The wound was only a slight one, and after it was at-

array on Alpine heights. On the other hand, Europe can show nothing to compare with our Indian paint bush, found throughout the Canadian Rockies, on the river shores and bars during late June and early July, and later through the summer in its innumerable forms and colors in the moist meadows and slopes. Mrs. Schaffer's photographs are excellent, and her water colors are particularly commendable. (G. P. Putnam's Sons).

"EARTHQUAKES," BY WILLIAM H. HOBBS

NO science save only that which is daily revealing fresh marvels in the phenomena of radiant energy has made such astounding advances during the last decade as that of seis-

which have originated in jars anywhere upon or near the surface of the globe. In co-operation they are now able to determine the location of the disturbed districts. Thus, for the first time, it is possible to issue an annual earthquake catalogue for the planet regarded as a whole. These earthquake watchmen have been trained as physicists, and are too often lacking in special knowledge of geology.

A different body of investigators are such geologists as have been awakened to the fact that earthquakes are but manifestations of the forces which are active within the earth's crust, and constitute, therefore, a most important province within their field of study.

It is the aim of Mr. Hobbs in the present book (D. Appleton & Co.) to urge a closer association than has yet been attained between the physicist and his brother the geologist.



MARQUISE DE POURTALES FROM "SOCIETY RECOLLECTIONS IN PARIS" COURTESY OF D. APPLETON & CO

HERE AND THERE IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

AN unusually interesting sale of autographs takes place at the Merwin-Clayton rooms on next Wednesday. Coming from the papers of Elbridge Gerry, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and one time Vice President of the United States, they comprise letters and documents written or signed by men of the Revolution and their contemporaries.

Bookman,

January 1908

The often-postponed edition of the works of Oscar Wilde is now definitely announced by Messrs. Methuen to appear shortly under the supervision of Mr. Robert Ross. It will be in about fourteen volumes, at 12s. 6d. net a volume, and the edition will be limited in Great Britain to five hundred ordinary and fifty large-paper copies. Besides the four best known plays will be included "Salomé," "Vera," "A Florentine Tragedy" and "The Duchess of Padua," which has appeared hitherto only in a German translation. There will be the short stories, the brilliant "Intentions," the delightful children's tales, the "Poems in Prose" (from the *Fortnightly Review*), "The Portrait of Mr. W. H.," "An Essay on Artists' Models," and of course "De Profundis" and "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," as well as some unpublished letters and poems. We welcome this edition heartily, for it is time that a tribute should be paid to the great talents of this unhappy but gifted man.

Morning Post, *Jan. 10*

IN THE SALE ROOM.

BOOKS.

Messrs. Hodgson and Co., Chancery-lane, have concluded their first sale in the New Year. The Folk-Lore Society's publications from 1878 to 1907 made £20 10s.; Palmer's Index to "The Times" from 1874 to 1906, £12; the first edition of Pierce Egan's "Anecdotes of the Turf, the Chase, the Ring, and the Stage," £5 12s. 6d.; Goethe's "Werke," edited by Sophie Von Sachsen, 1887-1906, £11; the publications of the Henry Bradshaw Society, 1891-1901, £7 10s.; and the first editions of "Rose Leaf and Apple Leaf," by Rennell Rodd, with an Introduction, "L'Envoi," by Oscar Wilde, £9.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, Wellington-street, begin the New Year with a sale of books including various properties. The works comprise early-printed books, French illustrated works, topography, poetry, costume, sporting, Ackerman's "Westminster Abbey," Robert Green's "Planethomachia," 1585, and first editions of the writings of Thackeray, Dickens, Surtees, Ainsworth, Keats, Shelley, Swinburne, and the Law Reports from 1875 to 1907.

Tribune Jan. 10. 1908

In a sale of various libraries beginning next Wednesday at Messrs. Sotheby's there will be included a number of first editions of Oscar Wilde's plays and essays, with the first edition of his Newdigate prize poem on "Ravenna."

Jisser2019m03's18 University Library

“DYING BEYOND MY MEANS.”—Who was it that said on his death-bed, “I fear I am dying beyond my means,” when he saw the doctors around him, and knew that he had no estate to provide for their fees? P.

[Attributed to Oscar Wilde.]

Jesse 2019-09-18 University Library

August

1905.

John Bull, *January 21, 1908*

"Oscar Wilde." By Leonard Cresswell Ingleby. (London: Laurie. 1907. Price 12s. 6d. net.)

There seems to be a misguided effort to keep alive the memory of a wretched man who would be much better forgotten. I met Wilde in his heyday, when he was the sort of fashionable tame cat of the hour, and when quite a number of people found amusement in his literary poses and artistic vagaries. I thought him empty and stupid, and soon found that he was not even original. However, his plays have still survived, probably because there are so few plays nowadays which will keep anyone awake. If he is to be remembered at all, it must be as a playwright—I had almost written plagiarist. The writer of this book, dealing with Wilde as an alleged dramatist, indulges in a great deal of foolish fawning, and actually asserts, in the midst of a wilderness of flattery:

Much would be forgiven for one definition alone, that of the fox-hunter—"the unspeakable in pursuit of the uneatable." And Sheridan himself might envy the pronouncement that "the youth of America is its oldest tradition."

These are certainly very characteristic of Wilde's idea of epigram. The definition of the fox-hunter is merely stupid and ignorant; the "pronouncement" about Yankees has neither a vestige of meaning nor a glimmer of common sense. Surely, if Wilde's friends have his memory at heart, the best thing they can do is to allow him to be forgotten. If they believe him to be worthy of Paradise, let it take the form of a Nirvana. In any case, they should not allow half hysterical hero-worshippers to talk nonsense.

"The Soul of Man." By Oscar Wilde. (London: Humphreys. 1907. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This is a sumptuous reprint of an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, far better than the original, which usually appear in that admirable periodical. The binding and paper and printing are quite attractive.

2019-Osaka Women's University Library 744

Hebert
Vivian

Publishers' Circular,

Jan.
11.
1908.

Messrs. Wright & Jones, Booksellers and Publishers, 350, Fulham Road, London, S.W., write:—"Leonard Charles Smithers, the well-known publisher (and Editor) of 'The Arabian Nights,' and translator (with Sir R. F. Burton) of Catullus, died suddenly on the 19th ult. (his birthday), aged 46. He will always be identified as the patron and producer of Aubrey Beardsley's finest work, and as the original publisher of Oscar Wilde's Plays, and the world-famous 'Ballad of Reading Gaol.' He died in very straitened circumstances, and leaves a widow and son totally unprovided for."

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Birmingham Gazette

Jan
13

The often-postponed edition of the works of Oscar Wilde is now definitely announced by Messrs. Methuen to appear shortly under the supervision of Mr. Robert Ross. It will be in about fourteen volumes, at 12s. 6d. net a volume, and the edition will be limited in Great Britain to five hundred ordinary and fifty large paper copies. Besides the four best known plays will be included "Salome," "Vera," "A Florentine Tragedy," and "The Duchess of Padua," which has appeared hitherto only in a German translation. There will be the short stories, the brilliant "Intentions," the delightful children's tales, the "Poems in Prose" (from the "Fortnightly Review"), "The Portrait of Mr. W. H.," "An Essay on Artists' Models," and, of course, "De Profundis" and "The Ballad of Reading Jail," as well as some unpublished letters and poems.

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Yorkshire Daily Post

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How and How's, December 21, 1907

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"Oscar Wilde." By Leonard Cresswell Ingleby. T. Werner Laurie, Clifford's Inn, London. 12s. 6d. net.

Nov and Nov 21, 1907
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Transcript (Boston, U.S.A.) Dec. 11, 1907

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