

Chapter nine.

For years Dorian ^{had} ^{had} ^{had}
 not rid himself ^{of} the memory ^{of} ^{of} ^{of}
 this book. Or, perhaps, it would be
 more accurate to say that he never
 ought to rid himself ^{of} it. He
 procured from Paris ^{no} less than five
 large-paper copies ^{of} the first edition,
^{now} "so great a rarity," and commanding
 such high ~~as~~ prices, and had them bound
 in different colours, "that they
 might suit his various moods, and the
 changing fancies ^{of} a nature over which
 he seemed, at times, to have almost
 entirely lost all self-control. Raoul,
 the wonderful young Parisian, in whom
 the romantic and the sceptical tendencies
 so strangely blended, became to him
 a kind ^{of} prefiguring type ^{of} himself;
 and, indeed, the whole book seemed to
 him to contain the story ^{of} his own
 life, written before he had lived it.

In one point he was more
 fortunate than Cætulle Sarrasin's
 fantastic hero. He never knew, never
^{indeed} ^(somewhat hasty) had any cause to know, that
^{large} ^{sheer} ^{sheer} ^{sheer} ^{sheer} ^{sheer}
^{metal} ^{sheer} ^{sheer} ^{sheer} ^{sheer} ^{sheer}
 sheered ^{sheer} ^{sheer} ^{sheer} ^{sheer} ^{sheer}
 surfaces, and still water, which came
 upon Raoul so early in his life, and
 was occasions by the sudden ^{sudden} ^{sudden} ^{sudden} ^{sudden} ^{sudden} decay

of a beauty that had once, apparently,
 been so remarkable. It was with an
 almost ~~(as certain, so) true and~~^{what} ~~reassuring~~ in
 nearly every ~~so~~^{part} cruelty its
 place, that he used to read the
~~tales~~^{other part} ~~of~~^{its} really tragic, if
 book with ~~that~~ ^{its} account of
 somewhat overemphasized, ^{one} who had himself
 the sorrow and despair, ^{and} who had himself
 lost ~~know~~^{most} what in others, and in
 the world, he had ^{most} valued most. [He,
 at any rate, had no cause to ~~des~~
 fear that. The vorish beauty that
 had so fascinated Basil Halland,
 as many others besides him, seemed
 never to leave him. Even those who
 had heard the most evil things against
 him, and from time to time strange
 rumours about his life mode of life
 left through London, and became the
 chatter of the Club, could not believe
 anything to his dishonour when they
 saw him. He had always the ^{look} ~~face~~ of
 one who had kept ^{men} himself unsullied
 by the world. ~~those~~, who talked ^{grossly},
 became silent, when Dorian Gray entered
 the room. There was something in the
 purity of his face that rebuked them.
 His mere presence seemed to recall to
 them the innocence that they had ^{tarnished} ~~tarnished~~.
 They wondered how one, so charming
 graceful as he was, could have
 borne the stain of an age that was

at once
had and ^sessuous. ^{from}
He himself ^{on} returning home from
those mysterious and prolonged absences
that gave rise to such strange conjectures
amongst those who see his friend, or
hould tet they were so, would creep
upstairs to the locked room, open the
door with the key tet never left him,
and stand, with a mirror, in front of
the portrait tet Basil Hallward had
painted ^{as aging} him, looking now at the
^{real face} on the canvas, and now at
the fair young face tet layed back
at him from the polished glass. The
very sharpens ^{of} the contrast used to
quicken his sense ^{of} pleasure. He grew
more and more enamoured ^{of} his own
beauty, more and more interested in
the corruption ^{of} his own soul. He
would examine with minute care ^{and}
^{often} ~~and~~ ^{terrible}
wrinkles with a monstrous and ~~gross~~
relief, the hideous lines tet scared
the wrinkling forehead, or crawled
round the ^{now} sensual mouth, wondring
sometimes which was the more horible,
the raw signs ^{of} sin, or the signs ^{of} age.
He would place his white hands beside
the coarse bloated hands ^{of} the picture,
and ^{as} a smile. He ~~did~~ mocked the
mishapen body ^{as} the failing limbs.

There were moments, indeed, at
night, when lying sleepless in his
own room or in the ^{old} room
delicately scented chamber,

(near the Docks)

tavern that, he boasted
abandoned an assumed name, and in
under his habit to regret,
~~it was his~~ ~~as~~ ~~he~~ ~~would~~ think of the ruin
~~he has brought upon~~ ~~his soul,~~ with a pit of hell was
all the more poignant because it
was selfish. But moments such as
these were rare. That can't do it
like that, ~~now~~ many years before, Lord
Henry had first stung him, as they
sat together in the garden & their
friend, seemed to increase with practicality.
the more he knew, the more he desired
to know. He had made hangers tell
fewer ravens as he fed them.
not need reckless,

... was ^{ravenous} as he fed them.
yet he was not really reckless,
at any rate, in his relations to
society. ~~had on each winter evening while the season lasted,~~
~~Once or twice every month during the winter he would~~
throw open to the world his beautiful
house, and have the most celebrated
musicians & the day to charm his
guests with these wonders & their
art. His little dinners, in the
~~sitting~~
~~wonderest~~ ^{an sister} & which Lord Henry
always ~~keeps~~ keeps him were noted as
much for the ^{careful} ~~perfect~~ ^(as possible) selection &
those invited, as for the exquisite
taste shown in the decoration of the
table, with its subtle ^{harmonic} arrangements
of exotic flowers, and
embroidered clothes, and antique plate
& gold and silver. Indeed these
were many, especially amongst the very

that
 young men, who saw, & ^{gained} the true
 they saw in Dorian Gray the realization of a type of which they
 had often dreamed in Eton or Oxford
 days, a type that was to combine
 something of the real culture &
 scholar, with all the grace and
 distinction and perfect manner of a
 citizen of the world. To them he
 used to belong ^{to} ~~over~~ those whom
 Dante describes as having "sought to
 make themselves perfect by the worship
 of beauty." Like Gautier, he was one
 of whom "the visible ^{world} ~~exists~~ existed."

and, certainly, to him, like itself
 was the first, the greatest, & the arts,
 as far as it ^{all}, the other arts seemed to
 be but a preparation. Fashion, by
 which what is really fantastic becomes
 for a moment universal, and
 Dandyism, which, in its own way, is
 an attempt to assert the absolute
 moderation of beauty, had, of course,
 their fascination for him. His mode
 of dressing, and the particular style
 he affected from time to time,
 their marked influence on the
^{young} ~~old~~ ^{men} ^(Mayfair) exquisites ^{of the balls and}
 Club-windows, ^{who copies him in every detail} ~~had tried to reproduce~~
 the accidental charm of his erasable,
 though ^{him} ^{only} half serious, gaieties.
 For while he was ^{bad} ~~but~~ too
 ready to accept the position that "us

almost immediately offered to him
on his coming ^{are, ad} found,
indeed, a subtle pleasure in the
thought that he might really become
to the London ^{of his own} Rose ^{The}
imperial ^{once been; yet} ~~heronian~~ had ^{once}
author ^{of} the Satyricon to desire to
in his almost heart be
be something more than a mere
arbiter elegantiarum, to be consulted
on the wearing ^{of} a jewel, or
the knotting ^{of} a neck-tie, or the
conduct ^{of} a cane. He sought to
elaborate some new scheme ^{of} life
that would have its revised philosophy
as its ordered principles, and find
in the spiritualization ^{of} the senses its
highest realization.

The worship ^{of} the senses
has often, as with much justice, been
decried, men seeing a natural instinct
of tenor about passions and sensations
that seemed stronger than themselves, and
that they were conscious ^{sharing} ~~of~~ ^{with the} ~~lower~~ ^{less highly organized} forms ^{of} life. But it
appears to Dorian ^{that} the nature ^{of} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~the~~ ^{the}
men had never been understood, and
they had remained savage and
merciless because the wretches had
sought to starve them into submission
^{to} ~~to~~ ^{to} kill them by pain, instead ^{of}
~~try~~ ^{to} make them ^{clever} and ^{of}

size

instinct spirituality, & which was to be the
 virtue for beauty was to be the
 dominant characteristic. As he
 looked back upon man moving
 through his way, he was haunted by
 a feeling of loss. So much had been
 surrendered; and to such little
 purpose! There had been mad wild
 rejections monstrous forms & refuges,
~~bases~~ ^(and self-denial), whose origin was
 fear, and whose result was a
 degradation inferior more terrible than
 the fancied degradation from which
 in their ignorance they had sought to
 escape, nature with her wonderful
 irony driving the anchorite out to herd
 with the animals & the beasts & the
 giving to the hermit the beasts ^{as had}
 feed as his companions. ^{as God prophesied,}
 Yes: there was to be, ^{Henry} a new
 hedonism that was to recreate life, and
 to save it from that harsh unconcerned
 Utilitarianism that is ~~now~~ ^{rising}, in our own
 day, its curious revival. It was to
 have its service of the intellect, caring;
 but it was never to accept any
 theory or system that would involve the
 sacrifice of any mode of passionate
 experience. Indeed its aim, indeed, was
 to experience itself, as not the
 by might be. Of the asceticism that
 deadens the senses, as of the profligacy

that dulls them, it was to know
nothing. It was to teach man to
concentrate himself upon the moments
& else, that is itself but a
moment.

There are few & us who
are not sometimes wakened before
dawn, either after one of those
dreamless nights that make one almost
conscious of death, or again one of
those nights of horror as misshapen
as though the chambers of the
brain sweep up phantoms more terrible
than reality and instinct with that
evil that lurks in all grotesques,
as that tends to gothic art its
enduring vitality, that art being, or
merely fancy, especially the art of
those whose minds have been troubled
with the malady of remorse. Gradually,
the white gingers of the day creep
through the curtains, and make them
appear to tremble. The black castles
of shadows crawl into the corners of
the room, and couch there. Outside,
there is the stirring of birds among the
trees, or the sound of
going forth to their work, or the
and soon of ~~the~~ wind coming
round the hills, and wandering
it bears the silent sand house, as they
sought to wake the sleepers. Yet
the veil of thin dusky gauze is

after, and by degrees the forms and
 colours of things are restored to
 form, and we watch the dawn
 marking the wane in its antique
 pattern. The wan minors set back
 their mimic life. The blareless tapers
 stand where we had left them, and
 beside them lies the half-read book
 that we had been studying, or the
~~bottom-hole~~
~~(at the ball)~~
~~born~~ wired gloves that we had been
 again to read, or that we had
 read too often. nothing seems to us
 changed. Oct 8 the unreal shadow
 of the night comes back the real life
 that we had known. we have to
 resume it where we had left off,
 as there steals over us a tenile
 sense of the receding sun. The
 continuance of energy in the same
 wearisome round of stereotyped habits,
 or a wild longing, it may be, that
 our eyelids might open some morning
 upon a world that had been refection
 and for our pleasure in the darkness,
 a world in which things were
 fresh shapes and colours, and
 changed, or have other secrets, a
 world in which the past were here
 little, or no place, or survive, at
 any rate, in no conscious form of
 obligation or regret, the remembrance
 of day leaving its bitterness, and

the menageries & pleasure ~~the~~ ^{their} pain.
 It was to the creation & such
 worlds as these that Dorian used to
 go to see the objects of his desire, and
 amongst the objects of desire and
 his usual search for sensations
 he would be at once new and
 delighted, as Dorian the element
 of strangeness that is so essential to
 romance, he would often adopt
 certain modes & thought that he
 knew to be really alien to his
 nature, abandoning himself to their
 subtle influences, as then, having, as
 it were, caught their colour, and
 satisfying his growing intellectual
 curiosity, leave them with the curious
 indifference that is not incompatible
~~with~~^{a real} ardour of temperament as that,
indeed, according to certain ^{modern} psychologists,
is often a condition of it.

It was rumoured of him once
that he was about to join the
Roman Catholic communion, and
that the Roman ritual had
also a great attraction for him. The
daily sacrifice, more awful even
than ~~any~~ ^{attracting} the sacrifice of the
antique world, ~~and~~ ^{stirred} him as
by its superb refection & the
evidence of the senses, as by the
primitive ~~magical~~ simplicity &
elements, and the eternal ~~wonder~~
pathos

(romantic) the traged^y tet it sought to
 & solis^c co'd He low to kneel down
 on the marble pavement, ad watch
 the priest, in his stiff gloved ~~use~~
 palmitic, slooky ad its white hands
 moving aside the veil of the tabernacle,
 ad raising aloft the jewell lantern-shaft
 monstrance ^{with} that pallid water
 That is ^{call} ~~red~~ the 'panis celestis' ad
 the bread of angels, or robes robed in
 the garnets of the person of Christ
 breaking the host into the chalice,
 smiting his breast for his sins. The
 fuming censers, that the solemn boys
 in their lace ad scarlet tonsed into
 the air like great gilt flowers, had
 their strange fascination for him. As
 he passed out, he used to look with
 wonder at the black confessional, &
 long to sit in the dim shadow of
 one of them, as listener to new ad
 women ~~desolate~~ ^(tarnished) whispering through
 the ~~gating~~ stay of their
 lins.

But he never fell into the
 error of anestig his intellectual
 development by any formal acceptance
 of creed or system, or of mistaking, for
 house in which to live, an inn
 but suitable for the sojourn of
 right, or for few hours & a night.
 When there are no stars ad the
 moon is in travail. mysticism, not

is marvellous power & making common
this strange to us, as the subtle
antinomianism that always seems to
accompany it, moved him for a season,
as for a season he inclined to the
materialistic doctrine & the Darwinismus
movement in Germany, and found a
certain pleasure in tracing the thoughts
of persons & men to some very
all in the brain, or some scarlet
nerve in the body, delighting in the
conception of the absolute dependence of
the spirit on certain physical conditions,
or healthy, normal or
morbid or unhealthy, normal or
diseased. Yet, as has been said of him
before, no theory of life seems to him
of any importance, compare with life
itself. He felt keenly conscious of
how baneful all intellectual speculation
is, when separated from action and
experience. He knew that the senses,
no less than the soul, have their
mysteries to reveal.

And so, he would now study
perfumes, & the secrets of their
manufacture, distilling heavy-scented
oils, as burning odorous gums from
the East. He saw that there was no
8 the ^{mind} ~~soul~~ that had not
15 counterpart in the sensuous life,
20 and himself to discover their
relations, wondering what tree
was in frankincense that made one

nocturnal passions ad in ambergris that stained
 ones recd, ad in violets that woke
 memory & dead romances, and
 must that troubles the brain, and
 charms that stained the imagination,
 seeking often to elaborate a real
 psychology of perfumes, and to
 estimate the several influences of
 sweet-smelling roots, and scented
 pollen-laden flowers, & aromatic
 balsms, and of dark and fragrant
 woods, and of spikenard that sickens,
 and of hovenia that makes men mad,
 and of aloes that are said to
 be used sole to expel melancholy from
 the over mind.

at another time he devoted himself
 entirely to music, and ~~dwelt~~ in a
~~long~~ lattice room, with a
 vermilion and soot ceiling (^{he used to give})
 walls of olive-green lacquer, various
 concerts in which mad gypsies taught
 wild music from ~~old~~ zithers, or
 grave yellow-shawled Tunisians plucked
 at the strained strings of monstrous
 lutes, while grinning negroes beat
 monotonous upon copper drums, or
 turbaned Indians, seated cross-legged
 upon mats, blew through long pipes
 of reed or brass, and chanted, or
 sang to charm, great hooded snakes
 and horrible horned adders. The harsh
 intervals and still discords of

1831

barbaric music stained
times when Schubert's ^{him} grace ^{at}
Chopin's most beautiful ~~sweetness~~, and
the night's harmonies of Beethoven
himself fell unheeded on his ear.
He collected together from all parts
the world the strangest instruments
that could be found, either in the
tomb & dead nations, or amongst
the few savage tribes that have
survived contact with western
civilizations, and loved
them. He had the mysterious
paraphysis & the Rio negro Indians,
that women are not allowed to look
at, as that even youths may not
see till they have been subjected to
fasting and scourging, and the earthen
jars & the Peruvians that have the
skull ~~notes~~ of birds, and the flutes
of human bones such as Alonso de
Oralle ^{heard} in Chili, and the
sonorous green stones that are found
near Cuzco, and give forth a ~~sound~~
of singular sweet notes. He had painted
gourds filled with pebbles that
rattle when ^{they} are shaken; and the
long clarin of the mexicans, into
which the performer does not blow
but through which he wheats the air;
the harsh turí of the Amazon Tribes
that is sounded by the sentinels who
sit day long in trees, and ^{that} can be

Three leagues;

It is said at a distance of three leagues;
 the teponaztli that has two vibrating
 tongues of wood, and is beaten with
 sticks that are covered with an
 elastic gum obtained from the milky
 juice of plants; the yotl-cello &
 the Aztecs that are hung in clusters
 like grapes; and a huge cylindrical
 drum, covered with skins of great
 animals, like the one that Bernal
 Diaz saw when he went with Cortés
 into the Mexican temple, and of whose
 doleful sound he has left us no
viva ^{and} cannoas a description. The fantastic
 character of these instruments
 fascinated him, as he felt a curious
 delight in the thought that
 art, like nature, has her monsters,
 things of bestial shape, and with
 hideous voices. Yet, after some time,
 he wearied of them, and would sit
 in his box at the Opera, either
 alone, or with Lord Henry, listening
 with rapt pleasure to Tannhäuser,
 and sinking in the great work of
 art a presentation of the tragedy
 of his own soul.

On one occasion he took
 up the study of jewels, and appeared
 at a Costume Ball as Anne de
 Togouse, Admiral of France, in a
 dress covered with five hundred and
 sixty pearls. He soon after opened a

whole day sitting ^{ad} resetting the
their cases the various stones
he had collected, such as the olive-green
chrysoprase and turns red by
lamp-light, the cymophane with its
wire-like line of silver, the pistachio-
coloured peridot, rose-pink and
wine-yellow topazes, carbuncles of
fiery scarlet with tremulous four-rare
stars, flame-red cinnamon stones,
orange and violet spinels, and
amethysts with their alternate
and sapphire. He loved
of rubies and sunstone, and
the red gold of the moonstones, and
the moonstones' pearly whiteness, and
the broken rainbow of the milky
opal. He procured from Amsterdam
three caravans of extraordinary size
and richness of colour, and had a
turquoise ^{turquoise} ~~de la cassie vieille~~
~~de la cassie vieille~~ ~~de la cassie vieille~~
roche that was the envy of all the
connoisseurs.

Then he turned his attention
to ~~the~~ embroideries, and ~~the~~ to the
tapestries that adorned the office
of frescoes in the chill rooms of
the northern nations of Europe. As
he investigated the subject, and he
always had an extraordinary faculty
of becoming absorbed in whatever he
took up, he was almost saddened by
the reflection of the ruin that the
world on earth was wonderful

He, at any rate, had ^{coated}
 Summer followed summer, & the
 yellow juncos bloom and died
 in ^{May} trees, and night & horror
 updated the story of their share, but
 unchanged. No winter maned
 his face, nor stained his glacial-like
 bloom. How different it was with
 material things! Where had they gone to?
 Where was the great crocus-coloured
 robe, on which the Gods fought against
 the Giants, that had been wrought by
 Athena? Where, the huge velarium that
 had stretched across the Colosseum
 at Rome, on which was apes into the
 starry sky, as Apollo driving, &
 chariot drawn by ^{quiet-reined} white steeds. He
 longed to see the curious tapestries
 wrought for Heliodorus, on which
 one deserved all the dainties and
 odds that could be wanted for a
 fest: the mortuary cloth of King
 Chilperic with its three hundred golden
 lions; the greatest robes that excite
 the indignation of ~~King Chilperic~~ the
 Bishop of Pontus, as were ^{bizarre} ~~embroidered~~
 lions, panthers, bears, dogs, goats,
 rocks, hunters — all, in fact that a
 painter can copy from nature; and the
 coat that Charles of Orleans once
 wore, on the sleeves of which were
 embroidered the verses of a song
 beginning "Madame, je suis tout joyeux",

the musical accompaniment & ^{the} thread,
 wands being wrought in gold
 ad each note, 8 square shapes in
 ad deep, formed with four pearls.
 Hov: deep, the room set was
 He red 8 the palace at Rheims
 prepares at the Queen Joan 8
 & the use 8 Queen Joan 8 this been
 Bungundy, and decorated with "This been
 hundred and twenty one panots, made
 borders, as blazon ^{with} the King
 arms, ad five hundred ad sixty one
 butterflies, whose wings were similarly
 ornamented with the arms 8 the Queen,
 the whole worked in gold." Catharine
 de Medicis had a mourning-bed
 made by her 8 black velvet
~~and~~ powdered
 crescents and stars. Its curtains
 were 8 damask, with ready wreaths
 and garlands figures upon a gold
 ad silver ground, & fringed along
 the edges with broderies of pearls, ad
 it stood in a room hung with roses
 of the Queen's devices in cat black
 velvet upon cloth 8 silver. Louis
 XIV had gold-embroidered Caryl tide
 better feet high in his apartment.
 The state-bed 8 Sobieski, King 8
 Poland, was made 8 Songyna gold
 brocade embroidered with, in tanguises,
 with verses from the Koran. Its
 supports were 8 silver-gilt, beautifully
 chased, and professed out with emeralds.

(188) and (181)
it had

It had
jewelled medallions. The Turkish court
taken 800 and the standard 8
before Vienna, and under it.
~~Mahomet~~
~~(and so)~~ had stood to
accumulate the most exquisite
specimens that
textile work,
fine ~~wrought~~
palmates,
iridescent
but 800 their transparency, and
in the East as "woven air", and
sunrise
cloths from Tava; elaborate
hangings; books bound in tawny
satin, and fair blue silks, wrought
with bleus de ro, birds, and images;
and others worked in Hungary
point; Sicilian brocades, and Spanish
velvets; Georgian work with its
gold coins, and Japanese Boatons
with their green-tinted glasses, and their
marvellous - jeweled birds.

and these things, as ^{the} ~~the~~
things that he stored up in his ^{cozy} ~~loved~~
house, were to be him means ^{of} 8
forgetfulness, modes by which he
~~bear~~ could escape. But a season, soon the
time at times seemed to him
almost too great to be borne.
Upon the walls of the long locked
room, where he had spent so much ^{of} 8

(190)

his boyhood, he had ~~had~~ ^{placed} with his
hands the terrible portrait of the
changing features showed him the
well hung degradation of his life, and
had ~~hung~~ ^{placed} the purple ^{as} curtain
full in front of it as ^a ^{curtain}. There,
for weeks he could not Σ^o ^{see} ~~see~~ ^{read} the
~~wood~~ ^{secret} painted ^{thing}, and yet back his
blest heart, his wonderful joyousness,
his passionate pleasure in mere
existence. Then, suddenly, one night he
would creep out ^{the house, Σ^o} of ~~the~~ ^{dreadful} places
down to ~~the~~ ^{day after day} near the
docks, as often ~~there~~ ^{till} he
almost drove him out in horror, &
had to be appeased with monstrosities
bribes. On his return he would
sit in front of the picture, sometimes
loathing it as himself, ^{but} often, at
other times, with fat pride of rebellion
that is half the fascination of sin,
as smiling, with secret pleasure, at
the misshapen ^{shadow} that led to bear
the burden that should have been his
own.

After a few years he ^{endeav}
not ~~had~~ to be long out of England,
and gone up the villa that he ^{had} shared
at Trouville ^{with} Lord Henry, as well
as the little white walled-in house
at Algiers where he had more than
once spent his winter. He hates to

be separated from the picture
but was such a part of his
life also that during his absence
he was afraid that some one might gain access to
the room, in spite of the elaborate
bolts and bars that he had caused.

He was placed upon the sofa.
He was quite conscious that
this would tell them nothing. It
was true that the portrait still
preserved, under all the foulness
and ugliness of the face, its marked
likeness to himself, but what could
they learn from that? He would
laugh at any one who tried to
taunt him. He had not painted it,
what was to him now vile and
full of shame it looked? Even if
he told them, would they believe
it?

Yet he was afraid. Sometimes
when he was down at his crest
house in ~~the Netherlands~~ Nottinghamshire, entertaining
the fashionable young men of his
own rank who were his chief
companions, and astounding the county
by the wanton luxury and gorgious
splendor of his mode of life, he
would suddenly leave his guests, ^{and} rush
back to town, ~~and~~ ^{not} see the door
had not been tampered with, as that
the picture was still there. What if it!

(192)

should be stolen, the mere thought made him cold with horror. Sureg he knew his secret then. Perhaps he was ~~now~~ ^{already} suspected it.

He was while he fascinated many, ^{not a few} who ^{distrusted} ^{a west-end} ~~a tank~~ Club.

He was black balled at which his birth and social position fully entitled him to become a member, and on one occasion he was brought by a friend into the smoking room of the Carlton, the Duke of Bewick and several other gentlemen got up ^{and} went about in a marked manner, and because current stories about him after he had passed away ^{had} been said that he had been seen brawling with sailors in a low den in the distant parts of Whitechapel, and that he consorted with thieves and corners and knew the ~~ways~~ ^{mysteries} of their trade. His ^{extraordinary} mysterious absences became notorious, and, when he used to reappear again in society, men, who were jealous of the strange love that he inspired in women, would whisper to each other in corners, or pass him with a sneer, or look at him with cold sneering eyes, as if they were determined to discover his secret.

Of such insolences, ^{and} ~~he~~ ^{of course} ^{as} ^{his} ^{in the opinion} ^{area} ^{of} ^{most} ^{people} ^{such} ^{debonair} ^{manner}, his charming

193

foolish smile, and the infinite grace
 of that wonderful youth that never
 used to leave him, were in themselves
 sufficient answer to the calamities,
 so they called them, that were
 circulated about him. It was remarked,
 however, that those, who had been most intimate
 with him, appeared, after a time, to
 shun him. Of all his friends, or so-called
 so-called friends, Lord Henry Wotton was
 the only one who remained loyal to
 him. ~~was it not agreed that~~
~~when this was done, he would~~
~~be sent to prison, and that~~
~~Henry would be sent to the Tower of London~~
~~him.~~ Women, who had wildly
 adored him, as for his sake had
 braved all social censure, and set
 convention at defiance, were seen to prowl
 pallid like sheen or horns if Dorian
 Gray entered the room. It was said
 that even the singular ^{creatures} who prowl
 the streets at night did curse him
 as he passed by, seeing in him ^a corruption
 greater than ~~his~~ ^{but too well} their own, and knowing
 the horror of his real life.

~~the dreadful story~~
~~the wretched youth~~
 about him, and that he
 was ~~in~~ ^{at} distress, in the presence of some
 instance of danger, ^{and} the much
 coming ^{at} the feet ^{of} exaggerated
 at ^{at} the feet ^{of} ^{been}

on the 1st of April

yet that was nothing
 President ~~was~~^{had} also ^{out} sent him, in the eyes &
 many of his strange ad dangerous
 charms. His crest went ~~down~~^{to} with ~~down~~^{the} Society,
 a certain element & security.
 a civilized society at least, is never
 ready to believe any thing to the
 detriment of those who are both
 rich ad charming. It feels instinctively
 that ~~were~~^{were} manners are & more
 importance than morals, ad the highest
 respectability = & less value in its
 opinion than the possession of a good
 chef. after all, it is a very poor
 consolation to be told that the man
 who has given one a bad dinner,
 or cheap wine is irreproachable in
 his private life! even the cardinal
~~but~~^{cannot} remark ~~at once~~^{so} cold entrees,
 as Lord Henry ~~said~~^{once}, in a
 discussion on this subject, ad there
^{is, possibly} good deal to be said on his
 view. For the canons &
 good society are, & should be, the
 same as the canons & art. Form is
 absolutely essential to it. It should
 have the dignity & a ceremony, as
 well as its unreality, ad should
 combine the insincere character & a
 romantic play, with the wit and beauty
 that make such plays tolerable. Is
 insincerity such a terrible thing? I think

195

It is merely a method of
multiplying our personalities:
such, at any rate, was Dorian
opinion. He used to wonder at
psychology & those who
conceive the Ego in man as a thing
little, permanent, reliable, and of one
ence. To him, man was a creature
with mixed lives, & mixed ^{being} passions,
a complex multiform ^{being} ~~creature~~ that
was within itself strange legacies &
thought, and chose very flesh was tainted
with the mortifications ^{of} maladies & the dead.
~~He loved to~~ strolled ^{at} ~~and~~ through the
gate ^{the} roads of his country
giant coo picture-galleries & his country
house, and took ^{at} the various portraits
of those who had glowed in his veins.
Here was Philip Herbert, described by
Francis Osborne, in his Memoirs on the
Times of Queen Elizabeth and King James,
as one who was "caressed by the King
for his handsome face, which kept him
not long company." Was it ~~his~~ life
that he sometimes led? Had ~~he~~ ^{had} some
strange poisonous germ crept through
body and body till it ^{had} reached his own?
Was it some dim sense & that ruined
face that had made him, so suddenly,
almost without cause, give utterance,
that in Basil Hallward's studio, to
the mad prayer that had so charged
his life? Here in soiled ^{and} ⁱⁿ braided
doublet, ^{revelled} ⁱⁿ surcoat, and ⁱⁿ ~~wine~~
~~and~~ ⁱⁿ ~~greed~~

... and wristbands, stood Sir Anthony
 Sheridan, with his silver and black
 money; piled at his feet. What had
 he been? Had he beguiled
 some inheritance & sin and share?
 His own actions merely. The dreams
 of the dead had not dared to
 realize? Here, from the fading canvas,
 Miss Elizabeth Devereux, "her
 Lady hood, pearl necklace, and pink
 gauze sleeves. A glove was in her
 right hand, and her left clasped
 an ~~curious~~^{white and} Damask
 enameled collar. On a
 table by her side lay
 a mandolin and an apple. There were
 large green rosettes upon her little pointed
 shoes. He knew her else, as the
 strange stories that were told about her
 lovers. Had he something of her temperament
 in him? Those oval heavy-lidded eyes
 used to look curiously at him? What
 of George Willoughby with his powdered
 hair and fantastic patches? How evil
 he looked! The face was satyrine
 and swarthy, and the sensual lips
 seemed to be twisted with disdain. Delicate
 face ruffles fell over the lean
 yellow hands that ~~were~~^{so over}-laden with
 rings. He had been a macaroni in
 the eighteenth century, as the friend
 of his youth, of Lord Ferrars. What of
 the second Lord Sheridan, the companion
 of the Prince Regent in his wildest

one & witnesses at the secret
 manisse ad the witneses at the secret
 proud ad ite Mr Fitzherbert. How
 his crestnt curly, and insolent pose!
 What passions had he beguiled them as
 now had looked upon him as
 infamous. He had led the orgies at
 Carlton House. the star of the Easter
 glittered upon his breast. Beside him
 hung the portrait of his wife, a
 pallid thin-lipped woman in black. Her
 blood, also, ~~flowed~~ ^{stained} within him darkness. How
 curious it all seems!

But one had ancestors in
 literature, as well as in one's own
~~race~~, nearer perhaps in type and
 temperament, many of them, and
 certainly with an influence of which
 one was more conscious. There were
 times when it seemed to Dorian Gray
 that the whole of history was merely
 the record of his own life, not as he
 had lived it in fact as circumstance,
 but as his imagination had created it
 for him, as it had been in his
 brain as in his passions. He felt
 that he had known them all, those
 strange terrible figures that had
 passed across the stage of the
 world, and made Sin so marvellous,
 and ^{evil} ~~mane~~ so full of wonder. It
 occurred to him that in some strange way
 their lives had been his own.

Read, he hero of the dangerous novel
 and his life for him, had
 and "poisonous" ~~attractive~~^{dangerous} ~~had~~^{had} his life for him, had
 chapter he tells us now, ^{in the South}
~~terrible~~ ^{curious} fancy. In the South
 crooned with Laurel, lost
 lightning met strike him, he led sat,
 Tibenus, in a garden at Capri,
 and the shameful Cooks &
 Elephants, while dwarfs ad peacocks
 round him, ad the flute-players
 mocked the singer & the censer; ~~had~~
 as Caligula, ~~had~~ had drunk the love-philtre
 as Caesonia, ad worn the habit of
 Venus by night, ad by day & false
 gilded beard, ad ~~had~~ caroused with the
 green-satin jockeys in their stables, and
 supped in an iron manger with a
 jewel-frontled horse; ~~had~~, as Domitian, ~~had~~
 had wandered through a corridor lined
 with marble mirrors, looking with ~~haste~~
 else for the reflection ~~of the dagger~~
 sick with that ennui, that taedium & vitae,
 that comes on those to whom life denies
 nothing; and had peered through a clear
 screen at the red shawls of the
 circus, and in a litter of pearl and
 purple ~~been carried~~ drawn by silver-shod
 rules (~~through the street~~ ^{by Pomegranates} ~~been carried~~) to a house of woes,
 and heard men cry on Nero as he
 passed by; and as Clazomenes had painted
 his face with colours, and plies the
 staff amongst the women, and brought
 the moon from Carthage, and given her
 mystic marriage to the Sun.

Over and over again, Dorian used
 to read this fantastic passage, and
 penally immediately following, in which

(199)

Royal describes the curious
 tapestries
 he had woven for him from his
 own designs, and on which were pictures
 the
 most beautiful figures of those whom
 he had seen dead or mad. Here was
 made monstrous and monstrous
 man bred, ^{King} and ^{King} ^{and} ^{and}
 as ^{is} in green, and consort of
 with countez as ^{as} ^{as} ^{as}
 Duke of Milan who murdered his
 wife, and painted her lips with a
 scarlet poison that her guilt lover
 night sack ^{that} swift death from the
 dead thing ^{he} ^{fondled} ^{had}; Pietro Barbi, the
 Venetian, known as Paul the Second,
 who sought in his reign to assume
 the title of Formosus, and whose tiara,
 value at 200.000 florins, was bought
 at the price of a terrible sin; Gian
 Maria Visconti who used hounds to
 chase living men, and whose maimed
 body was covered with roses by a
 harlot who had loved him; the
 Borgia on his white horse, with
 incest as fratricide riding beside him,
 and his mantle stained with the
 blood of Perotto; ^{Pietro Riano} the young
 cardinal archbishop of Florence, who
 as minister of Sixtus IV, whose heart
 was equal to his debauchery,
 who received Leonora of Aragon
 in a pavilion of white and crimson silk,

(199. B)

full with nymphs ad centaurs, ad had
gilded a bos tet he might serve
^{as the beast} ~~and~~ ^{as melancholy} ^{and} Helas; Esselin, who
the spectacle of death, ad who had
a pension for red blood, as other men
had for red wine, the son of the field,
as was reported, as one who had
cheated his father at dice, who easily
^{with him} ^{his} own soul; Giambattista Cibo, who
^{in mockery} took the name of Innocent, ad into whose
rapid veins the blood of three lads was
infused by a Jewish doctor; Sigismondo
Malatesta, the lover of Isotta, as the
lad of Rimini, whose robbery was burned
at Rose as the enemy of God ad man,
who strangled Polissena with a napkin,
ad gave poison to. Enrica d'Este in
a cup of emerald, ad in honour of
a shameful pension built a pagan
Church for Christian worship; Charles
VI, who had so wildly adored his
brother's wife tet a leper had warned
him of the ^{insanit} ~~madness~~ tet was coming on
him, ad who could only be soothed by
Saracen cards, painted with the images
of love, as Death, ad madness; ad
Ivan Enfonetto Baglioni, in his
timed jerkin, ad scutell cap, ad
acanthus-like curls, who slew Astorre
with his bride, ad Simonetta with his
page, ad whose comeliness was such
that, as he lay dying in the yellow
plague of Perugia, those who had hated him
could not get near, ad Alatanta, who has

(20⁴)

there was a terrible fascination in
them all. He saw them at meet, &
trouble his "mag" Tom in the
days there were moments she he looked
on evil with as a mode
did he cover realistic his conception
beautifully known & taught manners 8

did he ^{co}
the beautiful.
the Renissance knew ^{to} trace manners
of the ~~Renissance~~ ~~the~~ ~~Renissance~~ ⁸
poisoning attractions of the Renissance,
poisoning by a velveteen, and a lighter
tash, ~~that~~ by an evening embroidered
gloves and a jeweller's ban, by a
golden pomander and by an amber
chain.
Dorian had seen poison
and a book and by a picture. And
had never from the ever, and
had no idea had private relations.