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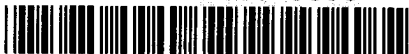
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WILDE'S LECTURE.

THE POET MEETS WITH WHAT HE CALLS A COLD RECEPTION.

A Large and Fashionable Gathering in Horticultural Hall that Fails to Applaud the Limp and Lank Young Man.

More carriages with liveried coachmen brought their burdens to the front of Horticultural Hall, last evening, than the adjoining Academy of Music saw with its fashionable attraction of grand opera. Almost everybody who is anybody formed part of the gaily dressed crowd that forced its way up the stairway to the unæsthetic hall, and there mingled in delightful confusion while searching for the seats that ushers did not appear to direct them to. There were no vacant places on the upholstered benches, except in the rear portion of the hall. On the stage an effort had been made to arrange high art surroundings so that limp and lank Oscar Wilde might not look entirely out of place by contrast with the glaring walls and harsh outlines of the room. An ebonized reading stand and an ebonized table stood side by side, the latter bearing a crystal goblet, a ewer of ultra-marine Venetian glass of antique shape, containing water. Further back stood two chairs, also ebonized and of the antique design, and with the straight backs of the fifteenth century. In the rear was a high screen draped with wide folds of maroon curtains. The stage room that these appeared in represented a library on either of a bookcase in which hung ancient portraits that, by doing great violence to the imagination, could be brought to mind as pictures of Bacon and Shakespeare.

That Mr. Wilde is a live poet and scornful of conventional promptitude was evidenced at half-past 8 o'clock when the blue pitcher was still monarch of all it surveyed. A few minutes later, however, one of the æsthete's managers walked briskly on the stage and behind him with noiseless movement floated something that made the entire audience giggle. It wore the dress that it loves to wear and that may be æsthetic but certainly is not beautiful. Shapely limbs were displayed by the tight-fitting black stockings, and the Knickerbocker trousers that surmounted these gave the wearer, thus far considered, the appearance of a big boy, but the reason of the looker-on staggers in its throne when he carries his gaze further upward and is confronted by a "swallow-tail" coat. When there are added to these a double-breasted white vest, a shirt cut low in the breast, a very long necktie of white silk, and the poet's boyish face and flowing equi-parted locks, the effect is certainly startling. In some mysterious way, for he did not appear to make any physical effort, he reached one of the big, black chairs and sank in a drooping way against its unpromising back. The manager walked forward as though he were half-ashamed of himself, and said humbly: "Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to introduce to you Mr. Oscar Wilde, of England." The idol of the æsthete partially straightened himself and bowed. The giggle that had been the unavoidable result of the first appearance, now gave way to slight applause.

but beauty is a joy for all time, a possession for all eternity.

I think that art, creating a common intellectual atmosphere between all countries, might, if it could not overshadow the world with the silvery wings of peace, at least make men such brothers that they would not go out to slay one another as they do in Europe, for the whim or caprice of some king or Parliament. We, in our renaissance, are seeking to create for England a sovereignty that will still be hers when her yellow leopards have grown weary of war, and the roses of her shield are no longer crimson with the blood of battle.

The steel of Toledo and the silk of Genoa did but give strength to oppression and the lust of pride. Let it be for you to create an art that is made by the people and for the people, an art that will be an expression of the loneliness and the joy of life and nature. We want a new and delightful art. Gothic art was not made for prince or priest, but for the whole people.

We spend our days, each of us, looking for the secret of life. Well, my friends, the secret of life is in art.

THE OPERA.

Juch, Lauri, Ravelli and Del Puente at the Academy of Music.

The Academy of Music was well filled last night by a fashionable audience, which listened to an enjoyable performance of "Martha," with Mlle. Juch, Mlle. Lauri and Signors Del Puente, Ravelli and Corsini in the cast. All the artists were in good voice, the chorus was fairly good, and the scenery excellent. Mlle. Juch as *Martha* acted and sang charmingly. In the first scene with *Nancy* she created a good impression, and the duet was very well done. Later she sang the famous "Last Rose of Summer" in a tender and beautiful way which fairly captured her auditors. An encore was demanded, and she repeated her triumph, giving the English words. Signors Del Puente and Ravelli sang with excellent effect, and Mlle. Lauri and Signor Corsini were also heard with pleasure by the audience during the whole evening. At the end of each act these artists gracefully responded to the loud calls of the audience. Under the leadership of the veteran Ardit, the orchestra was all that could be desired, and it came in for a share of the plaudits so liberally bestowed by the audience. To-night, "Faust" will be given with Mlle. Rossini and Signor Campanini and Galassi in the cast.

Amusement Notes.

Anna Dickinson will make her debut in "Hamlet" at Rochester on Thursday evening.

This afternoon and evening an entire change of programme will be given by Salisbury's Troubadours at the Walnut. The humor of this great combination will be concentrated in their play "The Brook," which has been completely rearranged since its last production here. All the favorites of this superior company have roles in the new "Brook" which enable them to exhibit in strongest force their extraordinarily high qualifications in song, dance, burlesque and eccentric comedy.

A FIVE MONTHS' VOYAGE.

The Stormy Passage of a Russian Bark to this Port.

The Russian bark *Impi*, Captain Hogeman, arrived at this port a few days since, from Pillau, Prussia, after one of the most remarkable voyages ever recorded, having set sail for Philadelphia last August, nearly five months since. Her cargo consisted of old rails, and

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THE ENGLISH RENAISSANCE.

In the course of his lecture Mr. Wilde said: This great English Renaissance has been described as a mere revival of Greek modes of thought, and again as a mere revival of mediæval feeling. It is really from the union of Hellenism, in its breadth, its sanity of purpose, its calm possession of beauty with the intensified individualism, the passionate color of the romantic spirit that springs the art of the nineteenth century in England, as from the marriage of Faust and Helen of Troy sprang the beautiful boy Euphorion.

Phidias and the achievement of Greek art are remembered in Homer; Dante prefigures

The Russian bark Impi, Captain Hogeman, arrived at this port a few days since, from Pillau, Prussia, after one of the most remarkable voyages ever recorded, having set sail for Philadelphia last August, nearly five months since. Her cargo consisted of old rails, consigned to S. & W. Welsh, and rags to Jessup & Moore; the vessel itself being under orders to Gardeicke & Co., ship brokers and commission merchants, No. 205 Walnut street. "The Impi," said Captain Hogeman, in relating his extraordinary experience, "was built in 1868 at Brathestad Finland, Russia, and is 638 tons register. We sailed from Pillau on August 31, 1881, loaded with old rails and rags, for Philadelphia. On September 5 we passed Elnore, and five days later were beyond the Faroe Islands, north of Scotland, and had just entered the Atlantic Ocean. Up to September 19 we had fair weather, but on that date a furious tempest set in and continued with unremitting violence until October 17. I have been at sea for thirty years and have experienced a great deal of rough weather in all climes, but all past experience was nothing in comparison to the recent voyage. The hurricane continued for a month without one hour's cessation. The sails were torn into shreds and scattered to the four winds as though they were so much tissue paper. A heavy tarpaulin was put in the mizzenrigging to keep the vessel's head to sea, but it had scarcely been placed in position before it was blown into tatters and forced through the meshes of the shrouds. One hundred and twenty fathoms of hawser were then thrown out forward, to keep her head to the sea, and the vessel was thus blown back across the Atlantic to a point near the Western Islands.

"On October 20, when in latitude 45 31 north, longitude 84 28 west, we sighted a ship in distress, her flag being Union down. We went as near to her as our condition would permit, and read on her stem, 'Freeman Dennis, of Yarmouth, N. S.' We also noticed that all her deckload had broken loose. Her captain hailed us, but, owing to the prevalence at the time of a terrible gale, we were unable to make out what he said, but supposed that he wanted us to lower our boats to take him and his crew off the distressed vessel. This was absolutely impossible, for the sea was tremendous, and the gale constantly increasing in severity. An attempt therefore to launch our boats would of necessity have been attended by loss of life. While we were yet near the ship her foremast went overboard, carrying with it the main gallant mast. Thick weather set in, and the night coming on, we burned blue lights and made other signals to let the disabled ship know our position, but received no response, our signals probably not being seen on account of the heavy atmosphere. When morning dawned the ship was no longer in sight.

"Having all our sails carried away and being blown back almost across the entire Atlantic, we made for Funchal, Madeira, where we arrived on November 18, after being tossed about at sea for fifty-six days. We refitted at Funchal and then left for Philadelphia, and arrived in safety without encountering any more rough weather. The voyage was in many respects the most remarkable one I have yet heard of, and as regards the length of time consumed I am sure it is by far the longest on record between the starting point and destination."

THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

An Independent's View of the Issue Between the Houses and the People.

To the Editor of THE PRESS.

Sir: I read in THE PRESS of Saturday last the

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Phidias and the achievement of Greek art are foreshadowed in Homer; Dante prefigures for us the passion and color and intensity of Italian painting; the modern love of landscape dates from Rousseau; and it is from Keats that one discerns the beginning of the artistic renaissance of England.

In the calmness and clearness of his vision, his unerring sense of beauty, and his recognition of a separate realm for the imagination, Keats was the forerunner of the pre-Raphaelite school, and so of the great Romantic movement of which I am to speak.

In choosing his subject the artist is the spectator of all time. For him no form is obsolete, no subject out of date. But all things are not fit subjects for poetry. Into the sacred house of Beauty the true artist will admit nothing that is harsh or disturbing. The simple attendance of joy is poetry.

I agree with what was said by Burne Jones about the dreadful effects of modern science. He said: "The more materialistic science becomes, the more angels I shall paint. That is my protest in favor of the immortality of the soul."

"I have no reverence," said Keats, "for the public or anything else in existence but the Eternal Being, the memory of great men, and the principle of beauty."

Such, then, is the spirit which I believe to be guiding our English renaissance. But it is incomplete.

Of all other arts, poetry may and does flourish in any age. From the mean, squabbling of a sordid life that limits him, the dreamer or idyllist may soar on poesy's viewless wings to supernal heights. Love art for its own sake, and then all that you need will be added to you. This devotion to beauty, and the creation of beautiful things, is what makes the life of each citizen a sacrament, and not a speculation. Beauty is the one thing that time cannot harm. Philosophies melt away like morn. Creeds follow one another like the withered leaves of autumn.

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THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

An Independent's View of the Issue Between the Bosses and the People.

To the Editor of THE PRESS.

SIR: I read in THE PRESS of Saturday last the report of an interview with several gentlemen of more or less prominence politically, among them Colonel M. S. Quay. In that interview, if correctly reported, Colonel Quay says that Mr. Wolfe could not control the Independent Republican Conference of last Thursday in the matter of the time for the holding of the State Convention, and he argues from this that he will be equally unable to control the convention when it shall meet; or prevent it from endorsing the nomination of General Beaver.

Colonel Quay has become so accustomed to looking upon a Republican Convention as a body having no rights of its own, but subject in all things to the direction and control of a master, that it was quite a novelty to him to note the proceedings of a Republican Conference which had no master, and would have acknowledged none.

It was the glory of that conference that there was no "machine" work about it. The fullest and freest discussion of every question before the conference was desired and offered, and the result arrived at embodied the best judgment of the gentlemen who were present. In this respect, at least, it stands in conspicuous and honorable contrast with any Republican State Convention which has been held in this State within ten or twelve years past.

It is because the Republican State Conventions in Pennsylvania have not been free, but have been subjected to the arbitrary control of a master or masters who have at will coerced from them such actions as suited their personal ends, in open despite of public opinion, and of the honest opinions of the delegates themselves, that the Independent Republicans have at last felt it to be their duty to make their protest in a manner that must be effective.

Colonel Quay says that there was no Stalwart conference held at Washington which determined on the nomination of General Beaver for Governor. He ought to know, and he positive-