A woman with long, wavy brown hair is seen from the back, wearing a vibrant blue, sleeveless, flowing dress. She is standing on a balcony with a metal railing, looking out over a blurred cityscape at night. The lighting is warm and golden, suggesting sunset or city lights. The text is overlaid on the image.

OSCAR WILDE

MANUSCRIPTS

AUTOGRAPHS

LETTERS

Republished by

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OSCAR WILDE

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MANUSCRIPTS
 AUTOGRAPH LETTERS
 FIRST EDITIONS



DULAU & COMPANY LIMITED
 32 OLD BOND STREET
 LONDON
 W1

OSCAR WILDE

MANUSCRIPTS
AUTOGRAPH LETTERS
FIRST EDITIONS

OF THIS CATALOGUE 2000 HAVE
BEEN PRINTED AND 105 SPECIAL
COPIES ON HANDMADE PAPER

A Collection of
ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS LETTERS & BOOKS
of
OSCAR WILDE

including his

LETTERS WRITTEN TO ROBERT ROSS FROM READING GAOL

and

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS POEMS & PLAYS

formerly in the possession of

ROBERT ROSS C. S. MILLARD (STUART MASON)

and

THE YOUNGER SON OF OSCAR WILDE

CABLES
CHAUSCRIPT
LONDON

DULAU & COMPANY LIMITED
32 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1

TELEPHONE
REGENT
4210

7. 9. 7
DR C. A. H. Ford

6

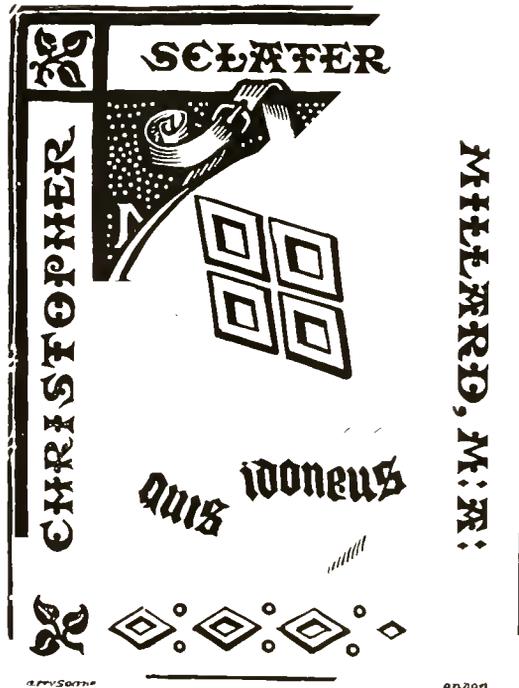
WE have submitted the letters in this catalogue for examination to Lord Alfred Douglas. Lord Alfred raises no objection to their dispersal in view of their historical and self-revealing interest, and considers that his consent is sufficiently indicative of the attitude he takes up towards the references to himself which they contain.

The copyright in the unpublished material in this catalogue is strictly reserved by the Estate of Oscar Wilde. We are indebted to the Estate for permission to make, under licence, the extensive quotations which appear herein.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

No logical principle of arrangement has been found for the material in this catalogue. It is hoped and believed that the copious index at the end will compensate for the comparative chaos of the text. The letters and figures in brackets which follow some items give reference to Stuart Mason's Bibliography: *e.g.* (S.M. 10) refers to the tenth item in the Bibliography. There is a list of these items at the end of the catalogue, as well as another list of items which are not in the Bibliography. References to "W. L." Nos. refer to Walter Ledger's Bibliography of *Salomé* (see No. 217 in this catalogue). A few items are described as "boards with Bibliography label". These are the actual copies which Millard used in preparing his Bibliography, with the special index label which he had printed for the purpose.

Items described as with "Large book-plate" or "Small book-plate" carry one or the other of Millard's book-plates. A reproduction of the large book-plate is given below.



*Book-plate of C. S. Millard (Stuart Mason) contained in all books
in this catalogue described as having the large book-plate.*

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OSCAR WILDE
MANUSCRIPTS, AUTOGRAPH LETTERS
FIRST EDITIONS, &c.

A CONSIDERABLE PORTION of the ORIGINAL MS. of an unfinished and entirely unpublished play, in Wilde's hand throughout, on 49 foolscap pages, about one-third in ink and two-thirds in pencil, entitled "A WOMAN'S TRAGEDY".

£350/-/-

From time to time there have been reported discoveries of new and unpublished plays or poems by Wilde, all of which have proved baseless on investigation. Since Messrs. Methuen published their second collected edition, only one short poem has been discovered which is indisputably the work of Wilde. This manuscript, coming as it does from a source impossible of suspicion, is of the greatest possible importance, as it was generally unknown that such a play existed. While it is in the form of only a rough draft, it is possible briefly to outline the plot, from which it will appear that the form of the play bears only the faintest resemblance to Wilde's usual plots. While it is probably true that if the work had been finished it would have been more polished and studded with epigrams, the bare outline of it which emerges from this fragment is a society melodrama. It has this likeness to *Lady Windermere's Fan*, and also Wilde's usual setting of a fashionable circle of people. The characters are Gerald Lovel, a poet; Mrs. Lovel, his wife; Lord Mertoun, a friend of Gerald's and afterwards in love with Mrs. Lovel; Mrs. Freshe, a society low-comedy character, and her friend, a foreign Countess. There is a reckless changing of names throughout: thus Gerald starts as Arthur, but that name is suddenly transferred to Lord Mertoun. The manuscript begins at Act II., when Mr. and Mrs. Lovel are living in Venice and expecting a visit from Lord Mertoun. In this act there are several epigrams and witticisms, of which a few specimens are:

[LOVEL] I have written very little since my marriage.

[MERTOUN] When a poet has his ideal to pour out tea for him, his occupation is gone.

[He has] a lot of blue china. I hope he lives up to it.

An angel on earth nowadays would have to pay for his wings.

He had given Arthur a terrible black eye, or Arthur had given him,

—I really don't remember, but I know they were great friends.

He either died of a broken heart or got a situation in the Civil Service.

I really am not quite sure which, but I know he was very wretched.

In Act III., which is in pencil, the melodramatic plot is introduced. From this it appears that on their marriage Lovel gave his wife diamonds worth £30,000. Some time afterwards, when he was in debt in Paris, she pledged the diamonds with a Bond Street jeweller for £27,000 to pay his debts, with the right to repurchase them at any time within two years for £30,000. This act opens with the visit of a Parisian legal official, serving notice on Mrs. Lovel to produce the diamonds within six weeks. She is in despair at the prospect of producing the money, and there is indication that she seeks it from Lord Mertoun.

In the margins of the manuscript are numerous thumbnail sketches of heads, buildings, grotesques, etc. Most of the manuscript is very hastily scribbled down, probably in the first flights of inspiration, and occasionally it is difficult to decipher when Wilde drops into a sort of shorthand of his own.

It may be said without much fear of contradiction that the opportunity of acquiring such a manuscript as this will never occur again. (See illustration No. I, p. 2.)

AN IDEAL HUSBAND. The ORIGINAL MS., written mostly in pencil and 2 contained in two exercise books, of an early, probably the first, draft of this play. There is also a draft in the British Museum which Stuart Mason [Bibliog. p. 436] believed to contain the earliest version of Act IV. He bases his belief on the ground that Mabel Chilton (*sic*) is named Violet up to f. 216, when her name is changed to Mabel. In the present version she is called Violet throughout. Mason refers to this version as "Another, still more fragmentary . . . dated June 19, 1893". In point of fact close examination of this MS. shows that all the essential features of the play, and most of its dialogue, including much that was not used, are present. There is a title-page which is dated, as mentioned by Mason, and has the note "Bosie present. The Cottage, Goring." There is a scenario of the whole play and, in addition, of some of the separate acts; that for Act II. reads:

"Should begin with visitors? 5 oc. tea, then enter Lord G. and Sir Robert—exit ladies.

Scene 2 men.

Scene Sir R. and his wife.

Lady C. Alone.

Violet saves situation.

On one page an enthusiastic note on the inspiration to introduce the stealing of Lady Chiltern's letter—"Excellent idea".

A most important and interesting MS.

£250

A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE and THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING 3
EARNEST. A COLLECTION OF MS. NOTES, mostly in pencil, written in an exercise book; mostly aphorisms and short speeches for use in these two plays. In most cases the notes have been crossed through when they were incorporated in the later MSS., but a few of them do not appear to

have been used. There are occasional notes, such as : “ Re-cast this ” : “ Mr. Bunbury always ill ”, and examples of rigid economy in words, as when about half a page of MS. is later boiled down to its essence in the remark, “ England—Caliban for nine months of the year—Tartuffe for the other three ”.

£150

- 4 THE RISE OF HISTORICAL CRITICISM. The ORIGINAL MS. of Parts II. and III. of this essay, which was written for the Chancellor’s English Essay Prize at Oxford in 1879. The parts contained in this MS. were undiscovered for many years, and, at the time when Messrs. Methuen began publishing their first collected edition of the works, they were still unknown to exist. The first part, the MS. of which is in the famous William Andrews Clark Library in America, was included at the end of the volume containing *Lord Arthur Savile’s Crime*, and the present MS. was printed for the first time in *Miscellanies*, 1908. In *Essays and Lectures* [1909] the complete text is printed in one volume for the first time.

The MS. is written in two exercise books, on one side of the paper only, but numerous additions, improvements and corrections are written on the pages facing the MS.

£200

- 5 SEN ARTYSTY ; OR, THE ARTIST’S DREAM. (Routledge’s Xmas Annual [1880] and *Poems*, 1908.) The ORIGINAL MS. of the earliest draft of this poem. The draft differs so considerably from the published version that it is here printed in full, as far as it is decipherable. Some words are so hastily jotted down in Wilde’s own particular shorthand that they are impossible to decipher.

£50

The greatest interest of this, as of most manuscripts of the kind, is that it gives an opportunity of seeing the artist actually at work, and of studying his manner of working. Some passages he works at continually, polishing and re-polishing, sometimes returning finally to his first effort and printing it in full ; other passages he alters completely, and others again he abandons altogether. (See illustration No. II, p. 7.)

The MS. begins at line 5 of p. 282 of Methuen’s first collected edition of *Poems*.

And yet—and yet
 My soul was full of leaden heaviness
 I had no joy for in Nature—the
 like that fabled worm
 that stings itself to anguish—
 Gnawing my heart away I lay [and] watched
 the
 when the
 Steered purple-sailed into the East
 I heard
 Sweeter than ever stole from shepherd pipe
 in secret valley Arcadian, or where

the of Eros to kiss
the blue waters.

O long desired, much waited
The waves that laugh round —and lo
from the clear centre of the fiery orb
Came one whose far outshone
Michael or Gabriel :

Or any captain of the
O much desired ! O long waited for !
Dear Herald of glad tidings, Thou art here
Lured from the lofty seat of many a prayer
To give me my desire which so long
Hath with undying flame burned in my heart,
nor suffered me to rest :

Immortal Glory, the world's conqueror !
let me die crownless—let one leaf once at least
of thy imperial laurels bind my brow
Ignoble else—once let the clarion note
And trump of loud ambition speak my name
and for the rest I care not—then to me
in gentle voice the angel made reply—

O much desired ! O long waited for !
Dear Herald of glad tidings ! Thou art here
to give me my desire, thy name is Glory—
Then the angel answered me

poor right
child ignorant of the true happiness,
Nor knowing the true wisdom—
in the sweet confines of this garden close

make garlands for thyself out of the —
whose crimson stained petals more befit
whose level meads and glades delectable
invites for pleasure

The wild bird that fills
The silent dells with sudden melody
Should be thy playmate—and
Shall twine itself unbidden in thy hair
gentle violet

Bourcicault
Boucicault
garland more fit for thee than the dread weight
of Glory's laurel wreath—

Thou wert made
for health and love and laughter not waste

plashed from my
side forth to level beas
fierce dog oter. or

one camel leaf
fell on y bow

the gods can
bring in the storm sky -
rather to dot is he -

so fierce a light beat
for

wherei another lit its b.
and from the one

its cluster

fell on my bow and I kept
at a ke

gades
the houses
before
the fire
here

~~The fire~~

face - ah I

and heard for off

the sound of my nation prang
me -

bit with sharp teeth

I wakes again - and

and now have drawn
and.

bit with a better cry

let hole the continued release of the night

I wakes again - and would the

seen with every face story
only

There is also a short list of suitable words : palatine, crystalline, hazeline, shine, shrine. Written in pencil on three foolscap pages.

THEORETIKOS and AMOR INTELLECTUALIS. [Poems, 1881.] The 8 ORIGINAL MS. of early drafts of these two poems written on both sides of a foolscap sheet. These show considerable variations from the published text. £10/10/-

The MS. of *Theoretikos* differs from the printed version in the following particulars :—

Line 2 reads : Seeing of wisdom, reverence and might.

Line 8 is written first in pencil : For this vile market place. The last two words have later been altered in ink to Traffic gain. They were finally printed as Traffic-house. On the obverse of this sheet is written a version of the lines from No. 8 to the end, which differs considerably from both the full-written and the printed versions.

Line 9 starts : Honour and chivalry.

Line 13 starts : They wound my calm.

Line 14. The word “ shall ” in pencil is altered in ink to the published version “ would ”.

At the bottom of the obverse are four different versions of odd couplets and lines.

The differences in *Amor Intellectualis* are not so important. The MS. is written in the first person singular throughout, but printed in the first person plural. Line 6 does not appear in the MS., and it ends at line 11 after the word “ Endymion ”.

GARDEN OF EROS. [Poems, 1881.] ORIGINAL MS. of a very early draft 9 of one stanza in the style of this poem. Although not used, it is very similar in theme and style. £6/6/-

Six lines beginning :

Our friends grow treacherous : but there remain
Sordello's passion, and the (?) honoured lie
Gray, Endymion, Lordly Tamburlaine

Written in ink, longwise on a foolscap sheet.

ORIGINAL MS. of a three-line fragment from *The Burden of Itys*. [Poems, 10 1881.] £3/-/-

A moment more, the waking dove had cooed,
The silver daughter of the silver sea
With the fond gyves of clinging hands had wooed
Her leman for the hunting.

In the MS. the words in the line between “ with ” and “ wooed ” are omitted, indicating that this is probably an early draft.

THE DUCHESS OF PADUA. TWO FOOLSCAP SHEETS bearing (1) two 11 names of characters, and (2) a six-line fragment of dialogue, both from this play. The fragment is not included in the printed text. £5/5/-

- 12 THE ORIGINAL MS. of an early draft of a poem, apparently unpublished. Written in ink on one side of a foolscap sheet. With two small marginal sketches. £5/-/-

Moonlit plain O lovely Acheron
I am grown weary (tired) of the garish sun ;
And is their by this Lithian
And there is no water in thy well
 pale Lethe's
so tired, so passionate and so mechanical
 vexes my soul.

- 13 THREE MS. FRAGMENTS, two of unpublished poems, on three foolscap sheets. £5/-/-

The first is a fragment of four lines with three palpable attempts to forge the signature of Henry Irving at the foot of the sheet. The second is three lines of a poem. The third is a three-line heading addressed from Hotel Voltaire.

- 14 THE ORIGINAL MS. of a fragment of an unpublished poem. Written in pencil on one side of a foolscap sheet. £3/3/-

the gurgling water leaped and fell (laughed)
 Under the water-mill,
The marsh-land and the meadow-land
 were bright with daffodil
The white-smocked shepherd
 The white sheep on the hill
Sweet John and Sweet William
The lily and the lady's smock.

The paper on which this fragment is written has been much exposed to the sun, making it difficult to read the writing.

- 15 THE ORIGINAL MS. of a fragment of a poem which is apparently unpublished. Written in ink on a foolscap sheet. £7/-/-

They say the Cornish moon was —
 Of so much beauty : that pale Dian's star
Stooped for a moment from its silver car
To listen to those sweet lips tremulous
with all their broken music boisterous
 forgot to fume and fret
where on their — — lovely net

- 16 TO MILTON. [Poems, 1881.] THE ORIGINAL MS. of an early draft of this poem, in which the idea of the sonnet is first roughed out. Written in ink on one side of two foolscap sheets. £10/10/-

Milton I think thy spirit hath passed away
From these white cliffs and high embattled towers
This mighty fiery coloured world of ours
is fallen into ashes dull and grey (play),

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT of an early draft of two poems, written longwise 25
on one side of a quarto sheet. On the other side of the sheet the last two
lines of the previous poem, No. 24, are rewritten. These two lines are :

but e're he closed the wattled door
The gold-haired child crept in behind

£10/10/-

There came (rose) a little undertune
of singing from (in) the wattled fold,
and from (through) its latticed cloud the moon
Leaned down with naked arms of gold.

She stole behind him where he lay
All tossed and tired from the dance,
He turned his curly head away
In pretty, boyish (wilful) petulance.

She said " I loved you all the while,
Though Colin is a clumsy clout ".
He twirled his crook, and would not smile
His red (cross) lips from their rosy (foolish, boyish) pout.

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT of the full poem in five stanzas, the draft of two 26
stanzas of which is included in No. 24, written on one side of a quarto
sheet. Unpublished. (See illustration No. III, p. 14.)

£21/-/-

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT of an unpublished poem in three stanzas, 27
written longwise on a quarto sheet.

£10/-/-

I love your mouth of vermilion,
Your gilded breasts, your little (sunburnt) neck
Which is as brown as cinnamon
With here and there a purple fleck.

I love your (the) honey-coloured hair,
That ripples to your ivory feet (hips).
I love the tired listless air
With which you kiss my boyish lips.

I love the wandering (little) hyaline
Thin vein that on forehead glows
I love your polished (pale pink) nails that seem (shine)
Like petals stolen (pilfered) from a rose

AMERICAN TOUR. Fragment of the ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT of a lecture 28
delivered in Philadelphia, in Wilde's holograph throughout. One page
4to. Stating that the steel industry of Toledo was as artistically creative
as the silk industry of Genoa, and pointing the moral that " there is nothing
in life too mean, in common things too trivial, to be ennobled by your
touch." A quotation from Ruskin used in *The English Renaissance*. £5/5/-
Written in 1881.

She stole behind him where he lay
all tond and tired from the dance,
He turned his curly heads away
with pretty boyish petulance

She said, "I loved you all the while,
Thought Colin is a clumsy clout."
He twirled his crook, and would not smile
His cron life from their rosy point.

She said, "I love ⁽¹²⁾ you more than all",
and put her little hand in his
His voice was sweeter than the call
at evening of the pigeon is.

She said, "You are ⁽¹¹⁾ more dear to me
than are the ~~white~~ ^{fat} lambs of my flock",
He would not speak, ^{but} and sulkily
smoothen down his crumpled linen smock

He shook her clung fingers off.
^{But little maid has little wile,}
She said, "I heard your white ewe cough
just as I ^{passed} ~~crossed~~ ^{by} the broken stiles

III. Facsimile page from the MS. of No. 26.

THE ORIGINAL MS. of a first draft of a review of Rossetti's Poems. Probably 29
published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. £20/-/-

Written in ink on six pages of foolscap.

ORIGINAL MS. of a fragment of a lecture or essay. The MS. is written on 30
six sheets of foolscap, numbered consecutively from 10 to 15. So far as
can be ascertained it is unpublished. £35/-/-

The subject of the essay is a closely reasoned analysis of the constitution and government of Sparta. From the handwriting it would appear to have been written when Wilde was a young man, probably at Trinity College, Dublin.

THE ORIGINAL TYPESCRIPT of the greater portion of a lecture, *The* 31
English Renaissance, printed for the first time from this typescript in
Miscellanies, 1908 (S.M. 447). This portion is on 44 quarto pages. It
is heavily corrected in the author's hand and shows considerable deviation
from the printed form. Several of the paragraphs in the typescript are
omitted in the printed version. The contents of the typescript may be
ascertained quite easily from the following description.

Not allowing for textual differences and rearrangement, it begins with
the third word of the second line on page 248 in Volume XIV., *Mis-*
cellanies, of Methuen's first collected edition. After the first paragraph
on page 253 there is a paragraph in the printed version which is not in
this typescript. After the words *le monde visible a disparu* on page 264
there are two pages of typescript omitted from the printed version. These
pages were used in another lecture which appears in the same volume
and which is entitled *A Lecture to Art Students*. At page 265 the last
paragraph is omitted from this typescript. At page 275 after the paragraph
ending "beautiful and noble" there is a long paragraph in the printed
version which is omitted from the typescript but which is included in the
typescript from which *Art and the Handicraftsman* was printed. This
paragraph was not used in that lecture. (See No. 32.) The typescript
ends at the words "beautiful and noble" on page 275, but there is a
subsequent paragraph in the typescript which is not used in the printed
version. £75/-/-

Bound in boards, with a paper label on which is the date 1882.

THE ORIGINAL TYPESCRIPT of the major portion of a lecture entitled 32
Art and the Handicraftsman. The typescript commences with a paragraph
which was not used for this lecture but which is printed in *The English*
Renaissance at page 275 of Volume XIV., *Miscellanies* (S.M. 447), of
Methuen's first collected edition. Then follow two pages of typescript
which were also not included in this lecture but which are printed in a
later lecture in the same volume, *A Lecture to Art Students*. Comparing the
typescript with the printed text, it commences at the second paragraph on
page 294 of *Miscellanies*, "I do not wish". After the words "a beautiful
external world" on page 295 there is a paragraph in the printed text which

is not in the typescript. After the words "as Ruskin says" on page 301 there is a short paragraph in the typescript which is omitted in the printed version. After the words "with no pretence and with some beauty" on page 302 there is about a page in the printed version which is not in the typescript. The typescript ends with the words "a joy to you for all time" on page 304.

£75/-/-

The typescript is very heavily corrected in the author's hand throughout, and shows considerable textual differences from the printed version. It is bound in boards, with a paper label on which is the date 1882.

- 33 AFTER READING and AFTER BERNEVAL. THE ORIGINAL TYPESCRIPT and the carbon copy of these letters used by Millard and by the executor of the Wilde estate in preparing the publication by the Beaumont Press. Also the first draft of Ross's preface (which was not used) heavily corrected by him, a second preface, by More Adey, which was not used, and the preface by Adey to the second volume. Two long A.L.S. from More Adey to Wilde's younger son, another from Ross's brother to the same, and an A.L.S. from Wilde's son to Millard referring to the prospect of Beaumont's publishing a third volume of these letters. *The typescript of about fifty letters intended for this volume, but never published in any form, is included in this collection.*

£25/-/-

- 34 AFTER READING and AFTER BERNEVAL. AMERICAN ISSUE. A complete typescript of this important collection of 130 letters, including also 62 letters which have never been published in any form in English. Some of these 62 letters have been published in a very strictly edited form in German, translated by Max Meyerfeld, but the impossibility of printing them in full in any language makes it practically certain that apart from the originals which are catalogued elsewhere in this collection, they will never be available in any form but this. The American publisher was permitted to print 23 copies of the first 68 letters in this collection (see No. 71), and although his edition was rather less severely edited than Beaumont's English one, very considerable omissions were necessary even there. The chief interest, however, must necessarily centre on the half of this typescript which has not been published. The correspondence is from Paris, Gland, Napoule, Nice, Rome, etc., and the period covered is from May 1898 to November 1900, and includes the last letter sent by Wilde, which he was too ill to write but which was dictated to a friend. The subjects dealt with in these letters may be ascertained by a reference to the transcript of parts of some of them in another section of this catalogue (No. 39). The typescript is marked throughout with considerable notes by Millard, and the emendations necessary in publishing them are marked, too, in blue, black, and red pencil. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance and interest of this collection, because among other things it tells quite clearly a story which has never been completely told elsewhere, the story of Wilde's real life between his release from prison and his death. Those who possess Beaumont's two

volumes have merely the vaguest outline of a part of the story, and no clue is supplied to them which would assist them to fill in this bare outline. The few who own or have seen a copy of Reynolds' edition are a little more at home with this part of the tale, but no one who has not read the whole of these letters as they stand in this typescript is capable of forming a full and complete judgment of the position. The letters are full in detail and frank in statement, and as they were all written to Robert Ross, a friend from whom Wilde had neither the wish nor the motive to conceal his true attitude towards things, it is only in these letters that one can appreciate what the position was and for what attitude to life he really stood. If it be granted, and there seems no reason to doubt it, that he is here stating facts, this transcript is indispensable to the future biographer who will some day write the full story of his life. £150/-/-

AFTER READING. The ORIGINAL HOLOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT on six 4to 35 pages, very closely written, of Robert Ross's Preface. Ross commenced to prepare these letters for publication in 1911 and wrote this preface to be used when the book was published. Various matters, including the outbreak of the war in 1914, prevented him from finishing the publication, and in consequence his preface was not used. It is therefore entirely unpublished. It is very heavily corrected and is full of interesting side-lights on Wilde's character possible only from an intimate friend such as Ross. The manuscript discusses the results of Wilde's downfall, refers to various tributes to Wilde since his death by André Gide and others, and attempts an estimate of Wilde's personal character. £5/-/-

BRÉMONT, ANNA COMTESSE DE. The ORIGINAL HOLOGRAPH MANU- 36
SCRIPT, signed, of three sonnets by her addressed to Robert Ross "inspired by his gift of Lilies and golden iris reminiscent of his friend Oscar Wilde." With an A.L.S. from the same. May, 1913. 10/-

THE HARLOT'S HOUSE. A DECORATED MANUSCRIPT TRANSCRIPTION 37
by Walter Ledger. Also a similar transcript of *Fantaisies Decoratives*, two poems in *The Lady's Pictorial Christmas Number*, 1887. 1904-06. 10/-
Beautifully written and decorated in colour. Both presentations to Millard with his small book-plate.

A UNIQUE, IMPORTANT AND INTENSELY INTERESTING COLLECTION OF LETTERS 38
written by Oscar Wilde to Robert Ross while Wilde was in prison at Reading. Bound in a quarto volume, three-qr. morocco extra by Zaehnsdorf, the letters being hinged on linen guards. £2000/-/-
(See illustration No. IV, p. 19, and No. V, p. 29.)

The letters are written on the prison notepaper, and most of them have the initials which show that they were passed by the prison censor, and the number C.3.3, showing that the letters were written in Cell 3 on the third landing. In addition to the prison letters there is a one-page 4to letter from the Hotel Avondale, Piccadilly, addressed to Ross, announcing the fact that he is about to take action against Lord Queensberry.

Also, written on official blue foolscap, with the government stamp, there is a list of books which Wilde asked to be allowed to have in prison. There are many curiosities in this list, especially the notes of the prison official and the refusal to allow Wilde certain books. For instance, Flaubert's *Salammbô* is permitted but *La Tentation de St. Antoine* is forbidden. Strindberg is passed but Ibsen is struck out. He is not allowed the *Quarterly Review* for April, and Sienkiewicz's *Quo Vadis?* is also on the index. Three books by John Addington Symonds and Arthur Morrison's *Criminology Series* are struck off. He is allowed a copy of his play *Salomé* but not reviews of it. Most tragically of all, his request for manuscript books, pencils, and foolscap paper is very heavily scored through, presumably as being against prison rules. Among the authors and books for which he asks are Merimée, Anatole France, Pierre Louÿs, Montaigne, a French Bible, a French-English Dictionary (!), some mystical books, Yeats' *The Secret Rose*, an English Bible, two novels by A. E. W. Mason, and translations of two of Calderon's plays. As a preface to the volume is a long note and a manuscript index by Mr. Vyvyan Holland, Wilde's younger and only surviving son, from which we quote. "Many of the letters from Oscar Wilde were placed by Robert Ross into separate envelopes, on the backs of which he wrote notes as to their origin, date, and contents. The backs of these envelopes are preserved here and immediately precede the letters from Oscar Wilde to which they refer. . . . The notes are self-explanatory." Then follows an index to the 25 items contained in the book. The contents are:—

(1) The list of books asked for by Wilde described above.

(2) Robert Ross's original note, "I cannot find Queensberry's original card, but the enclosed was Wilde's letter telling me of it. He sent note by hand about 6.40 . . . and I went up that evening at 11.30."

(3) The letter from the Hotel Avondale. 1 p. 4to. "Dearest Bobbie, Since I saw you something has happened—Bosie's father has left a card at my club with hideous words on it—I don't see anything now but a criminal prosecution—my whole life seems ruined by this man. The tower of ivory is assailed by the foul thing.—On the sand is my life spilt—I don't know what to do. If you could come here at 11.30, please do so to-night. I mar your life by trespassing ever on your love and kindness. I have asked Bosie to come to-morrow." Signed "Oscar".

(4) A.L.S. from Wilde on the notepaper of Holloway Gaol. Dated (not by Wilde) 9.4.1895. Addressed to More Adey and "Bobbie." 4 pp. 8vo.

"Will you tell the Sphinx, Ernest Levenson, Mrs. Bernard Beere (Church Cottage, Marylebone Road), how deeply touched I am by their affection and kindness. Inform the committee of the New Travellers' Club and also of the Albemarle that I resign my membership (Piccadilly and Dover Street). . . . They are kind in their way here, but I have no books, nothing to smoke and sleep very badly." Signed "Oscar".

"Ask Bobbie to go to Tite Street and get a typewritten MS. Part



HOTEL AVONDALE,
PICCADILLY, LONDON.

C. KINADETE MANAGER.

Dearest Bobbie

Since I saw
you so lately has happened -
Bobby's father has left
a card at my club with
lessons under it - I
don't see why you but a
criminal prosecution - my whole
life seems ruined by this
man. The tower of ivory
is annexed by the boat
thing - on the said is
my life spirit - I don't
know what to do. If you could
come here at 11.30. please
do so tonight. I mean you
all by Tuesday even on your
love & kindness. I have asked
Bobby to come tomorrow.

Oscar

of my blank verse tragedy, also a black book containing 'La Sainte Courtisane' in bedroom."

(5) From Reading. Dated (not by Wilde) 10 March, 1896. 2 pp. 4to. A small piece has been cut out of this letter by the prison censor. Addressed to "My dear Robbie," asking him to write to a solicitor about his wife's settlement on him. "I feel that I have brought such unhappiness on her and such wrong on my children that I have no right to go against her wishes in anything. She was gentle and good to me here when she came to see me. I have full trust in her. Please have this done *at once*, and thank my friends for their kindness—I feel I am acting rightly in leaving this to my wife.

Please write to Stuart Merrill in Paris, or Robert Sherard, to say how gratified I was at the performance of my play [*Salomé*], and have my thanks conveyed to Lugne-Poë. It is something that at a time of disgrace and shame I should be still regarded as an artist: I wish I could feel more pleasure: but I seem dead to all emotion except those of anguish and despair—however, please let Lugne-Poë know that I am sensible of the honour he has done me. He is a poet himself. I fear you will find it difficult to read this, but as I am not allowed writing materials I seem to have forgotten how to write—you must excuse me. . . . I suffer from headaches when I read my Greek and Roman poets. . . . Write to me, please, in answer to this—and tell me about literature—what new books etc.: also about Jones' play and Forbes Robertson's management: about any new tendency in the stage of Paris or London. Also, try and see what Lemaître, Bäuer, and Sarcey, said of *Salomé* and give me a little resumé. Please write to Henri Bauer and say I am touched at his writing nicely. . . . It was sweet of you to come and see me: you must come again next time—here I have the horror of death with the still greater horror of living: and in silence and misery [here about four lines are cut out with scissors by the censor] but I won't talk more of this—I always remember you with deep affection. Always your friend [signed] O. W."

"I wish somebody wd. get from Oakley Street my portmanteau—fur-coat—clothes—and the books of *my own writing* I gave my dear mother—Ask Ernest in whose name the burial ground of my mother was taken. Good-bye."

(6) Note by Robert Ross. "Letter from Reading Prison. Unpublished. I cannot find date of this letter, but it is probably March or May, 1896."

(7) From Reading. Dated Saturday. Addressed to "Dear Robbie." 2 pp. 4to. "I cd. not collect my thoughts yesterday—as I did not expect you till to-day. When you are good enough to come and see me, will you always fix the day? Anything sudden upsets me." Begs Ross to stop the dedication of a volume of poems to him. "I could not accept or allow such a dedication. The proposal is revolting and grotesque." Asks Ross to collect certain letters of his and to seal them up. "In case I die here you will destroy them, in case I survive I will destroy them

myself. They must not be in existence. . . . Even if I get out of this loathsome place I know that there is nothing for me but a life of a pariah, of disgrace and penury and contempt. . . . Let me know why Irving leaves Lyceum etc., what he is playing : what at each theatre : who did Stevenson criticize severely in his letters : anything that will for an hour take my thoughts away from the one revolting subject of my imprisonment. . . . I am deeply touched by the Lady of Wimbledon's kindness. You are very good to come and see me. Kind regards to More, whom I wd. so like to see." Signed "O. W."

Discretion prevents fuller quotation of this letter, which is of the greatest interest. It has never been published.

(8) Robert Ross's note. "*Partly published in De Profundis.* The front sheet of this letter, which dealt with *business* matters, was forwarded to Hunphreys and was not returned to me. I don't remember date, but it is after March, '96, for he refers to a performance of *Salomé* in Paris at *that time.*"

(9) From Reading. As indicated above, only the last two pages of this letter are here. 2 pp. folio, very closely written. The handwriting in this and the later letters is much neater and more beautifully formed than in the two letters so far quoted. These two previous letters seem to have been dashed down in a feverish manner, which does not allow the writer to form his words. Very often only the first and last letters of a word are clearly formed, the rest being a scrawl which only the context allows one to decipher, and that only with great difficulty. The later letters, on the contrary, have the appearance of having been lingered over.

". . . Could nothing be done, in improving company and getting fees? I would be quite ready to give for the time the complete acting rights of *Salomé* to Lugué-Poe. . . . (6) I brought out *Salomé* at my own expense with the Librairie de l'Art Indépendant. So it is mine. I have had no accounts from them of any kind. I wonder would not a new edition be advisable as it is being played. This might be arranged for and some fees or money got. . . .

For myself, dear Robbie, I have little to say that can please you. The refusal to commute my sentence has been like a blow from a leaden sword. I am dazed with a dull sense of pain. I had fed on hope and now anguish grown hungry feeds her fill on *me* as though she had been starved of her proper appetite. There are, however, kinder elements in this evil prison air than were before : sympathies have been shown to me and I no longer feel entirely isolated from humane influences which was before a source of terror and trouble to me, and I read Dante and make excerpts and notes for the pleasure of using a pen and ink . . . and I am going to take up the study of German. Indeed, this seems to be the proper place for such a study. There is a thorn, however, as bitter as that of St. Paul, though different, that I must pluck out of my flesh in this letter. It is caused by a message you wrote on a piece of paper for me to see. I feel

that if I kept it secret it might grow in my mind (as poisonous things grow in the dark) and take its place with other terrible things that gnaw me. Thought to those that sit alone and silent and in bonds, being no 'winged living thing', as Plato feigned it, but a thing dead, breeding what is horrible like a slime that shows monsters to the moon." [Then follows the ground of complaint]: "and I believe that my letter was lent and shown to others with the part . . . cut out by a pair of scissors. Now I do not like my letters shown about as curiosities: it is most distasteful to me: I write to you freely as one of the dearest friends I have or have ever had: and with a few exceptions the sympathy of others touches me, as far as its loss goes, very little. No man of my position can fall into the mire of life without getting a great deal of pity from his inferiors: and I know that when plays last too long spectators tire. *My* tragedy has lasted far too long: its climax is over; its end is mean; and I am quite conscious of the fact that when the end *does* come I shall return an unwelcome visitant to a world that does not want me . . . as one whose face is grey with long imprisonment and crooked with pain. Horrible as are the dead when they rise from their tombs, the living who come out from tombs are more horrible still." Following this are long and bitter passages apropos the way in which Ross has offended him. After reciting at some length in a strain of bitter invective, he goes on: "And so now I have in my letter plucked the thorn out. That little scrawled line of yours rankled terribly. I *now* think merely of your getting quite well again and writing at last the wonderful story of the little restaurant with the strange dish of meat served to the select clients. . . . The gilded Sphinx is, I suppose, wonderful as ever. And send from me all that in my thoughts and feelings is good and whatever of remembrance and reverence she will accept to the Lady of Wimbledon, whose soul is a sanctuary to those who are wounded and a house of refuge for those in pain. Do not show this letter to others nor discuss what I have written in your answer. Tell me about that world of shadows I loved so much." Signed "Oscar".

(10) Robert Ross's note. "April 1st, 1897. This letter is *partly* published in *De Profundis*. It gives directions about MS. which Wilde was not *allowed* to send. (Major Nelson, the Governor, will confirm this. He has, of course, retired from Reading.)"

(11) From Reading. Dated April 1, '97. 4 pp. foolscap, closely written. This is a specially important letter. It is with great regret that we have decided that its contents are so extremely intimate and personal and likely to wound the feelings of persons still living, if such private affairs were exposed to public perusal, that we refrain from quoting more than about one-fourth of its contents. Sufficient is said, however, to indicate that the manuscript about which he conveyed such definite instructions, and for which he showed such solicitousness, was *De Profundis*, which he calls here by the title which he himself gave it, "Epistola: in carcere et vinculis". It must have been particularly exasperating for Ross at the time to have all these instructions about a manuscript which the governor

of the gaol refused to allow him to have. It is now well known that this manuscript was not in his possession until handed to him by Wilde on the day of Wilde's release.

"I send in a roll separate from this my letter . . . which I hope will arrive safe. . . . I want you to have it carefully copied for me. . . . I want you to be my literary executor in case of my death and to have complete control over my plays, books and papers. As soon as I find I have a legal right to make a will I will do so. . . . I turn naturally to you, as indeed I do for everything, and would like you to have all my works. The deficit that their sale will produce may be lodged to the credit of Cyril and Vivian. Well, if you are my literary executor you must be in possession of the only document that really gives any explanation of my extraordinary behaviour. . . . When you have read the letter you will see the psychological explanation of a course of conduct that from the outside seems a combination of absolute idiocy with vulgar bravado. Some day the truth will have to be known: not necessarily in my lifetime . . . but I am not prepared to sit in the grotesque pillory they put me into, for all time: for the simple reason that I inherited from my father and my mother a name of high distinction in literature and art. . . . I don't defend my conduct, I explain it, also there are in the letter certain passages which deal with my mental development in prison and the inevitable evolution of character and intellectual attitude towards life that has taken place, and I want you, and others who still stand by me and have affection for me, to know exactly in what mood and manner I hope to face the world. Of course, from one point of view I know that on the day of my release I shall be merely passing from one prison into another, and there are times when the whole world seems to me no larger than my cell and as full of terror for me. Still I believe that at the beginning God made a world for each separate man, and in that world, which is within us, one should seek to live. At any rate, you will read those parts of my letter with less pain than the others. Of course I need not remind *you* how fluid a thing thought is with me—with us all—and of what an evanescent substance are our emotions made. Still, I do see a sort of possible goal towards which, through art, I may progress. It is not unlikely that you may help me. As regards the mode of copying: of course it is too long for any amanuensis to attempt, and your own handwriting, dear Robbie, in your last letter seems specially designed to remind me that the task is not to be yours. I may wrong you, and hope I do, but it really looks as though you were engaged in writing a three-volume novel on the dangerous prevalence of communistic opinions among the rich . . . or in some other way wasting a youth that I cannot help saying has always been, and will always remain, quite full of promise. I think that the only thing to do is to be thoroughly modern and to have it type-written. Of course the MS. should not pass out of your control, but could you not get Mrs. Marshall to send down one of her type-writing girls? Women are the most reliable, as they have no memory for the important.

. . . I assure you that the type-writing machine, when played with expression, is not more annoying than the piano when played by a sister or near relation. Indeed, many among those most devoted to domesticity prefer it." Then follow detailed instructions as to the way in which the manuscript is to be typed and to whom the typed copies should be sent. He asks for one to be sent to himself. He also wants one copy of the better parts sent to the Lady of Wimbledon. "If the copying is done at Hornton Street the lady type-writer might be fed through a lattice in the door, like the cardinals when they elect a pope, till she comes out on the balcony and can say to the world, 'Habet mandus epistolam'. For indeed it is an Encyclical Letter, and as the Bulls of the Holy Father are named from their opening words it may be spoken of as the 'Epistola : In Carcere Et Vinculis'. . . . Prison life makes one see people and things as they really are. That is why it turns one to stone. It is the people outside who are deceived by the illusions of a life in constant motion, they revolve with life and contribute to its unreality. We who are immobile both see and know. . . . I have 'cleansed my bosom of much perilous stuff' to borrow a phrase from the poet whom you and I once thought of rescuing from the Philistines. . . . It is by utterance that we live. . . . For nearly two years I had within me a growing burden of bitterness, much of which I have now got rid of. On the other side of the prison wall there are some poor, black, soot-smirched trees that are just breaking out into buds of an almost shrill green. I know quite well what they are going through. They are finding expression." The letter proceeds to quarrel with Ross for disregarding Wilde's instructions about his wife. "You thought that the thing to do was the clever thing, the smart thing, the ingenious thing. You were under a mistake. Life is not complex. We are complex. Life is simple and the simple thing is the right thing." Further discussion of the quarrel proceeds, which shows Wilde to be of the kind and considerate nature which was always attributed to him by those who knew him best. "Even had I any legal rights—and I have none—how much more charming to have privileges given to me by affection than to extort them by threats." He goes on to discuss his conviction and admits its justice, and also to discuss the danger that his friends have incurred, of his being sued for divorce. "Also I would take it as a great favour if More would write to the people who pawned or sold my fur-coat since my imprisonment and ask them from me whether they would be kind enough to state where it was sold or pawned, as I am anxious to trace it and if possible get it back. I have had it for twelve years. It was all over America with me, it was at all my first nights, it knows me perfectly and I really want it. . . . I hope to see Frank Harris on Saturday week or soon. The news of the copying of my letter will be welcome when I hear from you. . . . Ever yours [signed] Oscar Wilde."

(12) Robert Ross's note. "April 6 (1897). This letter is partly published in *De Profundis*. Refers to MS. of *D. P.* Denounces me for my share in purchasing the life interest for Official Receiver etc."

(13) From Reading. Dated April 6. 4 pp. folio. Addressed "My Dear Robbie, The names of the mystical books in *En Route* fascinate me. Try and get some of them for me when I go out, also try and get me a good Life of St. Francis of Assisi. . . ." He mentions with great feeling the kindness of his wife's coming from Genoa to break to him the news of his mother's death. Strangely enough, a large part of this letter is a recapitulation, sometimes in almost identical words, of the previous letter, and discusses the prospect of divorce as almost certain. "I must live in England if I am to be a dramatist again . . . but it would be a bestial infamy to again send me to a prison for offences that in all civilized countries are questions of pathology and medical treatment. . . . I am gradually getting to a state of mind when I think that everything that happens is for the best. This may be philosophy, or a broken heart, or religion, or the dull apathy of despair, but whatever its origin the feeling is strong with me. To tie my wife to me against her will would be wrong. She has a full right to her freedom. And not to be supported by her would be a pleasure to me. . . . I have never had the chance of thanking you for the books. They were most welcome. Not being allowed the magazines was a blow, but Meredith's novel charmed me. What a sane artist in temper! He is quite right in his assertion of sanity as the essential in romance. Still, up to the present only the abnormal have found expression in life and literature. Rossetti's letters are dreadful, obviously forgeries by his brother. I was interested, however, to see how my grand-uncle's 'Melmoth' and my mother's 'Sidonia' had been two of the books that fascinated his youth. As regards the conspiracy against him in later years, I believe it really existed and that the funds for it came out of Hake's bank. The conduct of a thrush in Cheyne Walk seems to me most suspicious, though William Rossetti says, 'I could observe nothing in the thrush's song at all out of the common'. Stevenson's letters most disappointing also. I see that romantic surroundings are the worst surroundings possible for a romantic writer. In Gower Street Stevenson could have written another *Trois Musquetaires*. In Samoa he wrote letters to *The Times* about Germans. I see also the traces of a terrible *strain* to lead a natural life. To chop wood with any advantage to oneself or profit to others, one should not be able to describe the process. In point of fact, the natural life is the unconscious life. Stevenson merely extended the sphere of the artificial by taking to digging. The whole dreary book has given me a lesson. If I spent my future life reading Baudelaire in a *café* I should be leading a more natural life than if I took to hedgers' work or planted cacao in mud swamps. *En Route* is most overrated. It is sheer journalism. It never makes one hear a note of the music it describes. The subject is delightful but the style is, of course, worthless, slipshod, flaccid. It is worse French than Ohnet's. Ohnet tries to be commonplace and succeeds, Huysman tries not to be and is. Hardy's novel, pleasant, and Frederic's very interesting in matter. Later on, there being hardly any novels in the prison library for the poor imprisoned fellows I live with, I think of

presenting the library with about a dozen good novels, Stevensons (none here but *The Black Arrow!*), some of Thackeray's (none here), Jane Austen (none here) and some good *Dumas-père-like* books, by Stanley Weyman, for instance, and any modern young man. You mentioned Henley had a *protégé*? Also the 'Anthony Hope' man. After Easter you might make out a list of about 14 and apply to let me have them. They would please the few who do not care about Goncourt's Journal. Don't forget I wd. pay myself for them.

I have a horror myself of going out into a world without a single book of my own. I wonder would there be any of my friends who would give me a few books, such as Cosmo Lennox, Reggie Turner, Gilbert Burgess, Max and the like? You know the sort of books I want, Flaubert, Stevenson, Baudelaire, Maeterlinck, *Dumas père*, Keats, Marlowe, Chatterton, Coleridge, Anatole France, Gautier, Dante and all Dante literature, Goethe and d[itt]o and so on. I wd. feel it a great compliment to have books waiting for me. . . . You can send me a long letter all about plays and books . . . but do write clearly, otherwise it looks as though you had nothing to conceal. There is much that is horrid, I suppose, in this letter, but I had to blame you to yourself, not to others. . . . F. Harris comes to see me on Saturday, I hope. . . ." Signed "Yours, Oscar".

(14) From Reading. Dated April 13 [1897]. Addressed to "My dear Robbie". 8 pp. folio.

"I am sorry that the last visit was such a painful and unsatisfactory one. To begin with, I was wrong to have — present: he meant to be cheery but I thought him trivial: everything he said, including his remark that he supposed time went very fast in prison (a singularly unimaginative opinion and one showing an entirely inartistic lack of sympathetic instinct), annoyed me extremely: then your letter of Sunday, had, of course, greatly distressed me: you and More had both assured me that there was enough money waiting for me to enable me to live comfortably and at ease for 'eighteen months or two years': I now find that there is exactly £50 and that perforce out of this have to come the costs of two solicitors who have already had long interviews with Mr. Hargrove and incurred much expense! The balance is for me! My dear Robbie, if the £50 covers the law costs I shall be only too pleased. If there is any balance remaining I don't want to know anything about it. Pray don't offer it to me. Even in acts of charity there should be some sense of humour. You have caused me the greatest pain and disappointment by foolishly telling me a complete untruth. How much better for me had you said to me, 'Yes, you will be poor and there will be worse things than poverty. You have got to learn how to face poverty', simply, directly, and straightforwardly. But when a wretched man is in prison the people who are outside either treat him as if he was dead and dispose of his effects, or treat him as if he was a lunatic and pretend to carry out his wishes and don't, or regard him as an idiot to be humoured and tell him silly and unnecessary lies, or look on him as a thing so low, so degraded, as to have

no feelings at all, a thing whose entire life in its most intimate relations . . . is to be bandied about like a common shuttlecock in a vulgar game, in which victory or failure are of really little interest, as it is not the life of the players that is at stake but only some one else's life. . . . You did not tell me the truth. You and my friends did not carry out my directions, and what is the result? Instead of £200 a year I have £150. Instead of $\frac{1}{3}$ rd of the interest which on the death of my wife's mother would amount to about £1500 a year I have no more than a bare £150 to the end of my days. My children will have £600 or £700 a year *apiece*. Their father will remain a pauper. But that is not all. That is merely the common money side. . . . My life is to be ruled after a pattern of respectability. My friends are to be such as a respectable solicitor would approve of. *I owe this, Robbie, to your not telling me the truth and not carrying out my instructions* . . . and the grotesque thing about it all is, that I now discover, when it is too late to do anything, that the entire proceedings have been done at *my* expense, that *I* have had to pay for . . . advice and opinions . . . worthless and pernicious . . . so that out of £150 given to More Adey 'for my use' . . . nothing now remains at all but, I suppose, about £1.10.6. Don't you see what a wonderful thing it would have been for me had you been able to hand me the £150 on my coming out on Wednesday? how welcome such a sum would have been! Of what incalculable value! Now the whole thing, without my permission being asked, is spent in a stupid and ill-advised attempt . . . in making discord, in promoting estrangement. . . ." A great deal more in this strain follows, recapitulating the stupidity and injustice of his friends. "I have written bitterly about Frank Harris because he came down to make gorgeous offers of his cheque-book to any extent I required and then sent a verbal message to say he had changed his mind. . . . In the whole of this law business my life has been gambled for and staked on the board with utter recklessness. . . . Flaubert once made *la Betise Humaine* incarnate in two retired solicitors or solicitor's clerks called Bouvard et Pecuchet. The opinions of . . . my secret solicitor, if collected . . . would prove a serious rival to Flaubert's grotesques. For sheer crass stupidity they, if correctly reported, are perfectly astounding." He then proceeds to detail the incredibly stupid actions which were advised and allowed. "— tells Mr. Hargrove that a large sum of money is at my disposal and that I am in no want of money at all. It is supposed—*O sancta simplicitas!*—that this will overawe Mr. Hargrove and prevent his bidding against you! The sole result is that Mr. Hargrove tells my wife that he has it on the authority of — that I am going to be in no want of money, so that there is not the smallest necessity for increasing the £150. So my wife writes to me at Christmas and advises me to invest the money in an annuity so as to increase my income! She naturally supposed that it was about £3000, something that one could buy an annuity with. So did I. I find that the entire sum was £150, of which everything except about thirty-five shillings has to go in law expenses. The other clever lie

is to pretend to Mr. Hargrove that you are not my agents but quite independent people, while assuring the Registrar of Bankruptcy that you are really my agents. As for me, you tell me that you are acting independently, but I find it is with my money. More Adey really expected Mr. Hargrove to believe in the ridiculous comedy. . . . I need hardly say that Mr. Hargrove was not taken in for a single moment. . . . Nothing could exceed the heroism with which you exposed me to danger." The letter goes on to deplore in detail and seriatim all the misfortunes which have been brought upon him as the result of acting against his advice.

"In point of fact, Robbie, you had better realise that of all the incompetent people on the face of God's earth in any matter requiring wisdom, commonsense, straightforwardness, ordinary intelligence, — is undoubtedly the chief. I have written to him a letter about himself which I beg you will at once go and study. He is cultivated. He is sympathetic. He is kind. He is patient. He is gentle. He is affectionate. He is full of charming emotional qualities. He is modest—too much so—about his intellectual attainments. I value his opinion of a work of art far more than he does himself. I think he should have made and still can make a mark in literature, but in matters of business he is the most solemn donkey that ever stepped. He has neither memory, nor understanding, nor capacity to realise a situation or appreciate a point. His gravity of manner makes his entire folly mask as wisdom. Everyone is taken in. He is so serious in manner that one believes he can form an intellectual opinion. . . . Now I have realised this I feel it right, Robbie, that you should know it. . . . He is incapable, as I have written to him, of managing the domestic affairs of a tomtit in a hedge for a single afternoon. . . . You are a dear, affectionate, nice, loving fellow : but of course, in all matters requiring business faculty, utterly foolish. I didn't expect advice from you. . . . I merely expected the truth. . . . Come when you like to this place near Havre. You shall be as welcome as a flower and attacked till you know yourself. You have a heavy *atonement* before you." Signed "Yours, O. W."

(15) From Reading. Undated. 2 pp. folio. Addressed to "Dear Robbie". A long and important letter anticipating his release and giving detailed instructions as to preparations, etc. (See illustration No. V, p. 29.)

"I now hear that Dieppe has again been decided on. I dislike it as I am so well known there, but I can move on, I suppose. I believe you are to be there. Very well, it will give me pleasure to see you, but it is much better that — should not be with us, as I know I could not restrain myself from discussing the terrible position in which I have been placed through his want of practical intelligence and legal knowledge. . . . With you, while your initial error had fatal consequences, of course you have [no] business capacity. I would not like you if you had, so I can't blame you. . . . I hope abroad to talk about lovely things. We have been friends for many years. . . . If at Dieppe you can find a place about ten miles off by rail where we could go—a little quiet place—please do so. I am well known at all the Dieppe Hotels and of course my arrival will be

H. M. Prison.

Reading.

Dear Robbie,

I now have the Duggs has again been decided on. I dislike it as I do not well know there, but I can ~~do~~ on I suppose. I believe you are to be there. Very well, it will give me pleasure to see you, but it is much better that ~~the~~ should not be with us as I know I could not restrain myself from discussing the terrible position which I have been placed through his want of practical intelligence, as legal knowledge, as through his entire mistaking the keynote of the situation.

He has been very patient, as in many ways he does know things to me in a very sweet way, but the interference in my affairs with my wife was a grave error. My visitor should have been called out to the latter. I merely asked people not to interfere the result is quite awful.

I wish also that he would not write to me today that I need be under no apprehension at all of being in want of money as Mr. Harsell will have £37 for me this catalogue. He might just as well remind me that I am entitled to a gratuity of 10/- for the Prison. What is £37 to me at the moment? What will I hope last me, with economy, one week. If it only I shall be satisfied

with you, while your mutual error has had the consequences of course you have

telegraphed to London. . . . I see you, then, at Dieppe.” Signed “ Yours, Oscar ”.

(16) From Warder Martin, whose story is related in *Children in Prison*. Dated 1.3.98. Asking for the loan of money to pay his fare to Dartford, where he believes he can get employment. He was dismissed from Reading Gaol for giving some biscuits to children imprisoned there. “ I enclose a few more of Mr. Wild’s missives, moving about as I am I might unfortunately lose them. . . . I do not like to destroy them.”

(17) A collection of odd notes, all of which were written to warders during Wilde’s imprisonment. They are written on odd, dirty scraps of paper, backs of envelopes, etc., and some have the warder’s reply on the back.

(a) Fragment written on the inside of an envelope. “ My Dear Friend, What have I to write about except that if you had been an Officer in Reading Prison a year ago my life would have been much happier. Everyone tells me I am looking better and happier. That is because I have a good friend who gives me the *Chronicle* and *promises* me ginger biscuits ! ” Signed “ O. W. ” There is a pencil note by Martin at the foot. (b) Another such fragment. “ You must get me his address some day—he is such a good fellow—of course I would not for worlds get such a friend as you are into *any danger*—I quite understand your feelings. The *Chronicle* is capital to-day. You must get A 3/2 to come out and clean on Saturday morning and I will give him my note then—myself.” On the back is a pencilled answer by Martin. (c) Still another fragment. “ Please find out for me the name of A. 2.11, also the names of the children who are in for the rabbits and the amount of the fine. Can I pay this and get them out? If so I will get them out to-morrow. Please, dear friend, do this for me. I must get them out. Think what a thing for me it would be to be able to help three little children. I wd. be delighted beyond words. If I can do this by paying the fine tell the children that they are to be released to-morrow by a friend and ask them to be happy and not to tell anyone.” (d) “ I hope to write about prison life and to try and change it for others, but it is too terrible and ugly to make a work of art of. I have suffered too much in it to write plays about it.” This note is written on the inside of an envelope addressed to the Governor of Reading. (e) “ So sorry you had no key—Would like a long talk with you—any more news? ”

(18) Application from Robert Ross to the Governor of Reading Gaol to have his name placed on the list of those allowed to visit Wilde in prison. On the back is written an answer stating that the visit is to be allowed and Mr. Sherard is to come with him. 1 p. 8vo. May 18th /96.

(19) A.C.S. to Robert Ross from the Governor of Reading telling him he will receive a visiting order for a further visit in due course. “ He desires me to say how pleased he will be to see you.”

(20) A.L.S. 4 pp. 8vo. From the Governor of Reading, thanking

Ross for letting him know Wilde's progress abroad. "I only hope he will soon be himself again and feel sure that the new scenes and the new feeling of peace and quietude will work wonders. Please thank him for me and tell him that I shall be only too glad to hear from him when he feels equal to writing a letter."

(21) A.L.S. 2 pp. 8vo. From G. Groves, a warder at Reading, to Wilde, thanking him for kindness in sending money and giving news of himself.

THE FOLLOWING 130 ITEMS ARE ALL THE LETTERS WRITTEN BY WILDE 39

TO ROBERT ROSS, who was his most regular correspondent, between May 1897 (his release from prison) and November 1900 (his death). With the exception of the last letter, of which only a few words are in Wilde's hand, the letters are in his holograph throughout. The description of such of them as are published in *After Reading* and *After Berneval* is mostly confined (1) to their length in manuscript, (2) to the space they occupy in Beaumont's edition, and (3) to an indication of the amount omitted from Beaumont's edition. The length of the omissions is calculated from the typescript, and a "line" means a full line on a quarto typewritten sheet. References such as "A.R. 9" and "A.B. 14" will be taken to refer to the page in *After Reading* and *After Berneval* respectively on which the publication of the letter commences. We will gladly loan a copy of either or both of Beaumont's volumes to anyone interested in the purchase of any letter or letters and anxious to ascertain the contents. The last 62 letters here catalogued, and one or two others, have not been previously published in any form whatsoever. As this catalogue goes to press, we hear that arrangements have been concluded to publish in America a small edition, of not more than fifty copies, of the unpublished letters. The production of the book will be entrusted to one of the most eminent of American printers, and no pains will be spared to ensure a properly elegant and attractive format. Collectors wishing to secure a copy of this book should make early application to us. Only half the edition will be at our disposal.

1. A.R. 9. 20 pp. small 8vo. $4\frac{1}{4}$ pp. Third line from bottom of p. 9, after "warn me", 6 lines omitted. P. 11, eight lines from top, after "of you or to you", 3 words omitted. P. 12, the list of names and amounts to be sent to each, 11 lines omitted, and two lines lower down, 1 line omitted. Names omitted throughout.

An interesting and important letter, written on the first day he had spent alone after his release from prison. £80/-/-

2. A.R. 14. 4 pp. 8vo. $1\frac{1}{4}$ pp. P. 14, eighteen lines from the bottom, after "experiences", 8 words omitted. Six lines from the bottom, after "night", 3 lines omitted. Names omitted throughout. £10/-/-

3. A.R. 16. 18 pp. 8vo. $7\frac{1}{4}$ pp. About two-thirds of the postscript of this letter are omitted. A very long and typical letter, full of witty remarks, discussing his life in Berneval day by day, and discussing his future plans. It is a very light-hearted letter and in distinct contrast

to much of the gloom that follows. It includes a sketch of his rooms, of which a facsimile is given by Beaumont.

“Everybody is jealous of everyone else, except, of course, husband and wife. I think I shall keep this last remark of mine for my play.”

“I am going to write a political economy in my heavier moments. The first law I lay down is : ‘Wherever there exists a demand there is *no* supply.’ . . . I breakfast to-morrow with the Stannards : what a great, passionate, splendid writer John Strange Winter is ! How little people understand her work ! *Bootle’s Baby* is *une oeuvre symboliste*—it is really only the style and the subject that are wrong. Pray never speak lightly of *Bootle’s Baby*—indeed, pray never speak of it at all. I never do.”

£100/-/-

4. A.R. 26. 2 pp. 8vo. $\frac{1}{4}$ p. One name omitted from this letter.

£5/-/-

5. A.R. 27. 4 pp. small 8vo. $1\frac{1}{4}$ pp. Various names omitted from this letter. Mentions Ernest Dowson, Charles Conder, and Dal Young.

£10/-/-

6. A.R. 29. 8 pp. small 8vo. $2\frac{1}{2}$ pp. A witty and amusing letter, discussing his financial position and the prospect of his having visitors.

“You . . . are afraid of any investment over £31.10.0. It is merely the extra ten shillings that baffles you . . . there is no one who would stay with me but you . . . as for your room, the charge will be nominally Frs. 2.50 a night, but there will be *lots* of extras, such as *bougie*, *bain*, and hot water. . . . If any one does not take the extras, of course he is charged more.

Bain 25 c.

Pas de bain 50 c.

Cigarettes dans la chambre-a-coucher 10 c. *chaque cigarette*.

Pas de Cigarette dans la chambre-a-coucher. 20 c. *chaque cigarette*.

. . . Sphinxes pay 100 per cent. more than any one else : they always did in Ancient Egypt. Architects, on the other hand, are taken at a reduction. I have special terms for architects. . . . A modern architect, like modern architecture, doesn’t pay . . . he is as extinct as the dodo, of which now only fossil remains are found. . . . They are usually embedded in the old Lincrusta-Walton strata. . . .”

£50/-/-

7. A.R. 32. 4 pp. small 8vo. 1 page and 2 lines. Printed in full.

£6/6/-

8. A.R. 36. 4 pp. small 8vo. 1 page. A name omitted.

£5/5/-

9. A.R. 37. 4 pp. small 8vo. 1 page. Printed in full.

£5/5/-

10. Autograph card, signed, not published in the English edition, acknowledging the receipt of a cheque and giving instructions on various matters referring to a former fellow-prisoner, etc. 12 lines. Signed “S. M.” Published in full in the American edition.

£3/3/-

11. A.R. 38. Postcard. 14 lines. One-third of a page. Refers to a visit of Rothenstein and to the awful fact that Ross has received *three* letters from him on one morning, as the result of the English Sunday. An amusing card. £4/10/-

12. A.R. 39. Postcard, signed "S. M." 7 lines. 5 lines. Printed in full. £2/2/-

13. A.R. 40. Postcard, signed "S. M." 10 lines. 7 lines. Mentions Rothenstein's visit. "Please use postcards when you have no news : they are so private." Printed in full. £3/10/-

14. A.R. 41. Postcard, signed "S. M." 10 lines. 8 lines. Printed in full. £3/3/-

15. Not published in either the English or the American editions. Postcard, signed "S. M." 13 lines. We print it here in full. £5/5/-

Tuesday, June 15 [1897, Berneval]

Dear Robbie :

You have never told me anything about the type-writer, or my letter : pray let there be no further conspiracies. I feel apprehensive. It is only by people writing to me the worst, that I can know the best.

Also, could all the remainder of my money be transferred to Dieppe? I thought *you* had it all. But you say not.

The New Review portrait of the Queen is wonderful. I am going to hang it on the walls of the Chalet. Every poet should gaze at the portrait of his Queen, all day long."

16. Not published in either the English or the American editions. Postcard, signed "S. M." 10 lines. We print it here in full. £4/4/-

Friday, June 18 (1897)

Dear Robbie :

Cheque arrived safe this morning. I don't know how to thank you and More for your wonderful kindness, and care of my life and interests. So I write on a postcard, as all expression is forbidden by the Postal Authorities. The postcard is the only mode of silence left to us. Will write to you to-morrow. — is not here, nor is he to come."

17. A.R. 42. 8 pp. small 8vo. 1½ pp. Names omitted throughout. P. 42, on the ninth line, after "private information", 2 lines omitted.

" . . . The *facteur* comes at 12.30. . . . It is very annoying that he cannot wait to get my replies. Nothing in the world will induce him to wait except wine, and that he drains with such speed that a couple of postcards is all that I can ever get off." £20/-/-

18. A.R. 44. Postcard, signed "S. M." 12 lines. 10 lines. Printed in full. £3/3/-

19. A.R. 45. Postcard, signed "S. M." 11 lines. 7 lines. One name omitted. £3/3/-

20. A.R. 46. 4 pp. small 8vo. 1 page. Line 6, after "letter", 4 lines omitted. Postscript, 1 line, omitted. As is so frequently the case, the whole point of this letter is destroyed by the omissions. This is the letter in which occurs the astonishing remark that the people in Berneval still cry: "*Vivent Monsieur Melmoth et la Reine d'Angleterre!*" £12/-/-

21. Not published in Beaumont. Postcard, signed "S. M." 9 lines. We print it in full. £4/10/-

"Monday.

"Dear Robbie:

"Don't mind about —: he is absurd. Let me know about More: is he better? I never hear from you, but — says you have apologized!!! Is this true? I intend to write to-day, which accounts for the illegible scrawl I send you."

22. Entirely unpublished. Postcard, signed "S. M." 14 lines. We print in full. £5/5/-

"Wednesday. July 14 [1897, Berneval]

"—'s letter most satisfactory, except his communicating with —, which means of course a possible estrangement between myself and —. If he is arbiter, he is arbiter. To inform them of his decision, previous to events contemplated or not contingent, seems like giving himself away.

Your letters always arrive underpaid: I paid 50 c. yesterday: and 1 franc last week. Do buy a paper weight. As you are clearly £2 in pocket by — not calling at the P.O., you might send me a 25/- Waterbury watch. I have no clock or watch, and the sun is always hours in advance. I rely on the unreliable moon."

23. Entirely unpublished. Postcard, signed "S. M." We print in full. £3/3/-

[Berneval, July 19, 1897.]

"Dear Robbie—

What delightful news! I will expect you on August 1st. Bring dear More, if he can come. If not, bring the architect of the moon. I have a lot of work on hand for *you* to do: literary work, of course. Where is my Waterbury? I never know the time."

24. A.R. 47. Postcard, signed "S. M." 10 lines. 5 lines. Printed in full. £3/3/-

25. A.R. 48. 3 pp. small 8vo. 1 page. Line 13, after "good tempered", 18 lines omitted.

"I wish you would be strong on this point—the thing should be thrashed out of him. As for his coarse ingratitude in abusing you, to whom, as I have told him, I owe any possibility of a new and artistic career,

and indeed of life at all, I have no words in which to express my contempt for his lack of imaginative insight, and his dullness of sensitive nature—it makes me quite furious—so pray write when next you do so quite calmly—and say that you will not allow any nonsense . . . and that if he cannot understand . . . you have no desire to hear again from him.” £35/-/-

The reference in this letter to the poem which is nearly finished is the first mention in this correspondence of the *Ballad of Reading Gaol*. He says: “The poem is nearly finished. Some of the verses are awfully good.”

26. A.R. 49. 4 pp. small 8vo. 1 page. Printed in full. £10/-/-

27. Unpublished in Beaumont. Postcard signed “S. M.” We print it here in full. £3/10/-

“July 20th.

Just closed up my letter without this important request. Will you kindly insert once in the *Times*, once in the *Daily Telegraph* and three times in the *Manchester Guardian*, the following :

‘Mr. Jules Hammond, late of the Foreign Legion serving in Tonkin, is earnestly requested to communicate with M. Achille Fromentin, 84th Regiment, Avesnes, Nord. Two medals are waiting for M. Jules Hammond at the Gendarmerie, Calais.’

You will do a great service to one of my best friends.”

28. A.R. 50. Postcard, signed “S. M.” 12 lines. 10 lines. Printed in full. £3/-/-

29. A.R. 51. Postcard, signed “S. M.” 11 lines. 8 lines. Printed in full. £2/10/-

30. A.R. 52. Postcard, signed “S. M.” 12 lines. 9 lines. Printed in full. £3/3/-

The play referred to in this postcard is probably *The Importance of Being Earnest*, which was afterwards published by Smithers.

31. A.R. 53. 4 pp. small 8vo. 1 page. Printed in full. £8/8/-
Mentions Beardsley and Smithers.

32. A.R. 54. 1 page. 8vo. 5 lines. Printed in full. £2/10/-

35. Unpublished in the English edition. 4 pp. 8vo. From Naples.

£50

Dated Tuesday, September 21st, 1897.

A letter of the first importance, of which we can only quote a part, explaining the course of action on which Ross had strongly reprimanded him and excusing himself for acting against all advice. “. . . Setting aside the interior life of the soul with its passion for self-realisation at all costs, the world forced it on me. . . . I could have lived all my life with you—but you have other claims on you—claims you are too sweet a fellow to disregard. . . . —gave me three days, and Rowland a sextette of suns—but for the last month at Berneval I was so lonely that I was on the brink of

killing myself—the world shuts its gateway against me. . . . I, after three months' struggle against a hideous, Philistine world, turned naturally. . . . Of course, I shall often be unhappy . . . hope to get a little villa or apartments somewhere, and I hope to do work. . . . I think I shall be able to do so . . . so do let people know that [it was] my only hope of life or literary activity."

36. Unpublished in the English edition. Postcard from Naples, signed "S. M." £3/3/-

" . . . a lovely day . . . going to Naples—I am quite happy. Hope you got my letter of yesterday and that you will tell people what I asked you to tell them—please write soon—and tell me all the news."

38. A.B. 13. Postcard. 9 lines. 5 lines. Referring to *Salomé*. Printed in full with the exception of three words. £3/3/-

44. A.B. 23. 12 pp. 8vo. 1½ pp. Line 3, after "income", 5 words omitted. Line 5, after "myself", 3 words omitted. Line 6, after "protest", 5 lines omitted. Line 8, after "scandal", 7 lines omitted. Line 11, after "I do so", 6 lines omitted. Line 17, after "suffer", 5 lines omitted. £30/-/-

49. A.B. 31. 8 pp. 8vo. 1¼ pp. Line 3, after the third word, 12 lines omitted. Line 5, after "myself", 4 lines omitted. £20/-/-

54. A.B. 45. 4 pp. 8vo. ½ page. Line 5, after "write again", 19 words omitted. £8/10/-

55. A.B. 46. With the original envelope. 8 pp. 8vo. ½ page. After the fourth word in this letter four pages of MS. omitted: in fact, merely a fragment of this letter is printed in Beaumont's edition. The unpublished portion is of the greatest interest and importance. £35/-/-

56. A.B. 47. 8 pp. 8vo. ½ page. Fifth line from the end, after "unread", 6 pages of MS. omitted. These pages contain intimate details of his recent experiences, an account of his financial affairs and of a terrible and tragic disappointment he had suffered. ". . . The most bitter experience of a bitter life—it is a blow quite awful and paralysing—but it had to come." £35/-/-

The remainder of the letter printed on page 47 of *After Berneval*, commencing "My new address", is a postcard, which is the item next below, No. 57, in this collection.

57. A.B. 47. There printed as part of the previous letter. Postcard, signed "S. M." Giving his new address. 7 lines. Printed in full in 3 lines in Beaumont. £2/2/-

59. A.B. 49. 8 pp. 8vo. 1 page. At the end of second paragraph, after "at any rate", 3 pages of MS. omitted. This letter refers to reviews of the *Ballad of Reading Gaol*, especially to Henley. £30/-/-

60. A.B. 50. Telegram announcing the death of his wife. Printed in full. £2/2/-

Once I see it - see
 type - written - I will
 be able to correct it.
 now I am tired of
 the m.s.

Do you think the
 vers. you? I believe it
 is out of harmony - but
 unless you see how to
 keep about it - I
 miss you dreadfully,
 Dear boy

The Governor was strong for
 the Regulation Act
 the Doctor said that Drake
 was but
 I see the fact,
 to trace a copy of the chapter
 as left a little
 tract -

it is, of course,
 but the conditions
 in his life before
 his execution

VI. Facsimile page from the MS. of No. 39 (37).

61. A.B. 51. 4 pp. 8vo. $\frac{3}{4}$ page. Line 3, after "to send them", one sentence is omitted. Mentions dining with Henry Harland, editor of *The Yellow Book*, and meeting Whistler. £12/10/-

62. A.B. 52. 8 pp. 8vo. $1\frac{1}{4}$ pp. With the exception of the omission of some names, this letter is printed in full. £25/-/-

64. A.B. 55. 4 pp. 8vo. $\frac{3}{4}$ p. A pathetic and appealing letter, asking for money. Printed in full. £12/10/-

65. A.B. 56. Unpublished in the American edition. 4 pp. 8vo. 1 page. Mentioning a popular edition of the *Ballad of Reading Gaol*. With the exception of one name, printed in full on p. 57 in Beaumont's edition. A facsimile of the last page of this letter is given. £12/-/-

66. A.B. 59. 8 pp. 8vo. $1\frac{1}{4}$ pp. Fourth line from the end, after "at all", 2 pp. of MS. omitted. £30/-/-

67. A.B. 61. 4 pp. 8vo. $\frac{3}{4}$ p. At the end of the first paragraph, after "we meet rarely", one sentence is omitted :

Accompanying this letter is another, 2 pp. 8vo, unpublished, which we print in full. It is addressed from Paris, May 14, '98.

"Dear Sir,

"I should be much obliged if you would kindly pay my allowance as it comes due each quarter to Mr. Robert Ross, of 11, Upper Phillimore Gardens, W. His receipt will, in all cases be a full receipt for any claims of mine, and I beg you to accept it as such.

I remain,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) Oscar Wilde."

The two letters. £20/-/-

33, 34, 37, 39-43, 45-48, 50-53, 58, 63. (See illustration No. VI, p. 37.)

This group of letters deals for the most part with the publication of the *Ballad of Reading Gaol*. Using Ross as a lever to move Smithers, Wilde discusses at length the prospects of the poem, financial as well as literary. He quotes specimen verses as he writes them, asks for advice in the matter of form and grammar, and defends himself for using criticised words and locutions. Altogether, this collection of letters forms a most interesting history of the progress and creation of what is universally admitted to be Wilde's greatest contribution to English literature. It has in fact been styled by trustworthy critics "the greatest ballad in the English language", and this collection is second only in interest to the manuscript of the poem itself. Eighteen letters, comprising 102 pp. of manuscript. £600/-/-

33. A.R. 55. 4 pp. 8vo. 1 page. With the exception of one name, this is printed in full by Beaumont.

34. A.R. 56. 2 pp. 4to. $\frac{1}{2}$ page. Beaumont omits one paragraph of the manuscript.

37. A.B. 11. 8 pp. 8vo. $1\frac{1}{2}$ pp. Beaumont omits three-quarters of a page of the manuscript, and sundry names.

39. A.B. 14. 8 pp. 8vo. $1\frac{1}{4}$ pp. Beaumont omits $3\frac{1}{4}$ pp. of the manuscript.

40. A.B. 16. 8 pp. 8vo. 2 pp. Beaumont omits nothing of consequence.

41. A.B. 18. 4 pp. 8vo. $1\frac{1}{2}$ pp. Some names omitted by Beaumont.

42. A.B. 20. 4 pp. 8vo. $\frac{3}{4}$ p. Printed in full in Beaumont.

43. A.B. 21. 8 pp. 8vo. $1\frac{1}{2}$ pp. Some names omitted by Beaumont.

45. A.B. 25. 4 pp. 8vo. $\frac{3}{4}$ p. Printed in full in Beaumont.

46. A.B. 26. 4 pp. 8vo. 1 page. Printed in full.

47. A.B. 27. 4 pp. folio. $1\frac{1}{2}$ pp. Beaumont omits more than a folio page of the manuscript and some names.

48. A.B. 29. 8 pp. 8vo. $1\frac{3}{4}$ pp. Four lines of manuscript omitted by Beaumont.

50. A.B. 33. 12 pp. 8vo. $2\frac{1}{2}$ pp. Beaumont omits about six lines.

51. A.B. 39. 4 pp. 8vo. $\frac{1}{2}$ p. Beaumont omits exactly half the letter.

52. A.B. 40. 8 pp. 8vo. $1\frac{1}{4}$ pp. Printed in full in Beaumont.

53. A.B. 44. 4 pp. 8vo. $\frac{1}{2}$ p. Beaumont omits $1\frac{1}{4}$ pp. of the manuscript.

58. A.B. 48. 4 pp. 8vo. $\frac{3}{4}$ p. Printed in full in Beaumont.

63. A.B. 54. 4 pp. 8vo. $\frac{1}{2}$ p. Beaumont omits nothing of consequence.

67A. Four cheques drawn by Robert Ross in favour of "Monsieur Sebastian Melmoth".

1. Dated July 7, 1898. Endorsed "Sebastian Melmoth" and "Alfred Douglas".

2. Dated September 28, 1898. Similarly endorsed.

3. Dated June 27, 1900, and

4. Dated October 1, 1900, both endorsed "Sebastian Melmoth".

The cheques are enclosed in a folder bearing an interesting manuscript note by Wilde's younger son, pointing out the fact that these cheques disprove a very important controversial statement which has a great bearing on the post-Reading life of Oscar Wilde.

£6/6/-

68. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. $2\frac{1}{4}$ pp. 8vo. We omit nothing of consequence.

£7/7/-

May 18, '98.

My Dear Robbie,

You are really the *angelus ex machina* who has taken the place of the wicked Pagan Gods in modern tragedy: the only drawback is that a modern tragedy has fifty-five acts—and that the *ἀγγελος* must appear in all of them.

I will write to you to-morrow at length—on many things. But your arrangement with —— is delightful—pray thank him for me.
—— wishes to be remembered.

Yours

OSCAR

I am writing in a café where there is no ink.

69. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 4 pp. 8vo. We omit about one page of MS. £20/-/-

Hotel d'Alsace—

Friday [May] 20th [1898].

My Dear Robbie—

The idea of the rooms is too delightful—and I could get admirable rooms for what you mention. Of course unfurnished rooms are much cheaper—but then furnishing costs a lot.

I hope the £10 for May will arrive soon. I have had to pay my washer-woman and my doctor and some money —— lent me. . . . So Life goes on.

Vallette (of the *Mercure*) has ultimately arranged to bring out my poem in volume form at 2 francs. I fear my only profit will be the profitable pleasure of looking at the daffodil paper cover—they never pay for translations of poems. I have written a poem in prose this morning—an old one—but not written out up to this.

The weather is detestable. Edmond desires his *hommage* to be sent to you.

Yours

OSCAR

70. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 16 pp. 8vo. We omit about 2½ pp. of MS. £85/-/-

Tuesday, May 24 [1898].

Dear Robbie,

Thanks for yr. letter. I hope the £10 will arrive to-morrow. It will be a sunlit moment when it does. If it doesn't, I am afraid I shall be obliged to telegraph to you daily.

As regards the rooms—the difficulty about taking furnished apartments is this.

If one has *furnished* apartments one is entirely at the mercy of the *propriétaire*—who can ask one to leave, whenever he chooses—and all houses in Paris where there are furnished rooms are a form of Hotel—other people live there—and might object to my living at the same address. The *propriétaire* wd. of course find out my real name and ask me to go.

This would not be a question of my conduct, but of my personality. . . . Furnished apartments would be impossible for me. I am undisturbed as yet at my hotel, because it is a very poor and insanitary place. People won't stay there as there is no drainage.

Also, I am very anxious to be able always to breakfast in, and sometimes to dine in—otherwise work is impossible. In furnished apartments

one is charged Hotel prices—and a furnished flat with a kitchen would cost about £80 a year at least.

If I had an unfurnished flat with a kitchen, I could have . . . a woman to come in every morning to clean and cook—and to return, if required, at 6 o'clock to cook some dinner. The saving is enormous. Such breakfast as I take, a couple of eggs and a cutlet, costs very little if you buy the things yourself.

But the chief point is that if you take unfurnished rooms, you are your own master. Your visitors go up directly to call on you—the *conciierge* is not seen nor consulted—no one can interfere. I have been several times to see —, and I have not yet seen the *conciierge*. . . .

At the present moment if the patron of the Hôtel d'Alsace asked me to leave, I would have to go at once. Ashton, as you know, was turned out of his hotel by a *commissaire de police* because he was intoxicated—he was in bed at the time, and asleep—and I had to dress him and take him out of the hotel at 10.15 at night. The *juge d'instruction* whom I saw personally at the police station told me that the proprietor of furnished rooms could turn out any person he chose, at any time—that is the French law.

In unfurnished rooms one can do as one chooses—

So you see that for *me* the only chance I have is to take unfurnished rooms. I don't take them for the purpose of riotous living—lack of money, to put it on the lowest grounds, entails . . . sobriety—but I do not want to be disturbed. . . .

To suggest I should have visitors of high social position is obvious—and the reason why I cannot have them is obvious also. But, as I said, in unfurnished rooms I can live quietly and at peace.

Please seriously consider this point.

Also, my dear Robbie, do not listen to stories about my being expelled from Paris—they are childish. I live a very ordinary life—I go to cafes like Pousset's where I meet artists and writers. I don't frequent places like the Cafe de la Paix—I dine in modest restaurants for 2 or 3 francs—my life is rather dull—I cannot flaunt or dash about—I have not got the money—nor the clothes. When I can I go to the *Quartier Latin* under the wing of a poet—and talk about art.

I suppose — is the author of the canard? It is unkind of him.

Ever yours

OSCAR

71. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 8 pp. 8vo. The first four pages and another later page of the letter are omitted here. £50/-/-

Wednesday, May 24 [25], '98.

My Dear Robbie—

. . . I hope that you were able to read my letter of yesterday—Believe me, that in furnished apartments I could not live—I wd. be asked to go.

I understand that you think I have people to tea every day . . . but no one comes to see me. I am never in during the afternoon, except when I am confined to the house by a sharp attack of penury.

I hope to go looking for rooms to-morrow.—I wd. like them near here if possible—but the vital thing is the sanitary question—it is a real horror in life to live in an insanitary house—especially now that summer is coming on. So I think of looking in some of the streets close to the *near* end of the Champs Elysées—there are new and well-drained houses there. As regards the idea of pawning the furniture—of course that was a joke—If Smithers would give me £30 for the play—I cd. buy quite enough furniture. —, on £40, is really splendidly gorgeous—an air of wealth about the chairs. Goodbye, dear Robbie. Write soon—

Yours

OSCAR

72. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 12 pp. 8vo. A little more than one page of the original MS. is omitted here. £55/-/-

May 1898

My Dear Robbie—

A thousand thanks for the cheque. May I ask *when* the June £10 comes due? Of course the 1st of the month—otherwise I will never be able to keep my accounts straight.

Of course nothing can be done about rooms till you decide, and have the collection for the sweet sinner of England in hand—but I still suspect you of having a flat of some kind concealed about yr. person. My instinct in such points is unerring.

. . . Yesterday . . . I . . . went to the Salon—as modern art had a chastening effect on —, and he seemed sad, we went afterwards to the *Foire aux Invalides*—where Maurice won a knife, by foolishly throwing a ring over something—

— is here—on Wednesday he created a horrible scene in Campbell's Bar by bawling out "*A Bas les Juifs!*" and insulting and assaulting some one whom he saw was a Jew—the fight continued in the street, and — tried to create an anti-Semite, anti-Dreyfusard demonstration—he succeeded—and was ultimately felled to the ground by the Jew!

. . . I met him at Campbell's by chance on the next day—Campbell told him that the only reason he would consent to serve him was that — and I had shaken hands with him! This rather amused me, when I remember —'s monstrous moralising about us, and how nobody should know us— — looked quite dreadful—all covered with cigar-ash, stains of spilt whiskey, and mud—he was unshaven, and his face in a dreadful state. He had no money, and borrowed a franc from —.

Yesterday he turned up again—and had to receive a rather insolent lecture from Campbell, who told him he preferred Jews to drunkards in his bar. He was much depressed—so of course I gave him drinks and

cigarettes and all that he wanted. To show his gratitude he insisted on reciting the *Ballad of Reading Gaol*—at the top of his voice—and assuring me that I was *le plus grand maitre de la littérature moderne, et le plus grand homme du monde*—at the end he got very tedious—and lest I might love my poem less than I wish to I went away—Poor ———he really is quite insane, and unbearable, except to very old friends who bear much. He begged me to lunch with him and to bring Maurice—but I declined—feigning temporary good health as my excuse— . . . He has gone to the country to-day—I hope he will get better—years ago he was a very good and dear fellow—

I dined last night with Robert d’Humières—a very charming young Frenchman—whom I first met, years ago, at Frank Schuster’s—he had asked a poet to meet me—and I believe I was rather wonderful. I liked the review you sent me immensely—do you know the writer? it is a very good appreciation—

Ever yours

OSCAR

73. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 7 pp. 8vo. We omit about 1½ pp. of the MS. This letter has the original envelope. £40/-/-

Tuesday, May 31.

My Dear Robbie—

I feel we are both premature. People who count their chickens before they are hatched act very wisely: because chickens run about so absurdly, that it is impossible to count them accurately: but the question of rooms is different. And I fear you will have great trouble in getting any promises—I am not very sanguine about it. I don’t wish to be horrid, but I think you are a little unkind. . . . The difficulty I am under is my name, my personality. I might be practically turned out of furnished rooms at a moment’s notice. In unfurnished I am my own master. . . . But as I said all this is premature. If you get any serious promises, of course, you will let me know.

I saw a delightful Miracle Play on Sunday in the *Quartier Latin*, and dined with a lot of the actors and four poets afterwards. They were most nice and sympathetic, and we were all very gay on *vin ordinaire*—after all, the only proper intoxication is conversation—: last night Antoine sent me a box to see *Les Tisserands*—the play that was suppressed in Berlin—and, for a long time, here. It is socialistic in subject-matter, and I did not much care for it. The play was rather like a public meeting—and should be called the Triumph of the Supers—but, of course, I was glad to see it.

I see that Max has become Dramatic Critic—and has begun by his valedictory address—he is clearly entitled to his retiring pension by this time.

With regard to the “Ballad”—I wrote to Smithers to suggest to him

that simple copyright would enable him to stop the sale of the French edition—if it should be on sale. I should like you and some others to have copies—as literary curios—but I personally don't want it sold in London, as I get nothing out of it. It should be made as contraband as Tauchnitz.

On Friday I dine with the editor of *L'Ermitage* that artistic *revue*—and Maeterlinck has conveyed to me his desire to meet me. He is now in London—but is anxious I should call on his *fiancée*—Georgette Leblanc—an astonishing woman, now singing Sappho at the Opéra Comique in Calvé's place. I am told she is one of the most brilliant and strange personalities in the world.

Where do you spend your summer? is there any chance of your being in France—Conder has asked me to come and see him at a place called *Bonnières*—between this and Rouen. He says he has found a furnished house for me, 150 francs for three months—but I am afraid of the river-air—I hope to go to the sea—Rivers are very bad for me—I need air like strong wine. . . .

I fear if I write any more that the weight of the ink will force you, or me, to pay extra postage—So, dear Robbie, a thousand thanks for all your trouble for the perverse and impossible person—

Ever yours

OSCAR

74. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 7 pp. 8vo. There are no serious omissions in the printed version below. £40/-/-

Wednesday, June 1, '98

My Dear Robbie—

People who repent in sackcloth are dreary—but those who repent in a suit by Doré, and intend this suit for another, are worthy of Paradise.

It is most sweet of you, and the colour I would like is blue—like the suit I had last year.

A rather painful fact, apparent to all, must now be disclosed. Pray mention it to no one but Doré—and break it to him gently. I am distinctly stouter than I was when the last suit was made—I should say a good inch and a half—I *can* still button the old Doré suit, but it is tight—and the two lower buttons drag. I would like the same stuff, if possible—it is such good stuff—and has lasted so well.

— is now inseparable from Maurice—they have gone again to Nogent. I made Maurice put a postscript into a rather silly letter—inspired by — which he sent off to you to-day—I think letters of that kind quite stupid and witless—but — has no real enjoyment of a joke unless he thinks there is a good chance of the other person being pained or annoyed. It is an entirely English trait. The English type and symbol of a joke being the jug on the half-opened door, or the distribution of orange-peel on the pavement of a crowded thoroughfare.

I hope that the beautiful blue suit will be brought over by either you, or Reggie. If not, let Smithers be told that the duty is his. I hear that the Custom House is exorbitant, and sends you papers on which they have thrown sand.

I find I have written the beginning of a letter to a French poet on the other side of this—so cannot write more. Fabulet is the author of *La Crise*—an attempt at an anarchical poem—a dull thing at best.

Yours

OSCAR

75. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 8 pp. 8vo. We omit about one page of the MS. £50/-/-

[Paris, 1898.]

My Dear Robbie,

Thanks so much for cheque.

I hope you replaced Oxford in the right way—it is sad to think I may have of disciples, “but few or none”, in that sweet grey city that nurtured me.

Georgette Leblanc sent me seats last night for *Sappho* at the Opera Comique—she is one of the most wonderful artists I ever saw—the music meandered aimlessly about, as Massenet’s usually does, with endless false alarms of a real melody, and incessant posing of themes that are not resolved into any development—but her acting was really a marvel. — was with me, and she looked at us with wonderful eyes, and on her “calls” gave us her bows to the exclusion of the rest of the crowded house.

— was seated next a *German* who exhaled in strange gusts the most extraordinary odours—some of them racial—(it is smell that differentiates races) others connected with all kinds of trades from leather-dressing and carpentry, to vitriol works and the keeping of an Italian warehouse—others such as are found only among *les mangeurs des choses immondes*—others connected with gas, fuel, and candles: in the last act he became like a petroleum lamp: — bore it very well indeed: but had practically to sit in my pocket—

Maurice—unfortunately under the influence of his mother, who seems to be devoted to betting, spends all his days at suburban race-courses—of course he always wins—he is a child of the Sun—not a *σελημιζόμενος* as you and I are—but in spite of betting, and “spotting the winner”, . . . more wonderful than ever. . . .

— preys on his *femme-de-ménage*—who now pays for everything—including cigars—when he gives his orders she “looks upon the wondering sky with unreproachful stare”—she is so bewildered. She apparently thought that — was going to pay for everything—of course she finds that that is out of the question—her psychological condition is extraordinary. . . .

Yours

OSCAR.

76. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 8 pp. 8vo. There are no considerable omissions from this letter. £40/-/-

Monday June 27.

My Dear Robbie.

I did not write to you, because I was expecting you and the lovely suit of clothes over here. Reggie wrote to me a fortnight ago that you were coming over, and would no doubt call on me. . . .

I have been staying at Nogent . . . —it is a lovely place—and we have had some charming days, but — goes up to Paris daily—and only returns for dinner. He goes and sits in his rooms—he says it is absurd to have rooms and not to sit in them.

— has behaved like a hypocritical ass to me—and finally wrote me a letter accusing me of having written some attack on him that appeared in some Paris paper. I need hardly say I never read the paper, or saw the attack, and that I never write anonymous attacks on people anywhere. I was so angry, I wrote him a very strong letter—

He has got into a mess here through being Reinach's *homme de paille* in his Dreyfus-syndicate campaign—and I should not wonder if he were expelled—His connection with Conybeare—the author of the article insulting the *état-major*, for which Reinach has been dismissed from the army—is well known—it was of course really written by —. He has returned to Boulogne—so as to be near the coast.

The comic thing about him is the moral attitude he takes up. To be either a Puritan, a prig, or a preacher is a bad thing. To be all three at once reminds one of the worst excesses of the French Revolution. I see no difference between him and N—. They both got £10,000 out of a young man of unbusiness-like character—but C— was cunning enough to keep within the letter of the law—and his refusal to take any action when he was accused of cheating — at cards—or conniving at the fraud —shows how little he really cares about his character—He came down to see me about a fortnight ago—enquired affectionately into my financial position—actually wept floods of tears—begged me to let him pay the balance of my hotel bill—a request that I did not think it right to refuse—and left me with violent protestations of devotion.

A week later he wrote me a Nonconformist conscience letter in which he said that as he did not approve of my knowing — he thought it would be morally wrong of him to help me in any way except by advice!

He also added that his wife disapproved of my knowing — !!

So Tartuffe goes out of my life—

Of course the fact of his being a Jew, on his father's side, explains everything.

I hope on the day of St. Hugh of Lincoln there will be a general massacre—but I don't know [when] the day occurs. Do you?

Ever yours

Oscar

77. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 20 pp. 8vo. Considerable portions of the MS. have been omitted in this printed version.

£100/-/-

Write to
Paris

L'Idee
Perreux

Nogent-sur-Marne.

always.

My Dear Robbie

I went up to Paris to-day and found the lovely suit at my hotel—it fits perfectly—and is most smart and elegant—A thousand thanks for it. Dear Reggie's offerings are most welcome also : just what I wanted—I must write to him at once to thank him.

With regard to — — you must not think I quarrelled with him. Far from it. Although he treated me with utter indifference, never invited me to have bite or sup with him at a cafe or elsewhere, and in the course of five months only came four times to see me, I never quarrelled with him. But three weeks ago he wrote me a letter breaking off our friendship. Ugly things cannot be done prettily, in life at any rate. And what he said was, " I have no further interest in you or in your affairs ", etc. *To this letter I made no reply at all*, though, considering our ancient friendship and how I stuck to him in his trouble—one, of course, gravely affecting his position as a gentleman, or his claim to be one—I might have written him a letter that would have made him writhe like an adder in a fork, with grotesque contortions and ineffectual venom. I accepted it. . . . One cannot demand friendship as a right. One cannot extort affection with a knife. To awaken gratitude in the ungrateful were as vain as to try to waken the dead by cries—He had broken off our friendship in a coarse, offensive letter. I was wounded, *but I made no reply.*

A week later he wrote a much worse letter in which he accused *me* of attacking his private life in a French newspaper that I had never even seen.

That was a different matter. His first letter concerned his own attitude towards me. That was his affair. I left it so. I made no taunt, no appeal, no remonstrance. His second letter brought a disgraceful accusation against me, and my attitude towards him and conduct. Then, of course, I wrote asking for an apology. Of course, he has not sent one. He has not the instincts of a gentleman in the matter. But I told him a few truths about himself, which he can ponder on in exile.

For he is, I am glad to say, quite over in Paris. The *Libre Parole*, and the *Intransigeant*—the former, one of the first papers in France—have published his *dossier* as it is called—his whole relations with N—— —the £10,000 he got out of him—the cheating—scandal and his refusal to meet the charge—his relations with the Dreyfus-syndicat who employed him as the go-between between Reinach and Schwarzhoppen—his coaching Conybeare to accept the responsibility of the article for quoting which with approval Reinach has been dismissed from the army—The unfortunate — is daily alluded to as "*cet escroc*", *ce "triste individu"*, "*le nommé* — *Juif et chevalier d'industrie*"—his whole *dossier* is paraded—and he

has tumbled into the mud in Paris as completely as he did in London. It is a great Nemesis on him. He treats me, his oldest and most faithful friend, with contempt because I am friends with —, and says that “ no one should know such an infamous person ” as —. A fortnight later he has to bolt to Boulogne because from a little corner—a very little corner of his own life—a veil is raised—The gods are sometimes just, and always humourous. . . .

My dear Robbie, the thing was over and done with. I did not wish that the first time we met I should present him with a bill. It all occurred when I had lots, too much indeed, of money—and I did not feel up to raking up his past. I thought I had got back my friend. And, of course, I had no *legal* claim of any kind. What I did, I did from kindness, to — primarily, and in the second place to a woman whom I had known intimately. We had all stayed together at the Hotel d’Athence, at the Hotel de Normandie, at the Hotel des Deux Mondes, at many places together. If they had often been my guests at dinner, I had, far more often, been theirs—I was not up to sending in my bill. It was perhaps foolish of me—but, my dear boy, gentlemanly feelings linger in the most improbable places. It is one of the paradoxes of life. If I could have the feelings appropriate to my position—or rather my lack of position—it would be better for me—but while natures alter, what is artificial is permanent always.

In the meanwhile I console myself by reading the terrible expose of “ *le nommé —, Hispano-Anglaise-Juif, banni de la societe Anglaise pour ses escroqueries* ” etc. etc. It amuses me to see Tartuffe in the pillory. I have the most terrible of all pleasures, the pleasure of the spectator ; a pleasure without which Art would be dead, and Life would be humane.

It is a curious thing, dear little absurd Robbie, that you *now* always think that I am in the wrong.

It is a morbid reaction against your former, and more rational, estimate of me.

The only thing that consoles me is that your moral attitude towards yourself is even more severe than your moral attitude towards others.

Yours is the pathological tragedy of the hybrid—the Pagan-Catholic. You exemplify the beauty and the uselessness of conscience.

When I read your, often bitter, censures of me, and your stern lectures, I think of your censures of yourself—of your awful curtain-lectures—delivered alone—listened to in silence—unanswerable merely because they are not answered—Judge and prisoner the same person—yourself your own gaoler.

Why not sometimes think that I may be in the right ? Why, at once, take the side of *le triste individu* ? I often wonder what would have happened to those in pain if, instead of Christ, there had been a Christian.

As regards Dal Young I have written, or rather am going to write to him. It is a long history, but I think when you know the circumstances that you will have a different view. In any case — has nothing to do

with the matter. All he did was to write some lovely lyrics, for nothing I need hardly say. Dal Young at first offered to give me a house—to have it built for me at Berneval so that I should have a home—it was to cost £700—(with a freehold of the land—) this offer I declined—I thought it a piece of generous but Quixotic enthusiasm—I hardly knew him at the time—I did not think it right to accept such an offer.

Then he begged me to write him a libretto. I made out a libretto that enchanted him. For two months he was at me to promise to do it. I told him that I did not, could not know if I could continue my literary work. He laughed at the idea. His wife, his friends urged me to accept his offer. I was asked to name a price for a libretto.

I asked £100, and £50 on production.

I could hardly have asked less. The lowest literary hack in Grub Street would not write the libretto of an original classical opera for less—I asked little, because I knew he was simply anxious to show his confidence in my future by giving me a start—he wanted to help me. I had refused the gift of a house at £700. After three months I did accept what I knew in my heart was meant half as a gift, half as an encouragement. He told me to take my own time about it. He said that all he wanted was that I should know that he believed in me etc. etc.

Well—I have not done it yet. I may never do it. I don't think I shall ever write again. I told him all that. Of course it would have been more prudent for me to have secured the house—£700 is a good stroke of business—is it not?—but some way I did not like to do it. I could not have done it—it would have been wiser if I had—but I should have rather despised myself—Ultimately I accepted a commission—and being asked to fix my own terms, fixed the lowest I could think of—I knew it was all, *at that time*, meant simply as a means of being kind to me—of helping me without humiliating me—If now I am accused of getting money from Young under false pretences it shows me that one should never accept any act of kindness. People regret their good actions. That is the point to which the moral sense ultimately arrives. In any case, in this matter I have done nothing that could be brought up against me, and Young should set the matter right at once if such a rumour is current.

Your post card has just been handed to me here. Who is Steele? is he the painter? Or has he a profile? In any case I must thank him. But there are different modes of showing gratitude.

Frank Harris was most hospitable and nice to me here. I dined with him every night—except one night when I dined with Maeterlinck and Georgette Leblanc—the prima-donna of the Opera-Comique—a woman very like Sarah Bernhardt—They have a lovely little house—near the Bois de Boulogne—all white walls, and green furniture, and Burne-Jones photographs—heaps of books, and Dutch brass candlesticks, and copper things. He is *bon garcon*—of course he has quite given up art. He only thinks of making life sane and healthy—and freeing the soul from the trammels of culture. Art seems to him now a malady,

and the Princess Maleine an absurdity of his youth. He rests his hope of humanity in the bicycle. I dined with him the night before he left for London. You have never told me anything about *Pelleas et Melisande*. Was it absurd?

One night I made Frank Harris invite — to dinner—We dined at Maire's—the bill was terrific. — was child-like and sweet. Runciman and Mrs. Harris (No. 2.) were of course present. Frank was wonderful on the subject of the Greek passions of Christ and Shakespeare—especially Christ. He insisted that the betrayal by Judas was the revenge of a great lover discarded for “that sentimental beast John”. Rostand and one of his mistresses was dining at another table. He listened so attentively that I feel sure he does not understand a word of English.

Maurice is looking very ill— — insists that he is consumptive—but I don't believe it. He works, or rather over-works, with Strong from 9 A.M. till 9.45 P.M. in a stuffy room. . . .

This letter is too tedious and too long. The fault is yours. You think it good for me that you should never be on my side. The Goliaths who threaten me are always assisted by my David.

Ever yours

OSCAR

78. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. No considerable omissions.

£3/3/-

Post card

[Paris, July 29, 1898.]

My Dear Robbie,

You are quite right. The *Duchess* is unfit for publication—the only one of my works that comes under that category. But there are some good lines in it.

Could you let me have my £10 cheque so that I can cash it on Monday—the 1st August. It would be very good of you. — is in Paris till Sunday—

Yours

S. M.

79. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 4 pp. 8vo. About one MS. page of the letter is omitted here.

£20/-/-

[Paris]

Tuesday [August 16, 1898].

My Dear Robbie

I have been suffering from a complete paralysis of epistolary power. I simply have not been able to write to any one.

Paris is a fiery furnace—I walk in streets of brass.

I dined last night with Strong, to meet Esterhazy and *la fille Pays*—who is a most charming woman—very clever and handsome. I am to dine with her at the Commandant on Thursday.

Maurice never comes to see me. I asked him to breakfast last Sunday week and he never even answered my letter. I am sorry, for I used to like him very much.

— is at Trouville still. But as the doctor won't let him bathe, and his mother won't let him baccarat, he is dreadfully bored. He goes to Aix, next month.

. . . Thanks very much for yr. suggestion to let me have my income weekly—it is the only thing to do. I must however leave my hotel—and really live as a very poor man—My hotel bill for rooms and *café-au-lait* is 100 francs a month. I must try to get rooms for 40 francs instead of 70. I don't think I shall ever really write again. Something is killed in me. I feel no desire to write—I am unconscious of power. Of course my first year in prison destroyed me body and soul. It could not have been otherwise.

Give my love to dear Reggie. That harvest-moon, —, loomed on me on the Boulevard the other day. He looked like a prize-melon. Do write and tell me news, when you can.

Ever yours

OSCAR

80. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 2¼ pp. 8vo. We print the letter in full. £7/10/-

Hôtel de l'Écu
Chanmerières-sur-Marne
Seine et Oise
[August 1898].

Dear Robbie—

Of course I have not cashed yr. cheque—but I want to—I must have ten pounds at once—as my Hotel patron comes down here—and bores me with horrible cries—*Do let me* : in advance of September—it really would be good of you. I am worried to extinction—please wire me *yes*—and I will get the money.

I will write my life more fully to-morrow.

Yours

OSCAR

Please write to me under my *real name*—

81. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 4 pp. 8vo. We print the letter in full. £10/10/-

Hotel d'Alsace
Rue des Beaux Arts
[1898].

Dear Robbie,

Where are you? I received the cheque all right, but there was no pen or ink in the *departement* in which I was—(Seine et Oise.) so could not acknowledge it.

I have been with Rothenstein and Conder—they have both been very nice to me. The Seine is lovely—and there are wonderful backwaters—with willows and poplars, with water-lilies and turquoise king-fishers. I bathed twice a day—and spent most of my time in rowing about. Nicol, the son of the Glasgow Professor, was there also—a nice fellow, but insane—He cannot think or talk—so he quotes Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads* always—instead of conversation—a capital idea, after all.

Will you let me dedicate *The Importance of Being Earnest* to you? I would so much like to write your name on the dedication-page—or, at any rate, your initials—the evening papers might disclose your identity if properly approached.

Ever yours

OSCAR

82. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 4 pp. 8vo. A little more than two lines of MS. are omitted. £12/10/-

Paris
Oct. 3rd
98

My Dear Robbie,

Thanks so much for the £17.10—duly received.

I wish you and Reggie could have stopped in Paris a night—but I hope you will pass some days here on yr. return. It is ages since I saw Reggie.

— is back from Aix : his mother on leaving gave him £30 to go to Venice with—he of course lost it all at once at the Casino—and arrived in Paris on the proceeds of his sleeve-links. For the moment he is penniless.

Frank Harris is at St. Cloud. I have breakfasted and dined with him, of course, many times— . . . Frank has bought a hotel at Monaco—and hopes to make lots of money—He wants me to go to a place called Napoul—near Cannes—where he is going to winter. In Paris I certainly do nothing.

Charlie Owen is here—and we all dined one night together—he is really very amusing. He thinks of going to Japan—and then to winter in India—

Great rows here over Strong selling Esterhazy's confession—he is violently attacked by his old confrères, and ——— writes terrific diatribes.

Do write—and give my love to dear Reg.

Ever yours

OSCAR

83. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 2 pp. 4to. About a quarter of a page of MS. is omitted. £10/-/-

Grand Café

14 Boulevard des Capucines

Paris [November 1898].

My Dear Robbie,

The clothes are quite charming—suitable to my advanced age—The trousers are too tight round the waist—that is the result of my rarely having good dinners—nothing fattens so much as a dinner at 1 fr. 50—but the blue waistcoat is a dream—Smithers I received in the same parcel—He was quite wonderful, and depraved—went with monsters to the sound of music—but we had a good time—and he was very nice.

Would it bother you if I asked you to let me have my allowance for December now—A wretched inn-keeper at Nogent to whom I owe 100 francs, out of a bill of 300, threatens to sell Reggie's dressing-case, my over-coat, and two suits, if I don't pay him by Saturday. He has been detaining the things—and now threatens a sale—it is less than a week, so perhaps you might manage it without too much worry to yourself.

. . . To undress is romance, to dress, philanthropy—you are quite philanthropic to me, but you are also romantic—the sole instance of the lack of philosophy in clothes. Do let me have a cheque if you can—by return.

Ever yours

OSCAR

84. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 4 pp. 8vo. There are no considerable omissions in this printed version. £12/12/-

Paris.

Friday. November 1898?

My Dear Robbie—

I am so sorry about my excuse—I had forgotten I had used Nogent before—it shows the utter collapse of my imagination—and rather distresses me—

Do let me know about ——. I suppose that London takes no notice at all. That is the supreme punishment.

I have corrected 2/3rds of my proofs—and await the last act—I don't want to make threats—but remember that the dedication is not yet written—and I may write

To

R. B. Ross

in recognition of his
good advice

that would be terrible—so do not lecture till after *Dec. 7th.*

I see a great deal of La Jeunesse—who is more intolerable than ever—and I dined with Strong who has reduced Maurice to a state of silent and frightened idiocy—Dogma without Literature is bad for people—

Ever yours

OSCAR

85. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 3½ pp. 8vo. One page of MS. is omitted here. £15/-/-

Taverne F. Pousset
14 Bould. des Italiens
Dec. 2 [1898].

My Dear Robbie—

You are usually so kind in sending me my allowance on the 30th of the month, so that I can touch it by the 1st, that I write to say that nothing has yet arrived—the post often goes wrong, so I write merely to tell you—

. . . I have corrected all the proofs of my play—but I feel sure my “woulds” and “shoulds”—my “wills” and “shalls” are all wrong—perhaps you might look at them.

Shannon will do the cover.

Love to Reggie—

Ever yours

OSCAR

86. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 8 pp. 8vo. One page of MS. omitted here. £30/-/-

[Paris]
Saturday
Dec. 3, [1898].

My Dear Robbie—

Many thanks : the cheque, delayed I suppose on the Goodwin Sands by stress of storm, arrived today by the second post.

I am delighted to hear of my photograph being sold again : it shows revival of strange sympathies—

What *can* you want to lecture me about, except my past and my present ? which you expressly exclude : I have no future, my dear Robbie. I don't think I am equal to intellectual architecture of thought : I have moods and moments—and Love, or Passion, with the mask of Love, is my only consolation.

I hope to see Frank Harris here—but as yet have heard nothing. Sir John has not yet arrived.

La Jeunesse is publishing a new review. I am going to make an effort and to try to write a poem in prose—for the first number.

It is quite true that when you talk morals to me—which you do quite beautifully—I always pipe on a reed and a Faun comes running out of the thicket—you at once say “What a lovely Faun !” The rest is silence—that is all I said to Smithers.

In the dedication would you like your full name ? Robert Baldwin Ross : or merely Robert B. Ross—I propose to insert the splendid Irish-Norman of Baldwin—which, as you know, is “Baudouin”—a most noble name.

I have re-read Watts-Dunton's book—of course it is old-fashioned in style—but the tone is nice—and the plot romantic : on the whole a capital book to give to one's parents at Christmas time—

Paris is quite cold and wet—so like London that it was unnecessary for — to return to England : I wrote a fortnight ago to — —who had told me that — was returning with £30,000, to ask him if — could now carry out his promise—and let me have the balance of the £500—since then — has not written—an ominous silence—I fear he won't do anything—after all his fine phrases—I read a notice of his rhymes in the *Daily News*—rather silly—ordinary critics always think that children are sentimental about literature : they are not : they have humour instead : later on in life, humour goes—but laughter is the primaeval attitude towards life—a mode of approach that survives only in artists and criminals.

Ever yours

OSCAR

87. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 4 pp. 8vo. Printed in full here. £20/-/-

Taverne F. Pousset
14 Bould. des Italiens
Wednesday [Dec. 1898].

My Dear Robbie

Just a line to say that I leave with Frank Harris for Napoul, near Cannes, to-morrow night—Frank has been most kind, and nice—and, of course, we have dined and lunched together every day at Durand's—at least I lunch at 1 oc, and dine at 8 oc—Frank arrives at 2.30 : and 9.15—it is rather a bore, and no one should make unpunctuality a formal rule—and degrade it to a virtue—but I have admirable, tho' lonely, meals—Frank insists on my being always at high intellectual pressure—it is most exhausting—but when we arrive at Napoule I am going to break the news to him—now an open secret—that I have softening of the brain—and cannot always be a genius.

I shall send you my address to-morrow. . . .

Ever yours

OSCAR

88. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 4 pp. 8vo. Four lines of MS. are omitted here. £15/-/-

Tuesday [December 27, 1898],
Hôtel des Bains
Napoule
Alpes Maritimes

My Dear Robbie,

Wd. you kindly send me my January allowance thro' *Cook's Agency* at Cannes ? I can then get it cashed at once—and if possible send it soon.

Frank Harris has, I hear, gone away—he did not come to Napoule after all—nor have I heard from him, tho' I wrote twice—

The weather is charming—Napoule is nice and dull—I take walks in the pinewoods—

Yesterday I was by the sea and suddenly George Alexander appeared on a bicycle—he gave me a crooked, sickly smile, and hurried on without stopping. How absurd and mean of him!

A nice fellow called Harold Mellor, who is staying at Cannes, comes over constantly to see me—he is a nephew of Mrs. Jacob Bright's—he . . . stayed last night at Napoule—and we had plum-pudding and Mellor ordered Pommery-Greco—so I kept Xmas pleasantly and Xmas improves by being kept a day—on the real Xmas I dined alone.

Yours

OSCAR

89. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 4 pp. 8vo. Nearly a page of MS. is omitted here. £20/-/-

Dec. 28 [1898],
Hôtel des Bains
Napoule

Dear Robbie—

I never got the Henry James book—nor the *Volpone*. I did not like to write to you for either, as you had just given me a blue waist-coat with onyx buttons—to have asked for more would have been greedy. But I do think Smithers should have sent me the *Volpone*. I read a charming little notice of your eulogy, in the *D.T.* I think, and I want very much to see it—as you will, of course, be doing mine some day—

If you happen to have the Henry James, and can afford stamps, it would be sweet of you to send it.

I went to Nice the other day—for the afternoon—it was most pretty and gay. . . . I hope you have had a nice Christmas, and that all is well with yr. people.

Ever yours

OSCAR

90. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 4 pp. 8vo. About 2¼ pp. of the MS. are omitted here. £25/-/-

Napoule.
Jany. 2 '98

My Dear Robbic,

The cheque on Cook arrived this morning—many thanks—The proprietor was looking a little anxious—rather yellow in fact—but has now quite regained his spirits, as I have told him I shall pay this afternoon—

No sign yet of Frank Harris—it is a great bore. . . .

— — — took me to Nice on Friday and we saw Sarah in *La Tosca*—

I went round to see Sarah and she embraced me and wept—and I wept—and the whole evening was wonderful. I wish to goodness you would come here—I need you immensely. As regards my marrying again—I am quite sure that you will want me to marry this time some sensible, practical, plain, middle-aged [person]—and I don't like the idea at all. . . .

Ever yours

OSCAR

91. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 4 pp. 8vo. We omit about one page of the MS. here. £20/-/-

Hôtel des Bains
Napoule.

Thursday [January, 1899].

My Dear Robbie,

Thanks so much for the Henry James—I think it is a most wonderful, lurid, poisonous little tale—like an Elizabethan tragedy—I am greatly impressed by it. James is developing—but he will never arrive at passion, I fear.

I have been over again to Nice with Harold Mellor—for three days—it was most pretty and gay—and music every where. . . .

Poor Sir John! However, I think he may do well in the States. . . . [He] was capital company, and a very astounding person in his capacity for pleasure—grand in his cups—and with a heart of gold.

I have received *Volpone*—and read yr. eulogy with great pleasure. It is admirably written—I think you have attacked the public a *little* too often—Aubrey produced this effect on them, and the effect that pleases an artist. Also, would you really say that Byzantine art is our link with the art of the East? Surely it was Greek? But it is a delightfully written eulogy—and most admirable in style—full of many very perfect phrases.

Ever yours

OSCAR

92. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 4 pp. 8vo. Nothing of consequence is omitted. £20/-/-

Napoule
Feby. 2. '99.

My Dear Robbie—

Thank you for the cheque—duly received. Your account of Henry James has much amused Frank Harris—it is a delightful story for your memorabilia—

To-day—for the first time—rain—quite an Irish day. Yesterday was lovely—I went to Cannes to see the *Bataille des Fleurs*. The loveliest carriage—all yellow roses—the horses with traces and harness of violets—was occupied by an evil-looking old man—English: on the box, beside the coachman, sat his valet—a very handsome boy—all wreathed with flowers. I murmured “Imperial, Neronian Rome—”

I have signed the copies of the play for Smithers—a “Japanese” for

you—Smithers will show you my list : if I have forgotten any one, let me know. Of course dear More Adey has a “ large paper ” : and also Reggie.

Harold Mellor will be in London at the end of the month—he is going there to get me some neckties. I have asked him to write and let you know. He is a charming fellow—very cultivated—tho’ he finds that literature is an inadequate expression of life. That is quite true : but a work of art is an adequate expression of art—that is its aim. Only that. Life is merely the *motif* of a pattern. I hope all things are well with you. Frank Harris is upstairs, thinking about Shakespeare at the top of his voice—I am earnestly idling—

Ever yours

OSCAR

93. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 2 pp. 4to. Nothing omitted. £20/-/-

Nice.

Saturday [February ?25,
1899].

My Dear Robbie,

Just a line to thank you for your kindness in wiring to me, and letting me have my March allowance now. I am afraid I am a great worry to you.

I leave to-day Switzerland : via Genoa, where I wish to stay a day. My address will be

c/o Monsieur Harold Mellor
Gland.
Canton Vaud.
La Suisse.

I hope to be happy there—at any rate there will be free meals—and champagne has been ordered—tho’ the Nice doctor now absolutely forbids me to take any—on account of gout.

I am sorry my play is Boycotted by the press—particularly for Smithers’ sake—he has shown great pluck in bringing it out at all. However I hope some of the faithful, and all the elect will buy copies.

If you hear anything nice said about the play, write it to me : if not, invent it.

I hear with much regret that the large-paper copies have not been bound yet—I don’t know if any of my friends have received copies at all : at any rate, none have written in acknowledgment.

If you are down at Oxford, do go and see — — —he is most cultivated : knew FitzGerald : and was at the first night of *Lady Windermere’s Fan* ! I suppose in a perambulator.

Ever yours

OSCAR

94. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 6 pp. 8vo. Printed in full here. £28/-/-

Gland
Canton Vaud.
La Suisse
[February 1899].

My Dear Robbie.

Thanks for yr. charming letter—which I found waiting for me here on my arrival from Genoa yesterday—It was a great pleasure writing your name on the page of dedication—I only wish it was a more wonderful work of art—of higher seriousness of import—but it has some amusing things in it, and I think the tone and temper of the whole thing bright and happy—

I went to Genoa to see Constance's grave—it is very pretty—a marble-cross with dark ivy leaves inlaid in a good pattern—the cemetery is a garden at the foot of the lovely hills that climb into the mountains that girdle Genoa—it was very tragic seeing her name carved on a tomb—her surname—my name not mentioned of course—just “Constance Mary, daughter of Horace Lloyd, Q.C.” and a verse from Revelations—I brought some flowers—I was deeply affected—with a sense, also, of the uselessness of all regrets—Nothing could have been otherwise—and life is a very terrible thing—

This is a pretty house on the Lake—we look over to the snows and hills of Savoy—Geneva is half an hour by rail—You are to come whenever you like. April is lovely here, I believe, and plants in flower.

There is an Italian cook—also the lad Eolo, who waits at table. His father told Mellor at Spezzia that he was christened Eolo because he was born on a night on which there was a dreadful wind! I think it is rather nice to have thought of such a name. An English peasant would probably have said “We called him John, Sir, because we were getting in the hay at the time”—

There is no truth at all in Sedger's advertisement, and I am very angry about it—it is quite monstrous. My only chance is a play produced anonymously—otherwise the First Night would be a horror—and people would find meanings in every phrase.

I am going to try a bicycle. I have never forgotten the lesson you so kindly gave me—even my leg remembers it.

Do write again soon—Have I forgotten any one to whom I should send a copy?

Ever yours

OSCAR

95. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 4 pp. 8vo. Printed in full here. £20/-/-

Gland

My Dear Robbie,

Wednesday [March 15, 1899].

Thank you very much for your thoughtfulness in wiring to me about my brother's death—I suppose it had been expected for

some time. I am very sorry for his wife, who, I suppose, has little left to live on—Between him and me there had been, as you know, wide chasms for many years. *Requiescat in Pace.*

I don't know what position I hold about this absurd Irish property—it comes to me by entail—but I suppose my creditors will claim it—I wish I had asked for my discharge. It was most foolish of me not to. Cd. you ask some solicitor what is likely to be done? If I could sell it for a fair sum, and have the money, I wd. give my sister-in-law something of course—but I don't know if I can sell.

I hope to write more to-morrow—I don't like — very much, and wd. like to get away—but, at present, it is impossible—

Ever yours

OSCAR

96. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 8 pp. 8vo. Printed
in full here. £40/-/-

Tuesday [March 21?, 1899]
Gland.

Canton Vaud

My Dear Robbie

Thank you so much for your long letter—for the first time in my life I was glad that your handwriting was illegible—So I was able to miss a lot—or rather forced to. The position is this. Moytura is entailed on me—but not beyond me. One can only entail I believe for two lives: in this case my brother's and mine. So the place is mine to sell—and should fetch £3000 or a little more. It is beautifully situated, and there are lovely trees etc.

As regards my bankruptcy, if my *trustees* heard of it, they would no doubt try to seize it—I fancy I had best remain passive, and receive the rents—such as they are—My brother was bankrupt, and received the rents. Why should not I? The only thing is to ascertain *how* the rents were paid—whether through an agent or not. This my sister-in-law would be able to tell you. I wd. be ready to give her £40 a year, if I received £140—(gross): as she has a child. The whole affair is a great bore. I wonder whether a private sale would be illegal. Of course, what one wants is a solicitor who will be able to show how one can escape the law. In gaining legal possession of an entailed estate I wonder has one to go to a Court of Probate? I wonder does the Court of Bankruptcy take cognizance of anything without a creditor applying? But I have not much hope of anything good—However, we can try.

I dislike —, because he is unsocial—taciturn—wretched company—and takes no pains to please or gratify his guest—He is very well off, but absurdly mean in everything. He gives me at dinner the most horrid Swiss *vin ordinaire*—tho' he has a capital cellar—and is quite amused by the fact that I don't [like] it. There is insanity in his family—His mother is under restraint—and his brother went mad and killed himself. His

own insanity is misanthropy, and meanness. I am philosophic about it now—indeed we only meet at meals. In the evening he reads the *Times* or sleeps—both audibly. But I shd. love to get away—

I never dreamed of having Smithers to bring alcoholic experience to bear on my affairs. It was a joke.

I shall write to Arthur, and also to my sister-in-law—if you see her, you need not say anything about my proposal to give her £40 a year, if I get £140—There is no necessity to worry you too much. The weather here is bright and sunny—but cold. Snow has fallen on the mountains—

Ever yours

OSCAR

97. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 4 pp. 8vo. Printed
in full here. £20/-/-

Sunday [March ?26, 1899],
Gland.

My Dear Robbie.

I am sending two acts of the new play—(*Ideal Husband*) to Smithers—after corrections—When they are set up would you look over them—and see that the “wills” and “shalls” are not too Hibernian—also, I have put in descriptions of the *dramatis personae*—and I don’t much like giving physical details about the bodies—whose souls, or minds, or passions, I deal with. I build up so much out of *words*—that the colour of people’s hair seems unimportant. So, when it is in proof, will you look over it and tell me your views.

I enclose dedications for the friends you asked me for.

The only people who have thanked me for the books I sent are you, More, Reggie, and York Powell—I am rather hurt. I will send you a Japanese paper for Miss Schuster—I would like to give her my copy.

I still dislike —. By the way, could you come here for a fortnight? There is a petroleum launch on the lake, and bicycles—and the country is pretty.

Yours

OSCAR

98. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 4 pp. 8vo. Printed
in full here. £20/-/-

[Gland.]
Monday [March 27, 1899].

My Dear Robbie.

I am dedicating the next play to Frank Harris: I have sent *two* dedications to Smithers: I like the second best. Will you tell me your opinion.

I have heard from Arthur: but nothing definite: the great thing is not to give information to Hargroves et Cie: they are the only enemies—I hope the thing will go over quietly.

I don't think I can come to Paris after all : Paris is so expensive : I think as soon as I can get away from this loathsome place that I shall go back to Genoa : it is better than the Boulevards—

When you let me have my allowance will you send it through *Cook* at Genoa, please : of course the sooner I get it the sooner I can leave Gland : which has become intolerable. There are pretty places near Genoa where I might live for a time.

Yours

OSCAR

99. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 4 pp. 8vo. Printed in full here. £20/-/-

[March 18 or 29, 1899]

Gland

Canton Vaud.

My Dear Robbie,

Thanks so much for the cheque—I hope to be able to *toucher* (excellent expression) on Saturday—If so, I shall leave for Genoa on Sunday morning.

I could not stay any longer. He really is too insane, and impossible—I never disliked any one so thoroughly—My visit has taught me a curious and bitter lesson. I used to rely on my personality—now I know that my personality really rested on the fiction of *position*—having lost position, I find my personality of no avail— —— has treated me, as I wd. not have treated the most dull and unimportant of the lower middle-classes—I feel very humble—besides feeling very indignant—the former being my intellectual realisation of my position—the latter an emotion that is a “survival” of old conditions—

I won't go to Paris—because I shd. spend all my money in no time—I can't live in Paris under £1 a day—it is impossible. Near Genoa I hope to find some little spot—and sunlight counts as half one's income—

Your news about Moytura *are* crushing—that octopus the Law ! One cannot escape—I don't know what to do—

Do you think that if I applied for my discharge I would get it ? It depends on Hargroves. *Could he be sounded ?*

Thanks so much for the *Outlook*—it is a good notice—well written—

Could you not come to Genoa—*Do* : for a month. We never see each other now. My address will be

Albergo di Firenze.

Genoa.

Please write—and please come.

Ever yours

OSCAR

100. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 2 pp. 4to. One paragraph of the MS. is omitted here. £20/-/-

Café du Nord
Genève.

[Saturday] April 1 [1899].

My Dear Robbie.

I have left Gland. — wept at my departure, apologised, implored me to stay, and put his conduct under the aegis of the Hereditary Furies of insanity that beset his race. I really was very sorry for him—but I could not stay. However, we parted amicably on my side, and on his with protestations of admiration and remorse.

I leave tomorrow morning for Genoa—Albergo di Firenze—a small inn on the quay—rather *mal-famée* but cheap—Then I think of some little place in the environs. There is no good my going to Paris—I can't afford to live there.

The only thing I see to do now, is to see what H—— will do if I ask for my discharge—of course if he insists I suppose everything will be seized.

The weather has become very hot—quite summer : I expect Italy will be delightful—Could you not come for three weeks to Genoa ? I never see you—

You would do me no end of good. And there is More, who is apparently sentenced to life-long imprisonment in Great Britain—cannot he get away ? I should love to have you both near at hand for a little. It would be delightful. Please do this. I believe that at the holy season of Easter one is supposed to forgive all one's friends. . . . After the chill virginity of Swiss Alps and snow, I long for the red flowers of life that stain the feet of summer in Italy.

Ever yours

OSCAR

101. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 2 pp. 4to. Printed in full here. £15/-/-

[March-April, 1899]

Pension Hôtel Suisse
Rapallo, Santa Margherita—
Ligure, Genoa.

My Dear Robbie—

I see I cannot fight the Receiver—who represents the unintelligent violence of the Law : the only thing to do is to see what my creditors will take : the place is only worth £120 a year : if H—— withdrew his claim I could manage to pay the others, I suppose, 5/- in the pound : if H—— *won't* do so, then the whole thing will have to go—I am, as usual, quite powerless. In any case for nine months after my brother's death nothing can be done—as if he leaves male issue it goes to his son—Of course, he won't have a son : but I suppose the law has to wait and see.

I am so sorry you are ill—I am wretched, which makes me sympathetic.

Whatever I do is wrong : because my life is not on a right basis—In Paris I am bad : here I am bored : the last state is the worse.

I wish I could see you—a few days with you would be a tonic.

YOURS OSCAR

102. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 3 pp. 8vo. Nothing of consequence omitted. £10/10/-

[April 1899]

Santa Marguerita
Ligure.
Genoa.

My Dear Robbie,

Is there *any* chance of your coming out here? I wish now I had gone to Paris—it is so close to you. And here I am ill and lonely.

The only thing to do as regards the Irish affairs is, I think, this. To approach H— : to ask him if he will object to my discharge : *i.e.* if he will withdraw his claim : if he will, there will not be much left to fight against : I don't know about Queensberry's solicitors—whether they will be hostile, or not. Could H— be approached?

I wish you wd. write to me, dear boy—I simply loathe my life at present—

Yours

OSCAR

103-106. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. Printed in full. FOUR LOCAL PICTORIAL POST-CARDS all post-marked S. Margherita Ligure da Rapallo and dated April 7, 1899.

I. Dear R.

My new address is Ristorante Christofero Colombo : Santa Marguerita : Ligure : Italia : I send you specimens of the views to tempt you. S. M. £2/-/-

II. This is just a mile from Santa Marguerita along the coast : it is quite delightful. S. M. £1/10/-

III. Have not yet been here : but have decided to enter the *chiostro*—just the place for me. S. M. £1/10/-

IV. This is a really lovely place [Portofino] : only reached by mules or boats. S. M. £1/10/-

107. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 2 pp. 4to. About half a page of MS. omitted. £7/10/-

Grand Café
14 Bould. des Capucines
Paris
[Printed heading.]

Hôtel de la Neva.
Rue Montigny [Paris].
[May 1899].

My Dear Robbie,

Smithers' letter arrived this morning : it was, as you know, for me. I hope he will come over.

I saw Strong last night at the Horse-Shoe : he has taken Grandcourt

as his secretary : I did not discuss his treatment of Maurice at all. I thought it better not. Maurice, I hope, dines with me to-night.

I was so sorry you had to go, but it was charming being with you, and it was really most sweet of you to come to Italy to save me from Santa Margherita—I am quite happy in Paris.

Do write soon—

Ever, with fondest love,

OSCAR

108. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 2 pp. 4to. Printed in full here. £6/6/-

Grand Café
14, Bould. des Capucines
Paris

Hôtel Marsollier
Rue Marsollier

[Printed heading.]

[Paris] [May 29, 1899].

Dear Robbie—

Wd. you kindly send me the June allowance tomorrow by an *order* on Cook—so that I can *toucher* on the 1st? I believe you don't like the swifter mode of telegraphing.

The unmasking of our poor Smithers has been a blow—I found out, by chance, that he was employed by Sequah to get my play at one fourth of the terms Sequah had offered. It is too astonishing for words. Smithers is merely *l'homme de paille*, paid to get round me—I have wired to him to tell him I have found it all out, and to advise him to come over at once—

Yours

OSCAR.

109. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 2 pp. 4to. No omissions of any consequence. £10/-/-

Grand Café
14, Bould. des Capucines
Paris

Hôtel Marsollier

[Printed heading.]

[Paris]
Tuesday.

My Dear Robbie,

Thanks for yr. letter. Smithers has not yet sent the cheque—he says in his letter that he will do so when he sees you.

Paris is awfully hot : quite dreadful. I long to be away.

I saw Ada Rehan and Augustin Daly the other night at the Café de la Paix—where — had invited me to dine : they were most charming : her hair has turned quite white ! I accused her at once of dyeing her hair white—she was delighted.

They also want me to write something for them.

Yours

OSCAR

IIO. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 2 pp. 4to. We omit about half a page of MS. £10/-/-

Hôtel Marsollier.
Rue Marsollier
Paris

[June 1899].

My Dearest Robbie.

Thanks so much : the £7.10 arrived safe at 3.45.

I am delighted to hear of ——'s great success : he sent me a copy apparently—in fact I know he did : but it has never arrived. Some lyrical postman stole it, I suppose. . . .

I dined with Stuart Merrill the other day—Ferdinand Herold was there—and sent me subsequently a lovely edition of *Le Vie et la Mort de la Sainte Vierge*—a book he compiled from apocryphal gospels and elsewhere. It is very charming, and written in verses.

I see a good deal of a young poet called Michael Robes : . . . we went to the Montmartre the other day—to the cafe where Jehan-Rictus, the poet, recites. I was received with *great* honour—and everyone was presented to me : I was not allowed to pay for my books, and the chasseur begged for my autograph in his album—which contained, he told me, the autographs of *cinquante-trois poètes, et deux meurtriers!* I graciously acceded.

Yours

OSCAR

III. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 2 pp. 4to. A small piece is torn from one edge of this letter, hence the small omissions. Otherwise there is no omission of any consequence. £12/-/-

Hôtel Marsollier
Rue Marsollier
[1899].

My Dear Robbie.

The £10 arrived safe : Marchand was addressing the mob next door—at the Military Club—so I had to fight my way to Cooks : but by the aid of patriotic cries I succeeded in forcing a passage through the patriots.

I *did* think it curious when Smithers told me that you wanted to be repaid the hotel bill at Genoa, the 50 francs at Santa Margherita, and the railway-ticket— : but I concluded that there had been an earthquake in Phillimore Gardens : I also thought it odd that you never wrote to tell me that you had received it. When you give, my dear Robbie, you give—there is no one so generous, so good as you are—I have written to Smithers to send it to me at once, as I am going now to Havre. I found Fontainebleau relaxing—but I am fond of the sea. I cannot stay in Paris—it costs too much.

— has [portion missing] horse—I am very glad.

I saw — — last night. He was very insane, and sentimental : wept over a friendship of seventeen years—upon the other hand abused all my friends in the foulest way. I had to stop him in a peremptory manner. Three times he parted from me—and three times I found him following me to other places. He and Strong have each other on the brain—they talk of nothing else. It is a great bore. Robert has almost lost all his good looks—He was dreadful of aspect last night : quite dreadful :

I am very glad Will is marrying Miss Kingsley—I think it only right, and I like her immensely—Your proposal to sacrifice your [portion missing] always seemed to me [monstro]us.

Ever yours

OSCAR

112. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 3 pp. 8vo. Printed in full. £5/5/-

Hôtel d'Alsace
Rue des Beaux-Arts
Paris

October 9th—'99

My Dear Robbie,

I have to thank you for your kindness in sending me my allowance now due : I hope to thank you in person before long.

Will Rothenstein and his wife have been here—and we dined many times together. He has secured some wonderful drawings and casts from Rodin—and was in excellent spirits.

Believe me,
dear Robbie,
your sincere friend,

OSCAR WILDE

113. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 3 pp. 8vo. Printed in full. £5/5/-

Hôtel d'Alsace
Rue des Beaux Arts
[October 1899].

Dear Robbie—

Thanks for the cheque—

Do let me see you on your way thro' Paris—

Are you serious about a postcard dated October 7th? Wd. not the post-mark be noticed? I, of course, will do as you like.

— was wonderful here—purple and perfect—The Boulevard, I regret to say, still talks of him—

I hope to write soon to you an interesting letter—this is a scrawl.

Yours

OSCAR

114. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 3 pp. 8vo. Printed
in full. £4/-/-

Hotel d'Alsace
Rue des Beaux-Arts.
Paris.

Jany. 2. 1900.

Dear Robbie—

I have to acknowledge with thanks the two cheques you
have sent me for my income for December and January—£27.10 in all.

Paris has been cold and wet, but I had a very pleasant Xmas—

Pray remember me to your mother: I was delighted to see her
looking so well when she was in Paris—

Ever yours

OSCAR WILDE

115. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 8 pp. 8vo. One
phrase omitted. £36/-/-

Grand Café
14, Boulevard des Capucines, 14
Paris

Thursday [1900].

Dear Robbie—

I am so annoyed at your not writing to me every day, that
I must come and talk to you.

—, with whom I am now friends—(below zero of course) has
invited me to go to Italy to the extent of £50! When that gives out I
shall have to walk home, but as I want to see you I have consented to go
—and hope to be in Rome in about 10 days—it will be delightful to be
together again—and this time I really must become a Catholic—though
I fear that if I went before the Holy Father with a blossoming rod it would
turn at once into an umbrella or something dreadful of that kind. It is
absurd to say that the age of miracles is past. It has not yet begun.

Your story of dear Rowland is charming—how dangerous it is to be
called “John” is the moral. Any thing may happen to a person called
John.

You have not yet broken to me the impression I produced on Aleck.
I suppose it was painful. All went well till an unlucky thing occurred.

Only an hour after I, with “waving hands” like Tennyson’s Vivien,
had evolved a new evangel of morals, dear Aleck passed before the little
café behind the Madeleine. . . . Alas, the eye he turned on me was not
the sightless one. His smile was terrible. It was like one of Besant’s
novels.

I really felt it very much. At luncheon I had been singularly ethical.
I am always ethical at the *Café de la Paix*.

Wire, or write at once to me,

Chez ———
Gland
Vaud.

and tell me a good hotel. Also bed out some Narcissi. It is their season.

With best love, dear horrid irritating Robbie,

Yours

OSCAR

116. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 8 pp. 8vo. Phrases
omitted throughout. £45/-/-

Grand Café
14, Boulevard des Capucines, 14
Paris

Hôtel d'Alsace
Rue des Beaux-Arts
Paris

[Printed heading.]

[1900]

Dearest Robbie—

I have at last arrived—I stayed ten days with ——— at Gland : the automobile was delightful, but, of course, it broke down—they, like all machines, are more wilful than animals—nervous, irritable, strange things : I am going to write an article on “ nerves in the inorganic world ”—

Frank Harris is here—also ———. I asked ——— what you suggested—without mentioning any sum at all—after dinner—he had just won £400 at the races—and £800 a few days before—so he was in high spirits. When I spoke to him he went into paroxysms of rage, followed by satirical laughter—and said it was the most monstrous suggestion he had ever heard—that he would do nothing of the kind—that he was astounded at my suggesting such a thing : that he did not recognise I had any claim of any kind on him—He was really revolting—I was quite disgusted. I told Frank Harris about it—and he was greatly surprised : but made the wise observation “ One should never ask for anything : it is always a mistake ”—He said I should have got some one to sound ——— —and ask him for me—I had also the same idea, but you did not seem to like the prospect of a correspondence with ——— where money was concerned—and I am not surprised—

It is a most horrible and really heart-breaking affair, when I remember . . . his assurances of eternal devotion . . . his incessant offers of all his life and belongings . . . well—It sickens me—it gives me nausea. The affair occurred in the Café de la Paix—so, of course, I made no scene—I said that if he did not recognise my claim—there was nothing more to be said—

We dined last night with Frank Harris at Maires—I was quite as usual, but he really is, now that he has money, become mean, and narrow and greedy—He always accused you of having the bourgeois commercial view of money—instead of the generous, chivalrous, aristocratic view—but

he really has out-Heroded Herod this time. "I can't afford to spend anything except on myself"—was one of his observations—I thought of you, and dear More, and all yr. generosity and chivalry and sacrifice for me—It is an ugly thing—it taints life! Send me my cheque, like a good boy—

Ever yours

OSCAR

I am horrified about Smithers. It really is too bad.

117. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 4 pp. 8vo. Printed in full. £16/-/-

Grand Café
14, Boulevard des Capucines
Paris
[Printed heading.]

Hôtel d'Alsace
Rue des Beaux-Arts
[1900].

Dear Robbie—

You say I shd. have acknowledged the cheque: I didn't do so because you only wrote one line and three quarters to me, tho' you were in the country where you must have had heaps of leisure. I now beg you to send me a cheque at once, and also a long letter.

I have been with — at Gland: he is almost as neurasthenic as I am: but there was the automobile. I had to consult a specialist before I left Paris, I was so ill: it seems that not "mussels" but neurasthenia was the cause of my illness, which had returned with renewed violence.

I am very glad my sister-in-law is to be married to Teixeira—it is an excellent idea.

I hear Reggie is in France. I wish he wd. come here. How are you? do let me know what you are doing—and how Max's engagement is going on—it is the only amusing engagement I ever heard of.

Yours

OSCAR

118. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 4 pp. 8vo. Omissions of no consequence. £20/-/-

Dear Robbie, [Paris] [1900].

Thanks for cheque.

Frank Harris has spoken to — who now seems to have more sense of the situation—and what he should do: his only fear was that he had spent all his money! but he cannot be serious. So if you write to him perhaps it wd. be better to say how pleased you are to hear from me that he is going to arrange some scheme for me—

Why doesn't Reggie come to Paris?

Frank Harris is very wonderful and really very good and sympathique—He always comes two hours late for meals—but in spite of that is delightful.

He keeps — in order : the age of miracles is clearly not over.

The only ugly thing at the Exhibition is the public.

The most beautiful modern picture is Shannon's portrait of himself.
I have gone several times to see it.

Ever yours

OSCAR

119. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 8 pp. 8vo. About
2 $\frac{3}{4}$ pages of the MS. are omitted here. £36/-/-

[Rome]
[1900].

Dear little Robbie—

I enclose the Sicilian cutting—I forgot it of course :
it is pleasant to pluck praise from the meadows of Persephone—recognition
by asphodels—

Need I say that I see the Holy Father again to-morrow? I am
thrilled with the prospect of an old pleasure—and I am promised a seat
for the canonization, or beatification, on the 24th : Rome is hot—so I
don't know that I can stay—but I wd. like to go—it wd. annoy the withered
— —and fill me with holy joy—

Yesterday I went to *Lebano* : how lovely it is !! the day was beautiful
—and the silent waveless lake a mirror of turquoise—it was wise enough
to reflect nothing but its own beauty—would that the same could be said
of all mirrors . . .

I am at the Roma—the first time for 10 days—would you were
here. . . .

Yours

OSCAR

120. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 24 pp. 8vo. About
two pages of the MS. are omitted here. This is a very fine letter, one of
the best in the series. £125/-/-

c/o Cook & Son.
Piazza di Spagna.
Roma.

April 16 [1900].

My Dear Robbie—

I simply cannot write. It is too horrid, not *of* me,
but *to* me. It is a mode of paralysis—a *cacoethes tacendi*—the one form that
malady takes in me—

Well, all passed over very successfully—Palermo, where we stayed
eight days, was lovely. The most beautifully situated town in the world
—it dreams away its life in the *concha d'oro*—the exquisite valley that lies
between two seas—the lemon-groves and the orange gardens were so
entirely perfect that I became again a Pre-Raphaelite, and loathed the
ordinary Impressionists, whose muddy souls and blurred intelligences would

have rendered but by mud and blur those “golden lamps hung in a green night” that filled me with such joy. The elaborate and exquisite details of the true Pre-Raphaelites is the compensation they offer us for the absence of motion ; literature and music being the only arts that are not immobile.

Then nowhere, not even at Ravenna, have I seen such mosaics—in the Cappella Palatina, which from pavement to domed ceilings is all gold, one really feels as if one was sitting in the heart of a great honeycomb *looking* at angels singing—and looking at angels, or indeed at people singing, is much nicer than listening to them. For this reason the great artists always give to their angels lutes without strings, pipes without vent-holes, and reeds through which no wind can wander or make whistlings.

Monreale you have heard of—with its cloisters and cathedral—we often drove there—the *cocchieri* most dainty, finely-carved boys—in them, not in the Sicilian horses, is race seen. . . . I . . . only remember Manuele.

I also made great friends with a young Seminarist, who lived in the Cathedral of Palermo—he and eleven others—in little rooms beneath the roof—like birds—

Every day he showed me all over the Cathedral—and I really knelt before the huge porphyry sarcophagus in which Frederick the Second lies—it is a sublime bare monstrous thing—blood-coloured, and held up by lions, who have caught some of the rage of the great Emperor’s restless soul. At first, my young friend, Giuseppe Loverde by name, gave *me* information : but on the third day I gave information to him, and re-wrote History as usual, and told him all about the supreme King and his Court of Poets, and the terrible book that he never wrote. . . . His reason for entering the Church was singularly mediaeval. I asked him why he thought of becoming a *clerico* : and how :

He answered “My Father is a cook, and most poor : and we are many at home, so it seemed to me a good thing that there should be in so small a house as ours one mouth less to feed, for, although I am slim, I eat much : too much, alas ! I fear.”

I told him to be comforted, because God used poverty often as a means of bringing people to him, and used riches never, or but rarely. So Giuseppe was comforted, and I gave him a little book of devotion, very pretty, and with far more pictures than prayers in it—so of great service to Giuseppe. . . .

We came to Rome on Holy Thursday— — left on Saturday for Gland—and yesterday, to the terror of — and all the Papal Court, I appeared in the front rank of the Pilgrims in the Vatican, and got the blessing of the Holy Father—a blessing they would have denied me.

He was wonderful as he was carried past me on his throne—not of flesh and blood—but a white soul robed in white—and an artist as well as a saint—the only instance in History, if the newspapers are to be believed.

I have seen nothing like the extraordinary grace of his gesture, as

Saturday afternoon
 at 5 o'clock. Having
 as I went to
 have tea at the
 Hotel of St. Christo
 suddenly, as I
 was entering
 the door, a man, on
 whom I never
 saw before. He
 was a Hotel Porter
 and asked
 me what I was
 to see the Pope
 on Easter Day -
 I bowed my head
 humbly and

saw "non sum
 dignus", or words to
 that effect. He
 it once produced
 a ticket.
 When I told
 him that his countenance
 was of supernatural
 ugliness, so that the
 price of the ticket
 was thirty pieces
 of silver, I need
 say no more.
 An equally
 curious thing is that
 whenever I pass the
 Hotel, which I do
 constantly, I see
 the same man.

[he] rose, from moment to moment, to bless—possibly the pilgrims, but certainly me.

Tree should see him. It is his only chance.

I was deeply impressed, and my walking-stick showed signs of budding ; would have budded indeed, only at the door of the Chapel it was taken from me by the Knave of Spades. This strange prohibition is, of course, in honour of Tannhäuser.

How did I get the ticket ? By a miracle, of course. I thought it was hopeless, and made no effort of any kind. On Saturday afternoon at 5 oc. Harold and I went to have tea at the Hôtel de l'Europe. Suddenly, as I was eating buttered toast, a man, or what seemed to be one, dressed like a Hotel Porter entered and asked me would I like to see the Pope on Easter Day—I bowed my head humbly and said "*Non sum dignus*", or words to that effect. He at once produced a ticket ! (See illustration No. VII, p. 73.)

When I tell you that his countenance was of supernatural ugliness, and that the price of the ticket was thirty pieces of silver, I need say no more.

An equally curious thing is that whenever I pass the Hotel, which I do constantly, I see the same man. Scientists call that phenomenon an obsession of the visual nerve. You and I know better.

On the afternoon of Easter Day I heard vespers at the Lateran : music quite lovely : at the close a Bishop in red, and with red gloves—such as Pater talks of in Gaston de la Tour—came out on the balcony and showed us the relics. He was swarthy, and wore a yellow mitre. A sinister mediaeval man, but superbly Gothic, just like the Bishops carved on stalls or on portals. And when one thinks that once people mocked at stained-glass attitudes ! They are the only attitudes for the clothed. The sight of this Bishop, whom I watched with fascination, filled me with the sense of the great realism of Gothic art. Neither in Greek nor in Gothic art is there any pose. Posing was invented by bad portrait-painters, and the first person who ever posed was a stockbroker, and he has gone on ever since.

. . . I send you a photograph I took on Palm-Sunday at Palermo. Do send me some of yours . . . and try to read this letter. It is a labour of a week to read it.

kindest regards to your dear mother.

Always

OSCAR

121. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 8 pp. 8vo. About a half-page of the MS. is omitted here. £36/-/-

[Rome]

Venerdi [April 27, 1900].

Dear Robbie—

Wd. it bore you awfully to send me my allowance in an order on Cook here ? It takes a week to cash a cheque. I know it will

bore you—but then you are a little saint—not, I am glad to say, in conduct—which is nothing : but in soul, which is all.

I am so glad you told me about More's loss—I had the chance of writing to him about all his sweet courteous gentle kindness to my own mother. He is so good to others, that one feels it is vulgar to praise him to himself, and to praise him to others unnecessary.

I hope to see him in the Vatican—*not* as the knave of spades—but mediaeval—or rather Renaissance—ruff and gold chain—and the sombre splendour of black raiment : a Spanish fashion, I believe. All the people at the Vatican try to look like More—that they succeed is more their fault than his—

To-day, on coming out of the Vatican Gallery—Greek Gods and the Roman middle-classes in my brain—all marble to make the contrast worse—I found that the Vatican Gardens were open to the Bohemian and the Portuguese pilgrims. I at once spoke both languages fluently—explained that my English dress was a form of penance, and entered that waste, desolate Park—with its faded Louis XIV gardens—its sombre avenues—its sad woodland—The peacocks screamed, and I understood why tragedy dogged the gilt feet of each Pontiff. But I wandered in exquisite melancholy for an hour. . . .

I have been reading dear Aymer Vallance on Burne-Jones—his decorative side—it is most delightful.

No more paper.

Always yours

OSCAR

122. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 8 pp. 8vo. Nearly two pages of the MS. are omitted here. £36/-/-

Thursday
Rome. [1900].

Dearest Robbie.

Your telegram just arrived : its decyphering was most fascinating work : we all felt like the archaeologists over the stone at the Lapis Niger : which stone I believe to be an early example of Roman humour : Fescennine licence it was called later on.

I wrote to you yesterday—to the Cavour. To-day is wet and stormy—but I have again seen the Holy Father—each time he dresses differently—it is most delightful. To-day over his white a purple velvet cape edged with ermine—and a huge scarlet and gold stole. I was deeply moved as usual.

I gave a ticket to a new friend Dario. I like his name so much. . . .

The pilgrims arrive in great black swarms. I am sure that Pharaoh was punished by a plague of them : some of them, however, go mad. Three cases yesterday. They are much envied by their more sane brethren—

I wish you would write to me about Venice—it is really absurd—is it due to Symonds? . . .

How is dear More—He was missed as usual at the Vatican. Carlyle Stebbing does not suit St. Peter's : its astounding proportions *increases* his size : it is most curious—

Write soon.

Ever yours

OSCAR

123. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 20 pp. 8vo. About 2½ pp. of the MS. are omitted here. £90/-/-

Roma.

Saturday [1900].

My Dear Robbie—

A thousand thanks for all your trouble—the cheque arrived safely this morning.

Of course I got yr. telegram from Milan, and wrote to you at the Hotel Cavour—a long, interesting, and of course seriously compromising letter. Should it fall into the hands of the authorities you will be immortal.

I have not seen the Holy Father since Thursday—but am bearing up wonderfully well. I am sorry to say he has approved of a dreadful handkerchief, with a portrait of himself in the middle, and Basilicas at the corners—it is very curious the connection between Faith and bad art—I feel it myself. Whenever I see the Pope I admire Bernini : but Bernini had a certain dash and life and assertion—theatrical life, but life for all that : the handkerchief is a dead thing.

By the way did I tell you that on Easter Sunday I was completely cured of my mussel-poisoning ? it is true, and I always knew I would be : five months under a Jewish physician at Paris not merely did not heal me, but made me worse : the blessing of the Vicar of Christ made me whole.

Armand Point the French painter,—a bad Botticelli-Jones artist—is here, and has promised to do me a *Tabella votiva*—the only difficulty is the treatment of the mussels—they are not decorative, except the shells, and I didn't eat the shells.

I have been three times to see the great Velasquez of the Pamphili Pope : it is quite the grandest portrait in the world. The entire man is there.

I also go to look at the beautiful voluptuous marble . . . at the Museo Nazionale. What a lovely thing it is !

Yesterday a painful thing happened : you know the terrible, the awe-inspiring effect that Royalty has on me : well, I was outside the Café Nazionale taking iced coffee with gelato—a most delightful drink—when the King drove past. I at once stood up, and made him a low bow, with hat doffed—to the admiration of some Italian officers at the next table : it was only when the King had passed that I remembered that I was *Papista* and *nerissimo*—! I was greatly upset : however I hope the Vatican won't hear about it. (See illustration No. VIII, p. 77.)

I enclose you a little cutting that appeared in Palermo while I was

See below a page
 His letter: so
 know the temple,
 the ave-imping effect of
 the Royal has on
 me well, I was
 outside the city
 magazine taking
 ice coffee with
 gelato - a most
 delightful drink.
 the King.
 drove past - I
 at once stood
 up, & made her
 a low bow

with hat doctored -
 to the direction
 Italian office
 at the next table:
 it was of when the
 King had passed
 the I. reserved
 I was Pappas
 did nervousness -
 I was erect
 aspect, however
 I hope to
 Vatican not how
 about it

there. My incognito vanished in three hours—and the students used to come to the café to talk—or rather to listen. To their great delight I always denied my identity. On being asked my name, I said every man has only one name. They asked me what name that was. “*Io*” was my answer. This was regarded as a wonderful reply, containing in it all philosophy—

Rome is burning with heat : really terrible : but at 4.30 I am going to the Borghese, to look at daisies, and drink milk—the Borghese milk is as wonderful as the Borghese daisies—I also intend to photograph Arnaldo—By the way can you photograph cows well? I did one of cows in the Borghese so marvellous, that I destroyed it : I was afraid of being called the modern Paul Potter—Cows are very fond of being photographed, and, unlike architecture, don’t move.

I propose to go to Orvieto to-morrow. I have never seen it—and I must revisit Tivoli. How long I shall stay here I don’t know—a fortnight perhaps.

Write always to Cook’s.
Love to More and Reggie—

Ever yours

OSCAR

124. HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. 8 pp. 8vo. We omit about $2\frac{1}{4}$ pages of the MS. £36/-/-

XX Write to Paris.

Rome.

May 14th [1900].

Dearest Robbie.

You never write to me now—so I don’t know if it is worth while informing you of my movements.

However, I leave Rome to-morrow for Naples—thence by boat to Genoa—thence to Chambrey—where ——— awaits me, or should do so, with his automobile—and so to Paris—

I suppose one of us will arrive safe—I hope it will be me.

Rome has quite absorbed me. I must winter here—it is the only city of the Soul. I have been to Albano, and Nemi, and Tivoli—and seen much of Armand Point—who is really a dear fellow—gay and romantic—simple and intellectually subtle—with an inordinate passion for beauty in its most complete expression, and an inordinate love of life.

My photographs are now so good that in my moments of mental depression—(alas ! not rare), I think that I was intended to be a photographer—But I shake off the mood, and know that I was made for more terrible things, of which colour is an element.

. . . The cloister or the café—there is my future. I tried the Hearth, but it was a failure.

Ever yours

OSCAR

125. HERE FIRST PUBLISHED. 2 pp. 8vo. Printed in full. £5/5/-

My Dear Robbie—

My allowance comes due to-morrow—Wd. you send me an order on Cook's for £7.10—the other ten you can give to Smithers.

I never hear from you now. Do let me have some news.

If Cook's is a bore—wd. you ask Smithers to give you a cheque for £7.10—which I can cash at *Bett's*—

Yours

OSCAR

126. HERE FIRST PUBLISHED. 1 p. 8vo. Printed in full. £2/10/-

Hotel d'Alsace
[Paris, 1900].

My Dear Robbie—

Thank you very much : I will take care not to die on the wrong date—

Could you wire me £5 on account to-morrow ? I don't know when my allowance is really due—whether this week or the next.

Of course you will deduct your fiver from your cheque—but I am in great want of it.

Yours

OSCAR

127. HERE FIRST PUBLISHED. 4 pp. 8vo. Printed almost in full.

£12/-/-

Of course the cheque *at once*—
please.

[Paris]
Wednesday [August, 1900].

Dear Robbie—

Thanks so much for the photographs—you photograph nearly as well as I do. What an art it is ! Your only rival in titles is Rossetti.

Smithers appeared here with his new mistress—she is quite clean, and charmingly dressed.

We went to the Exhibition one night— — was with me. He doesn't like —. He tried to explain about you— : he is a pleasant, plausible, "ruffiano" : and one touch of comedy send morality and moralising sky-high—

I do hope you will get back yr. money. Smithers attributes his ruin to — — and — !

I dined with Vincent O'Sullivan last night : he was really very pleasant, for one who treats life from the standpoint of the tomb. He was much amused at my asking him where Walter Pollock was "taking" the whiskies and waters now ?

Please send me your cheque *at once* : pray do this.

Love to Reg.

Ever yours

OSCAR

128. HERE FIRST PUBLISHED. 4 pp. 8vo. Omissions of minor importance. £20/-/-

Grand Café
14, Boulevard des Capucines,
Paris

Saturday. Sept. 1 [1900].

[Printed heading.]

My Dear Robbie—

Thanks for the cheque. Your letter is very maddening—nothing about yourself: no details—and yet you know I love middle-class tragedies—and the little squabbles that build up family life in England—I have had delightful letters from you quite in the style of Jane Austen—You, I know, are the Cinderella of your family, and lead them all a dreadful life—like your Märchen-prototype—: you turned your dear mother's carriage into a pumpkin—and won't let your sisters wear your slippers—and always have the comfortable ingle-nook by the fire, except in summer, when you make poor Alec sit there.

The “— cure” was dull—but I got better—he is now in Paris with his slave ——— who like all slaves is most tyrannical—he and I, however, are great friends.

I think ——— is on the verge of acute melancholia—at present he has almost arrived at total abstinence—drinks and talks mineral waters. I like people who talk wine.

So ——— is in London: where is he staying? Do you think he has really spent all his money? It is a great pity if he has. How is dear More? and Reggie?

Paris is full of second-rate tourists—German and American are the only languages one hears. It is dreadful.

Yours

OSCAR

129. HERE FIRST PUBLISHED. 6 pp. 8vo. About one and a quarter pages of the MS. are omitted here. £25/-/-

[Printed heading]

Grand Café
14, Boulevard des Capucines
Paris

[Date torn out] [1900].

My Dear Robbie—

Thanks for the cheque—I enclose receipt—
I am horrified at what you tell me about ———: its impertinence, its coarseness, its lack of imagination: I should really write to him if I were you. He who seven times sought, and seven times received the blessing of the Holy Father, is not to be excommunicated by the withered eunuch of the Vatican ———. (By “He” I mean myself.)

It is a curious, and therefore natural thing, but I cannot stand Christians because they are never Catholics, and I cannot stand Catholics because they are never Christians—otherwise I am at one with the Indivisible Church—

By the way, I suppose the great revival of architecture, Gothic and Renaissance, was due simply to the fact that God found he could only live in temples made by hands : in the heart of man he could not live, he was not the first :

I have seen Maurice lately—we spent two evenings at the Exhibition. . . . He does odd jobs for Strong, and quarrels with him incessantly. . . .

From yr. silence about — my worst suspicions are confirmed : is it a sprightly lady-journalist who led him astray ? or was it one of those typical English women with their “ fatal gift of duty ” ?

— I have not seen for a week. I feel sure he will do nothing— . . . brandy, and betting monopolise his soul. He is really a miser : but his method of hoarding is spending : a new type.

Love to R.

Yours

OSCAR

130. HERE FIRST PUBLISHED. The last letter Wilde sent before his death. It was actually written on his death-bed, when he was too ill to write himself, and is dictated to and written down by his friend Maurice. The last few words and the signature are in Wilde's hand. 4 pp. 8vo. Printed in full. £50/-/-

Hotel d'Alsace
Rue des Beaux Arts
Paris

Wednesday [November 1900].

My Dear Robbie,

How could I have written to you during the last three months considering that I have been in bed since last Monday ? I am very ill & the doctor is making all kinds of experiments. My throat is a limekiln, my brain a furnace and my nerves a coil of angry adders.

I am apparently in much the same state as yourself.

Maurice—you remember Maurice—has kindly come to see me & I've shared all my medicines with him & shown him what little hospitality I can. We are both horrified to hear that —'s suspicions of you are quite justified. That & your being a Protestant make you terribly *unique* (I have told Maurice how to spell the last word as I was afraid that he might have used a word which often occurs in the Protestant bible).

Alec lunched with — & me one day & I lunched alone with him another. He was most friendly & pleasant & gave me a depressing account of you. I see that you like myself have become a *neurasthenic*. I have been so for four months quite unable to get out of bed till the afternoon, quite unable to write letters of any kind. My doctor has been trying to cure me

with arsenic and strychnine but without much success as I became poisoned through eating mussels. So you see what an exacting and tragic life I have been leading. Poisoning by mussels is very painful & when one has one's bath one looks like a leopard. Pray never eat mussels. As soon as I get well I'll write you a long letter, though your letter asking me to stay with you in Rome never reached me.

Thanks so much for the cheque—but yr. letter was really too horrid.

With love,

Ever yours

OSCAR

40 FIVE IMPORTANT AUTOGRAPH LETTERS, in Wilde's hand throughout, written about 1875, when he was touring in Italy. Accompanying the letters are four pages of original sketches by Wilde, illustrating the things he saw. There is also an envelope in the handwriting of his father: "Oscar. Letters from Milan, Padua, Venice, Verona. 1875." The original envelopes to Sir W. R. Wills Wilde and to Lady Wilde are also preserved. £200/-/-

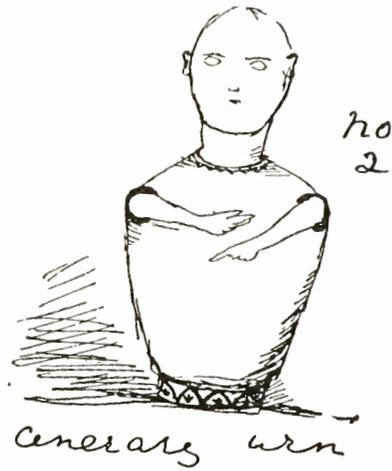
(1) ADDRESSED TO HIS FATHER. "Tuesday. Went in the morning to see S. Lorenzo, built in the usual Florentine way, cruciform; a long hall supported by Grecian pillars—a gorgeous dome in the centre and three aisles leading off it." There follows a detailed description of the Medici chapels, of various granite and porphyry sarcophagi, mentioning Michael Angelo's statues of Night and Morning, etc. "Then to the Bibliotheca Laurenziana . . . where I was shown wonderfully illuminated missals and unreadable MSS. and decorations—I remarked the extreme clearness of the initial letters in the Italian missals and Bibles, so different from those in the "Book of Kells" etc., which might stand for anything. The early illuminations are very beautiful in design and sentiment. . . . Then to the Etruscan Museum which is in the suppressed monastery of S. Onofico and most interesting." A detailed description of the entrance and the interior of the museum then follows. "In the evening we dined at a restaurant on top of S. Miniato. . . . Coming back I met just outside the Pitti Palace a wonderful funeral—a long procession of monks bearing torches, all in white and wearing a long linen veil over the faces. . . . They bore two coffins, and looked like those awful monks you see in pictures of the Inquisition. Mahaffy¹ is not come yet." The letter ends with a mention of the fêtes on the anniversary of Michael Angelo's birthday and a reference to local affairs at home. It is signed "Oscar O. F. W. Wilde", and there is a small sketch at the side of the signature. 4 pp. 8vo.

(2) THIS LETTER begins at page 2 with a description of some Etruscan statues. "There are also wonderful sarcophagi, which I have roughly drawn for you²—at the top a figure of the dead man or woman holding a plate containing the obol for paying the ferryman over Styx. Also extra-

¹ J. P. Mahaffy, with whom Wilde was at school.

² See No. 1 on the accompanying illustration.

Sarcophagus.



steel of seller
of lemonade & the
steel

IX. Facsimiles of drawings made by Wilde to illustrate the letter No. 40 (2).

ordinary jars with heads and arms—funeral, of course—I have drawn them.”¹ Further and more elaborate description of the 150 sarcophagi follows, but the letter is not signed. 2 pp. 8vo. 4 pp. 8vo. of drawings. (See illustration No. IX, p. 83.)

(3) THE ENVELOPE OF THIS LETTER, addressed to his mother, is preserved. From Milan. It is mostly cast in the form of a diary. “. . . Left Florence with much regret on Saturday night—passed through the Apennines—beautiful Alpine scenery—train runs on side of mountains—half way up. . . .” There follows a description of the mountain scenery and of Italian scenery generally. “Within four miles of Venice a complete change—a bleak bog—exactly like Bog of Allen only flatter—crossed over a big lagune on a bridge and arrived at Venice 7.30—seized on immediately by gondoliers and embarked with our luggage into a *black*, hearse-like barge—such as King Arthur was taken away in after the fatal battle—finally through long narrow canals we arrived at our hotel—which was in the great Piazza S. Marco, the only place in Venice except the Rialto any one walks in—plan of it [an elaborate plan is drawn showing the position of the hotel]. The Church of S. Marco is most gorgeous—a splendid Byzantine church—covered with gilding and mosaics, inside and out. . . . Splendid gates of bronze, everything glorious. Next to it the Doges’ Palace, which is beyond praise—inside, giant council chambers, the walls painted with frescoes by Titian of the great battles of the Venetians—the ceiling crossed by gilded beams and rich engilded carvings—rooms fit for the noble-looking, grave senators whose pictures are on the walls by Titian or Tintoretto. . . . Beneath all this greatness are the most dismal dungeons and torture rooms—most terrible. . . . Visited some of the islands off Venice—on one an Armenian monastery where Byron used to live—went to another S. Lido, a favourite place on Sunday, and had oysters and shrimps—returned home in the flood of a great sunset. Venice is a city just risen from the sea—a long line of crowded churches and palaces—everywhere white or gilded domes and tall campaniles—no OPENING in the whole city except at the Piazza S. Marco—a great *pink* sunset with a long line of purple thunder clouds behind the city—after dinner went to the theatre and saw a good circus—luckily a wonderful moon—we landed from our gondola . . . at the Lion of St. Mark. The scene was so romantic that [it] seemed to be an artistic scene from an opera—we sat on the base of the pillar—on one side of us the Doges’ Palace, on the other the king’s palace. Behind us the campanile—the water steps crowded with black gondolas—and a great flood of light coming right up to us across the water—every moment a black, silent gondola would glide across this great stream of light and be lost in the darkness.”

This letter is not signed. 2 pp. 8vo.

(4) FROM MILAN. “I believe you left me last looking at the moon from the Piazza St. Marco—with difficulty we tore ourselves away to the hotel.” There follows a description of a trip on the Grand Canal in a

¹ See No. 2 on the accompanying illustration.

gondola. "Stopped to see the picture gallery, which as usual was in a suppressed monastery—Titian and Tintoretto in great force, Titian's 'Assumption', certainly the best picture in Italy—Went to a lot of churches, all, however, in extravagant 'baroque' style, very rich in worked metal and polished marble and mosaic, but as a rule inartistic. . . . There are two great pictures—one a beautiful Madonna by Bellini, the other a picture of Dives and Lazarus by Bonfazio, containing the only *lovely* woman's face I have seen in Italy." Mentions a visit to a concert and criticizes the dress fashions. "After marriage, the Italian women degenerate awfully—but the boys and girls are beautiful—amongst married women the general types are 'Titians' and an ugly sallow likeness of Bettini. . . . Venice, in beauty of architecture and colour, is beyond description—it is the meeting-place of the Byzantine and Italian art . . . belonging to the *East* as much as to the West. . . . The cathedral—outside most elaborate in pinnacles and statues awfully out of proportion with the rest of the building—inside most impressive through its huge size and giant pillars supporting the roof—some good old stained glass and a lot of hideous modern windows—these moderns don't see that the use of a window in a church is to show a beautiful massing together and blending of colour—a good old window has the rich pattern of a Turkey carpet—the figures are quite subordinate and only serve to show the sentiment of the designer—a modern fresco style of window has *sua naturá* to compete with painting and of course looks monstrous and theatrical—the cathedral is an awful failure—outside the design is monstrous and inartistic—the over-elaborated details stuck high up where no one can see them—everything is vile in it. It is, however, imposing and gigantic as a failure." Mentions a visit to the Baptistry at Padua and the great frescoes of Giotto. Describes the beautiful ceiling. "Of the beauty and purity of sentiment, the clear transparent colour, bright as the day it was painted on, the harmony of the whole building, I am unable to tell you. He is the first of all painters. . . . Padua is a quaint town with good colonnades along each street, a university like a barracks, one charming church (S. Anastasie) and a lot of bad ones, and the best restaurant in Italy." Mentions witnessing a performance of *Hamlet* in Verona. Mentions the market-place: "filled with the most gigantic umbrellas I ever saw—like young palm trees—under which sat fruit-sellers". Visits the Ambrosian Library. Mentions the fine manuscripts and palimpsests and a Bible with Irish glosses of the sixth or seventh century. Prefers Raffaele's drawings to his pictures, and mentions some Holbeins and Dürers, also Correggios and Peruginos. "The gem of the whole collection is a lovely Madonna by Bernardino, standing among a lot of trellised roses that Morris and Rossetti would love. Another by him we saw in the library with background of lilies. Milan is a second Paris . . . all the town white stone and gilding. . . . Had some good wine of Asti like good cider or sweet champagne. In the evening went to see a new opera *Dolores* by a young maestro called Auberi. A good imitation of Bellini in some parts, some pretty rondos—but its general character

was inharmonious shouting—however, the frantic enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds—every five minutes a terrible furore—yelling of bravas from every part of the house—followed by a frantic rush of all the actors for the composer, who was posted at the side scenes ready to rush out on the slightest symptom of approval—a weak looking creature who placed his grimy hand on a shady looking shirt to show his emotion, fell on the prima donna's neck in ecstasy, and blew kisses to us all. He came out no less than nineteen times—and finally three crowns were brought out, one of which, a great laurel one with green ribbons, was clapped on his head, and as his head was so very narrow it rested partly on a very large angular nose and partly on his grimy shirt collar.” A thumb-nail sketch of the composer is included in the letter. The letter goes on to say that his companions will continue their journey, but as he had no money he was obliged to leave them. The letter is signed “Oscar”. 8 pp. 8vo.

(5) A SHORT NOTE, stating that he will be in Paris on Monday and has two pounds and has had only one letter from his mother and one from his father since he left, but supposes there are some in Florence. “If there is no money at Paris for me I will not know what to do, but I feel sure there will be the genial five pounds. . . .” The letter is signed: “Yours ever, Oscar O. F. Wilde”.

41 FRAGMENT FROM AN AUTOGRAPH LETTER to Frank Harris, in Wilde's hand throughout. 12 pages. The beginning, the end and a portion of the middle of the letter, which probably extended to a further 12 pages, are missing, and a small piece is torn from the first part of this letter. A tragic and pathetic letter written from Paris in 1900. £50/-/-

“Smithers goes privately to you and blackmails you out of £100. If my agreement with Smithers is worth the paper it is written on, it belongs to the Official Receiver. Smithers has no more right to it than Robbie Ross or Reggie Turner. . . . Smithers told Robbie Ross a month ago that he was going to ‘blackmail’ you. The word was Smithers' own. Robbie thought it was a joke and was astounded last night to find you had fallen into the trap. . . . If you have a good solicitor . . . he . . . will be able to make this wretch Smithers disgorge without the Receiver hearing anything of the matter. . . . I don't suppose I shall get much of what he owes me out of Smithers, 6d. in the pound possibly. . . . On September 26 you signed an agreement promising ‘to pay within a week’ from that date the sum of £175. . . . You had left your cheque book in London but would send me a cheque on your return. . . .”

The manuscript is interrupted here, but goes on :

“Twice a day a surgeon comes to dress my wounds, which are not yet healed . . . the doctor calls every second day. My bill at the chemist is £35 and my expenses and debts amount to about £200. . . . I [am] almost literally without a penny, torturing myself . . . into a state of fever trying to raise small sums of money. . . . I would have been well a

fortnight ago had you kept your word to me. . . . I rarely sleep, I have taken so much morphine that it has no more effect on me than water. Chloral and opium are the only things the doctor can think of, as the surgeon declines to allow any subcutaneous injections. . . . All this, my dear Frank, is due to you. . . . Did you really intend to pay me within the week? . . . Had you really forgotten your cheque book in London? It is difficult to imagine you living in Paris in the style and luxury that you like and are accustomed to without a cheque book. . . . When did the idea of trying to make *me*, of all people, responsible for Smithers' blackmailing occur to you? . . . Had Smithers tried it on with me he would have had a very smart rejoinder and some good advice, but he was cautious enough to enter me in his statement of affairs as one of his creditors. . . . Smithers some time ago got me to sign a paper entitling him to receive on my behalf a sum of money that was coming to me. . . . He said I was not businesslike and that it would be a pleasure for him to look after my affairs. . . . I fell into the trap . . . and since I signed the document I have heard nothing from Smithers except that I am among his creditors. . . . [As I] am alive and cased neither in lead nor deal, as dead king or dead pauper, let us bury the horrible past. . . . I owe about £180. . . . It is due to doctors, surgeons, chemists, . . . the hotel itself, whose bill will be enormous. . . . You owe me . . . £125 . . . that makes £150. . . ." Here the fragment ends.

A.L.S. One page, small 8vo. Undated but on Tite St. mourning note-paper. 42
£8/10/-

"Dear Mrs. Humphrey. Will you call in. Do you understand?" Signed in full. Accompanying this short note is an A.L.S., 3½ pp. 8vo, from Mrs. Wilde, addressed to the same, also undated, on the Albemarle Club paper, explaining the brief note. It refers to a resolution passed by the Rational Dress Society, asking Mrs. Humphrey to write a short article on the subject of Rational Dress for the *R. D. Gazette*. "I see by your note to my husband that you are very busy, but this of course will not take up so much time as the duke's wedding did on Wednesday . . . call and see our dépôt . . . [the] rational bodices are certainly worth seeing."

A PORTION OF A LETTER addressed from Paris, Hotel Voltaire, to "Dear Mrs. Moore", thanking her for an invitation to Rome, but saying that he is deep in literary work and cannot leave Paris until he has finished two plays [*Salomé* and *Earnest*]. "This sounds ambitious, but we live in an age of inordinate personal ambition, and I am determined that the world shall understand me, so I will now, along with my art work, devote to the drama a great deal of my time. The drama seems to me to be the meeting place of art and life." Here the letter ends. 18 lines. £4/10/-

A SHORT DRAFT OF A LETTER in French addressed from the Hotel Voltaire, Paris, sending a copy of *Poems*, 1881, to the author of *La Faustine*. 7 lines, ending abruptly in the middle of a sentence. £2/10/-

- 45 A SHORT NOTE of three lines, refusing to act as best man. £2/2/-
- 46 A FRAGMENT of five lines. "You will be glad to hear my catalogue is a great success : they have recognised my hand, of course : I couldn't help it—everybody talks of it : it is a masterpiece, though I say it myself :"
£3/3/-
- 47 A LIST OF NAMES OF FRIENDS in Wilde's hand, apparently the names of those who were to have presentation copies of one of his books, probably *Ballad of Reading Gaol*. There is a short list headed "Large", and a larger list headed "Small". Among the former are Robbie [Ross], Reggie [Turner], Bosie [Lord Alfred Douglas]. Among the latter Lewis Waller, Vincent O'Sullivan, Ernest Dowson, "Frankie" [Harris], Toulouse Lautrec, André Gide, etc. 1 p. 8vo. £3/10/-
- 48 FRAGMENT OF THE DRAFT OF A LETTER, probably written to Lady Wilde from Italy, with several marginal sketches, including an attempt at a self-portrait. 2 pp. 8vo. £5/5/-
- The letter describes an Italian island. "What strikes one is extreme age—& the twisted broken writing in pain & such as Gustave Doré and loved to draw. . . ."
- 49 AN ORIGINAL PEN-AND-INK SKETCH of an open door or window probably intended to illustrate a letter written to Lady Wilde from Italy. Measures $2\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ ins. Drawn in the top left-hand corner of a foolscap sheet. £2/2/-
- 50 ROSS (Robert). AN EXTREMELY IMPORTANT AND INTERESTING A.L.S. addressed to More Adey. 7 pp. 4to., closely written. Undated. Written while Wilde was in prison, and describing a visit to him. The italics represent passages underlined in the original. £10/-/-

"I went yesterday to Reading and met Sherard at Paddington. . . . [He] seemed anxious that the third person in the railway carriage should know on what mission we were bent. . . . After lunch we walked to the prison. A polite warder escorted us to the usual hutch and locked us in. We had to wait a considerable time. . . . Then Oscar appeared. He is much thinner and is now clean-shaven, so that his emaciated condition is more apparent. His face is dull brick colour (I fancy from working in the sun in the garden), his eyes are horribly vacant. I noticed he had lost a great deal of hair. . . . He always had great quantities of thick hair, but there is now a bald patch on the crown. It is also streaked with white and grey. . . . The remarkable part of the interview was that Oscar hardly talked at all, except to ask if there was any chance of his being let out, what the attitude of the press and public would be, as to whether any of the present government would be favourably disposed towards him. . . . He said he had nothing to say and wanted to hear *us* talk. That, as you know, is very unlike Oscar. . . . *He is not allowed pencil or paper.* . . . The chaplain is a nice, kind fellow, but he only sees him for a few minutes *once a month.* . . . Perhaps he will write to me or to his wife, but wishes to

hear from me. . . . Asked, 'Did we think his brain seemed all right?' . . . found Greek and Latin writers gave him a headache . . . could only read a little, had read everything else in library several times. [When pressed by me several times to mention the sort of books he would like, he replied] 'Chaucer, prose translation of Dante, Pater's new book (of which I had spoken) and some large volume of Elizabethan dramatist or dramatists' (all this extracted with difficulty). . . . Asked how he felt generally, he said in a half-aside low voice, 'They treat me cruelly.' I think he referred to his food. He added as if for the benefit of the warder, 'I have only been in infirmary two days since I was at Reading.' . . . Asked if he had seen his wife lately he said, 'No', but believed she was coming soon. . . . He seemed to take no interest in literary or artistic news that we told him, but seemed to talk to himself while we did so. He remained so silent that there were several awkward pauses. . . . I do *not* think they treat him badly. Of course, he does not get enough to eat for a person of his build, but I firmly and honestly believe, apart from all prejudice, that he is simply wasting and pining away. . . . I believe that any one who knew him at all in former days . . . and who visited him for an hour as a purely scientific subject, as the result of hard labour on certain constitutions, would arrive at the same conclusion. Of course, he would have to conceal from Oscar that his visit was actuated by anything save friendly interest, otherwise Oscar would hastily assume one of his hundred artificial manners which he has for every person and every occasion, even when broken as he is now. Each person has his view as to what constitutes a decayed mind, but if I was asked about Oscar before a commission I should say that 'confinement, apart from all labour or treatment, had made him temporarily SILLY'. That is the mildest word that will describe my meaning. If asked whether he was going to die, 'it seems quite possible within the next few months, even if his constitution remained unimpaired'. . . . I should be less surprised to hear of dear Oscar's death than of Aubrey Beardsley's, and you know what he looks like. . . . On coming into the courtyard of the prison the very civil warder whispered to us that the two men in the middle were the governor and the doctor respectively. . . . I suddenly had to choose which I should approach. . . . I decided to attack the governor, drew out a card and sent the warder [with] a polite message requesting the favour of a few minutes' conversation. Isaacson is a Jew, tall and not unlike the headmaster of a public school. He at first was haughty and impatient, but became quite polite and amiable after a few minutes. Of course, I got nothing out of him, but he impressed me favourably. . . . I told him I was anxious about Oscar's mental condition and general health . . . Isaacson replied, 'that every man over forty was something of a doctor and that he . . . considered Oscar was doing as well as could be expected. . . . That naturally Oscar felt the imprisonment more than another man, who had not had his education and way of life. That if Oscar was ill we should be told of it, that he would see the doctor every day if he liked, and every care was taken of him, etc.' While we

were talking the doctor was snuffing and shuffling about, making impatient gestures. About thirty wretched convicts were scraping the walls of the courtyard and scrubbing the stone, and through an open door I saw the cause of the revolting stench that I noticed when I went to the prison, and it was worse on this occasion—great coils of tarred rope for making into oakum. . . .” Signed “Always yours devotedly, Robbie”.

- 51 ROSS (Robert). A VERY IMPORTANT LETTER of the greatest interest, being probably the last written to Wilde before his death in Paris. It is dated (in Millard's hand), 27 November 1900. Wilde died on the 30th November. It is extremely unlikely that he ever saw this letter. 2 pp. 8vo. £7/7/-

He tells Wilde his expected movements (he was interrupted in a foreign tour with his mother to attend Wilde's funeral). “I hope that with the new century Frank Harris is going to turn over—at least a new cheque in your favour, and I somehow feel that if you had ever known my undistinguished uncle, ‘an Angel in the Irvingite Church’, you would, in spite of this disadvantage, have felt very much as you do now. Seriously, you must not get too depressed. Things are sure to come right, and remember, violent letters, though justifiable in every way, are of no use in the present case.” Signed, “Always your devoted Robbie”.

- 52 ROSS (Robert). THE ORIGINAL TYPESCRIPT, with numerous corrections in the author's hand, of a speech which he made at the dinner given in his honour at the Ritz Hotel, December 1908, on the occasion of the publication of Methuen's first collected edition of the works. Also a printed plan of the tables showing those present. 6 pp. 4to. £3/3/-

An interesting and amusing speech, which has not been published.

- 53 TURNER (Reginald). A.L.S. 2 pp. 4to., closely written. Undated. Addressed to Millard. £3/3/-

Referring to the date of Wilde's release from prison. States that he has found a telegram from Wilde to Ross which unquestionably dates Wilde's release. He gives the text of the telegram, and discusses the history of the *De Profundis* manuscript in a very interesting way. Mentions Wilde's visit to Naples in 1897 and says that an Italian friend of his is convinced that he has bought the villa in which Wilde lived there. He says he is thinking of having Wilde's letters to him typewritten and of sending a copy to Millard, *not* for publication. He also thinks of writing his account of Wilde's last days, “As I have my diary of that year and was the only person with him the last week of his life”.

- 54 MATURIN (C. R.). A.L.S. dated 1819, addressed to Henry Colburn, the publisher, sending extracts from three acts of a play and advising him not to include them in his magazine. 1 p. 8vo. £3/3/-

Maturin was Wilde's great-uncle and the author of the novel *Melmoth the Wanderer* from which Wilde took his pseudonym, Sebastian Melmoth, after his release from prison.

RICKETTS (Charles). THREE AUTOGRAPH CARDS, signed, and a small sketch. 55
£1/10/-

(1) Addressed to Robert Ross, sympathising with him in the trouble which has come on him. "The nightmare of persecution will soon be over. . . . It will have its compensation in the genuine affection of your friends, who know what a good . . . and . . . entirely excellent chap you are." (2) Addressed to the same. Asking him to write to him in Cairo and telling him where he may find his will and private papers should anything happen to him. (3) A note to the *Burlington* refusing to write an article. (4) A tiny thumbnail sketch in pencil on a piece cut from one of Messrs. Sotheby's catalogues, intended to portray a rough idea of the *Portrait of Mr. W. H.* In the sale of effects at Tite Street there was a picture described as an old painting on a wood panel of Mr. Will Hews. This was actually the work of Ricketts, and this thumbnail sketch was made for Millard when he was preparing his bibliography.

A COLLECTION OF A.L.S. addressed to Robert Ross, Millard, etc. £2/2/- 56

(1) FROM ROSS TO MILLARD. 1 p. 8vo. 1917. Referring to a book of Coulson Kernahan's. "Though he is very charming about Oscar, I fear he quite misunderstood Oscar's humour." (2) FROM LAURENCE BINYON TO ROBERT ROSS, stating that George Calderon is thinking of writing a Revue and wonders if Ross would like to collaborate. States that Calderon is not a person who would discredit Ross, and says he is writing a pantomime with him. 2 pp. 8vo. (3) FROM COULSON KERNAHAN TO MILLARD, thanking him for a criticism of his book. 2 pp. 4to. (4) THREE T.L.S. FROM PUBLISHERS TO MILLARD referring to his *Wilde Bibliography*. (5) A SHORT A.L.S. FROM J. C. SQUIRE. (6) TO SIR WILLIAM WILDE FROM W. CARLETON. Congratulating him on his knighthood and referring to Lady Wilde and her work. (7) TO ROBERT ROSS FROM TEXEIRA DE MATTOS, referring to a book. 2 pp. 8vo. (8) FORBES ROBERTSON. A short note giving some details of his tour. 1 p. 8vo. (9) UNSIGNED. Addressed "My dear Sphinx", requesting a call on a friend. 2 pp. 8vo. (10) FROM ANDREW LANG TO STUART MASON. A note. 1 p. 8vo.

FOUR AUTOGRAPH LETTERS addressed to Wilde at various times. 57
£2/10/-

(1) FROM HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE. 3½ pp. 8vo. Dated from His Majesty's Theatre, 17th February 1900. Referring to fees for the performance of *A Woman of No Importance* and saying that he had asked George Alexander to send on some other fees. "I am indeed glad, and we shall all be, to know that you are determined to resume your dramatic work, for no one did such distinguished work as you. It has been rumoured that you had already finished some play, but I suppose that was not true. I do most sincerely hope that good luck may come to you and that your splendid talents may shine forth again. I have a lively remembrance of

your many acts of kindness and courtesy and was one of those who devoutly hoped that misfortune would not submerge you."

(2) FROM GENEVIEVE WARD. 1880. Saying that she has read *Vera* and would like to tell Wilde what she thinks about it.

(3) FROM SOMEONE SIGNING "DOC". Dated 1878. To "My dearest Oscar", sending him back his overcoat. "By the time you might have recollected it its fashion might have changed." Referring to the possibility of his brother Willie's becoming Lord Chancellor and to Wilde himself becoming a cardinal. "While Your Eminence is preparing to fit the red hat on your sacred head . . . Ma asks why I did not go down to hear you read your Newdigate poem, but when I thought of the innumerable other and more important demands on your time and attention I got fairly cowed." 4 pp. 8vo.

(4) FROM E. K. SPEED, a reputed descendant of Keats. Written from Louisville. Referring to Wilde's visit and her pleasure in showing him the manuscripts of Keats' poetry. 4 pp. 8vo.

58 A LARGE COLLECTION OF A.L.S. addressed to Wilde during his lecture tour in Canada and the United States, 1882. £5/5/-

(1) AUTOGRAPH LETTER from W. F. Morse, addressed from New York, on notepaper headed *Oscar Wilde's Lecture Tour in America*, 1882, etc. Addressed to Wilde announcing arrangements for lectures in Kansas City and in California, the terms 60 per cent of the gross takings with a minimum guarantee of 200 dollars per night to be paid in advance, and return fares for three to California. Ten lectures as a minimum, eighteen at most. In the event of failure, the return trip to be made through Canada. Asking him to sign 100 proofs of an etching of himself. 4 pp. 8vo. (2) LETTER to W. F. Morse from G. B. Ramsden. Dated 1883. Booking a passage from London to America. (3) MEMORANDUM OF DIRECTIONS in Baltimore, giving instructions who is to pay Mr. Wilde's expenses and what is to be excepted. Stating that he is to have good rooms; and in places where he must see callers to have private sitting rooms. Permitting him to have meals in his room and agreeing to fit up the stage as he requires. Returns to be made after each lecture, and Wilde to be permitted to draw money whenever he desires. 4 pp. 8vo. (4) A COLLECTION OF AUTOGRAPH LETTERS from friends and admirers, including three from "Uncle Sam". 1882. Inviting him to sight-seeing in New York and discussing his lectures. One addressed to "My dear Charmides". (5) FROM A CORRESPONDENT, giving details of Sarah Bernhardt's reception in New York, 1881. (6) FROM W. B. FITTS expressing his pleasure that Wilde will contribute to *The North American Review*. 3 pp. 8vo. (7) A LETTER addressed to the editor of *The New York Herald*, championing Wilde against an attack made upon him in that paper. 2 pp. 8vo. Boston, 1882. (8) FROM A BOSTON AGENT, inviting him to compete in a literary competition. 1885. 1 p. 8vo. (9) FROM

THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR, Alverston, sending him his report of Wilde's lecture. 3½ pp. 8vo. 1884. (10) FROM G. BECKWITH, introducing a friend. Addressing Wilde as "Cher Maître". 1884. 2 pp. 8vo. (11) FROM A CORRESPONDENT in St. Louis who says she is engaged in making an historical quilt and asking him for a scrap of one of his neckties as a contribution. 3 pp. 8vo. (12) FROM COLUMBUS, 1882. Thanking Wilde for a present of a book on Fret-cutting and Carving. 2 pp. 8vo. (13) FROM HENRY ABBEY. Thanking him for a presentation copy of his poems. 1882. 2 pp. 8vo. (14) FROM S. WOOD. Enclosing manuscript of his poem on Aestheticism. 2 pp. 8vo. 1882. (15) FROM A POTTER, sending Wilde a pair of vases as a tribute to the effect of Wilde's lectures on the sale of underglazed pottery. 1883. 2 pp. 8vo. (16) A CHARMING LETTER FROM A CHILD to whom Wilde had sent his photograph, describing games played with other boys and with his sister, asking Wilde to come again and promising to take him to the top of Bunker's Hill and to recite a poem for him. 1882. 1½ pp. 8vo. (17) FROM A JEWELLER, acknowledging the receipt of 120 dollars in payment for a pin. 1882. 2 pp. 8vo. (18) A DISAGREEABLE LETTER from A. Forbes, attacking Wilde for going to America and stating that his aim is purely mercenary, and threatening to print the whole correspondence in a New York paper. 3 pp. 8vo. 1882. (19) FROM THE PRINCIPAL OF THE LAKEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL. Asking Wilde to address the pupils. 2 pp. 4to. (20) FROM A MAN who attended his lecture, saying that Wilde teaches a gospel which "will have a better effect than the foundation of a cotton factory". 2 pp. 8vo. (21) NUMEROUS OTHER LETTERS from persons attending his lectures and people asking him to contribute to symposia, etc., etc., etc., also box-office statements and returns on the tour in Canada of *A Woman of No Importance*.

A COLLECTION OF 50 AUTOGRAPH LETTERS addressed to Oscar Wilde, of 59 various dates. 1876-98. £7/10/-

(1) FROM D. HUNTER BLAIR. Addressed from London. [1878.] Saying he is coming up to Oxford for a couple of days, inviting himself to dinner in Hall and saying he is going to Rome. 3 pp. 8vo. (2) FROM J. E. C. BODLEY. [1876.] Commiserating with Wilde on the death of his father. 4 pp. small 8vo. (3) FROM EDMUND YATES. 1880. Saying he would like to use a poem of Wilde's in *The World*. 1 p. 8vo. (4) FROM L. MONTEFIORE. 1878. Congratulating him on winning the Newdigate. 1 p. 8vo. (5) FROM S. FLETCHER. [1878.] On the same. Asking Wilde to tell Pater of their arrival in Oxford. (6) FROM THE REV. H. S. BARDEN, 1878. A pious letter, referring to an interview with Wilde at which Wilde apparently unburdened himself to this priest. Urging him to become a Catholic, and inviting him to another talk on Thursday. The letter closes: "In the meantime pray hard and talk little". 4 pp. 8vo. (7) A MANUSCRIPT POEM, undated, signed C. F. G., entitled *The Green Door*, "To Oscar Wilde". 3 pp. 4to. (8) FROM CLAIRE DE

PRATZ. Conveying an invitation. Undated. 2 pp. 8vo. (9) A NOTE FROM CHARLES WYNDHAM on an envelope. Undated. (10) A MANUSCRIPT POEM by Michael Roba in French. *Quelques sonnets pour le maître*. 18 stanzas. 2 pp. 8vo. (11) ANOTHER POEM from the same hand, but signed "Jean Michael au maître". 16 stanzas. In French. (12) FROM EDWIN LEVY. 1883. Asking to see him. 1 p. 8vo. (13) FROM F. L. BENEDICT, addressed from New York, 1882. Sending one of his books, and promising to send others "decently bound". 4 pp. 8vo. (14) FROM ELSIE DE WOLFE. [? 1892.] Referring to his idea for a new play, and to the treatment of the American Girl in it. Proposing to produce this play in Chicago next year at Hooley's Theatre. Stressing the advantages of her doing the play, mentioning other plays that she has done. Saying she can pay no advance. Criticizing the American drama. 7 pp. 8vo. (15) AN AMUSING LETTER FROM F. GILES. 1895. Asking for seats for *An Ideal Husband* on the ground that his father was coachman to Wilde's father-in-law and drove Wilde and his wife on their wedding day. 2 pp. 8vo. (16) TO MRS. WILDE, regretting inability to accept an invitation. (17) FROM T. W. APPLETON. Dated from London, 1884. Making suggestions for producing a play and complaining that he is short of capital. Asking Wilde to lend him two or three pounds to enable him to do it. 4 pp. 8vo. (18) FROM T. SERRAO. Rome, 1892. Asking for the manuscript of *Lady Windermere's Fan* for translation. 1 p. 4to. (19) FROM A. H. PICKERING. Rosbury, Mass., 1890. Congratulating him on *Dorian Gray* and asking him what was the book Lord Harry lent Dorian. 3 pp. 8vo. (20) FROM THE ALBEMARLE CLUB. 1890. Acknowledging the receipt of his subscription. 1½ pp. 8vo. (21) FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE PEN AND PENCIL CLUB, asking to have the pleasure of entertaining him as the guest of the club. Undated. 2 pp. 8vo. (22) SIGNATURE ILLEGIBLE. 1877. Discussing Greek verse. 3½ pp. 8vo. (23) FROM AGNES SEYMOUR. Undated. Inviting him to meet some friends. 1 p. 8vo. (24) FROM J. E. ROGERS, asking him to send back a scenario and some books. Undated. 1 p. 8vo. (25) FROM ST. CLAIR BADDELEY. Asking for the return of some books. 1883. 1 p. 8vo. (26) FROM C. D. NICHOLSON. Palermo, 1898. Detailing his movements in Italy. (27) FROM A. L. ROBERTS. Inviting him to stay and anticipating seeing his name in the Honours List at the university. Undated. 4 pp. small 8vo. (28) A MANUSCRIPT POEM, 4 stanzas, by Ernest Lajeunesse. (29) A SOLICITOR'S LETTER asking for the payment of an account. 1894. 1 p. 8vo. (30) FROM R. I. FRENCH. Hoping to meet him in Dublin. Undated. 3 pp. 8vo. (31) FROM N. A. DE BOVEY. 1894. In French. Inviting him to tea. 1 p. 8vo. (32) FROM H. P. COLSON. 1894. Asking him to get the writer appointed musical director of the Haymarket Theatre. 3 pp. 8vo. (33) FROM C. D. LUCAS. 1894. Asking his opinion of the proposed reform of the House of Lords. 2 pp. 8vo. (34) FROM R. DE CORDOVA. 1894. Asking him for a part in his new play. 2 pp. 8vo. (35) FROM E.

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 (a) Undated. Commencing "Oh Dear Heart" and making a violent attack on Frank Harris for his criticism of her to her husband. 4 pp. 8vo.
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 (d) Referring to an agreement which she wants Wilde to send to an agent. 2½ pp. 8vo.
 (2) FROM HIS FATHER, SIR WILLIAM WILDE, dated from Dublin, 1874, referring to some money which he expects from Maturin, his uncle, author of *Melmoth the Wanderer*, and saying that he proposed to divide the amount and credit Oscar with his share, £315. 2½ pp. 8vo.
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A FOLDER containing a mass of correspondence between Millard and 61
American booksellers, publishers, etc., with reference to the compilation of Stuart Mason's compendious bibliography of Wilde. When one sees the care and detail with which Millard verified the smallest and obscurest mention of Wilde, and the elaborate precautions he took to compare various editions, the wonder is not that the compilation of the bibliography occupied ten years, but that it was possible ever to complete it at all. Many interesting facts transpire which, being non-bibliographical, were not used. 10/6

Also included are two A.L.S. (one in French and one in English) from R. d'Humières to Ross, referring to French rights of translation.

A FOLDER containing correspondence and copies of letters referring mainly 62
to the confiscation of pirated editions of Wilde's works. Also a letter from a solicitor giving counsel's opinion, and a printed circular issued to the book trade. A copy of *The Revue Bleue, Août, 1917*, with an article on Tree by Ross. 5/-

KELLY (R. J.). A closely written 4 pp. 8vo., A.L.S., and another to him, 63
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A STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT made out to Wilde in January 1872 for 64
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- 68 *Idem.* Another copy, one of 75 numbered copies on Jap vellum, signed. £2/10/-
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- 71 **AFTER READING. AFTER BERNEVAL.** 2 vols. 8vo. Original wrappers. New York, 1921. £30/-/-
 (Not in S.M.)
 The American copyright issue, of which only 23 copies were printed. The text is considerably less expurgated than Beaumont's. One volume precedes Beaumont, the other is published later.
- 72 **AFTER READING. AMERICAN ISSUE.** A set of corrected galley proofs of the first volume, of which only 23 copies were printed for copyright purposes. This volume contains all the letters in Beaumont's edition, but they are here printed much more fully, and some are included which were omitted from Beaumont's edition. £15/15/-
 Also included is a long correspondence between Millard and Paul R. Reynolds, the New York publisher, the long correspondence from Wilde's son concerning deletions, alterations, and corrections in the preparation of

these volumes. There is a letter from More Adey identifying various people mentioned, a letter from a solicitor, two corrected typescripts of the preface, and the draft agreement with Beaumont for the publication of the books.

- Idem.* LETZTE BRIEFE. Deutsch von Max Meyerfeld. FIRST EDITION. 73
8vo. New. Berlin. 1925. £1/1/-
(Not in S.M.) A translation of *After Reading* and *After Berneval* from the American copyright edition, a less expurgated text than Beaumont's. Presentation copy to Millard from the translator, with T.L.S. from the publisher.
- THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL. FIRST EDITION. 1898. £30/-/- 74
(S.M. 371.)
On the verso of the half-title is a six-line inscription, in the author's hand, presenting the volume to H. W. Massingham, and dated Naples, Feb. '98. The book was published on Feb. 8, 1898. Eight hundred copies were printed.
- Idem.* FOURTH EDITION. Fair copy. 1898. 5/- 75
(S.M. 375.)
Rubber stamp on title.
- Idem.* In *The Goose-Quill*. No. 1. Cloth, wrappers bound in. Chicago, 1901. 76
10/6
(Not in S.M.)
- Idem.* FIRST CHEAP EDITION. Wrappers. 1910. Large bookplate. 5/- 77
(S.M. 379.)
With a few notes in Millard's hand, and a T.L.S. from the publisher referring to proofs of this edition.
- Idem.* (S.M. 379.) 3/6 77A
- Idem* and DORIAN GRAY, in two modern Greek periodicals. 3/6 78
(Not in S.M.) Translations into modern Greek.
- BALLADES AND RONDEAUS, edited by Gleeson White. FIRST EDITION. 79
16mo. 1887. 4/6
(Not in S.M.) Includes *Heraclitus* by Wilde.
- THE BEST OF OSCAR WILDE. Being a collection of the Best Poems and 80
Prose Extracts. Collected by Oscar Hermann. Illustrated by F. Ehrlich.
FIRST EDITION. Narrow 8vo. Avon Press. New York. N.D. [1905].
£1/5/-
(S.M. 640.) Only 200 numbered copies were printed.
- CHAMELEON. Vol. I, Number 1. (All published.) [Edited by J. F. Bloxam.] 81
FIRST AND ONLY EDITION. Small 4to. Wrappers. Very fine copy.
[1894.] £12/10/-
(S.M. 11.) It was a tremendous misfortune for Wilde that he allowed

himself to be persuaded into contributing to this rather puerile publication. *Phrases and Philosophies for the Use of the Young* appeared here for the first time. The magazine also contained *The Priest and the Acolyte*, a slightly poisonous production with which Queensberry's counsel made great play at the trial. Despite Wilde's indignant denials, counsel succeeded in planting damaging innuendoes in the minds of the jury by continual reference to this magazine, and especially to the particular story which is still generally, though wrongly, considered to be by Wilde. One hundred numbered copies of the magazine were printed on handmade paper, and copies are now very difficult to obtain, especially in new condition like the one here catalogued.

- 82 CHARMIDES AND OTHER POEMS. 2 vols. Post 8vo. Wrappers, with the Bibliography label. [1913.] 10/6
(S.M. 565.) Two sets of proofs of Methuen's shilling edition.
- 83 DE PROFUNDIS. FIRST ISSUE OF THE FIRST EDITION. Fine copy. 1905. £1/5/-
(Not in S.M.)
With advertisements at the end, dated February 1905. The earliest issue described in S.M. is March 1905.
- 84 *Idem.* Another copy with advertisements, dated March 1905. £1/5/-
(S.M. 388.)
- 85 *Idem.* Portrait after the etching by J. E. Kelly. FIRST AMERICAN EDITION. Fine copy. 1905. 10/6
(S.M. 402.)
- 85A *Idem.* Second impression. Small book-plate. 1905. (S.M. 403.) 5/-
- 85B *Idem.* Sixth impression. 1905. (S.M. 407.) 5/-
- 85C *Idem.* Sixth impression. 1905. (S.M. 407.) 7/6
With a typed letter from the publisher to Robert Ross, referring to the book.
- 86 *Idem.* THE SUPPRESSED PORTION OF DE PROFUNDIS. Now for the first time published by Robert Ross. 8vo. Original boards, a fine copy. New York, 1913. £120/-/-
(S.M. 419.) Fifteen copies only were printed to secure the American copyright. The text consists of those portions of the original manuscript which were not included in Methuen's edition of 1909. This is the only form in which the full text is available. The original MS. is in the British Museum, but is not shown to visitors. (See illustration No. X, p. 101.)
- 87 *Idem.* In the *Cornhill Booklet* for October. 1914. Wrappers. Fine copy. 10/6
(Not in S.M.) Contains a few of the suppressed passages.
- 88 *Idem.* CLAMAVI AD TE . . . SUIVI D'UN CHOIX DE PENSÉES. Traduction de C. Georges-Bazile. FIRST AND ONLY EDITION. Wrappers. Fine copy. Paris, 1925. £2/2/-

(Not in S.M.)

Presentation copy from the translator to Stuart Mason. This includes a translation of parts of the suppressed portion of *De Profundis*, and was withdrawn within a few days of publication.

THE SUPPRESSED PORTION
OF
“DE PROFUNDIS”

By OSCAR WILDE

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME PUBLISHED
BY HIS LITERARY EXECUTOR
ROBERT ROSS



PAUL R. REYNOLDS
NEW YORK
1913.

X. *Title-page of No. 86.*

Idem. EPISTOLA IN CARCERE ET VINCULIS. 8vo. New. Berlin, 1925. 89

(Not in S.M.) Parts of the unpublished portion of *De Profundis* in German, translated by Max Meyerfeld. Presentation copy from the translator to Stuart Mason, with an A.L.S. 15/-

- 90 *Idem.* A French translation by Henry-D. Davray. Including some passages from the suppressed portion. Wrappers. Fine copy. Paris, 1926. 10/6
(Not in S.M.)
With A.L.S. (3 pp. 4to, with envelope) from the translator to Millard.
- 91 *Idem.* FIRST ISSUE in the Modern Library. With an introductory essay by Frank Harris. First issue of this edition. Limp leather. New York, 1926. 5/-
(Not in S.M.)
- 92 DER AMERIKANER. Folio. Berlin, 1914. 2/6
(See S.M. 15.)
A translation of an anonymous essay from *The Court and Society Review*, April 13, 1887. The above is a supplement to the *Berliner Tageblatt*.
- 93 DUCHESS OF PADUA. 8vo. Original buckram. As new, in jacket. 1908. £3/3/-
(S.M. 420.) THE FIRST ISSUE of Methuen's collected edition. With a four-line presentation inscription, signed, from Robert Ross to Stuart Mason. With many notes in Millard's hand. Loosely inserted: (1) an A.L.S. from Miss Schuster, to whom the book is dedicated; (2) a facsimile of the title in Wilde's hand. Large book-plate.
- 94 *Idem.* FIRST EDITION IN GERMAN. Translated by Max Meyerfeld. Cr. 8vo. Wrappers. Fine copy. Berlin [1905]. £1/5/-
(S.M. 330.) With a one-page A.L.S. from the translator.
- 95 *Idem.* Translated into French by C. Georges-Bazile, with illustrations by A. Utter. FIRST ISSUE OF THIS EDITION. Wrappers. Fine unopened copy. Paris, 1925. 10/6
(Not in S.M.) Inserted is a T.L.S. from the translator, in English, referring to *For Love of the King*, and the envelope with a MS. query about *Mr. W. H.*, both addressed to Millard. The volume contains translations of *The Duchess of Padua*, of *A Florentine Tragedy*, of *La Sainte Courtisane*, and of the scenario of *The Cardinal d'Avignon*.
- 96 *Idem.* A scene from the play, in *Werner's Readings and Recitations*, entitled *Guido Ferranti*. Cr. 8vo. Lacks front wrapper. New York. 1891. 5/-
(S.M. 330.) Under this title the play was produced in New York.
- 97 EPIGRAMS AND APHORISMS. FIRST EDITION. 8vo. Boston, 1905. £1/5/-
(S.M. 641.) With a few notes in Millard's hand, and his small book-plate.
- 98 *Idem.* One of 50 numbered copies on Jap vellum. £2/2/-
(Not in S.M.)
- 99 FLORENTINE TRAGEDY. Small cr. 8vo. Boards. With bibliography label. (1908.) 10/6
(S.M. 522.) Corrected proofs of Methuen's second collected edition. Large book-plate.

- FOR LOVE OF THE KING. FIRST EDITION. Fine copy. 1922. £1/1/- 100
 (Not in S.M.)
 Millard was strongly of the opinion that this was not written by Wilde, and the publishers won an action against him for his statements about the publication. In this copy he made several notes *à propos* of his proposed defence.
- Idem.* FIRST EDITION. Fine copy. 12/6 100A
- Idem.* Illustrated by W. T. Benda. 1921. 4/6 101
 (Not in S.M.) In *The Century Magazine*, Dec. 1921.
- GREAT THOUGHTS FROM OSCAR WILDE, selected by Stuart Mason. 102
 Two portraits. Small 8vo. New York [1912]. 6/-
 (Not in S.M.)
- HAPPY PRINCE. Illustrated by Walter Crane and Jacomb Hood. Boston, 103
 1894. 7/6
 (S.M. 323.)
- Idem.* Illustrated by Charles Robinson. Cr. 8vo. 1920. 3/6 104
 (Not in S.M.)
- HOUSE OF POMEGRANATES. 4to. Half leather. [1914.] 10/6 105
 (Not in S.M.)
 Proof of Methuen's edition, with MS. corrections.
- AN IDEAL HUSBAND. FIRST EDITION. 1899. £4/4/- 106
 (S.M. 385.) An exceptionally fine copy.
- Idem.* FIRST EDITION. Covers not quite fresh. £3/3/- 106A
- Idem.* Translated into French—*Un Mari Idéal*—by Georges-Bazile. Portrait. 107
 Folio. Paris, 1912. 5/-
 (Not in S.M.) Presentation copy from the translator to Stuart Mason.
 In *Comœdia*, Juillet 8, 1912.
- Idem.* Another copy, without inscription. 2/6 107A
- Idem.* GEORGE ALEXANDER'S EDITION. Cr. 8vo. New, in jacket. 1914. 108
 10/6
 (S.M. 387A.) Presentation copy from Robert Ross, who edited this version and contributed a preface.
- Idem.* PROOFS OF SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER'S SOUVENIR EDITION. Post 109
 8vo. Half leather. £2/10/-
 (S.M. 387A.) With the autograph of Stuart Mason on the end-paper.
 The original MS. of Ross's preface is inserted.
- Idem.* AN INTERLEAVED COPY, in pale buff wrappers, with the bibliographer's 109A
 label on the outside, marked No. 387A. 7/6
 103

- 110 *Idem* and A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE. FIRST ISSUE in the Modern Library. Cr. 8vo. Limp leather. New York. N.D. 3/6
(Not in S.M.)
- 111 IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S SOUVENIR EDITION. With a preface by Robert Ross. Cr. 8vo. Fine copy, in jacket. £3/10/-
(S.M. 509.) With the original signed, holograph manuscript of Robert Ross's introduction, and a letter from the publisher stating that the edition is sold out. 1200 copies were printed.
- 112 *Idem*. FIRST ACTING EDITION. Wrappers. N.D. [? 1900]. £1/1/-
(S.M. 384.) The first issue with an A.L.S. from George Alexander's manager, addressed to Wilde in Paris, 1900, recommending acceptance of French's offer to print an acting edition of this play and of *Lady Windermere*. "I note your wishes to hold cheques back for the present. . . ."
- 112A *Idem*. Second issue. 3/6
(S.M. 384 [A].)
- 112B *Idem*. Third issue. 3/6
(S.M. 384 [B].)
- 112C *Idem*. Fourth issue. [1914.] 2/6
(Not in S.M.)
- 112D *Idem*. Second issue of the New York edition. [1910.] 3/6
(S.M. 384 [B].)
- 113 IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA. Edited, with an introduction by Stuart Mason. FIRST EDITION. Post 8vo. Wrappers. Sunderland, 1906. 10/6
(S.M. 653.) One of 500 copies.
- 113A *Idem*. Another copy. Wrappers faded. 7/6
- 114 INTENTIONS. FIRST AMERICAN EDITION. New York. N.D. [1891]. £1/1/-
(S.M. 343.) The bibliographer admits not having seen a copy for collation. He afterwards admitted that his description of the title-page as being dated was an error.
- 114A *Idem*. Second London edition. 1894. 10/6
(S.M. 342.) Covers soiled.
- 115 *Idem*. Second American edition. Name on title. New York, 1894. 10/6
(S.M. 344.)
- 116 *Idem*. Reprint. Portrait. Fine copy. New York, 1905. 6/-
(Not in S.M.)
- 116A *Idem*. Reprint. New York, 1907. 6/-
(Not in S.M.)
- 117 *Idem*. SHAKESPEARE AND STAGE COSTUME. 1885. 10/-
(S.M. 91.) In the *Nineteenth Century*. Reprinted in *Intentions* as *The*

- Truth of Masks.* The two versions differ considerably. This copy has Millard's notes on the principal variations. Loosely inserted is an A.L.S. from the editor to Wilde, accepting the MS.
- Idem.* DECAY OF LYING. In *The Nineteenth Century*. January 1889. 7/6 118
(S.M. 93.) Reprinted in *Intentions*. The two versions vary considerably.
- Idem.* PEN, PENCIL AND POISON. 1889. 7/6 119
(S.M. 50.) In *The Fortnightly Review*. January 1880. Reprinted in *Intentions*, with considerable revisions. This copy has Millard's notes of the principal variations.
- Idem.* THE TRUE FUNCTION AND VALUE OF CRITICISM. 1890. 7/6 120
(S.M. 97.) In *The Nineteenth Century*, July 1890. Reprinted in *Intentions* as *The Critic as Artist, Part II*. The two versions vary considerably. This copy has copious notes by Millard showing the principal variations.
- Idem.* American issue. (S.M. 98.) 5/- 120A
- LA SAINTE COURTISANE, or, THE WOMAN COVERED WITH JEWELS. 121
Small cr. 8vo. Boards, with bibliography label. [1909.] 10/6
(S.M. 522.) Proofs of Methuen's second collected edition. Large bookplate.
- LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN. FIRST EDITION. 1893. £25/-/- 122
(S.M. 358.) One of 50 specially bound copies on large handmade paper.
Loosely inserted is (a) AN A.L.S. to Wilde from J. T. Grein, dated 9/5/92, enclosing (b) a CONTRACT drawn up by Grein on behalf of Wilde with Dr. O. Blumenthal dated May 3, 1892, for the sole right of production of this play in Austria and Germany, half of all fees and honoraria to go to Wilde. When one considers that the play was first produced in England only on February 20, 1892, this contract denotes how keen the German interest already was. Its continuance to the present day is too well known to call for remark here.
- Idem.* SAMUEL FRENCH'S FIRST ACTING EDITION. The first issue. [? 1900.] 123
6/-
(S.M. 359.) Loosely inserted is the title-page of the pirated issue
(S.M. 359A.)
- Idem.* Second issue. [1905.] 3/6 123A
(Not in S.M.)
- Idem.* Third issue. [1905.] 3/6 123B
(Not in S.M.)
- Idem.* First New York Issue. [? 1907.] 5/- 123C
(Not in S.M.)
- Idem.* Second issue. [? 1910.] 3/6 123D
(Not in S.M.)

- 124 *Idem.* Translated into French by Georges-Bazile. In *Comædia*, October 20, 1913. 2/6
(Not in S.M.)
- 125 LORD ARTHUR SAVILE'S CRIME, and Other Stories. FIRST EDITION. Fair copy. Cr. 8vo. Boards. 1891. 17/6
(S.M. 345.) Extra illustrated by the insertion of F. H. Townsend's illustrations.
- 126 *Idem.* A trial binding of Methuen's first collected edition. [1908.] The cover has the lettering *The Duchess of Padua*; but the contents are *Lord Arthur Savile's Crime*, *The Canterville Ghost*, *The Portrait of Mr. W. H.*, and *Poems in Prose*. 10/6
- 127 *Idem.* Translated into French by G. Bazile. Also *The Canterville Ghost*, *The Young King*, *The Birthday of the Infanta*, *The Fisherman and His Soul*, *The Star Child*, and *The Model Millionaire*. Folio. Paris, 1912. 6/-
(Not in S.M.) Presentation copy from the translator. Special number of *La Feuille Littéraire*.
- 128 *Idem.* THE CANTERVILLE GHOST. Illustrated by Wallace Goldsmith. First issue of this edition. Post 8vo. Boston, 1906. 7/6
(Not in S.M.)
- 129 *Idem.* THE PORTRAIT OF MR. W. H. Frontispiece. FIRST EDITION. New York, 1921. £3/-/-
(Not in S.M.) This manuscript was missing at the sale of Wilde's effects in 1895 and was lost for twenty-six years. It gives a much longer and more elaborated version than appeared in *Blackwood's*. See note in S.M., page 7. The publication of this MS. was announced by Elkin Mathews in 1893 but never made. One thousand numbered copies of the present edition were printed. This copy is as new in the slip case.
- 130 *Idem.* THE PORTRAIT OF MR. W. H. 8vo. Half vellum. 1889. 5/-
(S.M. 3.) Extracted from *Blackwood's Magazine*, July 1889.
- 131 *Idem.* PORTRAIT OF MR. W. H. 8vo. Boards with leather back, gilt, wrappers bound in. 1889. 15/-
(S.M. 3.) In *Blackwood's Magazine* for July 1889. This story was not reprinted in book form until 1908.
- 132 *Idem.* In *The Eclectic Magazine*, Vol. I., No. II. New York, Aug. 1889. 3/6
(S.M. 46.)
- 133 MISCELLANIES. Heavily corrected proofs of METHUEN'S FIRST COLLECTED EDITION. 8vo. Half buckram. N.D. [1908]. £2/2/-
(S.M. 447.) This is an important first edition, including many items never before printed in book form, and some here published for the first time in any form. Copious notes and corrections in manuscript, typescript,

etc., letters from the printer, from owners of copyright, etc., are inserted. The items printed for the first time are : (1) The Rise of Historical Criticism. (2) La Sainte Courtisane. (3) The English Renaissance of Art. (4) Art and the Handicraftsman. (5) Lecture to Art Students. There is a short bibliography by Stuart Mason.

- Idem.* THE RISE OF HISTORICAL CRITICISM. 8vo. Boards. [1908.] 134
 £1/1/-
 (S.M. 447.) Corrected proofs of this essay from the *Miscellanies* volume of Methuen's first collected edition. This is here printed for the first time from the original MS.
- Idem.* LETTERS. Boards. 8vo. [1908.] 135
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 (S.M. 447.) Corrected proofs of Letter to Joaquin Miller, Notes on Whistler, Letters on Dorian Gray, An Anglo-Indian's Complaint, A House of Pomegranates, Puppets and Actors, Lady Windermere's Fan, Salomé, The Thirteen Club, The Ethics of Journalism, The Green Carnation, from *Miscellanies* in Methuen's Collected Edition.
- Idem.* LECTURES. 8vo. Boards. [1908.] 136
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- Idem.* LONDON MODELS. Illustrated by Harper Pennington. Boards, with 137
 bibliography label, wrappers bound in. 1889. 7/6
 (S.M. 48.) In *The English Illustrated Magazine*, January 1889. Reprinted, without the illustrations in *Miscellanies*, 1908.
- Idem.* In *The English Illustrated Magazine* for 1889. 4to. Publisher's cloth. 138
 1889. 5/-
 (S.M. 48.)
- OSCARIANA. EPIGRAMS. FIRST EDITION. Small 8vo. Wrappers. In a 139
 solander, morocco-backed case. Fine copy. 1895. £7/10/-
 (S.M. 628.) Only 50 copies privately printed. This is the first issue. The editing was done by Mrs. Oscar Wilde. Loosely inserted is a two-page 4to T.L.S. from the bibliographer to Messrs. Strangeways asking for particulars of issue, number, etc. Their answers are written in the margin.
- PENSÉES. Première trad. Française précédée d'une étude sur Oscar Wilde, 140
 penseur et prisonnier par Georges-Bazile. FIRST EDITION. Cloth, gilt, original wrappers bound in. Fine copy. N.D. [1911]. 10/6
 (Not in S.M.) With a New Year card and an autographed portrait from the translator.
- PHRASES AND PHILOSOPHIES. Translated into Spanish by Ricardo 141
 Baeza. Portrait. 32mo. Original cretonne. Madrid, 1918. 3/6
 (Not in S.M.)

142 THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY. FIRST EDITION. Fair copy. N.D. [1891]. £2/10/-
 (S.M. 328.) With various notes in Millard's hand. The binding differs from the collation given in the bibliography. Evidently an early trial copy. (See illustration No. XI, this page.)

143 *Idem.* Second edition. As new in wrapper. [1895.] 18/-
 (S.M. 331.)

144 *Idem.* FIRST EDITION in Spanish. Translated by R. Baeza. Portrait. 2 vols. Post 8vo. As new. Madrid [1918]. 5/-
 (Not in S.M.)



145 *Idem.* Illustrated by Henry Keen. With an introduction by Osbert Burdett. First issue of this edition. New in jacket. 1925. £2/2/-
 (Not in S.M.) With five A.L.S. and a P.C.S. from Mr. Burdett discussing the preface and the illustrations at some length. The book is a presentation copy from Mr. Burdett and has this delightful inscription: "To Stuart Mason. Without whose generosity and researches the factual paragraphs of an else superfluous introduction could not have been written".

146 *Idem.* In German. 12mo. N.D. 5/-
 (Not in S.M.)



147 *Idem.* Dramatised by G. C. Lounsbery. Portrait of Lou-Tellegen. FIRST EDITION. 12mo. Wrappers. 10/6
 (S.M. 340.) Publisher's file copy.

WARD LOCK & BOWDEN & LIMITED
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 & MELBOURNE.

XI. Title-page of No. 142.

148 PLAYS. AUTHORISED AMERICAN EDITION. 2 vols. 8vo. Boston, 1905. 10/6
 (Not in S.M.) Contains *Lady Windermere's Fan*, *A Woman of No Importance*, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and *An Ideal Husband*.

149 POEMS. 1881. An immaculate copy of the FIRST EDITION. £35/-/-
 (S.M. 304.) Loosely inserted are (1) a foolscap sheet with a list, in Wilde's hand, of seven of the poems, and (2) a fragment of a few lines of the original draft of the poem *Louis Napoleon*.

149A *Idem.* Another copy. Very fine state. £20/-/-
 108

Idem. Fourth edition. Good copy. With inscription on the title-page by the author: "New York. May '82". 1882. £5/5/-
(Not in S.M.) 150

Idem. FIRST AMERICAN EDITION. Fine copy. In yellow cloth. Boston, 1881. £2/2/- 151

(S.M. 310.) (See illustration No. XII, this page.)

Idem. Yellow cloth. Covers soiled. £1/10/- 151A

Idem. Green cloth. Fine copy. £2/2/- 151B

Idem. Green cloth, different from above. Name erased from title. £1/10/- 151C

Idem. Second edition. Boston, 1882. 10/6 151D
(S.M. 311.)

Idem. Second edition. Different cloth. 10/6 151E

P O E M S

Idem. 8vo. Nice copy. Boston. n.d. 10/6 152

(S.M. 449.) The first complete authorised American edition, with the same contents as Methuen's deluxe edition. Inserted are various prospectuses with notes by Millard.

BY

OSCAR WILDE.

Idem. AT REST in Two Lyrical Songs set to music by H. V. Jervis-Read. Folio. Wrappers. [1910.] 5/- 153

(See S.M. p. 297.) Presentation copy from the composer to Robert Ross. The words of the other song are by Leigh Hunt.

Idem. Reprint of the Wilde song alone, with the title *Requiescat*, with a German text. n.d. 2/6 153A

Idem. BALLAD OF THE GREEK SEAS. A musical setting of *To Helen* by H. V. Jervis-Read. Folio. Wrappers. [1911.] 4/6 154

(See S.M. 236, note.) Loosely inserted is an A.L.S. from the composer to Ross, sending him this and other songs.

Idem. *Irish Monthly*, Vol. V. 8vo. Half rough calf broken. 1877. 10/- 155

(S.M. 66.) Contains *Lotus Leaves*, *Salve Saturnia Tellus* (both reprinted in *Poems*, 1881), *The Tomb of Keats* (part in *Poems*, 1881, part in *Miscellanies*, 1908). ΠΟΝΤΟΣΑΤΡΥΤΕΤΟΣ. (In *Poems*, 1881.) All the reprints vary considerably from the text in this form.

Idem. *Kottabos*. Vol. II., No. X. *The Rose of Love*, and *With a Rose's Thorns*. 156
(Reprinted, *Poems* 1881.) No. XII. *A Fragment from the "Agamemnon" of Aeschylus*. (Reprinted, *Poems*, 1908.) Vol. III., No. II. *Wasted Days*. (*Poems*, 1908.) No. VI. "*La Belle Marguerite*." (*Poems*, 1881.) No. VIII. *Ave! Maria*. (*Poems*, 1881.) The original parts in wrappers. Dublin, 1876-79. £1/1/-

(S.M. 72-77.) These are all the numbers to which Wilde contributed.



BOSTON
ROBERTS BROTHERS.
1881

XII. Title-page of
No. 150.

They mark his earliest appearance in print, while he was an undergraduate at Trinity College, Dublin.

- 156A *Idem.* Vol. II. only, in cloth, with two A.L.S. from the editors, Sir Ed. Sullivan and R. Y. Tyrrell. Dublin, 1877. 10/-
(S.M. 72-74.) Large book-plate.
- 157 *Idem.* KOTTABOS, ECHOES FROM. Edited by R. Y. Tyrrell and Sir Edmund Sullivan, Bt. FIRST EDITION. Square 8vo. Boards, with buckram back. 1906. 10/6
(Not in S.M.) Includes most of the poems contributed by Wilde to the school magazine.
- 158 *Idem.* WAIFS AND STRAYS. Vol. I. Wrappers. 1879-80. 16/-
(S.M. 275.) Contains *Easter Day* and *Impressions du Voyage*. (*Poems*, 1881.) Loosely inserted is an A.L.S. from the publisher.
- 159 POEMS. 1908. Robert Ross's copy of the FIRST ISSUE of this edition with his notes in preparation for the cheap edition of the following year. 8vo. Original white buckram. [1908.] £3/3/-
(S.M. 437.) An important first edition. About one-third of its bulk consists of poems here published in book form for the first time. Copious notes and alterations in Ross's hand. Large bookplate.
- 160 *Idem.* White buckram. 1907 [1908]. £3/3/-
(S.M. 437.) Heavily corrected proofs, with marginal notes, emendations, and additions in the hands of Millard and of Ross, a T.L.S. from Ross to Millard inserted, MS. copies of extra poems, etc.
This volume is an important first edition, containing, as it does, numerous poems which appear in book form for the first time. It was actually published in Methuen's first collected edition in 1908. Small bookplate.
- 161 *Idem.* Heavily corrected proofs of METHUEN'S FIRST COLLECTED EDITION. 8vo. Half buckram. 1907 [published 1908]. £1/10/-
(S.M. 437.) With copious corrections by Ross and Millard, various A.L.S. from the printers to Ross and the typescript of a forged poem, not by Wilde.
- 162 *Idem.* IMPRESSIONS. I. *Le Jardin*. II. *La Mer*. Folio. Half leather, wrappers bound in. Philadelphia, 1882. 10/6
(S.M. 99.) In *Our Continent*, Vol. I., No. I. Reprinted in *Poems*, 1908.
- 163 *Idem.* UNDER THE BALCONY. Oblong 8vo. Stiff wrappers. [1884.] 16/-
(S.M. 258.) In *The Shakspearean Show Book*. Reprinted in *Poems*, 1908.
- 164 *Idem.* IN A GOOD CAUSE. Illustrated. FIRST EDITION. Square 8vo. Jap vellum boards. 1885. £1/5/-
(S.M. 62.) Contains *Le Jardin des Tuileries*.
- 164A *Idem.* Covers soiled. 15/-
- 165 *Idem.* IN THE FOREST. Set to Music by Edwin Tilden. Folio. Wrappers. Boston [1891]. 7/6

Loosely inserted is an A.L.S. from the composer to the author, sending him a copy of the song, dated October 1891. This letter is quoted in S.M. 80.

Idem. UNDER THE BALCONY. A musical version by Lawrence Kellie, with 166
the title *Oh! Beautiful Star*. FIRST EDITION. Folio. 1892. 3/6
(S.M. p. 198.) Reprinted in *Poems*, 1908.

Idem. SPIRIT LAMP. Edited by S. Wason and later by Lord Alfred Douglas. 167
Twelve numbers. 8vo. 1892-93. £2/10/-

(S.M. 263-265.) This collection consists of the following numbers :
Vol. I., Nos. II.-VI. ; Vol. II., Nos. I., II. and IV. ; Vol. III., Nos. II.
and III. ; and Vol. IV., Nos. I. and II.

A complete set consists of 17 numbers. Wilde's contributions are contained in Vol. II., No. IV., *The New Remorse* ; Vol. III., No. II., *The House of Judgment* ; Vol. IV., No. II., *The Disciple*. All these numbers are present in the above collection. Other contributors include Lionel Johnson, J. A. Symonds, Count Eric Stenbock, and Max Beerbohm. (See illustration No. XIII, this page.)

VOL. II

NO. IV.

The Spirit Lamp.



CONTENTS.

PIET GYNT—A R Bayley
THE MAN IN THE NEXT ROOM.—Z Z Z
SIR THOMAS JONES.—A Ballad of Magdalen—
Alfred Douglas
THE PURGATORY.—Lionel Johnson
TRANSLATIONS FROM GREEK ANTHOLOGY—
P L O
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Idem. Vol. I., No. III. only. 2/6 167B

Idem. TO MY FRIEND LUTHER MUNDAY. 168
1895. 7/6

(S.M. 239.) A facsimile of the MS. in
The Picture Magazine, February 1895.

Idem. FROM SPRINGTIME TO WINTER. Set 169
to music by H. V. Jervis-Read. Folio.
Wrappers. [1913.] 4/6

XIII. Wrapper of No. 167.

(S.M. 40.) Loosely inserted is an A.C.S. from the composer to Stuart Mason sending him the song.

Idem. Another copy, without letter. 2/6 169A

Idem. FOUR IMPRESSIONS. Set to music by H. V. Jervis-Read, with a 170
German rendering by M. Fanshawe. Folio. Wrappers. [1911.] 3/6

(See S.M. 99, note.) Loosely inserted is an A.L.S. from the composer to Ross sending the songs. The titles are : *The Garden*, *The Silhouettes*, *The Moon*, *The Sea*.

POEMS. BRENTANO'S EDITION. With an introduction by Temple Scott. 171
Fine copy. New York, 1911. 10/-
(Not in S.M.)

Idem. RAVENNA EDITION. Limp leather. New York. N.D. [1915]. 7/6 172
(Not in S.M.)

- 173 *Idem.* FIRST MODERN LIBRARY EDITION. Portrait. Limp leather. Fine copy in wrapper. New York. N.D. 6/-
(Not in S.M.)
- 173A *Idem.* A different edition of the same, probably later than the above. 5/-
- 174 POEMS IN PROSE. Translated into French by Georges-Bazile. Portrait of Wilde. FIRST EDITION. Wrappers. Paris, 1911. 10/6
(Not in S.M.) With a 2 pp. A.L.S. from the translator, in English, promising to send this book and another, and asking for books on Wilde and permission to translate them.
- 175 RAVENNA. Newdigate Prize Poem. FIRST ISSUE OF THE FIRST EDITION. Post 8vo. Wrappers. Oxford, 1878. £3/3/-
(S.M. 301.) The genuine first issue. Loosely inserted are some sheets of Magdalen College notepaper and a letter referring to the bibliography. (See illustration No. XIV, p. 113.)
- 176 REVIEWS. FIRST EDITION. 8vo. Binder's cloth. [1908.] £2/2/-
(S.M. 445.) First proof of this book, with corrections by Ross and Millard. The contents are here first printed in book form. This, therefore, constitutes a first edition. Small bookplate.
- 177 RODD (Rennell). ROSE LEAF AND APPLE LEAF. With an introduction by Oscar Wilde. FIRST EDITION. Post 8vo. Very fine copy. Philadelphia, 1882. £5/5/-
(S.M. 241.) Very scarce in this state.
- 178 *Idem.* L'ENVOI. In *Voices*, March 1920. £1/-/-
(Not in S.M.) With the February number announcing this as un-reprinted since 1882, and a 2 pp. T.L.S. from Thomas Moulton, the editor, apologizing for his error and withdrawing the issue. The essay was, of course, contained in Methuen's collected edition from Rodd's *Rose Leaf and Apple Leaf*.
- 178A *Idem.* March issue with the essay. 10/-
- 179 ROSS (Robert). A collection of the corrected proofs of his prefaces to the second collected edition of the *Works*. Bound in one volume in green cloth uniform with Methuen's binding for that edition. [1909.] £3/3/-
(Not in S.M.) The collection consists of a corrected proof of the Prospectus for this edition, prelims. of *Lord Arthur* and *Duchess of Padua*, preface to the latter, prelims. of *Poems*, *Lady Windermere*, *Woman of No Importance*, *Ideal Husband*, *Importance of Being Earnest*, *House of Pomegranates*, *Intentions*, and *De Profundis*. Also the prefaces to *De Profundis*, to *Essays and Lectures*, and to *Salomé*. All the proofs are very heavily corrected. Large book-plate.
- 180 LA SAINTE COURTISANE. 3 vols. 8vo. Boards. [1908.] £1/5/-
(S.M. 447.) Three sets of proofs of Methuen's first collected edition, where this fragment was first published from the original manuscript.

SALOMÉ. FIRST EDITION. Wrappers. Paris, 1893.

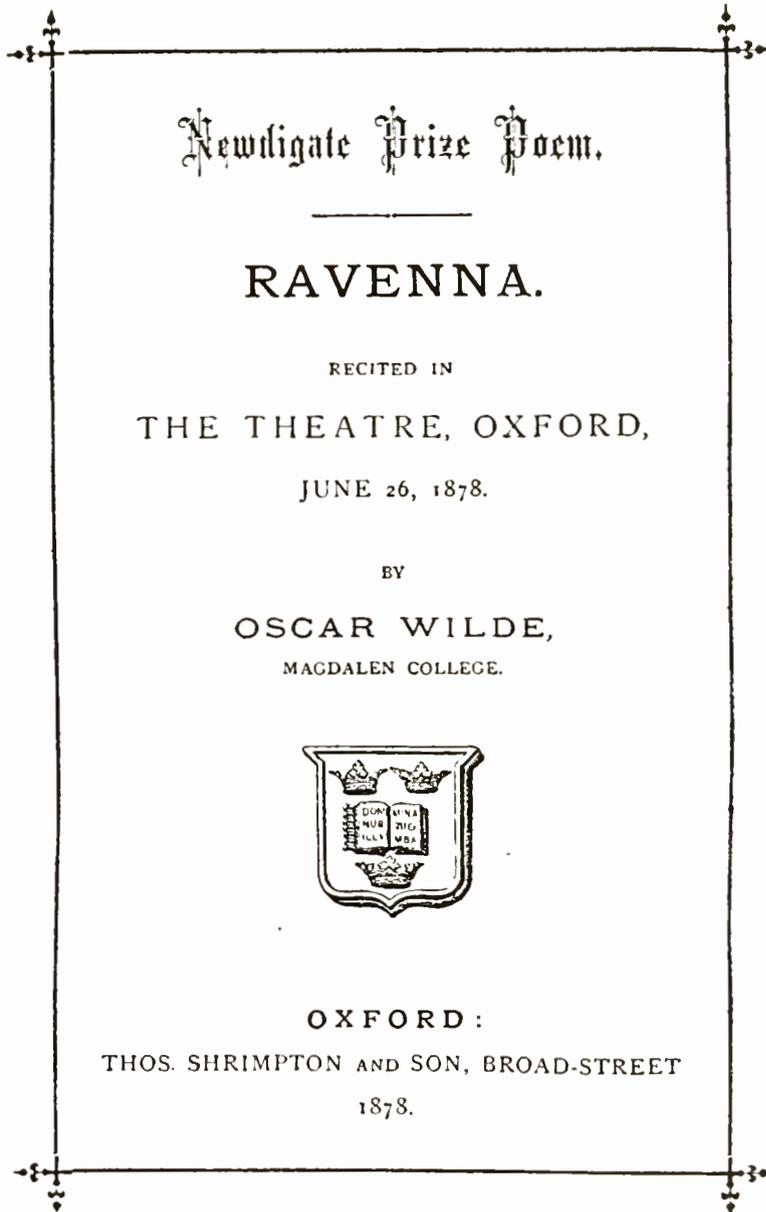
£7/-/- 181

(S.M. 348, W.L. 1.) The edition consisted of 600 copies.
an exceptionally fine copy with the tissue dust-cover preserved.

This is

Idem. Another copy. Wrappers somewhat faded.

£5/-/- 181A



XIV. *Title-page of No. 175.*

- 182 *Idem.* FIRST ENGLISH EDITION and the first edition with the illustrations by Aubrey Beardsley. 1894. £20/-/-
(S.M. 351. W.L. 11.) One of 100 copies printed throughout on Japanese vellum and bound in green silk. At page 48 is inserted a proof impression of the suppressed "Toilet" plate, of which 75 numbered copies were pulled on Jap vellum.
- 183 *Idem.* Another copy, ordinary edition. Illustrated Beardsley. Very slightly rubbed. 1894. £8/10/-
(S.M. 350.) Limited to 500 copies.
- 184 *Idem.* Lane's edition in English. Post 8vo. Cream boards. 1906. 10/6
(S.M. 352. W.L. 12.) The binding is wrongly described in S.M. This copy has copious pencil notes on the title and end-papers referring to the various versions and productions of the play.
- 184A *Idem.* Another copy. 7/6
- 184B *Idem.* Another edition. 1908. 3/6
(S.M. 353.)
- 184C *Idem.* Another edition. 1911. 2/6
(S.M. 354.)
- 185 *Idem.* FIRST AUTHORISED AMERICAN EDITION. Boards. Boston, 1906. 7/6
(Not in S.M. W.L. 18.)
- 186 *Idem.* AMERICAN EDITION WITH THE BEARDSLEY PLATES. Buckram. Boston, 1907. 10/6
(Not in S.M. W.L. 17.)
- 187 *Idem.* Text of the Opera in French. Wrappers. Fine copy. N.D. [1907]. 15/-
(Not in S.M. W.L. 4.)
- 188 *Idem.* FIRST EDITION IN ESPERANTO. Translated by H. J. Bulthuis. Wrappers. Amsterdam, 1910. 10/6
(Not in S.M. or W.L.)
- 189 *Idem.* Translated into Dutch by P. C. Boutens. Fine copy. Amsterdam. N.D. [1910]. 5/-
(Not in S.M. or W.L.)
- 190 *Idem.* Small cr. 8vo. Binder's half buckram. 1911. 6/-
(S.M. 354.) Second proof sheets, corrected.
- 191 *Idem.* LANE'S REVISED ENGLISH EDITION. With Beardsley's illustrations. Cr. 8vo. 1912. £1/5/-
(S.M. 527.) The *Note on Salomé* by Robert Ross contains considerable new matter. The sixteen plates, including those "suppressed", are reprinted from the 1907 edition. Lord Alfred Douglas's translation is considerably revised.
Presentation copy to Millard from Robert Ross, November 10, 1911, with the large book-plate. Three different wrappers for this edition are included.

- Idem.* Another edition. Illustrated in colour by Alastair. Wrappers. First issue of this edition. Paris, 1922. 192
10/6
(Not in S.M. or W.L.)
- Idem.* In *The Golden Book*. February 1925. 2/6 193
(Not in S.M.)
- Idem.* With an English translation specially made for this edition, and with *La Sainte Courtisane*. FIRST ISSUE OF THE RAVENNA EDITION. Limp leather. New York. [N.D.] 194
15/-
(Not in S.M. or W.L.) A peculiar piece of book production. Pages 1-92 were printed from Methuen's plates. The remaining 96 pp. set up and printed in America. With T.L.S. from the publisher giving details.
- Idem.* POPULAR GUIDE TO THE POEM AND THE MUSIC BY STRAUSS. By A. H. Quaritch. Wrappers. N.D. 195
3/6
(Not in S.M. or W.L.) The author's name is nowhere mentioned.
- Idem.* An octavo volume of some hundreds of press extracts, programmes, etc., of *Salomé* in America, mostly referring to the various productions of the opera by Strauss. Cloth. 1907. £1/1/- 196
Including numerous illustrated articles, photographs, etc., of various actresses in the part: Mary Garden, Maud Allan, Fremstad, Lili Marberg, etc. There are scare headlines on the morality of the play, etc. Large book-plate.
- SELECTED PROSE. Cr. 8vo. Half leather. [1914.] £3/3/- 197
(S.M. 566.) First proof. Loosely inserted is the original MS. of Robert Ross's preface.
- SOME CRUELITIES OF PRISON LIFE. 4to. Boards. [1897-98.] £1/5/- 198
(S.M. 27.) Extracted from *The Daily Chronicle*. Mounted to quarto size, with Warder Martin's letter and a poem by Stephen Phillips on the same subject. Loosely inserted are two A.L.S. from Warder Martin, one of them very interesting, referring to Wilde's life in gaol. Also inserted are various proof pulls from the Bibliography, and a typed copy of a letter from Millard to the *Athenaeum*. Small book-plate.
- SONNETS OF THIS CENTURY. Edited by William Sharp. FIRST EDITION. 16mo. 1886. 199
7/6
(Not in S.M.) Includes two sonnets by Wilde, one of which, *On the sale by auction of Keats' love-letters*, is here published for the first time.
- SOUL OF MAN UNDER SOCIALISM. FIRST AMERICAN EDITION. 8vo. 200
Fine copy. Boston, 1910. 10/6
(S.M. 454.)
- Idem.* In the *Eclectic Magazine*. New York. April 1891. 3/6 201
(S.M. 47.)

- 202 *Idem.* Shilling edition, with preface by Robert Ross. Post 8vo. Boards. 1912. 10/-
 (S.M. 370.) Presentation copy to Millard from Robert Ross. With
 A.L.S. from the latter.
- 202A *Idem.* Reprint of above. 1912. 2/6
 (S.M. 370A.)
- 203 *Idem.* With a preface by Robert Ross. Post 8vo. 1912. 4/6
 (S.M. 369.)
- 203A *Idem.* Reprint of above. 1914. 2/6
 (S.M. 369A.)
- 204 *Idem.* SELECT PASSAGES FROM. With head and tailpieces. FIRST EDITION.
 Post 8vo. Stiff wrappers. 1914. 5/-
 (Not in S.M.)
- 205 SPHINX. Post 8vo. Boards with Bibliography label. 1910. 5/-
 (S.M. 363.) Proofs of Lane's edition, with Stuart Mason's autograph
 and the large book-plate.
- 206 *Idem.* 12mo. Boards. With cover design by Charles Ricketts. 1910. 5/-
 (S.M. 363.) With the large book-plate.
- 206A *Idem.* Reprint of the above. 1918. 2/6
 (Not in S.M.)
- 207 TO M. B. J. Post 8vo. Two leaves. May 1920. 10/6
 (Not in S.M.) An unpublished poem. This is its first appearance
 in print. Sixty-five numbered copies were privately printed for Stuart
 Mason.
- 208 *Idem.* In *Coterie*. Winter, 1920-21. 5/-
 (Not in S.M.)
- 209 VERA ; OR, THE NIHILISTS. *The Soul of Man under Socialism. Miscellanies.*
 RAVENNA EDITION. Limp leather. New York. N.D. [1915]. 7/6
 (Not in S.M.)
- 210 WILDE *v.* WHISTLER, being an acrimonious correspondence on Art.
 FIRST EDITION. Small 4to. Wrappers torn. 1906. 10/6
 (S.M. 625.) One of 400 copies, privately printed.
- 211 OSCAR WILDE CALENDAR. With some unrecorded sayings. Edited by
 Stuart Mason. Illustrated. FIRST EDITION. Wrappers. 1910. 7/6
 (S.M. 637.)
- 211A *Idem.* Corrected proof, with C. S. M.'s initials and the date on the wrapper. 10/6
- 211B *Idem.* Another, earlier proof. 10/6
- 211C *Idem.* Second edition. Revised. 1911. 2/6
 (S.M. 638.)

- Idem.* Half leather. Wrappers, bound in. 1910. £1/1/- 212
 (S.M. 637.) Editor's corrected proofs, before the illustrations. In-
 serted at the end is an A.L.S. from Robert Ross to Millard.
- Idem.* Third edition. 1915. 2/6 213
 (S.M. 639.)

* (A) *

Woman of no Importance,

— BY —

OSCAR WILDE.

LONDON—

ELKIN MATHEWS AND JOHN LANE AT
 THE SIGN OF THE BODLEY HEAD IN
 VIGO STREET, MDCCCXCIV.

XV. *Title-page of No. 215.*

- Idem.* Reissue. Smaller in size, with new wrapper. [1918.] 2/6 213A
 (Not in S.M.)
- Idem.* EIN LEBEN IN SCHÖNHEIT. Oskar Wilde Kalender für das Jahr 1908. 214
 Illustrated. Roy. 8vo. Wrappers. Berlin [1908]. 7/6
 (Not in S.M.)
- Idem.* Another copy. Covers soiled. 5/- 214A
- A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE. FIRST EDITION. 1894. £18/-/- 215
 (S.M. 365.) One of 50 specially bound copies on large handmade
 paper. (See illustration No. XV, this page.)

216 WOMAN'S WORLD. Edited by Oscar Wilde. Vol. I., Nos. 1 and 2, and Vol. II. complete. 4to. Wrappers and cloth. [1888]-1889. £1/-/-
 (S.M. 277, 278 and 282-289.) Contains numerous and extensive material by Wilde, most of which was not reprinted until 1908.

217 METHUEN'S SECOND COLLECTED EDITION OF THE COMPLETE WORKS, in seventeen volumes. 1909-23. £10/10/-

Unless otherwise mentioned, all volumes have the large book-plate and are as new, in original wrappers. Most volumes have Millard's initials and a short bibliographical note in his hand. (1) *Lord Arthur Savile's Crime*. (S.M. 481.) (2) *The Duchess of Padua*. With a new preface by Robert Ross. (S.M. 485.) Several pencil notes by Millard. (3) *Poems*. (S.M. 488.) This volume contains two poems first printed from MSS. Loosely inserted are (a) a prospectus of this edition, (b) a slip with the editor's compliments, (c) a proof of the preliminary pages. (4) *Lady Windermere's Fan*. (S.M. 494.) Two dust-wrappers on different coloured papers. (5) *A Woman of No Importance*. (S.M. 497.) No book-plate. (6) *An Ideal Husband*. (S.M. 501.) (7) *The Importance of Being Earnest*. (S.M. 504.) Two dust-wrappers on different coloured paper. (8) *A House of Pomegranates*. (S.M. 510.) Three dust-wrappers, showing slight variations. (9) *Intentions*. (S.M. 513.) (10) *De Profundis*. (S.M. 516.) This edition includes considerable material not in the first edition. Two dust-wrappers showing slight variation. (11) *Essays and Lectures*. (S.M. 519.) In this volume the essay *The Rise of Historical Criticism* is published all in one volume for the first time. Loosely inserted is an A.L.S. to Robert Ross from W. A. Gibb, calling attention to certain typographical errors. (12) *Salomé; La Sainte Courtisane; A Florentine Tragedy*. (S.M. 522.) This also contains Walter Ledger's bibliography of 45 different editions of *Salomé* in various languages. Numerous pencil notes by Millard. (13) *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. (S.M. 525.) Issued by Carrington of Paris uniform with Methuen's edition. Loosely inserted is an A.C.S. from Carrington to Robert Ross. (14) *A Critic in Pall Mall*. (S.M. 528.) A first edition, in book form, of Wilde's reviews in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, 1885-90. The selection was made by Mr. E. V. Lucas, a brief A.N.S. from whom, addressed to Robert Ross, is loosely inserted. (15) *Selected Prose*. (Not in S.M.) Presentation copy from Ross to Millard. This contains two unpublished letters to Robert Ross. Three dust-wrappers showing slight variations. (16) *Art and Decoration*. (Not in S.M.) Loosely inserted is a T.L.S. from Millard to the publisher, pointing out that about two-thirds of this volume is already included in another volume of this edition. (17) *For Love of the King*. (Not in S.M.) Millard strenuously protested that this was not written by Wilde. In this copy he has noted a few reasons for his contention. No book-plate.

WILDEANA

A COLLECTION OF 58 VOLUMES OF PRESS CUTTINGS. Fifty volumes are 218
numbered consecutively in gilt—IX. to LVIII.—and there are eight
unnumbered volumes. All are in the uniform canvas bindings of Walker's
Century Scrap and Newscutting Book. 1909-26. £100/-/-

A monumental and exhaustive collection, absolutely unique of its kind, and impossible to replace. It was formed by subscribing to several press-cutting agencies and supplemented by the ardent and unparalleled research of its compiler. The period covered includes most of the famous *causes célèbres* which were the aftermath of Wilde's death. Five volumes of it are devoted to the Douglas *v.* Ransome case, where some of the unpublished portions of *De Profundis* were read in Court. Five volumes deal with Crosland's venomous campaign against Ross; and three volumes consist of accounts of the Pemberton-Billing case and its ramifications in the matter of *Salomé*. There are countless reviews of plays and books by and about Wilde, accounts of his death and of his life; *bon mots* and witticisms, real and apocryphal, attributed to him and aimed at him; correspondence; violent attacks on him, and equally violent defences of him; selections from *The Academy*, at first praising his work and later attacking it; in short, everything that could even remotely be construed into a reference to Wilde, from a tiny paragraph to a full-length essay, is included in this truly astounding collection. If one considers what the value and interest of such a collection referring to, say, Byron would be to-day, one begins to view these volumes with a nearer approach to their proper value.

A LARGE QUARTO VOLUME FULL OF PRESS CUTTINGS relating to the trial. 219
(Circa 1897.) £21/-/-

An exhaustive and unique collection, such as it would be impossible to duplicate or to collect together at the present time. The full accounts of the trials are given, extracted from such papers as *The Times*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Westminster Budget*, *Daily News*, *Evening News*, *Standard*, *Morning Advertiser*, *Illustrated Police Budget*, *Western Mail*, *Reynolds's*, etc. Also some illustrated articles on the case from the *New York Illustrated News*, with cartoons and drawings. At the end of the volume is a full-page drawing of an Iguanodon, extracted from the *Illustrated London News*, with some "appropriate" MS. comments in the hand of Lord Queensberry. A typewritten note on the side of the drawing states that this was sent by Queensberry to Wilde while he was on trial at the Old Bailey. A cutting from *Reynolds's* of an interview with his noble lordship confirms this statement. Large book-plate.

220 A PRICED CATALOGUE of the sale at 16 Tite St. in April 1895, "By order of the sheriff". £2/2/-

Pursuant to Wilde's bankruptcy after his conviction, his possessions were sold by auction, and this is the catalogue, interleaved, priced in ink, with the names of some of the purchasers, and bound in half leather, with Millard's large book-plate. Many of the prices make curious reading: a large paper *Happy Prince*, two L.P. copies of *Lady Windermere*, three L.P. copies of *The Sphinx* and two copies of *Salomé* realised together £8/5/-. A parcel of MSS. sold for £5/15/-, and a MS. poem by Keats, with various other things, brought £1/18/-. Various cuttings from booksellers' catalogues, in which some of the items were subsequently listed, are pasted in.

221 CATALOGUE of Sotheby's sale of important Wilde MS. and letters. With prices and buyers. 4to. Boards, with Bibliography label. Wrappers, bound in. July 27, 1911. 2/6

With facsimiles of parts of the MSS. of *Dorian Gray* and of *The Sphinx*.

222 REVIEWS AND CORRESPONDENCE on the first appearance of *De Profundis*. Two thick quarto volumes, bound in half brown morocco, with the reviews pasted on separate sheets of handmade paper, one side of the paper only being used throughout. 1905. £5/5/-

The reviews vary from a single-line notice to an essay extending to several pages. They cover about 320 pages in the two volumes, and a mere list of the periodicals in which they occur would cover several pages of this catalogue. The most important and lengthy reviews are signed by Max Beerbohm, Cunninghame Graham, Lord Alfred Douglas, G. Lowes Dickinson, Arthur Symons, John Oliver Hobbes, W. L. Courtney, and Professor Hugh Walker. Territorially they extend almost literally from Land's End to John o' Groats, while the types of periodical are as different as *The Morning Post* and *The Clarion*, as *The Freethinker* and *The Guardian*, as *The Church Times* and *The Christian World*, and as *The World of Dress* and *The Crank*.

Besides the reviews there are various facsimiles of the original MS., of title-pages, etc., a few notes by Walter Ledger and Robert Ross, and a typed index to the collection. Small book-plate.

223 A LARGE OCTAVO VOLUME OF MISCELLANEOUS PRESS CUTTINGS from 1895 to 1913, including interviews with Wilde, early reviews of his plays, facsimiles of manuscripts, accounts of the Douglas-Ransome trial, portraits of Mrs. Wilde, interviews with Beardsley, etc., etc. £1/1/-

223A A THICK SMALL QUARTO VOLUME (half roan, back broken) OF CUTTINGS. 1895-1908. £1/10/-

(Large book-plate.) Correspondence between Ross and Le Galliene on a pirated edition published under the latter's auspices. Auction records. Reviews of the "Lives" by Sherard and Ingleby. Articles on Wilde; reviews of books and plays and copious reviews of Methuen's first collected edition. Reports that Wilde is not dead. Accounts of the dinner to Ross

- at the Savoy. An essay on Fritz Thaulow's association with Wilde at Dieppe.
- A QUARTO ALBUM OF MISCELLANEOUS CUTTINGS, mostly reviews of books, plays, etc., 1907-8. £1/1/- 224
- A LARGE QUARTO VOLUME (half roan, back broken), CONTAINING PRESS EXTRACTS from 1891-1907. £2/10/- 225
- Includes a typed letter from R. H. Sherard to Millard, a typed list of Wilde's contributions to the *P.M.G.* Early interviews and reviews of the anonymous *Ballad of Reading Gaol*. Accounts of his last days and death, by R. H. Sherard, Robert Ross, etc.; Accounts of the attack on and withdrawal of Fremstadt's production of *Salomé* in New York. Pictures of the first production (German) of *The Duchess of Padua*; reviews of *De Profundis*, by Frank Harris, etc., and of the first production of Strauss' *Salomé* in Dresden. Small book-plate.
- A LARGE QUARTO ALBUM OF PRESS CUTTINGS, including articles by Lord Alfred Douglas, Arthur Symons, Robert Ross, Reggie Turner and Frank Harris. [1907.] £1/10/- 226
- Includes reviews of plays, especially of *Salomé*, of which there is an illustrated supplement of various actresses in the leading part, and of the revival of *A Woman of No Importance*.
- A dummy copy of Mason's *Oscar Wilde, a Study*, into which has been pasted a large collection of cuttings all referring to Stuart Mason's books on Wilde. 1905-27. 10/6 227
- Large book-plate.
- A small folio volume containing mostly early references to Wilde. (*Circa* 1879-1890, but also a few later ones about 1907.) Cloth. £3/3/- 228
- Includes : Biographical notice in *Life and Letters*, reviews on the first appearance of *Dorian Gray*, *The Soul of Man*, *Poems*, 1881, etc. A large collection of cartoons, articles, etc., from illustrated papers guying the aesthetic movement, with Wilde and his sunflower as the central figure, and including a cartoon, in 1883, of Wilde as a convict; a two-column interview with Wilde, by Robert Ross; contemporary notices of lectures in Chelsea and in Piccadilly on the English Renaissance; poems and witticisms in 1879 "by a rising young poet"; a long correspondence, in 1890, in *The Scots Observer*, between Wilde and Charles Whibley on the subject of *Art and Morality*. A playbill of the first production (in Dresden, 1905) of Strauss' *Salomé*, and a programme of the same in Cologne, 1907, etc., etc. Much of this material has never been reprinted and is now unobtainable.
- A LARGE QUARTO VOLUME (half roan, back a little broken), mostly concerned with the aesthetic movement of the 'eighties. (*Circa* 1885.) £2/2/- 229
- Formerly in the possession of Walter Hamilton, author of *The Aesthetic Movement in England*, etc., with his armorial book-plate.
- The contents include A.L.S. from J. W. Gilbert-Smith and R. H.

Phillimore ; Punch cartoons, with several of Wilde ; Herbert Campbell as the Jumbo Aesthete ; programme of *The Aesthetic Quadrilles* ; a proof pull of a long article on Wilde, and a large collection of reviews of Hamilton's book, mostly mentioning Wilde, to whom he devotes a chapter.

- 230 A COLLECTION OF THIRTEEN NUMBERS of Pemberton-Billing's war-time periodical, *The Vigilante*, March 23 to August 3, 1918. Containing verbatim reports of the Maud Allan libel action on Pemberton-Billing's references to *Salomé*. Folio. 1918. £1/10/-

In this trial *Salomé* was discussed *ad nauseam*, and the notorious Black Book made its furtive non-appearance.

- 231 A LARGE COLLECTION of POSTERS, PROGRAMMES, etc., of various productions of Wilde's plays, recitals of his poems, concerts of his songs, etc. £2/2/-

Including a portrait poster and two others of Lou-Tellegen's production of *Dorian Gray* ; Russian posters of the Chauve Souris Theatre in Moscow, 1914, *Jezebel*, with music by Espasita, and of the Moscow Dramatic Theatre, 1915, of *Importance of Being Earnest*, billed without the English title as a light-hearted comedy for serious people. Translated by Lykiardoupulo : of Tree's production of *A Woman of No Importance* in 1900 ; Alexander's matinée of *The Duchess of Padua*, 1907. Also a plan of Chelsea Town Hall, with the prospectus for the competition, including a panel of Wilde.

Programmes of the first productions of *An Ideal Husband*, Lewis Waller, 1895 ; of *Lady Windermere*, Alexander, 1892 ; of *Earnest*, Alexander, 1895 ; of *A Woman of No Importance*, Tree, 1893 ; of *Salomé* (Strauss), Covent Garden, 1910 ; of *A Florentine Tragedy*, Private, 1907 ; of *Dorian Gray*, Lou-Tellegen, and of numerous other later productions, concert performances, etc., etc.

- 232 A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE. American production, 1892, 1894. RETURNS : Four from the Opera House, Toronto, seven from the Opera House, Harlem, and eight from the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, all returns being of Rose Coghlan's tour. £1/1/-

- 233 LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN. FOUR WEEKLY ACCOUNTS of Wilde's royalties on George Alexander's production at the St. James's Theatre in 1892. 10/6
Royalty at 5 per cent averages £45 a week.

- 233A THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST. BOX-OFFICE RETURNS from the St. James's Theatre of George Alexander's production from February 14 to April 4, 1895, and also weekly returns for February 22 and March 8, the average weekly amount being about £1000.

£1/1/-

- 234 ENGLISH LECTURE TOUR. 1883-84. A.L.S. from W. F. Morse, Wilde's agent, mentioning lectures at Wandsworth, Queenstown, Oxford, etc.

- Written to Wilde while he was in New York. Returns of takings at Southport and numerous other towns where Wilde lectured. Receipt for the payment of £70 : 0 : 5, lecturer's fees, a statement of expenses, balance-sheet of the tour from July to October 1883, showing Wilde's receipts during this period to have been £58 : 13 : 4. The original agreement between Wilde and the Southport Winter Gardens Company for an afternoon lecture on " Dress ", giving the prices of admission and the terms signed by Wilde's manager. £2/2/-
- LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN. New York agent's COMMISSION ACCOUNT 235 of Charles Frohman's tour in America, 1893-94, showing returns from New York, Chicago, Louisville, St. Louis, Montreal, etc. Typewritten on 9 quarto sheets. £1/1/-
- A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE. BOX-OFFICE RETURNS of George 236 Alexander's production at the Haymarket. 1893. Nine returns. £1/1/-
- AN IDEAL HUSBAND. BOX-OFFICE RETURNS of George Alexander's 236A production at the Haymarket. 1895. Six returns. £1/1/-
- SALOMÉ. ROYALTY ACCOUNTS from John Lane, the publisher, addressed 237 to Robert Ross, giving details of the sales from July 1, 1913, to June 30, 1917, and showing the amount of royalties due on all of Lane's editions, 2/6, 5/- and 10/6, and the Tauchnitz edition. 4 pp. Folio. 10/6
- A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE. RETURNS of the tour of two companies 238 in 1893, showing the profits equally divided between Beerbohm Tree and Wilde. 3 pp. Folio. £1/1/-
- DETAILED ACCOUNTS of a builder and decorator for decorations carried 239 out for Wilde at 16 Tite Street in 1884. Letters from E. W. Godwin, stating that the account has been examined and found correct, and a receipt for part of the payment. £1/10/-
- THE ORIGINAL ESTIMATE of the builder for the decorations at Esplanade 240 Terrace, Bray, Ireland, on 6 folio sheets, with a few figures in Wilde's hand. Folio. Boards, with Bibliography label. £2/2/-
- TWO PHOTOGRAPHS of the Epstein monument at Père-la-Chaise, with a 241 note in Millard's hand. 4to. 10/-
- FACSIMILE PHOTOGRAPHS, full-size, of the originals of six pages from 242 three note-books in the possession of an American collector. £1/-/-
- These photographs are of the original MSS. of (1) the first and last pages of the first part of *The Rise of Historical Criticism*, (2) the contents page of the second note-book showing the poems it contains, (3) a full unpublished poem of 3 seven-line stanzas, (4) two pages of an unfinished and unpublished play entitled *Beatrice and Astone Manfredi*. Each photograph has explanatory notes in the hand of the owner of these note-books.

- 243 ANON. THE LIFE OF OSCAR WILDE AS PROSECUTOR AND PRISONER. Cloth. Wrappers, bound in. 8vo. [1895.] £1/1/-
(S.M. 686.) Sold in the streets during Wilde's trial at the old Bailey. Now very scarce. Large book-plate.
- 244 ANON. OSCAR WILDE. Boards, with Bibliography label. [1880.] £2/2/-
(S.M. 2.) Extracted from *The Biograph and Review*, Vol. IV., No. 20. The essay has the words "Published 1880" written in Wilde's own hand. This is the earliest biographical notice of Wilde. Also bound in are (1) an A.L.S. from the former owner, D. J. O'Donoghue; (2) an extract from *Fact*, August 21, 1880, strongly criticizing the above article.
- 245 ANON. THE PRIEST AND THE ACOLYTE. FIRST EDITION. Wrappers. N.D. 5/-
(Not in S.M.) Wrongly attributed to Wilde. Privately printed for presentation only.
- 246 *Idem*. With an introductory protest by Stuart Mason. First issue of this edition. Narrow 8vo. Boards. 1907. £1/-/-
(S.M. 655.) Wrongly attributed to Wilde. Much play was made with this story at the trial. The introduction in this copy is autographed by Mason and has several notes in his hand. He has added the name of the real author on the title-page.
- 247 ARISTOPHANES O. W. AT OXFORD. By Y. T. O. FIRST EDITION. Cr. 8vo. Wrappers. Oxford. [1894.] 10/6
(S.M. 685.) With A.L.S. from the publisher, giving the names of the authors. The Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery was one of them.
- 247A *Idem*. Another copy. 3/6
- 248 BAZILE (Georges). OSCAR WILDE. Portraits d'Hier, No. 48. Portrait. FIRST EDITION. 8vo. Cloth. Wrappers bound in. Paris [1911]. 10/6
(Not in S.M.) Presentation copy from the author, with two long A.L.S. from the author to Stuart Mason inserted.
- 249 BAZILE (Georges). OSCAR WILDE. Folio. Paris, 1912. 3/6
(Not in S.M.) In *Comœdia*, December 11, 1912. Presentation copy from the author to Stuart Mason.
- 249A *Idem*. Another copy. No inscription. 2/6
- 250 BAZILE (Georges). SUR LE MARBRE. 4to. Wrappers. Paris, 1912. 3/6
(Not in S.M.) An essay on Wilde contained in *La Route*, Mai 15, 1912. Loosely inserted is an A.L.S. from the author to Stuart Mason, referring to this and other reviews of *Three Times Tried*.
- 251 BEERBOHM (Max). A PEEP INTO THE PAST. With coloured cartoons by the author. Roy. 8vo. U.S.A. N.D. £2/12/6
(Not in S.M.) One of 300 copies on Jap vellum. A fantastic account written in the 'nineties for the first number of *The Yellow Book*, but not

included therein. It professes to give a prophetic portrait of Wilde as a solemn, domesticated old gentleman.

- BENDZ (Ernest). SOME STRAY NOTES on the Personality and Writings of 252
Oscar Wilde. Göteborg, 1910. (2) Notes on the Literary Relationship
between Walter Pater and Oscar Wilde. Helsingfors, 1912. (3) Re-
miniscences of Matthew Arnold in the Prose Writings of Oscar Wilde.
Helsingfors, 1913. (4) Reviews of Jackson's Eighteen Nineties and Stuart
Mason's Bibliography [1913]. (5) Review of Lord Alfred Douglas's
Oscar Wilde and Myself. Gothenburg [1914]. (6) A Modern Type of
Reviewer, and Frank Harris on Oscar Wilde. Leipzig [1919]. (7) A
propos de la Salomé d'Oscar Wilde. Leipzig [1917]. (8) George Bernard
Shaw: Oscar Wilde in Memoriam. [Helsingfors] 1921. (In French.)
(9) Several long A.L.S. from the author to Stuart Mason. (10) Typed
copy of a letter from Stuart Mason to the author. All bound together in
one volume, with most of the wrappers bound in. Each one has a presenta-
tion inscription from the author to Stuart Mason. £5/-/-
(Not in S.M.) Large book-plate.
- BENDZ (E.). OSCAR WILDE, A RETROSPECT. FIRST EDITION. Post 8vo. 253
Wrappers. Vienna, 1921. 5/-
(Not in S.M.)
- BIRNBAUM (Martin). OSCAR WILDE. Fragments and Memories. Por- 254
trait after J. E. Kelly. FIRST EDITION. Post 8vo. 1920. 7/6
(Not in S.M.)
- Idem.* One of 50 numbered copies on large handmade paper. 15/- 255
- Idem.* A set of advance sheets. Unbound. 5/- 256
- BOCK (E. J.). OSCAR WILDE'S PERSÖNLICHE UND FRÜHSTE LITERAR- 257
ISCHE BEZIEHUNGEN ZU WALTER PATER. 8vo. Cloth. Bonn, 1913. 7/6
(Not in S.M.) With three A.L.S. from the author to Millard, dis-
cussing the possibility of Pater's influence on textual alterations in *Dorian
Gray*.
- A BOOKE OF YE OLD ENGLISH FAYRE. 8vo. Boards. 1881. 2/6 258
(Not in S.M.) Contains a caricature of Wilde.
- COLERIDGE (Hon. Stephen). FIBULÆ. FIRST EDITION. Fine copy. 259
1889. 15/-
Presentation copy, signed, from the author to Wilde. The latter re-
viewed this author's *Demetrius* in *The Pall Mall Gazette* under the title *A
Good Historical Novel*.
- CORIAT (I. H.). THE SADISM IN OSCAR WILDE'S "SALOMÉ". 1914. 3/6 260
(Not in S.M.) In *The Psychoanalytic Review*, Vol. I., No. 3.

- 261 CROSLAND (T. W. H.). THE FIRST STONE. On Reading the Unpublished Parts of *De Profundis*. FIRST EDITION. Boards. Fine copy. 1912. £1/1/-
(S.M. 419 [A].) A savage attack on Wilde. Published privately by the author.
- 262 CROSLAND (T. W. H.). SONNETS. FIRST EDITION. Boards. Fine copy. 1912. 10/-
- 263 CURRIE (Lady). ENFANTS TROUVÉS OF LITERATURE. 1904. 2/6
(Not in S.M.) In *The Nineteenth Century*, July 1904. Includes a discussion of *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*.
- 264 DIETZ (Carl). OSCAR WILDE. [A German bibliography and an appreciation.] 4to. Wrappers. [Bremen], 1909. 2/6
(Not in S.M.) Contained in *Die Schöne Literatur*. Presentation copy to Stuart Mason from the author.
- 265 THE "EIGHTY" CLUB. RULES AND LIST OF MEMBERS. Report for 1890. Small 8vo. 1891. 12/6
(Not in S.M.) Gives Wilde's name in the list of members. Loosely inserted is the receipt for his subscription in 1889.
- 266 ENTR' ACTE ANNUAL. Boards, with Bibliography label. Wrappers, bound in. 1882. 7/6
(Not in S.M.) Contains a cartoon, by Alfred Bryan, of Wilde, entitled *Jonathan Wild*.
- 267 FISH (Arthur). OSCAR WILDE AS EDITOR. Illustrated. 1913. 2/6
(S.M. 220.) *Harper's Magazine*, October 4, 1913.
- 268 DE GIDS. 8vo. Wrappers. Amsterdam. 1912. 5/-
(Not in S.M.) Contains a poem: *Aan Oscar Wilde, door J. I. de Haan*. Presentation copy from the poet to Mr. Stuart Mason. Loosely inserted are four A.L.S. from the author to Mason and Ross. Also a Dutch newspaper with an article on Reading Gaol and Oscar Wilde.
- 269 DIRCKS (R.) PLAYERS OF TO-DAY. Illustrated. Post 8vo. Wrappers. [1892.] 2/6
(S.M. 589.) Contains a critical study of Wilde and an unusual portrait.
- 270 FLEMING (George). A NILE NOVEL. 2 Vols. SECOND EDITION. MIRAGE. 3 Vols. FIRST EDITION. Together 5 Vols. Original cloth. 1877. £1/11/6
(S.M. 241 note.) The dedication of *Ravenna*, 1878, reads "To My Friend George Fleming, Author of 'The Nile Novel', and 'Mirage'". "George Fleming" was the pseudonym of Julia Constance Fletcher.
- 271 GALLIENE (R. le). THE COMING BACK OF OSCAR WILDE. Binder's boards. 1919. 2/6
(Not in S.M.) With the Bibliography label. Extracted from *Munsey's Magazine*, March 1919.

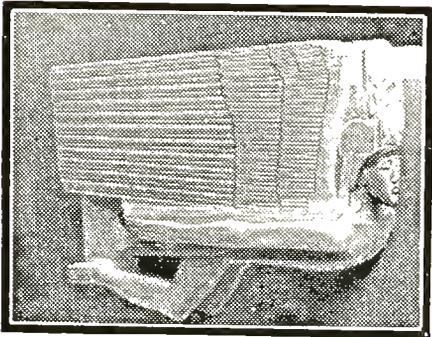
Idem. In *Munsey* for March 1919. 2/6 272
(Not in S.M.)

THE GEORGE ALEXANDER BIRTHDAY BOOK. Portrait. FIRST 273
EDITION. 8vo. Original parchment. 1903. 5/-
(Not in S.M.) Contains numerous aphorisms from Wilde's plays.

GLAENZER (R. B.) TWO HUNDRED BOOKS FROM HIS LIBRARY. 8vo. 274
Boards. With Bibliography label. New York, 1911. 5/-
(S.M. 93 note.) Includes numerous fine Wilde items, MSS., etc.,
and rare editions of *Salomé*. The preface, by Glaenzer, discusses Wilde at
some length.

HAPPY PRINCE. A REVIEW by [Harry Quilter] in *The Universal Review*, 275
June 1888. 2/6
(Not in S.M.)

HARVEY (A. S.). LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN and the further teaching of 276
Oscar Wilde. Illustrated. 8vo. Boards, with Bibliography label. 1892. 3/6
(Not in S.M.) Extracted from *The
Ludgate Monthly*, September 1892.



XVI. *Epstein's Monument for the Tomb at
Père-la-Chaise.*

HOUSMAN (Laurence). ECHO DE PARIS. 277
FIRST EDITION. 8vo. New. 1923.
£1/11/6

(Not in S.M.) One of 250 large
paper copies, signed by the author.
An account of a conversation in Paris
between the author, Robert Ross and
Oscar Wilde. The brilliance of Wilde's
conversation is admirably exemplified.

HOWARD (Cecil). AN ORIGINAL 278
WATER-COLOUR DRAWING, about
double-crown poster size, of the
Epstein monument at Père-la-Chaise, showing the alterations necessary to
comply with French regulations. £5/5/-

Howard was the sculptor employed to carry out these alterations.

KERSLEY (G. H.) EARLY FLIGHT. Illustrated. FIRST EDITION. Post 279
8vo. 1885. 3/6
(Not in S.M.) The preface refers to the author's indebtedness to
Wilde.

KERSLEY (G. H.). A PLAY AND XV. SONNETS. FIRST EDITION. Post 280
8vo. Fine copy. 1890. £1/1/-
With a 2-pp. 8vo A.L.S. from the author, addressed to "Dear Oscar
Wilde", presenting the book to him.

- 281 MASON (Stuart). OSCAR WILDE: A Study from the French of André Gide. With introduction, notes, and a bibliography by Stuart Mason. Illustrated. Sq. 8vo. Oxford, 1905. £2/2/-
(S.M. 652.) The author's own proof copy, with his autograph on the flyleaf. With copious interesting marginal notes in the author's hand, and sundry illustrations and photographs inserted. On the reverse of the contents leaf is an elaborate genealogical tree in MS., tracing the pedigree of the Wilde family back to the O'Flynn in the 16th century, another shorter one of the Lloyd family, and another attempt at a Maturin genealogy.
- 282 MASON (Stuart). A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE POEMS OF OSCAR WILDE, with variations of Readings and a complete list of all editions, reprints, translations, etc. Illustrated. Thick 8vo. Binder's cloth. 1907. £1/10/-
(S.M. 656.) Author's proof copy, interleaved with copious notes, corrections, additions and emendations in his hand. This bibliography gives considerably more detail and information on the Poems than is possible in the larger bibliography.
- 283 *Idem*. Illustrated. Sq. 8vo. 1907. 10/-
(S.M. 656.) This is an early copy, with the portrait facing page 16, which was afterwards removed, as it was discovered to be a forgery. The author's own copy, with his autograph on the flyleaf, with his large book-plate and a few marginal notes in his hand. Loosely inserted is a card with some verses in Greek and English and some designs by Charles Ricketts.
- 284 *Idem*. Another copy. FIRST ISSUE. No autograph. 6/-
- 285 *Idem*. One of 25 numbered copies, on large handmade paper, with the illustrations on Jap vellum. £1/10/-
(S.M. 657.)
- 286 MASON (Stuart). BIBLIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR WILDE. Roy. 8vo. Stiff wrappers. 1908. £2/2/-
(S.M. 662.) One of 11 numbered copies, signed by the author. Privately printed. Loosely inserted is a list of the people to whom it was sent. From this it appears that five copies are in libraries, and only six copies are available in private hands. This copy is the bibliographer's own, and is number one.
- 287 *Idem*. Corrected galley proofs. 10/6
- 288 MASON (Stuart). OSCAR WILDE, ART AND MORALITY. Illustrated. FIRST EDITION. Cr. 8vo. 1908. 6/-
(S.M. 659.)
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- 301 NEWMAN (Ernest). OSCAR WILDE. FIRST EDITION. 16mo. Wrappers. Fine copy. £2/2/-
(S.M. 663.) Only 25 copies printed.
- 302 NOTES FOR A BIBLIOGRAPHY of Oscar Wilde, by W. R. Edinburgh, 1905. 5/-
(S.M. 588.) In *The Book-Lover's Magazine*, Vol. V. Part 3.
- 303 O'DONOGHUE (D. J.). THE POETS OF IRELAND. A Biographical Dictionary. Parts 1 and 3 only. 8vo. Wrappers. 1892. 8/6
(S.M. 588.) Part 3 contains biographical notices of Oscar and Willie Wilde and also of Lady Wilde. Presentation copy from the author.
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(S.M. 588.) With numerous long A.L.S. from the author, and a copy of a letter from Wilde, referring to an early article of his. The volume gives a biography of Oscar and of Willie Wilde. Large book-plate.
- 305 ON OSCARISM. Illustrated. 1895. 5/-
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- 306 OUTLOOK. 4to. Boards, with Bibliography label. Wrappers, bound in. 1913. 10/6
(Not in S.M.) Contains a long account of the unpublished parts of *De Profundis* by P. P. Howe, and an essay by A. M. Broadley on Wilde as a letter-writer (S. M. 588), with several examples.
- 307 PARODIES of the Works of English and American Authors, collected and annotated by Walter Hamilton. Vol. VI. 4to. Original cloth. 1889. 8/6
(S.M. 54, etc.) This volume includes numerous clever parodies of Wilde by John Todhunter and others. Swinburne and Browning are also included in the parodies.
- 308 *Idem*. Parts 63 and 64. 4to. Half green niger, wrappers, bound in. 1889. 4/6
(S.M. 54, etc.) Includes parodies of *The Harlot's House*, etc.
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- 310 PUCK'S ANNUAL. New York. 1882. 5/-
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- 311 RANSOME (Arthur). OSCAR WILDE, A CRITICAL STUDY. Portrait. FIRST EDITION. 8vo. Fine copy in jacket (two jackets). 1912. £2/2/-
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- RAYMOND (E. T.). PORTRAITS OF THE 'NINETIES. XX. Oscar Wilde. 313
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(Not in S.M.) In *The Outlook*, December 4, 1920. Also bound in is
Stuart Mason's reply in the following number.
- RECOLLECTIONS OF OSCAR WILDE. By Ernest la Jeunesse, André 314
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- ROOF (K. M.). SALOMÉ. The Play and the Opera. Illustrated in colour 316
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copious notes in Millard's hand. Large book-plate.
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and numerous portraits, facsimiles, etc. FIRST EDITION. 8vo. [1915.] 15/-
(Not in S.M.) With 3 A.L.S. from the author, loosely inserted.
- THE SKETCH. February 20 and March 20. Folio. Wrappers. 1895. 5/- 320
(Not in S.M.) Containing a review of the first performance of *The*

Importance of Being Earnest, an account of the ladies' dresses, and an illustrated supplement of the play.

- 321 SMITH (H. Travers). THE RETURN OF OSCAR WILDE and A NEW MESSAGE FROM OSCAR WILDE. 1923. 2/6
(Not in S.M.) In *The Occult Review* for August and November 1923. Alleged communications by automatic writing.
- 322 SMITHERS (Leonard). His book-plate. Specially pulled on large handmade paper. 2/6
- 323 THE SONG OF MILKANWATHA, translated from the Original Feejee by Marc Anthony Henderson. Illustrated by Frank Beard. Third edition. Post 8vo. Albany, New York, 1883. 5/-
(Not in S.M.) A burlesque of the aesthetic movement. Many of the illustrations are caricatures of Wilde. Vincent Starrett's autograph on flyleaf.
- 324 THE STORY OF OSCAR WILDE. Illustrated. 16mo. Wrappers. [New York, 1923.] 3/6
(Not in S.M.) A booklet issued by Doubleday announcing the Patrons' Edition.
- 325 STUART-YOUNG (J. M.). OSCAR WILDE: A MEMOIR. 1905. 2/6
(Not in S.M.) In *The English Illustrated Magazine*, September 1905.
- 326 STUART-YOUNG (J. M.). OSRAC THE SELF-SUFFICIENT. Portraits and facsimiles. 4to. Cloth, gilt. Sunderland, 1905. £1/5/-
(S.M. 680.) A curious production. An introductory preface gives an account of the good influence of Wilde on the author, and the long poem is a panegyric in praise of Wilde. However, the volume is illustrated with what purport to be autograph letters and inscribed portraits, all of Wilde. There can be no doubt that these are forgeries, and that many of the statements in the text are inaccurate.
This copy has many notes in Millard's hand, and loosely inserted are letters from Walter Ledger and Stuart-Young. Large book-plate.
- 327 *Idem*. Another issue of the same, in cheaper binding. Containing the poem only, with a slip stating this is sent out for review. 1905. 16/-
(S.M. 680.) Loosely inserted are two 1-page A.L.S. from the author, one to Robert Ross and one to J. G. Nicholson.
- 328 STUART-YOUNG (J. M.) A CUPFUL OF KERNELS. FIRST EDITION. Sq. 8vo. 1909. 5/-
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- 329 STUART-YOUNG (J. M.). OUT OF HOURS. Poems, Lyrics and Sonnets. Illustrated. FIRST EDITION. 1909. 5/-
(Not in S.M.) Contains a poem to Oscar Wilde. *To a dead poet*. With large book-plate.

- SYMONS (Arthur). A JESTER WITH GENIUS. [Oscar Wilde.] 2/6 330
 (Not in S.M.) In *The Bookman*. New York, April 1920.
- THEATRE. June 1893. 2/6 331
 (Not in S.M.) Contains a 4-pp. open letter by "Candid Friend".
- Idem*. July-December 1892. 2/6 331A
 (Not in S.M.) Contains a photograph of Alexander's production of Wilde's plays.
- THURSTON HOPKINS (R.). OSCAR WILDE: A STUDY OF THE MAN 332
 AND HIS WORK. Portrait by E. Moutrie. New and revised edition.
 With an introduction by Sir T. Marchant Williams. Cr. 8vo. 1913. 10/6
 (S.M. 648.) Presentation copy, with signed inscription, from the
 author to Stuart Mason. Loosely inserted are two A.L.S. from the author,
 about the book, one of which states that only two copies of the dust-wrapper
 were done on white paper; and two A.L.S. from the writer of the intro-
 duction, referring to it.
 There are two dust-wrappers on this copy—one bright red, one white.
- THURSTON HOPKINS (R.). OSCAR WILDE. FIRST EDITION. 12mo. 333
 Wrappers. [1916.] 10/6
 (Not in S.M.) With a long signed inscription from the author, and
 a 2-pp. quarto A.L.S. from the author to Millard.
- Idem*. With inscription, but no letter. 7/6 333A
 Deals chiefly with *De Profundis*.
- TRUTH. Christmas number. 4to. Wrappers. 1884. 3/6 334
 (Not in S.M.) Has a caricature of Wilde as an aesthete.
- WALLER (Lewis). PARTS I HAVE PLAYED. Illustrated. 4to. Wrappers. 335
 N.D. 2/6
 (Not in S.M.) Includes portrait as Sir Robert Chiltern in *An Ideal
 Husband*.
- WATSON (William). LACHRYMAE MUSARUM. First issue of the FIRST 336
 EDITION. Fine copy. 1892. £1/1/-
 (S.M. 376.) This issue is the only one to contain the poem *Lines
 to our New Censor*, deriding Wilde's proposal to become a naturalised French-
 man. Wilde retorted: "There is not enough fire in William Watson's
 poetry to boil a tea-kettle".
- OSCAR WILDE. THREE TIMES TRIED. FIRST EDITION. Fine copy. 337
 The Ferrestone Press. N.D. [1912]. £3/10/-
 (S.M. 690.) The only full account, with the evidence, cross-examina-
 tion and speeches, of the three trials. Edited by Stuart Mason.
- Idem*. Editor's proof. 2 vols. Binder's cloth. With numerous annotations, 338
 corrections and notes, in Millard's hand, and press cuttings and illustra-
 tions loosely inserted or pasted in. N.D. £3/10/-
 (S.M. 690.)

- 339 WILKINSON (Louis). OSCAR WILDE. Some Hitherto Unpublished Letters of the Last Phase. 4to. Boards with Bibliography label. Wrappers, bound in. 1914. 2/6
 (Not in S.M.) *The New Statesman*, January 3, 1914.
- 340 WILLS (W. G.) MELCHIOR. FIRST EDITION. 1885. 12/6
 (See S.M. 151.) Loosely inserted is an A.L.S. from the author, addressed to "My dear Wylde", thanking him for reviewing the book. Wilde reviewed it in *The Pall Mall Gazette* of March 13, 1885, under the heading *A Modern Epic*. The letter is printed in full in Mason's bibliography.
- 341 YOUNG (Dal). APOLOGIA PRO OSCAR WILDE. FIRST EDITION. Wrappers. [1895.] 2/6
 (S.M. 679.)
- 342 *Idem*. Half morocco extra, original wrappers, bound in. 15/-
 Loosely inserted is an A.L.S. (3 pp. 8vo) from the author to More Adey, January 1, 1897. Also an A.L.S. from Mrs. Dal Young, addressed to Ross. Millard's autograph and small book-plate.

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