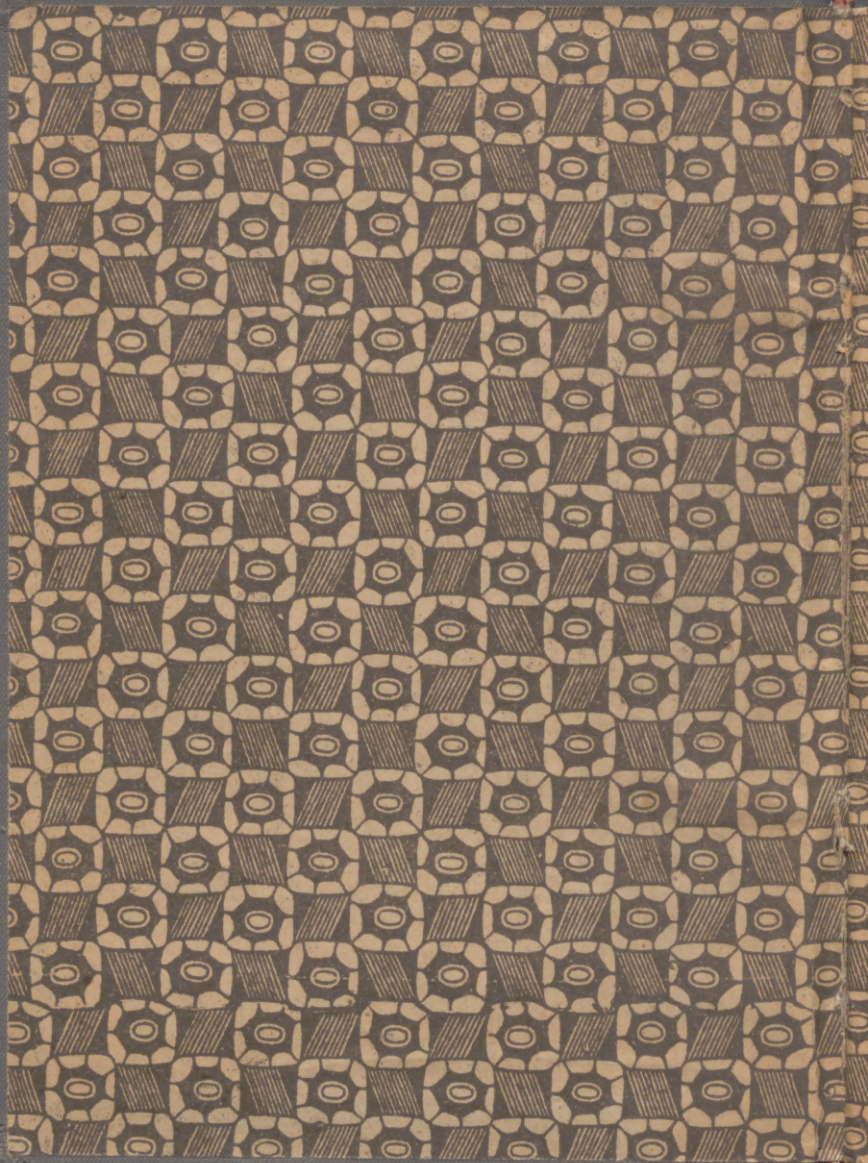


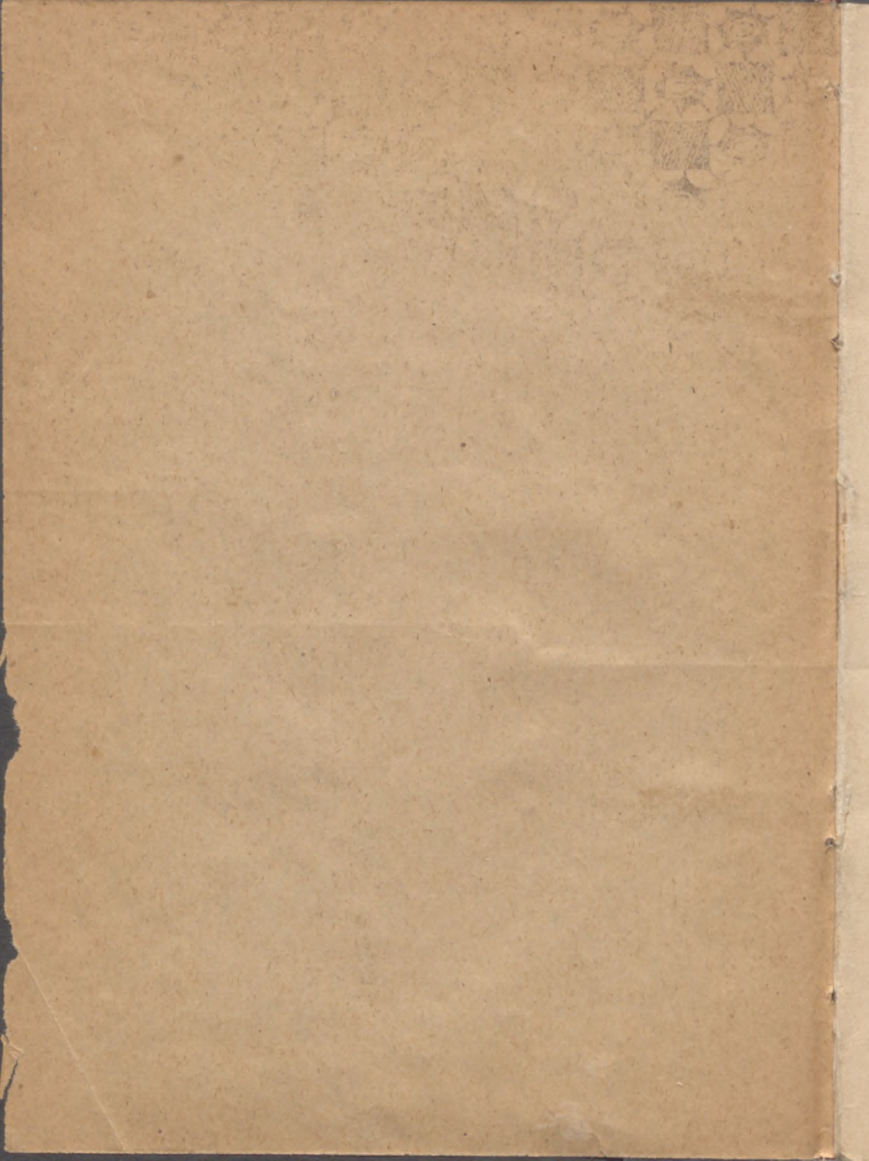
Biblioteka
UMK
Toruń

~~02084/~~
4056

802







02084
4056

COLLECTION
OF
BRITISH AUTHORS
TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

VOL. 4056.

DE PROFUNDIS
AND
THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL.
BY
OSCAR WILDE.

IN ONE VOLUME.

*This volume has been reprinted in 1919.
The usual quality of paper will again be used as soon
as possible after the war.*

TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

By the same Author,

| | |
|---|--------|
| THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY | 1 vol. |
| A HOUSE OF POMEGRANATES | 1 vol. |
| LORD ARTHUR SAVILE'S CRIME, ETC. | 1 vol. |
| LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN | 1 vol. |
| AN IDEAL HUSBAND | 1 vol. |
| SALOME | 1 vol. |
| THE HAPPY PRINCE, ETC. | 1 vol. |
| A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE | 1 vol. |
| THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST | 1 vol. |
| POEMS | 1 vol. |



1226524

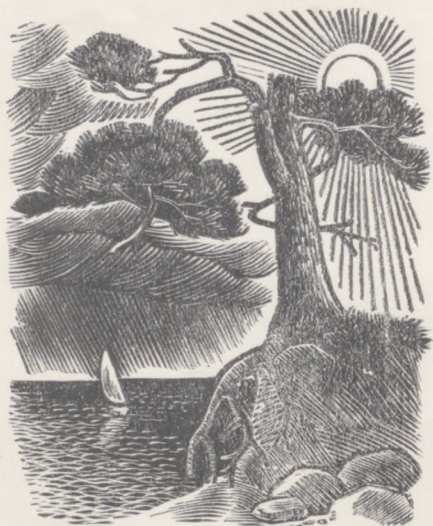
DE PROFUNDIS
AND
THE BALLAD OF READING
GAOL

BY
OSCAR WILDE
AUTHOR OF "THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY," ETC.

COPYRIGHT EDITION
COPYRIGHT EDITION

LEIPZIG
LEIPZIG
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1908.
1908.



EX·LIBRIS
~~~~~ JANINY ~~~~~  
HURYNOWICZ

D.200/68



## PREFACE.

---

FOR a long time considerable curiosity has been expressed about the manuscript of DE PROFUNDIS, which was known to be in my possession, the author having mentioned its existence to many other friends. The book requires little introduction, and scarcely any explanation. I have only to record that it was written by my friend during the last months of his imprisonment, that it was the only work he

wrote while in prison, and the last work in prose he ever wrote. (The "Ballad of Reading Gaol" was not planned or even composed until he had regained his liberty.)

In sending me instructions with regard to the publication of DE PROFUNDIS, Oscar Wilde wrote:—

*"I don't defend my conduct. I explain it. Also there are in my letter certain passages which deal with my mental development in prison, and the inevitable evolution of my 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.*

*“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.*

*“Whether or not the letter does good to narrow natures and hectic brains, to me it has done good. I have ‘cleansed my bosom of much perilous stuff.’ I need not remind you that mere expression is to an artist the supreme and only mode of life. It is by utterance that we live.*

*Of the many, many things for which I have to thank the Governor there is none for which I am more grateful than for his permission to write fully to you, and at as great a length as I desire. For nearly two years I have had within a growing burden of bitterness, of much of which I have now got rid. On the other side of the prison wall there are some poor black soot-besmirched trees which are just breaking out into buds of an almost shrill green. I know quite well what they are going through. They are finding expression."*

I venture to hope that DE PROFUNDIS, which renders so vividly, and so pain-

fully, the effect of social *débâcle* and imprisonment on a highly intellectual and artificial nature, will give many readers a different impression of the witty and delightful writer.

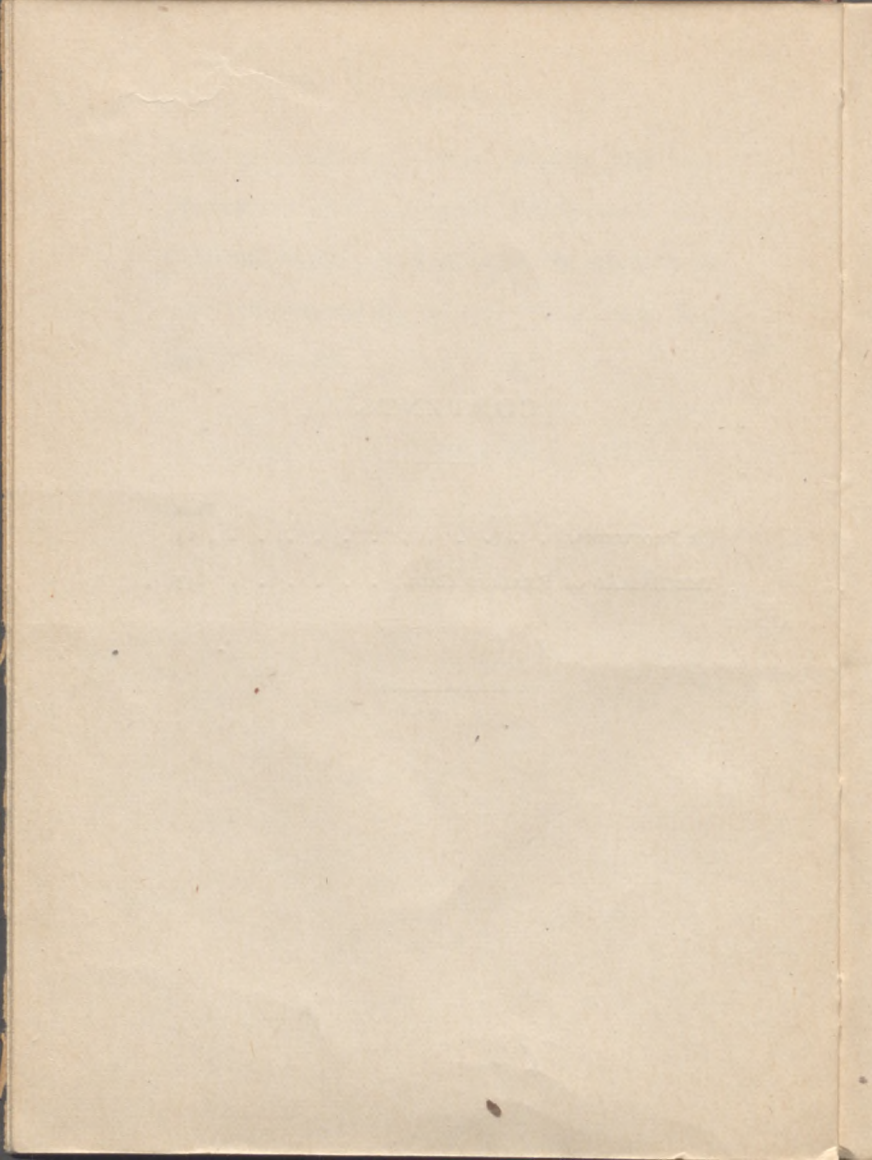
ROBERT ROSS.

## CONTENTS.

---

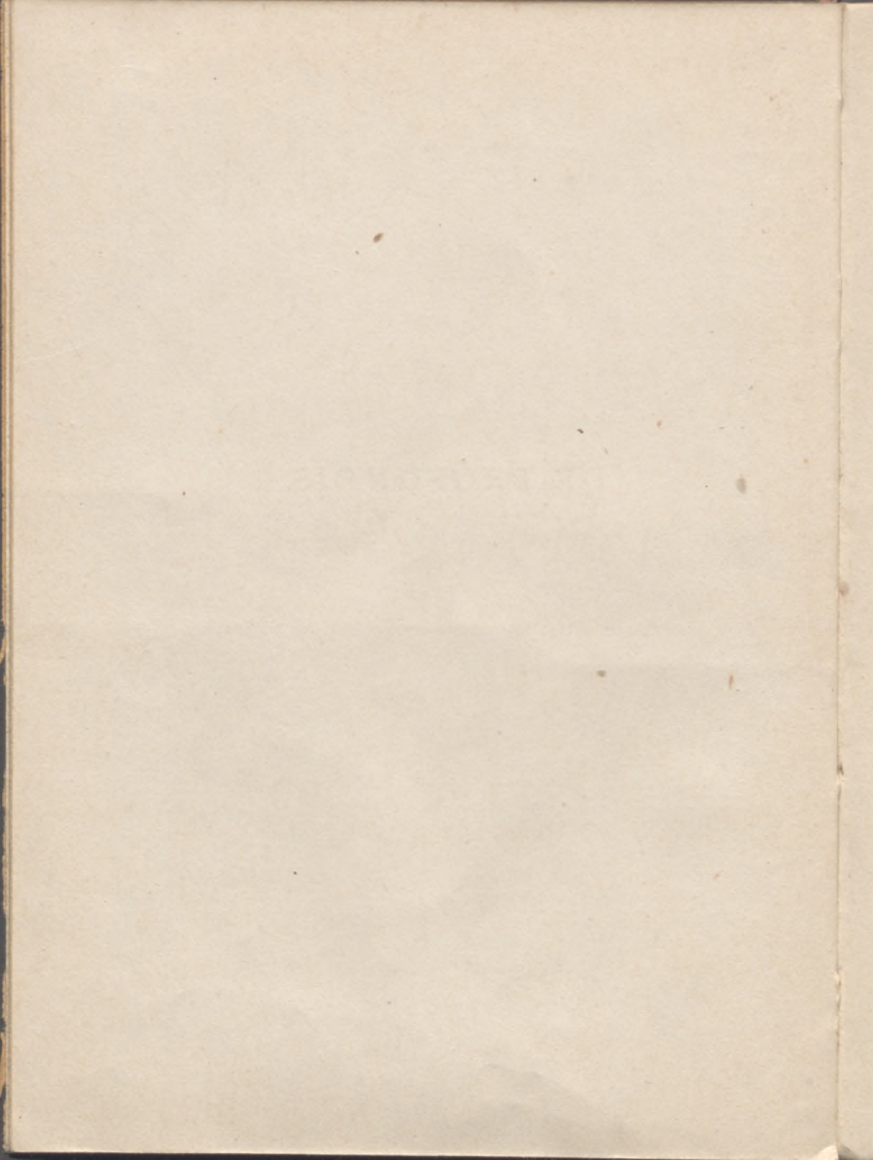
|                                      | PAGE |
|--------------------------------------|------|
| DE PROFUNDIS. . . . .                | 13   |
| THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL . . . . . | 143  |

---





DE PROFUNDIS.



## DE PROFUNDIS.

---

... SUFFERING is one very long moment. We cannot divide it by seasons. We can only record its moods, and chronicle their return. With us time itself does not progress. It revolves. It seems to circle round one centre of pain. The paralysing immobility of a life every circumstance of which is regulated after an unchangeable pattern, so that we eat and drink and lie down and pray, or kneel at least for prayer, according to the inflexible

laws of an iron formula: this immobile quality, that makes each dreadful day in the very minutest detail like its brother, seems to communicate itself to those external forces the very essence of whose existence is ceaseless change. Of seed-time or harvest, of the reapers bending over the corn, or the grape gatherers threading through the vines, of the grass in the orchard made white with broken blossoms or strewn with fallen fruit: of these we know nothing, and can know nothing.

For us there is only one season, the season of sorrow. The very sun and moon seem taken from us. Outside, the day may be blue and gold, but the light that creeps down through the thickly-muffled glass of the small iron-barred window beneath which one sits is grey and niggard.

It is always twilight in one's cell, as it is always twilight in one's heart. And in the sphere of thought, no less than in the sphere of time, motion is no more. The thing that you personally have long ago forgotten, or can easily forget, is happening to me now, and will happen to me again to-morrow. Remember this, and you will be able to understand a little of why I am writing, and in this manner writing. . . .

A week later, I am transferred here. Three more months go over and my mother dies. No one knew how deeply I loved and honoured her. Her death was terrible to me; but I, once a lord of language, have no words in which to express my anguish and my shame. She and my father had bequeathed me a name they had made noble and honoured, not merely



in literature, art, archæology, and science, but in the public history of my own country, in its evolution as a nation. I had disgraced that name eternally. I had made it a low byword among low people. I had dragged it through the very mire. I had given it to brutes that they might make it brutal, and to foes that they might turn it into a synonym for folly. What I suffered then, and still suffer, is not for pen to write or paper to record. My wife, always kind and gentle to me, rather than that I should hear the news from indifferent lips, travelled, ill as she was, all the way from Genoa to England to break to me herself the tidings of so irreparable, so irredeemable, a loss. Messages of sympathy reached me from all who had still affection for me. Even people who had not known

me personally, hearing that a new sorrow had broken into my life, wrote to ask that some expression of their condolence should be conveyed to me. . . .

Three months go over. The calendar of my daily conduct and labour that hangs on the outside of my cell door, with my name and sentence written upon it, tells me that it is May. . . .

Prosperity, pleasure and success, may be rough of grain and common in fibre, but sorrow is the most sensitive of all created things. There is nothing that stirs in the whole world of thought to which sorrow does not vibrate in terrible and exquisite pulsation. The thin beaten-out leaf of tremulous gold that chronicles the direction of forces the eye cannot see is in comparison coarse. It is a wound that bleeds when

any hand but that of love touches it, and even then must bleed again, though not in pain.

Where there is sorrow there is holy ground. Some day people will realise what that means. They will know nothing of life till they do. — and natures like his can realise it. When I was brought down from my prison to the Court of Bankruptcy, between two policemen, — waited in the long dreary corridor that, before the whole crowd, whom an action so sweet and simple hushed into silence, he might gravely raise his hat to me, as, handcuffed and with bowed head, I passed him by. Men have gone to heaven for smaller things than that. It was in this spirit, and with this mode of love, that the saints knelt down to wash the feet of the poor, or stooped



to kiss the leper on the cheek. I have never said one single word to him about what he did. I do not know to the present moment whether he is aware that I was even conscious of his action. It is not a thing for which one can render formal thanks in formal words. I store it in the treasure-house of my heart. I keep it there as a secret debt that I am glad to think I can never possibly repay. It is embalmed and kept sweet by the myrrh and cassia of many tears. When wisdom has been profitless to me, philosophy barren, and the proverbs and phrases of those who have sought to give me consolation as dust and ashes in my mouth, the memory of that little, lovely, silent act of love has unsealed for me all the wells of pity: made the desert blossom like a rose, and brought me

out of the bitterness of lonely exile into harmony with the wounded, broken, and great heart of the world. When people are able to understand, not merely how beautiful ——'s action was, but why it meant so much to me, and always will mean so much, then, perhaps, they will realise how and in what spirit they should approach me. . . .

The poor are wise, more charitable, more kind, more sensitive than we are. In their eyes prison is a tragedy in a man's life, a misfortune, a casualty, something that calls for sympathy in others. They speak of one who is in prison as of one who is 'in trouble' simply. It is the phrase they always use, and the expression has the perfect wisdom of love in it. With people of our own rank it is different.

With us, prison makes a man a pariah. I, and such as I am, have hardly any right to air and sun. Our presence taints the pleasures of others. We are unwelcome when we reappear. To revisit the glimpses of the moon is not for us. Our very children are taken away. Those lovely links with humanity are broken. We are doomed to be solitary, while our sons still live. We are denied the one thing that might heal us and keep us, that might bring balm to the bruised heart, and peace to the soul in pain. . . .

I must say to myself that I ruined myself, and that nobody great or small can be ruined except by his own hand. I am quite ready to say so. I am trying to say so, though they may not think it at the present moment. This pitiless indictment I

bring without pity against myself. Terrible as was what the world did to me, what I did to myself was far more terrible still.

I was a man who stood in symbolic relations to the art and culture of my age. I had realised this for myself at the very dawn of my manhood, and had forced my age to realise it afterwards. Few men hold such a position in their own lifetime, and have it so acknowledged. It is usually discerned, if discerned at all, by the historian, or the critic, long after both the man and his age have passed away. With me it was different. I felt it myself, and made others feel it. Byron was a symbolic figure, but his relations were to the passion of his age and its weariness of passion. Mine were to something more noble, more

permanent, of more vital issue, of larger scope.

The gods had given me almost everything. But I let myself be lured into long spells of senseless and sensual ease. I amused myself with being a *flâneur*, a dandy, a man of fashion. I surrounded myself with the smaller natures and the meaner minds. I became the spendthrift of my own genius, and to waste an eternal youth gave me a curious joy. Tired of being on the heights, I deliberately went to the depths in the search for new sensation. What the paradox was to me in the sphere of thought, perversity became to me in the sphere of passion. Desire, at the end, was a malady, or a madness, or both. I grew careless of the lives of others. I took pleasure where it pleased me, and passed

on. I forgot that every little action of the common day makes or unmakes character, and that therefore what one has done in the secret chamber one has some day to cry aloud on the housetop. I ceased to be lord over myself. I was no longer the captain of my soul, and did not know it. I allowed pleasure to dominate me. I ended in horrible disgrace. There is only one thing for me now, absolute humility.

I have lain in prison for nearly two years. Out of my nature has come wild despair; an abandonment to grief that was piteous even to look at; terrible and impotent rage; bitterness and scorn; anguish that wept aloud; misery that could find no voice; sorrow that was dumb. I have passed through every possible mood of suffering. Better than Wordsworth himself

I know what Wordsworth meant when he said—

“Suffering is permanent, obscure, and dark,  
And has the nature of infinity.”

But while there were times when I rejoiced in the idea that my sufferings were to be endless, I could not bear them to be without meaning. Now I find hidden somewhere away in my nature something that tells me that nothing in the whole world is meaningless, and suffering least of all. That something hidden away in my nature, like a treasure in a field, is Humility.

It is the last thing left in me, and the best: the ultimate discovery at which I have arrived, the starting-point for a fresh development. It has come to me right out

of myself, so I know that it has come at the proper time. It could not have come before, nor later. Had anyone told me of it, I would have rejected it. Had it been brought to me, I would have refused it. As I found it, I want to keep it. I must do so. It is the one thing that has in it the elements of life, of a new life, a *Vita Nuova* for me. Of all things it is the strangest. One cannot acquire it, except by surrendering everything that one has. It is only when one has lost all things, that one knows that one possesses it.

Now I have realised that it is in me, I see quite clearly what I ought to do; in fact, must do. And when I use such a phrase as that, I need not say that I am not alluding to any external sanction or command. I admit none. I am far more



of an individualist than I ever was. Nothing seems to me of the smallest value except what one gets out of oneself. My nature is seeking a fresh mode of self-realisation. That is all I am concerned with. And the first thing that I have got to do is to free myself from any possible bitterness of feeling against the world.

I am completely penniless, and absolutely homeless. Yet there are worse things in the world than that. I am quite candid when I say that rather than go out from this prison with bitterness in my heart against the world, I would gladly and readily beg my bread from door to door. If I got nothing from the house of the rich I would get something at the house of the poor. Those who have much are often

greedy; those who have little always share. I would not a bit mind sleeping in the cool grass in summer, and when winter came on sheltering myself by the warm close-thatched rick, or under the penthouse of a great barn, provided I had love in my heart. The external things of life seem to me now of no importance at all. You can see to what intensity of individualism I have arrived—or am arriving rather, for the journey is long, and “where I walk there are thorns.”

Of course I know that to ask alms on the highway is not to be my lot, and that if ever I lie in the cool grass at night-time it will be to write sonnets to the moon. When I go out of prison, R—— will be waiting for me on the other side of the big iron-studded gate, and he is the symbol,

not merely of his own affection, but of the affection of many others besides. I believe I am to have enough to live on for about eighteen months at any rate, so that if I may not write beautiful books, I may at least read beautiful books; and what joy can be greater? After that, I hope to be able to recreate my creative faculty.

But were things different: had I not a friend left in the world; were there not a single house open to me in pity; had I to accept the wallet and ragged cloak of sheer penury: as long as I am free from all resentment, hardness, and scorn, I would be able to face the life with much more calm and confidence than I would were my body in purple and fine linen, and the soul within me sick with hate.

And I really shall have no difficulty.

When you really want love you will find it waiting for you.

I need not say that my task does not end there. It would be comparatively easy if it did. There is much more before me. I have hills far steeper to climb, valleys much darker to pass through. And I have to get it all out of myself. Neither religion, morality, nor reason can help me at all.

Morality does not help me. I am a born antinomian. I am one of those who are made for exceptions, not for laws. But while I see that there is nothing wrong in what one does, I see that there is something wrong in what one becomes. It is well to have learned that.

Religion does not help me. The faith that others give to what is unseen, I give to what one can touch, and look at. My

gods dwell in temples made with hands; and within the circle of actual experience is my creed made perfect and complete: too complete, it may be, for like many or all of those who have placed their heaven in this earth, I have found in it not merely the beauty of heaven, but the horror of hell also. When I think about religion at all, I feel as if I would like to found an order for those who *cannot* believe: the Confraternity of the Faithless, one might call it, where on an altar, on which no taper burned, a priest, in whose heart peace had no dwelling, might celebrate with unblessed bread and a chalice empty of wine. Everything to be true must become a religion. And agnosticism should have its ritual no less than faith. It has sown its martyrs, it should reap its saints,

and praise God daily for having hidden Himself from man. But whether it be faith or agnosticism, it must be nothing external to me. Its symbols must be of my own creating. Only that is spiritual which makes its own form. If I may not find its secret within myself, I shall never find it: if I have not got it already, it will never come to me.

Reason does not help me. It tells me that the laws under which I am convicted are wrong and unjust laws, and the system under which I have suffered a wrong and unjust system. But, somehow, I have got to make both of these things just and right to me. And exactly as in Art one is only concerned with what a particular thing is at a particular moment to oneself, so it is also in the ethical evolution of one's

character. I have got to make everything that has happened to me good for me. The plank bed, the loathsome food, the hard ropes shredded into oakum till one's finger-tips grow dull with pain, the menial offices with which each day begins and finishes, the harsh orders that routine seems to necessitate, the dreadful dress that makes sorrow grotesque to look at, the silence, the solitude, the shame—each and all of these things I have to transform into a spiritual experience. There is not a single degradation of the body which I must not try and make into a spiritualising of the soul.

I want to get to the point when I shall be able to say quite simply, and without affectation, that the two great turning-points in my life were when my father

sent me to Oxford, and when society sent me to prison. I will not say that prison is the best thing that could have happened to me; for that phrase would savour of too great bitterness towards myself. I would sooner say, or hear it said of me, that I was so typical a child of my age, that in my perversity, and for that perversity's sake, I turned the good things of my life to evil, and the evil things of my life to good.

What is said, however, by myself or by others, matters little. The important thing, the thing that lies before me, the thing that I have to do, if the brief remainder of my days is not to be maimed, marred, and incomplete, is to absorb into my nature all that has been done to me, to make it part of me, to ac-



cept it without complaint, fear, or reluctance. The supreme vice is shallowness. Whatever is realised is right.

When first I was put into prison some people advised me to try and forget who I was. It was ruinous advice. It is only by realising what I am that I have found comfort of any kind. Now I am advised by others to try on my release to forget that I have ever been in a prison at all. I know that would be equally fatal. It would mean that I would always be haunted by an intolerable sense of disgrace, and that those things that are meant for me as much as for anybody else—the beauty of the sun and moon, the pageant of the seasons, the music of daybreak and the silence of great nights, the rain falling through the leaves, or the dew creeping

over the grass and making it silver—would all be tainted for me, and lose their healing power and their power of communicating joy. To regret one's own experiences is to arrest one's own development. To deny one's own experiences is to put a lie into the lips of one's own life. It is no less than a denial of the soul.

For just as the body absorbs things of all kinds, things common and unclean no less than those that the priest or a vision has cleansed, and converts them into swiftness or strength, into the play of beautiful muscles and the moulding of fair flesh, into the curves and colours of the hair, the lips, the eye; so the soul in its turn has its nutritive functions also, and can transform into noble moods of thought and passions of high import what

in itself is base, cruel and degrading; nay, more, may find in these its most august modes of assertion, and can often reveal itself most perfectly through what was intended to desecrate or destroy.

The fact of my having been the common prisoner of a common gaol I must frankly accept, and, curious as it may seem, one of the things I shall have to teach myself is not to be ashamed of it. I must accept it as a punishment, and if one is ashamed of having been punished, one might just as well never have been punished at all. Of course there are many things of which I was convicted that I had not done, but then there are many things of which I was convicted that I had done, and a still greater number of things in my life for which I was never

indicted at all. And as the gods are strange, and punish us for what is good and humane in us as much as for what is evil and perverse, I must accept the fact that one is punished for the good as well as for the evil that one does. I have no doubt that it is quite right one should be. It helps one, or should help one, to realise both, and not to be too conceited about either. And if I then am not ashamed of my punishment, as I hope not to be, I shall be able to think, and walk, and live with freedom.

Many men on their release carry their prison about with them into the air, and hide it as a secret disgrace in their hearts, and at length, like poor poisoned things, creep into some hole and die. It is wretched that they should have to do so, and it is

wrong, terribly wrong, of society that it should force them to do so. Society takes upon itself the right to inflict appalling punishment on the individual, but it also has the supreme vice of shallowness, and fails to realise what it has done. When the man's punishment is over, it leaves him to himself; that is to say, it abandons him at the very moment when its highest duty towards him begins. It is really ashamed of its own actions, and shuns those whom it has punished, as people shun a creditor whose debt they cannot pay, or one on whom they have inflicted an irreparable, an irredeemable wrong. I can claim on my side that if I realise what I have suffered, society should realise what it has inflicted on me; and that there should be no bitterness or hate on either side.

Of course I know that from one point of view things will be made different for me than for others; must indeed, by the very nature of the case, be made so. The poor thieves and outcasts who are imprisoned here with me are in many respects more fortunate than I am. The little way in grey city or green field that saw their sin is small; to find those who know nothing of what they have done they need go no further than a bird might fly between the twilight and the dawn; but for me the world is shrivelled to a handbreadth, and everywhere I turn my name is written on the rocks in lead. For I have come, not from obscurity into the momentary notoriety of crime, but from a sort of eternity of fame to a sort of eternity of infamy, and sometimes seem

to myself to have shown, if indeed it required showing, that between the famous and the infamous there is but one step, if as much as one.

Still, in the very fact that people will recognise me wherever I go, and know all about my life, as far as its follies go, I can discern something good for me. It will force on me the necessity of again asserting myself as an artist, and as soon as I possibly can. If I can produce only one beautiful work of art I shall be able to rob malice of its venom, and cowardice of its sneer, and to pluck out the tongue of scorn by the roots.

And if life be, as it surely is, a problem to me, I am no less a problem to life. People must adopt some attitude towards me, and so pass judgment both on them-

selves and me. I need not say I am not talking of particular individuals. The only people I would care to be with now are artists and people who have suffered: those who know what beauty is, and those who know what sorrow is: nobody else interests me. Nor am I making any demands on life. In all that I have said I am simply concerned with my own mental attitude towards life as a whole; and I feel that not to be ashamed of having been punished is one of the first points I must attain to, for the sake of my own perfection, and because I am so imperfect.

Then I must learn how to be happy. Once I knew it, or thought I knew it, by instinct. It was always springtime once in my heart. My temperament was akin



to joy. I filled my life to the very brim with pleasure, as one might fill a cup to the very brim with wine. Now I am approaching life from a completely new standpoint, and even to conceive happiness is often extremely difficult for me. I remember during my first term at Oxford reading in Pater's *Renaissance*—that book which has had such strange influence over my life—how Dante places low in the Inferno those who wilfully live in sadness; and going to the college library and turning to the passage in the *Divine Comedy* where beneath the dreary marsh lie those who were "sullen in the sweet air," saying for ever and ever through their sighs—

"Tristi fummo

Nell aer dolce che dal sol s'allegra."

I knew the church condemned *accidia*, but the whole idea seemed to me quite fantastic, just the sort of sin, I fancied, a priest who knew nothing about real life would invent. Nor could I understand how Dante, who says that "sorrow remarries us to God," could have been so harsh to those who were enamoured of melancholy, if any such there really were. I had no idea that some day this would become to me one of the greatest temptations of my life.

While I was in Wandsworth prison I longed to die. It was my one desire. When after two months in the infirmary I was transferred here, and found myself growing gradually better in physical health, I was filled with rage. I determined to commit suicide on the very day on which I

left prison. After a time that evil mood passed away, and I made up my mind to live, but to wear gloom as a king wears purple: never to smile again: to turn whatever house I entered into a house of mourning: to make my friends walk slowly in sadness with me: to teach them that melancholy is the true secret of life: to maim them with an alien sorrow: to mar them with my own pain. Now I feel quite differently. I see it would be both ungrateful and unkind of me to pull so long a face that when my friends came to see me they would have to make their faces still longer in order to show their sympathy; or, if I desired to entertain them, to invite them to sit down silently to bitter herbs and funeral baked meats. I must learn how to be cheerful and happy.

The last two occasions on which I was allowed to see my friends here, I tried to be as cheerful as possible, and to show my cheerfulness, in order to make them some slight return for their trouble in coming all the way from town to see me. It is only a slight return, I know, but it is the one, I feel certain, that pleases them most. I saw R——for an hour on Saturday week, and I tried to give the fullest possible expression of the delight I really felt at our meeting. And that, in the views and ideas I am here shaping for myself, I am quite right is shown to me by the fact that now for the first time since my imprisonment I have a real desire for life.

There is before me so much to do that I would regard it as a terrible tragedy

if I died before I was allowed to complete at any rate a little of it. I see new developments in art and life, each one of which is a fresh mode of perfection. I long to live so that I can explore what is no less than a new world to me. Do you want to know what this new world is? I think you can guess what it is. It is the world in which I have been living. Sorrow, then, and all that it teaches one, is my new world.

I used to live entirely for pleasure. I shunned suffering and sorrow of every kind. I hated both. I resolved to ignore them as far as possible: to treat them, that is to say, as modes of imperfection. They were not part of my scheme of life. They had no place in my philosophy. My mother, who knew life as a whole, used

often to quote to me Goethe's lines—written by Carlyle in a book he had given her years ago, and translated by him, I fancy, also:—

“Who never ate his bread in sorrow,  
Who never spent the midnight hours  
Weeping and waiting for the morrow,—  
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers.”

They were the lines which that noble Queen of Prussia, whom Napoleon treated with such coarse brutality, used to quote in her humiliation and exile; they were the lines my mother often quoted in the troubles of her later life. I absolutely declined to accept or admit the enormous truth hidden in them. I could not understand it. I remember quite well how I used to tell her that I did not want to

eat my bread in sorrow, or to pass any night weeping and watching for a more bitter dawn.

I had no idea that it was one of the special things that the Fates had in store for me: that for a whole year of my life, indeed, I was to do little else. But so has my portion been meted out to me; and during the last few months I have, after terrible difficulties and struggles, been able to comprehend some of the lessons hidden in the heart of pain. Clergymen and people who use phrases without wisdom sometimes talk of suffering as a mystery. It is really a revelation. One discerns things one never discerned before. One approaches the whole of history from a different standpoint. What one had felt dimly, through instinct, about art, is intel-

lectually and emotionally realised with perfect clearness of vision and absolute intensity of apprehension.

I now see that sorrow, being the supreme emotion of which man is capable, is at once the type and test of all great art. What the artist is always looking for is the mode of existence in which soul and body are one and indivisible: in which the outward is expressive of the inward: in which form reveals. Of such modes of existence there are not a few: youth and the arts preoccupied with youth may serve as a model for us at one moment: at another we may like to think that, in its subtlety and sensitiveness of impression, its suggestion of a spirit dwelling in external things and making its raiment of earth and air, of mist and city alike, and



in its morbid sympathy of its moods, and tones, and colours, modern landscape art is realising for us pictorially what was realised in such plastic perfection by the Greeks. Music, in which all subject is absorbed in expression and cannot be separated from it, is a complex example, and a flower or a child a simple example, of what I mean; but sorrow is the ultimate type both in life and art.

Behind joy and laughter there may be a temperament, coarse, hard and callous. But behind sorrow there is always sorrow. Pain, unlike pleasure, wears no mask. Truth in art is not any correspondence between the essential idea and the accidental existence; it is not the resemblance of shape to shadow, or of the form mirrored in the crystal to the form itself; it

is no echo coming from a hollow hill, any more than it is a silver well of water in the valley that shows the moon to the moon and Narcissus to Narcissus. Truth in art is the unity of a thing with itself: the outward rendered expressive of the inward: the soul made incarnate: the body instinct with spirit. For this reason there is no truth comparable to sorrow. There are times when sorrow seems to me to be the only truth. Other things may be illusions of the eye or the appetite, made to blind the one and cloy the other, but out of sorrow have the worlds been built, and at the birth of a child or a star there is pain.

More than this, there is about sorrow an intense, an extraordinary reality. I have said of myself that I was one

who stood in symbolic relations to the art and culture of my age. There is not a single wretched man in this wretched place along with me who does not stand in symbolic relation to the very secret of life. For the secret of life is suffering. It is what is hidden behind everything. When we begin to live, what is sweet is so sweet to us, and what is bitter so bitter, that we inevitably direct all our desires towards pleasures, and seek not merely for a "month or twain to feed on honeycomb," but for all our years to taste no other food, ignorant all the while that we may really be starving the soul.

I remember talking once on this subject to one of the most beautiful personalities I have ever known: a woman,

whose sympathy and noble kindness to me, both before and since the tragedy of my imprisonment, have been beyond power and description; one who has really assisted me, though she does not know it, to bear the burden of my troubles more than anyone else in the whole world has, and all through the mere fact of her existence, through her being what she is—partly an ideal and partly an influence: a suggestion of what one might become as well as a real help towards becoming it; a soul that renders the common air sweet, and makes what is spiritual seem as simple and natural as sunlight or the sea: one for whom beauty and sorrow walk hand in hand, and have the same message. On the occasion of which I am thinking I recall distinctly how I

said to her that there was enough suffering in one narrow London lane to show that God did not love man, and that wherever there was any sorrow, though but that of a child in some little garden weeping over a fault that it had or had not committed, the whole face of creation was completely marred. I was entirely wrong. She told me so, but I could not believe her. I was not in the sphere in which such belief was to be attained to. Now it seems to me that love of some kind is the only possible explanation of the extraordinary amount of suffering that there is in the world. I cannot conceive of any other explanation. I am convinced that there is no other, and that if the world has indeed, as I have said, been built of sorrow, it has been built by the hands

of love, because in no other way could the soul of man, for whom the world was made, reach the full stature of its perfection. Pleasure for the beautiful body, but pain for the beautiful soul.

When I say that I am convinced of these things I speak with too much pride. Far off, like a perfect pearl, one can see the city of God. It is so wonderful that it seems as if a child could reach it in a summer's day. And so a child could. But with me and such as me it is different. One can realise a thing in a single moment, but one loses it in the long hours that follow with leaden feet. It is so difficult to keep "heights that the soul is competent to gain." We think in eternity, but we move slowly through time; and how slowly time goes with us

who lie in prison I need not tell again, nor of the weariness and despair that creep back into one's cell, and into the cell of one's heart, with such strange insistence that one has, as it were, to garnish and sweep one's house for their coming, as for an unwelcome guest, or a bitter master, or a slave whose slave it is one's chance or choice to be.

And, though at present my friends may find it a hard thing to believe, it is true none the less, that for them living in freedom and idleness and comfort it is more easy to learn the lessons of humility than it is for me, who begin the day by going down on my knees and washing the floor of my cell. For prison life with its endless privations and restrictions makes one rebellious. The most terrible thing

about it is not that it breaks one's heart—  
—hearts are made to be broken—but that  
it turns one's heart to stone. One some-  
times feels that it is only with a front  
of brass and a lip of scorn that one can  
get through the day at all. And he who  
is in a state of rebellion cannot receive  
grace, to use the phrase of which the  
Church is so fond—so rightly fond, I dare-  
say—for in life as in art the mood of  
rebellion closes up the channels of the soul,  
and shuts out the airs of heaven. Yet I  
must learn these lessons here, if I am to  
learn them anywhere, and must be filled  
with joy if my feet are on the right road  
and my face set towards "the gate which is  
called beautiful," though I may fall many  
times in the mire and often in the mist go  
astray.



This New Life, as through my love of Dante I like sometimes to call it, is of course no new life at all, but simply the continuance, by means of development, and evolution, of my former life. I remember when I was at Oxford saying to one of my friends as we were strolling round Magdalen's narrow bird-haunted walks one morning in the year before I took my degree, that I wanted to eat of the fruit of all the trees in the garden of the world, and that I was going out into the world with that passion in my soul. And so, indeed, I went out, and so I lived. My only mistake was that I confined myself so exclusively to the trees of what seemed to me the sun-lit side of the garden, and shunned the other side for its shadow

and its gloom. Failure, disgrace, poverty, sorrow, despair, suffering, tears even, the broken words that come from lips in pain, remorse that makes one walk on thorns, conscience that condemns, self-abasement that punishes, the misery that puts ashes on its head, the anguish that chooses sack-cloth for its raiment and into its own drink puts gall:—all these were things of which I was afraid. And as I had determined to know nothing of them, I was forced to taste each of them in turn, to feed on them, to have for a season, indeed, no other food at all.

I don't regret for a single moment having lived for pleasure. I did it to the full, as one should do everything that one does. There was no pleasure I did not

experience. I threw the pearl of my soul into a cup of wine. I went down the primrose path to the sound of flutes. I lived on honeycomb. But to have continued the same life would have been wrong because it would have been limiting. I had to pass on. The other half of the garden had its secrets for me also. Of course all this is foreshadowed and prefigured in my books. Some of it is in *The Happy Prince*, some of it in *The Young King*, notably in the passage where the bishop says to the kneeling boy, 'Is not He who made misery wiser than thou art?' a phrase which when I wrote it seemed to me little more than a phrase; a great deal of it is hidden away in the note of doom that like a purple thread runs through the texture of *Dorian*

*Gray*;\* in *The Critic as Artist* it is set forth in many colours; in *The Soul of Man* it is written down, and in letters too easy to read; it is one of the refrains whose recurring *motifs* make *Salome* so like a piece of music and bind it together as a ballad; in the prose poem of the man who from the bronze of the image of the "Pleasure that liveth for a moment" has to make the image of the "Sorrow that abideth for ever" it is incarnate. It could not have been otherwise. At every single moment of one's life one is what one is going to be no less than what one has been. Art is a symbol, because man is a symbol.

It is, if I can fully attain to it, the ultimate realisation of the artistic life.

\* Tauchnitz Edition vol. 4049.

For the artistic life is simply self-development. Humility in the artist is his frank acceptance of all experiences, just as love in the artist is simply the sense of beauty that reveals to the world its body and its soul. In *Marius the Epicurean* Pater seeks to reconcile the artistic life with the life of religion, in the deep, sweet, and austere sense of the word. But Marius is little more than a spectator: an ideal spectator indeed, and one to whom it is given "to contemplate the spectacle of life with appropriate emotions," which Wordsworth defines as the poet's true aim: yet a spectator merely, and perhaps a little too much occupied with the comeliness of the benches of the sanctuary to notice that it is the sanctuary of sorrow that he is gazing at.

I see a far more intimate and immediate connection between the true life of Christ and the true life of the artist; and I take a keen pleasure in the reflection that long before sorrow had made my days her own and bound me to her wheel I had written in *The Soul of Man* that he who would lead a Christ-like life must be entirely and absolutely himself, and had taken as my types not merely the shepherd on the hillside and the prisoner in his cell, but also the painter to whom the world is a pageant and the poet for whom the world is a song. I remember saying once to André Gide, as we sat together in some Paris *café*, that while metaphysics had but little real interest for me, and morality absolutely none, there was nothing that either

Plato or Christ had said that could not be transferred immediately into the sphere of Art and there find its complete fulfilment.

Nor is it merely that we can discern in Christ that close union of personality with perfection which forms the real distinction between the classical and romantic movement in life, but the very basis of his nature was the same as that of the nature of the artist—an intense and flamelike imagination. He realised in the entire sphere of human relations that imaginative sympathy which in the sphere of Art is the sole secret of creation. He understood the leprosy of the leper, the darkness of the blind, the fierce misery of those who live for pleasure, the strange poverty of the rich. Some-

one wrote to me in trouble, "When you are not on your pedestal you are not interesting." How remote was the writer from what Matthew Arnold calls "the Secret of Jesus." Either would have taught him that whatever happens to another happens to oneself, and if you want an inscription to read at dawn and at night-time, and for pleasure or for pain, write up on the walls of your house in letters for the sun to gild and the moon to silver, "Whatever happens to oneself happens to another."

Christ's place indeed is with the poets. His whole conception of Humanity sprang right out of the imagination and can only be realised by it. What God was to the pantheist, man was to Him. He was the first to conceive the divided races as a



unity. Before his time there had been gods and men, and, feeling through the mysticism of sympathy that in himself each had been made incarnate, he calls himself the Son of the one or the Son of the other, according to his mood. More than anyone else in history he wakes in us that temper of wonder to which romance always appeals. There is still something to me almost incredible in the idea of a young Galilean peasant imagining that he could bear on his own shoulders the burden of the entire world: all that had already been done and suffered, and all that was yet to be done and suffered: the sins of Nero, of Cæsar Borgia, of Alexander VI., and of him who was Emperor of Rome and Priest of the Sun: the sufferings of those whose names are

legion and whose dwelling is among the tombs: oppressed nationalities, factory children, thieves, people in prison, outcasts, those who are dumb under oppression and whose silence is heard only of God; and not merely imagining this but actually achieving it, so that at the present moment all who come in contact with his personality, even though they may neither bow to his altar nor kneel before his priest, in some way find that the ugliness of their sin is taken away and the beauty of their sorrow revealed to them.

I had said of Christ that he ranks with the poets. That is true. Shelley and Sophocles are of his company. But his entire life also is the most wonderful of poems. For "pity and terror" there is nothing in the entire cycle of Greek

tragedy to touch it. The absolute purity of the protagonist raises the entire scheme to a height of romantic art from which the sufferings of Thebes and Pelops' line are by their very horror excluded, and shows how wrong Aristotle was when he said in his treatise on the drama that it would be impossible to bear the spectacle of one blameless in pain. Nor in Æschylus nor Dante, those stern masters of tenderness, in Shakespeare, the most purely human of all the great artists, in the whole of Celtic myth and legend, where the loveliness of the world is shown through a mist of tears, and the life of a man is no more than the life of a flower, is there anything that, for sheer simplicity of pathos wedded and made one with sublimity of tragic effect, can be said to equal or

even approach the last act of Christ's passion. The little supper with his companions, one of whom has already sold him for a price; the anguish in the quiet moon-lit garden; the false friend coming close to him so as to betray him with a kiss; the friend who still believed in him, and on whom as on a rock he had hoped to build a house of refuge for Man, denying him as the bird cried to the dawn; his own utter loneliness, his submission, his acceptance of everything; and along with it all such scenes as the high priest of orthodoxy rending his raiment in wrath, and the magistrate of civil justice calling for water in the vain hope of cleansing himself of that stain of innocent blood that makes him the scarlet figure of history; the coronation ceremony of sor-

row, one of the most wonderful things in the whole of recorded time; the crucifixion of the Innocent One before the eyes of his mother and of the disciple whom he loved; the soldiers gambling and throwing dice for his clothes; the terrible death by which he gave the world its most eternal symbol; and his final burial in the tomb of the rich man, his body swathed in Egyptian linen with costly spices and perfumes as though he had been a king's son. When one contemplates all this from the point of view of art alone one cannot but be grateful that the supreme office of the Church should be the playing of the tragedy without the shedding of blood: the mystical presentation, by means of dialogue and costume and gesture even, of

the Passion of her Lord; and it is always a source of pleasure and awe to me to remember that the ultimate survival of the Greek chorus, lost elsewhere to art, is to be found in the servitor answering the priest at Mass.

Yet the whole life of Christ—so entirely may sorrow and beauty be made one in their meaning and manifestation—is really an idyll, though it ends with the veil of the temple being rent, and the darkness coming over the face of the earth, and the stone rolled to the door of the sepulchre. One always thinks of him as a young bridegroom with his companions, as indeed he somewhere describes himself; as a shepherd straying through a valley with his sheep in search of green meadow or cool stream; as a singer trying to build

out of the music the walls of the City of God; or as a lover for whose love the whole world was too small. His miracles seem to me to be as exquisite as the coming of spring, and quite as natural. I see no difficulty at all in believing that such was the charm of his personality that his mere presence could bring peace to souls in anguish, and that those who touched his garments or his hands forgot their pain; or that as he passed by on the highway of life people who had seen nothing of life's mystery saw it clearly, and others who had been deaf to every voice but that of pleasure heard for the first time the voice of love and found it as 'musical as Apollo's lute;' or that evil passions fled at his approach, and men whose dull unimaginative lives had been

but a mode of death rose as it were from the grave when he called them; or that when he taught on the hillside the multitude forgot their hunger and thirst and the cares of this world, and that to his friends who listened to him as he sat at meat the coarse food seemed delicate, and the water had the taste of good wine, and the whole house became full of the odour and sweetness of nard.

Renan in his *Vie de Jésus*—that gracious fifth gospel, the gospel according to St. Thomas, one might call it—says somewhere that Christ's great achievement was that he made himself as much loved after his death as he had been during his lifetime. And certainly, if his place is among the poets, he is the leader of all the lovers. He saw that love was the first



secret of the world for which the wise men had been looking, and that it was only through love that one could approach either the heart of the leper or the feet of God.

And above all, Christ is the most supreme of individualists. Humility, like the artistic acceptance of all experiences, is merely a mode of manifestation. It is man's soul that Christ is always looking for. He calls it "God's Kingdom," and finds it in everyone. He compares it to little things, to a tiny seed, to a handful of leaven, to a pearl. That is because one realises one's soul only by getting rid of all alien passions, all acquired culture, and all external possessions, be they good or evil.

I bore up against everything with

some stubbornness of will and much rebellion of nature, till I had absolutely nothing left in the world but one thing. I had lost my name, my position, my happiness, my freedom, my wealth. I was a prisoner and a pauper. But I still had my children left. Suddenly they were taken away from me by the law. It was a blow so appalling that I did not know what to do, so I flung myself on my knees, and bowed my head, and wept, and said, "The body of a child is as the body of the Lord: I am not worthy of either." That moment seemed to save me. I saw then that the only thing for me was to accept everything. Since then—curious as it will no doubt sound—I have been happier. It was of course my soul in its ultimate essence

that I had reached. In many ways I had been its enemy, but I found it waiting for me as a friend. When one comes in contact with the soul it makes one simple as a child, as Christ said one should be.

It is tragic how few people ever "possess their souls" before they die. "Nothing is more rare in any man," says Emerson, "than an act of his own." It is quite true. Most people are other people. Their thoughts are someone else's opinions, their lives a mimicry, their passions a quotation. Christ was not merely the supreme individualist, but he was the first individualist in history. People have tried to make him out an ordinary philanthropist, or ranked him as an altruist with the unscientific and sen-

timental. But he was really neither one nor the other. Pity he has, of course, for the poor, for those who are shut up in prisons, for the lowly, for the wretched; but he has far more pity for the rich, for the hard hedonists, for those who waste their freedom in becoming slaves to things, for those who wear soft raiment and live in kings' houses. Riches and pleasure seemed to him to be really greater tragedies than poverty or sorrow. And as for altruism, who knew better than he that it is vocation not volition that determines us, and that one cannot gather grapes of thorns or figs from thistles?

To live for others as a definite self-conscious aim was not his creed. It was not the basis of his creed. When he

says, "Forgive your enemies," it is not for the sake of the enemy, but for one's own sake that he says so, and because love is more beautiful than hate. In his own entreaty to the young man, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor," it is not of the state of the poor that he is thinking, but of the soul of the young man, the soul that wealth was marring. In his view of life he is one with the artist who knows that by the inevitable law of self-perfection, the poet must sing, and the sculptor think in bronze, and the painter make the world a mirror for his moods, as surely and as certainly as the hawthorn must blossom in spring, and the corn turn to gold at harvest-time, and the moon in her ordered wanderings change from shield to sickle, and from sickle to shield.

But while Christ did not say to men, "Live for others," he pointed out that there was no difference at all between the lives of others and one's own life. By this means he gave to man an extended, a Titan personality. Since his coming the history of each separate individual is, or can be made, the history of the world. Of course, culture has intensified the personality of man. Art has made us myriad-minded. Those who have the artistic temperament go into exile with Dante and learn how salt is the bread of others, and how steep their stairs; they catch for a moment the serenity and calm of Goethe, and yet know but too well that Baudelaire cried to God—

"O Seigneur, donnez-moi la force et le courage

De contempler mon corps et mon cœur sans dégoût."

Out of Shakespeare's sonnets they draw, to their own hurt it may be, the secret of his love and make it their own; they look with new eyes on modern life, because they have listened to one of Chopin's nocturnes, or handled Greek things, or read the story of the passion of some dead man for some dead woman whose hair was like threads of fine gold, and whose mouth was as a pomegranate. But the sympathy of the artistic temperament is necessarily with what has found expression. In words or in colours, in music or in marble, behind the painted masks of an Æschylean play, or through some Sicilian shepherds' pierced and jointed reeds, the man and his message must have been revealed.

To the artist, expression is the only mode under which he can conceive life

at all. To him what is dumb is dead. But to Christ it was not so. With a width and wonder of imagination that fills one almost with awe, he took the entire world of the inarticulate, the voiceless world of pain, as his kingdom, and made of himself its external mouth-piece. Those of whom I have spoken, who are dumb under oppression and "whose silence is heard only of God," he chose as his brothers. He sought to become eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, and a cry in the lips of those whose tongues had been tied. His desire was to be to the myriads who had found no utterance a very trumpet through which they might call to heaven. And feeling, with the artistic nature of one to whom suffering and sorrow were modes through which he could realise his con-



ception of the beautiful, that an idea is of no value till it becomes incarnate and is made an image, he made of himself the image of the Man of Sorrows, and as such has fascinated and dominated art as no Greek god ever succeeded in doing.

For the Greek gods, in spite of the white and red of their fair fleet limbs, were not really what they appeared to be. The curved brow of Apollo was like the sun's disc over a hill at dawn, and his feet were as the wings of the morning, but he himself had been cruel to Marsyas and had made Niobe childless. In the steel shields of Athena's eyes there had been no pity for Arachne; the pomp and peacocks of Hera were all that was really noble about her; and the Father of the Gods himself

had been too fond of the daughters of men. The two most deeply suggestive figures of Greek Mythology were, for religion, Demeter, an Earth Goddess, not one of the Olympians, and for art, Dionysus, the son of a mortal woman to whom the moment of his birth had proved also the moment of her death.

But Life itself from its lowliest and most humble sphere produced one far more marvellous than the mother of Proserpina, or the son of Semele. Out of the Carpenter's shop at Nazareth had come a personality infinitely greater than any made by myth and legend, and one, strangely enough, destined to reveal to the world the mystical meaning of wine and the real beauties of the lilies of the field as none, either on Cithaeron or at Enna, had ever done.

The song of Isaiah, "He is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him," had seemed to him to prefigure himself, and in him the prophecy was fulfilled. We must not be afraid of such a phrase. Every single work of art is the fulfilment of a prophecy: for every work of art is the conversion of an idea into an image. Every single human being should be the fulfilment of a prophecy: for every human being should be the realisation of some ideal, either in the mind of God or in the mind of man. Christ found the type and fixed it, and the dream of a Virgilian poet, either at Jerusalem or at Babylon, became in the long progress of the centuries incarnate in him for whom the world was "waiting."

To me one of the things in history the most to be regretted is that the Christ's own renaissance, which has produced the Cathedral at Chartres, the Arthurian cycle of legends, the life of St. Francis of Assisi, the art of Giotto, and Dante's *Divine Comedy*, was not allowed to develop on its own lines, but was interrupted and spoiled by the dreary classical Renaissance that gave us Petrarch, and Raphael's frescoes, and Palladian architecture, and formal French tragedy, and St. Paul's Cathedral, and Pope's poetry, and everything that is made from without and by dead rules, and does not spring from within through some spirit informing it. But wherever there is a romantic movement in art there somehow, and under some form, is Christ, or the soul of Christ.

He is in *Romeo and Juliet*, in the *Winter's Tale*, in Provençal poetry, in the *Ancient Mariner*, in *La Belle Dame sans merci*, and in Chatterton's *Ballad of Charity*.

We owe to him the most diverse things and people. Hugo's *Les Misérables*, Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal*, the note of pity in Russian novels, Verlaine and Verlaine's poems, the stained glass and tapestries and the quattrocento work of Burne-Jones and Morris, belong to him no less than the tower of Giotto, Lancelot and Guinevere, Tannhäuser, the troubled romantic marbles of Michael Angelo, pointed architecture, and the love of children and flowers—for both of which, indeed, in classical art there was but little place, hardly enough for them to grow or play in, but which, from the twelfth century down to our own day,

have been continually making their appearances in art, under various modes and at various times, coming fitfully and wilfully, as children, as flowers, are apt to do: spring always seeming to one as if the flowers had been in hiding, and only came out into the sun because they were afraid that grown-up people would grow tired of looking for them and give up the search; and the life of a child being no more than an April day on which there is both rain and sun for the narcissus.

It is the imaginative quality of Christ's own nature that makes him this palpitating centre of romance. The strange figures of poetic drama and ballad are made by the imagination of others, but out of his own imagination entirely did Jesus of Nazareth create himself. The cry of Isaiah

had really no more to do with his coming than the song of the nightingale has to do with the rising of the moon—no more, though perhaps no less. He was the denial as well as the affirmation of prophecy. For every expectation that he fulfilled there was another that he destroyed. “In all beauty,” says Bacon, “there is some strangeness of proportion,” and of those who are born of the spirit—of those, that is to say, who like himself are dynamic forces—Christ says that they are like the wind that “bloweth where it listeth, and no man can tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth.” That is why he is so fascinating to artists. He has all the colour elements of life: mystery, strangeness, pathos, suggestion, ecstasy, love. He appeals to the temper of wonder, and

creates that mood in which alone he can be understood.

And to me it is a joy to remember that if he is "of imagination all compact," the world itself is of the same substance. I said in *Dorian Gray*\* that the great sins of the world take place in the brain: but it is in the brain that everything takes place. We know now that we do not see with the eyes or hear with the ears. They are really channels for the transmission, adequate or inadequate, of sense impressions. It is in the brain that the poppy is red, that the apple is odorous, that the skylark sings.

Of late I have been studying with diligence the four prose poems about Christ. At Christmas I managed to get hold of

\* Tauchnitz Edition vol. 4049.



a Greek Testament, and every morning, after I had cleaned my cell and polished my tins, I read a little of the Gospels, a dozen verses taken by chance anywhere. It is a delightful way of opening the day. Everyone, even in a turbulent, ill-disciplined life, should do the same. Endless repetition, in and out of season, has spoiled for us the freshness, the *naïveté*, the simple romantic charm of the Gospels. We hear them read far too often and far too badly, and all repetition is anti-spiritual. When one returns to the Greek, it is like going into a garden of lilies out of some narrow and dark house.

And to me, the pleasure is doubled by the reflection that it is extremely probable that we have the actual terms, the *ipsissima verba*, used by Christ. It was always sup-

posed that Christ talked in Aramaic. Even Renan thought so. But now we know that the Galilean peasants, like the Irish peasants of our own day, were bilingual, and that Greek was the ordinary language of intercourse all over Palestine, as indeed all over the Eastern world. I never liked the idea that we knew of Christ's own words only through a translation of a translation. It is a delight to me to think that as far as his conversation was concerned, Charmides might have listened to him, and Socrates reasoned with him, and Plato understood him: that he really said *ἐγὼ εἶμι ὁ ποιμὴν ὁ καλός*, that when he thought of the lilies of the field and how they neither toil nor spin, his absolute expression was *καταμάθετε τὰ κρίνα τοῦ ἀγροῦ πῶς ἀλέξαναι· οὐ κοπιᾷ οὐδὲ νήθει*, and that his last word

when he cried out "my life has been completed, has reached its fulfilment, has been perfected," was exactly as St. John tells us it was: *τετέλεσται*—no more.

While in reading the Gospels—particularly that of St. John himself, or whatever early Gnostic took his name and mantle—I see the continual assertion of the imagination as the basis of all spiritual and material life, I see also that to Christ imagination was simply a form of love, and that to him love was lord in the fullest meaning of the phrase. Some six weeks ago I was allowed by the doctor to have white bread to eat instead of the coarse black or brown bread of ordinary prison fare. It is a great delicacy. It will sound strange that dry bread could possibly be a delicacy to anyone. To me it is so much so that

at the close of each meal I carefully eat whatever crumbs may be left on my tin plate, or have fallen on the rough towel that one uses as a cloth so as not to soil one's table; and I do so not from hunger—I get now quite sufficient food—but simply in order that nothing should be wasted of what is given to me. So one should look on love.

Christ, like all fascinating personalities, had the power of not merely saying beautiful things himself, but of making other people say beautiful things to him; and I love the story St. Mark tells us about the Greek woman, who, when as a trial of her faith he said to her that he could not give her the bread of the children of Israel, answered him that the little dogs—(*κυνάρια*, “little dogs” it should be rendered)—who are under the table eat of

the crumbs that the children let fall. Most people live for love and admiration. But it is by love and admiration that we should live. If any love is shown us we should recognise that we are quite unworthy of it. Nobody is worthy to be loved. The fact that God loves man shows us that in the divine order of ideal things it is written that eternal love is to be given to what is eternally unworthy. Or if that phrase seems to be a bitter one to bear, let us say that everyone is worthy of love, except he who thinks that he is. Love is a sacrament that should be taken kneeling, and *Domine, non sum dignus* should be on the lips and in the hearts of those who receive it.

If ever I write again, in the sense of

producing artistic work, there are just two subjects on which and through which I desire to express myself: one is "Christ as the precursor of the romantic movement in life:" the other is "The artistic life considered in its relation to conduct." The first is, of course, intensely fascinating, for I see in Christ not merely the essentials of the supreme romantic type, but all the accidents, the wilfulnesses even, of the romantic temperament also. He was the first person who ever said to people that they should live "flower-like lives." He fixed the phrase. He took children as the type of what people should try to become. He held them up as examples to their elders, which I myself have always thought the chief use of children, if what is perfect should have a use. Dante de-

scribes the soul of a man as coming from the hand of God "weeping and laughing like a little child," and Christ also saw that the soul of each one should be *a guisa di fanciulla che piangendo e ridendo pargoleggia*. He felt that life was changeful, fluid, active, and that to allow it to be stereotyped into any form was death. He saw that people should not be too serious over material, common interests: that to be unpractical was to be a great thing: that one should not bother too much over affairs. The birds didn't, why should man? He is charming when he says, "Take no thought for the morrow; is not the soul more than meat? is not the body more than raiment?" A Greek might have used the latter phrase. It is full of Greek feeling. But only Christ

could have said both, and so summed up life perfectly for us.

His morality is all sympathy, just what morality should be. If the only thing that he ever said had been, "Her sins are forgiven her because she loved much," it would have been worth while dying to have said it. His justice is all poetical justice, exactly what justice should be. The beggar goes to heaven because he has been unhappy. I cannot conceive a better reason for his being sent there. The people who work for an hour in the vineyard in the cool of the evening receive just as much reward as those who have toiled there all day long in the hot sun. Why shouldn't they? Probably no one deserved anything. Or perhaps they were a different kind of people. Christ had no patience with the



dull lifeless mechanical systems that treat people as if they were things, and so treat everybody alike: for him there were no laws: there were exceptions merely, as if anybody, or anything, for that matter, was like aught else in the world!

That which is the very keynote of romantic art was to him the proper basis of natural life. He saw no other basis. And when they brought him one taken in the very act of sin and showed him her sentence written in the law, and asked him what was to be done, he wrote with his finger on the ground as though he did not hear them, and finally, when they pressed him again, looked up and said, "Let him of you who has never sinned be the first to throw the stone at her." It was worth while living to have said that,

Like all poetical natures he loved ignorant people. He knew that in the soul of one who is ignorant there is always room for a great idea. But he could not stand stupid people, especially those who are made stupid by education: people who are full of opinions not one of which they even understand, a peculiarly modern type, summed up by Christ when he describes it as the type of one who has the key of knowledge, cannot use it himself, and does not allow other people to use it, though it may be made to open the gate of God's Kingdom. His chief war was against the Philistines. That is the war every child of light has to wage. Philistinism was the note of the age and community in which he lived. In their heavy inaccessibility to ideas, their dull respectability, their tedious ortho-

doxy, their worship of vulgar success, their entire preoccupation with the gross materialistic side of life, and their ridiculous estimate of themselves and their importance, the Jews of Jerusalem in Christ's day were the exact counterpart of the British Philistine of our own. Christ mocked at the "whited sepulchre" of respectability, and fixed that phrase for ever. He treated worldly success as a thing absolutely to be despised. He saw nothing in it at all. He looked on wealth as an encumbrance to a man. He would not hear of life being sacrificed to any system of thought or morals. He pointed out that forms and ceremonies were made for man, not man for forms and ceremonies. He took sabbatarianism as a type of the things that should be set at naught. The cold

philanthropies, the ostentatious public charities, the tedious formalisms so dear to the middle-class mind, he exposed with utter and relentless scorn. To us, what is termed orthodoxy is merely a facile unintelligent acquiescence; but to them, and in their hands, it was a terrible and paralysing tyranny. Christ swept it aside. He showed that the spirit alone was of value. He took a keen pleasure in pointing out to them that though they were always reading the law and the prophets, they had not really the smallest idea of what either of them meant. In opposition to their tithing of each separate day into the fixed routine of prescribed duties, as they tithe mint and rue, he preached the enormous importance of living completely for the moment.

Those whom he saved from their sins are saved simply for beautiful moments in their lives. Mary Magdalen, when she sees Christ, breaks the rich vase of alabaster that one of her seven lovers had given her, and spills the odorous spices over his tired dusty feet, and for that one moment's sake sits for ever with Ruth and Beatrice in the tresses of the snow-white rose of Paradise. All that Christ says to us by the way of a little warning is that every moment should be beautiful, that the soul should always be ready for the coming of the bridegroom, always waiting for the voice of the lover, Philistinism being simply that side of man's nature that is not illumined by the imagination. He sees all the lovely influences of life as modes of light: the imagination itself is the world

light. The world is made by it, and yet the world cannot understand it: that is because the imagination is simply a manifestation of love, and it is love and the capacity for it that distinguishes one human being from another.

But it is when he deals with a sinner that Christ is most romantic, in the sense of most real. The world had always loved the saint as being the nearest possible approach to the perfection of God. Christ, through some divine instinct in him, seems to have always loved the sinner as being the nearest possible approach to the perfection of man. His primary desire was not to reform people, any more than his primary desire was to relieve suffering. To turn an interesting thief into a tedious honest man was not his aim. He would

have thought little of the Prisoners' Aid Society and other modern movements of the kind. The conversion of a publican into a Pharisee would not have seemed to him a great achievement. But in a manner not yet understood of the world he regarded sin and suffering as being in themselves beautiful holy things and modes of perfection.

It seems a very dangerous idea. It is—all great ideas are dangerous. That it was Christ's creed admits of no doubt. That it is the true creed, I don't doubt myself.

Of course the sinner must repent. But why? Simply because otherwise he would be unable to realise what he had done. The moment of repentance is the moment of initiation. More than that: it is the

means by which one alters one's past. The Greeks thought that impossible. They often say in their Gnostic aphorisms, "Even the Gods cannot alter the past." Christ showed that the commonest sinner could do it, that it was the one thing he could do. Christ, had he been asked, would have said—I feel quite certain about it—that the moment the prodigal son fell on his knees and wept, he made his having wasted his substance with harlots, his swine-herding and hungering for the husks they ate, beautiful and holy moments in his life. It is difficult for most people to grasp the idea. I daresay one has to go to prison to understand it. If so, it may be worth while going to prison.

There is something so unique about Christ. Of course just as there are false



dawns before the dawn itself, and winter days so full of sudden sunlight that they will cheat the wise crocus into squandering its gold before its time, and make some foolish bird call to its mate to build on barren boughs, so there were Christians before Christ. For that we should be grateful. The unfortunate thing is that there have been none since. I make one exception, St. Francis of Assisi. But then God had given him at his birth the soul of a poet, as he himself when quite young had in mystical marriage taken poverty as his bride: and with the soul of a poet and the body of a beggar he found the way to perfection not difficult. He understood Christ, and so he became like him. We do not require the Liber Conformitatum to teach us that the life of St. Francis was

the true *Imitatio Christi*, a poem compared to which the book of that name is merely prose.

Indeed, that is the charm about Christ, when all is said: he is just like a work of art. He does not really teach one anything, but by being brought into his presence one becomes something. And everybody is predestined to his presence. Once at least in his life each man walks with Christ to Emmaus.

As regards the other subject, the Relation of the Artistic Life to Conduct, it will no doubt seem strange to you that I should select it. People point to Reading Gaol and say, "That is where the artistic life leads a man." Well, it might lead to worse places. The more mechanical people to whom life is a shrewd speculation de-

pending on a careful calculation of ways and means, always know where they are going, and go there. They start with the ideal desire of being the parish beadle, and in whatever sphere they are placed they succeed in being the parish beadle and no more. A man whose desire is to be something separate from himself, to be a member of Parliament, or a successful grocer, or a prominent solicitor, or a judge, or something equally tedious, invariably succeeds in being what he wants to be. That is his punishment. Those who want a mask have to wear it.

But with the dynamic forces of life, and those in whom those dynamic forces become incarnate, it is different. People whose desire is solely for self-realisation never know where they are going. They

can't' know. In one sense of the word it is of course necessary, as the Greek oracle said, to know oneself: that is the first achievement of knowledge. But to recognise that the soul of a man is unknowable, is the ultimate achievement of wisdom. The final mystery is oneself. When one has weighed the sun in the balance, and measured the steps of the moon, and mapped out the seven heavens star by star, there still remains oneself. Who can calculate the orbit of his own soul? When the son went out to look for his father's asses, he did not know that a man of God was waiting for him with the very chrism of coronation, and that his own soul was already the soul of a king.

I hope to live long enough and to

produce work of such a character that I shall be able at the end of my days to say, "Yes! this is just where the artistic life leads a man!" Two of the most perfect lives I have come across in my own experience are the lives of Verlaine and of Prince Kropotkin: both of them men who have passed years in prison: the first, the one Christian poet since Dante; the other, a man with a soul of that beautiful white Christ which seems coming out of Russia. And for the last seven or eight months, in spite of a succession of great troubles reaching me from the outside world almost without intermission, I have been placed in direct contact with a new spirit working in this prison through man and things, that has helped me beyond any possibility of expression in words: so

that while for the first year of my imprisonment I did nothing else, and can remember doing nothing else, but wring my hands in impotent despair, and say, "What an ending, what an appalling ending!" now I try to say to myself, and sometimes when I am not torturing myself do really and sincerely say, "What a beginning, what a wonderful beginning!" It may really be so. It may become so. If it does I shall owe much to this new personality that has altered every man's life in this place.

You may realise it when I say that had I been released last May, as I tried to be, I would have left this place loathing it and every official in it with a bitterness of hatred that would have poisoned my life. I have had a year longer of imprison-

ment, but humanity has been in the prison along with us all, and now when I go out I shall always remember great kindnesses that I have received here from almost everybody, and on the day of my release I shall give many thanks to many people, and ask to be remembered by them in turn.

The prison style is absolutely and entirely wrong. I would give anything to be able to alter it when I go out. I intend to try. But there is nothing in the world so wrong but that the spirit of humanity, which is the spirit of love, the spirit of the Christ who is not in churches, may make it, if not right, at least possible to be borne without too much bitterness of heart.

I know also that much is waiting for

me outside that is very delightful, from what St. Francis of Assisi calls "my brother the wind, and my sister the rain," lovely things both of them, down to the shop-windows and sunsets of great cities. If I made a list of all that still remains to me, I don't know where I should stop: for, indeed, God made the world just as much for me as for anyone else. Perhaps I may go out with something that I had not got before. I need not tell you that to me reformations in morals are as meaningless and vulgar as Reformations in theology. But while to propose to be a better man is a piece of unscientific cant, to have become a deeper man is the privilege of those who have suffered. And such I think I have become.

If after I am free a friend of mine



gave a feast, and did not invite me to it, I should not mind a bit. I can be perfectly happy by myself. With freedom, flowers, books, and the moon, who could not be perfectly happy? Besides, feasts are not for me any more. I have given too many to care about them. That side of life is over for me, very fortunately, I daresay. But if after I am free a friend of mine had a sorrow and refused to allow me to share it, I should feel it most bitterly. If he shut the doors of the house of mourning against me, I would come back again and again and beg to be admitted, so that I might share in what I was entitled to share in. If he thought me unworthy, unfit to weep with him, I should feel it as the most poignant humiliation, as the most terrible mode in which disgrace could be

inflicted on me. But that could not be. I have a right to share in sorrow, and he who can look at the loveliness of the world and share its sorrow, and realise something of the wonder of both, is in immediate contact with divine things, and has got as near to God's secret as anyone can get.

Perhaps there may come into my art also, no less than into my life, a still deeper note, one of greater unity of passion, and directness of impulse. Not width but intensity is the true aim of modern art. We are no longer in art concerned with the type. It is with the exception that we have to do. I cannot put my sufferings into any form they took, I need hardly say. Art only begins where Imitation ends, but something must come into my work, of

fuller memory of words perhaps, of richer cadences, of more curious effects, of simpler architectural order, of some aesthetic quality at any rate.

When Marsyas was "torn from the scabbard of his limbs"—*della vagina delle membre sue*, to use one of Dante's most terrible Tacitean phrases—he had no more song, the Greek said. Apollo had been victor. The lyre had vanquished the reed. But perhaps the Greeks were mistaken. I hear in much modern Art the cry of Marsyas. It is bitter in Baudelaire, sweet and plaintive in Lamartine, mystic in Verlaine. It is in the deferred resolutions of Chopin's music. It is in the discontent that haunts Burne-Jones's women. Even Matthew Arnold, whose song of Callicles tells of "the triumph of the sweet persuasive

lyre," and the "famous final victory," in such a clear note of lyrical beauty, has not a little of it; in the troubled undertone of doubt and distress that haunts his verses, neither Goethe nor Wordsworth could help him, though he followed each in turn, and when he seeks to mourn for *Thyrsis* or to sing of the *Scholar Gipsy*, it is the reed that he has to take for the rendering of his strain. But whether or not the Phrygian Faun was silent, I cannot be. Expression is as necessary to me as leaf and blossoms are to the black branches of the trees that show themselves above the prison walls and are so restless in the wind. Between my art and the world there is now a wide gulf, but between art and myself there is none. I hope at least that there is none.

To each of us different fates are meted out. My lot has been one of public infamy, of long imprisonment, of misery, of ruin, of disgrace, but I am not worthy of it—not yet, at any rate. I remember that I used to say that I thought I could bear a real tragedy if it came to me with purple pall and a mask of noble sorrow, but that the dreadful thing about modernity was that it put tragedy into the raiment of comedy, so that the great realities seemed commonplace or grotesque or lacking in style. It is quite true about modernity. It has probably always been true about actual life. It is said that all martyrdoms seemed mean to the looker-on. The nineteenth century is no exception to the rule.

Everything about my tragedy has been

hideous, mean, repellent, lacking in style; our very dress makes us grotesque. We are the zanies of sorrow. We are clowns whose hearts are broken. We are specially designed to appeal to the sense of humour. On November 13th, 1895, I was brought down here from London. From two o'clock till half-past two on that day I had to stand on the centre platform of Clapham Junction in convict dress, and handcuffed, for the world to look at. I had been taken out of the hospital ward without a moment's notice being given to me. Of all possible objects I was the most grotesque. When people saw me they laughed. Each train as it came up swelled the audience. Nothing could exceed their amusement. That was, of course, before they knew who I was. As soon as they had

been informed they laughed still more. For half an hour I stood there in the grey November rain surrounded by a jeering mob.

For a year after that was done to me I wept every day at the same hour and for the same space of time. That is not such a tragic thing as possibly it sounds to you. To those who are in prison tears are a part of every day's experience. A day in prison on which one does not weep is a day on which one's heart is hard, not a day on which one's heart is happy.

Well, now I am really beginning to feel more regret for the people who laughed than for myself. Of course when they saw me I was not on my pedestal, I was in the pillory. But it is a very unimagina-

tive nature that only cares for people on their pedestals. A pedestal may be a very unreal thing. A pillory is a terrific reality. They should have known also how to interpret sorrow better. I have said that behind sorrow there is always sorrow. It were wiser still to say that behind sorrow there is always a soul. And to mock at a soul in pain is a dreadful thing. In the strangely simple economy of the world people only get what they give, and to those who have not enough imagination to penetrate the mere outward of things, and feel pity, what pity can be given save that of scorn?

I write this account of the mode of my being transferred here simply that it should be realised how hard it has been for me to get anything out of my



punishment but bitterness and despair. I have, however, to do it, and now and then I have moments of submission and acceptance. All the spring may be hidden in the single bud, and the low ground nest of the lark may hold the joy that is to herald the feet of many rose-red dawns. So perhaps whatever beauty of life still remains to me is contained in some moment of surrender, abasement, and humiliation. I can, at any rate, merely proceed on the lines of my own development, and, accepting all that has happened to me, make myself worthy of it.

People used to say of me that I was too individualistic. I must be far more of an individualist than ever I was. I must get far more out of myself than ever I got, and ask for less of the world

than ever I asked. Indeed, my ruin came not from too great individualism of life, but from too little. The one disgraceful, unpardonable, and to all time contemptible action of my life was to allow myself to appeal to society for help and protection. To have made such an appeal would have been from the individualist point of view bad enough, but what excuse can there ever be put forward for having made it? Of course once I had put into motion the forces of society, society turned on me and said, "Have you been living all this time in defiance of my laws, and do you now appeal to those laws for protection? You shall have those laws exercised to the full. You shall abide by what you have appealed to." The result is I am in gaol. Certainly no man ever fell

so ignobly, and by such ignoble instruments, as I did.

The Philistine element in life is not the failure to understand art. Charming people, such as fishermen, shepherds, ploughboys, peasants and the like, know nothing about art, and are the very salt of the earth. He is the Philistine who upholds and aids the heavy, cumbrous, blind, mechanical forces of society, and who does not recognise dynamic force when he meets it either in a man or a movement.

People thought it dreadful of me to have entertained at dinner the evil things of life, and to have found pleasure in their company. But then, from the point of view through which I, as an artist in life, approach them they were delightfully suggestive and stimulating. The danger was

half the excitement. . . . My business as an artist was with Ariel. I set myself to wrestle with Caliban. . . .

A great friend of mine—a friend of ten years' standing—came to see me some time ago, and told me that he did not believe a single word of what was said against me, and wished me to know that he considered me quite innocent, and the victim of a hideous plot. I burst into tears at what he said, and told him that while there was much amongst the definite charges that was quite untrue and transferred to me by revolting malice, still that my life had been full of perverse pleasures, and that unless he accepted that as a fact about me and realised it to the full I could not possibly be friends with him

any more, or ever be in his company. It was a terrible shock to him, but we are friends, and I have not got his friendship on false pretences.

Emotional forces, as I say somewhere in *Intentions*, are as limited in extent and duration as the forces of physical energy. The little cup that is made to hold so much can hold so much and no more, though all the purple vats of Burgundy be filled with wine to the brim, and the treaders stand knee-deep in the gathered grapes of the stony vineyards of Spain. There is no error more common than that of thinking that those who are the causes or occasions of great tragedies share in the feelings suitable to the tragic mood: no error more fatal than expecting it of them. The martyr

in his "shirt of flame" may be looking on the face of God, but to him who is piling the faggots or loosening the logs for the blast the whole scene is no more than the slaying of an ox is to the butcher, or the felling of a tree to the charcoal burner in the forest, or the fall of a flower to one who is mowing down the grass with a scythe. Great passions are for the great of soul, and great events can be seen only by those who are on a level with them.

. . . . .

I know of nothing in all drama more incomparable from the point of view of art, nothing more suggestive in its subtlety of observation, than Shakespeare's drawing of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. They are Hamlet's college friends. They

have been his companions. They bring with them memories of pleasant days together. At the moment when they come across him in the play he is staggering under the weight of a burden intolerable to one of his temperament. The dead have come armed out of the grave to impose on him a mission at once too great and too mean for him. He is a dreamer, and he is called upon to act. He has the nature of the poet, and he is asked to grapple with the common complexity of cause and effect, with life in its practical realisation, of which he knows nothing, not with life in its ideal essence, of which he knows so much. He has no conception of what to do, and his folly is to feign folly. Brutus used madness as a cloak to conceal the

sword of his purpose, the dagger of his will, but the Hamlet madness is a mere mask for the hiding of weakness. In the making of fancies and jests he sees a chance of delay. He keeps playing with action as an artist plays with a theory. He makes himself the spy of his proper actions, and listening to his own words knows them to be but "words, words, words." Instead of trying to be the hero of his own history, he seeks to be the spectator of his own tragedy. He disbelieves in everything, including himself, and yet his doubt helps him not, as it comes not from scepticism but from a divided will.

Of all this Guildenstern and Rosencrantz realise nothing. They bow and smirk and smile, and what the one says



the other echoes with sickliest intonation. When, at last, by means of the play within the play, and the puppets in their dalliance, Hamlet "catches the conscience" of the King, and drives the wretched man in terror from his throne, Guildenstern and Rosencrantz see no more in his conduct than a rather painful breach of Court etiquette. That is as far as they can attain to in "the contemplation of the spectacle of life with appropriate emotions." They are close to his very secret and know nothing of it. Nor would there be any use in telling them. They are the little cups that can hold so much and no more. Towards the close it is suggested that, caught in a cunning spring set for another, they have met, or may meet, with a violent and

sudden death. But a tragic ending of this kind, though touched by Hamlet's humour with something of the surprise and justice of comedy, is really not for such as they. They never die. Horatio, who in order to "report Hamlet and his cause aright to the unsatisfied,"

"Absents him from felicity awhile,  
And in this harsh world draws his  
breath in pain,"

dies, but Guildenstern and Rosencrantz are as immortal as Angelo and Tartuffe, and should rank with them. They are what modern life has contributed to the antique ideal of friendship. He who writes a new *De Amicitia* must find a niche for them, and praise them in Tusculan prose. They are types fixed for all time. To censure them would show "a lack of

appreciation." They are merely out of their sphere: that is all. In sublimity of soul there is no contagion. High thoughts and high emotions are by their very existence isolated.

I am to be released, if all goes well with me, towards the end of May, and hope to go at once to some little seaside village abroad with R—— and M——.

The sea, as Euripides says in one of his plays about Iphigeneia, washes away the stains and wounds of the world.

I hope to be at least a month with my friends, and to gain peace and balance, and a less troubled heart, and a sweeter mood. I have a strange longing for the great simple primeval things, such as the sea, to me no less of a mother than the

Earth. It seems to me that we all look at Nature too much, and live with her too little. I discern great sanity in the Greek attitude. They never chattered about sunsets, or discussed whether the shadows on the grass were really mauve or not. But they saw that the sea was for the swimmer, and the sand for the feet of the runner. They loved the trees for the shadow that they cast, and the forest for its silence at noon. The vineyard-dresser wreathed his hair with ivy that he might keep off the rays of the sun as he stooped over the young shoots, and for the artist and the athlete, the two types that Greece gave us, they plaited with garlands the leaves of the bitter laurel and of the wild parsley, which else had been of no service to men.

We call ours a utilitarian age, and we do not know the uses of any single thing. We have forgotten that water can cleanse, and fire purify, and that the Earth is mother to us all. As a consequence our art is of the moon and plays with shadows, while Greek art is of the sun and deals directly with things. I feel sure that in elemental forces there is purification, and I want to go back to them and live in their presence.

Of course to one so modern as I am, "Enfant de mon siècle," merely to look at the world will be always lovely. I tremble with pleasure when I think that on the very day of my leaving prison both the laburnum and the lilac will be blooming in the gardens, and that I shall see the wind stir into restless beauty the swaying

gold of the one, and make the other toss the pale purple of its plumes so that all the air shall be Arabia for me. Linnæus fell on his knees and wept for joy when he saw for the first time the long heath of some English upland made yellow with the tawny aromatic blossoms of the common furze; and I know that for me, to whom flowers are part of desire, there are tears waiting in the petals of some rose. It has always been so with me from my boyhood. There is not a single colour hidden away in the chalice of a flower, or the curve of a shell, to which, by some subtle sympathy with the very soul of things, my nature does not answer. Like Gautier, I have always been one of those "pour qui le monde visible existe."

Still, I am conscious now that behind all this beauty, satisfying though it may be, there is some spirit hidden of which the painted forms and shapes are but modes of manifestation, and it is with this spirit that I desire to become in harmony. I have grown tired of the articulate utterances of men and things. The Mystical in Art, the Mystical in Life, the Mystical in Nature—this is what I am looking for. It is absolutely necessary for me to find it somewhere.

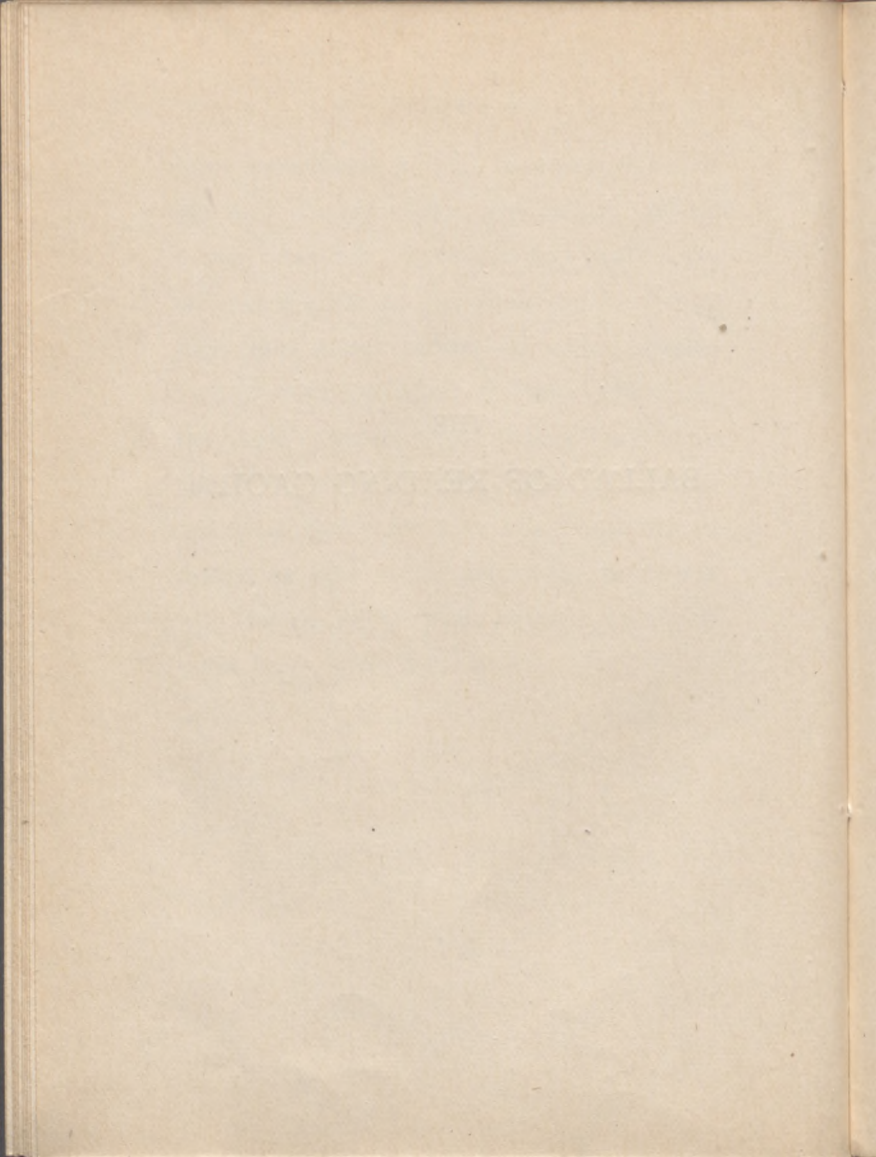
All trials are trials for one's life, just as all sentences are sentences of death; and three times have I been tried. The first time I left the box to be arrested, the second time to be led back to the house of detention, the third time to pass into a prison for two years. Society, as we

have constituted it, will have no place for me, has none to offer; but Nature, whose sweet rains fall on unjust and just alike, will have clefts in the rocks where I may hide, and secret valleys in whose silence I may weep undisturbed. She will hang the night with stars so that I may walk abroad in the darkness without stumbling, and send the wind over my footprints so that none may track me to my hurt: she will cleanse me in great waters, and with bitter herbs make me whole.

---



THE  
BALLAD OF READING GAOL.



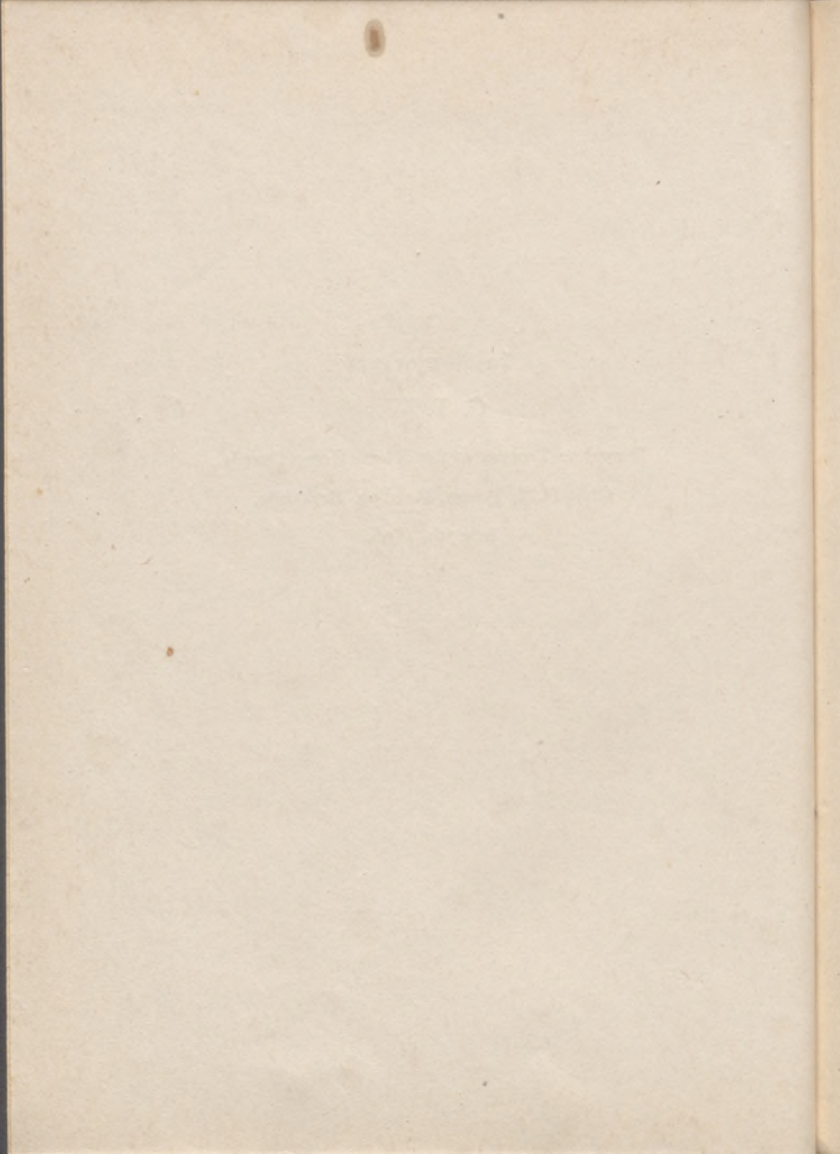
In Memoriam

C. T. W.

Sometime Trooper of the Royal Horse Guards.

Obiit H.M. Prison, Reading, Berkshire,

July 7th, 1896.



THE  
BALLAD OF READING GAOL.

---

I.

HE did not wear his scarlet coat,  
For blood and wine are red,  
And blood and wine were on his  
hands  
When they found him with the  
dead,  
The poor dead woman whom he  
loved,  
And murdered in her bed.

He walked amongst the Trial Men  
In a suit of shabby grey;  
A cricket cap was on his head,  
And his step seemed light and  
gay;  
But I never saw a man who looked  
So wistfully at the day.

I never saw a man who looked  
With such a wistful eye  
Upon that little tent of blue  
Which prisoners call the sky,  
And at every drifting cloud that  
went  
With sails of silver by.

I walked, with other souls in pain,  
Within another ring,

And was wondering if the man had  
done

A great or little thing,

When a voice behind me whispered  
low,

*"That fellow's got to swing."*

Dear Christ! the very prison walls

Suddenly seemed to reel,

And the sky above my head be-  
came

Like a casque of scorching steel;

And, though I was a soul in pain,

My pain I could not feel.

I only knew what hunted thought

Quickened his step, and why

He looked upon the garish day  
With such a wistful eye;  
The man had killed the thing he  
loved  
And so he had to die.

---

Yet each man kills the thing he  
loves  
By each let this be heard,  
Some do it with a bitter look,  
Some with a flattering word,  
The coward does it with a kiss,  
The brave man with a sword!

Some kill their love when they are  
young,  
And some when they are old;



Some strangle with the hands of

Lust,

Some with the hands of Gold:

The kindest use a knife, because

The dead so soon grow cold.

Some love too little, some too long,

Some sell, and others buy;

Some do the deed with many tears,

And some without a sigh:

For each man kills the thing he

loves,

Yet each man does not die.



He does not die a death of shame

On a day of dark disgrace,

Nor have a noose about his neck,  
Nor a cloth upon his face,  
Nor drop feet foremost through the  
floor  
Into an empty place.

He does not sit with silent men  
Who watch him night and day;  
Who watch him when he tries to  
weep,  
And when he tries to pray;  
Who watch him lest himself should  
rob  
The prison of its prey.

He does not wake at dawn to see  
Dread figures throng his room,

The shivering Chaplain robed in  
white,

The Sheriff stern with gloom,  
And the Governor all in shiny black,  
With the yellow face of Doom.

He does not rise in piteous haste  
To put on convict-clothes,  
While some coarse-mouthed Doctor  
gloats, and notes  
Each new and nerve-twitched pose,  
Fingering a watch whose little ticks  
Are like horrible hammer-blows.

He does not know that sickening  
thirst  
That sands one's throat, before

The hangman with his gardener's  
gloves

Slips through the padded door,  
And binds one with three leathern  
thongs,  
That the throat may thirst no  
more.

He does not bend his head to hear  
The Burial Office read,  
Nor, while the terror of his soul  
Tells him he is not dead,  
Cross his own coffin, as he moves  
Into the hideous shed.

He does not stare upon the air  
Through a little roof of glass:

He does not pray with lips of clay  
For his agony to pass;  
Nor feel upon his shuddering cheek  
The kiss of Caiaphas.

II.

SIX weeks our guardsman walked the  
yard,

In the suit of shabby grey:

His cricket cap was on his head,

And his step seemed light and  
gay,

But I never saw a man who looked

So wistfully at the day.

I never saw a man who looked

With such a wistful eye

Upon that little tent of blue

Which prisoners call the sky,

And at every wandering cloud that  
trailed  
Its ravelled fleeces by.

He did not wring his hands, as do  
Those witless men who dare  
To try to rear the changeling Hope  
In the cave of black Despair:  
He only looked upon the sun,  
And drank the morning air.

He did not wring his hands nor  
weep,  
Nor did he peek or pine,  
But he drank the air as though it  
held  
Some healthful anodyne;

With open mouth he drank the  
sun

As though it had been wine!

And I and all the souls in pain,  
Who tramped the other ring,  
Forgot if we ourselves had done  
A great or little thing,  
And watched with gaze of dull  
amaze

The man who had to swing.

And strange it was to see him  
pass

With a step so light and gay,  
And strange it was to see him look  
So wistfully at the day,  
And strange it was to think that he  
Had such a debt to pay.

---



For oak and elm have pleasant  
leaves

That in the spring-time shoot:  
But grim to see is the gallows-tree,  
With its adder-bitten root,  
And, green or dry, a man must  
die  
Before it bears its fruit!

The loftiest place is that seat of  
grace

For which all worldlings try:  
But who would stand in hempen  
band  
Upon a scaffold high,  
And through a murderer's collar  
take  
His last look at the sky?

It is sweet to dance to violins  
When Love and Life are fair:  
To dance to flutes, to dance to  
lutes  
Is delicate and rare:  
But it is not sweet with nimble  
feet  
To dance upon the air!

So with curious eyes and sick sur-  
mise  
We watched him day by day,  
And wondered if each one of us  
Would end the self-same way,  
For none can tell to what red  
Hell  
His sightless soul may stray.

---

At last the dead man walked no  
more

Amongst the Trial Men,

And I knew that he was stand-  
ing up

In the black dock's dreadful pen,

And that never would I see his  
face

In God's sweet world again.

Like two doomed ships that pass in  
storm

We had crossed each other's way:

But we made no sign, we said no  
word,

We had no word to say;

For we did not meet in the holy  
night,

But in the shameful day.

A prison wall was round us both,  
Two outcast men we were:  
The world had thrust us from its  
heart,  
And God from out His care:  
And the iron gin that waits for  
Sin  
Had caught us in its snare.

III.

IN Debtors' Yard the stones are  
hard,

And the dripping wall is high,  
So it was there he took the air  
Beneath the leaden sky,  
And by each side a Warder walked,  
For fear the man might die.

Or else he sat with those who  
watched

His anguish night and day;  
Who watched him when he rose to  
weep,

And when he crouched to pray;

Who watched him lest himself should  
rob  
Their scaffold of its prey.

The Governor was strong upon  
The Regulations Act:  
The Doctor said that Death was but  
A scientific fact:  
And twice a day the Chaplain called  
And left a little tract.

And twice a day he smoked his  
pipe,  
And drank his quart of beer:  
His soul was resolute, and held  
No hiding-place for fear;  
He often said that he was glad  
The hangman's hands were near.

But why he said so strange a  
thing

No Warder dared to ask:

For he to whom a watcher's doom

Is given as his task,

Must set a lock upon his lips,

And make his face a mask.

Or else he might be moved, and  
try

To comfort or console:

And what should Human Pity do

Pent up in Murderers' Hole?

What word of grace in such a place

Could help a brother's soul?

With slouch and swing around, the  
ring

We trod the Fools' Parade!

We did not care: we knew we  
were

The Devil's Own Brigade:  
And shaven head and feet of lead  
Make a merry masquerade.

We tore the tarry rope to shreds  
With blunt and bleeding nails;  
We rubbed the doors, and scrubbed  
the floors,  
And cleaned the shining rails:  
And, rank by rank, we soaped the  
plank,  
And clattered with the pails.

We sewed the sacks, we broke the  
stones,  
We turned the dusty drill:



We banged the tins, and bawled the  
hymns,  
And sweated on the mill:  
But in the heart of every man  
Terror was lying still.

So still it lay that every day  
Crawled like a weed-clogged wave:  
And we forgot the bitter lot  
That waits for fool and knave,  
Till once, as we tramped in from  
work,  
We passed an open grave.

With yawning mouth the yellow  
hole  
Gaped for a living thing;  
The very mud cried out for blood  
To the thirsty asphalte ring:

And we knew that ere one dawn  
grew fair  
Some prisoner had to swing.

Right in we went, with soul intent  
On Death and Dread and Doom:  
The hangman, with his little bag,  
Went shuffling through the gloom  
And each man trembled as he crept  
Into his numbered tomb.

---

That night the empty corridors  
Were full of forms of Fear,  
And up and down the iron town  
Stole feet we could not hear,  
And through the bars that hide the  
stars  
White faces seemed to peer.

He lay as one who lies and dreams  
In a pleasant meadow-land,  
The watchers watched him as he  
slept,  
And could not understand  
How one could sleep so sweet a  
sleep  
With a hangman close at hand?

But there is no sleep when men must  
weep  
Who never yet have wept:  
So we—the fool, the fraud, the  
knave—  
That endless vigil kept,  
And through each brain on hands of  
pain  
Another's terror crept.

---

Alas! it is a fearful thing  
To feel another's guilt!  
For, right within, the sword of  
Sin  
Pierced to its poisoned hilt,  
And as molten lead were the tears  
we shed  
For the blood we had not spilt.

The Warders with their shoes of  
felt  
Crept by each padlocked door,  
And peeped and saw, with eyes of  
awe,  
Grey figures on the floor,  
And wondered why men knelt to  
pray  
Who never prayed before.

All through the night we knelt and  
prayed,

Mad mourners of a corse!

The troubled plumes of midnight  
were

The plumes upon a hearse:

And bitter wine upon a sponge

Was the savour of Remorse.



The grey cock crew, the red cock  
crew,

But never came the day:

And crooked shapes of Terror crouched,

In the corners where we lay:

And each evil sprite that walks by  
night

Before us seemed to play.

They glided past, they glided fast,  
Like travellers through a mist:  
They mocked the moon in a riga-  
doon  
Of delicate turn and twist,  
And with formal pace and loathsome  
grace  
The phantoms kept their tryst.

With mop and mow, we saw them go,  
Slim shadows hand in hand:  
About, about, in ghostly rout  
They trod a saraband:  
And the damned grotesques made  
arabesques,  
Like the wind upon the sand!

With the pirouettes of marionettes,  
They tripped on pointed tread:

But with flutes of Fear they filled the  
ear,

As their grisly masque they led,  
And loud they sang, and loud they  
sang,

For they sang to wake the dead.

*“Oho!” they cried, “The world is  
wide,*

*But fettered limbs go lame!*

*And once, or twice, to throw the  
dice*

*Is a gentlemanly game,*

*But he does not win who plays with  
Sin*

*In the secret House of Shame.”*

No things of air these antics were,  
That frolicked with such glee:

To men whose lives were held in  
gyves,  
And whose feet might not go  
free,  
Ah! wounds of Christ! they were liv-  
ing things,  
Most terrible to see.

Around, around, they waltzed and  
wound;  
Some wheeled in smirking pairs:  
With the mincing step of a demirep  
Some sidled up the stairs:  
And with subtle sneer, and fawning  
leer,  
Each helped us at our prayers.

---

The morning wind began to moan,  
But still the night went on:



Through its giant loom the web of  
gloom

Crept till each thread was spun:  
And, as we prayed, we grew afraid  
Of the Justice of the Sun.

The moaning wind went wandering  
round

The weeping prison-wall:  
Till like a wheel of turning-steel  
We felt the minutes crawl:  
O moaning wind! what had we done  
To have such a seneschal?

At last I saw the shadowed bars  
Like a lattice wrought in lead,  
Move right across the whitewashed  
wall

That faced my three-plank bed,

And I knew that somewhere in the  
world

God's dreadful dawn was red.

---

At six o'clock we cleaned our cells,  
At seven all was still,  
But the sough and swing of a mighty  
wing

The prison seemed to fill,  
For the Lord of Death with icy  
breath

Had entered in to kill.

He did not pass in purple pomp,  
Nor ride a moon-white steed.  
Three yards of cord and a sliding  
board

Are all the gallows' need:

So with rope of shame the Herald  
came  
To do the secret deed.

We were as men who through a fen  
Of filthy darkness grope:  
We did not dare to breathe a prayer,  
Or to give our anguish scope:  
Something was dead in each of us,  
And what was dead was Hope.

For Man's grim Justice goes its way,  
And will not swerve aside:  
It slays the weak, it slays the strong,  
It has a deadly stride:  
With iron heel it slays the strong,  
The monstrous parricide!

---

We waited for the stroke of eight:  
Each tongue was thick with thirst:  
For the stroke of eight is the stroke  
of Fate  
That makes a man accursed,  
And Fate will use a running noose  
For the best man and the worst.

We had no other thing to do,  
Save to wait for the sign to come:  
So, like things of stone in a valley  
lone,  
Quiet we sat and dumb:  
But each man's heart beat thick and  
quick,  
Like a madman on a drum!

---

With sudden shock the prison-clock  
Smote on the shivering air,

And from all the gaol rose up a  
wail  
Of impotent despair,  
Like the sound that frightened marshes  
hear  
From some leper in his lair.

And as one sees most fearful things  
In the crystal of a dream,  
We saw the greasy hempen rope  
Hooked to the blackened beam,  
And heard the prayer the hangman's  
snare  
Strangled into a scream.

And all the woe that moved him  
so  
That he gave that bitter cry,

And the wild regrets, and the bloody  
sweats,

None know so well as I:

For he who lives more lives than one  
More deaths than one must die.

IV.

THERE is no chapel on the day  
On which they hang a man:  
The Chaplain's heart is far too sick,  
Or his face is far too wan,  
Or there is that written in his eyes  
Which none should look upon.

So they kept us close till nigh on noon,  
And then they rang the bell,  
And the Warders with their jingling  
keys  
Opened each listening cell,  
And down the iron stair we tramped,  
Each from his separate Hell.

Out into God's sweet air we went,  
But not in wonted way,  
For this man's face was white with fear,  
And that man's face was grey,  
And I never saw sad men who looked  
So wistfully at the day.

I never saw sad men who looked  
With such a wistful eye  
Upon that little tent of blue  
We prisoners called the sky,  
And at every careless cloud that  
passed  
In happy freedom by.

But there were those amongst us all  
Who walked with downcast head,  
And knew that, had each got his due,  
They should have died instead:



He had but killed a thing that lived,  
    Whilst they had killed the dead.

For he who sins a second time  
    Wakes a dead soul to pain,  
And draws it from its spotted shroud,  
    And makes it bleed again,  
And makes it bleed great gouts of  
    blood  
    And makes it bleed in vain!

---

Like ape or clown, in monstrous garb  
    With crooked arrows starred,  
Silently we went round and round  
    The slippery asphalte yard;  
Silently we went round and round,  
    And no man spoke a word.

Silently we went round and round,  
    And through each hollow mind

The memory of dreadful things  
Rushed like a dreadful wind,  
And Horror stalked before each man,  
And Terror crept behind.

---

The Warders strutted up and down,  
And kept their herd of brutes,  
Their uniforms were spick and span,  
And they wore their Sunday suits,  
But we knew the work they had been  
at  
By the quicklime on their boots.

For where a grave had opened wide,  
There was no grave at all:  
Only a stretch of mud and sand  
By the hideous prison-wall,  
And a little heap of burning lime,  
That the man should have his pall.

For he has a pall, this wretched man,

Such as few men can claim:

Deep down below a prison-yard,

Naked for greater shame,

He lies, with fetters on each foot;

Wrapt in a sheet of flame!

And all the while the burning lime

Eats flesh and bone away,

It eats the brittle bone by night,

And the soft flesh by day,

It eats the flesh and bone by turns,

But it eats the heart away.

---

For three long years they will not sow

Or root or seedling there:

For three long years the unblessed

spot

Will sterile be and bare,

And look upon the wondering sky  
With unreproachful stare.

They think a murderer's heart would  
taint

Each simple seed they sow.

It is not true! God's kindly earth

Is kindlier than men know,

And the red rose would but blow  
more red,

The white rose whiter blow.

Out of his mouth a red, red rose!

Out of his heart a white!

For who can say by what strange  
way,

Christ brings his will to light,

Since the barren staff the pilgrim bore

Bloomed in the great Pope's sight?

But neither milk-white rose nor red  
    May bloom in prison air;  
The shard, the pebble, and the flint,  
    Are what they give us there:  
For flowers have been known to heal  
    A common man's despair.

So never will wine-red rose or white,  
    Petal by petal, fall  
On that stretch of mud and sand that lies  
    By the hideous prison-wall,  
To tell the men who tramp the yard  
    That God's Son died for all.

---

Yet though the hideous prison-wall  
    Still hems him round and round,  
And a spirit may not walk by night  
    That is with fetters bound,  
And a spirit may not weep that lies  
    In such unholy ground,

He is at peace—this wretched man—  
At peace, or will be soon:  
There is no thing to make him mad,  
Nor does Terror walk at noon,  
For the lampless Earth in which he  
lies  
Has neither Sun nor Moon.

---

They hanged him as a beast is  
hanged:  
They did not even toll  
A requiem that might have brought  
Rest to his startled soul,  
But hurriedly they took him out,  
. And hid him in a hole.

They stripped him of his canvas  
clothes,  
And gave him to the flies:

They mocked the swollen purple throat,  
And the stark and staring eyes:  
And with laughter loud they heaped  
the shroud

In which their convict lies.

The Chaplain would not kneel to pray  
By his dishonoured grave:  
Nor mark it with that blessed Cross  
That Christ for sinners gave,  
Because the man was one of those  
Whom Christ came down to save.

Yet all is well; he has but passed  
To Life's appointed bourne:  
And alien tears will fill for him  
Pity's long-broken urn,  
For his mourners will be outcast men,  
And outcasts always mourn.

V.

I KNOW not whether Laws be right,  
Or whether Laws be wrong;  
All that we know who lie in gaol  
Is that the wall is strong;  
And that each day is like a year,  
A year whose days are long.

But this I know, that every Law  
That men have made for Man,  
Since first Man took his brother's  
life,  
And the sad world began,  
But straws the wheat and saves the  
chaff  
With a most evil fan.



This too I know—and wise it were  
If each could know the same—  
That every prison that men build  
Is built with bricks of shame,  
And bound with bars lest Christ should  
see  
How men their brothers maim.

With bars they blur the gracious  
moon,  
And blind the goodly sun:  
And they do well to hide their Hell,  
For in it things are done  
That Son of God nor son of Man  
Ever should look upon!

---

The vilest deeds like poison weeds  
Bloom well in prison-air:

It is only what is good in Man  
That wastes and withers there:  
Pale Anguish keeps the heavy gate,  
And the Warder is Despair.

For they starve the little frightened  
child

Till it weeps both night and day:  
And they scourge the weak, and flog  
the fool,

And gibe the old and grey,  
And some grow mad, and all grow  
bad,  
And none a word may say.

Each narrow cell in which we dwell  
Is a foul and dark latrine,  
And the fetid breath of living Death  
Chokes up each grated screen,

And all, but Lust, is turned to dust  
In Humanity's machine.

The brackish water that we drink  
Creeps with a loathsome slime,  
And the bitter bread they weigh in  
scales  
Is full of chalk and lime,  
And Sleep will not lie down, but  
walks  
Wild-eyed, and cries to Time.

---

But though lean Hunger and green  
Thirst  
Like asp with adder fight,  
We have little care of prison fare,  
For what chills and kills outright  
Is that every stone one lifts by day  
Becomes one's heart by night,

With midnight always in one's heart,  
And twilight in one's cell,  
We turn the crank, or tear the  
rope,  
Each in his separate Hell,  
And the silence is more awful far  
Than the sound of a brazen bell.

And never a human voice comes  
near  
To speak a gentle word:  
And the eye that watches through the  
door  
Is pitiless and hard:  
And by all forgot, we rot and rot,  
With soul and body marred.

And thus we rust Life's iron chain  
Degraded and alone:

And some men curse, and some men  
weep,

And some men make no moan:  
But God's eternal Laws are kind  
And break the heart of stone.

---

And every human heart that breaks,  
In prison-cell or yard,  
Is as that broken box that gave  
Its treasure to the Lord,  
And filled the unclean leper's house  
With the scent of costliest nard.

Ah! happy they whose hearts can  
break

And peace of pardon win!  
How else may man make straight his  
plan  
And cleanse his soul from Sin?  
How else but through a broken heart  
May Lord Christ enter in?

---

And he of the swollen purple throat,  
And the stark and staring eyes,  
Waits for the holy hands that took  
The Thief to Paradise;  
And a broken and a contrite heart  
The Lord will not despise.

The man in red who reads the Law  
Gave him three weeks of life,  
Three little weeks in which to heal  
His soul of his soul's strife,  
And cleanse from every blot of  
blood  
The hand that held the knife.

And with tears of blood he cleansed  
the hand,  
The hand that held the steel:  
For only blood can wipe out blood,  
And only tears can heal:  
And the crimson stain that was of Cain  
Became Christ's snow-white seal.

VI.

IN Reading gaol by Reading town  
There is a pit of shame,  
And in it lies a wretched man  
Eaten by teeth of flame,  
In a burning winding-sheet he lies,  
And his grave has got no name.

And there, till Christ call forth the  
dead,

In silence let him lie:  
No need to waste the foolish tear,  
Or heave the windy sigh:  
The man had killed the thing he  
loved,  
And so he had to die.

And all men kill the thing they love,  
By all let this be heard,  
Some do it with a bitter look,  
Some with a flattering word,  
The coward does it with a kiss,  
The brave man with a sword!

C. 3. 3.

THE END.



A uniform English Edition  
of  
OSCAR WILDE'S WORKS

is now being published by MESSRS. METHUEN and Co., 36 Essex Street, Strand, London, in thirteen volumes. The books are reprinted from the last editions issued under the superintendence of the author, and in many cases they contain his last corrections. They are published under the supervision and by the authority of his literary executor.

"THE DUCHESS OF PADUA" is a new Play, and some of the other books have been out of print for some years, and have been practically unobtainable except in pirated and mutilated editions.

The edition is limited to 1000 copies for the United Kingdom and America, and is printed on handmade paper, demy 8vo. The price of each volume is 12s. 6d. net. There is also an edition, limited to 80 copies for the United Kingdom and America, on Japanese vellum, 42s. net each volume.

The edition, particulars of which are given on the next page, is sold only in Sets.

Messrs. Methuen's edition consists of the following volumes:

1. THE DUCHESS OF PADUA.

This is a long and *new* Play.

2. POEMS.

This volume includes "RAVENNA," "A BALLAD OF READING GAOL," "THE SPHINX," "THE HARLOT'S HOUSE," and various other poems hitherto uncollected or unpublished.

3. INTENTIONS.

This volume includes "THE SOUL OF MAN."

4. SALOME, AND OTHER PLAYS.

This volume includes the lately discovered "FLORENTINE TRAGEDY," and "VERA," an early work. "SALOME" is in the original French.

5. LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN.

6. A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE.

7. AN IDEAL HUSBAND.

8. THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.

9. A HOUSE OF POMEGRANATES, AND THE HAPPY PRINCE.

10. LORD ARTHUR SAVILE'S CRIME, AND OTHER PROSE PIECES.

This volume includes "THE PORTRAIT OF MR. W. H." and "POEMS IN PROSE."

11. DE PROFUNDIS.

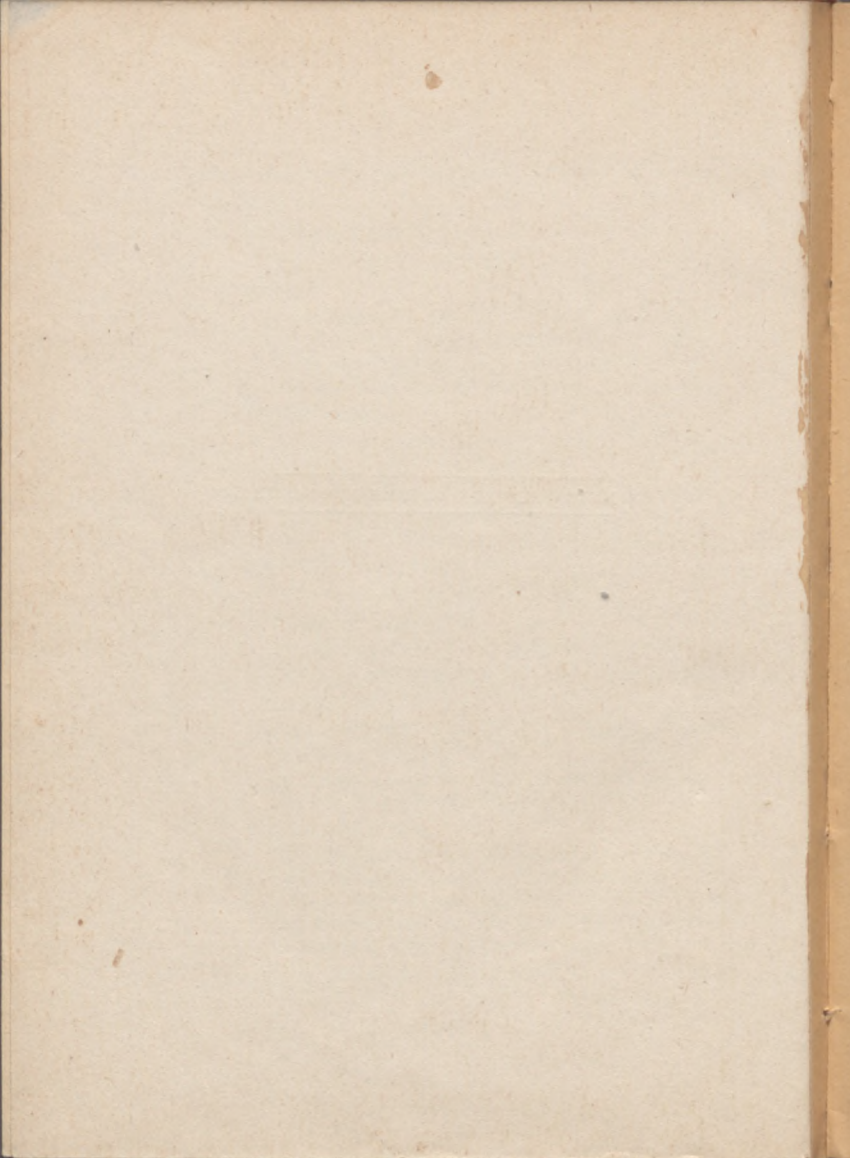
This volume contains a longer and more complete form of the original book, and includes some letters to Mr. Robert Ross, written from Reading Prison, and the two letters on prison life, reprinted from the *Daily Chronicle*.

12 AND 13. MISCELLANEOUS PROSE.

---

PRINTING OFFICE OF THE PUBLISHER.

---



---

# TAUCHNITZ EDITION

May 1919.

---

## Contents:

|                                |        |                                   |         |
|--------------------------------|--------|-----------------------------------|---------|
| Tauchnitz Edition . . . . .    | Page 2 | Dictionaries . . . . .            | Page 31 |
| Series for the Young . . . . . | 29     | Manuals . . . . .                 | 31      |
| German Authors . . . . .       | 29     | Shakespeare's Plays, etc. . . . . | 32      |
| Students' Series . . . . .     | 30     | Die Englische Literatur . . . . . | 32      |

---

## Catalogues of the Tauchnitz Edition.

1. The present small List, which will be found attached to every volume of the Tauchnitz Edition and may be also obtained gratis separately.

2. A larger and more fully detailed Catalogue of the Tauchnitz publications—containing much important and useful information in regard to authors and their works, and specially arranged for ready reference—is to be had on application of all booksellers gratis. It is published for English readers, while the “Führer” mentioned below is for the use of German readers only.

3. Führer durch die Tauchnitz Edition. Er enthält nicht nur in deutscher Sprache die im “Complete Catalogue” englisch gegebenen Erklärungen, sondern überdies eine allgemeine literaturgeschichtliche Einleitung, sowie Notizen über die Bedeutung und die Werke der einzelnen Autoren. Der “Führer” umfaßt 272 Seiten im Format der Tauchnitz Edition.

4. A Monthly Descriptive List containing particulars in English of the latest Tauchnitz volumes. Similar particulars will be found on the covers of the volumes and in the Bookmark supplied, together with the Monthly List, with each work.

---

*The publishers regret at present not to be able to distribute the catalogues mentioned in paragraphs 2 and 4, but only the small List, which may be obtained gratis and the “Führer” now obtainable at the price of M 0.50 per copy. All catalogues will, however, be again available gratis in normal times.*

# Complete List

of the

## Collection of British and American Authors.

Tauchnitz Edition.

*Published with Continental Copyright by special agreement  
with the authors.*

4526 Volumes. 427 British, 68 American Authors.  
4087 Volumes by British, 439 Volumes by American Authors.

Price of each volume temporarily raised to M. 3.— sewed (broschirt),  
M. 4.75 bound (gebunden).

Until further notice only a few volumes bound in half-cloth are still available;  
but purchasers must reckon with a longer delay of such orders.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p><b>Adams, Henry</b> (Am.): <i>vide</i> "Democracy," Author of.</p> <p><b>Adams, Rev. W.</b>, † 1848.<br/>Sacred Allegories 1 v.</p> <p><b>Aguilar, Grace</b>, † 1847.<br/>Home Influence 2 v. — The Mother's Repomense 2 v.</p> <p><b>Aidé, [Charles] Hamilton</b>, † 1906.<br/>Rita 1 v. — Carr of Carrylon 2 v. — The Marstons 2 v. — In that State of Life 1 v. — Morals and Mysteries 1 v. — Penruddocke 2 v. — "A nine Days' Wonder" 1 v. — Poet and Peer 2 v. — Introduced to Society 1 v.</p> <p><b>Ainsworth, W. Harrison</b>, † 1882.<br/>Windsor Castle 1 v. — Saint James's 1 v. — Jack Sheppard (with Portrait) 1 v. — The Lancashire Witches 2 v. — The Star-Chamber 2 v. — The Flich of Bacon 1 v. — The Spendthrift 1 v. — Mervyn Clitheroe 2 v. — Ovingdean Grange 1 v. — The Constable of the Tower 1 v. — The Lord Mayor of London 2 v. — Cardinal Pole 2 v. — John Law 2 v. — The Spanish Match 2 v. — The Constable de Bourbon 2 v. — Old Court 2 v. — Myddleton Pomfret 2 v. — The South-Sea Bubble 2 v. — Hilary St. Ives 2 v. — Talbot Harland 1 v. — Tower Hill 1 v. — Boscobel 2 v. — The Good Old Times 2 v. — Merry England 2 v. — The Goldsmith's Wife 2 v. — Preston Fight 2 v. — Chetwynd Calverley 2 v. — The Leaguer of Lathom 2 v. — The Fall of Somerset 2 v. — Beatrice Tyldesley 2 v. — Beau Nash 2 v. — Stanley Brereton 2 v.</p> <p><b>Albanesi, Madame.</b><br/>Drusilia's Point of View 1 v.</p> | <p><b>Alcott, Louisa M.</b> (Am.), † 1888.<br/>Little Women 2 v. — Little Men 1 v. — An Old-Fashioned Girl 1 v. — Jo's Boys 1 v.</p> <p><b>Aldrich, Thomas Bailey</b> (Am.), † 1907.<br/>Marjorie Daw and other Tales 1 v. — The Stillwater Tragedy 1 v.</p> <p><b>Alexander, Mrs. (Hector)</b>, † 1902.<br/>A Second Life 3 v. — By Woman's Wit 1 v. — Mona's Choice 2 v. — A Life Interest 2 v. — A Crooked Path 2 v. — Blind Fate 2 v. — A Woman's Heart 2 v. — For His Sake 2 v. — The Snare of the Fowler 2 v. — Found Wanting 2 v. — A Ward in Chancery 1 v. — A Choice of Evils 2 v. — A Fight with Fate 2 v. — A Winning Hazard 1 v. — A Golden Autumn 1 v. — Mrs. Crichton's Creditor 1 v. — Barbara, Lady's Maid and Peeress 1 v. — The Cost of Her Pride 2 v. — Brown, V. C. 1 v. — Through Fire to Fortune 1 v. — A Missing Hero 1 v. — The Yellow Fiend 1 v. — Stronger than Love 2 v. — Kitty Costello 1 v.</p> <p><b>Alice, Grand-Duchess of Hesse</b>, † 1878.<br/>Letters to Her Majesty the Queen (with Portrait). With a Memoir by H. R. H. Princess Christian 2 v.</p> <p><b>Alldridge, Lizzie.</b><br/>By Love and Law 2 v. — The World she awoke in 2 v.</p> <p><b>Allen, Grant</b>, † 1899.<br/>The Woman who did 1 v.</p> <p><b>"All for Greed,"</b> Author of (Baroness de Bury).<br/>All for Greed 1 v. — Love the Avenger 2 v.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

**Anstey, F. (Guthrie).**  
The Giant's Robe 2 v. — A Fallen Idol 1 v. — The Pariah 3 v. — The Talking Horse and other Tales 1 v. — Voces Populi 1 v. — The Brass Bottle 1 v. — A Bayard from Bengal 1 v. — Salted Almonds 1 v.

**Antin, Mary (Am.).**  
The Promised Land 1 v.

**Arnold, Sir Edwin, † 1904.**  
The Light of Asia (with Portrait) 1 v.

**Arnold, Matthew, † 1888.**  
Essays in Criticism 2 v. — Essays in Criticism (*Second Series*) 1 v.

**Atherton, Gertrude Franklin (Am.).**  
American Wives and English Husbands 1 v. — The Californians 1 v. — Patience Sparhawk and her Times 2 v. — Senator North 2 v. — The Doomsdancer 1 v. — The Aristocrats 1 v. — The Splendid Idle Forties 1 v. — The Conqueror 2 v. — A Daughter of the Vine 1 v. — His Fortunate Grace, etc. 1 v. — The Valiant Runaways 1 v. — The Bell in the Fog, and Other Stories 1 v. — The Travelling Thirds (in Spain) 1 v. — Rezanov 1 v. — Ancestors 2 v. — The Gorgeous Isle 1 v. — Tower of Ivory 2 v. — Julia France and her Times 2 v.

**Austen, Jane, † 1817.**  
Sense and Sensibility 1 v. — Mansfield Park 1 v. — Pride and Prejudice 1 v. — Northanger Abbey, and Persuasion 1 v. — Emma 1 v.

"Autobiography of Lutfullah," Author of: *vide* E. B. Eastwick.

**Avebury, Lord: vide** Lubbock.

**Bacon, Francis.**  
Essays (with Glossary) 1 v.

**Bagot, Richard.**  
A Roman Mystery 2 v. — Casting of Nets 2 v. — The Just and the Unjust 2 v. — Donna Diana 2 v. — Love's Proxy 1 v. — The Passport 2 v. — Temptation 2 v. — The Lakes of Northern Italy 1 v. — Anthony Cuthbert 2 v. — The House of Serravallo 2 v. — My Italian Year 1 v. — The Italians of To-Day 1 v. — Darneley Place

**Baring-Gould, S.**  
Mehalah 1 v. — John Herring 2 v. — Court Royal 2 v.

**Barker, Lady: vide** Lady Broome.

**Barrett, Frank.**  
The Smuggler's Secret 1 v. — Out of the Jaws of Death 2 v.

**Barrie, J. M.**  
Sentimental Tommy 2 v. — Margaret Ogilvy 1 v. — Tommy and Grizel 2 v. — The Little White Bird 1 v. — Peter and Wendy 1 v.

**Baynes, Rev. Robert H.**  
Lyra Anglicana, Hymns and Sacred Songs 1 v.

**Beaconsfield: vide** Disraeli.

**Beaumont, Averil (Mrs. Hunt).**  
Thornicroft's Model 2 v.

**Beerbohm, Max.**  
Zuleika Dobson 1 v.

**Bell, Currer (Charlotte Brontë—Mrs. Nicholls), † 1855.**  
Jane Eyre 2 v. — Shirley 2 v. — Vilette 2 v. — The Professor 1 v.

**Bell, Ellis & Acton (Emily, † 1848, and Anne, † 1849, Brontë).**  
Wuthering Heights, and Agnes Grey 2 v.

**Bellamy, Edward (Am.), † 1898.**  
Looking Backward 1 v.

**Benedict, Frank Lee (Am.).**  
St. Simon's Niece 2 v.

**Bennett, Arnold.**  
The Grand Babylon Hotel 1 v. — The Gates of Wrath 1 v. — A Great Man 1 v. — Sacred and Profane Love 1 v. — Whom God hath joined 1 v. — The Ghost 1 v. — The Grim Smile of the Five Towns 1 v. — Buried Alive 1 v. — The Old Wives' Tale 2 v. — The Glimpse 1 v. — Helen with the High Hand 1 v. — Clayhanger 2 v. — The Card 1 v. — Hilda Lessways 1 v. — The Matador of the Five Towns, and Other Stories 1 v. — Leonora; a Novel 1 v. — Anna of the Five Towns 1 v. — Those United States 1 v. — The Regent 1 v. (*Vide* Eden Phillpotts.)

**Benson, E. F.**

Dodo 1 v. — The Rubicon 1 v. — Scarlet and Hyssop 1 v. — The Book of Months 1 v. — The Relentless City 1 v. — Mammon & Co. 2 v. — The Challoners 1 v. — An Act in a Backwater 1 v. — The Image in the Sand 2 v. — The Angel of Pain 2 v. — Paul 2 v. — The House of Defence 2 v. — Sheaves 2 v. — The Climber 2 v. — The Blotting Book 1 v. — A Reaping 1 v. — Daisy's Aunt 1 v. — The Osbornes 1 v. — Account Rendered 1 v. — Juggernaut 1 v. — Mrs. Ames 1 v. — The Weaker Vessel 2 v. — Thorley Weir 1 v. — Dodo the Second 1 v.

**Benson, Robert Hugh.**

The Necromancers 1 v. — A Winnowing 1 v. — None Other Gods 1 v. — The Dawn of All 1 v. — The Coward 1 v. — Come Rack! Come Rope! 2 v. — An Average Man 2 v.

**Besant, Sir Walter, † 1901.**

The Revolt of Man 1 v. — Dorothy

Forster 2 v. — Children of Gibeon 2 v. — The World went very well then 2 v. — Katharine Regina 1 v. — Herr Paulus 2 v. — The Inner House 1 v. — The Bell of St. Paul's 2 v. — For Faith and Freedom 2 v. — Armored of Lyonesse 2 v. — Verbena Camellia Stephanotis, etc. 1 v. — Beyond the Dreams of Avarice 2 v. — The Master Craftsman 2 v. — A Fountain Sealed 1 v. — The Orange Girl 2 v. — The Fourth Generation 1 v. — The Lady of Lynn 2 v.

**Besant, Sir Walter**, † 1901, & **James Rice**, † 1882.

The Golden Butterfly 2 v. — Ready-Money Mortiboy 2 v. — By Celia's Arbour 2 v.

**Betham-Edwards, M.**

The Sylvestres 1 v. — Felicia 2 v. — Brother Gabriel 2 v. — Forestalled 1 v. — Exchange no Robbery, and other Novelles 1 v. — Disarmed 1 v. — Doctor Jacob 1 v. — Pearla 1 v. — Next of Kin Wanted 1 v. — The Parting of the Ways 1 v. — For One and the World 1 v. — The Romance of a French Parsonage 1 v. — France of To-day 1 v. — Two Aunts and a Nephew 1 v. — A Dream of Millions 1 v. — The Curb of Honour 1 v. — France of To-day (*Second Series*) 1 v. — A Romance of Dijon 1 v. — The Dream-Charlotte 1 v. — A Storm-Rent Sky 1 v. — Reminiscences 1 v. — The Lord of the Harvest 1 v. — Anglo-French Reminiscences, 1875—1899 1 v. — A Suffolk Courtship 1 v. — Mock Beggars' Hall 1 v. — East of Paris 1 v. — A Humble Lover 1 v. — Barham Brocklebank, M. D. 1 v. — Martha Rose, Teacher 1 v. — The White House by the Sea 1 v. — From an Islington Window 1 v.

**Bierce, Ambrose (Am.)**.

In the Midst of Life 1 v.

**Birchenough, Mabel C.**

Potsherds 1 v.

**Bisland, E. (Am.)**: *vide* Rhoda Broughton.

**Bismarck, Prince**: *vide* Butler. *Vide* also Wilhelm Görlich (Collection of German Authors, p. 29), and Whitman.

**Black, William**, † 1898.

A Daughter of Heth 2 v. — In Silk Attire 2 v. — The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton 2 v. — A Princess of Thule 2 v. — Kilmeny 1 v. — The Maid of Killeena, and other Stories 1 v. — Three Feathers 2 v. —

Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart, and other Stories 1 v. — Madcap Violet 2 v. — Green Pastures and Piccadilly 2 v. — Macleod of Dare 2 v. — White Wings 2 v. — Sunrise 2 v. — The Beautiful Wretch 1 v. — Mr. Pisistratus Brown, M. P., in the Highlands; The Four Macnicols; The Pupil of Aurelius 1 v. — Shandon Bells (with Portrait) 2 v. — Judith Shakespeare 2 v. — The Wise Women of Inverness, etc. 1 v. — White Heather 2 v. — Sabina Zembra 2 v. — The Strange Adventures of a House-Boat 2 v. — In Far Lochaber 2 v. — The New Prince Fortunatus 2 v. — Stand Fast, Craig-Royston 12 v. — Donald Ross of Heimra 2 v. — The Magic Ink, and other Tales 1 v. — Wolfenberg 2 v. — The Handsome Humes 2 v. — Highland Cousins 2 v. — Briseis 2 v. — Wild Eelin 2 v.

"**Black-Box Murder, the**," Author of. The Black-Box Murder 1 v.

**Blackmore, Richard Doddridge**, † 1900.

Alice Lorraine 2 v. — Mary Anerley 3 v. — Christowell 2 v. — Tommy Upmore 2 v. — Perlycross 2 v.

"**Blackwood.**"

Tales from "Blackwood" (*First Series*) 1 v. — Tales from "Blackwood" (*Second Series*) 1 v.

**Blagden, Isa**, † 1873.

The Woman I loved, and the Woman who loved me; A Tuscan Wedding 1 v.

**Blessington, Countess of (Marguerite Gardiner)**, † 1849.

Meredith 1 v. — Strathern 2 v. — Memoirs of a Femme de Chambre 1 v. — Marmaduke Herbert 2 v. — Country Quarters (with Portrait) 2 v.

**Bloomfield, Baroness.**

Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life (with the Portrait of Her Majesty the Queen) 2 v.

**Boldrewood, Rolf.**

Robbery under Arms 2 v. — Nevermore 2 v.

**Braddon, Miss (Mrs. Maxwell).**

Lady Audley's Secret 2 v. — Aurora Floyd 2 v. — Eleanor's Victory 2 v. — John Marchmont's Legacy 2 v. — Henry Dunbar 2 v. — The Doctor's Wife 2 v. — Only a Clod 2 v. — Sir Jasper's Tenant 2 v. — The Lady's Mile 2 v. — Rupert God-



win 2 v. — Dead-Sea Fruit 2 v. — Run to Earth 2 v. — Fenton's Quest 2 v. — The Lovels of Arden 2 v. — Strangers and Pilgrims 2 v. — Lucius Davoren 3 v. — Taken at the Flood 3 v. — Lost for Love 2 v. — A Strange World 2 v. — Hostages to Fortune 2 v. — Dead Men's Shoes 2 v. — Joshua Haggard's Daughter 2 v. — Weavers and Weft 1 v. — In Great Waters, and other Tales 1 v. — An Open Verdict 3 v. — Vixen 3 v. — The Cloven Foot 3 v. — The Story of Barbara 2 v. — Just as I am 2 v. — Asphodel 3 v. — Mount Royal 2 v. — The Golden Calf 2 v. — Flower and Weed 1 v. — Phantom Fortune 3 v. — Under the Red Flag 1 v. — Ishmael 3 v. — Wyllard's Weird 3 v. — One Thing Needful 2 v. — Cut by the County 1 v. — Like and Unlike 2 v. — The Fatal Three 2 v. — The Day will come 2 v. — One Life, One Love 2 v. — Gerard 2 v. — The Venetians 2 v. — All along the River 2 v. — Thou art the Man 2 v. — The Christmas Hirelings, etc. 1 v. — Sons of Fire 2 v. — London Pride 2 v. — Rough Justice 2 v. — In High Places 2 v. — His Darling Sin 1 v. — The Infidel 2 v. — The Conflict 2 v. — The Rose of Life 2 v. — Dead Love has Chains 1 v. — During Her Majesty's Pleasure 1 v.

**Brassey, Lady, † 1887.**

A Voyage in the "Sunbeam" 2 v. — Sunshine and Storm in the East 2 v. — In the Trades, the Tropics and the Roaring Forties 2 v.

"Bread-Winners, the," Author of (Am.).  
The Bread-Winners 1 v.

**Bret Harte: vide Harte.**

**Brock, Rev. William, † 1875.**

Sir Henry Havelock, K. C. B. 1 v.

**Brontë, Charlotte: vide Currer Bell.**

**Brontë, Emily & Anne: vide Ellis & Acton Bell.**

**Brooks, Shirley, † 1874.**

The Silver Cord 3 v. — Sooner or Later 3 v.

**Broome, Lady (Lady Barker).**

Station Life in New Zealand 1 v. — Station Amusements in New Zealand 1 v. — A Year's Housekeeping in South Africa 1 v. — Letters to Guy, and A Distant Shore—Rodrigues 1 v. — Colonial Memories 1 v. (Vide p. 29.)

**Broughton, Rhoda.**

Cometh up as a Flower 1 v. — Not wisely, but too well 2 v. — Red as a Rose is She 2 v. — Tales for Christmas Eve 1 v. — Nancy 2 v. — Joan 2 v. — Second Thoughts 2 v. — Belinda 2 v. — Doctor Cupid 2 v. — Alas! 2 v. — Mrs. Bligh 1 v. — A Beginner 1 v. — Scylla or Charybdis? 1 v. — Dear Faustina 1 v. — The Game and the Candle 1 v. — Foes in Law 1 v. — Lavinia 1 v. — Mamma 1 v. — The Devil and the Deep Sea 1 v. — Between Two Stools 1 v. — Concerning a Vow 1 v.

**Broughton, Rhoda, & Elizabeth Bisland (Am.).**

A Widower Indeed 1 v.

**Brown, John, † 1882.**

Rab and his Friends, and other Papers 1 v.

**Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, † 1861.**

A Selection from her Poetry (with Portrait) 1 v. — Aurora Leigh 1 v.

**Browning, Robert, † 1889.**

Poetical Works (with Portrait) 4 v.

**Bullen, Frank T.**

The Cruise of the "Cachalot" 2 v.

**Bulwer, Edward, Lord Lytton, † 1873.**

Pelham (with Portrait) 1 v. — Eugene Aram 1 v. — Paul Clifford 1 v. — Zanoni 1 v. — The Last Days of Pompeii 1 v. — The Disowned 1 v. — Ernest Maltravers 1 v. — Alice 1 v. — Eva, and The Pilgrims of the Rhine 1 v. — Devereux 1 v. — Godolphin and Falkland 1 v. — Rienzi 1 v. — Night and Morning 1 v. — The Last of the Barons 2 v. — Athens 2 v. — The Poems and Ballads of Schiller 1 v. — Lucretia 2 v. — Harold 2 v. — King Arthur 2 v. — The New Timon, and St. Stephen's 1 v. — The Caxtons 2 v. — My Novel 4 v. — What will he do with it? 4 v. — Dramatic Works 2 v. — A Strange Story 2 v. — Caxtoniana 2 v. — The Lost Tales of Milestus 1 v. — Miscellaneous Prose Works 4 v. — Odes and Epodes of Horace 2 v. — Kenelm Chillingly 4 v. — The Coming Race 1 v. — The Parisians 4 v. — Pausanias, the Spartan 1 v.

**Bulwer, Henry Lytton (Lord Dalling), † 1872.**

Historical Characters 2 v. — The Life of Viscount Palmerston 3 v.

- Bunyan, John, † 1688.  
The Pilgrim's Progress 1 v.
- "Buried Alone," Author of (Charles Wood).  
Buried Alone 1 v.
- Burnett, Mrs. Frances Hodgson (Am.).  
Through one Administration 2 v. — Little Lord Fauntleroy 1 v. — Sara Crewe, and Editha's Burglar 1 v. — The Pretty Sister of José 1 v. — A Lady of Quality 2 v. — His Grace of Osmonde 2 v. — The Shuttle 2 v. — The Secret Garden 1 v.
- Burney, Miss (Madame D'Arbly), † 1840.  
Evelina 1 v.
- Burns, Robert, † 1796.  
Poetical Works (with Portrait) 1 v.
- Burton, Richard F., † 1890.  
A Pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina 3 v.
- Bury, Baroness de: *vide* "All for Greed."
- Butler, A. J.  
Bismarck. His Reflections and Reminiscences. Translated from the great German edition, under the supervision of A. J. Butler. With two Portraits. 3 v.
- Buxton, Mrs. B. H., † 1881.  
Jennie of "The Prince's," 2 v. — Won 2 v. — Great Grenfell Gardens 2 v. — Nell—on and off the Stage 2 v. — From the Wings 2 v.
- Byron, Lord, † 1824.  
Poetical Works (with Portrait) 5 v.
- Caffyn, Mrs. Mannington (Iota).  
A Yellow Aster 1 v. — Children of Circumstance 2 v. — Anne Mauleverer 2 v.
- Caino, Hall.  
The Bondman 2 v. — The Manxman 2 v. — The Christian 2 v. — The Eternal City 3 v. — The Prodigal Son 2 v. — The White Prophet 2 v. — The Woman thou gavest me 3 v.
- Cameron, Verney Lovett.  
Across Africa 2 v.
- Campbell Præd: *vide* Præd.
- Carey, Rosa Nouchette, † 1909.  
Not Like other Girls 2 v. — "But Men must Work" 1 v. — Sir Godfrey's Granddaughters 2 v. — The Old, Old Story 2 v. — Herb of Grace 2 v. — The Highway of
- Fate 2 v. — A Passage Perilous 2 v. — At the Moorings 2 v.
- Carlyle, Thomas, † 1881.  
The French Revolution 3 v. — Frederick the Great 13 v. — Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches 4 v. — The Life of Schiller 1 v. — Essays on Goethe 1 v. — On Heroes, Hero-worship, and the Heroic in History 1 v. — Historical and Political Essays 1 v. — Essays on German Literature 1 v.
- Carnegie, Andrew (Am.).  
Problems of To-Day 1 v.
- Carr, Alaric.  
Treherne's Temptation 2 v.
- Castle, Agnes & Egerton.  
The Star Dreamer 2 v. — Incomparable Bellairs 1 v. — Rose of the World 1 v. — French Nan 1 v. — "If Youth but knew!" 1 v. — My Merry Rockhurst 1 v. — Flower o' the Orange 1 v. — Wroth 2 v. — Diamond Cut Paste 1 v. — The Lost Iphigenia 1 v. — Love Gilds the Scene 1 v. — The Grip of Life 2 v. — Chance the Piper 1 v.
- Castle, Egerton.  
Consequences 2 v. — "La Bella," and Others 1 v.
- Charles, Mrs. Elizabeth Rundle, † 1896: *vide* "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family."
- Charlesworth, Maria Louisa, † 1880.  
Oliver of the Mill 1 v. (*Vide* p. 29.)
- Chesterfield, Earl of.  
Letters to his Son 1 v.
- Chesterton, G. K.  
The Man who was Thursday 1 v. — What's Wrong with the World 1 v. — The Innocence of Father Brown 1 v. — The Flying Inn 1 v.
- Cholmondeley, Mary.  
Diana Tempest 2 v. — Red Pottage 2 v. — Moth and Rust 1 v. — Prisoners 2 v. — The Lowest Rung 1 v. — Notwithstanding 1 v.
- Christian, Princess: *vide* Alice, Grand-Duchess of Hesse.
- "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family," Author of (Mrs. E. Rundle Charles), † 1896.  
Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family 2 v. — The Draytons and the Davenants 2 v. — On Both Sides of the Sea 2 v. — Winifred Bertram 1 v. — Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyan 1 v. —

The Victory of the Vanquished 1 v. — The Cottage by the Cathedral and other Parables 1 v. — Against the Stream 2 v. — The Bertram Family 2 v. — Conquering and to Conquer 1 v. — Lapsed, but not Lost 1 v.

**Churchill, Winston** (Am.).

Mr. Crewe's Career 2 v.

**Clark, Alfred.**

The Finding of Lot's Wife 1 v.

**Clemens, Samuel L.:** *vide* Twain.

**Clifford, Mrs. W. K.**

Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman 1 v. — Aunt Anne 2 v. — The Last Touches, and other Stories 1 v. — Mrs. Keith's Crime 1 v. — A Wild Proxy 1 v. — A Flash of Summer 1 v. — A Woman Alone 1 v. — Woodside Farm 1 v. — The Modern Way 1 v. — The Getting Well of Dorothy 1 v. — Mere Stories 1 v.

**Clive, Mrs. Caroline,** † 1873: *vide* Author of "Paul Ferroll."

**Cobbe, Frances Power,** † 1904.

Re-Echoes 1 v.

**Coleridge, C. R.**

An English Squire 2 v.

**Coleridge, M. E.**

The King with two Faces 2 v.

**Coleridge, Samuel Taylor,** † 1834.

Poems 1 v.

**Collins, Charles Allston,** † 1873.

A Cruise upon Wheels 2 v.

**Collins, Mortimer,** † 1876.

Sweet and Twenty 2 v. — A Fight with Fortune 2 v.

**Collins, Wilkie,** † 1889.

After Dark 1 v. — Hide and Seek 2 v. — A Plot in Private Life, etc. 1 v. — The Woman in White 2 v. — Basil 1 v. — No Name 3 v. — The Dead Secret, and other Tales 2 v. — Antonina 2 v. — Armadale 3 v. — The Moonstone 2 v. — Man and Wife 3 v. — Poor Miss Finch 2 v. — Miss or Mrs. ? 1 v. — The New Magdalen 2 v. — The Frozen Deep 1 v. — The Law and the Lady 2 v. — The Two Destinies 1 v. — My Lady's Money, and Percy and the Prophet 1 v. — The Haunted Hotel 1 v. — The Fallen Leaves 2 v. — Jezebel's Daughter 2 v. — The Black Robe 2 v. — Heart and Science 2 v. — "I say No," 2 v. — The Evil Genius 2 v. — The Guilty River, and The

Ghost's Touch 1 v. — The Legacy of Cain 2 v. — Blind Love 2 v.

"Cometh up as a Flower": *vide* Rhoda Broughton.

**Conrad, Joseph.**

An Outcast of the Islands 2 v. — Tales of Unrest 1 v. — The Secret Agent 1 v. — A Set of Six 1 v. — Under Western Eyes 1 v. — "Twixt Land and Sea Tales 1 v. — Chance 2 v. — Almayer's Folly 1 v.

**Conway, Hugh** (F. J. Fergus), † 1885.

Called Back 1 v. — Bound Together 2 v. — Dark Days 1 v. — A Family Affair 2 v. — Living or Dead 2 v.

**Cooper, James Fenimore** (Am.), † 1851.

The Spy (with Portrait) 1 v. — The Two Admirals 1 v. — The Jack O' Lantern 1 v. — The Last of the Mohicans 2 v.

**Cooper, Mrs.:** *vide* Katharine Saunders.

**Corelli, Marie.**

Vendetta! 2 v. — Thelma 2 v. — A Romance of Two Worlds 2 v. — "Ardath" 3 v. — Wormwood. A Drama of Paris 2 v. — The Hired Baby, with other Stories and Social Sketches 1 v. — Barabbas; A Dream of the World's Tragedy 2 v. — The Sorrows of Satan 2 v. — The Mighty Atom 1 v. — The Murder of Delicia 1 v. — Ziska 1 v. — Boy. A Sketch. 2 v. — The Master-Christian 2 v. — "Temporal Power" 2 v. — God's Good Man 2 v. — Free Opinions 1 v. — Treasure of Heaven (with Portrait) 2 v. — Holy Orders 2 v. — The Life Everlasting 2 v.

**Cotes, Mrs. Everard.**

Those Delightful Americans 1 v. — Set in Authority 1 v. — Cousin Cinderella 1 v.

"County, the," Author of.

The County 1 v.

**Craik, George Lillie,** † 1866.

A Manual of English Literature and of the History of the English Language 2 v.

**Craik, Mrs.** (Miss Dinah M. Mulock), † 1887.

John Halifax, Gentleman 2 v. — The Head of the Family 2 v. — A Life for a Life 2 v. — A Woman's Thoughts about Women 1 v. — Agatha's Husband 1 v. — Romantic Tales 1 v. — Domestic Stories 1 v. — Mistress and Maid 1 v. — The Ogilvies 1 v. — Lord Erlistoun 1 v. — Christian's Mistake 1 v. — Bread upon the Waters 1 v. — A Noble Life 1 v. — Olive 2 v. — Two Marriages 1 v. — Studies

from *Life* 1 v. — *Poems* 1 v. — *The Woman's Kingdom* 2 v. — *The Unkind Word*, and other Stories 2 v. — *A Brave Lady* 2 v. — *Hannah* 2 v. — *Fair France* 1 v. — *My Mother and I* 1 v. — *The Little Lame Prince* 1 v. — *Sermons out of Church* 1 v. — *The Laurel-Bush*; *Two little Tinkers* 1 v. — *A Legacy* 2 v. — *Young Mrs. Jardine* 2 v. — *His Little Mother*, and other Tales and Sketches 1 v. — *Plain Speaking* 1 v. — *Miss Tommy* 1 v. — *King Arthur* 1 v. (*Vide* p. 29.)

**Craik, Georgiana M.** (Mrs. May).

*Lost and Won* 1 v. — *Faith Unwin's Ordeal* 1 v. — *Leslie Tyrrell* 1 v. — *Winfred's Wooing*, etc. 1 v. — *Mildred* 1 v. — *Esther Hill's Secret* 2 v. — *Hero Trevelyan* 1 v. — *Without Kith or Kin* 2 v. — *Only a Butterfly* 1 v. — *Sylvia's Choice*; *Theresa* 2 v. — *Anne Warwick* 1 v. — *Dorcas* 2 v. — *Two Women* 2 v. (*Vide* p. 29.)

**Craik, Georgiana M., & M. C. Stirling.**

*Two Tales of Married Life* (*Hard to Bear*, by Miss Craik; *A True Man*, by M. C. Stirling) 2 v.

**Craven, Mrs. Augustus:** *vide* *Lady Fullerton*.

**Crawford, F. Marion** (Am.), † 1909.

*Mr. Isaacs* 1 v. — *Doctor Claudius* 1 v. — *To Leeward* 1 v. — *A Roman Singer* 1 v. — *An American Politician* 1 v. — *Zoroaster* 1 v. — *A Tale of a Lonely Parish* 2 v. — *Saracinesca* 2 v. — *Marzio's Crucifix* 1 v. — *Paul Patoff* 2 v. — *With the Immortals* 1 v. — *Greifenstein* 2 v. — *Sant' Ilario* 2 v. — *A Cigarette-Maker's Romance* 1 v. — *Khaled* 1 v. — *The Witch of Prague* 2 v. — *The Three Fates* 2 v. — *Don Orsino* 2 v. — *The Children of the King* 1 v. — *Pietro Ghisleri* 2 v. — *Marion Darche* 1 v. — *Katharine Lauderdale* 2 v. — *The Ralstons* 2 v. — *Casa Braccio* 2 v. — *Adam Johnstone's Son* 1 v. — *Taqisara* 2 v. — *A Rose of Yesterday* 1 v. — *Corleone* 2 v. — *Via Crucis* 2 v. — *In the Palace of the King* 2 v. — *Marietta, a Maid of Venice* 2 v. — *Cecilia* 2 v. — *The Heart of Rome* 2 v. — *Whosoever Shall Offend...* 2 v. — *Soprano* 2 v. — *A Lady of Rome* 2 v. — *Arethusa* 2 v. — *The Primadonna* 2 v. — *The Diva's Ruby* 2 v. — *The White Sister* 1 v. — *Stradella* 1 v. — *The Undesirable Governess* 1 v. — *Uncanny Tales* 1 v.

**Crockett, S. R.,** \* 1860, † 1914.

*The Raiders* 2 v. — *Cleg Kelly* 2 v. — *The Grey Man* 2 v. — *Love Idylls* 1 v. — *The Dark o' the Moon* 2 v.

**Croker, B. M.**

*Peggy of the Bartons* 2 v. — *The Happy Valley* 1 v. — *The Old Cantonment*, with Other Stories of India and Elsewhere 1 v. — *A Nine Days' Wonder* 1 v. — *The Youngest Miss Mowbray* 1 v. — *The Company's Servant* 2 v. — *The Cat's-Paw* 1 v. — *Katherine the Arrogant* 1 v. — *Fame* 1 v. — *Babes in the Wood* 1 v. — *A Rolling Stone* 1 v. — *The Serpent's Tooth* 1 v. — *In Old Madras* 1 v. — *Lismoye* 1 v.

**Cross, J. W.:** *vide* *George Eliot's Life*.

**Cudlip, Mrs. Pender:** *vide* *A. Thomas*.

**Cummins, Miss** (Am.), † 1866.

*The Lamplighter* 1 v. — *Mabel Vaughan* 1 v. — *El Fureidis* 1 v. — *Haunted Hearts* 1 v.

**Cushing, Paul.**

*The Blacksmith of Voe* 2 v.

"**Daily News.**"

*War Correspondence, 1877*, by Archibald Forbes and others 3 v.

**Danby, Frank.**

*The Heart of a Child* 2 v. — *An Incomplete Etonian* 2 v. — *Let the Roof fall in* 2 v.

"**Dark,**" Author of.

*Dark* 1 v.

**Davis, Richard Harding** (Am.).

*Gallegher*, etc. 1 v. — *Van Bibber and Others* 1 v. — *Ranson's Folly* 1 v. — *The Man who could not lose* 1 v. — *The Red Cross Girl* 1 v.

**De Foe, Daniel,** † 1731.

*Robinson Crusoe* 1 v.

**Deland, Margaret** (Am.).

*John Ward, Preacher* 1 v.

"**Democracy,**" Author of (Am.).

*Democracy* 1 v.

**De Morgan, William.**

*Joseph Vance* 2 v.

"**Demos,**" Author of: *v. George Gissing*.

**De Quincey, Thomas.**

*Confessions of an English Opium-Eater* 1 v.

"**Diary and Notes**": *vide* Author of "*Horace Templeton*."

**Dickens, Charles,** † 1870.

*The Pickwick Club* (with Portrait) 2 v. — *American Notes* 1 v. — *Oliver Twist* 1 v. — *Nicholas Nickleby* 2 v. — *Sketches* 1 v. — *Martin Chuzzlewit* 2 v. — *A Christmas*

Carol; The Chimes; The Cricket on the Hearth 1 v. — Master Humphrey's Clock (Old Curiosity Shop; Barnaby Rudge, etc.) 3 v. — Pictures from Italy 1 v. — Dombey and Son 3 v. — David Copperfield 3 v. — Bleak House 4 v. — A Child's History of England (2 v. 80 M. 2,70.) — Hard Times 1 v. — Little Dorrit (with Illustrations) 4 v. — The Battle of Life; The Haunted Man 1 v. — A Tale of two Cities 2 v. — Hunted Down; The Uncommercial Traveller 1 v. — Great Expectations 2 v. — Christmas Stories, etc. 1 v. — Our Mutual Friend (with Illustrations) 4 v. — Somebody's Luggage; Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings; Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy 1 v. — Doctor Marigold's Prescriptions; Mugby Junction 1 v. — The Mystery of Edwin Drood (with Illustrations) 2 v. — The Mudfog Papers, 1 v. — The Letters of Charles Dickens, ed. by his Sister-in-law and his eldest Daughter 4 v. — *Vide* also Household Words, Novels and Tales, and John Forster.

**Dickens, Charles, & Wilkie Collins.**

No Thoroughfare; The Late Miss Holingford 1 v.

**Disraeli, Benjamin, Lord Beaconsfield,**  
† 1881.

Coningsby 1 v. — Sybil 1 v. — Contarini Fleming (with Portrait) 1 v. — Alroy 1 v. — Tancred 2 v. — Venetia 2 v. — Vivian Grey 2 v. — Henrietta Temple 1 v. — Lothair 2 v. — Endymion 2 v.

**Dixon, Ella Hepworth.**

The Story of a Modern Woman 1 v. — One Doubtful Hour 1 v.

**Dixon, W. Hepworth, † 1879.**

Personal History of Lord Bacon 1 v. — The Holy Land 2 v. — New America 2 v. — Spiritual Wives 2 v. — Her Majesty's Tower 4 v. — Free Russia 2 v. — History of two Queens 6 v. — White Conquest 2 v. — Diana, Lady Lyle 2 v.

**Dixon, Jr., Thomas (Am.).**

The Leopard's Spots 2 v.

**Dougall, L. (Am.).**

Beggars All 2 v.

**Dowie, Mérie Muriel.**

A Girl in the Karpathians 1 v.

**Doyle, Sir A. Conan.**

The Sign of Four 1 v. — Micah Clarke 2 v. — The Captain of the Pole-Star, and other Tales 1 v. — The White Company 2 v. — A Study in Scarlet 1 v. — The

Great Shadow, and Beyond the City 1 v. — The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes 2 v. — The Refugees 2 v. — The Firm of Girdlestone 2 v. — The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes 2 v. — Round the Red Lamp 1 v. — The Stark Munro Letters 1 v. — The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard 1 v. — Rodney Stone 2 v. — Uncle Bernac 1 v. — The Tragedy of the Korosko 1 v. — A Duet 1 v. — The Green Flag 1 v. — The Great Boer War 2 v. — The War in South Africa 1 v. — The Hound of the Baskervilles 1 v. — Adventures of Gerard 1 v. — The Return of Sherlock Holmes 2 v. — Sir Nigel 2 v. — Through the Magic Door 1 v. — Round the Fire Stories 1 v. — The Mystery of Cloomber 1 v. — The Last Galley 1 v. — The Lost World 1 v. — The Poison Belt 1 v.

**Drummond, Professor Henry, † 1897.**

The Greatest Thing in the World; Pax Vobiscum; The Changed Life 1 v.

**Dufferin, the Earl of.**

Letters from High Latitudes 1 v.

**Duncan, Sara Jeannette: *vide* Mrs. Cotes.**

**Dunton: *vide* Th. Watts-Dunton.**

**Earl, the, and the Doctor.**

South Sea Bubbles 1 v.

**Eastwick, Edward B., † 1883.**

Autobiography of Lutfullah 1 v.

**Edgeworth, Maria: *vide* p. 29.**

**Edwardes, Mrs. Annie.**

Archie Lovell 2 v. — Steven Lawrence, Yeoman 2 v. — Ought we to visit her? 2 v. — A Vagabond Heroine 1 v. — Leah: A Woman of Fashion 2 v. — A Blue-Stocking 1 v. — Jet: Her Face or Her Fortune? 1 v. — Vivian the Beauty 1 v. — A Ball-room Repentance 2 v. — A Girton Girl 2 v. — A Playwright's Daughter, and Bertie Griffiths 1 v. — Pearl-Powder 1 v. The Adventuress 1 v.

**Edwards, Amelia B., † 1892.**

Barbara's History 2 v. — Miss Carew 2 v. — Hand and Glove 1 v. — Half a Million of Money 2 v. — Debenham's Mill 2 v. — In the Days of my Youth 2 v. — Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys 1 v. — Monsieur Maurice 1 v. — A Night on the Borders of the Black Forest 1 v. — A Poetry-Book of Elder Poets

1 v. — A Thousand Miles up the Nile 2 v.  
— A Poetry-Book of Modern Poets 1 v. —  
Lord Brackenbury 2 v.

Edwards, M. Betham: *vide* Betham.

Eggleston, Edward (Am.), † 1902.  
The Faith Doctor 2 v.

Elbon, Barbara (Am.).  
Bethesda 2 v.

Eliot, George (Miss Evans—Mrs. Cross),  
† 1880.

Scenes of Clerical Life 2 v. — Adam  
Bede 2 v. — The Mill on the Floss 2 v. —  
Silas Marner 1 v. — Romola 2 v. — Felix  
Holt 2 v. — Daniel Deronda 4 v. — The  
Lifted Veil, and Brother Jacob 1 v. —  
Impressions of Theophrastus Such 1 v. —  
Essays and Leaves from a Note-Book  
1 v. — George Eliot's Life, edited by her  
Husband, J. W. Cross 4 v.

"Elizabeth and her German Garden,"  
Author of.

Elizabeth and her German Garden 1 v. —  
The Solitary Summer 1 v. — The Bene-  
factress 2 v. — Princess Priscilla's Fort-  
night 1 v. — The Adventures of Elizabeth  
in Rügen 1 v. — Fräulein Schmidt and Mr.  
Anstruther 1 v.

Eliot, Mrs. Frances, † 1898.

Diary of an Idle Woman in Italy 2 v. —  
Old Court Life in France 2 v. — The  
Italians 2 v. — The Diary of an Idle  
Woman in Sicily 1 v. — Pictures of Old  
Rome 1 v. — The Diary of an Idle Woman in  
Spain 2 v. — The Red Cardinal 1 v. —  
The Story of Sophia 1 v. — Diary of an  
Idle Woman in Constantinople 1 v. —  
Old Court Life in Spain 2 v. — Roman  
Gossip 1 v.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo (Am.), † 1882.  
Representative Men 1 v. — Essays 1 v. —  
Nature and Thought 1 v. — English Traits  
1 v. — Conduct of Life 1 v.

"English Fairy Tales." 1 v.

"Englishwoman's Love-Letters, an,"  
Author of.  
An Englishwoman's Love-Letters 1 v.

Erroll, Henry.  
An Ugly Duckling 1 v.

Esler, E. Rentoul.  
The Way they loved at Grimpat 1 v.

"Essays and Reviews," the Authors of.  
Essays and Reviews. By various Authors  
1 v.

"Estelle Russell," Author of.  
Estelle Russell 2 v.

Esterre-Keeling, Elsa D'.  
Three Sisters 1 v. — A Laughing Philo-  
sopher 1 v. — The Professor's Wooing 1 v.  
— In Thoughtland and in Dreamland  
1 v. — Orchardscroft 1 v. — Appassionata  
1 v. — Old Maids and Young 2 v. — The  
Queen's Serf 1 v.

"Euthanasia," Author of.  
Euthanasia 1 v.

Ewing, Juliana Horatia, † 1885.  
Jackanapes; The Story of a Short Life;  
Daddy Darwin's Dovecot 1 v. — A Flat  
Iron for a Farthing 1 v. — The Brownies,  
and other Tales 1 v.

"Expiated," Author of.  
Expiated 2 v.

Fergus, F. J.: *vide* Hugh Conway.  
Farrar, F. W. (Dean), † 1903.  
Darkness and Dawn 3 v.

"Fate of Fenella, the," Authors of.  
The Fate of Fenella, by 24 Authors 1 v.

Felkin, Alfred Laurence: *vide* E. T.  
Fowler.

Felkin, Mrs.: *vide* E. T. Fowler.

Fendall, Percy: *vide* F. C. Philips.

Fenn, George Manville.  
The Parson o' Dumford 2 v. — The  
Clerk of Portwick 2 v.

Fielding, Henry, † 1754.  
Tom Jones 2 v.

Findlater, Mary & Jane (Am.): *vide*  
Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Fitzgerald, Edward.  
Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám 1 v.

Five Centuries  
of the English Language and Literature  
John Wycliffe. — Geoffrey Chaucer. —  
Stephen Hawes. — Sir Thomas More. —  
Edmund Spenser. — Ben Jonson. — John  
Locke. — Thomas Gray (vol. 500, published  
1860) 1 v.

Fleming, George (Am.).  
Kismet 1 v. — Andromeda 2 v.

Forbes, Archibald, † 1900.  
My Experiences of the War between  
France and Germany 2 v. — Soldiering

and Scribbling 1 v. — Memories and Studies of War and Peace 2 v. — *Vide* also "Daily News," War Correspondence.

**Forrest, R. E.**  
Eight Days 2 v.

**Forrester, Mrs.**  
Viva 2 v. — Rhona 2 v. — Roy and Viola 2 v. — My Lord and My Lady 2 v. — I have Lived and Loved 2 v. — June 2 v. — Omnia Vanitas 1 v. — Although he was a Lord, and other Tales 1 v. — Corisande, and other Tales 1 v. — Once Again 2 v. — Of the World, Worldly 1 v. — Dearest 2 v. — The Light of other Days 1 v. — Too Late Repented 1 v.

**Forster, John, † 1876.**  
The Life of Charles Dickens (with Illustrations and Portraits) 6 v. — Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith 2 v.

**Fothergill, Jessie.**  
The First Violin 2 v. — Probation 2 v. — Made or Marred, and "One of Three" 1 v. — Kith and Kin 2 v. — Peril 2 v. — Borderland 2 v.

"Found Dead," Author of: *vide* James Payn.

**Fowler, Ellen Thorneycroft** (Mrs. Alfred Fawcett Felkin).  
A Double Thread 2 v. — The Farringtons 2 v. — Fuel of Fire 1 v. — Place and Power 2 v. — In Subjection 2 v. — Miss Fallowfield's Fortune 1 v. — Her Ladyship's Conscience 1 v.

**Fowler, Ellen Thorneycroft** (Mrs. A. L. Felkin), & Alfred Laurence Felkin.  
Kate of Kate Hall 2 v.

**Fox, Caroline, † 1871.**  
Memories of Old Friends from her Journals and Letters, edited by Horace N. Pym 2 v.

"Frank Fairleigh," Author of (F. E. Smedley), † 1864.  
Frank Fairleigh 2 v.

**Francis, M. E.**  
The Duenna of a Genius 1 v.

**Frederic, Harold** (Am.), † 1898.  
Illumination 2 v. — March Hares 1 v.

**Freeman, Edward A., † 1892.**  
The Growth of the English Constitution 1 v. — Select Historical Essays 1 v. — Sketches from French Travel 1 v.

**Froude, James Anthony, † 1894.**  
Oceana 1 v. — The Spanish Story of the Armada, and other Essays 1 v.

**Fullerton, Lady Georgiana, † 1885.**

Ellen Middleton 1 v. — Grantley Manor 2 v. — Lady Bird 2 v. — Too Strange not to be True 2 v. — Constance Sherwood 2 v. — A Stormy Life 2 v. — Mrs. Gerald's Niece 2 v. — The Notary's Daughter 1 v. — The Lilies of the Valley, and The House of Penarvan 1 v. — The Countess de Bonneval 1 v. — Rose Leblanc 1 v. — Seven Stories 1 v. — The Life of Luisa de Carvajal 1 v. — A Will and a Way, and The Handkerchief at the Window 2 v. — Eliane 2 v. (by Mrs. Augustus Craven, translated by Lady Fullerton). — Laurentia 1 v.

**Galsworthy, John.**  
The Man of Property 2 v. — The Country House 1 v. — Fraternity 1 v. — Villa Rubens 1 v. — A Man of Devon, etc. 1 v. — A Motley 1 v. — The Patrician 1 v. — Justice, and Other Plays 1 v. — The Silver Box, and Other Plays 1 v. — The Inn of Tranquillity 1 v. — The Island Pharisees 1 v. — The Dark Flower 1 v.

**Gardiner: vide** Lady Blessington.

**Gaskell, Mrs., † 1865.**  
Mary Barton 1 v. — Ruth 2 v. — North and South 1 v. — Lizzie Leigh, and other Tales 1 v. — The Life of Charlotte Brontë 2 v. — Lois the Witch, etc. 1 v. — Sylvia's Lovers 2 v. — A Dark Night's Work 1 v. — Wives and Daughters 3 v. — Cranford 1 v. — Cousin Phillis, and other Tales 1 v.

"Geraldine Hawthorne," Author of: *vide* Author of "Miss Molly."

**Gerard, Dorothea** (Madame Longard de Longgarde).  
Lady Baby 2 v. — Recha 1 v. — Orthodox 1 v. — The Wrong Man 1 v. — A Spotless Reputation 1 v. — A Forgotten Sin 1 v. — One Year 1 v. — The Supreme Crime 1 v. — The Blood-Tax 1 v. — Holy Matrimony 1 v. — The Eternal Woman 1 v. — Made of Money 1 v. — The Bridge of Life 1 v. — The Three Essentials 1 v. — The Improbable Idyl 1 v. — The Compromise 2 v. — Itinerant Daughters 1 v. — Restitution 1 v. — Pomp and Circumstance 1 v. — The Grass Widow 1 v. — The Inevitable Marriage 1 v. — A Glorious Lie 1 v. — The City of Enticement 1 v. — Exotic Martha 1 v. — The Unworthy Pact 1 v. — The Waters of Lethe 1 v. — The Austrian Officer at Work and at Play 1 v.

**Gerard, E. (Emily de Zaszowska).**  
A Secret Mission 1 v. — A Foreigner 2 v. — The Extermination of Love 2 v.

- Gibbon, Perceval.  
The Adventures of Miss Gregory 1 v.
- Giberne, Agnes.  
The Curate's Home 1 v.
- Gissing, George, † 1903.  
Demos 2 v. — New Grub Street 2 v.
- Gladstone, W. E., † 1898.  
Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion 1 v. — Bulgarian Horrors, and Russia in Turkistan, with other Tracts 1 v. — The Hellenic Factor in the Eastern Problem, with other Tracts 1 v.
- Glyn, Elinor.  
The Visits of Elizabeth 1 v. — The Reflections of Ambrosine 1 v. — The Vicissitudes of Evangeline 1 v. — Beyond the Rocks 1 v. — Three Weeks 1 v. — Elizabeth Visits America 1 v. — His Hour 1 v. — The Reason Why 1 v. — Halcyone 1 v. — The Contrast 1 v. — Guinevere's Lover 1 v.
- Golfrey, Hal: *vide* Charlotte O'Connor Eccles.
- Goldsmith, Oliver, † 1774.  
Select Works (with Portrait) 1 v.
- Goodman, Edward J.  
Too Curious 1 v.
- Gordon, Julien (Am.).  
A Diplomat's Diary 1 v.
- Gordon, Major-Gen. C. G., † 1885.  
His Journals at Kartoum (with eighteen Illustrations) 2 v.
- Gore, Mrs., † 1861.  
Castles in the Air 1 v. — The Dean's Daughter 2 v. — Progress and Prejudice 2 v. — Mammon 2 v. — A Life's Lessons 2 v. — The Two Aristocracies 2 v. — Heckington 2 v.
- Grand, Sarah.  
Our Manifold Nature 1 v. — Babs the Impossible 2 v. — Emotional Moments 1 v.
- Grant, Miss.  
Victor Lascar 2 v. — The Sun-Maid 2 v. — My Heart's in the Highlands 2 v. — Artiste 2 v. — Prince Hugo 2 v. — Cara Roma 2 v.
- Gray, Maxwell.  
The Silence of Dean Maitland 2 v. — The Reproach of Annesley 2 v.
- Grenville: Murray, E. C. (Trois-Etoiles), † 1881.  
The Member for Paris 2 v. — Young Brown 2 v. — The Boudoir Cabal 3 v. — French Pictures in English Chalk (*First Series*) 2 v. — The Russians of To-day 1 v. — French Pictures in English Chalk (*Second Series*) 2 v. — Strange Tales 1 v. — That Artful Vicar 2 v. — Six Months in the Ranks 1 v. — People I have met 1 v.
- Grimwood, Ethel St. Clair.  
My Three Years in Manipur (with Portrait) 1 v.
- Grohman, W. A. Baillie.  
Tyrol and the Tyrolese 1 v.
- Gunter, A. C. (Am.), † 1907.  
Mr. Barnes of New York 1 v.
- Guthrie, F. Anstey: *vide* Anstey.  
"Guy Livingstone," Author of (George Alfred Laurence), † 1876.  
Guy Livingstone 1 v. — Sword and Gown 1 v. — Barren Honour 1 v. — Border and Bastille 1 v. — Maurice Dering 1 v. — Sans Merci 2 v. — Breaking a Butterfly 2 v. — Anteros 2 v. — Hagarine 2 v.
- Habberton, John (Am.).  
Helen's Babies & Other People's Children 1 v. — The Bowsham Puzzle 1 v. — One Tramp; Mrs. Mayburn's Twins 1 v.
- Haggard, Sir H. Rider.  
King Solomon's Mines 1 v. — She 2 v. — Jess 2 v. — Allan Quatermain 2 v. — The Witch's Head 2 v. — Maiwa's Revenge 1 v. — Mr. Meeson's Will 1 v. — Colonel Quaritch, V. C. 2 v. — Cleopatra 2 v. — Allan's Wife 1 v. — Beatrice 2 v. — Dawn 2 v. — Montezuma's Daughter 2 v. — The People of the Mist 2 v. — Joan Haste 2 v. — Heart of the World 2 v. — The Wizard 1 v. — Doctor Therne 1 v. — Swallow 2 v. — Black Heart and White Heart, and Elissa 1 v. — Lysbeth 2 v. — A Winter Pilgrimage 2 v. — Pearl-Maiden 2 v. — Stella Fregelius 2 v. — The Brethren 2 v. — Ayesha. The Return of 'She' 2 v. — The Way of the Spirit 2 v. — Benita 1 v. — Fair Margaret 2 v. — The Lady of Blossholme 1 v. — Morning Star 1 v. — Queen Sheba's Ring 1 v. — Red Eve 1 v. — Marie 1 v. — Child of Storm 1 v. — The Wanderer's Necklace 1 v.
- Haggard, Sir H. Rider, & Andrew Lang.  
The World's Desire 2 v.
- Hall, Mrs. S. C., † 1881.  
Can Wrong be Right? 1 v. — Marian 2 v.
- Hamerton, P. G., † 1894.  
Marmorne 1 v. — French and English 2 v.
- Hardy, Rev. E. J.  
How to be Happy though Married 1 v. — Still Happy though Married 1 v.
- Hardy, Miss Iza: *vide* Author of "Not Easily Jealous."



**Hardy, Thomas.**  
The Hand of Ethelberta 2 v. — Far from the Madding Crowd 2 v. — The Return of the Native 2 v. — The Trumpet-Major 2 v. — A Laodicean 2 v. — Two on a Tower 2 v. — A Pair of Blue Eyes 2 v. — A Group of Noble Dames 1 v. — Tess of the D'Urbervilles 2 v. — Life's Little Ironies 1 v. — Jude the Obscure 2 v. — A Changed Man 1 v. — The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid 1 v.

**Harland, Henry (Am.),** † 1905.  
The Cardinal's Snuff-Box 1 v. — The Lady Paramount 1 v. — My Friend Prospero 1 v. — The Royal End 1 v.

**Harraden, Beatrice.**  
Ships that pass in the Night 1 v. — In Varying Moods 1 v. — Hilda Strafford, and The Remittance Man 1 v. — The Fowler 2 v. — Katharine Frensham 2 v. — The Scholar's Daughter 1 v. — Interplay 2 v. — Out of the Wreck I Rise 1 v.

**Harrison, Agnes.**  
Martin's Vineyard 1 v.

**Harrison, Mrs.:** *vide* Lucas Malet.

**Harte, Bret (Am.),** † 1902.  
Prose and Poetry (Tales of the Argonauts: — The Luck of Roaring Camp; The Outcasts of Poker Flat, etc. — Spanish and American Legends; Condensed Novels; Civic and Character Sketches; Poems) 2 v. — Idyls of the Foothills 1 v. — Gabriel Conroy 2 v. — Two Men of Sandy Bar 1 v. — Thankful Blossom, and other Tales 1 v. — The Story of a Mine 1 v. — Drift from Two Shores 1 v. — An Heiress of Red Dog, and other Sketches 1 v. — The Twins of Table Mountain, and other Tales 1 v. — Jeff Briggs's Love Story, and other Tales 1 v. — Flip, and other Stories 1 v. — On the Frontier 1 v. — By Shore and Sedge 1 v. — Maruja 1 v. — Snow-bound at Eagle's, and Devil's Ford 1 v. — The Crusade of the "Excelsior" 1 v. — A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready, and other Tales 1 v. — Captain Jim's Friend, and the Argonauts of North Liberty 1 v. — Cressy 1 v. — The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh, and other Tales 1 v. — A Waif of the Plains 1 v. — A Ward of the Golden Gate 1 v. — A Sappho of Green Springs, and other Tales 1 v. — A First Family of Tasajara 1 v. — Colonel Starbottle's Client, and some other People 1 v. — Susy 1 v. — Sally Dows, etc. 1 v. — A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's, etc. 1 v. — The Bell-Ringer of Angel's, etc. 1 v. — Clarence 1 v. — In a Hollow of the Hills, and The

Devotion of Enriquez 1 v. — The Ancestors of Peter Atherly, etc. 1 v. — Three Partners 1 v. — Tales of Trail and Town 1 v. — Stories in Light and Shadow 1 v. — Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation, and other Stories 1 v. — From Sand-Hill to Pine 1 v. — Under the Redwoods 1 v. — On the Old Trail 1 v. — Trent's Trust 1 v.

**Hawthorne, Nathaniel (Am.),** † 1864.  
The Scarlet Letter 1 v. — Transformation (The Marble Faun) 2 v. — Passages from his English Note-Books 2 v.

**Hay, John (Am.),** † 1905: *vide* "The Bread-Winners," Author of.

**Hearn, Lafcadio,** † 1906.  
Kokoro 1 v. — Kwaidan 1 v. — Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan (*First Series*) 1 v. — Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan (*Second Series*) 1 v. — Gleanings in Buddha-Fields 1 v. — Out of the East 1 v. — The Romance of the Milky Way, etc. 1 v.

**Hector, Mrs.:** *vide* Mrs. Alexander.  
"Heir of Redclyffe, the," Author of: *vide* Charlotte M. Yonge.

**Helps, Sir Arthur,** † 1875.  
Friends in Council 2 v. — Ivan de Biron 2 v.

**Hemans, Mrs. Felicia,** † 1835.  
Select Poetical Works 1 v.

**Hewlett, Maurice.**  
The Forest Lovers 1 v. — Little Novels of Italy 1 v. — The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay 2 v. — New Canterbury Tales 1 v. — The Queen's Quair; or, The Six Years' Tragedy 2 v. — Fond Adventures 1 v. — The Fool Errant 2 v. — The Stooping Lady 1 v. — The Spanish Jade 1 v. — Halfway House 2 v. — Open Country 1 v. — Rest Harrow 1 v. — Brazen-head the Great 1 v. — The Song of Renny 1 v. — Mrs. Lancelot 1 v. — Lore of Proserpine 1 v. — Bendish 1 v.

**Hichens, Robert.**  
Flames 2 v. — The Slave 2 v. — Felix 2 v. — The Woman with the Fan 2 v. — The Garden of Allah 2 v. — The Black Spaniel, and Other Stories 1 v. — The Call of the Blood 2 v. — A Spirit in Prison 2 v. — Barbary Sheep 1 v. — Bella Donna 2 v. — The Spell of Egypt 1 v. — The Dweller on the Threshold 1 v. — The Fruitful Vine 2 v. — The Londoners 1 v. — An Imaginative Man 1 v. — The Way of Ambition 2 v. — The Holy Land 1 v.

**Hobart Pasha, Admiral,** † 1886.  
Sketches from my Life 1 v.

- Hobbes, John Oliver (Mrs. Craigie) (Am.), † 1906.
- The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham 1 v. — The Serious Wooing 1 v. — The Dream and the Business 2 v.
- Hoey, Mrs. Cashel.
- A Golden Sorrow 2 v. — Out of Court 2 v.
- Holdsworth, Annie E.
- The Years that the Locust hath Eaten 1 v. — The Gods Arrive 1 v. — The Valley of the Great Shadow 1 v. — Great Lowlands 1 v. — A Garden of Spinsters 1 v.
- Holme Lee: *vide* Harriet Parr.
- Holmes, Oliver Wendell (Am.), † 1894.
- The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — The Professor at the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — The Poet at the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — Over the Teacups 1 v.
- Hope, Anthony (Hawkins).
- Mr. Witt's Widow 1 v. — A Change of Air 1 v. — Half a Hero 1 v. — The Indiscretion of the Duchess 1 v. — The God in the Car 1 v. — The Chronicles of Count Antonio 1 v. — Comedies of Courtship 1 v. — The Heart of Princess Osra 1 v. — Phroso 2 v. — Simon Dale 2 v. — Rupert of Hentzau 1 v. — The King's Mirror 2 v. — Quisanté 1 v. — Tristram of Blent 2 v. — The Intrusions of Peggy 2 v. — Double Harness 2 v. — A Servant of the Public 2 v. — Sophy of Kravonia 2 v. — Tales of Two People 2 v. — The Great Miss Driver 2 v. — Mrs. Maxon Protests 1 v.
- Hopkins, Tighe.
- An Idler in Old France 1 v. — The Man in the Iron Mask 1 v. — The Dungeons of Old Paris 1 v. — The Silent Gate 1 v. — The Women Napoleon Loved 1 v. — The Romance of Fraud 1 v.
- "Horace Templeton," Author of.
- Diary and Notes 1 v.
- Hornung, Ernest William.
- A Bride from the Bush 1 v. — Under Two Skies 1 v. — Tiny Luttrell 1 v. — The Boss of Taroomba 1 v. — My Lord Duke 1 v. — Young Blood 1 v. — Some Persons Unknown 1 v. — The Amateur Cracksman 1 v. — The Rogue's March 1 v. — The Belle of Toorak 1 v. — Peccavi 1 v. — The Black Mask 1 v. — The Shadow of the Rope 1 v. — No Hero 1 v. — Denis Dent 1 v. — Irralie's Bushranger and The Unbidden Guest 1 v. — Stingaree 1 v. — A Thief in the Night 1 v. — Dead Men Tell No Tales 1 v. — Mr. Justice Raffles 1 v. — The Camera Fiend 1 v. — Fathers of Men 2 v. — Witching Hill 1 v. — The Thousandth Woman 1 v. — The Crime Doctor 1 v.
- "Household Words."
- Conducted by Charles Dickens. 1851-56. 36 v. — NOVELS and TALES reprinted from Household Words by Charles Dickens. 1856-59. 11 v.
- Houstoun, Mrs.: *vide* "Recommended to Mercy."
- "How to be Happy though Married": *vide* Rev. E. J. Hardy.
- Howard, Blanche Willis (Am.), † 1898.
- One Summer 1 v. — Aunt Serena 1 v. — Guenn 2 v. — Tony, the Maid, etc. 1 v. — The Open Door 2 v.
- Howard, Blanche Willis, † 1898, & William Sharp (Am.), † 1905.
- A Fellowe and His Wife 1 v.
- Howells, William Dean (Am.).
- A Foregone Conclusion 1 v. — The Lady of the Aroostook 1 v. — A Modern Instance 2 v. — The Undiscovered Country 1 v. — Venetian Life (with Portrait) 1 v. — Italian Journeys 1 v. — A Chance Acquaintance 1 v. — Their Wedding Journey 1 v. — A Fearful Responsibility, and Tonelli's Marriage 1 v. — A Woman's Reason 2 v. — Dr. Breen's Practice 1 v. — The Rise of Silas Lapham 2 v. — A Pair of Patient Lovers 1 v. — Miss Bellard's Inspiration 1 v.
- Hughes, Thomas, † 1898.
- Tom Brown's School-Days 1 v.
- Hungerford, Mrs. (Mrs. Argles), † 1897.
- Molly Bawn 2 v. — Mrs. Geoffrey 2 v. — Faith and Unfaith 2 v. — Portia 2 v. — Loÿs, Lord Berresford, and other Tales 1 v. — Her First Appearance, and other Tales 1 v. — Phyllis 2 v. — Rossmoyne 2 v. — Doris 2 v. — A Maiden all Forlorn, etc. 1 v. — A Passive Crime, and other Stories 1 v. — Green Pleasure and Grey Grief 2 v. — A Mental Struggle 2 v. — Her Week's Amusement, and Ugly Barrington 1 v. — Lady Brankmere 2 v. — Lady Valworth's Diamonds 1 v. — A Modern Circe 2 v. — Marvel 2 v. — The Hon. Mrs. Vereker 1 v. — Under-Currents 2 v. — In Durance Vile, etc. 1 v. — A Troublesome Girl, and other Stories 1 v. — A Life's Remorse 2 v. — A Born Coquette 2 v. — The Duchess 1 v. — Lady Verner's Flight 1 v. — A Conquering Heroine, and "When in Doubt" 1 v. — Nora

Creina 2 v. — A Mad Prank, and other Stories 1 v. — The Hoyden 2 v. — The Red House Mystery 1 v. — An Unsatisfactory Lover 1 v. — Peter's Wife 2 v. — The Three Graces 1 v. — A Tug of War 1 v. — The Professor's Experiment 2 v. — A Point of Conscience 2 v. — A Lonely Girl 1 v. — Lovice 1 v. — The Coming of Chloe 1 v.

Hunt, Mrs.: *vide* Beaumont.

Hunt, Violet.

The Human Interest 1 v. — White Rose of Weary Leaf 2 v. — The Wife of Altmont 1 v. — Tales of the Uneasy 1 v.

Hutten, Baroness von (Am.).

The Halo 1 v. — Kingsmead 1 v. — The Lordship of Love 2 v. — The Green Patch 1 v. — Sharrow 2 v. — Maria 1 v.

Ingelow, Jean, † 1897.

Off the Skellings 3 v. — Poems 2 v. — Fated to be Free 2 v. — Sarah de Berenger 2 v. — Don John 2 v.

Inglis, the Hon. Lady.

The Siege of Lucknow 1 v.

Ingram, John H.: *vide* Poe.

Iota: *vide* Mrs. Caffyn.

Irving, Washington (Am.), † 1859.

The Sketch Book (with Portrait) 1 v. — The Life of Mahomet 1 v. — Lives of the Successors of Mahomet 1 v. — Oliver Goldsmith 1 v. — Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost 1 v. — Life of George Washington 5 v.

Jackson, Mrs. Helen (H. H.) (Am.), † 1885.  
Ramona 2 v.

Jacobs, W. W.

Many Cargoes 1 v. — The Skipper's Wooing, and The Brown Man's Servant 1 v. — Sea Urchins 1 v. — A Master of Craft 1 v. — Light Freights 1 v. — At Sun-  
wich Port 1 v. — The Lady of the Barge 1 v. — Odd Craft 1 v. — Dialstone Lane 1 v. — Captains All 1 v. — Short Cruises 1 v. — Salthaven 1 v. — Sailors' Knots 1 v. — Ship's Company 1 v.

James, Charles T. C.

Holy Wedlock 1 v.

James, G. P. R., † 1860.

Morley Ernstein (with Portrait) 1 v. — Forest Days 1 v. — The False Heir 1 v. — Arabella Stuart 1 v. — Rose d'Albret 1 v. — Arrah Neil 1 v. — Agincourt 1 v. — The Smuggler 1 v. — The Step-Mother 2 v. — Beauchamp 1 v. — Heidelberg

1 v. — The Gipsy 1 v. — The Castle of Ehrenstein 1 v. — Darnley 1 v. — Russell 2 v. — The Convict 2 v. — Sir Theodore Broughton 2 v.

James, Henry (Am.).

The American 2 v. — The Europeans 1 v. — Daisy Miller; An International Episode; Four Meetings 1 v. — Roderick Hudson 2 v. — The Madonna of the Future, etc. 1 v. — Eugene Pickering, etc. 1 v. — Confidence 1 v. — Washington Square, etc. 2 v. — The Portrait of a Lady 3 v. — Foreign Parts 1 v. — French Poets and Novelists 1 v. — The Siege of London; The Point of View; A Passionate Pilgrim 1 v. — Portraits of Places 1 v. — A Little Tour in France 1 v. — The Finer Grain 1 v. — The Outcry 1 v.

James, Winifred.

Bachelor Betty 1 v.

Jeaffreson, J. Cordy.

A Book about Doctors 2 v. — A Woman in spite of Herself 2 v. — The Real Lord Byron 3 v.

Jenkin, Mrs. Charles, † 1885.

"Who Breaks—Pays" 1 v. — Skir-  
nishing 1 v. — Once and Again 2 v. — Two French Marriages 2 v. — Within an Ace 1 v. — Jupiter's Daughters 1 v.

Jenkins, Edward.

Ginx's Baby, his Birth and other Mis-  
fortunes; Lord Bantam 2 v.

"Jennie of 'The Prince's,'" Author of:  
*vide* B. H. Buxton.

Jerome, Jerome K.

The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow 1 v. — Diary of a Pilgrimage, and Six Essays 1 v. — Novel Notes 1 v. — Sketches in Lavender, Blue and Green 1 v. — The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow 1 v. — Three Men on the Bummel 1 v. — Paul Keiver 2 v. — Tea-Table Talk 1 v. — Tommy and Co. 1 v. — Idle Ideas in 1905 1 v. — The Passing of the Third Floor Back 1 v. — The Angel and the Author—and Others 1 v. — They and I, 1 v.

Jerrold, Douglas, † 1857.

History of St. Giles and St. James 2 v. — Men of Character 2 v.

"John Halifax, Gentleman," Author of:  
*vide* Mrs. Craik.

Johnny Ludlow: *vide* Mrs. Henry Wood.

Johnson, Samuel, † 1784.

Lives of the English Poets 2 v.

Jolly, Emily.

Colonel Dacre 2 v.

"Joshua Davidson," Author of: *vide*  
Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.

Kavanagh, Miss Julia, † 1877.

Nathalie 2 v. — Daisy Burns 2 v. —  
Grace Lee 2 v. — Rachel Gray 1 v. —  
Adèle 3 v. — A Summer and Winter in  
the Two Sicilies 2 v. — Seven Years, and  
other Tales 2 v. — French Women of  
Letters 1 v. — English Women of Letters  
1 v. — Queen Mab 2 v. — Beatrice 2 v. —  
Sybil's Second Love 2 v. — Dora 2 v. —  
Silvia 2 v. — Bessie 2 v. — John Dorrien  
3 v. — Two Lilies 2 v. — Forget-me-nots  
2 v. (*Vide* p. 29.)

Keary, Annie, † 1879.

Oldbury 2 v. — Castle Daly 2 v.

Keary, C. F.

The Mount 1 v.

Keeling, D'Esterre: *vide* Esterre.

Kempis, Thomas A.

The Imitation of Christ. Translated  
from the Latin by W. Benham, B.D. 1 v.

Kimball, Richard B. (Am.), † 1892.

Saint Leger 1 v. — Romance of Student  
Life Abroad 1 v. — Undercurrents 1 v. —  
Was he Successful? 1 v. — To-Day in New  
York 1 v.

Kinglake, A. W., † 1891.

Eothen 1 v. — The Invasion of the  
Crimea 14 v.

Kingsley, Charles, † 1875.

Yeast 1 v. — Westward ho! 2 v. — Two  
Years ago 2 v. — Hypatia 2 v. — Alton  
Locke 1 v. — Hereward the Wake 2 v. —  
At Last 2 v. — His Letters and Memories  
of his Life, edited by his Wife 2 v.

Kingsley, Henry, † 1876.

Ravenshoe 2 v. — Austin Elliot 1 v. —  
Geoffrey Hamlyn 2 v. — The Hillyars and  
the Burtons 2 v. — Leighton Court 1 v. —  
Valentin 1 v. — Oakshott Castle 1 v. —  
Reginald Hetherige 2 v. — The Grange  
Garden 2 v.

Kinross, Albert.

An Opera and Lady Grasmere 1 v.

Kipling, Rudyard.

Plain Tales from the Hills 1 v. — The  
Second Jungle Book 1 v. — The Seven  
Seas 1 v. — "Captains Courageous"  
1 v. — The Day's Work 1 v. — A Fleet  
in Being 1 v. — Stalky & Co. 1 v. — From  
Sea to Sea 2 v. — The City of Dreadful  
Night 1 v. — Kim 1 v. — Just So Stories 1 v.

— The Five Nations 1 v. — Traffics and  
Discoveries 1 v. — Puck of Pook's Hill 1 v.  
— Actions and Reactions 1 v. — Rewards  
and Fairies 1 v.

Laffan, May.

Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor 1 v.

Lamb, Charles, † 1834.

The Essays of Elia and Eliana 1 v. (*Vide*  
p. 29.)

Lang, Andrew: *vide* H. Rider Haggard.

Langdon, Mary (Am.).

Ida May 1 v.

"Last of the Cavaliers, the," Author of  
(Miss Piddington).

The Last of the Cavaliers 2 v. — The  
Gain of a Loss 2 v.

Łaszowska, Mme de: *vide* E. Gerard.

Laurence, George Alfred: *vide* "Guy  
Livingstone."

Lawless, the Hon. Emily, † 1913.

Hurrish 1 v.

Lee, Holme: *vide* Harriet Parr.

Lee, Vernon.

Pope Jacynth, etc. 1 v. — Genius Loci, and  
The Enchanted Woods 1 v. — Hortus  
Vitae, and Limbo 1 v. — The Spirit of  
Rome, and Laurus Nobilis 1 v. — Vanitas  
1 v.

Le Fanu, J. S., † 1873.

Uncle Silas 2 v. — Guy Deverell 2 v.

Lemon, Mark, † 1870.

Wait for the End 2 v. — Loved at Last  
2 v. — Falkner Lyle 2 v. — Leyton Hall,  
and other Tales 2 v. — Golden Fetters 2 v.

Lever, Charles, † 1872.

The O'Donoghue 1 v. — The Knight of  
Gwynne 3 v. — Arthur O'Leary 2 v. —  
Harry Lorrequer 2 v. — Charles O'Mal-  
ley 3 v. — Tom Burke of "Ours" 3 v. —  
Jack Hinton 2 v. — The Daltons 4 v. —  
The Dodd Family Abroad 3 v. — The  
Martins of Cro' Martin 3 v. — The For-  
tunes of Glencore 2 v. — Roland Cashel  
3 v. — Davenport Dunn 3 v. — Confessions  
of Con Cregan 2 v. — One of Them 2 v. —  
Maurice Tiernay 2 v. — Sir Jasper Carew  
2 v. — Barrington 2 v. — A Day's Ride  
2 v. — Luttrell of Arran 2 v. — Tony Butler  
2 v. — Sir Brook Fossbrooke 2 v. — The  
Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly 2 v. — A  
Rent in a Cloud 1 v. — That Boy of Nor-  
cott's 1 v. — St. Patrick's Eve; Paul  
Gosslett's Confessions 1 v. — Lord Kil-  
gobbin 2 v.

**Leveff-Yeats, S.**  
The Honour of Savelli 1 v. — The Chevalier d'Auriac 1 v. — The Traitor's Way 1 v. — The Lord Protector 1 v. — Orrain 1 v.

**Lewes, G. H., † 1878.**  
Ranthorpe 1 v. — The Physiology of Common Life 2 v. — On Actors and the Art of Acting 1 v.

**Linton, Mrs. E. Lynn, † 1898.**  
The true History of Joshua Davidson 1 v. — Patricia Kembal 2 v. — The Atonement of Leam Dundas 2 v. — The World well Lost 2 v. — Under which Lord? 2 v. — With a Silken Thread, and other Stories 1 v. — Todhunters' at Loan-in' Head, and other Stories 1 v. — "My Love!" 2 v. — The Girl of the Period, and other Social Essays 1 v. — Ione 2 v.

**Lockhart, L. W. M., † 1882.**  
Mine is Thine 2 v.

**Loftus, Lord Augustus.**  
Diplomatic Reminiscences 1837 - 1862 (with Portrait) 2 v.

**London, Jack (Am.).**  
Burning Daylight 1 v. — The Call of the Wild 1 v. — When God Laughs 1 v. — The Sea-Wolf 2 v. — South Sea Tales 1 v. — Martin Eden 2 v. — A Son of the Sun 1 v. — The Son of the Wolf 1 v. — The Valley of the Moon 2 v.

**Longard, Mme de: vide D. Gerard.**

**Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth (Am.), † 1882.**

Poetical Works (with Portrait) 3 v. — The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri 3 v. — The New-England Tragedies 1 v. — The Divine Tragedy 1 v. — Flower-de-Luce, and Three Books of Song 1 v. — The Masque of Pandora, and other Poems 1 v.

**Lonsdale, Margarot.**  
Sister Dora (with Portrait) 1 v.

**Lorimer, George Horace (Am.).**  
Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son 1 v. — Old Gorgon Graham 1 v. — Jack Spurlock, Prodigal 1 v.

"Lost Battle, a." 2 v.

**Lowndes, Mrs. Belloc.**  
The Uttermost Farthing 1 v. — Studies in Wives 1 v. — When No Man Pursueth 1 v. — Jane Oglander 1 v. — The Chink in the Armour 1 v. — Mary Pechell 1 v. — Studies in Love and in Terror 1 v. — The Lodger 1 v. — The End of her Honeymoon 1 v.

**Lubbock, Sir John (Lord Avebury), \* 1834, † 1913.**  
The Pleasures of Life 1 v. — The Beau-

ties of Nature (with Illustrations) 1 v. — The Use of Life 1 v. — Scenery of Switzerland (with Illustrations) 2 v. — Essays and Addresses 1900-1903 1 v. — On Peace and Happiness 1 v.

"Lutfullah": vide Eastwick.

**Lyall, Edna, † 1903.**

We Two 2 v. — Donovan 2 v. — In the Golden Days 2 v. — Knight-Errent 2 v. — Won by Waiting 2 v. — Wayfaring Men 2 v. — Hope the Hermit 2 v. — Doreen 2 v. — In Spite of All 2 v. — The Hinderers 1 v.

**Lytton, Lord: vide E. Bulwer.**

**Lytton, Robert Lord (Owen Meredith), † 1891.**

Poems 2 v. — Fables in Song 2 v.

**Maartens, Maarten.**

The Sin of Joost Avelingh 1 v. — An Old Maid's Love 2 v. — God's Fool 2 v. — The Greater Glory 2 v. — My Lady Nobody 2 v. — Her Memory 1 v. — Some Women I have known 1 v. — My Poor Relations 2 v. — Dorothea 2 v. — The Healers 2 v. — The Woman's Victory, and Other Stories 2 v. — The New Religion 2 v. — Brothers All 1 v. — The Price of Lis Doris 2 v. — Harmen Pols: Peasant 1 v. — Eve 2 v.

**Macaulay, Allan (Am.): vide Kate Douglas Wiggin.**

**Macaulay, Lord, † 1859.**

History of England (with Portrait) 10 v. — Critical and Historical Essays 5 v. — Lays of Ancient Rome 1 v. — Speeches 2 v. — Biographical Essays 1 v. — William Pitt, Atterbury 1 v. — (See also Trevelyan).

**McCarthy, Justin.**

The Waterdale Neighbours 2 v. — Dear Lady Disdain 2 v. — Miss Misanthrope 2 v. — A History of our Own Times 5 v. — Donna Quixote 2 v. — A Short History of our Own Times 2 v. — A History of the Four Georges. Vols. 1 & 2. — A History of our Own Times. Vols. 6 & 7 (supplemental). — A History of the Four Georges and of William IV. Vols. 3, 4 & 5 (supplemental). — A Short History of our Own Times. Vol. 3 (supplemental).

**MacDonald, George, † 1905.**

Alec Forbes of Howglen 2 v. — Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood 2 v. — David Elginbrod 2 v. — The Vicar's Daughter 2 v. — Malcolm 2 v. — St. George and St. Michael 2 v. — The Marquis of Lossie 2 v. — Sir Gibbie 2 v. — Mary

Marston 2 v. — The Gifts of the Child Christ, and other Tales 1 v. — The Princess and Curdie 1 v.

**Mackarness, Mrs.**, † 1881.

Sunbeam Stories 1 v. — A Peerless Wife 2 v. — A Mingled Yarn 2 v.

**Mackay, Eric**, † 1898.

Love Letters of a Violinist, and other Poems 1 v.

**McKnight, Charles (Am.)**, † 1881.

Old Fort Duquesne 2 v.

**Maclaren, Ian**, † 1907.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush 1 v. — The Days of Auld Langsyne 1 v. — His Majesty Baby 1 v.

**Macleod, Fiona**, † 1905.

Wind and Wave 1 v. — The Sunset of Old Tales 1 v.

**Macleod, Norman**, † 1872.

The Old Lieutenant and his Son 1 v.

**Macpherson, James**, † 1796: *vide* Ossian.

**Macquoid, Mrs.**

Patty 2 v. — Miriam's Marriage 2 v. — Pictures across the Channel 2 v. — Too Soon 1 v. — My Story 2 v. — Diane 2 v. — Beside the River 2 v. — A Faithful Lover 2 v.

"**Mademoiselle Mori**," Author of (Miss Roberts).

Mademoiselle Mori 2 v. — Denise 1 v. — Madame Fontenoy 1 v. — On the Edge of the Storm 1 v. — The Atelier du Lys 2 v. — In the Olden Time 2 v.

**Mahon, Lord**: *vide* Stanhope.

**Maine, E. S.**

Scarscliff Rocks 2 v.

**Malet, Sir Edward.**

Shifting Scenes 1 v.

**Malet, Lucas (Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison).**

Colonel Enderby's Wife 2 v. — The History of Sir Richard Calmady 3 v. — The Far Horizon 2 v. — The Score 1 v. — Adrian Savage 2 v.

**Malmesbury, the Earl of.**

Memoirs of an Ex-Minister 3 v.

**Mann, Mary E.**

A Winter's Tale 1 v. — The Cedar Star 1 v.

**Mansfield, Robert Blackford.**

The Log of the Water Lily 1 v.

**Mark Twain**: *vide* Twain.

**Marlowe, Christopher.**

Doctor Faustus; Edward the Second; The Jew of Malta 1 v.

"**Marmorne**," Author of: *vide* P. G. Hamerton.

**Marryat, Capt.**, † 1848.

Jacob Faithful (with Portrait) 1 v. — Percival Keene 1 v. — Peter Simple 1 v. — Japhet in Search of a Father 1 v. — Monsieur Violet 1 v. — The Settlers in Canada 1 v. — The Mission 1 v. — The Privateer's-Man 1 v. — The Children of the New-Forest 1 v. — Valerie 1 v. — Mr. Midshipman Easy 1 v. — The King's Own 1 v. (*vide* p. 29.)

**Marryat, Florence**, † 1899.

Love's Conflict 2 v. — For Ever and Ever 2 v. — The Confessions of Gerald Estcourt 2 v. — Nelly Brooke 2 v. — Veronique 2 v. — Petronel 2 v. — Her Lord and Master 2 v. — The Prey of the Gods 1 v. — Life and Letters of Captain Marryat 1 v. — Mad Dumaresq 2 v. — No Intentions 2 v. — Fighting the Air 2 v. — A Star and a Heart; An Utter Impossibility 1 v. — The Poison of Asps, and other Stories 1 v. — A Lucky Disappointment, and other Stories 1 v. — "My own Child" 2 v. — Her Father's Name 2 v. — A Harvest of Wild Oats 2 v. — A Little Stepson 1 v. — Written in Fire 2 v. — Her World against a Lie 2 v. — A Broken Blossom 2 v. — The Root of all Evil 2 v. — The Fair-haired Alda 2 v. — With Cupid's Eyes 2 v. — My Sister the Actress 2 v. — Phyllida 2 v. — How they loved Him 2 v. — Facing the Footlights (with Portrait) 2 v. — A Moment of Madness, and other Stories 1 v. — The Ghost of Charlotte Cray, and other Stories 1 v. — Peeress and Player 2 v. — Under the Lilies and Roses 2 v. — The Heart of Jane Warner 2 v. — The Heir Presumptive 2 v. — The Master Passion 2 v. — Spiders of Society 2 v. — Driven to Bay 2 v. — A Daughter of the Tropics 2 v. — Gentleman and Courtier 2 v. — On Circumstantial Evidence 2 v. — Mount Eden. A Romance 2 v. — Blindfold 2 v. — A Scarlet Sin 1 v. — A Bankrupt Heart 2 v. — The Spirit World 1 v. — The Beautiful Soul 1 v. — At Heart a Rake 2 v. — The Strange Transfiguration of Hannah Stubbs 1 v. — The Dream that Stayed 2 v. — A Passing Madness 1 v. — The Blood of the Vampire 1 v. — A Soul on Fire 1 v. — Iris the Avenger 1 v.

**Marsh, Mrs. Anne**, † 1874.

Ravenscliffe 2 v. — Emilia Wyndham 2 v. — Castle Avon 2 v. — Aubrey 2 v. — The Heiress of Houghton 2 v. — Evelyn Marston 2 v. — The Rose of Ashurst 2 v.

Marshall, Mrs. Emma, † 1899.  
 Mrs. Mainwaring's Journal 1 v. —  
 Benvenuta 1 v. — Lady Alice 1 v. —  
 Dayspring 1 v. — Life's Aftermath 1 v. —  
 In the East Country 1 v. — No. XIII; or,  
 The Story of the Lost Vestal 1 v. — In  
 Four Reigns 1 v. — On the Banks of the  
 Ouse 1 v. — In the City of Flowers 1 v. —  
 Alma 1 v. — Under Salisbury Spire 1 v.  
 — The End Crowns All 1 v. — Winchester  
 Meads 1 v. — Eventide Light 1 v. —  
 Winifrede's Journal 1 v. — Bristol Bells  
 1 v. — In the Service of Rachel Lady  
 Russell 1 v. — A Lily among Thorns 1 v.  
 — Penhurst Castle 1 v. — Kensington  
 Palace 1 v. — The White King's Daughter  
 1 v. — The Master of the Musicians 1 v.  
 — An Escape from the Tower 1 v. — A  
 Haunt of Ancient Peace 1 v. — Castle  
 Meadow 1 v. — In the Choir of West-  
 minster Abbey 1 v. — The Young Queen  
 of Hearts 1 v. — Under the Dome of St.  
 Paul's 1 v. — The Parson's Daughter  
 1 v. (*Vide p. 29.*)

**Mason, A. E. W.**

The Four Feathers 2 v. — Miranda of  
 the Balcony 1 v. — The Courtship of Mor-  
 ricker Buckler 2 v. — The Truants 2 v. —  
 The Watchers 1 v. — Running Water 1 v.  
 — The Broken Road 1 v. — At the Villa  
 Rose 1 v. — The Turnstile 2 v. — The Wit-  
 ness for the Defence 1 v.

**Mathers, Helen (Mrs. Henry Reeves).**

"Cherry Ripe!" 2 v. — "Land o' the  
 Leal" 1 v. — My Lady Green Sleeves 2 v.  
 — As he comes up the Stair, etc. 1 v. —  
 Sam's Sweetheart 2 v. — Eyre's Acquittal  
 2 v. — Found Out 1 v. — Murder or Man-  
 slaughter? 1 v. — The Fashion of this  
 World (80 Pf.) — Blind Justice, and "Who,  
 being dead, yet speaketh" 1 v. — What  
 the Glass Told, and A Study of a Woman  
 1 v. — Bam Wildfire 2 v. — Becky 2 v. —  
 Cinders 1 v. — "Honey" 1 v. — Griff of  
 Griffithscourt 1 v. — The New Lady Teazle,  
 and Other Stories and Essays 1 v. — The  
 Ferryman 1 v. — Tally Ho! 2 v. — Pigskin  
 and Petticoat 2 v. — Gay Lawless 1 v. —  
 Love the Thief 1 v.

**Maurice, Colonel.**

The Balance of Military Power in  
 Europe 1 v.

**Maurier, George du, † 1896.**

Trilby 2 v. — The Martian 2 v.

**Maxwell, Mrs.: *vide* Miss Braddon.**

**Maxwell, W. B.**

The Tagged Messenger 2 v. — The Guarded  
 Flame 2 v. — Mrs. Thompson 1 v. — The

Rest Cure 1 v. — In Cotton Wool 2 v. —  
 General Mallock's Shadow 1 v.

**"Mehalah": *vide* Baring-Gould.**

**Melville, George J. Whyte, † 1878.**

Kate Coventry 1 v. — Holmby House  
 2 v. — Digby Grand 1 v. — Good for No-  
 thing 2 v. — The Queen's Maries 2 v. —  
 The Gladiators 2 v. — The Brookes of  
 Bridlemere 2 v. — Cerise 2 v. — The  
 Interpreter 2 v. — The White Rose 2 v. —  
 M. or N. 1 v. — Contraband 1 v. —  
 Sarchedon 2 v. — Uncle John 2 v. —  
 Katerfelto 1 v. — Sister Louise 1 v. —  
 Rosine 1 v. — Roys' Wife 2 v. — Black  
 but Comely 2 v. — Riding Recollections 1 v.

**Memorial Volumes: *vide* Five Centuries  
 (vol. 500); The New Testament  
 (vol. 1000); Henry Morley (vol. 2000);  
 Theodore Stanton (vol. 4000).**

**Meredith, George, † 1909.**

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel 2 v. —  
 Beauchamp's Career 2 v. — The Tragic  
 Comedians 1 v. — Lord Ormont and his  
 Aminta 2 v. — The Amazing Marriage 2 v.  
 — The Egoist 2 v. — Rhoda Fleming 2 v.

**Meredith, Owen: *vide* Robert Lord Lytton.**

**Merrick, Leonard.**

The Man who was good 1 v. — This  
 Stage of Fools 1 v. — Cynthia 1 v. — One  
 Man's View 1 v. — The Actor-Manager  
 1 v. — The Worldlings 1 v. — When Love  
 flies out o' the Window 1 v. — Conrad in  
 Quest of His Youth 1 v. — The Quaint  
 Companions 1 v. — Whispers about Women  
 1 v. — The House of Lynch 1 v. — The  
 Man who Understood Women, etc. 1 v. —  
 All the World Wondered, etc. 1 v. — The  
 Position of Peggy Harper 1 v.

**Merriman, Henry Seton, † 1903.**

Young Mistley 1 v. — Prisoners and  
 Captives 2 v. — From One Generation to  
 Another 1 v. — With Edged Tools 2 v. —  
 The Sowers 2 v. — Flotsam 1 v. — In  
 Kedar's Tents 1 v. — Roden's Corner  
 1 v. — The Isle of Unrest 1 v. — The Velvet  
 Glove 1 v. — The Vultures 1 v. — Barlasch  
 of the Guard 1 v. — Tomaso's Fortune, and  
 Other Stories 1 v. — The Last Hope 2 v.

**Merriman, H. S., & S. G. Tallentyre.**

The Money-Spinner, etc. 1 v.

**Mill, John Stuart.**

On Liberty and The Subjection of Women  
 1 v.

**Milne, James.**

The Epistles of Atkins 1 v.

**Milton, John, † 1674.**

Poetical Works 1 v.

"Miss Molly," Author of.  
Geraldine Hawthorne 1 v.

"Molly Bawn," Author of: *vide* Mrs.  
Hungerford.

Montgomery, Florence.

Misunderstood 1 v. — Thrown Together 2 v. — Thwarted 1 v. — Wild Mike 1 v. — Seaforth 2 v. — The Blue Veil 1 v. — Transformed 1 v. — The Fisherman's Daughter, etc. 1 v. — Colonel Norton 2 v. — Prejudged 1 v. — An Unshared Secret, and Other Tales 1 v. — Behind the Scenes in the Schoolroom 1 v.

Moore, Frank Frankfort.

"I Forbid the Banns" 2 v. — A Gray Eye or So 2 v. — One Fair Daughter 2 v. — They Call it Love 2 v. — The Jessamy Bride 1 v. — The Millionaires 1 v. — Nell Gwyn—Comedian 1 v. — A Damsel or Two 1 v. — Castle Omeragh 2 v. — Shipmates in Sunshine 2 v. — The Original Woman 1 v. — The White Causeway 1 v. — The Artful Miss Dill 1 v. — The Marriage Lease 1 v. — An Amateur Adventuress 1 v. — Priscilla and Charybdis 1 v. — The Food of Love 1 v. — The Laird of Craig Athol 1 v. — The Marriage of Barbara 1 v. — The Narrow Escape of Lady Hardwell 1 v. — The Ulsterman 1 v.

Moore, George.

Celibates 1 v. — Evelyn Innes 2 v. — Sister Teresa 2 v. — The Untilled Field 1 v. — Confessions of a Young Man 1 v. — The Lake 1 v. — Memoirs of my Dead Life 1 v. — Ave 1 v. — Spring Days 1 v. — Salve 1 v. — Vale 1 v.

Moore, Thomas, † 1852.

Poetical Works (with Portrait) 5 v.

Morgan, Lady, † 1859.

Memoirs 3 v.

Morley, Henry, † 1894.

Of English Literature in the Reign of Victoria. With Facsimiles of the Signatures of Authors in the Tauchnitz Edition (v. 2000, published 1881) 1 v.

Morris, William.

A Selection from his Poems 1 v.

Morrison, Arthur.

Tales of Mean Streets 1 v. — A Child of the Jago 1 v. — To London Town 1 v. — Cunning Murrell 1 v. — The Hole in the Wall 1 v. — The Green Eye of Goona 1 v. — Divers Vanities 1 v. — Green Ginger 1 v.

Münsterberg, Hugo (Am.).

The War and America 1 v. — The Peace and America 1 v.

Muirhead, James Fullarton.

The Land of Contrasts 1 v.

Mulock, Miss: *vide* Mrs. Craik.

Murray, David Christie.

Rainbow Gold 2 v.

Murray, Grenville: *vide* Grenville.

"My Little Lady," Author of: *vide* E. Frances Poynter.

New Testament, the.

The Authorised English Version, with Introduction and Various Readings from the three most celebrated Manuscripts of the Original Text, by Constantine Tischendorf (vol. 1000, published 1869) 1 v.

Newby, Mrs. C. J.

Common Sense 2 v.

Newman, Dr. J. H. (Cardinal Newman), † 1890.

Callista 1 v.

Nicholls, Mrs.: *vide* Currer Bell.

"Nina Balatka," Author of: *vide* Anthony Trollope.

"No Church," Author of (F. Robinson).  
No Church 2 v. — Owen:—a Waif 2 v.

Noel, Lady Augusta.

From Generation to Generation 1 v. — Hithersea Mere 2 v.

Norris, Frank (Am.), † 1902.

The Octopus 2 v. — The Pit 2 v.

Norris, W. E.

My Friend Jim 1 v. — A Bachelor's Blunder 2 v. — Major and Minor 2 v. — The Rogue 2 v. — Miss Shafto 2 v. — Mrs. Fenton 1 v. — Misadventure 2 v. — Saint Ann's 1 v. — A Victim of Good Luck 1 v. — The Dancer in Yellow 1 v. — Clarissa Furiosa 2 v. — Marietta's Marriage 2 v. — The Fight for the Crown 1 v. — The Widower 1 v. — Giles Ingilby 1 v. — The Flower of the Flock 1 v. — His Own Father 1 v. — The Credit of the County 1 v. — Lord Leonard the Luckless 1 v. — Nature's Comedian 1 v. — Nigel's Vocation 1 v. — Barham of Beltana 1 v. — Harry and Ursula 1 v. — The Square Peg 1 v. — Pauline 1 v. — The Perjurer 1 v. — Not Guilty 1 v. — Vittoria Victrix 1 v. — Paul's Paragon 1 v. — The Rt. Hon. Gentleman 1 v. — Barbara and Company 1 v.

Norton, Hon. Mrs., † 1877.

Stuart of Dunleath 2 v. — Lost and Saved 2 v. — Old Sir Douglas 2 v.

"Not Easily Jealous," Author of (Miss Iza Hardy).

Not Easily Jealous 2 v.



- "Novels and Tales": *vide* "Household Words."
- "Nursery Rhymes." 1 v.
- O'Connor Eccles, Charlotte (Hal Godfrey).
- The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore 1 v.  
— The Matrimonial Lottery 1 v.
- Oldmeadow, Ernest.
- Susan 1 v.
- Oliphant, Laurence, † 1888.
- Altiara Peto 2 v. — Masollam 2 v.
- Oliphant, Mrs., † 1897.
- The Last of the Mortimers 2 v. — Mrs. Margaret Maitland 1 v. — Agnes 2 v. — Madonna Mary 2 v. — The Minister's Wife 2 v. — The Rector and the Doctor's Family 1 v. — Salem Chapel 2 v. — The Perpetual Curate 2 v. — Miss Marjoribanks 2 v. — Omira 2 v. — Memoir of Count de Montalembert 2 v. — May 2 v. — Innocent 2 v. — For Love and Life 2 v. — A Rose in June 1 v. — The Story of Valentine and his Brother 2 v. — White-ladies 2 v. — The Curate in Charge 1 v. — Phoebe, Junior 2 v. — Mrs. Arthur 2 v. — Carità 2 v. — Young Musgrave 2 v. — The Primrose Path 2 v. — Within the Precincts 3 v. — The Greatest Heiress in England 2 v. — He that will not when he may 2 v. — Harry Joscelyn 2 v. — In Trust 2 v. — It was a Lover and his Lass 3 v. — The Ladies Lindores 3 v. — Hester 3 v. — The Wizard's Son 3 v. — A Country Gentleman and his Family 2 v. — Neighbours on the Green 1 v. — The Duke's Daughter 1 v. — The Fugitives 1 v. — Kirteen 2 v. — Life of Laurence Oliphant and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife 2 v. — The Little Pilgrim in the Unseen 1 v. — The Heir Presumptive and the Heir Apparent 2 v. — The Sorcerer 2 v. — Sir Robert's Fortune 2 v. — The Ways of Life 1 v. — Old Mr. Tredgold 2 v.
- "One who has kept a Diary": *vide* George W. E. Russell.
- Orczy, Baroness.
- Petticoat Government 1 v. — The Scarlet Pimpernel 1 v. — I will Repay 1 v. — The Elusive Pimpernel 1 v. — Fire in Stubble 2 v. — A True Woman 1 v. — Meadowsweet 1 v. — Eldorado 2 v. — Unto Cæsar 2 v.
- Osbourne, Lloyd (Am.).
- Baby Bullet 1 v. — Wild Justice 1 v. — The Motormaniacs 1 v. — Harm's Way 1 v. — The Kingdoms of the World 1 v.
- Ossian.
- The Poems of Ossian. Translated by James Macpherson 1 v.
- Ouida, † 1908.
- Idalia 2 v. — Tricotrín 2 v. — Puck 2 v. — Chandos 2 v. — Strathmore 2 v. — Under two Flags 2 v. — Folle-Farine 2 v. — A Leaf in the Storm; A Dog of Flanders; A Branch of Lilac; A Provence Rose 1 v. — Cecil Castlemaine's Gage, and other Novelettes 1 v. — Madame la Marquise, and other Novelettes 1 v. — Pascarel 2 v. — Held in Bondage 2 v. — Two little Wooden Shoes 1 v. — Signa (with Portrait) 3 v. — In a Winter City 1 v. — Ariadne 2 v. — Friendship 2 v. — Moths 3 v. — Pipistrello, and other Stories 1 v. — A Village Commune 2 v. — In Maremma 3 v. — Bimbi 1 v. — Wanda 3 v. — Frescoes and other Stories 1 v. — Princess Napraxine 3 v. — Othmar 3 v. — A Rainy June (60 Pf.). Don Gesualdo (60 Pf.). — A House Party 1 v. — Guilderoy 2 v. — Syrlin 3 v. — Ruffino, and other Stories 1 v. — Santa Barbara, etc. 1 v. — Two Offenders 1 v. — The Silver Christ, etc. 1 v. — Toxin, and other Papers 1 v. — Le Selve, and Tonia 1 v. — The Massarenes 2 v. — An Altruist, and Four Essays 1 v. — La Strega, and other Stories 1 v. — The Waters of Edera 1 v. — Street Dust, and Other Stories 1 v. — Critical Studies 1 v. — Helianthus 2 v.
- "Outcasts, the," Author of: *vide* "Roy Tellet."
- Pain, Barry.
- The Exiles of Faloo 1 v. — Stories in Grey 1 v. — Stories without Tears 1 v. — The New Gulliver, and Other Stories 1 v.
- Parker, Sir Gilbert.
- The Battle of the Strong 2 v. — Donovan Pasha, & Some People of Egypt 1 v. — The Seats of the Mighty 2 v. — The Weavers 2 v. — The Judgment House 2 v.
- Parr, Harriet (Holme Lee), † 1900.
- Basil Godfrey's Caprice 2 v. — For Richer, for Poorer 2 v. — The Beautiful Miss Barrington 2 v. — Her Title of Honour 1 v. — Echoes of a Famous Year 1 v. — Katherine's Trial 1 v. — The Vicissitudes of Bessie Fairfax 2 v. — Ben Milner's Wooing 1 v. — Straightforward 2 v. — Mrs. Denys of Cote 2 v. — A Poor Squire 1 v.
- Parr, Mrs.
- Dorothy Fox 1 v. — The Prescotts of Pamphillon 2 v. — The Gosau Smithy, etc. 1 v. — Robin 2 v. — Loyalty George 2 v.
- Paston, George.
- A Study in Prejudices 1 v. — A Fair Deceiver 1 v.
- Pasture, Mrs. Henry de la.
- The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square 1 v. — The Grey Knight 1 v. — Catherine's Child 1 v. — Master Christopher 2 v. — Erica 1 v.
- Paul, Mrs.: *vide* "Still Waters."

"Paul Ferroll," Author of (Mrs. Caroline Clive), † 1873.

Paul Ferroll 1 v. — Year after Year 1 v. — Why Paul Ferroll killed his Wife 1 v.

Payn, James, † 1898.

Found Dead 1 v. — Gwendoline's Harvest 1 v. — Like Father, like Son 2 v. — Not Wooded, but Won 2 v. — Cecil's Tryst 1 v. — A Woman's Vengeance 2 v. — Murphy's Master 1 v. — In the Heart of a Hill, and other Stories 1 v. — At Her Mercy 2 v. — The Best of Husbands 2 v. — Walter's Word 2 v. — Halves 2 v. — Fallen Fortunes 2 v. — What He cost Her 2 v. — By Proxy 2 v. — Less Black than we're Painted 2 v. — Under one Roof 2 v. — High Spirits 1 v. — High Spirits (Second Series) 1 v. — A Confidential Agent 2 v. — From Exile 2 v. — A Grape from a Thorn 2 v. — Some Private Views 1 v. — For Cash Only 2 v. — Kit: A Memory 2 v. — The Canon's Ward (with Portrait) 2 v. — Some Literary Recollections 1 v. — The Talk of the Town 1 v. — The Luck of the Darrells 2 v. — The Heir of the Ages 2 v. — Holiday Tasks 1 v. — Glow-Worm Tales (First Series) 1 v. — Glow-Worm Tales (Second Series) 1 v. — A Prince of the Blood 2 v. — The Mystery of Mirbridge 2 v. — The Burnt Million 2 v. — The Word and the Will 2 v. — Sunny Stories, and some Shady Ones 1 v. — A Modern Dick Whittington 2 v. — A Stumble on the Threshold 2 v. — A Trying Patient 1 v. — Gleams of Memory, and The Eavesdropper 1 v. — In Market Overt 1 v. — The Disappearance of George Driffell, and other Tales 1 v. — Another's Burden etc. 1 v. — The Backwater of Life, or Essays of a Literary Veteran 1 v.

Peard, Frances Mary.

One Year 2 v. — The Rose-Garden 1 v. — Unawares 1 v. — Thorpe Regis 1 v. — A Winter Story 1 v. — A Madrigal, and other Stories 1 v. — Cartouche 1 v. — Mother Molly 1 v. — Schloss and Town 2 v. — Contradictions 2 v. — Near Neighbours 1 v. — Alicia Tennant 1 v. — Madame's Granddaughter 1 v. — Donna Teresa 1 v. — Number One and Number Two 1 v. — The Ring from Jaipur 1 v. — The Flying Months 1 v.

Pemberton, Max.

The Impregnable City 1 v. — A Woman of Kronstadt 1 v. — The Phantom Army 1 v. — The Garden of Swords 1 v. — The Footsteps of a Throne 1 v. — Pro Patriâ 1 v. — The Giant's Gate 2 v. — I crown thee King 1 v. — The House under the Sea 1 v.

— The Gold Wolf 1 v. — Doctor Xavier 1 v. — Red Morn 1 v. — Beatrice of Venice 2 v. — Mid the Thick Arrows 2 v. — My Sword for Lafayette 1 v. — The Lady Evelyn 1 v. — The Diamond Ship 1 v. — The Lodestar 1 v. — Wheels of Anarchy 1 v. — Love the Harvester 1 v. — The Adventures of Captain Jack 1 v. — White Walls 1 v. — The Show Girl 1 v. — White Motley 1 v. — Two Women 1 v.

Percy, Bishop Thomas, † 1811.

Reliques of Ancient English Poetry 3 v.

Perrin, Alice.

Idolatry 1 v. — The Charm 1 v. — The Anglo-Indians 1 v. — The Happy Hunting Ground 1 v.

Phillips, F. C.

As in a Looking Glass 1 v. — The Dean and his Daughter 1 v. — Lucy Smith 1 v. — A Lucky Young Woman 1 v. — Jack and Three Jills 1 v. — Little Mrs. Murray 1 v. — Young Mr. Ainslie's Courtship 1 v. — Social Vicissitudes 1 v. — Extenuating Circumstances, and A French Marriage 1 v. — More Social Vicissitudes 1 v. — Constance 2 v. — That Wicked Mad'moiselle, etc. 1 v. — A Doctor in Difficulties, etc. 1 v. — Black and White 1 v. — "One Never Knows" 2 v. — Of Course 1 v. — Miss Ormerod's Protégé 1 v. — My little Husband 1 v. — Mrs. Bouverie 1 v. — A Question of Colour, and other Stories 1 v. — A Devil in Nun's Veiling 1 v. — A Full Confession, and other Stories 1 v. — The Luckiest of Three 1 v. — Poor Little Bella 1 v. — Eliza Clarke, Governess, and Other Stories 1 v. — Marriage, etc. 1 v. — School-girls of To-day, etc. 1 v. — If Only, etc. 1 v. — An Unfortunate Blend 1 v. — A Barrister's Courtship 1 v.

Phillips, F. C., & Percy Fendall.

A Daughter's Sacrifice 1 v. — Margaret Byng 1 v. — Disciples of Plato 1 v. — A Honey-moon—and After 1 v.

Phillips, F. C., & C. J. Wills.

The Fatal Phryne 1 v. — The Scudamores 1 v. — A Maiden Fair to See 1 v. — Sybil Ross's Marriage 1 v.

Phillips, F. C. & A. R. T.

Life 1 v. — Man and Woman 1 v. — Judas, the Woman 1 v.

Phillipotts, Eden.

Lying Prophets 2 v. — The Human Boy 1 v. — Sons of the Morning 2 v. — The Good Red Earth 1 v. — The Striking Hours 1 v. — The Farm of the Dagger 1 v. — The Golden Fetich 1 v. — The Whirlwind 2 v. — The Human Boy Again 1 v. — From the Angle of Seventeen 1 v.

- Phillipotts, E., & Arnold Bennett.  
The Sineus of War 1 v. — The Statue 1 v.
- Piddington, Miss: *vide* Author of "The Last of the Cavaliers."
- Poe, Edgar Allan (Am.), † 1849.  
Poems and Essays, edited with a new Memoir by John H. Ingram 1 v. — Tales, edited by John H. Ingram 1 v. — Fantastic Tales 1 v.
- Pope, Alexander, † 1744.  
Select Poetical Works (with Portrait) 1 v.
- Poynter, Miss E. Frances.  
My Little Lady 2 v. — Ersilia 2 v. — Among the Hills 1 v. — Madame de Presnel 1 v.
- Præd, Mrs. Campbell.  
Zero 1 v. — Affinities 1 v. — The Head Station 2 v.
- Prentiss, Mrs. E. (Am.), † 1878.  
Stepping Heavenward 1 v.
- Prince Consort, the, † 1861.  
Speeches and Addresses (with Portr.) 1 v.
- Pryce, Richard.  
Miss Maxwell's Affections 1 v. — The Quiet Mrs. Fleming 1 v. — Time and the Woman 1 v.
- Pym, H. N.: *vide* Caroline Fox.
- Quiller-Couch, Sir A. T. ("Q").  
Noughts and Crosses 1 v. — I Saw Three Ships 1 v. — Dead Man's Rock 1 v. — Ia and other Tales 1 v. — The Ship of Stars 1 v. — The Adventures of Harry Revel 1 v. — Fort Amity 1 v. — Shakespeare's Christmas, and Other Stories 1 v. — The Mayor of Troy 1 v. — Merry-Garden, and Other Stories 1 v. — Brother Copas 1 v.
- Quincey: *vide* De Quincey.
- Rae, W. Fraser, † 1905.  
Westward by Rail 1 v. — Miss Bayle's Romance 2 v. — The Business of Travel 1 v.
- Raimond, C. E. (Miss Robins) (Am.).  
The Open Question 2 v. — The Magnetic North 2 v. — A Dark Lantern 2 v. — The Convert 2 v. — The Florentine Frame 1 v. — "Where are you going to . . . ?" 1 v. — Way Stations 1 v.
- "Rajah's Heir, the." 2 v.
- Reade, Charles, † 1884.  
"It is never too late to mend" 2 v. — "Love me little, love me long" 1 v. — The Cloister and the Hearth 2 v. — Hard Cash 3 v. — Put Yourself in his Place 2 v. — A Terrible Temptation 2 v. — Peg Woffington 1 v. — Christie Johnstone 1 v. — A Simpleton 2 v. — The Wandering Heir 1 v. — A Woman-Hater 2 v. — Readiana 1 v. — Singleheart and Doubleface 1 v.
- "Recommended to Mercy," Author of (Mrs. Houstoun).
- "Recommended to Mercy" 2 v. — Zoe's "Brand" 2 v.
- Reeves, Mrs.: *vide* Helen Mathers.
- Rhys, Grace.  
Mary Dominic 1 v. — The Wooing of Sheila 1 v.
- Rice, James: *vide* Walter Besant.
- Richards, Alfred Bate, † 1876.  
So very Human 3 v.
- Richardson, S., † 1761.  
Clarissa Harlowe 4 v.
- Riddell, Mrs. (F. G. Trafford).  
George Geith of Fen Court 2 v. — Maxwell Drewitt 2 v. — The Race for Wealth 2 v. — Far above Rubies 2 v. — The Earl's Promise 2 v. — Mortomley's Estate 2 v.
- Ridge, W. Pett.  
Name of Garland 1 v. — Thanks to Sanderson 1 v.
- "Rita."  
Souls 1 v. — The Jesters 1 v. — The Masqueraders 2 v. — Queer Lady Judas 2 v. — Prince Charming 1 v. — The Pointing Finger 1 v. — A Man of no Importance 1 v. — The Millionaire Girl, and Other Stories 1 v. — The House called Hurrish 1 v. — Calvary 2 v. — That is to say — 1 v. — "Half a Truth" 1 v. — The House Opposite 1 v. — The Young Horatius 1 v.
- Ritchie, Mrs. Anne Thackeray: *vide* Miss Thackeray.
- Roberts, Miss: *vide* Author of "Made-moiselle Mori."
- Robertson, Rev. F. W., † 1853.  
Sermons 4 v.
- Robins, Miss: *vide* Raimond.
- Robinson, F.: *vide* "No Church."
- Roosevelt, Theodore (Am.).  
Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter (with Portrait) 1 v.
- Ross, Charles H.  
The Pretty Widow 1 v. — A London Romance 2 v.
- Ross, Martin: *vide* Somerville.
- Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, † 1882.  
Poems 1 v. — Ballads and Sonnets 1 v.
- "Roy Tellet."  
The Outcasts 1 v. — A Draught of Lethe 1 v. — Pastor and Prelate 2 v.

**Ruffini, J.**, † 1881.  
Lavinia 2 v. — Doctor Antonio 1 v. — Lorenzo Benoni 1 v. — Vincenzo 2 v. — A Quiet Nook in the Jura 1 v. — The Paragreens on a Visit to Paris 1 v. — Carlino, and other Stories 1 v.

**Ruskin, John**, \* 1819, † 1900.  
Sesame and Lilies 1 v. — The Stones of Venice (with Illustrations) 2 v. — Unto this Last and Munera Pulveris 1 v. — The Seven Lamps of Architecture (with 14 Illustrations) 1 v. — Mornings in Florence 1 v. — St. Mark's Rest 1 v.

**Russell, W. Clark.**  
A Sailor's Sweetheart 2 v. — The "Lady Maud" 2 v. — A Sea Queen 2 v.

**Russell, George W. E.**  
Collections and Recollections. By One who has kept a Diary 2 v. — A Londoner's Log-Book 1 v.

"Ruth and her Friends": *vide* p. 29.

**Sala, George Augustus**, † 1895.  
The Seven Sons of Mammon 2 v.

**Saunders, John.**  
Israel Mort, Overman 2 v. — The Shipowner's Daughter 2 v. — A Noble Wife 2 v.

**Saunders, Katherine** (Mrs. Cooper).  
Joan Merryweather, and other Tales 1 v. — Gideon's Rock, and other Tales 1 v. — The High Mills 2 v. — Sebastian 1 v.

**Savage, Richard Henry** (Am.), † 1903.  
My Official Wife 1 v. — The Little Lady of Lagunitas (with Portrait) 2 v. — Prince Schamyl's Wooing 1 v. — The Masked Venus 2 v. — Delilah of Harlem 2 v. — The Anarchist 2 v. — A Daughter of Judas 1 v. — In the Old Chateau 1 v. — Miss Devereux of the Mariquita 2 v. — Checked Through 2 v. — A Modern Corsair 2 v. — In the Swim 2 v. — The White Lady of Khaminatka 2 v. — In the House of His Friends 2 v. — The Mystery of a Shipyard 2 v. — A Monte Cristo in Khaki 1 v.

**Schreiner, Olive.**  
Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland 1 v. — Woman and Labour 1 v.

**Scott, Sir Walter**, † 1832.  
Waverley (with Portrait) 1 v. — The Antiquary 1 v. — Ivanhoe 1 v. — Kenilworth 1 v. — Quentin Durward 1 v. — Old Mortality 1 v. — Guy Mannering 1 v. — Rob Roy 1 v. — The Pirate 1 v. — The Fortunes of Nigel 1 v. — The Black Dwarf; A Legend of Montrose 1 v. — The Bride of Lammermoor 1 v. — The Heart of Mid-Lothian 2 v. — The Monastery 1 v. — The

Abbot 1 v. — Peveril of the Peak 2 v. — Poetical Works 2 v. — Woodstock 1 v. — The Fair Maid of Perth 1 v. — Anne of Geierstein 1 v.

**Seeley, Prof. J. R.**, † 1895.  
Life and Times of Stein 4 v. — The Expansion of England 1 v. — Goethe 1 v.

**Sewell, Elizabeth**, † 1906.  
Amy Herbert 2 v. — Ursula 2 v. — A Glimpse of the World 2 v. — The Journal of a Home Life 2 v. — After Life 2 v. — The Experience of Life 2 v.

**Shakespeare, William**, † 1616.  
Plays and Poems (with Portrait) (*Second Edition*) 7 v. — Doubtful Plays 1 v.  
*Shakespeare's Plays* may also be had in 37 numbers, at *Rs* 0.40 each number.

**Sharp, William**, † 1905: *vide* Miss Howard, Fiona Macleod and Swinburne.

**Shaw, Bernard.**  
Man and Superman 1 v. — The Perfect Wagnerite 1 v. — Cashel Byron's Profession 1 v. — Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant (The Three Unpleasant Plays 1 v. — The Four Pleasant Plays 1 v.). — Getting Married & The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet 1 v. — The Doctor's Dilemma & The Dark Lady of the Sonnets 1 v.

**Shelley, Percy Bysshe**, † 1822.  
A Selection from his Poems 1 v.

**Sheppard, Nathan** (Am.), † 1888.  
Shut up in Paris 1 v.

**Sheridan, R. B.**, † 1816.  
The Dramatic Works 1 v.

**Shorthouse, J. Henry.**  
John Inglesant 2 v. — Blanche Falaise 1 v.

**Sidgwick, Mrs. Alfred.**  
The Lantern Bearers 1 v. — Anthea's Guest 1 v.

**Slatin Pasha, Rudolf C., C.B.**  
Fire and Sword in the Sudan 3 v.

**Smedley, F. E.:** *vide* "Frank Fairleigh."  
**Smollett, Tobias**, † 1771.  
Roderick Random 1 v. — Humphry Clinker 1 v. — Peregrine Pickle 2 v.

**Snaith, J. C.**  
Mrs. Fitz 1 v. — The Principal Girl 1 v. — An Affair of State 1 v. — Araminta 1 v.

"Society in London," Author of.  
Society in London. By a Foreign Resident 1 v.

Somerville, E. C., & M. Ross.  
Naboth's Vineyard 1 v. — All on the  
Irish Shore 1 v. — Dan Russel the Fox 1 v.

"Spanish Brothers, the." 2 v.

Stanhope, Earl (Lord Mahon), † 1875.  
The History of England 7 v. — Reign  
of Queen Anne 2 v.

Stanton, Theodore (Am.).  
A Manual of American Literature 1 v.

Steel, Flora Annie.  
The Hosts of the Lord 2 v. — In the  
Guardianship of God 1 v.

Stevens, G. W., † 1900.  
From Capetown to Ladysmith 1 v.

Stephens, James.  
Here are Ladies 1 v.

Sterne, Laurence, † 1768.  
Tristram Shandy 1 v. — A Sentimental  
Journey (with Portrait) 1 v.

Stevenson, Robert Louis, † 1894.  
Treasure Island 1 v. — Dr. Jekyll and  
Mr. Hyde, and An Inland Voyage 1 v. —  
Kidnapped 1 v. — The Black Arrow 1 v. —  
The Master of Ballantrae 1 v. — The Merry  
Men, etc. 1 v. — Across the Plains, etc. 1 v. —  
Island Nights' Entertainments 1 v. —  
Catriona 1 v. — Weir of Hermiston 1 v. —  
St. Ives 2 v. — In the South Seas 2 v. —  
Tales and Fantasies 1 v.

"Still Waters," Author of (Mrs. Paul).  
Still Waters 1 v. — Dorothy 1 v. — De  
Cressy 1 v. — Uncle Ralph 1 v. — Maiden  
Sisters 1 v. — Martha Brown 1 v. — Vanessa  
1 v.

Stirling, M. C.: *vide* G. M. Craik.

Stockton, Frank R. (Am.), † 1902.  
The House of Martha 1 v.

"Story of a Penitent Soul, the." 1 v.

"Story of Elizabeth, the," Author of:  
*vide* Miss Thackeray.

Stowe, Mrs. Harriet Beecher (Am.),  
† 1896.  
Uncle Tom's Cabin (with Portrait) 2 v. —  
A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin 2 v. — Dred  
2 v. — The Minister's Wooing 1 v. — Old-  
town Folks 2 v.

"Sunbeam Stories," Author of: *vide*  
Mrs. Mackarness.

Swift, Jonathan (Dean Swift), † 1745.  
Gulliver's Travels 1 v.

Swinburne, Algernon Charles, † 1909.  
Atalanta in Calydon: and Lyrical Poems

(edited, with an Introduction, by William  
Sharp) 1 v. — Love's Cross-Currents 1 v.  
— Chastelard and Mary Stuart 1 v.

Symonds, John Addington, † 1893.  
Sketches in Italy 1 v. — New Italian  
Sketches 1 v.

Tallentyre, S. G.: *vide* H. S. Merriman.  
Tasma.  
Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill 2 v.

Tautphoeus, Baroness, † 1893.  
Cyrilla 2 v. — The Initials 2 v. — Quits  
2 v. — At Odds 2 v.

Taylor, Col. Meadows, † 1876.  
Tara; a Mahratta Tale 3 v.

Templeton: *vide* Author of "Horace  
Templeton."

Tennyson, Alfred (Lord), † 1892.  
Poetical Works 8 v. — Queen Mary  
1 v. — Harold 1 v. — Becket; The Cup;  
The Falcon 1 v. — Locksley Hall, sixty  
Years after; The Promise of May; Tiresias  
and other Poems 1 v. — A Memoir. By  
His Son (with Portrait) 4 v.

Testament, the New: *vide* New.

Thackeray, William Makepeace, † 1863.  
Vanity Fair 3 v. — Pendennis 3 v. —  
Miscellanies 8 v. — Henry Esmond 2 v. —  
The English Humourists of the Eighteenth  
Century 1 v. — The Newcomes 4 v. — The  
Virginians 4 v. — The Four Georges;  
Lovel the Widower 1 v. — The Adventures  
of Philip 2 v. — Denis Duval 1 v. —  
Roundabout Papers 2 v. — Catherine  
1 v. — The Irish Sketch Book 2 v. — The  
Paris Sketch Book (with Portrait) 2 v.

Thackeray, Miss (Lady Ritchie).  
The Story of Elizabeth 1 v. — The Village  
on the Cliff 1 v. — Old Kensington 2 v. —  
Bluebeard's Keys, and other Stories 1 v. —  
Five Old Friends 1 v. — Miss Angel 1 v. —  
Out of the World, and other Tales 1 v. —  
Fulham Lawn, and other Tales 1 v. — From  
an Island. A Story and some Essays 1 v. —  
Da Capo, and other Tales 1 v. — Madame  
de Sévigné; From a Stage Box; Miss  
Williamson's Divagations 1 v. — A Book  
of Sibyls 1 v. — Mrs. Dymond 2 v. —  
Chapters from some Memoirs 1 v.

Thomas a Kempis: *vide* Kempis.

Thomas, A. (Mrs. Pender Cudlip).  
Denis Donne 2 v. — On Guard 2 v. —  
Walter Goring 2 v. — Played Out 2 v. —

Called to Account 2 v. — Only Herself 2 v. — A Narrow Escape 2 v.

Thomson, James, † 1748.

Poetical Works (with Portrait) 1 v.

"Thoth," Author of.

Thoth 1 v.

Thurston, E. Temple.

The Greatest Wish in the World 1 v. — Mirage 1 v. — The City of Beautiful Nonsense 1 v. — The Garden of Resurrection 1 v. — Thirteen 1 v. — The Apple of Eden 1 v. — The Antagonists 1 v. — The Evolution of Katherine 1 v. — The Open Window 1 v. — Sally Bishop 2 v. — Richard Furlong 1 v.

"Tim," Author of.

Tim 1 v.

Trafford, F. G.: *vide* Mrs. Riddell.

Trevelyan, George Otto.

The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay (with Portrait) 4 v. — Selections from the Writings of Lord Macaulay 2 v. — The American Revolution (with a Map) 2 v.

Trois-Etoiles: *vide* Grenville.

Trollope, Anthony, † 1882.

Doctor Thorne 2 v. — The Bertrams 2 v. — The Warden 1 v. — Barchester Towers 2 v. — Castle Richmond 2 v. — The West Indies 1 v. — Framley Parsonage 2 v. — North America 3 v. — Orley Farm 3 v. — Rachel Ray 2 v. — The Small House at Allington 3 v. — Can you forgive her? 3 v. — The Belton Estate 2 v. — Nina Balatka 1 v. — The Last Chronicle of Barset 3 v. — The Claverings 2 v. — Phineas Finn 3 v. — He knew he was right 3 v. — The Vicar of Bullhampton 2 v. — Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite 1 v. — Ralph the Heir 2 v. — The Golden Lion of Granpere 1 v. — Australia and New Zealand 3 v. — Lady Anna 2 v. — Harry Heathcote of Gangoil 1 v. — The Way we live now 4 v. — The Prime Minister 4 v. — The American Senator 3 v. — South Africa 2 v. — Is He Popenjoy? 3 v. — An Eye for an Eye 1 v. — John Caldgate 3 v. — Cousin Henry 1 v. — The Duke's Children 3 v. — Dr. Wortle's School 1 v. — Ayala's Angel 3 v. — The Fixed Period 1 v. — Marion Fay 2 v. — Kept in the Dark 1 v. — Frau Frohmann, and other Stories 1 v. — Alice Dugdale, and other Stories 1 v. — La Mère Bauche, and other Stories 1 v. — The Mistletoe Bough, and other Stories 1 v. — An Autobiography 1 v. — An Old Man's Love 1 v.

Trollope, T. Adolphus, † 1892.

The Garstangs of Garstang Grange 2 v. — A Siren 2 v.

Trowbridge, W. R. H.

The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth 1 v. — A Girl of the Multitude 1 v. — That Little Marquis of Brandenburg 1 v. — A Dazzling Reprobat 1 v. — The White Hope 1 v.

Twain, Mark (Samuel L. Clemens) (Am.), † 1910.

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer 1 v. — The Innocents Abroad; or, The New Pilgrims' Progress 2 v. — A Tramp Abroad 2 v. — "Roughing it" 1 v. — The Innocents at Home 1 v. — The Prince and the Pauper 2 v. — The Stolen White Elephant, etc. 1 v. — Life on the Mississippi 2 v. — Sketches (with Portrait) 1 v. — Huckleberry Finn 2 v. — Selections from American Humour 1 v. — A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur 2 v. — The American Claimant 1 v. — The £ 1 000 000 Bank-Note and other new Stories 1 v. — Tom Sawyer Abroad 1 v. — Pudd'nhead Wilson 1 v. — Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc 2 v. — Tom Sawyer, Detective, and other Tales 1 v. — More Tramps Abroad 2 v. — The Man that corrupted Hadleyburg, etc. 2 v. — A Double-Barrelled Detective Story, etc. 1 v. — The \$ 30,000 Bequest, and Other Stories 1 v. — Christian Science 1 v. — Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven & Is Shakespeare Dead? 1 v.

"Two Cosmos, the." 1 v.

Vachell, Horace Annesley.

Brothers 2 v. — The Face of Clay 1 v. — Her Son 1 v. — The Hill 1 v. — The Waters of Jordan 1 v. — An Impending Sword 1 v. — The Paladin 1 v. — John Verney 1 v. — Blinds Down 1 v. — Bunch Grass 1 v. — The Procession of Life 1 v. — Loot 1 v. — Quinneys' 1 v.

"Venus and Cupid." 1 v.

"Vera," Author of.

Vera 1 v. — The Hôtel du Petit St. Jean 1 v. — Blue Roses 2 v. — Within Sound of the Sea 2 v. — The Maritime Alps and their Seaboard 2 v. — Ninette 1 v.

Victoria R. I.

Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands from 1848 to 1861 1 v. — More Leaves, etc. from 1862 to 1882 1 v.

"Virginia." 1 v.

Vizetelly, Ernest Alfred.

With Zola in England 1 v.

Walford, L. B.

Mr. Smith 2 v. — Pauline 2 v. — Cousins 2 v. — Troublesome Daughters 2 v. — Leddy Margot 1 v.

Wallace, D. Mackenzie.  
Russia 3 v.

Wallace, Lew. (Am.), † 1905.  
Ben-Hur 2 v.

Warburton, Eliot, † 1852.  
The Crescent and the Cross 2 v. —  
Darien 2 v.

Ward, Mrs. Humphry.  
Robert Elsmere 3 v. — David Grieve  
3 v. — Miss Bretherton 1 v. — Marcella 3 v.  
Bessie Costrell 1 v. — Sir George Tressady  
2 v. — Helbeck of Bannisdale 2 v. —  
Eleanor 2 v. — Lady Rose's Daughter 2 v.  
— The Marriage of William Ashe 2 v. —  
Fenwick's Career 2 v. — Diana Mallory 2 v.  
— Daphne; or, "Marriage à la Mode" 1 v.  
— Canadian Born 1 v. — The Case of  
Richard Meynell 2 v. — The Mating of  
Lydia 2 v. — The Coryston Family 1 v.

Warner, Susan: *vide* Wetherell.

Warren, Samuel, † 1877.  
Diary of a late Physician 2 v. — Ten  
Thousand a-Year 3 v. — Now and Then  
1 v. — The Lily and the Bee 1 v.

"Waterdale Neighbours, the," Author  
of: *vide* Justin McCarthy.

Watts-Dunton, Theodore, † 1914.  
Aylwin 2 v.

Wells, H. G.  
The Stolen Bacillus, etc. 1 v. — The War  
of the Worlds 1 v. — The Invisible Man 1 v.  
— The Time Machine, and The Island of  
Doctor Moreau 1 v. — When the Sleeper  
Wakes 1 v. — Tales of Space and Time 1 v.  
— The Plattner Story, and Others 1 v. —  
Love and Mr. Lewisham 1 v. — The Wheels  
of Chance 1 v. — Anticipations 1 v. — The  
First Men in the Moon 1 v. — The Sea Lady  
1 v. — Mankind in the Making 2 v. — Twelve  
Stories and a Dream 1 v. — The Food of  
the Gods 1 v. — A Modern Utopia 1 v. —  
Kipps 2 v. — In the Days of the Comet 1 v. —  
The Future in America 1 v. — New Worlds  
for Old 1 v. — The War in the Air 1 v. —  
Tono-Bungay 2 v. — First and Last Things  
1 v. — The New Machiavelli 2 v. — Mar-  
riage 2 v. — The Passionate Friends 2 v.  
— An Englishman looks at the World 1 v.  
— The World Set Free 1 v.

Westbury, Hugh.  
Acte 2 v.

Wetherell, Elizabeth (Susan Warner)  
(Am.), † 1885.  
The wide, wide World 1 v. — Queechy  
2 v. — The Hills of the Shatemuc 2 v. —  
Say and Seal 2 v. — The Old Helmet 2 v.

Weyman, Stanley J.  
The House of the Wolf 1 v. — The Story  
of Francis Cludde 2 v. — A Gentleman of  
France 2 v. — The Man in Black 1 v. —  
Under the Red Robe 1 v. — My Lady  
Rotha 2 v. — From the Memoirs of a Minis-  
ter of France 1 v. — The Red Cockade 2 v.  
— Shrewsbury 2 v. — The Castle Inn 2 v.  
— Sophia 2 v. — Count Hannibal 2 v. — In  
Kings' Byways 1 v. — The Long Night 2 v.  
— The Abbess of Vlaze 2 v. — Starvecrow  
Farm 2 v. — Chippinge 2 v. — Laid up in  
Lavender 1 v.

Wharton, Edith (Am.).  
The House of Mirth 2 v. — The Fruit of  
the Tree 2 v.

"Whim, a." 1 v.

Whitby, Beatrice.  
The Awakening of Mary Fenwick 2 v. —  
In the Suntime of her Youth 2 v.

White, Percy.  
Mr. Bailey-Martin 1 v. — The West End 2 v.  
— The New Christians 1 v. — Park Lane 2 v.  
— The Countess and The King's Diary 1 v.  
— The Triumph of Mrs. St. George 2 v. —  
A Millionaire's Daughter 1 v. — A Pas-  
sionate Pilgrim 1 v. — The System 2 v. —  
The Patient Man 1 v. — Mr. John Stroud  
1 v. — The Eight Guests 2 v. — Mr. Strudge  
1 v. — Love and the Poor Suitor 1 v. —  
The House of Intrigue 1 v. — Love and the  
Wise Men 1 v. — An Averted Marriage 1 v.  
— The Lost Halo 1 v. — The Broken Phial 1 v.  
— To-Day 1 v.

White, Walter.  
Holidays in Tyrol 1 v.

Whiteing, Richard.  
The Island; or, An Adventure of a Per-  
son of Quality 1 v. — No. 5 John Street 1 v.  
— The Life of Paris 1 v. — The Yellow Van 1 v.  
— Ring in the New 1 v. — All Moonshine  
1 v. — Little People 1 v.

Whitman, Sidney.  
Imperial Germany 1 v. — The Realm of the  
Habsburgs 1 v. — Teuton Studies 1 v. —  
Reminiscences of the King of Roumania  
1 v. — Conversations with Prince Bismarck  
1 v. — Life of the Emperor Frederick 2 v.  
— German Memories 1 v.

"Who Breaks—Pays," Author of: *vide*  
Mrs. Jenkin.

Whyte Melville, George J.: *vide* Melville.

Wiggin, Kate Douglas (Am.).  
Timothy's Quest 1 v. — A Cathedral Court-  
ship, and Penelope's English Experiences  
1 v. — Penelope's Irish Experiences 1 v. —  
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm 1 v. — Rose

o' the River 1 v. — New Chronicles of Rebecca 1 v. — The Old Peabody Pew, and Susanna and Sue 1 v. — Mother Carey 1 v.

**Wiggin, K. D., M. & J. Findlater, & Allan McAulay.**

The Affair at the Inn 1 v. — Robinetta 1 v.

**Wilde, Oscar, † 1900.**

The Picture of Dorian Gray 1 v. — De Profundis and The Ballad of Reading Gaol 1 v. — A House of Pomegranates 1 v. — Lord Arthur Savile's Crime, and Other Prose Pieces 1 v. — Lady Windermere's Fan 1 v. — An Ideal Husband 1 v. — Salome 1 v. — The Happy Prince, and Other Tales 1 v. — A Woman of No Importance 1 v. — The Importance of Being Earnest 1 v. — Poems 1 v.

**Wilkins, Mary E. (Am.).**

Pembroke 1 v. — Madelon 1 v. — Jerome 2 v. — Silence, and other Stories 1 v. — The Love of Parson Lord, etc. 1 v.

**Williamson, C. N. & A. M.**

The Lightning Conductor 1 v. — Lady Betty across the Water 1 v. — The Motor Maid 1 v. — Lord Loveland discovers America 1 v. — The Golden Silence 2 v. — The Guests of Hercules 2 v. — The Heather Moon 2 v. — Set in Silver 2 v. — The Love Pirate 2 v. — It Happened in Egypt 2 v.

**Wills, C. J.: vide F. C. Philips.**

**Wilson, Woodrow (Am.).**

The New Freedom 1 v.

**Winter, Mrs. J. S.**

Regimental Legends 1 v.

**Wood, C.: vide "Buried Alone."**

**Wood, H. F.**

The Passenger from Scotland Yard 1 v.

**Wood, Mrs. Henry (Johnny Ludlow), † 1887.**

East Lynne 3 v. — The Channings 2 v. — Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles 2 v. — Verner's Pride 3 v. — The Shadow of Ashlydyat 3 v. — Trevlyn Hold 2 v. — Lord Oakburn's Daughters 2 v. — Oswald Cray 2 v. — Mildred Arkell 2 v. — St. Martin's Eve 2 v. — Elster's Folly 2 v. — Lady Adelaide's Oath 2 v. — Orville College 1 v. — A Life's Secret 1 v. — The Red Court Farm 2 v. — Anne Hereford 2 v. — Roland Yorke 2 v. — George Canterbury's Will 2 v. — Bessy Rane 2 v. — Dene Hollow 2 v. — The Foggy Night at Offord; Martyn Ware's Temptation; The Night-Walk over the Mill Stream 1 v. — Within the Maze 2 v. — The Master of Greylands 2 v. — Johnny Ludlow 2 v. — Told in the Twilight 2 v. — Adam Grainger 1 v. — Edina 2 v. — Pomeroy Abbey 2 v. — Court Netherleigh 2 v. — (The following by

Johnny Ludlow): Lost in the Post, and Other Tales 1 v. — A Tale of Sin, and Other Tales 1 v. — Anne, and Other Tales 1 v. — The Mystery of Jessie Page, etc. 1 v. — Helen Whitney's Wedding, etc. 1 v. — The Story of Dorothy Grape, etc. 1 v. (*Vide p. 29.*)

**Woodroffe, Daniel.**

Tangled Trinities 1 v. — The Beauty-Shop 1 v.

**Woods, Margaret L.**

A Village Tragedy 1 v. — The Vagabonds 1 v. — Sons of the Sword 2 v. — The Invader 1 v.

**Wordsworth, William, † 1850.**

Select Poetical Works 2 v.

**Wraxall, Lascelles, † 1865.**

Wild Oats 1 v.

**Yates, Edmund, † 1894.**

Land at Last 2 v. — Broken to Harness 2 v. — The Forlorn Hope 2 v. — Black Sheep 2 v. — The Rock Ahead 2 v. — Wrecked in Port 2 v. — Dr. Wainwright's Patient 2 v. — Nobody's Fortune 2 v. — Castaway 2 v. — A Waiting Race 2 v. — The yellow Flag 2 v. — The Impending Sword 2 v. — Two, by Tricks 1 v. — A Silent Witness 2 v. — Recollections and Experiences 2 v.

**Yeats: vide Levett-Yeats.**

**Yeats, W. B.**

A Selection from the Poetry of, 1 v.

**Yonge, Charlotte M., † 1901.**

The Heir of Redclyffe 2 v. — Heartsease 2 v. — The Daisy Chain 2 v. — Dynevor Terrace 2 v. — Hopes and Fears 2 v. — The Young Step-Mother 2 v. — The Trial 2 v. — The Clever Woman of the Family 2 v. — The Dove in the Eagle's Nest 2 v. — The Danvers Papers; The Prince and the Page 1 v. — The Chaplet of Pearls 2 v. — The two Guardians 1 v. — The Caged Lion 2 v. — The Pillars of the House 5 v. — Lady Hester 1 v. — My Young Alcides 2 v. — The Three Brides 2 v. — Woman-kind 2 v. — Magnum Bonum 2 v. — Love and Life 1 v. — Unknown to History 2 v. — Stray Pearls (with Portrait) 2 v. — The Armourer's Prentices 2 v. — The Two Sides of the Shield 2 v. — Nuttie's Father 2 v. — Beechcroft at Rockstone 2 v. — A Reputed Changeling 2 v. — Two Penniless Princesses 1 v. — That Stick 1 v. — Grisly Grisell 1 v. — The Long Vacation 2 v. — Modern Broods 1 v. (*Vide p. 29.*)

**"Young Mistley," Author of: vide Henry Seton Merriman.**

**Zangwill, I.**

Dreamers of the Ghetto 2 v. — Ghetto Comedies 2 v. — Ghetto Tragedies 2 v.

**"Z. Z."**

The World and a Man 2 v.



## Series for the Young.

30 Volumes. Published with Continental Copyright as the Collection of English and American Authors. Vide page 2.

Price of each volume temporarily raised to M. 3.— sewed (brochiert).

- Barker, Lady (Lady Broome): Stories About:— 1 v.  
Charlesworth, Maria Louisa, † 1880: Ministering Children 1 v.  
Craik, Mrs. (Miss Mulock), † 1887: Our Year 1 v. — Three Tales for Boys 1 v. — Three Tales for Girls 1 v.  
Craik, Georgiana M.: Cousin Trix, and her Welcome Tales 1 v.  
Edgeworth, Maria, † 1849: Moral Tales 1 v. — Popular Tales 2 v.  
Kavanagh, Bridget & Julia: The Pearl Fountain, and other Fairy-Tales 1 v.  
Lamb, Charles & Mary, † 1834 and 1847: Tales from Shakspeare 1 v.  
Marryat, Captain, † 1848: Masterman Ready 1 v.  
Marshall, Mrs. Emma, † 1899: Rex and Regina 1 v.  
Montgomery, Florence: The Town-Crier; to which is added: The Children with the Indian-Rubber Ball 1 v.  
"Ruth and her Friends," Author of: Ruth and her Friends. A Story for Girls 1 v.  
Wood, Mrs. Henry, † 1887: William Allair 1 v.  
Yonge, Charlotte M., † 1901: Kenneth; or, the Rear-Guard of the Grand Army 1 v. — The Little Duke. Ben Sylvester's Word 1 v. — The Stokesley Secret 1 v. — Countess Kate 1 v. — A Book of Golden Deeds 2 v. — Friarswood Post-Office 1 v. — Henrietta's Wish 1 v. — Kings of England 1 v. — The Lances of Lynwood; the Pigeon Pie 1 v. — P's and Q's 1 v. — Aunt Charlotte's Stories of English History 1 v. — Bye-Words 1 v. — Lads and Lasses of Langley, etc. 1 v.

## Collection of German Authors.

51 Volumes. Translations from the German, published with universal copyright. These volumes may be imported into any country.

Price of each volume temporarily raised to M. 3.— sewed (brochiert).

- Auerbach, Berthold, † 1882: On the Heights 3 v. — Brigitta 1 v. — Spinoza 2 v.  
Ebers, Georg, † 1898: An Egyptian Princess 2 v. — Uarda 2 v. — Homo Sum 2 v. — The Sisters 2 v. — Joshua 2 v. — Per Aspera 2 v.  
Fouqué, De la Motte, † 1843: Undine, Sintram, etc. 1 v.  
Freiligrath, Ferdinand, † 1876: Poems 1 v.  
Görlach, Wilhelm: Prince Bismarck (with Portrait) 1 v.  
Goethe, W. v., † 1832: Faust 1 v. — Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship 2 v.  
Gutzkow, Karl, † 1878: Through Night to Light 1 v.  
Hackländer, F. W., † 1877: Behind the Counter [Handel und Wandel] 1 v.  
Hauff, Wilhelm, † 1827: Three Tales 1 v.  
Heyse, Paul: L'Arrabiata, etc. 1 v. — The Dead Lake, etc. 1 v. — Barbarossa, etc. 1 v.  
Hillern, Wilhelmine von: The Vulture Maiden [die Geier-Wally] 1 v. — The Hour will come 2 v.  
Kohn, Salomon: Gabriel 1 v.  
Lessing, G. E., † 1781: Nathan the Wise, and Emilia Galotti 1 v.  
Lewald, Fanny, † 1889: Stella 2 v.  
Marlitt, E., † 1887: The Princess of the Moor [das Haideprinzesschen] 2 v.  
Nathusius, Maria, † 1857: Joachim v. Kamern, and Diary of a Poor Young Lady 1 v.  
Reuter, Fritz, † 1874: In the Year '13 1 v. — An old Story of my Farming Days [Ut mine Stromtid] 3 v.  
Richter, J. P. Friedrich (Jean Paul), † 1825: Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces 2 v.  
Scheffel, Victor von, † 1886: Ekkehard 2 v.  
Taylor, George: Klytia 2 v.  
Zschokke, Heinrich, † 1848: The Princess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, etc. 1 v.

# Students' Series for School, College, and Home.

Ausgaben mit deutschen Anmerkungen und Spezial-Wörterbüchern.

In steifem Umschlag.

- Bulwer, E.**, The Lady of Lyons. Von Dr. Fr. Bischoff. Br. *M* 0,50. Kart. *M* 0,60.
- Burnett, F.**, Little Lord Fauntleroy. Von Dr. E. Groth. Br. *M* 1,50. Kart. *M* 1,60. — Anmerk. u. Wörterbuch. Br. *M* 0,40. Sara Crewe. Von Bertha Connell. Br. *M* 0,50. Kart. *M* 0,60. — Anmerk. und Wörterbuch. Br. *M* 0,40. The Secret Garden. Von Dr. Adolf Wetzlar. Kart. *M* 1,—. — Anmerk. und Wörterbuch *M* 0,40.
- Carlyle, Th.**, Reign of Terror. Von Dr. L. Herrig. Br. *M* 1,00. Kart. *M* 1,10.
- Craik, Mrs.**, A Hero. A Tale for Boys. Von Dr. Otto Dost. Br. *M* 0,80. Kart. *M* 0,90. — Wörterbuch. Br. *M* 0,40.
- Dickens, Ch.**, Sketches. First Series. Von Dr. A. Hoppe. Br. *M* 1,20. Kart. *M* 1,30. Sketches. Second Series. Von Dr. A. Hoppe. Br. *M* 1,40. Kart. *M* 1,50. — Wörterb. (1st and 2nd Ser). Br. *M* 1,00. A Christmas Carol in Prose. Von Dr. G. Tanger. Br. *M* 1,00. Kart. *M* 1,10.
- Eliot, B.**, The Mill on the Floss. Von Dr. H. Conrad. Br. *M* 1,70. Kart. *M* 1,80.
- Ewing, J. H.**, Jackanapes. Von E. Roos. Br. *M* 0,50. Kart. *M* 0,60. — Wörterb. Br. *M* 0,20. The Brownies; and The Land of Lost Toys. Von Dr. A. Müller. Br. *M* 0,60. Kart. *M* 0,70. — Wörterb. Br. *M* 0,30. Timothy's Shoes; An Idyll of the Wood; Benjy in Beastland. Von E. Roos. Br. *M* 0,70. Kart. *M* 0,80. — Wörterbuch. Br. *M* 0,30.
- Franklin, B.**, His Autobiography. Von Dr. K. Feyerabend. I. Teil. Die Jugendjahre (1706—1730). Br. *M* 1,00. Kart. *M* 1,10. II. Teil. Die Mannesjahre (1731 bis 1757). Br. *M* 1,20. Kart. *M* 1,30.
- Freeman, E. A.**, Three Historical Essays. Von Dr. C. Balzer. Br. *M* 0,70. Kart. *M* 0,80.
- Harte, Bret**, Tales of the Argonauts. Von Dr. G. Tanger. Br. *M* 1,40. Kart. *M* 1,50.
- Hawthorne, N.**, Wonder Book for Boys and Girls. Von E. Roos. Br. *M* 0,70. Kart. *M* 0,80. — Anmerkungen und Wörterbuch. Br. *M* 0,40.
- Hughes, Th.**, Tom Brown's School Days. Von Dr. I. Schmidt. Part I. Br. *M* 1,70. Kart. *M* 1,80. Part II. Br. *M* 1,30. Kart. *M* 1,40.
- Von Band 41 (The Secret Garden by F. H. Burnett) an erscheint die Students' Series im handlichen Formate der Tauchnitz Edition.
- Longfellow, H. W.**, Tales of a Wayside Inn. Von Dr. H. Varnhagen. 2 Bde. je br. *M* 1,00. Kart. *M* 1,10.
- Macaulay**, England before the Restoration. Von Dr. W. Ihne. Br. *M* 0,70. Kart. *M* 0,80. England under Charles II. Von Dr. W. Ihne. Br. *M* 1,00. Kart. *M* 1,10. The Rebellions of Argyle and Monmouth. Von Dr. Immanuel Schmidt. Br. *M* 1,00. Kart. *M* 1,10. Lord Clive. Von Prof. Dr. R. Thum. Br. *M* 1,40. Kart. *M* 1,50. Ranke's History of the Popes. Von Prof. Dr. R. Thum. Br. *M* 0,60. Kart. *M* 0,70. Warren Hastings. Von Prof. Dr. R. Thum. Br. *M* 1,50. Kart. *M* 1,60.
- McCarthy, J.**, The Indian Mutiny. Von Dr. A. Hamann. Br. *M* 0,60. Kart. *M* 0,70. — Wörterbuch. Br. *M* 0,20.
- Montgomery, F.**, Misunderstood. Von Dr. R. Palm. Br. *M* 1,60. Kart. *M* 1,70. — Wörterbuch. Br. *M* 0,40.
- Scott, The Talisman.** Von Dr. R. Dressel. Br. *M* 1,60. Kart. *M* 1,70. Tales of a Grandfather. First Series. Von Dr. H. Löschnhorn. Br. *M* 1,50. Kart. *M* 1,60. — Wörterb. Br. *M* 0,50. Tales of a Grandfather. Second Series. Von Dr. H. Löschnhorn. Br. *M* 1,70. Kart. *M* 1,80.
- Shakespeare**, Twelfth Night; or, What you will. Von Dr. H. Conrad. Br. *M* 1,40. Kart. *M* 1,50. Julius Caesar. Von Dr. Immanuel Schmidt. Br. *M* 1,00. Kart. *M* 1,10. Macbeth. Von Dr. Immanuel Schmidt. Br. *M* 1,00. Kart. *M* 1,10.
- Stanhope, Charles Stuart.** Von Dr. M. Krummacher. Br. *M* 1,20. Kart. *M* 1,30. The Seven Years' War. Von Dr. M. Krummacher. Br. *M* 1,20. Kart. *M* 1,30.
- Tennyson**, Enoch Arden and other Poems. Von Dr. A. Hamann. Br. *M* 0,70. Kart. *M* 0,80. — Wörterb. Br. *M* 0,20.
- Thackeray, W. M.**, Samuel Titmarsh. Von G. Boyle. Br. *M* 1,20. Kart. *M* 1,30.
- Yonge, Charlotte M.**, The Little Duke. Von E. Roos. Br. *M* 0,90. Kart. *M* 1,00. — Wörterbuch. Br. *M* 0,20.

Kriegszuschlag 30%.

# Tauchnitz Dictionaries.

*For sale and for use in all countries.*

Crown 8vo.

- English-German and German-English. (JAMES.) *Forty-fourth Edition, entirely rewritten and greatly enlarged.* Bound in half-cloth *M* 7.—.
- English-French and French-English. (JAMES & MOLÉ.) *Twentieth, entirely new and modern Edition.* Bound *M* 8.—.
- Tolhausen, Technological Dictionary in three Languages. Complete in three parts. *6th Edition.* Each part with a new large Supplement including all modern terms and expressions in Electricity, Telegraphy and Telephony. Sewed *M* 30.—. Bound in half-cloth *M* 36.—.
- Vol. I. Français-Allemand-Anglais.
- Vol. II. English-German-French.
- Vol. III. Deutsch-Englisch-Französisch.
- Price of separate volumes *M* 10.— sewed, *M* 12.— cloth.

Imperial 4<sup>o</sup>.

- Italienisch-Deutsch und Deutsch-Italienisch. (RIGUTINI & BULLE.) 2 Bde. Bd. 1: *5. Aufl.* Bd. 2: *4. Aufl.* Brosch. *M* 18.—. Geb. *M* 22.—.
- Spanisch-Deutsch und Deutsch-Spanisch. (TOLHAUSEN.) 2 Bände. *6. Auflage.* Brosch. *M* 15.60. Geb. *M* 20.—.

Pocket Dictionaries (same size as Tauchnitz Edition).

Bound *M* 3.—.

*These Dictionaries are constantly revised and kept carefully up to date.*

- English-German and German-English. *Thirty-fourth Edition.*
- English-French and French-English. *Thirty-sixth Edition.*
- English-Italian and Italian-English. *Twenty-fifth Edition.*
- English-Spanish and Spanish-English. *Thirty-third Edition.*
- Latin-English and English-Latin. *Seventeenth Edition.*
- Französisch-Deutsch und Deutsch-Französisch. *Siebzehnte Auflage.*
- Italienisch-Deutsch und Deutsch-Italienisch. *Zehnte Auflage.*
- Espagnol-Français et Français-Espagnol. *Septième Edition.*
- Deutsch-Russisch (*7. Auflage*) und Russisch-Deutsch (*7. Auflage*). (KOIRANSKY.) Beide Teile in einem Halbleinenband gebunden *M* 5.—.
- Teil I. Deutsch-Russisch. In Halbleinen gebunden *M* 2.80.
- Teil II. Russisch-Deutsch. In Halbleinen gebunden *M* 2.80.

Manuals of Conversation (same size as Tauchnitz Edition).

*Each Volume, bound M 3.—.*

- |                                                                        |                                                             |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Für Deutsche.</i>                                                   | <i>For English students.</i>                                |
| Englische Konversationssprache von A. Schlessing. 5. Stereotypauflage. | German Language of Conversation by A. Schlessing.           |
| Französische Konversationssprache von L. Rollin. 2. Stereotypauflage.  | <i>À l'usage des étudiants français.</i>                    |
| Russische Konversationssprache von Dr. Z. Koiransky.                   | Conversation Allemande par MM. L. Rollin et Wolfgang Weber. |
| Türkische Konversationssprache von Ernst Marré. <i>M</i> 3.—.          |                                                             |

Etymologisches Wörterbuch der englischen Sprache von F. HOLT-HAUSEN, Prof. d. engl. Philologie a. d. Univ. Kiel. In Halbl. geb. *M* 4.50.

*Until further notice the prices of the Pocket Dictionaries and Manuals are subject to an increase of 40%<sub>0</sub>, all other Dictionaries 30%<sub>0</sub>.*

# Shakespeare's Plays.

Each number is sold separately at the price of *M* 0.40.

- |                                              |                                      |
|----------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| No. 1. Measure for Measure.                  | No. 19. Third Part of King Henry VI. |
| „ 2. The Comedy of Errors.                   | „ 20. King Richard III.              |
| „ 3. Much Ado about Nothing.                 | „ 21. King Henry VIII.               |
| „ 4. Love's Labour's lost.                   | „ 22. Troilus and Cressida.          |
| „ 5. Midsummer-night's Dream.                | „ 23. Titus Andronicus.              |
| „ 6. Merchant of Venice.                     | „ 24. Coriolanus.                    |
| „ 7. As you like it.                         | „ 25. Romeo and Juliet.              |
| „ 8. Taming of the Shrew.                    | „ 26. Timon of Athens.               |
| „ 9. All's well that ends well.              | „ 27. Julius Cæsar.                  |
| „ 10. Twelfth-night: or, What you will.      | „ 28. Macbeth.                       |
| „ 11. The Winter's Tale.                     | „ 29. Hamlet.                        |
| „ 12. King John.                             | „ 30. King Lear.                     |
| „ 13. The Life and Death of King Richard II. | „ 31. Othello.                       |
| „ 14. First Part of King Henry IV.           | „ 32. Antony and Cleopatra.          |
| „ 15. Second Part of King Henry IV.          | „ 33. Cymbeline.                     |
| „ 16. King Henry V.                          | „ 34. Pericles, Prince of Tyre.      |
| „ 17. First Part of King Henry VI.           | „ 35. The Tempest.                   |
| „ 18. Second Part of King Henry VI.          | „ 36. The two Gentlemen of Verona.   |
|                                              | „ 37. Merry Wives of Windsor.        |

Poems (including Sonnets) *M* 1.—, Sonnets *M* 0.60.

The above prices are subject to an increase of 30 %.

---

## Die Englische Literatur im Zeitalter der Königin Viktoria.

Von

Dr. Leon Kellner,

Professor an der Universität in Czernowitz.

Preis: Broschirt 10 *M*, in Leinen gebunden 11 *M*,  
zuzüglich 30 % Feuerungszuschlag.

Aus den Urteilen der Presse:

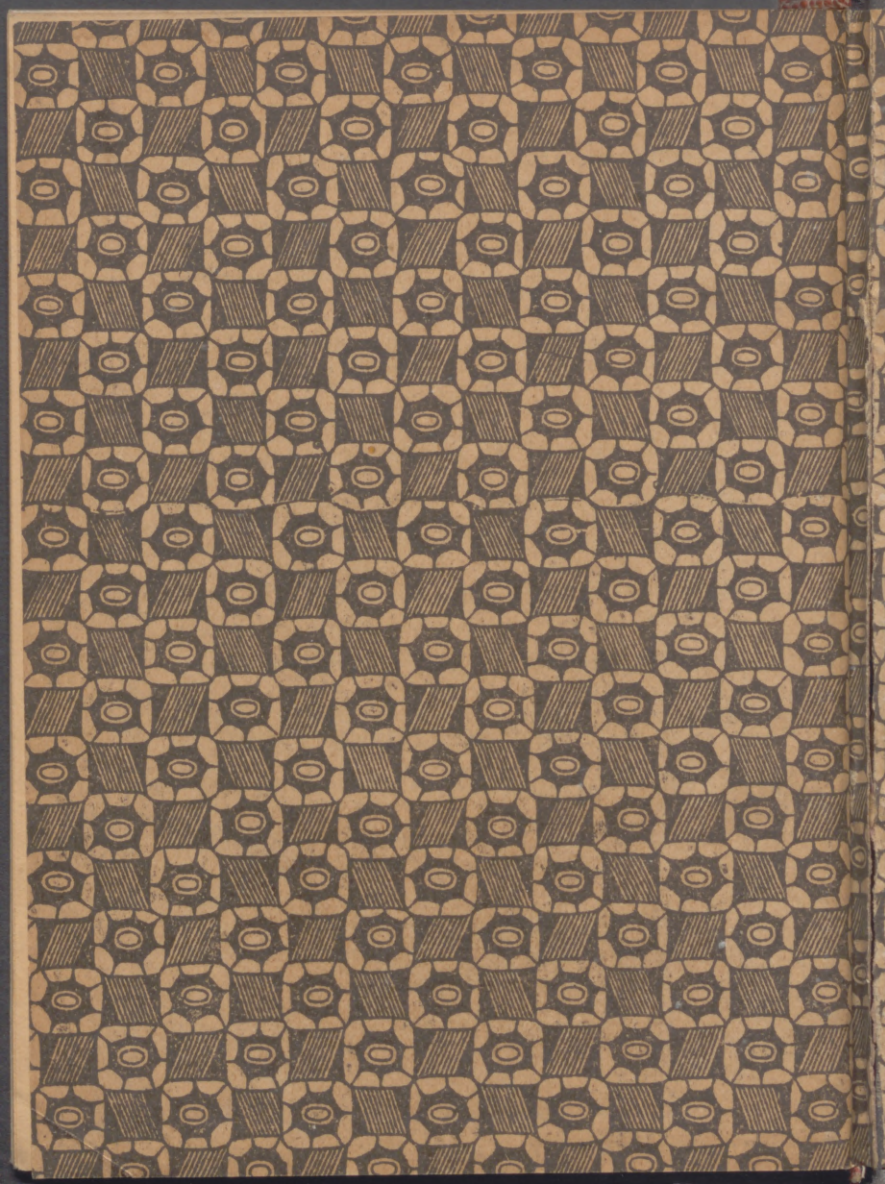
Die Zeit: „Das Wesentliche an diesem Buch ist sein gleichmäßig helles Licht, die gleichmäßige Intensität seiner geistigen Wärme, sein müheloses Gründlichkeit, und sein freier Vortrag, der niemals ins Keuchen gerät. Es ist das Buch eines Schriftstellers, der — außerdem noch — Professor ist. Ein Buch, das uns bereichert, ohne uns zu plagen. Ein Buch, das uns freundschaftlich anredet, ohne uns seine Bedeutung fühlen zu lassen. . . . Es ist ein reiches Buch.“

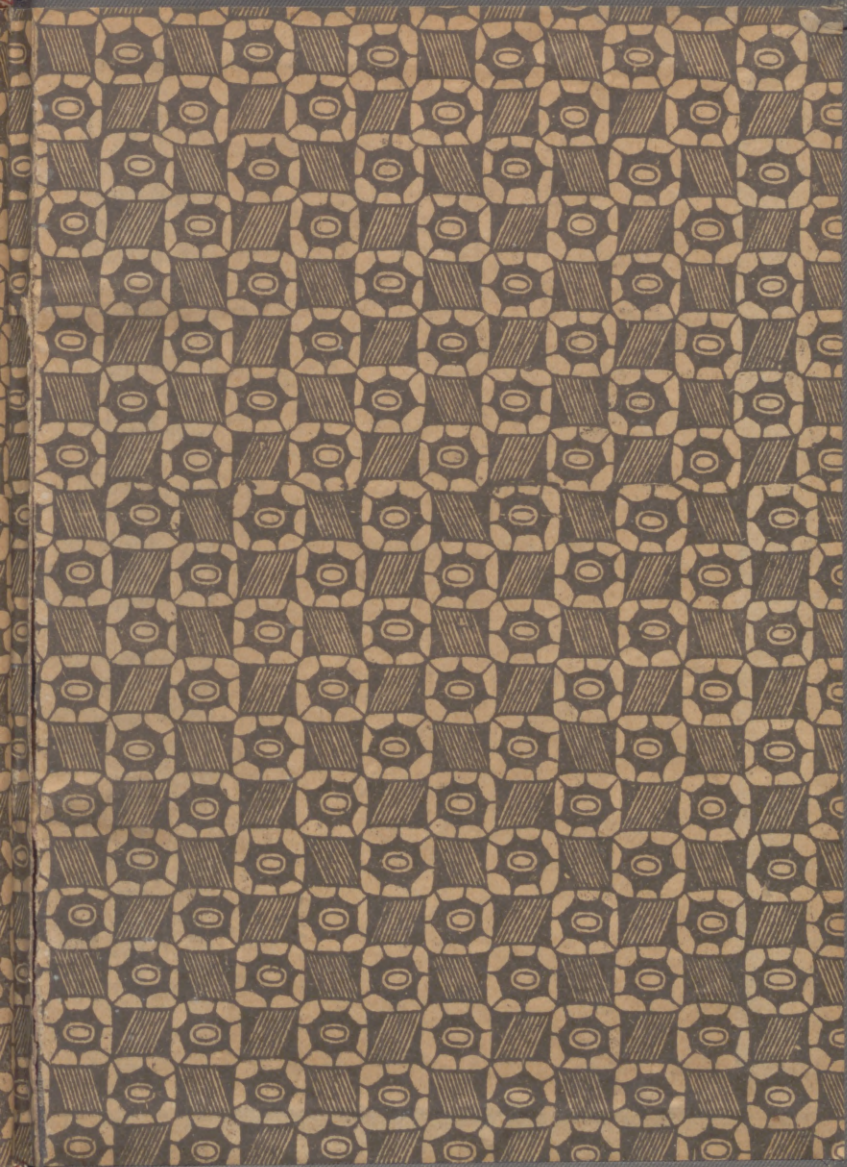
Felix Salten.

Biblioteka Główna UMK



**300000749067**





Biblioteka  
Główna  
UMK Toruń

1226524

