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Oscar Wilde Scrapbook

Vol. 5

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Witness: I did it foolishly, perhaps, but out of pure kindness.

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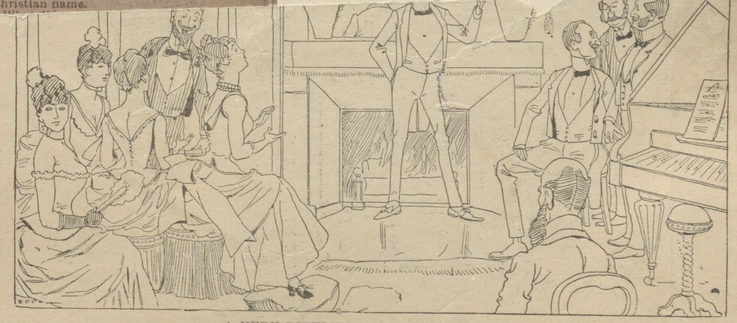

A VERY DIFFICULT AND DELICATE SUBJECT.

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Did Wood call you "Oscar"?—Yes, everybody, with few exceptions, calls me by my Christian name.

What did you call him?—His name is Alfred.

Didn't you call him "Alf"?—No.

Didn't you think it an outrageous thing that after all this he should try to blackmail you?—I thought it was perfectly infamous.

So you gave him £21?—He told me he had no intention of blackmailing me.

Speaking of the visit of the blackmailers Allan and Clibburn to Tite-st., Mr. Wilde said he gave Allan the 10s. to show his contempt for him.

Mr. Carson thought a blackmailer would appreciate that form of contempt.

Mr. Wilde: He was pleased with my kindness, for he sent back the letter.

Mr. Carson: You say you have written many beautiful letters. Did you ever have any of them

TURNED INTO SONNETS

except the one that was found out?

Mr. Wilde objected to the term "found out," and protested he would have to survey the whole field of modern poetry to answer the question.

Mr. Carson passed on to another case. He said, "On 25 Feb., 1890, Messrs. Elkin Mathews, and John Lane, of Vigo-st., were your publishers?"—Yes.

Did you become fond of their office-boy?—I really don't think that is a proper form in which the question should be addressed to me. He was not the office-boy—that is the [illegible] I object to. The person in question, Mr. Edward Shelley, was an assistant in the bookshop, a youth about 18 or 20 years of age, with an intellectual face.

Did you ask him to dine with you at the Albemarle Hotel?—Yes.

Was that an intellectual treat?—Well, for him, yes?—(Laughter.)

Where did you dine?—In my own private room.

Alone?—There was a gentleman there. I should be extremely sorry that his name should be mentioned unnecessarily.

Mr. Carson consented to receive the name in writing. Then he elicited that the bedroom opened out of the sitting-room, and that

WHISKY AND SODA

and cigarettes followed the dinner. The witness denied, however, that he embraced the lad or that they occupied the same bed all night. Mr. Carson was going into details, when Mr. Wilde appealed to the judge. "My lord," he said, "is it not sufficient to give my absolute denial, without being exposed to the ignominy of being asked detail after detail?"

Mr. Justice Collins thought it was sufficient, and Mr. Carson passed on to the events of the following days. There were visits to the Independent Theatre and to Earl's-court, to cafés, and, Mr. Wilde thought, possibly to the Hogarth Club. He gave Shelley money on three occasions—£4 on the first occasion, his railway fare to Cromer on another occasion, and £5 at another time. He did not go to Cromer, but he kept the £2.

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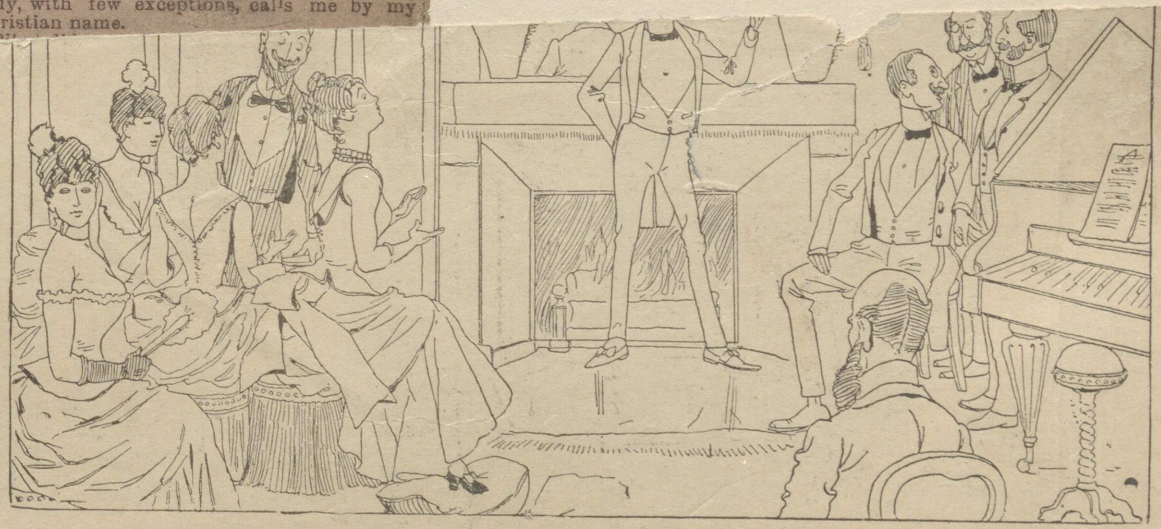

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Illustrations

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O W (Sketch)
O W
Queensberry } New York
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OSCAR WILDE FULLY EXPOSED BY QUEENSBERRY.

NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

OSCAR WILDE'S CRIME

The Diletante of Two Hemispheres Landed Neck and Crop in Jail.

Branded As a Self-Confessed Apostle of the "Third Sex," He Languishes in Prison, While the Marquis of Queensberry, Who Pluckily Stood By His Accusations, Is Hailed as a Public Benefactor in Exposing the Vile and Unnatural Practices of Wilde.

(See Illustration.)

Oscar Wilde, who for twenty years, has, after one fashion or another, attracted the attention of the cultivated world of both England and America, and who posed by turns as a languorous aesthete, a caustic cynic and a producer of brilliant epigrams and witty paradoxes, is to-day the most shunned man in all the world—an unclean thing—set apart of all men as the personification of a phase of immorality too disgustingly filthy and nauseating to be more than alluded to in print.

But yesterday and his name was on the topmost pinnacle of fame, as poet, author, dramatist.

To-day, so great his infamy that his personality is trailing through the gutters of London, his plays have been swept from the stage, and his very name, tabooed as synonymous with the quintessence of human depravity.

Such a complete upheaval has seldom been witnessed in the history of the world.

For crimes such as his there can be no amends in this world.

Public opinion has consigned him to a living tomb of infamy and made of him a thing at which the vilest cutthroat that ever infested Whitechapel could point his finger in scorn.

His only refuge is in death, and those who have known him during his long and varied career are amazed that he did not terminate his miserable existence before the extent of his infamy made him what he is to-day.

It was a strange combination of circumstances that brought about the exposure of his crime and his subsequent downfall, and there appears upon scores of their victims cry loudly for vengeance from the confines of the madhouse and the grave, not a single step has ever been taken to root out the growing evil.

The world is shocked beyond measure at the exposures in the case of Oscar Wilde, but just such a shock was needed to arouse humanity to the danger in which it stands to-day—a danger far greater than ever treatened Sodom and Gomorrah.

When the case of Oscar Wilde against the Marquis of Queensbury was called for trial in the Old Bailey court room in London on the morning of April 3, every inch of space was taken by the spectators and hundreds of morbid curiosity seekers were unable to gain admittance.

The specific charge against the Marquis was that he had uttered a criminal libel against the plaintiff, Oscar Wilde.

The defense admitted the statement, but pleaded as justification that it was true, and given publicity in the interests of public morals.

Oscar Wilde was put upon the stand, after his counsel, Sir Edward Clarke, had produced a letter written to the son of the Marquis of Queensbury, Lord Alfred Douglass, and which he said his client described as a "prose sonnet."

This is the letter:

"My Own Boy—Your sonnet is quite lovely. Your rose-leaf lips seem made no less for the music of song than for the madness of kisses. Your slim, gilt soul walks between poetry and passion. I know that Hyacinthus, who was loved by Apollo, was you in the Greek days. Why are you alone in London, and when do you go to Salisbury? Do you sleep in the gray twilight of Gothic things? Come here whenever you like, but go to Salisbury first."

He then sought to show that Wilde's fondness for the Marquis's son was simply the result of the poet's love for youth, and that there was absolutely nothing degrading or criminal in the relations existing between them.

Interest in the case was heightened when Sir Edward Clarke, upon finishing the direct examination of his client, turned the latter over to E. H. Carson, Q. C., M. P., counsel for the Marquis of Queensberry, for cross-examination. Mr. Carson began the presentation of the case for the Marquis by reading passages from "Dorian Grey," one of Oscar Wilde's novels of modern life, to show that the author had peculiar ideas, the plaintiff following counsel with a copy of the book and laughing at Mr. Carson's insinuation. Mr. Carson, addressing the plaintiff, asked:

"Do you think that the description of Dorian Grey, given on page 6, is a moral one?"

upon his son, Lord Alfred Douglas, to cease his association with the plaintiff, saying that his "blood turned cold at the sight of the infamous faces."

He added: "If you do not cease to let him disgrace us I shall feel justified in shooting him on sight."

To this lettr Lord Alfred Douglas replied by telegraph to his father, saying, "What a funny little man you are!"

The third day of the trial was rife with sensationalism.

Mr. Carson, of counsel for the Marquis, said he would put upon the witness stand men who would speak freely of the nature of their connection with the plaintiff, Wilde. The ages of these men varied from eighteen to twenty-three years. They were of the class of servants, valets, etc., not belonging to Mr. Wilde's station in life, not interested in literature or art, yet they addressed this distinguished dramatist by his Christian name, Oscar, he in turn calling them Charlie, Freddie, etc.

Mr. Carson said he would produce overwhelming evidence of the abominable immorality of this man Wilde.

Sir Edward Clarke interrupted Mr. Carson and said he had undertaken a great responsibility in defending Wilde against the charges made against him by the Marquis of Queensberry.

In regard to the literature which Wilde had published, and upon which Mr. Carson had questioned him, he (Sir Edward) had come to the painful conclusion that it could not be expected that the jury would find a verdict of guilty on the actual words used by the defendant—viz., that Wilde was posing as a devotee of unnatural practices.

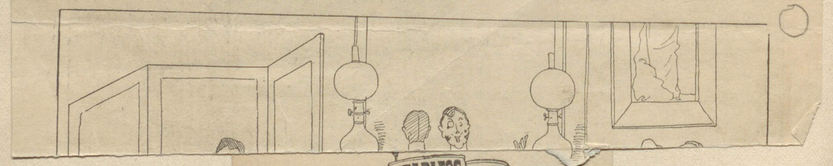
He had consulted with Wilde in the interim of the adjournment of the court, and, in order to save the court the painful details connected with the rest of the case, he was prepared to accept a verdict of the jury in regard to Wilde's literature.

The Judge interposed and said if the jury were justified in agreeing upon a verdict on one part of the case they must return a verdict of guilty or not guilty as regards the entire case.

The jury then rendered a verdict of not guilty, to which Sir Edward Clarke assented, and supplemented their verdict with the declaration that the charges made by the defendant against Wilde, which constituted the libel complained of, were true, and that they had been made in the public interest.

When the verdict was rendered the Marquis of Queensberry left the dock amid loud cheers.

Never in the history of England was such a terribly just verdict rendered by a jury.



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ARTHUR T. LUMLEY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
240 Broadway,
P. O. Box 1403, New York City.

THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1895.

NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

OSCAR WILDE SCANDAL

Threatens to Reach Even To The Foot of The English Throne.

Young Parker Takes the Witness Stand in the Police Court Proceedings, Brands Alfred Taylor as a Procurer, and Describes in Detail Unnatural Practices in Which He Was Induced to Indulge by Wilde—Conviction Certain.

The Oscar Wilde scandal threatens to cut up a devil of a time in England, and before the end of the investigation is reached is likely to drag into the nasty meshes of this scandal of the "third sex" some of the most illustrious names in Europe; in fact, it is now openly declared that the exposures to follow will stop short only at the foot of the throne itself.

The horror, the loathing, the anger which the revelations in connection with the Wilde-Queensberry case have caused can be compared only with one of those whirlwinds of passion which once in a few decades suddenly sweep over a nation and by their violence restore confidence in human nature.

Not until to-day, apparently, has the country realized that a moral pestilence in the atmosphere has long been doing deadly work.

Already there are signs that the popular revenge and reform will be indiscriminating and unreasoning in their work.

The finger of suspicion is already carrying condemnation wherever it is pointed.

Many will suffer fearful social penalties who are absolutely innocent; but the general effect of the great onslaught of public opinion which has now begun will be salutary and for the purifying of the nation:

All the force of the Government is being brought to bear to break up the infamous band of which Wilde and Taylor were the moving spirits, and on April 6 Taylor was placed under arrest, and both he and Wilde were committed for trial without bail at the Bow Street Police Court, after an overwhelming mass of revolting evidence had been given by the victims.

There is no question as to the conviction of Wilde and Taylor, the only matter of speculation

He described in detail the unnatural practices in which he was induced to indulge by Wilde, and swore that he had received money and presents upon most every occasion.

The nature of his evidence places the conviction of Oscar beyond the possibility of a doubt.

Counsel for Wilde and Taylor reserved their right to cross-examine Parker.

William Parker, a brother of the first witness called, was placed on the stand and confirmed the story of the first meeting between his brother and Wilde in March, 1893.

Charles Parker was bound over in the sum of £85 to give evidence in the Old Bailey proceedings.

The landlady of the house in which Taylor lodged was next examined, and gave testimony regarding the youths who attended the tea parties given by Taylor.

... the Savoy Hotel with Wilde and of meeting Wilde at his chambers in St. James's place. He made frequent visits to the latter place.

... whose passage to America was paid by Wilde, upon being sworn, testified that he met Wilde at the Cafe Royal, in January, 1893.

He went to Wilde's house, No. 16 Tite street, Chelsea, S. W., where he remained for some time.

Witness described in detail what occurred during this time.

He said he was drunk at the time of this visit.

He also said that Wilde had often given him money and had visited him at his lodgings, but strenuously denied that any wrong doing had occurred during these visits.

In regard to this point the witness was strongly pressed by the magistrate, but reiterated his denials of misconduct ,saying that Wilde had simply called upon him.

Continuing, the witness said Wilde had given him altogether £35, upon the receipt of which sum he had handed over to Wilde a number of letters written by him.

Subsequently he went to America, remaining abroad fourteen months.

He desired to go to America, he said, to get away from Wilde and certain other persons who are now absent from England.

Wilde and Taylor were remanded in custody.

A request was made that the prisoners be admitted to bail, but bail was refused.

The police have reason to believe that the police court exposure is already causing a panic-stricken exodus of many persons from England such as followed the Cleveland street scandal a few years ago.

There are some who are not unknown in society among them.

The effect of the Wilde case has been intensified in the public mind by the trial of Lord Russell's matrimonial suit at the same time.

The same charge is at the base of this case, and if it were not overshadowed by the Wilde-Queensberry scandal it would have made a great sensation.

The London Chronicle, commenting on the exposures says:

"Regarding the measures which society, now thoroughly aroused and exasperated, will employ for dealing with the evil, it may be said that the Government has wisely decided upon sharp, rapid and severe action. Evidence has accumulated in the last few days ample for the condemnation of several leaders of the abominable coterie which has its ramifications throughout Europe. They will be arrested, and, in New York police parlance, railroaded as fast as possible to penal servitude."

THE SENSATIONAL GOSSIP HUNTERS AT THE COURT PROCEEDINGS OF OSCAR WILDE.

ARTHUR T. LUMLEY,
Editor and Proprietor.
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All the force of the Government is being brought to bear to break up the infamous band of which Wilde and Taylor were the moving spirits, and on April 6 Taylor was placed under arrest, and both he and Wilde were committed for trial without bail at the Bow Street Police Court, after an overwhelming mass of revolting evidence had been given by the victims.

There is no question as to the conviction of Wilde and Taylor, the only matter of speculation being as to who besides them will be smirched in the foul rumors that are sweeping London from end to end.

When Wilde was brought up for his hearing in the Bow Street Police Court, along with Alfred Taylor, charged with inciting young men to commit a foul crime and also with actually having committed the crimes themselves, they were wretched and pitiable looking objects. Wilde, according to a London newspaper, looked like a bloated harlot after a night's debauch.

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He is a smooth-faced youth, barely nineteen years of age, and from his testimony it was shown that Taylor acted in the capacity of procurer for Wilde.

He gave in detail the particulars of his introduction to Wilde by Taylor, and said the latter said Wilde was "good for money."

Parker testified that he had frequently dined with Wilde at various restaurants, and detailed the conversation between them on those occasions.

He also told of visits to the Savoy Hotel with Wilde and of meeting Wilde at his chambers in St. James's place. He made frequent visits to the latter place.

He described in detail the unnatural practices in which he was induced to indulge by Wilde, and swore that he had received money and presents upon most every occasion.

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He also said that Wilde had often given him money and had visited him at his lodgings, but strenuously denied that any wrong doing had occurred during these visits.

In regard to this point the witness was strongly pressed by the magistrate, but reiterated his denials of misconduct ,saying that Wilde had simply called upon him.

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OSCAR WILDE FULLY EXPOSED BY QUEENSBERRY.

NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

OSCAR WILDE'S CRIME

The Diletante of Two Hemispheres Landed Neck and Crop in Jail.

Branded As a Self-Confessed Apostle of the "Third Sex," He Languishes in Prison, While the Marquis of Queensberry, Who Pluckily Stood By His Accusations, Is Hailed as a Public Benefactor in Exposing the Vile and Unnatural Practices of Wilde.

(See Illustration.)

Oscar Wilde, who for twenty years, has, after one fashion or another, attracted the attention of the cultivated world of both England and America, and who posed by turns as a languorous aesthete, a caustic cynic and a producer of brilliant epigrams and witty paradoxes, is to-day the most shunned man in all the world—an unclean thing—set apart of all men as the personification of a phase of immorality too disgustingly filthy and nauseating to be more than alluded to in print.

But yesterday and his name was on the topmost pinnacle of fame, as poet, author, dramatist.

To-day, so great his infamy that his personality is trailing through the gutters of London, his plays have been swept from the stage, and his very name, tabooed as synonymous with the quintessence of human depravity.

Such a complete upheaval has seldom been witnessed in the history of the world.

For crimes such as his there can be no amends in this world.

Public opinion has consigned him to a living tomb of infamy and made of him a thing at which the vilest cutthroat that ever infested Whitechapel could point his finger in scorn.

His only refuge is in death, and those who have known him during his long and varied career are amazed that he did not terminate his miserable existence before the extent of his infamy made him what he is to-day.

It was a strange combination of circumstances that brought about the exposure of his crime and his subsequent downfall, and there appears upon scores of their victims cry loudly for vengeance from the confines of the madhouse and the grave, not a single step has ever been taken to root out the growing evil.

The world is shocked beyond measure at the exposures in the case of Oscar Wilde, but just such a shock was needed to arouse humanity to the danger in which it stands to-day—a danger far greater than ever treatened Sodom and Gomorrah.

When the case of Oscar Wilde against the Marquis of Queensbury was called for trial in the Old Bailey court room in London on the morning of April 3, every inch of space was taken by the spectators and hundreds of morbid curiosity seekers were unable to gain admittance.

The specific charge against the Marquis was that he had uttered a criminal libel against the plaintiff, Oscar Wilde.

The defense admitted the statement, but pleaded as justification that it was true, and given publicity in the interests of public morals.

Oscar Wilde was put upon the stand, after his counsel, Sir Edward Clarke, had produced a letter written to the son of the Marquis of Queensbury, Lord Alfred Douglass, and which he said his client described as a "prose sonnet."

This is the letter:

"My Own Boy—Your sonnet is quite lovely. Your rose-leaf lips seem made no less for the music of song than for the madness of kisses. Your slim, gilt soul walks between poetry and passion. I know that Hyacinthus, who was loved by Apollo, was you in the Greek days. Why are you alone in London, and when do you go to Salisbury? Do you sleep in the gray twilight of Gothic things? Come here whenever you like, but go to Salisbury first."

He then sought to show that Wilde's fondness for the Marquis's son was simply the result of the poet's love for youth, and that there was absolutely nothing degrading or criminal in the relations existing between them.

Interest in the case was heightened when Sir Edward Clarke, upon finishing the direct examination of his client, turned the latter over to E. H. Carson, Q. C., M. P., counsel for the Marquis of Queensberry, for cross-examination. Mr. Carson began the presentation of the case for the Marquis by reading passages from "Dorian Grey," one of Oscar Wilde's novels of modern life, to show that the author had peculiar ideas, the plaintiff following counsel with a copy of the book and laughing at Mr. Carson's insinuation. Mr. Carson, addressing the plaintiff, asked:

"Do you think that the description of Dorian Grey, given on page 6, is a moral one?"

upon his son, Lord Alfred Douglas, to cease his association with the plaintiff, saying that his "blood turned cold at the sight of the infamous faces."

He added: "If you do not cease to let him disgrace us I shall feel justified in shooting him on sight."

To this lettr Lord Alfred Douglas replied by telegraph to his father, saying, "What a funny little man you are!"

The third day of the trial was rife with sensationalism.

Mr. Carson, of counsel for the Marquis, said he would put upon the witness stand men who would speak freely of the nature of their connection with the plaintiff, Wilde. The ages of these men varied from eighteen to twenty-three years. They were of the class of servants, valets, etc., not belonging to Mr. Wilde's station in life, not interested in literature or art, yet they addressed this distinguished dramatist by his Christian name, Oscar, he in turn calling them Charlie, Freddie, etc.

Mr. Carson said he would produce overwhelming evidence of the abominable immorality of this man Wilde.

Sir Edward Clarke interrupted Mr. Carson and said he had undertaken a great responsibility in defending Wilde against the charges made against him by the Marquis of Queensberry.

In regard to the literature which Wilde had published, and upon which Mr. Carson had questioned him, he (Sir Edward) had come to the painful conclusion that it could not be expected that the jury would find a verdict of guilty on the actual words used by the defendant—viz., that Wilde was posing as a devotee of unnatural practices.

He had consulted with Wilde in the interim of the adjournment of the court, and, in order to save the court the painful details connected with the rest of the case, he was prepared to accept a verdict of the jury in regard to Wilde's literature.

The Judge interposed and said if the jury were justified in agreeing upon a verdict on one part of the case they must return a verdict of guilty or not guilty as regards the entire case.

The jury then rendered a verdict of not guilty, to which Sir Edward Clarke assented, and supplemented their verdict with the declaration that the charges made by the defendant against Wilde, which constituted the libel complained of, were true, and that they had been made in the public interest.

When the verdict was rendered the Marquis of Queensberry left the dock amid loud cheers.

Never in the history of England was such a terribly just verdict rendered by a jury.

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ARTHUR T. LUMLEY,

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THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1895.

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by the side of her mortally wounded companion.

With the remark: "You're not worth killing," Baldwin made his wife crawl from beneath the bed, and without allowing her to dress, ordered her to go to the window and call for the neighbors.

This she did, and soon a dozen persons were in the room.

Among those who came was Lieut. Minor, of the police force, and to him Baldwin surrendered

What aggravates Yeoman's offense is the fact that Baldwin has been his best friend. Yeoman is a married man, and for a year has been practically supported by Baldwin. Mrs. Baldwin is a handsome woman of thirty-five.

Her story is that last night she heard a noise in the yard and called Yeoman to see what was the matter. He went out, and upon returning said he could see nothing. Yeoman entered her room, went

A LITTLE TOO COOL TO THE BEACH

night, when the whole matter came to light. It appears that Mrs. White being arrested on a charge of adultery.

With his companion, Miss Mc drews, he was locked up in the police Station.

When White left his home in Philadelphia, more than nine months ago, his wife thought

husband that he had been, by agreement was reached between which Mrs. Corbett was to pay Eighty-eighth street, Mrs. and Mrs. Corbett also agreed to pay this weekly fee with

OMAN IN THE CASE.

In the case is now about of Chicago society family, but was ons of the most prominent Colorado.

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Every man Who Would Know the Grand Truths; the Plain Facts; the New Discoveries of Medical Science as Applied to Sexual Life; Who would Atone for Past Errors and Avoid Future Pitfalls, Should Read A Vital Future Pitfalls.

WILDE v. QUEENSBERRY

THE GREAT LIBEL SUIT.

QUESTIONS OF ART AND LIFE.

A RUTHLESS CROSS-EXAMINATION.

[BY OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE AND REPORTERS.]

It was believed by the public up to the last moment that the prosecutor would withdraw or the defendant apologise in this action. The habitual frequenters of the Old Bailey thought otherwise, and accordingly they turned up, not exactly in their thousands, but in more than the dingy meagre court would hold. Sensation-mongers, foreigners, men about town, somebodies, anybodies, nobodies, had secured admission. And that perennial nuisance, "the junior Bar," was there as usual, crowding the benches and passages, briefless, bewigged, and smiling in what Mr. Oscar Wilde afterwards described as the joy of a life of contemplation. The result of all this was that a man whose duty took him there had the pleasure of standing for seven consecutive hours.

As the clock behind the dock pointed to half-past ten, the jury were sworn. Half of them said "Here" to their names, and half of them said "Ere." At twenty minutes to eleven, Mr. Justice Henn Collins entered with the procession of civic dignitaries who accompany him, Mr. Oscar Wilde pushed his way through the crowd to the solicitors' table, and the Marquis of Queensberry nipped nimbly to the front of the dock. The latter is short, slight, rather bald, shaven, his neck encircled by a blue stock, his lower lip moving ceaselessly over the upper one—the figure of a sportsman or of a man who years ago handled the gloves. The former was brown or flushed, buttoned as usual into an ample frock-coat, impassive, without a green carnation. He seated himself nonchalantly by his solicitor, drew off his *gants de suède*, and critically examined his surroundings.

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Mr. Wilde's examination-in-chief lasted comparatively but a few minutes, and the spectators chatted in low tones. When Sir Edward Clarke sat down and Mr. Carson rose, a grim silence fell. Mr. Wilde folded his arms across the rail of the witness-box, his gloves drooped gracefully from his graceful hand, and he faced Lord Queensberry's counsel with a smile. A man might as well have smiled at the rack. The very first question was a facer. "You stated that your age was thirty-nine. I suggest that you are over forty." It was blunt, it was almost brutal, it was indicative of the style of what was to follow. I express, of course, no opinion upon the merits of question and answer, and confine myself wholly to the style and the points of picturesqueness. From this point of view, however, it was a duel of chilling interest. Mr. Carson's wig throws his white, thin, clever face into sharp relief. When he is angry it assumes the immovability of a death-mask. He is deliberate in the extreme, but on the other hand, when he has a good point to make he bursts out with it in irresistible interruption. When he has not the answer he expects, he pauses; he looks at the bar, he looks at the jury, he looks at the spectators. Then he raises his voice in an "I ask you, sir—." When, on the contrary, he thinks he has scored, he smiles an exceedingly grim smile to his junior, he glances at the judge, and he glances at his client. His self-possession is absolute, and his confidence in his own position is what Bismarck would have called pyramidal. Against him a witness, however good his case, is, while the cross-examination lasts, as a lath against iron. While their effect endures his questions are a bourne whence no traveller returns. To the spectator, knowing nothing of the merits of a case, he appears to have the witness as a boy has a cockchafer upon a pin. All this has no special reference to the present case, but describes the style of the man who in Ireland has won so much of Mr. Balfour's gratitude, and who is the Unionists' chief riposter to Mr. Morley. In the sixteenth century Mr. Carson would have been a Grand Inquisitor. In the nineteenth he is a brilliant barrister and a distinguished Unionist. One specimen only I will give of his style. He was "suggesting" that certain facts bore an explanation discreditable to the prosecutor. "Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Wilde, with a shrug of his shoulders and a gentle wave of his outspread hands, "you may take a point of view——." "Yes," interrupted Mr. Carson, in a grim bass, "*I may*."

Mr. Wilde was as epigrammatic as the characters in the smoking-room scene of one of his own plays. To the man whom he had thought at first, before he gave him £20 and called him "Alfred," and entertained him at lunch before he left for America, and who had said in reference to a letter he possessed, written by the prosecutor to Lord Alfred Douglas, that it would bear a very curious construction, he retorted, "Art is never intelligible to the criminal classes." Again, with regard to a sentence in the mouth of a character in Mr. Wilde's novel, declaring that he adored somebody madly, "Have you ever felt that emotion for anybody?" "I have never adored anybody but myself." Again, about a letter he had written, "Is not that an extraordinary letter?" "It is unique." Again, "Is this an ordinary letter?" "Nothing I do is ordinary." Again, when requested to answer a question "apart from art," "I cannot answer any question apart from art." He had been threatened with publicity for a letter he wrote. "I never write except for publication," was his reply. A possible blackmailer had told Mr. Wilde that £60 was offered for a letter of his he possessed. "I am very glad that there is somebody who is willing to pay £60 for a prose work of mine of that length. I should advise you to sell it to him at once." Once more, "Do you think that is true?" "I rarely think that anything I write is true." Once he scored neatly. "Does that expression describe your own sentiments?" "Not at all. I borrowed the expression from Shakespeare." As for his letter being perhaps [illegible] an exquisite poem, and Mr. Wilde asserted that at every [illegible]. But under the cold white [illegible] Mr. Carson's ruthless cross-examination he became very restless, grew [illegible] shrill in his denials and incessant in his gestures, and at last appealed for protection to the judge, claiming to be allowed to answer certain suggestions with an absolute, exclusive, positive denial once for all, instead of being "dragged through the ignominy" of denying every "suggestion" in detail.

The evidence of Mr. Wilde and the cross-examination raised a score of most interesting and vital questions of the relations of literature and life, of art and conduct. These, however, for obvious reasons,

OSCAR WILDE'S BEAUTIFUL LOCKS CLIPPED AWAY.

THE GRACEFUL TRESSES OF THE REAL NAWSTY PASSION POET, CONVICTED OF THAT VERY UNNATURAL CRIME, CUT OFF BY THE OFFICIAL BARBER OF PENTONVILLE PRISON, ENGLAND.

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WILDE v. QUEENSBERRY

THE GREAT LIBEL SUIT.

QUESTIONS OF ART AND LIFE.

A RUTHLESS CROSS-EXAMINATION.

(BY OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE AND REPORTERS.]

It was believed by the public up to the last moment that the prosecutor would withdraw or the defendant apologise in this action. The habitual frequenters of the Old Bailey thought otherwise, and accordingly they turned up, not exactly in their thousands, but in more than the dingy meagre court would hold. Sensation-mongers, foreigners, men about town, somebodies, anybodies, nobodies, had secured admission. And that perennial nuisance, "the junior Bar," was there as usual, crowding the benches and passages, briefless, bewigged, and smiling in what Mr. Oscar Wilde afterwards described as the joy of a life of contemplation. The result of all this was that a man whose duty took him there had the pleasure of standing for seven consecutive hours.

As the clock behind the dock pointed to half-past ten, the jury were sworn. Half of them said "Here" to their names, and half of them said "'Ere." At twenty minutes to eleven, Mr. Justice Henn Collins entered with the procession of civic dignitaries who accompany him, Mr. Oscar Wilde pushed his way through the crowd to the solicitors' table, and the Marquis of Queensberry nipped nimbly to the front of the dock. The latter is short, slight, rather bald, shaven, his neck encircled by a blue stock, his lower lip moving ceaselessly over the upper one—the figure of a sportsman or of a man who years ago handled the gloves. The former was brown or flushed, buttoned as usual into an ample frock-coat, impassive, without a green carnation. He seated himself nonchalantly by his solicitor, drew off his *gants de suède*, and critically examined his surroundings.

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The Clerk having called upon the defendant to surrender, the marquis took his stand in the dock. The indictment was then read over, and in answer the defendant pleaded not guilty, and further that the libel was true, and that it was for the public benefit it was published.

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In 1884 he had the good fortune to marry the daughter of the late Mr. Horace Lloyd, Q.C., and up to this time he had lived with his wife, and latterly, with his two sons, at Tite-street, Chelsea. Both he and his wife were members of the Albemarle Club. Among the friends whom he saw at Tite-street was Lord Alfred Douglas, and from 1891 he had been the friend of that young gentleman, as well as his mother, the Lady Queensberry, who was the wife of the defendant until she obtained release from the marriage ties in consequence of her husband's conduct. Mr. Wilde had repeatedly been the guest of Lady Queensberry at Wokingham and Salisbury. Lord Alfred Douglas had been the accepted friend in Mr. Wilde's own house in Chelsea, and at Cromer, and Worthing, and elsewhere. Mr. Wilde did not know the defendant except that they met once in 1880 or 1881, an incident of which the defendant reminded him when they met in 1892 at luncheon. Mr. Wilde and Lord Alfred Douglas were lunching together at the Café Royal, when Lord Queensberry entered, and knowing there had been strained relations between father and son he suggested that this was a good

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The reading of the letter caused a slight display of merriment, which called forth the remark from Sir E. Clarke that the words might appear extravagant to those who were only in the habit of writing commercial correspondence—(laughter)—or those ordinary letters which the necessities of life forced upon one from day to day; but Mr. Wilde said again that it was a sort of prose sonnet in answer to a piece of poetry written by Lord Alfred Douglas. Mr. Wilde had preserved the letter to now, and he said that it was a letter not to be ashamed of—a letter that had no relation to the hateful suggestions. In February another play of Mr. Wilde's

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altogether. It was not until some time after this that Mr. Wilde went to the Albemarle Club, and he was then handed the card containing the libel by the porter. Short of actual publication Mr. Wilde would not have done anything to bring into prominence the relations between Lord Queensberry and his family, and would not do so now more than was absolutely necessary. After receiving this card Mr. Wilde applied for a warrant, and the Marquis was [illegible] He would not now [illegible] in detail to the accusations made against Mr. Wilde, or mention the names which he believed must have

been hastily included. Indeed he would do nothing to extend the inquiry beyond the range that was really inevitable. Two of the allegations, however, were so strange that he was bound to refer to them. The first one was that in July 1890, Mr. Wilde published "a certain immoral and obscene work, entitled

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Did Allan then go away?—Yes; and about five minutes after Cliburn came to the house. He produced a letter, and said Allan had given it to him. I asked, "Why does he give me back the letter?" He said, "Well, he says you were kind to him, and that there is no use trying to rend you, as you only laugh at us." I looked at the letter and saw that it was extremely soiled. I said to him, "I think it quite unpardonable that better care was not taken of the original manuscript of mine." (Laughter.) He said he was very sorry, but it had been in so many hands. I took the letter and said, "I will accept it back, and you can thank Allen from me for all the anxiety that he has shown about it." I gave him half a sovereign for his trouble, and then said, "I am afraid you are leading a wonderfully wicked life." He said, "There is good and bad in every one of us." I told him he was

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You were born on Oct. 16, 1854?—Oh! I have no wish to pose as being young.

That makes you more than forty?—Ah!

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Did you think the story blasphemous?—I think the account of the death violated every artistic canon of poetry.

That is not what I asked you.—It is the only answer I can give.

You are of opinion that there is no such thing as an immoral book?—Yes.

Am I right in saying you do not consider the effect in creating morality or immorality?—Certainly I do not.

So far as your work is concerned you pose as not being concerned about morality or immorality?—I do not know whether you use the word pose in any particular sense.

It is a favourite word of your own?—Is it? I have no pose in this matter. In writing a play, or a book, or anything, I am concerned entirely with literature, that is with art. I aim not at doing good or evil, but in trying to make a thing that will have some quality of beauty.

Listen, sir. Here is one of the "Phrases and Philosophies for the Use of the Young": "Wickedness is a myth invented by good people to account for the curious attractiveness of others." You think that true?—I rarely think that anything I write is true.

Did you say rarely?—I said rarely. I might have said never; not true in the actual sense of the word.

"Religions die when they are proved to be true." Is that true?—Yes, I hold that. It is a suggestion towards a philosophy of the absorption of religions by science, but it is too big a question to go into now.

Do you think that was a safe axiom to put forward for the philosophy of the young?—Most stimulating. (Laughter.)

"If one tells the truth one is sure, sooner or later, to be found out."—That is a pleasing paradox, but I do not set very high store on it as an axiom.

Is it good for the young?—Anything is good that stimulates thought in whatever age.

Whether moral or immoral?—There is no such thing as morality or immorality in thought. There is immoral emotion.

"Pleasure is the only thing one should live for."—I think that the realisation of oneself is the prime aim of life, and to realise oneself through pleasure is finer than to do so through pain. I am on that point entirely on the side of the ancients—the Greeks.

"A truth ceases to be true when more than one person believes it?"—Perfectly. That would be my metaphysical definition of truth; something so personal that the same truth could never be appreciated by two minds.

"The condition of perfection is idleness?"—Oh, yes. I think so. Half of it is true. The life of contemplation is the highest life.

"There is something tragic about the enormous number of young men there are in England at the present moment who start life with perfect profiles, and end by adopting some useful profession."—I should think that the young have enough sense of humour.

You think that is humorous?—I think it is an amusing paradox.

What would anybody say would be the effect of "Phrases and Philosophies" taken in connection with such an article as "The Priest and the Acolyte"?—Undoubtedly it was the idea that might be formed that made me object so strongly to the story. I saw at once that maxims that were perfectly nonsensical, paradoxical, or anything you like, might be read in conjunction with it.

After the criticisms that were passed on "Dorian Grey," was it modified a good deal?—No. Additions were made. In one case it was pointed out to me—not in a newspaper or anything of that sort, but by the only critic of the century whose opinion I set high, Mr. Walter Pater—that a certain passage was liable to misconstruction, and I made one addition.

The Court at this stage adjourned for luncheon.

"DORIAN GRAY."

After luncheon Mr. Carson took Mr. Wilde in detail through numerous passages in "Dorian Gray," asking him for further explanation, and the motives for what he wrote.—Mr. Wilde maintained that there was no such thing as morality or immorality in books. Books were either well written or badly written.

May I take it that no matter how immoral a book is, if it is well written it is a good book?—Well-written books cannot help producing a sense of beauty. A work of art is beautiful, and the impression it produces is a sense of beauty, which is the very highest sense. If a book is badly written it is disgusting.

A well-written book, then, may put forth any particular views?—No work of art ever puts forward views of any kind.

Do you call "Dorian Gray" an objectionable book?—Only to brutes and the illiterates. To Philistines it might seem immoral; to the incalculably stupid it might appear to be anything. The view of the Philistine troubles me not. The ordinary individual does not appeal to me; I have no knowledge of him. What appeals to me is my work, my art.

You do not think the majority of people live up to the views you are giving us, Mr. Wilde?—I am afraid they are not cultivated enough. (Laughter.)

Not cultivated enough to draw the distinction you have done between a good and a bad book?—Certainly not.

The affection, the love of the artist towards "Dorian Gray," might lead an ordinary individual to think the book objectionable?—I have no knowledge what he would think.

You do not prevent ordinary individuals from buying your books?—I have never discouraged them. (Laughter.)

Having read the passage in the book relating the introduction of the artist to Dorian Gray, Mr. Carson asked if Mr. Wilde considered such language proper or improper?

Mr. Wilde: I think it most perfect description possible of what an artist would feel on meeting a beautiful personality, an intelligent person necessary to his art in life. I think it perfectly beautiful.

Do you consider it a moral kind of feeling for another man?—It is a beautiful description, and part of the story.

Mr. Carson observed that certain portions of the book were left out in the purged edition.

Mr. Wilde: I deny that anything was purged.

The artist says to Dorian, "I adore you madly, extravagantly, absurdly." Do you consider that description proper?—It describes the influence produced on the artist by a beautiful personality.

Do you think the passage open to the construction of immorality?—No, I don't.

Have you ever had that feeling towards a young man?—Not of such intense adoration. I have never been jealous of anybody in my life.

You have never had the feeling of the artist you describe?—Certainly not. I have never allowed any personality to dominate my heart like that.

Have you ever madly adored a man twenty years younger than yourself?—I have never given adoration to anybody except myself. (Laughter.) Adoration is a thing I reserve to myself. I have never adored anyone else. I do not adore a person; I either love him or not. The idea is borrowed from Shakespeare's sonnets.

Have you ever been "jealous of everyone to whom another spoke?"—No. I should consider such a feeling intense nonsense.

I believe you wrote an article to prove that Shakespeare's sonnets were immoral?—On the contrary, I showed they were not. I objected to such a shameful perversion being put upon Shakespeare.

The artist says in the book he is afraid the world would know of his idolatry—was there anything to be concealed?—People cannot understand the intense affection and admiration of an artist for a wonderfully beautiful person or the wonderful beauty of a friend.

Unfortunate people not educated up to a high standard might put such thoughts down to something wrong?—Undoubtedly, they may put them down to anything they choose. My works are intended to have a civilising effect upon people; any work of art has that effect.

Your book says Dorian was fascinated by a certain novel—to what book did you refer?—I had present in my mind a French novel that I do not personally admire very much. I consider it a badly-written book.

Was it "A Rebours"?—That gave me the suggestion.

Is that an immoral book?—It is not very well written, but I should not call it immoral.

Is it not very suggestive?—Certainly not; but that is not the book supposed to be quoted from.

His Lordship: I put it down so, anyway.

Mr. Wilde explained that "A Rebours" simply gave him the suggestion upon which he worked. It would be quite unjust for one author to quote from another like that. He did not think he ought to be cross-examined upon the contents of another man's book.

Mr. Carson: Let me read the passage I refer to. Here is a translation.

Mr. Wilde: I beg you not to read at all.

You were born on Oct. 16, 1854?—Oh! I have no wish to pose as being young.

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It is a favourite word of your own?—Is it? I have no pose in this matter. In writing a play, or a book, or anything, I am concerned entirely with literature, that is with art. I aim not at doing good or evil, but in trying to make a thing that will have some quality of beauty.

Listen, sir. Here is one of the "Phrases and Philosophies for the Use of the Young": "Wickedness is a myth invented by good people to account for the curious attractiveness of others." You think that true?—I rarely think that anything I write is true.

Did you say rarely?—I said rarely. I might have said never; not true in the actual sense of the word.

"Religions die when they are proved to be true." Is that true?—Yes, I hold that. It is a suggestion towards a philosophy of the absorption of religions by science, but it is too big a question to go into now.

Do you think that was a safe axiom to put forward for the philosophy of the young?—Most stimulating. (Laughter.)

"If one tells the truth one is sure, sooner or later, to be found out."—That is a pleasing paradox, but I do not set very high store on it as an axiom.

Is it good for the young?—Anything is good that stimulates thought in whatever age.

Whether moral or immoral?—There is no such thing as morality or immorality in thought. There is immoral emotion.

"Pleasure is the only thing one should live for."—I think that the realisation of oneself is the prime aim of life, and to realise oneself through pleasure is finer than to do so through pain. I am on that point entirely on the side of the ancients—the Greeks.

"A truth ceases to be true when more than one person believes it?"—Perfectly. That would be my metaphysical definition of truth; something so personal that the same truth could never be appreciated by two minds.

"The condition of perfection is idleness?"—Oh, yes. I think so. Half of it is true. The life of contemplation is the highest life.

"There is something tragic about the enormous number of young men there are in England at the present moment who start life with perfect profiles, and end by adopting some useful profession."—I should think that the young have enough sense of humour.

You think that is humorous?—I think it is an amusing paradox.

What would anybody say would be the effect of "Phrases and Philosophies" taken in connection with such an article as "The Priest and the Acolyte"?—Undoubtedly it was the idea that might be formed that made me object so strongly to the story. I saw at once that maxims that were perfectly nonsensical, paradoxical, or anything you like, might be read in conjunction with it.

After the criticisms that were passed on "Dorian Grey," was it modified a good deal?—No. Additions were made. In one case it was pointed out to me—not in a newspaper or anything of that sort, but by the only critic of the century whose opinion I set high, Mr. Walter Pater—that a certain passage was liable to misconstruction, and I made one addition.

The Co[illegible] for luncheon.

"Dorian Gray."

After luncheon Mr. Carson took Mr. Wilde in detail through numerous passages in "Dorian Gray," asking him for further explanation, and the motives for what he wrote.—Mr. Wilde maintained that there was no such thing as morality or immorality in books. Books were either well written or badly written.

May I take it that no matter how immoral a book is, if it is well written it is a good book?—Well-written books cannot help producing a sense of beauty. A work of art is beautiful, and the impression it produces is a sense of beauty, which is the very highest sense. If a book is badly written it is disgusting.

A well-written book, then, may put forth any particular views?—No work of art ever puts forward views of any kind.

Do you call "Dorian Gray" an objectionable book?—Only to brutes and the illiterates. To Philistines it might seem immoral; to the incalculably stupid it might appear to be anything. The view of the Philistine troubles me not. The ordinary individual does not appeal to me; I have no knowledge of him. What appeals to me is my work, my art.

You do not think the majority of people live up to the views you are giving us, Mr. Wilde?—I am afraid they are not cultivated enough. (Laughter.)

Not cultivated enough to draw the distinction you have done between a good and a bad book?—Certainly not.

The affection, the love of the artist towards "Dorian Gray," might lead an ordinary individual to think the book objectionable?—I have no knowledge what he would think.

You do not prevent ordinary individuals from buying your books?—I have never discouraged them. (Laughter.)

Having read the passage in the book relating the introduction of the artist to Dorian Gray, Mr. Carson asked if Mr. Wilde considered such language proper or improper?

Mr. Wilde: I think it most perfect description possible of what an artist would feel on meeting a beautiful personality, an intelligent person necessary to his art in life. I think it perfectly beautiful.

Do you consider it a moral kind of feeling for another man?—It is a beautiful description, and part of the story.

Mr. Carson observed that certain portions of the book were left out in the purged edition.

Mr. Wilde: I deny that anything was purged.

The artist says to Dorian, "I adore you madly, extravagantly, absurdly." Do you consider that description proper?—It describes the influence produced on the artist by a beautiful personality.

Do you think the passage open to the construction of immorality?—No, I don't.

Have you ever had that feeling towards a young man?—Not of such intense adoration. I have never been jealous of anybody in my life.

You have never had the feeling of the artist you describe?—Certainly not. I have never allowed any personality to dominate my heart like that.

Have you ever madly adored a man twenty years younger than yourself?—I have never given adoration to anybody except myself. (Laughter.) Adoration is a thing I reserve to myself. I have never adored anyone else. I do not adore a person; I either love him or not. The idea is borrowed from Shakespeare's sonnets.

Have you ever been "jealous of everyone to whom another spoke?"—No. I should consider such a feeling intense nonsense.

I believe you wrote an article to prove that Shakespeare's sonnets were immoral?—On the contrary, I showed they were not. I objected to such a shameful perversion being put upon Shakespeare.

The artist says in the book he is afraid the world would know of his idolatry—was there anything to be concealed?—People cannot understand the intense affection and admiration of an artist for a wonderfully beautiful person or the wonderful beauty of a friend.

Unfortunate people not educated up to a high standard might put such thoughts down to something wrong?—Undoubtedly, they may put them down to anything they choose. My works are intended to have a civilising effect upon people; any work of art has that effect.

Your book says Dorian was fascinated by a certain novel—to what book did you refer?—I had present in my mind a French novel that I do not personally admire very much. I consider it a badly-written book.

Was it "A Rebours"?—That gave me the suggestion.

Is that an immoral book?—It is not very well written, but I should not call it immoral.

Is it not very suggestive?—Certainly not; but that is not the book supposed to be quoted from.

His Lordship: I put it down so, anyway.

Mr. Wilde explained that "A Rebours" simply gave him the suggestion upon which he worked. It would be quite unjust for one author to quote from another like that. He did not think he ought to be cross-examined upon the contents of another man's book.

Mr. Carson: I have a translation of the book I refer to. Here is a translation.

Mr. Wilde: I beg you not to read at all.

translation is unnecessary to me.

Sir E. Clarke protested against a continuation of these questions, and the Court upheld the objection on the ground that the contents of another book was not subject-matter for Mr. Wilde's cross-examination.

Mr Carson: You describe Dorian Gray as a man of very corrupt influence?

Mr. Wilde: No. I do not think one man has any influence, good or bad, over another. Influence is not a power exercised at will by one person over another.

You do not think flattering a young man, and making love to him, likely to corrupt him?—No; I do not think it possible.

AN EXTRAORDINARY LETTER.

Mr. Carson next referred to the letter quoted by Sir E. Clarke, and written by Mr. Wilde from Babbacombe, Torquay, to Lord Alfred Douglas, who was staying at the Savoy Hotel. Mr. Wilde explained that it was a letter written in answer to the receipt of a poem.

Was it an ordinary letter?—No; certainly not.

You begin, "My own boy." Do you not consider that an improper way to address a boy twenty years younger than yourself?—No; I was fond of the boy, and always have been.

You adore him?—No, I like him.

You go on in your letter to say, "Your sonnet is quite lovely, it is marvellous; those red rose-leaf lips of yours should be made no less for music or song than for madness of kissing." Do you consider that proper language?—I think it a beautiful letter.

Is that proper or natural?—A man not an artist could never have written such a letter.

"Your slim gilt soul walks between passion and poem." Do you consider that proper or beautiful?—Not as you read it, Mr. Carson.

Mr. Carson: I do not profess to be an artist, and sometimes when I hear your evidence I am glad I am not. (Laughter.) I see you conclude this letter, "Always with undying love, yours, Oscar." Is not that exceptional?

Mr. Wilde: I should call it an unique letter. (Laughter.)

Is that a specimen of your ordinary correspondence with Lord Alfred Douglas?—I have written him most beautiful letters, though I don't think I have called others "my own boy." He is the greatest friend I have.

Do you write to other persons in the same style?—Oh, no.

You have written many letters of this sort?—I do not repeat myself in style. (Laughter.)

MORE CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Carson: Here is another letter to Lord Alfred Douglas. Is that a poem? Will you read it?

Mr. Wilde: No, you read it; I decline.

Mr. Carson then read the letter as follows:—"Savoy Hotel, Thames-embankment, W.C.—Dearest of all boys,—Your letter was delightful, red and yellow wine to me, but I am sad and out of sorts. Bosey, you must not make scenes with me. They kill me; they wreck the loveliness of life. I cannot see you, so Greek and gracious, distorted by passion. I cannot listen to your young curved lips saying hideous things. I would sooner [illegible] but I will ask the witness—"than have bitter, unjust, hating. You break my heart. I must see you soon. You are the divine thing I want, the thing of grace and genius, but I don't know how to do it. Shall I come to Salisbury? My bill here is £40 for a week. (Laughter.) I have also a new sitting-room over the Thames. Why is it you are not here my dear, my wonderful boy? I fear almost to live—no money, no credit, and a heart of lead. Ever your own, OSCAR."

Don't you call that an extraordinary letter?—Everything I write is extraordinary. I do not pose as being ordinary. (Laughter.)

Is that a love letter?—It is a letter expressive of love.

Is it a kind of letter a man should write to another man?—It is the kind of letter I write to Lord Alfred Douglas. What other men write I know nothing about.

Have you got his letter in reply?—I do not recollect what letter it was.

It was not a beautiful letter?—I do not remember the letter.

You describe it as "delightful, red and yellow wine to you"?—Oh, of course, a beautiful letter, certainly.

What would you pay for that beautiful letter?—I could not get a copy.

How much would you give if you could get a copy?—Oh, I do not know.

Was this one of yours a beautiful letter?—Yes; it was a tender expression of my great admiration for Lord Alfred Douglas. It was not like the other—a prose poem.

How long were you at the Savoy?—I was there about a month.

Had you a house in Tite-street and rooms in St. James's at the same time?—Yes.

Lord Alfred Douglas stayed with you at the Savoy?—Yes, immediately before this.

ALLEGED BLACKMAIL.

The letter you describe as a sonnet the man Wood got out of Lord Alfred Douglas's coat?—I understood so.

Alfred Taylor arranged your meeting with Wood?—Yes, I said I should like to see him.

Before that appointment had you gone to Sir George Lewis and got him to write a letter to Wood?—Yes.

And Wood refused to go to Sir George Lewis?—He did not call.

Were you anxious about these letters?—I should think so, certainly. What gentleman would like his private letters hawked about like this?

Had you known Wood previously?—I met him first in January 1893 at the Café Royal. Lord Alfred Douglas telegraphed to [illegible] and got him there to see me, and asked me to help him.

Was he living with Taylor?—I don't think so. Taylor lived in Little College-street, and I have been there on many occasions. Wood was not living there then.

Used you to go there to tea parties?—Yes.

Were they all young men there?—All men, but not all young.

What was Wood?—As far as I can make out he did nothing, but was looking for a situation. He told me he had been a clerk. His age was twenty-three or twenty-four.

Do I understand the first day you met Wood you took him to the Florence Restaurant, in Rupert-street?—Yes. Lord Alfred asked me to be kind to him; otherwise it was rather a bore.

Was Taylor or anybody else there?—No.

I suggest that Taylor introduced Wood to you?—It is not the case.

Wood was not a man moving in the society you do?—Certainly not.

Did you become intimate with Wood?—I only saw him four or five times. I did not want to know him. He did not come to my house in Tite-street when my wife and everybody but the caretaker were away. I deny that I ever had any immoral practices with Wood; the suggestion is entirely and absolutely untrue.

You had a private room at the restaurant?—Yes.

Did you give Wood money there?—I did previously at the Café Royal.

Was it not strange to give a man like this money?—No. I do not care about his social position.

Was he an artist?—Oh, no.

Or a literary man?—No. I consider that he wanted to levy blackmail when he came about the letters, and I was determined to face it.

You gave this man £16 to go to America?—Yes, but not for the letters. It might have been foolish, but I did it out of pure pity and kindness.

You thought the letters of no importance?—Yes. They, however, contained private family matters, which I do not wish published.

I suggest you gave this man £20 altogether?—I gave him £5 afterwards because he said I had not given him enough to pay his way to America.

Do you suggest you gave him this £21 out of charity?—I wanted to help him.

Did you have a champagne lunch with him before he started for America?—We had lunch together, but not champagne.

Although you believed him to be a blackmailer?—Yes.

Wood went to America?—I believe so.

You did not throw any obstacle in his way?—No. He did not write from America for more money.

You called Wood and Taylor by their Christian names?—Yes.

Did Wood call you Oscar?—Yes.

You went to Sir George Lewis about Wood, although he was your friend?—Yes. I declined to believe that he meant to levy blackmail.

Allen also brought you one of the letters?—Yes. I only knew Allen by reputation as a blackmailer. I gave him 10s.

Why give a notorious blackmailer 10s.?—Out of contempt; to show that I did not care 2d. for the letters. (Laughter).

He was pleased with your contempt?—Apparently, because he sent back the letter.

Afterwards Chibburn spoke to you about letters?—Yes.

Did you think he was a blackmailer?—No; he never attempted to blackmail me. I think he was afraid he was leading a dishonourable life.

Can you tell me any one of your letters, except the discovered one, that was turned into a sonnet?—At the present moment I cannot recollect any.

Mr. Carson's next questions referred to Edmund Shelley, a publisher's employee.

Did you make him a present of your various works?—Yes, four or five.

Did you inscribe in one book, "To dear Edward Shelley"?—It was a joke, and nonsense. At that time he had high literary ambition.

Did you become intimate with a lad named Alphonso Conway?—Yes.

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Did you inscribe in one book, "To dear Edward Shelley"?—It was a joke, and nonsense. At that time he had high literary ambition.

Did you become intimate with a lad named Alphonse?—No.

Did he sell newspapers on the pier at Worthing?—No; he enjoyed the luxury of being idle.

He was a loafer at Worthing?—He had a happy, idle nature.

But had no money nor occupation?—No.

Was he a literary character?—Not at all. (Laughter.)

Or an artist?—No.

What age was he?—About eighteen. He went out sailing with us every day, and we became great friends. He dined with me at my house and at the hotel.

Was his conversation intellectual?—He was a pleasant, nice creature, and he was useful to my children.

Did you give him sums of money, from time to time, amounting to £15?—No.

And a cigarette case and a handsome stick?—Yes. I also gave him my photo. and a book.

What did you call him?—Alphonse.

Were you fond of the boy?—He was my companion for six weeks. He had no occupation or profession of any kind.

You took this boy to Brighton?—Yes, and we stayed the night at an hotel there. I gave him new clothes and a hat.

In order to look more like your equal?—Oh, no; he could never do that. (Laughter.)

What did you take him to Brighton for?—Because I had promised him a treat. We returned to Worthing next day.

At this stage the Court was adjourned until half-past ten this morning.

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THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT—NEW COURT, OLD BAILEY

DRAWN BY ROBERT BARNES, R.W.S.

The Central Criminal Court

By H. B. POLAND, Q.C.

In every county in England and Wales there is a common gaol to which prisoners are committed "until delivered in due course of law," and Commissions of Oyer and Terminer and Gaol Delivery are issued by the Crown to certain of the Judges and others three times a year, under which the Judges go on circuit, and at the Assizes try all cases ready for trial, and deliver the gaols of all prisoners confined therein. The Judges have to be informed of all the prisoners who are in gaol, and they then proceed to try them, and none remain in custody without being tried except for some good reason, such as the illness of the prisoner, or the unavoidable absence or illness of a material witness, without whose presence in Court justice could not be done. Her Majesty's Gaol of Newgate in the Old Bailey, is the common gaol for the City of London, which is a county in itself, and for the county of Middlesex. In like manner Commissions of Oyer and Terminer and Gaol Delivery were issued to the Lord Mayor, the Judges, the Recorder of London, the Aldermen, and others, to dispose of all cases arising in the City of London and County of Middlesex. The first Charter of Edward III. (1327) provides that the Lord Mayor shall be one the Justices of Gaol Delivery for Newgate, and shall be named in every Commission for that purpose. The trials all took place at Justice Hall in the Old Bailey.

Up to recent times the Recorder, as the representative of the Lord Mayor, always passed the sentences which had been agreed upon by all the members of the Court, and on the trial of Elizabeth Canning in 1754 for perjury committed by her whilst giving her evidence upon a capital charge (19, "Howell's State Trials," p. 674), when Lord Chief Justice Willes proposed a sentence of seven years' transportation, one of the Aldermen moved that the sentence should be only six months' imprisonment, and, on a poll being taken, the question was decided in favour of transportation by a majority consisting of nine—namely, the Lord Mayor, five judges, the Recorder, and two Aldermen, against eight Aldermen. The Lord Mayor used formerly at times to take an active part in the trial of prisoners by asking questions of the witnesses and otherwise, but leaving all matters of law to be dealt with by the judges.

In July, 1834, the "Central Criminal Court" Act was passed to establish "a new Court for the trial of offences committed in the metropolis and certain parts adjoining," and General Commissions are issued to the Lord Mayor for the time being, the Lord Chancellor, the Judges of the High Court, the Aldermen, the Recorder, the Common Serjeant, and various other persons who are made the Judges of a Court to be called "the Central Criminal Court," and the jurisdiction of such Court extends to London and Middlesex, and parts of Kent, Surrey, and Essex, and to offences committed on the high seas. The Court has to sit at least twelve times a year. If, however, a Kent, Surrey, or Essex prisoner is ordered to be executed the Sheriff of the county in which the offence was committed has to see that the execution is properly carried out. The Mannings, for instance, were, for a murder committed in Surrey in 1849, tried at the Central Criminal Court, and were executed at Horsemonger Lane Gaol, in the County of Surrey, by the Sheriff of that county.

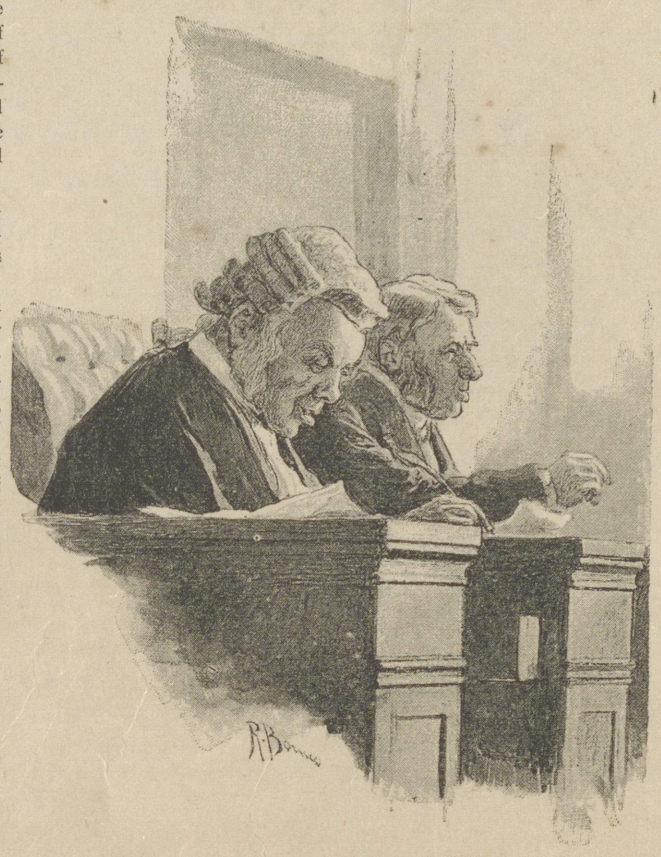
The Lord Mayor now as head of the Court attends with the Recorder and others on the first day of the Sessions, and opens the Court, and the Swordbearer then places his sword over the chief seat. Only the legal members of the Court try the prisoners, but there is an Alderman usually present as a second Commissioner. Formerly all the Judges on the rota, generally three, sat together and tried the prisoners. The Mannings were tried in 1849 before three Judges, viz., Lord Chief Baron Pollock, Mr. Justice Maule, and Mr. Justice Cresswell.

Under special circumstances, where there is reason to believe that a prisoner could not be fairly tried in the county where the offence is alleged to have been committed, he may be brought up and tried at the Central Criminal Court. Palmer, the poisoner, who was tried before the Lord Chief Justice of England (Lord Campbell), Mr. Baron Alderson, and Mr. Justice Cresswell, was brought up from Staffordshire for that purpose.

Of late only one judge has sat to try prisoners, but in very important cases more than one would no doubt sit. The last time three judges sat together at this court was in 1883 on the trial of Gallagher and others, the dynamitards, for treason-felony, which took place before Lord Coleridge (the Lord Chief Justice), the Master of the Rolls, and Mr. Justice Grove. Great changes have taken place in the administration of criminal justice since the passing of the Central Criminal Court Act in 1834. The judges never sit there now after dinner, as they did in former times. It is astounding that before October 1836 prisoners charged with felony were not allowed to have counsel to address the jury on their behalf, although their counsel could always do so in cases of misdemeanour. In felony cases counsel could only argue matters of law, and cross-examine the witnesses. What, therefore, had to be done was for the counsel to write out an address for the prisoner or an officer of the Court to read to the jury.

By an old practice, aliens were entitled to be tried by a jury half English and half foreigners; but this right was seldom claimed, although all aliens, after pleading, were informed of such right. A Frenchman might not wish to have a jury with two or three Germans on it, and, in like manner, a German might not care to be tried by a jury having Frenchmen on it. The alien had to take his chance as to the nations to which the six foreigners might belong. Mrs. Manning, who was born in Switzerland, claimed such a jury, as her counsel hoped that by so doing she would have to be tried apart from her husband. This claim was, however, disallowed on the ground that, having married a natural born subject, she was by her marriage naturalised to all intents and purposes. In 1870 a statute was passed which enacted that for the future "an alien shall not be entitled to be tried by a jury *de medietate linguæ*, but shall be triable in the same manner as if he were a natural-born subject."

But no change has taken place in the desire which there generally is on the part of a large number of persons to be present at important trials at the Old Bailey, as the scene witnessed in Court upon



THE RECORDER

the trials of Wainwright, Mrs. Pearcey, and others fully shows. At the trial of Courvoisier in 1840 for the murder of Lord William Russell, the Duke of Sussex and a large number of the nobility and persons of distinction were present, and the report says that even "the prisoner's dock was filled with chairs, every one of which was occupied." The building properly called "Justice Hall" in the Old Bailey must soon be a thing of the past.

The Courts, three of which are used every Session, are most inconvenient, and the accommodation for the witnesses, counsel, and solicitors is quite inadequate. "What! is this the chief Criminal

PRISONERS IN THE DOCK

Court in England?" is the exclamation of many persons on their first visit to this Court. The time has come to extend the jurisdiction of the Central Criminal Court, and to build new Courts worthy of the metropolis; and in doing so care should be taken to provide proper waiting and reading rooms for the witnesses, old and young, and of both sexes. Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., has painted, in his series of pictures called "The Race for Wealth," the Court which is known as the Old Court, and Mr. Barnes has drawn what is termed the New Court, in which the Recorder so frequently sits.

NEW MUSIC

MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.

A very charming song, written and composed by Frederick Weatherly and Hope Temple, is "Love Were Enough;" there are accompaniments for violin and violoncello *ad lib.*—A song of more than ordinary merit, the poetical words by the Rev. A. Stopford A. Brooke, music by G. Henschel, is "A Song of Flowers;" it is published in one key only for a tenor.—A dainty little love story is "When Love is Kind" (old melody), words by Thomas Moore, accompaniment arranged by "A. L."—"Jack Will Not Forget You," is a bright little song of a sailor lad, the merry words by F. O. Bynoe, the music by Frank L. Moir.

MESSRS. G. RICORDI AND CO.

A very artistically got-up "Musical Almanack for 1891" will prove very useful as a reference, as each day of the year gives the date of the birth or death of an English or foreign singer or composer of note.—A pathetic tale of blighted love is, "Remembered Still," written and composed by Frederick E. Weatherly and F. Paolo Tosti, published in three keys.—"Three Shadows" is one of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's most sentimental love poems, set to music by Herbert Bedford as a Prize Song for the Guildhall School of Music, October, 1890, a song which will take a good position in a concert programme. It is published in three keys.—A sprightly *morceau* for the pianoforte is "Zingaresca," by R. Orlando Morgan.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

The Newspaper Distributing Agency, 6, Temple Chambers, is issuing a series of "Temple Ballads," intended to meet a demand for a somewhat better class of recitation than that with which the market is now flooded. The first of the series is "St. George and the Dragon," containing twelve six-line stanzas, which vigorously call for a new St. George to fight intemperance. Here, for instance, is one:—

Who will be *our* grand deliverer?
Who will set our people free?
Who will slay this great drink dragon?
Who our nation's champion be?
Not *one* man this foe can vanquish,
Side by side our ranks must stand,
And with steadfast strong endeavour
Hurl the tyrant from our land.

The author of this effusion is Mr. William H. Beach, who appears to have written a good many rhymed compositions.

A strain of mystical sentiment and thought runs through Miss Jeanie Morison's "There as Here" (William Blackwood). The second title of the volume is, "Hints and Glimpses of the Unseen," and the author makes use of the hints of Nature and of Human Experience to illustrate and cast light on the statements of Revelation, and the statements of Revelation to explain the hints of Nature and Experience. Browning's "Greet the Unseen with a Cheer," and the passage in which that line occurs, gave to Miss Morison the suggesting idea of her work. Altogether, she is not seldom a little obscure; still, as a collection of sacred poems which might be appropriately associated with the day of All Saints, "There and Here" has its interest and its attraction for a certain class of minds. We may quote the first stanza of a poem which has for its heading the text, "The Leaves of the Tree are for the Healing of the Nations":—

Do they remember us up yonder,
Us they have left behind?
Poor love asks aye with yearning wonder
Upraising eyes tear-blind,
If they may pierce the dark and distance
One moment brings between,
Hearts that were one here bridge the silence
That broods where Death hath been.

In any case, this book of verse should in no way detract from the reputation Miss Morison enjoys as a poet, and a literary exponent of the Browning philosophy.

Messrs. Methuen publish under the title "A Cracked Fiddle," a selection from the poems of Mr. Frederick Langbridge. There are any number of good things for recitation among these ballads and stories, Mr. Langbridge possessing a genuine sense of humour, which is especially manifest in those poems written in brogue. "The Way Thady Came Round" is informed with a spirit of rollicking fun, not unworthy of the author of "Father O'Flynn" himself, while "Andy Byrne" has a fine note of pathos. We are not sure that the Love Lyrics are so noticeable, but Mr. Langbridge introduces them in "A Dedication," with a good deal of self-confidence and "go" in it, and from this we select two stanzas:—

Poor Damon, sunk deep in the quagmire of love,
Fast losing in girth, while increasing in sighs,
For whom all the blue of the world-arch above
Laughs saucily forth from two mischievous eyes,
I come to the rescue—by hook or by crook,
I'll pull you, old fellow, triumphantly through;
The whole art of wooing's set forth in my book—
The book is for You.

And you, little Phyllis, whose tip-tilted nose
Goes up a good inch when of Damon we speak,
Yet whose quick-beating heart is so hard to compose
If Damon but whisper, "The tea's rather weak;"
I bring you a trifle of sweets to the sweet,
With nutmeg and lemon the whole to imbue.
Here's Love's Vade-mecum, revised and complete—
The book is for You.

Mountain Disasters are beginning early in the season in the Austrian Tyrol. During the last few weeks the Martell glacier has been moving forward rapidly, until it formed a dam and artificial lake at the base of the great Ostler Spitz. Through the sudden melting of the snows this lake has burst and inundated the Martell Valley, causing serious destruction. The flood even reached the Adige district.

THE EVENING NEWS

OSCAR TO-DAY.

A Scathing Cross-Examination by Mr. Carson.

MR. WILDE'S FRIENDS

Comprise All Sorts of Strange and Queer Persons.

To-day was the second day of the hearing of the prosecution of the Marquis of Queensberry for criminal libel by Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wilde. The accounts of the first day's proceedings had aroused tremendous interest. "I never write anything that is not extraordinary," Oscar had said in the witness-box, and in addition to his extraordinary writings, the extraordinary character of some of his doings, as related by himself under cross-examination, had been highly "stimulative to thought," and had brought crowding into the Old Bailey corridors a bigger press of would-be hearers than ever.

The fame of yesterday's performance—it was little else—had gone abroad, the accounts of the

Mr. Oscar Wilde.

strange attitude adopted by this "lover of the beautiful," who thinks "books cannot be immoral," and who is "not concerned to do good or evil, but only to create the beautiful," had excited no less interest than the reports of the wonderful intellectual force and flow of perfect language with which he had defended his positions, and the curious tone of his epistolary prose sonnets, and the bizarre nature of his choice of chance acquaintances, had aroused a deeper interest still, which was mirrored in the packed court that patiently awaited the resumption of the trial, in which this strange personality is nominally accusing a relentless pursuer of libel, but actually defending himself against one of the gravest charges that can be brought against an English gentleman.

The jury were quite early in attendance, and had a great deal to say to each other, no doubt discussing Oscar's views on "the ordinary individual," who does not appeal to him, and of whom he has no knowledge.

Oscar, who had arrived early, sat looking at them raptly. It was hardly likely he was giving play to his love of the beautiful; probably he was seeking to increase his stock of knowledge in respect of "the ordinary individual." He did not look so fresh or so bright as on the previous day.

The Marquis of Queensberry was also in court early. He came in just before Oscar, and took up a position close to the entrance to the dock. He gazed round the court carelessly and once or twice let his eyes rest on the prosecutor; then he entered the dock and sat down, but when the judge came into court the marquis arose and assumed the erect attitude which he preserved throughout yesterday.

IN THE BOX AGAIN.

When Oscar entered the witness-box, however, the prospect of the intellectual combat freshened him up, and he leaned over the front, played with his gloves, and smiled amiably at Mr. Carson as if inviting him to begin, he looked quite the Oscar of the day before, the Oscar of the "pleasing paradox," who is "entirely on the side of the ancients."

You told me yesterday you were intimate with Taylor, Mr. Carson began. Yes, and he had continued intimate. It was Taylor who arranged the meeting with Wood about the letter; he had known him since October of 1892. Taylor used to come to his house, to his chambers, and to the Savoy. Oscar used, too, to go to Taylor's house, some seven or eight times perhaps.

There were a bed-room, sitting-room, bath-room, and kitchen in Taylor's house. He could not say if Taylor did his own cooking; he had never dined there. The rooms did not strike the witness as peculiar, except that they displayed more taste than usual. He thought them "most pretty rooms."

Did he ever admit daylight?—I do not know what you mean.

Did you ever see any light but that of gas or candle, day or night?—Yes, certainly. I usually

Marquis of Queensberry.

went in the evening, but I believe I have been earlier and have seen the curtain drawn aside.

Can you recall any specific time at which you saw daylight enter that room?—Yes, it was a Monday in March; no one was there but myself and Taylor.

Were the rooms strongly perfumed?—I have known him to burn perfumes; I am in the habit of burning perfumes myself.

The cross-examination went on. He never saw Wood there, but met Sidney Maler there. He was about 25. Witness had not seen him for a year, and had not the remotest idea of his whereabouts. Last Sunday witness asked Mr. Taylor to go and tell Maler he wanted to see him. He was unaware that Maler disappeared last week.

Have you found him since?—I do not know what you mean by "found him." Mr. Maler has not called upon me, though I wish to see him.

There was no servant at Taylor's. He did no know if Taylor had a lady's costume, he had never seen him in one, or heard of him having one. He was not in the habit of constantly communicating with Taylor by telegram; he had telegraphed to him. Taylor was not a literary person. He had great taste and intelligence, and was brought up at a very good English public school. He had "never created anything," but had good taste. He had dined with Taylor at the Solferino, at the Florence, and other places, not always in a private room, though he preferred dining in private rooms.

Did you send him this telegram—"Alfred Taylor, 13, Little College-street, S.W. Could you call at six o'clock.—Oscar. Savoy?"—I sent that because of the letters I heard Wood was going to try and blackmail me over.

Again you wired from Goring, "Cannot manage the dinner to-morrow; am so sorry.—Oscar"?—Yes.

You knew Fred Atkins?—Yes, I was introduced to him. I liked him. I never had any trouble about him. Atkins knew Taylor. Atkins would call him Oscar.

Another telegram to Taylor was read, "Obliged to see Tree at five o'clock, so don't come to Savoy. Let me know about Fred.—Oscar." The witness did not recollect that. He

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