



Jissen Women's University Rare Books
Honma Hisao Collection

Digital Archives of Mason Library

Oscar Wilde
Scrapbook

Vol. 5

OSCAR TO-DAY.

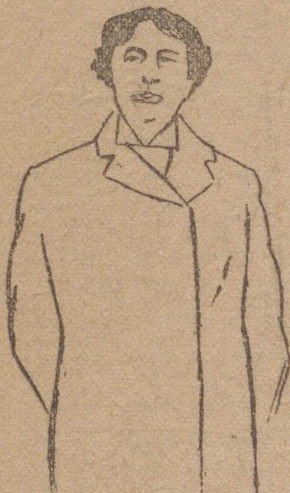
A Scathing Cross-Examination by Mr. Carson.

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 or 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 position which he has since maintained 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 not 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 say anything to him.—OSCAR. Savoy. Let me know about Fred.—OSCAR." The witness did not recollect that. He

never knew Taylor was being watched by the police, but he had heard that last year Taylor and Parker were arrested in a raid on a house in Fitzroy-square. He knew Parker, and had seen him at Taylor's room in Chapel-street.

Was not Taylor notorious for introducing young men to older men?—He has introduced perhaps five young men to me.

They were about 20 years of age?—About that; I like the society of young men.

Have you given money to them?—Yes, I think to all five, money or presents.

Did they give you anything?—Me (with dramatic surprise), me? No!!

Did he introduce you to Charles Parker?

—Yes, and I became friendly with him. I never heard he was a gentleman's servant out of employment, nor should I have minded. I became friendly with anyone I like.

How old was he?—I don't keep a census; he was young; youth was his attraction.

Was he intellectual?—Culture was not his strong point. He was not an artist. Perhaps I have given him £4 or £5. Why? Because he was poor; because I liked him. What better reason for giving anyone money.

Did you ask what his previous occupation was?

—I never inquire about people's pasts. (Laughter.)

Nor their future?—Oh, that is a public matter. (Laughter.)

Did you meet him at Kettner's?—Yes.

With his brother?—I told Taylor to bring any friends. He brought the Parkers.

I was friendly with them, they were my guests. The pleasure to me was being with those who were young, bright, happy. I do not like the sensible, and I do not like the old. They seemed to me pleasant and nice. They told me their father lived at Datchet.

Did you know one of them was a gentleman's valet, and the other a gentleman's groom?—I didn't know—I should not have cared—I didn't care twopence what they were. I liked them.

Did you call one of them Charlie?—Yes.

What did you have for dinner?—I cannot remember the menu. Kettner's is not so gorgeous as some restaurants; it was Kettner's best.

And wine?—Certainly; Kettner's best.

All for the valet and the groom?—For my friends.

Did you give them an intellectual treat?—They seemed deeply impressed.

HE CALLED HIM "OSCAR."

He liked Charlie best, and told him to call him Oscar.

They had wine?—Of course.

You didn't stint them?—What gentleman would stint his guests?

Did you drive Charlie to the Savoy?—No, he did not come to the Savoy at all.

Iced champagne is a favourite drink of mine, strongly against my doctor's orders, but Parker did not have iced champagne, and there was no impropriety.

About a week later Charlie Parker and Taylor dined with him at Kettner's again. He gave him no money. He first gave him money in December, 1895. He made no inquiry from Taylor as to the Parkers. Charlie Parker wished to go on the stage. What his brother's ambition was (very loftily) I never knew.

Next the time and the venue changed to the tenancy of the rooms in St. James's-place. Taylor wrote him, saying Charles Parker was in town, and he replied asking him to come to tea.

He came, perhaps, five or six times. Witness liked his society, and gave him a Christmas present, a silver cigarette-case. He also gave him money, three or four pounds; he was hard up and asked for it.

When he came to tea, what was he doing?

—He had his tea, he smoked cigarettes, and I hope he enjoyed himself.

What attraction had he for you?

Oscar started off: "I delight in the society of people much younger than myself. I like those who may be called idle

and careless. I recognise no social distinctions at all of any kind; the mere fact of youth is so wonderful I would sooner talk to a young man for half-an-hour than even be cross-examined in court."

You would talk to a street arab?—If he would talk to me. Yes, with pleasure.

A letter from Parker was read: "Am I to have the pleasure of dining with you this evening? If so kindly send me an answer by messenger or wire to the above address. I trust you can, and we can spend a pleasant evening." That was the only letter he had found, Parker's correspondence was not interesting.

He never remembered visiting Parker at Park walk, and could not say if it was 10 minutes' walk off Tite-street. "I never walk."

You take a cab?—Yes.

And if you visited, you would leave the cab on the side?—If it were a good cab.

OSCAR'S FRIENDS ARRESTED.

You saw the arrest of Parker and Taylor in the papers?—When I saw it I was much distressed, but the magistrate took a different view and dismissed the case.

You knew they were charged with felonious practices?—I knew nothing of the charges. He was much distressed at Taylor's arrest, and wrote to him.

And this same Taylor was at your house on Tuesday last?—Yes.

Mr. Wilde first knew Freddy Atkins in October, 1892. He believed he was in the employ of a firm of bookmakers, but he did not know him through making bets; he met him at a gentleman's rooms off Regent-street. He never asked Freddy at dinner; he met him at dinner but the dinner was given by the gentleman whose rooms he met him at. Freddy was in employment, but he apologised and said he neglected his business. He was idle, with ambitions to go on the music-hall stage. He did not discuss literature. Oscar would not have allowed him to; the art of the music-hall was as far as he got.

He took Fred over to Paris, but it was owing to a complication of accidents. They went over by the club train, but Fred did not go over as his secretary, it was childish to ask such a thing. The examination was terribly dreary to those who remembered the verbal fluges and sparkling sallies of the day before. Oscar seemed depressed, and "bored."

Did Freddy have his hair curled?—It was suggested. Witness told him it was a silly thing to do, an absurd thing. He would have been angry. You dined with him?—Yes.

Gave him an excellent dinner?—I do everything excellently.

Plenty of wine?—My guests are not stinted; if you suggest I plied him with wine the suggestion is monstrous. I will not have it.

Did you give him a sovereign to go to the Moulin Rouge?—Yes.

Mr. Carson's pronunciation of Moulin Rouge moved Oscar to laughter.

He took Atkins to Paris simply to oblige his friend; he thought him a nice, pleasant companion, and he saw little of him after they arrived.

Many of Oscar's additions to his answers were utterly lost through his habit of muttering them almost to himself, with an impatient exclamation as if he were annoyed with the whole business.

Atkins' present address was 25, Osnaburgh-street, continued Oscar. On two occasions this year he had sent him tickets there, and once he had been to tea. On that occasion a young gentleman, an actor, was there. He gave Atkins 23 15s. to buy him his first song for the music-hall stage. Atkins told him that the poets who wrote for the music-hall stage never took less.

Did you consider Atkins respectable?—Respectability—well—I thought him pleasant and young. He was good-natured, and going on the music-hall stage. I heard him sing. He was interesting.

You knew Ernest Scarth?—Yes: he had been in Australia at the gold diggings. Oscar never knew he was a valet. He had never met him in society, though, he added, "he has been in my society." How he got to know Scarth was through Taylor, who told him that he knew a young man who had met Lord Douglas of Hawick on board ship. He asked Taylor and Scarth to dinner at Kettner's. He asked them to dinner because he was good-natured, and it was a good action to ask to dinner those beneath one in social station. He gave Scarth a cigarette-case. "It is my custom," Oscar explained, "to present cigarette-cases."

It seems so, as almost everyone mentioned in the case yet had a cigarette case.

From Scarth the cross-examination turned to Sidney Maber, whose photograph was produced. "Ah! taken at a period earlier than that at which I knew him," was Oscar's comment. He never gave Maber any money. He was astonished at the idea. After long cogitation he did not even believe he had given him a cigarette case, and he seemed rather afflicted at



THE JUDGE.

never knew Taylor was being watched by the police, but he had heard that last year Taylor and Parker were arrested in a raid on a house in Fitzroy-square. He knew Parker, and had seen him at Taylor's room in Chapel-street.

Was not Taylor notorious for introducing young men to older men?—He has introduced perhaps five young men to me.

They were about 20 years of age?—About that; I like the society of young men.

Have you given money to them?—Yes, I think to all five, money or presents.

Did they give you anything?—Me (with dramatic surprise), me? No!!

Did he introduce you to Charles Parker?—Yes, and I became friendly with him. I never heard he was a gentleman's servant out of employment, nor should I have minded. I became friendly with anyone I like.

How old was he?—I don't keep a census; he was young; youth was his attraction.

Was he intellectual?—Culture was not his strong point. He was not an artist. Perhaps I have given him £4 or £5. Why? Because he was poor; because I liked him. What better reason for giving anyone money.

Did you ask what his previous occupation was?—I never inquire about people's pasts. (Laughter.)

Nor their future?—Oh, that is a public matter. (Laughter.)

Did you meet him at Kettner's?—Yes.

With his brother?—I told Taylor to bring any friends. He brought the Parkers. I was friendly with them, they were my guests. The pleasure to me was being with those who were young, bright, happy. I do not like the sensible, and I do not like the old. They seemed to me pleasant and nice. They told me their father lived at Datchet.

Did you know one of them was a gentleman's valet, and the other a gentleman's groom?—I didn't know—I should not have cared—I didn't care twopenny what they were. I liked them.

Did you call one of them Charlie?—Yes.

What did you have for dinner?—I cannot remember the menu. Kettner's is not so gorgeous as some restaurants; it was Kettner's best.

And wine?—Certainly; Kettner's best.

All for the valet and the groom?—For my friends.

Did you give them an intellectual treat?—They seemed deeply impressed.

HE CALLED HIM "OSCAR."

He liked Charlie best, and told him to call him Oscar.

They had wine?—Of course.

You didn't stint them?—What gentleman would stint his guests?

Did you drive Charlie to the Savoy?—No, he did not come to the Savoy at all.

Iced champagne is a favourite drink of mine, strongly against my doctor's orders, but Parker did not have iced champagne, and there was no impropriety.

About a week later Charlie Parker and Taylor dined with him at Kettner's again. He gave him no money. He first gave him money in December, 1895. He made no inquiry from Taylor as to the Parkers. Charlie Parker wished to go on the stage. What his brother's ambition was (very loftily) I never knew.

Next the time and the venue changed to the tenancy of the rooms in St. James's-place. Taylor wrote him, saying Charles Parker was in town, and he replied asking him to come to tea. He came, perhaps, five or six times. Witness liked his society, and gave him a Christmas present, a silver cigarette-case. He also gave him money, three or four pounds; he was hard up and asked for it.

When he came to tea, what was he doing?—He had his tea, he smoked cigarettes, and I hope he enjoyed himself.

What attraction had he for you?

Oscar started off: "I delight in the society of people much younger than myself. I like those who may be called idle

and careless. I recognise no social distinctions at all of any kind; the mere fact of youth is so wonderful I would sooner talk to a young man for half-an-hour than even be cross-examined in court."

You would talk to a street arab?—If he would talk to me. Yes, with pleasure.

A letter from Parker was read: "Am I to have the pleasure of dining with you this evening? If so kindly send me an answer by messenger on wire to the above address. I trust you can, and we can spend a pleasant evening." That was the only letter he had found, Parker's correspondence was not interesting.

He never remembered visiting Parker at Park walk, and could not say if it was 10 minutes' walk off Fife-street. "I never walk."

You take a cab?—Yes.

And if you visited, you would leave the cab on the side?—If it were a good cab.

OSCAR'S FRIENDS ARRESTED.

You saw the arrest of Parker and Taylor in the papers?—When I saw it I was much distressed, but the magistrate took a different view and dismissed the case.

You knew they were charged with felonious practices?—I knew nothing of the charges. He was much distressed at Taylor's arrest, and wrote to him.

And this same Taylor was at your house on Tuesday last?—Yes.

Mr. Wilde first knew Freddy Atkins in October, 1892. He believed he was in the employ of a firm of bookmakers, but he did not know him through making bets; he met him at a gentleman's rooms off Regent-street. He never asked Freddy at dinner; he met him at dinner but the dinner was given by the gentleman whose rooms he met him at. Freddy was in employment, but he apologised and said he neglected his business. He was idle, with ambitions to go on the music-hall stage. He did not discuss literature, Oscar would not have allowed him to; the art of the music-hall was as far as he got.

He took Fred over to Paris, but it was owing to a complication of accidents. They went over by the club train, but Fred did not go over as his secretary, it was childish to ask such a thing.

The examination was terribly dreary to those who remembered the verbal flavares and sparkling sallies of the day before. Oscar seemed depressed, and "bored."

Did Freddy have his hair curled?—It was suggested. Witness told him it was a silly thing to do, an absurd thing. He would have been angry.

You dined with him?—Yes.

Have him an excellent dinner?—I do everything excellently.

Plenty of wine?—My guests are not stinted; if you suggest I plied him with wine the suggestion is monstrous. I will not have it.

Did you give him a sovereign to go to the Moulin Rouge?—Yes.

Mr. Carson's pronunciation of Moulin Rouge moved Oscar to laughter.

He took Atkins to Paris simply to oblige his friend; he thought him a nice, pleasant companion, and he saw little of him after they arrived.

Many of Oscar's additions to his answers were utterly lost through his habit of muttering them almost to himself, with an impatient exclamation as if he were annoyed with the whole business.

Atkins' present address was 25, Osnaburgh-street, continued Oscar. On two occasions this year he had sent him tickets there, and once he had been to tea. On that occasion a young gentleman, an actor, was there. He gave Atkins £3 15s. to buy him his first song for the music-hall stage. Atkins told him that the poets who wrote for the music-hall stage never took less.

Did you consider Atkins respectable?—Respectability—well—I thought him pleasant and young. He was good-natured, and going on the music-hall stage. I heard him sing. He was interesting.

You knew Ernest Scarth?—Yes; he had been in Australia at the gold diggings. Oscar never knew he was a valet. He had never met him in society, though, he added, "he has been in my society." How he got to know Scarth was through Taylor, who told him that he knew a young man who had met Lord Douglas of Hawick on board ship. He asked Taylor and Scarth to dinner at Kettner's. He asked them to dinner because he was good-natured, and it was a good action to ask to dinner those beneath one in social station. He gave Scarth a cigarette-case. "It is my custom," Oscar explained, "to present cigarette-cases."

It seems so, as almost everyone mentioned in the case yet had a cigarette case.

From Scarth the cross-examination turned to Sidney Maher, whose photograph was produced. "Ah! taken at a period earlier than that at which I knew him," was Oscar's comment. He never gave Maher any money. He was astonished at the idea. After long cogitation even believe he had given him a cigarette case, and he seemed rather afflicted at



this oversight, quite brightening up when it appeared from a document which Mr. Carson produced that he did give him a cigarette-case, and it cost £4 11s. 6d.

Why did he give it to him?—Because he liked him; he always gave presents to people he liked. Maber stayed with him at a hotel in Albemarle-street in October, 1892; it was for companionship, for pleasure, amusement. "I like people staying with me," said Oscar.

"And did ye foind pleasure in his society that noight?" asked Mr. Carson, in his strongest brogue.—Yes, in the evening, and at breakfast; it amused and pleased him that I should ask him to be my guest at a very nice charming hotel.

Another servant joined the motley crowd, Walter Granger, a scout at Lord Alfred Douglas's rooms at Oxford. He never dined with him. He waited at table. If it was one's duty to serve, it was one's duty to serve; if it was one's pleasure to dine it was one's pleasure to dine.

OSCAR MAKES A SLIP.

All through the long cross-examination Oscar had kept his head, had never once faltered. Now he made his first slip. He added gratuitously to his answer, "He was a peculiarly plain, ugly boy."

Mr. Carson fastened on it like a hawk. "Do you put that forward as a reason?" he asked eagerly.—Not at all.

Why do you say it?

Oscar almost lost his head. Several answers he began almost inarticulately, none of them he finished, and his efforts to collect his ideas were not aided by the sharp, staccato, repetition, "Why? why? why? did you add that?"

At last Oscar pulled himself together. "You stung me by your insolence; you try to unnerve me, and perhaps I am sometimes flippant when I should be serious."

The cross-examination went on—Did Oscar know a masseur named Midgen at the Savoy?—Yes.

An incident that is said to have happened was put to the witness and absolutely denied. It never occurred, never, never! Other questions were put to him containing criminal suggestions, only to be denied, strenuously, absolutely, with gestures of disdain and disgust.

"Only one question more?" The words must have been a welcome relief. An unimportant question, Would he know the waiter at a certain Paris hotel?—Yes, he thought he would.

A quiet ending to a sensational cross-examination.

SOME EXTRAORDINARY LETTERS.

Sir Edward Clarke commenced by handing the witness several letters. He had seen them, their contents had been communicated to him.

The letters were from Lord Queensberry.

The first letter from Carter's Hotel began simply "Alfred," and went on to say how painful it was to the writer to write to his son under the circumstances. Then, after referring to his son's previous hysterical impertinence, his lordship went on to ask if his son intended to do anything. He had left Oxford in disgrace; he had talked of the Civil Service, of the Foreign Office, of the Bar, did he intend to do anything, or was he going to loaf and loll all his life long? He declined to find him money to "loaf and loll," he was preparing a wretched future for himself.

The second part of the letter was a terrible document. "I come to the more serious part," wrote Lord Queensberry. "Your intimacy with this man Wilde must cease or I will disown you and stop all supplies."

In answer to the letter from his father, Lord Alfred wired back:

"What a funny little man you are!"

Queensberry wrote back at white heat:

"You impertinent young jackanapes. If you send me any more such telegrams, or come with any impertinence, I will give you the thrashing you richly deserve. Your only excuse is that you must be crazy. I hear from a man at Oxford that you were thought crazy there, and that accounts for a good deal that has happened. If I catch you again with that man I will make a public scandal. Unless it ceases I will stop supplies to a mere pittance."

The next letter was written by Lord Queensberry to Mr. Alfred Montgomery, the father of Lady Queensberry divorced. It is dated from Skindles. It says: "Your daughter is the person who is supporting my son to defy me. He is no son of mine, and his mother shall not support him. At least, not in London, and as for the Rosebery-Gladstone royal insult which came to me through my other son, she worked that. I thought it was you, but it appears it was not."

I saw Drumlanrig here on the river yesterday, which much upset me. Rosebery not only insulted me by lying to the Queen, which she knows, and it makes her as bad as him, but Gladstone also made a lifelong quarrel between my son and me.

The next letter was to Lord Alfred, a worse outpouring of madness than the others, with horrible language in it, ending, "You are not my son, and I never thought you were."

The last letter was another to Lord Alfred, a strange mixture of pathos and passion. What could be keener, it asked, than to have such a son? If Lord Alfred really were his son, how right he had been to face any outcry or ignominy rather than run the risk of bringing any more creatures like him into the world. When he was quite a baby, Lord Queensberry wrote, he had wept over his cradle the bitterest tears that man had ever shed at thinking he had brought such a creature into the world.

Having regard to the character of the letters, Mr. Wilde thought it right to entirely disregard the wishes contained in them. The letters were brought to his knowledge some time ago by the persons who received them.

AFTER LUNCHEON.

The judge returned to the court at two o'clock, but the hearing of the case did not at once proceed. Oscar was not back from luncheon. Eventually he came when the occupants of the court had acquired quite an excited impatience for his return. "My lord," said he on entering the witness-box, "pray accept my apology for being late in the witness-box."

Sir Edward Clarke then rose and read over several letters which Oscar had found among his papers, letters written to him by Edward Shelley, the "office boy" of Matthews and Lane alluded to during the examination.

These letters were all of the friendly tone of a young admirer of the poet. One thanked Oscar for the seat at the theatre on the night of the production of "Lady Windermere's Fan," and contained the phrase, "Such beauty of form and wit adds a new flavour to life." How miserably poor everything seems beside it, except your books, but your books are part of yourself." "B— is of the same opinion," the letter went on, "He is a charming fellow." Mr. Wilde preferred not to say who B— was simply because he wished to avoid paining a family with whom he was on the greatest terms of friendship. He had written to B— saying "an intellectual young fellow will sit next to you, talk with him."

Other letters were descriptive of Shelley's admiration for "The Sphinx" and "Salome," and describing great hardships which Shelley had to endure. Oscar assisted Shelley in obtaining a situation, and lent him money. One of these letters of Shelley read: "I want to go away and rest somewhere. I am preparing to live a Christian life, and I accept poverty as part of my religion, but I must have health."

Oscar lent the boy money and helped him. As to Alphonse Conway, the boy at Worthing, Mr. Wilde denied any unlawful practices with him. On the contrary, the boy went out boasting with his boys. As to the man Wood, Lord Alfred Douglas asked him to do what he could for him. He did.

Oscar then categorically denied that he had the slightest knowledge of the men Taylor, Parker, Atkins and others being undesirable persons. Beyond reading the statements in the papers about the raid in Fitzroy-square, he never saw any intimation that there was anything immoral in the nature of the young men, and in that case the men were discharged.

They came into evidence many letters written, one from Lord Alfred Douglas to his father, saying, "I treat your absurd threats with absolute indifference. I shall continue to meet Mr. Oscar Wilde at Willis's Room, Café Royal, &c. I shall continue to meet him at these places whenever I choose, and with whom I choose. I am of age, a man. You have meanly deprived me of money. If Oscar Wilde prosecutes you in the courts you will get yourself seven years' imprisonment. Much as I detest you, I shall do all in my power to prevent this in the interests of the

Queensberry family. But if I shoot you or he shoots you we shall be acting in self-defence against a violent ruffian, and I think if you were dead the world would be relieved of a villain."

The correspondence between the Marquis and Oscar's solicitors which led up to the prosecution was read, with a view to publishing the fact that the "excited persons" mentioned were not mentioned in relationship with the charges made against Mr. Wilde by the Marquis.

This completed the case for the prosecution.

FOR THE DEFENCE.

Mr. Carson then opened the case for the defence. The Marquis, he said, was undoubtedly, they would find, justified in the public interest, and in the interest certainly of his son, in taking the steps he had to withdraw his son from the company of Wilde. Evidence would be brought to show that these young men with whom Oscar Wilde had been associated were all men of notorious immorality. Mr. Wilde was a man with a notorious reputation, a reputation which, it would be proved, led to trouble at the Savoy Hotel. Taylor was the pivot of the case. Taylor was notoriously a disreputable man. Taylor introduced these young men, these men of art, and grooms and valets, to Wilde. Yet Taylor was not to be produced.

thus oversight, quite brightening up when it appeared from a document which Mr. Carson produced that he did give him a cigarette-case, and it cost £4 11s. 6d.

Why did he give it to him?—Because he liked him; he always gave presents to people he liked. Maber stayed with him at a hotel in Albemarle-street in October, 1892; it was for companionship, for pleasure, amusement. "I like people staying with me," said Oscar.

"And did you find pleasure in his society that night?" asked Mr. Carson, in his strongest brogue.—Yes, in the evening, and at breakfast; it amused and pleased him that I should ask him to be my guest at a very nice charming hotel.

Another servant joined the motley crowd, Walter Granger, a scout at Lord Alfred Douglas's rooms at Oxford. He never dined with him. He waited at table. If it was one's duty to serve, it was one's duty to serve; if it was one's pleasure to dine it was one's pleasure to dine.

OSCAR MAKES A SLIP.

All through the long cross-examination Oscar had kept his head, had never once faltered. Now he made his first slip. He added gratuitously to his answer, "He was a peculiarly plain, ugly boy."

Mr. Carson fastened on it like a hawk. "Do you put that forward as a reason?" he asked eagerly.—Not at all.

Why do you say it?

Oscar almost lost his head. Several answers he began almost inarticulately, none of them he finished, and his efforts to collect his ideas were not aided by the sharp, staccato, repetition, "Why? why? why? did you add that?"

At last Oscar pulled himself together. "You stung me by your insolence; you try to unnerve me, and perhaps I am sometimes flippant when I should be serious."

The cross-examination went on—Did Oscar know a masseur named Midgen at the Savoy?—Yes.

An incident that is said to have happened was put to the witness and absolutely denied. It never occurred, never, never! Other questions were put to him containing criminal suggestions, only to be denied, strenuously, absolutely, with gestures of disdain and disgust.

"Only one question more?" The words must have been a welcome relief. An unimportant question, Would he know the waiter at a certain Paris hotel?—Yes, he thought he would.

A quiet ending to a sensational cross-examination.

SOME EXTRAORDINARY LETTERS.

Sir Edward Clarke commenced by handing the witness several letters. He had seen them, their contents had been communicated to him.

The letters were from Lord Queensberry.

The first letter from Carter's Hotel began simply "Alfred," and went on to say how painful it was to the writer to write to his son under the circumstances. Then, after referring to his son's previous hysterical impertinence, his lordship went on to ask if his son intended to do anything. He had left Oxford in disgrace; he had talked of the Civil Service, of the Foreign Office, of the Bar, did he intend to do anything, or was he going to loaf and loll all his life long? He declined to find him money to "loaf and loll," he was preparing a wretched future for himself.

The second part of the letter was a terrible document. "I come to the more serious part," wrote Lord Queensberry. "Your intimacy with this man Wilde must cease or I will disown you and stop all supplies."

In answer to the letter from his father, Lord Alfred wired back:

"What a funny little man you are!"

Queensberry wrote back at white heat:

"You impertinent young jackanapes. If you send me any more such telegrams, or come with my impertinence, I will give you the thrashing you richly deserve. Your only excuse is that you must be crazy. I hear from a man at Oxford that you were thought crazy there, and that accounts for a good deal that has happened. If I catch you again with that man I will make a public scandal. Unless it ceases I will stop supplies to a mere pittance. . . .—Yours,

"QUEENSBERRY."

The next letter was written by Lord Queensberry to Mr. Alfred Montgomery, the father of Lady Queensberry divorced. It is dated from Skiddle's. It says: "Your daughter is the person who is supporting my son to defy me. . . . He is no son of mine, and his mother shall not support him. At least, not in London, and as for the Rosebery-Gladstone royal insult which came to me through my other son, she worked that. I thought it was you, but it appears it was not. . . . I saw Drumlanrig here on the river yesterday, which much upset me. Rosebery not only insulted me by lying to the Queen, which she knows, and it makes her as bad as him, but Gladstone also made a lifelong quarrel between my son and me.

The next letter was to Lord Alfred, a veritable outpouring of bile from the old man, in the most horrible language in it, ending, "You are not my son, and I never thought you were."

The last letter was another to Lord Alfred, a strange mixture of pathos and passion. What could be keener, it asked, than to have such a son? If Lord Alfred really were his son, how right he had been to face any outcry or ignominy rather than run the risk of bringing any more creatures like him into the world. When he was quite a baby, Lord Queensberry wrote, he had wept over his cradle the bitterest tears that man had ever shed at thinking he had brought such a creature into the world.

Having regard to the character of the letters, Mr. Wilde thought it right to entirely disregard the wishes contained in them. The letters were brought to his knowledge some time ago by the persons who received them.

AFTER LUNCHEON.

The judge returned to the court at two o'clock, but the hearing of the case did not at once proceed. Oscar was not back from luncheon. Eventually he came when the occupants of the court had acquired quite an excited impatience for his return. "My ord," said he on entering the witness-box, "pray accept my apology for being late in the witness-box."

Sir Edward Clarke then rose and read over several letters which Oscar had found among his papers, letters written to him by Edward Shelley, the "office boy" of Matthews and Lane alluded to during the examination.

These letters were all of the friendly tone of a young admirer of the poet. One thanked Oscar for the seat at the theatre on the night of the production of "Lady Windermere's Fan," and contained the phrase, "Such beauty of form and wit adds a new flavour to life." How miserably poor everything seems beside it, except your books, but your books are part of yourself." "B—— is of the same opinion," the letter went on, "He is a charming fellow." Mr. Wilde preferred not to say who B—— was simply because he wished to avoid paining a family with whom he was on the greatest terms of friendship. He had written to B——, saying "an intellectual young fellow will sit next to you, talk with him."

Other letters were descriptive of Shelley's admiration for "The Sphinx" and "Salome," and describing great hardships which Shelley had to endure. Oscar assisted Shelley in obtaining a situation, and lent him money. One of these letters of Shelley read: "I want to go away and rest somewhere. I am preparing to live a Christian life, and I accept poverty as part of my religion, but I must have health."

Oscar lent the boy money and helped him.

As to Alphonse Conway, the boy at Worthing, Mr. Wilde denied any unlawful practices with him. On the contrary, the boy went out boating with his boys. As to the man Wood, Lord Alfred Douglas asked him to do what he would for him. He did.

Oscar then categorically denied that he had the slightest knowledge of the men Taylor, Parker, Atkins and others being undesirable persons. Beyond reading the statements in the papers about the raid in Fitzroy-square, he never saw any intimation that there was anything immoral in the nature of the young men, and in that case the men were discharged.

They came into evidence many letters written, one from Lord Alfred Douglas to his father, saying, "I treat your absurd threats with absolute indifference. I shall continue to see Mr. Oscar Wilde at Willis's Room, Café Royal, &c. I shall continue to meet him at these places whenever I choose, and with whom I choose. I am of age, a man: You have meanly deprived me of money. If Oscar Wilde prosecutes you in the courts you will get yourself seven years' imprisonment. Much as I detest you, I shall do all in my power to prevent this in the interests of the

Queensberry family. But if I shoot you or he shoots you we shall be acting in self-defence against a violent ruffian, and I think if you were dead the world would be relieved of a villain."

The correspondence between the Marquis and Oscar's solicitors which led up to the prosecution was read, with a view to publishing the fact that the "exalted persons" mentioned were not mentioned in relationship with the charges made against Mr. Wilde by the Marquis.

This completed the case for the prosecution.

FOR THE DEFENCE.

Mr. Carson then opened the case for the defence. The Marquis, he said, was undoubtedly, they would find, justified in the public interest, and in the interest certainly of his son, in taking the steps he had to withdraw his son from the company of Wilde. Evidence would be brought to show that these young men with whom Oscar Wilde had been associated were all men of notorious immorality. Mr. Wilde was a man with a notorious reputation, a reputation which, it would be proved, led to trouble at the Savoy Hotel. Taylor was the pivot of the case. Taylor was notoriously a disreputable man. He produced these young men, these ruffians, these art, and grocers' and valets, to Wilde. Yet Taylor was not to be produced.

Witnesses would be brought to describe the extraordinary den—the perfumed, ever-curtained rooms—he kept in Little College-street. This was the place where Mr. Wilde made visits to meet these young men. Witnesses would be brought to prove the fearful practices of this man, Oscar Wilde. Why was a gentleman spoken of in the case as nameless?—Because the man was out of the country. (Sensation.)

But Taylor was not out of the country. Taylor, who, if any man could, could speak for Mr. Wilde.

And Taylor was still a friend of Wilde's. But he was not called. As to Oscar's literature, it was, he said himself, something which only the artistic could understand. He wrote not for the Christian, but he preferred the society of newspaper boys and street arabs, and to invite such persons to dine with him. The jury would surely see—the evidence would prove to them—that such inconsistency was inconceivable.

As to the literature written by Oscar Mr. Carson took up first "The Chameleon." He would not say Mr. Wilde was responsible for all that appeared in that publication. But if he was willing to contribute to a journal which had for its purpose the praise of a gross practice, and wrote for such a journal aphorisms and philosophies for the use of the young. What could they believe but that he approved of its teachings. He disapproved of the article in the journal called "The Priest and the Acolyte," not because it was immoral, but merely because it was not artistic. He didn't disapprove, he didn't care about the question of immorality, he had said. He saw no difference between a moral book and an immoral book. The language used by the priest in the article with reference to the acolyte was the same in effect as that addressed to Lord Alfred Douglas by Mr. Wilde. The same strain, the same immorality ran through "Dorian Gray." If they found Mr. Wilde himself in his conduct with Lord Alfred Douglas adopting the same idea as ran through those articles and books, could they have any doubt that the same kind of mind was dominating the conduct of Lord Alfred Douglas. The poem, "Two Loves," by Lord Alfred Douglas, published in the "Chameleon," and spoken of by Mr. Wilde as beautiful was not beautiful but filthy.

Mr. Carson then took up "Dorian Gray," and described the teaching in it, reading long extracts from the work. The book alone supplied enough to justify the complaint made by Lord Queensberry.

The case was adjourned.

OSCAR'S EPIGRAMS.

Some Excerpts From Yesterday's Evidence.

The epigrammatic Oscar Wilde was hard at work yesterday—or perhaps we should not use that phrase, as the beautiful phrases he uttered are doubtless turned out, in true artist fashion, without any conscious effort. We take from the *Westminster Gazette* some of the gems:

There is no such thing as an immoral book.

I have written the words: "Wickedness is a myth invented by good people to account for the curious attractiveness of others," but I rarely think that anything I write is true. I might have said never; yet true is the actual sense of the word.

"Religions die when they are proved to be true." I consider a most stimulating axiom for the philosophy of the young.

Anything is good that stimulates thought in whatever age. There is no such thing as morality or immorality in thought. There is immoral emotion.

I have no knowledge of the views of ordinary individuals; but I have never prevented the ordinary individual from buying my books.

I have never allowed any personality to dominate my heart. I think it is perfectly natural for any artist to intensely admire and love a young man. It is an incident in the life of almost every artist.

I am not to be cross-examined about the ignorance of other people.

I have a great passion to civilise the community.

Witnesses would be brought to describe the extraordinary den—the perfumed, ever-curtained rooms—he kept in Little College-street. This was the place where Mr. Wilde made visits to meet these young men. Witnesses would be brought to prove the fearful practices of this man, Oscar Wilde. Why was a gentleman spoken of in the case as nameless?—Because the man was out of the country. (Sensation.)

But Taylor was not out of the country. Taylor, who, if any man could, could speak for Mr. Wilde.

And Taylor was still a friend of Wilde's. But he was not called. As to Oscar's literature, it was, he said himself, something which only the artistic could understand. He wrote not for the Philistine. Yet he preferred the society of newspaper boys and street arabs, and to invite such persons to dine with him. The jury would surely see—the evidence would prove to them—that such inconsistency was inconceivable.

As to the literature written by Oscar Mr. Carson took up first "The Chameleon." He would not say Mr. Wilde was responsible for all that appeared in that publication. But if he was willing to contribute to a journal which had for its purpose the praise of a gross practice, and wrote for such a journal aphorisms and philosophies for the use of the young. What could they believe but that he approved of its teachings. He disapproved of the article in the journal called "The Priest and the Acolyte," not because it was immoral, but merely because it was not artistic. He didn't disapprove, he didn't care about the question of immorality, he had said. He saw no difference between a moral book and an immoral book. The language used by the priest in the article with reference to the acolyte was the same in effect as that addressed to Lord Alfred Douglas by Mr. Wilde. The same strain, the same immorality ran through "Dorian Gray." If they found Mr. Wilde himself in his conduct with Lord Alfred Douglas adopting the same idea as ran through those articles and books, could they have any doubt that the same kind of mind was dominating the conduct of Lord Alfred Douglas. The poem, "Two Loves" by Lord Alfred Douglas, 2019-03-16, the "Chameleon" spoken of by Mr. Wilde as beautiful was not beautiful but filthy.

Mr. Carson then took up "Dorian Gray," and described the teaching in it, reading long extracts from the work. The book alone supplied enough to justify the complaint made by Lord Queensberry.

The case was adjourned.

OSCAR'S EPIGRAMS.

Some Excerpts From Yesterday's Evidence.

The epigrammatic Oscar Wilde was hard at work yesterday—or perhaps we should not use that phrase, as the beautiful phrases he uttered are doubtless turned out, in true artist fashion, without any conscious effort. We take from the *Westminster Gazette* some of the gems:

There is no such thing as an immoral book.

I have written the words: "Wickedness is a myth invented by good people to account for the curious attractiveness of others," but I rarely think that anything I write is true. I might have said never; not true is the actual sense of the word.

"Religions die when they are proved to be true," I consider a most stimulating axiom for the philosophy of the young.

Anything is good that stimulates thought in whatever age. There is no such thing as morality or immorality in thought. There is immoral emotion.

I have no knowledge of the views of ordinary individuals; but I have never prevented the ordinary individual from buying my books.

I have never allowed any personality to dominate my heart. I think it is perfectly natural for any artist to intensely admire and love a young man. It is an incident in the life of almost every artist.

I am not to be cross-examined about the ignorance of other people.

I have a great passion to civilise the community.

April 4, 1895.

OSCAR'S CASE

A SENSATIONAL DAY.

Queensberry's
Remarkable Letters

AND HIS SON'S REPLIES

SOME PAINFUL SCENES.

AND MR. WILDE AT LAST
LEAVES THE BOX.

CARSON'S DEFIANT CHARGES.

Again this morning the scene in the Old Bailey Court was of the most unusual and animated character. A good hour before the time for the resumption of the trial the public gallery was densely packed. The appearance it presented, perched up close to the ceiling, was remarkable to a degree. In place of the greasy old cloth cap that is generally pulled off with a squirm by the gentlemen who seek entertainment up there, this morning nearly everyone wore a highly-polished silk hat. Several barristers, too, who could not get seats below, had doffed their wigs and robes and gowns upstairs.

About a quarter past ten Mr. Oscar Wilde put in an appearance, dressed as yesterday in the velvet-cuffed coat and tan suede gloves, looking little distressed for the terrible ordeal he underwent yesterday, and, quickly settling himself down at the solicitors' table, entered into a long conference with his counsel, Mr. Charles Mathews, whilst he formed the cynosure of every eye, as old Milton would say. About the same time

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS entered the court by another entrance. He came in by the door up at the end of the judge's bench, and, as he did yesterday afternoon, sat himself down in the corner a good deal out of sight, but able himself to see everything that was going on. Mr. Wilde described the young lord yesterday as "beautiful." Not judged from an "artistic" point of view, he is hardly that. He is a pale complexioned young fellow, with straw-coloured hair, and straight regular features.

By this time the whole court was again densely crowded. The gangway was packed with white-wigged barristers; the rows of seats on either side were filled to their utmost capacity; every seat on the judge's bench was occupied except those reserved for the judge himself and the City magnates who accompany him. Mr. Carson, Q.C., Mr. C. F. Gill, and Mr. A. Gill the counsel for the Marquis; Sir Edward Clarke, Mr. Charles Mathews, and Mr. Travers Humphreys, Mr. Wilde's three counsel; and Mr. Besley, Q.C., who, with Mr. Monckton, holds the watching brief for Lord Douglas of Hawick, the Marquis's eldest son, were in their places. Just before half-past ten the Marquis came in accompanied by his solicitor Mr. Russell, son of the eminent Lord Chief Justice, Lord Russell of Kilowen. The Marquis looked much as yesterday

COOL, HARD AND DETERMINED;

the only change was that he had exchanged his light blue hunting stock for a cream silk stock.

Mr. Justice Collins entered very punctually at half-past ten. The Marquis went into the dock, again refusing the seat proffered him, preferring to stand or lean upon the front rail, nursing one of his gloves, a pencil, and a piece of paper.

Mr. Oscar Wilde resumed his place and his graceful loll in the witness-box. Mr. Carson resumed his cross-examination. And the sensational trial, Wilde against Queensberry, went on; the crowd in the court listening to every word with bated breath.

Counsel again referred to Taylor. Mr. Wilde said he had known the young man for some years, and it was Taylor who introduced Wood to him. Taylor had visited Mr. Wilde at his house in Eile-street, and the author had returned the visits. Taylor had occupied the upper part of a house at 13, Little College-street.

Had he a servant?—I don't think so. I am not sure.

Used he not to do his own cooking?—I can't answer that.

Who opened the door to you?—Sometimes Taylor, sometimes his friend.

Then Mr. Wilde was asked several

PECULIAR QUESTIONS

as to the manner in which Taylor's apartments were furnished. He would not say the appointments were luxurious, but much taste was displayed.

Were the rooms not always darkened?—

No.

Did you ever see any other light to that afforded by candle or lamp?—I generally went there about teatime, and I suppose it was dark then.

Were the windows covered by double curtains?—It is quite possible, but I can't tell you.

Were the rooms not always strongly perfumed?—Yes, a little perfume, I believe, was used.

Mr. Wilde's memory was next taxed in regard to

A YOUTH NAMED MAVOR.

This youth had not been seen of late, and the suggestion was that he had been spirited away, but this Mr. Wilde denied.

Coming back again to the acquaintance with Taylor, Mr. Carson asked whether that individual figured in female attire, but Mr. Wilde was not aware of it.

Was Taylor a literary person, Mr. Wilde?

—He was a young man of great taste.

Did you discuss literary matters with him?—He used to listen, said Mr. Wilde—

and the court laughed.

Have you dined with him at various places?—Oh, yes.

And sent telegrams to him?—Yes, on business.

Listen to this, said Mr. Carson; and he read—"Taylor, 13, Little College-street, Westminster. Can you call at six o'clock, Oscar, Savoy." What did you want to see him about?—The blackmailing attempts.

There was another youth named "Fred," said Mr. Carson.—There was, replied Mr. Wilde. He used to visit at Taylor's place.

Had you ever any trouble over Fred?—None.

Do you know that the police at one time

WERE WATCHING TAYLOR?—

No.

Do you know that Taylor and a man named Parker were arrested during a raid made last year at a house in Fitzroy-square?—Yes; I heard so.

Do you know Parker?—Yes.

And now do you know that Taylor was notorious for introducing young men to older men?—No.

Has he introduced many to you?—Six or seven; no—about five.

All of whom you knew by their Christian names?—Yes.

Have you given money to them?—Yes; all five I suppose—money or presents.

Did Taylor introduce you to Charles Parker?—Yes.

Was he a gentleman's servant out of employment?—How do I know?

If he had not been a gentleman's servant out of employment you would not have become friendly with him?—I become friendly with anyone I take a liking to.

Was he an artist or a literary man?—Culture.

WAS NOT HIS STRONG POINT,

replied Oscar, lightly.

What is he now?—I have not the remotest idea.

How much money have you given Parker?—Four or five pounds.

What for?—Because he was poor, and I liked him. What better reason?

OSCAR'S CASE

A SENSATIONAL DAY.

Queensberry's Remarkable Letters

AND HIS SON'S REPLIES

SOME PAINFUL SCENES.

AND MR. WILDE AT LAST LEAVES THE BOX.

CARSON'S DEFIANT CHARGES.

Again this morning the scene in the Old Bailey Court was of the most unusual and animated character. A good hour before the time for the resumption of the trial the public gallery was densely packed. The appearance it presented, perched up close to the ceiling, was remarkable to a degree. In place of the greasy old cloth cap that is generally pulled off with a squirm by the gentlemen who seek entertainment up there, this morning nearly everyone wore a highly-polished silk hat. Several barristers, too, who could not get seats below, had doffed their wigs and robes and gowns upstairs.

About a quarter past ten Mr. Oscar Wilde put in an appearance, dressed as yesterday in the velvet-cuffed coat and tan suede gloves, looking little distressed for the terrible ordeal he underwent yesterday, and, quickly settling himself down at the solicitors' table, entered into a long conference with his counsel, Mr. Charles Mathews, whilst he formed the cynosure of every eye, as old Milton would say. About the same time

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS

entered the court by another entrance. He came in by the door up at the end of the judge's bench, and, as he did yesterday afternoon, sat himself down in the corner a good deal out of sight, but able himself to see everything that was going on. Mr. Wilde described the young lord yesterday as "beautiful." Not judged from an "artistic" point of view, he is hardly that. He is a pale complexioned young fellow, with straw-coloured hair, and straight regular features.

By this time the whole court was again densely crowded. The gangway was packed with white wigged barristers: the rows of seats on either side were filled to their utmost capacity; every seat on the judge's bench was occupied except those reserved for the judge himself and the City magnates who accompany him. Mr. Carson, Q.C., Mr. C. F. Gill, and Mr. A. Gill the counsel for the Marquis; Sir Edward Clarke, Mr. Charles Mathews, and Mr. Travers Humphreys, Mr. Wilde's three counsel; and Mr. Besley, Q.C., who, with Mr. Monckton, holds the watching brief for Lord Douglas of Hawick, the Marquis's eldest son, were in their places. Just before half-past ten the Marquis came in accompanied by his solicitor Mr. Russell, son of the eminent Lord Russell of Killowen. The Marquis looked much as yesterday

COOL, HARD AND DETERMINED;

the only change was that he had exchanged his light blue hunting stock for a cream silk stock.

Mr. Justice Collins entered very punctually at half-past ten. The Marquis went into the dock, again refusing the seat proffered him, preferring to stand or lean upon the front rail, nursing one of his gloves, a pencil, and a piece of paper.

Mr. Oscar Wilde resumed his place and his graceful loll in the witness-box. Mr. Carson resumed his cross-examination. And the sensational trial, Wilde against Queensberry, went on; the crowd in the court listening to every word with bated breath.

Counsel again referred to Taylor. Mr. Wilde said he had known the young man for some years, and it was Taylor who introduced Wood to him. Taylor had visited Mr. Wilde at his house in Tite-street, and the author had returned the visits. Taylor had occupied the upper part of a house at 13, Little College-street.

Had he a servant?—I don't think so. I am not sure.

Used he not to do his own cooking?—I can't answer that.

Who opened the door to you?—Sometimes Taylor, sometimes his friend.

Then Mr. Wilde was asked several

PECULIAR QUESTIONS

as to the manner in which Taylor's apartments were furnished. He would not say the appointments were luxurious, but much taste was displayed.

Were the rooms not always darkened?—No.

Did you ever see any other light to that afforded by candle or lamp?—I generally went there about teatime, and I suppose it was dark then.

Were the windows covered by double curtains?—It is quite possible, but I can't tell you.

Were the rooms not always strongly perfumed?—Yes, a little perfume, I believe, was used.

Mr. Wilde's memory was next taxed in regard to

A YOUTH NAMED MAVOR.

This youth had not been seen of late, and the suggestion was that he had been spirited away, but this Mr. Wilde denied.

Coming back again to the acquaintance with Taylor, Mr. Carson asked whether that individual figured in female attire, but Mr. Wilde was not aware of it.

Was Taylor a literary person, Mr. Wilde?—He was a young man of great taste.

Did you discuss literary matters with him?—He used to listen, said Mr. Wilde—and the court laughed.

Have you dined with him at various places?—Oh, yes.

And sent telegrams to him?—Yes, on business.

Listen to this, said Mr. Carson; and he read—"Taylor, 13, Little College-street, Westminster. Can you call at six o'clock, Oscar, Savoy." What did you want to see him about?—The blackmailing attempts.

There was another youth named "Fred," said Mr. Carson.—There was, replied Mr. Wilde. He used to visit at Taylor's place.

Had you ever any trouble over Fred?—None.

Do you know that the police at one time

WERE WATCHING TAYLOR?—

No.

Do you know that Taylor and a man named Parker were arrested during a raid made last year at a house in Fitzroy-square?—Yes; I heard so.

Do you know Parker?—Yes.

And now do you know that Taylor was notorious for introducing young men to older men?—No.

Has he introduced many to you?—Six or seven; no—about five.

All of whom you knew by their Christian names?—Yes.

Have you given money to them?—Yes; all five I suppose—money or presents.

Did Taylor introduce you to Charles Parker?—Yes.

Was he a gentleman's servant out of employment?—How do I know?

If he had not been a gentleman's servant out of employment you would not have become friendly with him?—I become friendly with anyone I take a liking to.

Was he an artist or a literary man?—Culture

WAS NOT HIS STRONG POINT,

replied Oscar, lightly.

What is he now?—I have not the remotest idea.

How much money have you given Parker?—Four or five pounds.

—Because he is poor, and I liked him. What better reason?

Where did you first see Parker?—At a restaurant—Kettner's.
Was his brother with him?—Yes.
Did you become familiar with him?—They were my guests; they were at my table, so of course I did.
But he went with you afterwards to your rooms at the Savoy Hotel?—He did not.
You gave him money?—Yes. Four pounds or so. He said he was hard-up.
Then Mr. Carson asked:
Now, Mr. Wilde, I ask you what was there in common between you and this young fellow?—I will tell you. I like the society of people who are younger than myself. I recognise

NO SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS
of any kind. To me the mere fact of youth is so wonderful that I would sooner talk to a young man for half an hour than even be cross examined by you in Court.

All these brilliant sallies created much fun. But this last one was at least recognised as having something of reality about it. Mr. Wilde went on to admit that he had taken Parker to the Crystal Palace and other places, but denied absolutely the suggestions made.

Mr. Wilde then acknowledged that he knew that Parker was among the men who were arrested in Fitzroy-square, some of whom were in women's clothes. He was annoyed, he said, but his friendship continued. Among the men arrested there was one Preston, whose name had been heard of in connection with

THE CLEVELAND-STREET SCANDALS.
Then Mr. Carson talked about a youth named Fred Atkins, whose acquaintance Mr. Wilde made in 1892, and who told him he was connected with a firm of bookmakers. He became acquainted with him through the mysterious gentleman whose name he handed in yesterday, in Margaret-street, Piccadilly. He became friendly with Atkins. Mr. Wilde ridiculed the idea that Atkins' conversation related to literary matters. The young fellow was desirous of getting on the music-hall stage, so that what art he had was

THE ART OF THE MUSIC-HALL.
Fred and Mr. Wilde went to Paris together, but that was in order not to disappoint the former, as he had been promised the trip by the gentleman of the unpublished name. It was never suggested to Atkins that he should travel as Mr. Wilde's secretary. When they reached Paris rooms were taken at 29, Boulevard de Capucines. There were three rooms communicating with each other.

After lunching with him, did you suggest that he should have his hair curled? (Laughter.)—No, he suggested it, and I told him it would be very unbecoming. (Laughter again.)

Did he get it curled?—No, I should have been very angry with him if he had. (Laughter.)

Did you give him an expensive dinner?—A good dinner.

With plenty of wine?—I don't know what you mean, said Mr. Wilde, angrily. Any gentleman who dines with me is not stilled of wine; but if you infer that I piled Atkins with wine it is a monstrous proposition.

Mr. Wilde was then asked a very direct question, and the answer was "It's an infamous lie." It was, however, true that he had given him money to go to the Moulin Rouge. Further questioned, the dramatist said that Atkins very kindly visited him in London with the mysterious gent, while he was ill. Mr. Wilde did not know where Atkins' parents lived, but believed it was somewhere in Pimlico. The other questions about Atkins were not interesting.

By this time, somewhere about noon, the throng in the court had grown denser than ever. People were standing on the judge's bench, or nearly so, and a score or more were straining over one another outside, gazing through the glazed topped entrance. The Marquis maintained his standing position, and kept his eyes almost continuously on Mr. Wilde with a gaze of interested curiosity. Now and then he looked over towards where his young son was sitting, but so thick was the crowd that he could barely have seen the lad.

Mr. Wilde meanwhile, with his arms folded on the front of the witness-box with an air of

"OH, PRAY DON'T WORRY ME,"

continued his extraordinary admissions.

The name of the next young friend of whose friendship Mr. Carson was suspicious was Ernest Scarf. Mr. Wilde first met Scarf, he said, in December, 1893; was introduced to him by Taylor; he was about 20 years of age, and of no occupation at that

time, but had been out in the Australian gold-diggings. Taylor brought him round simply because Scarf had interested Lord Hawick on board ship on the way to Australia, and it was simply for the same reason that Mr. Wilde gave him "one of Kettner's best, with the best of Kettner's wine." He had never kissed or caressed the youth. He had given him a silver cigarette-case; but that, said Mr. Wilde, was "because I am so good-natured, and because it is a custom of mine to give cigarette-cases."

Mr. Carson held up a silver case.—"No, really," burst out the author, "I could not, I have given so many I could not recognise one from another."

Keeping the rooms which Lord Hawick and Lord Alfred Douglas occupied at Oxford was a lad of 16, named Walter Granger. Questions regarding him were also asked, and Mr. Wilde caused some laughter by saying he was ugly.

Shortly afterwards the

STARTLING CROSS-EXAMINATION
came to a close. Mr. Carson sat down, Mr. Wilde drew a breath of relief, and Sir Edward Clarke rose to ask his client a few questions.

Sir Edward Clarke produced a batch of correspondence which had passed between Lord Queensberry and his son Lord Alfred Douglas. The first letter by the Marquis was painful and pathetic in a high degree. It began with a complaint of the tone of the letters previously received from Lord Alfred, and a remonstrance about the leading life which the marquis said his son was leading. Here are some passages:—

"Alfred, it is extremely painful to me to have to write to you in the strain I must; but please understand I decline to receive any answers from you in writing in return. After your previous hysterical impertinent ones I refuse to be annoyed with such. If you have anything to say do come here and say it in person. Firstly, am I to understand that, having left Oxford as you did with discredit to yourself, the reasons of which were fully explained to me by your tutor, you now intend to loaf and loll about and do nothing. All the time you were wasting at Oxford I was put off with the assurance that you were eventually to go into the Civil Service or to the Foreign Office, and then I was put off with an assurance of

YOUR GOING TO THE BAR.

It appears to me you intend to do nothing. . . . I utterly decline, however, to just supply you with sufficient funds to loaf about. You are preparing a wretched future for yourself.

"Secondly, I come to the more painful part of this letter—your intimacy with the man Wilde. It must either cease or I will disown you and stop all money supplies. I am not going to try to analyse this intimacy, and make no accusations." Then followed some terrible passages. They should not be printed. The letter continued: "Also I now hear on good authority, but this may be false, that his wife is petitioning to divorce him. Is this true, or do you not know of it?" "Your disgusted, so-called father.—QUEENSBURY," was the signature.

The reading of this document created a great sensation.

Here is another extract from one of the letters:—"I do not believe Wilde will dare defy me. He plainly showed the white feather the other day when I tackled him, damned cur and coward of the Rosebery type. It shall be known by all someday that Rosebery not only insulted me by

LYING TO THE QUEEN,
which she knows makes her as bad as him and Gladstone, but also has made a life-long quarrel between my son and I."

Another to Lord Alfred Douglas was addressed to him as "you miserable creature" and ran:—

"What could be keener pain to have such a son as yourself. When quite a baby I cried over you the bitterest tears a man ever shed to have brought such a creature into the world."

Mr. Wilde denied that there was any truth in the accusation that his wife was seeking divorce.

Then came the next letter from Queensberry. It began "You impertinent young jackanapes."

That was, interposed Mr. Carson, in reference to the reply which Lord Alfred sent his father by telegram. The telegram was put in and ran, "What a funny little man you are!"

Sir Edward continued the letter, "You impertinent young jackanapes, if you come

Where did you first see Parker?—At a restaurant—Kettner's.

Was his brother with him?—Yes.

Did you become familiar with him?—They were my guests; they were at my table, so of course I did.

But he went with you afterwards to your rooms at the Savoy Hotel?—He did not.

You gave him money?—Yes. Four pounds or so. He said he was hard-up.

Then Mr. Carson asked:

Now, Mr. Wilde, I ask you what was there in common between you and this young fellow?—I will tell you. I like the

society of people who are younger than myself. I recognise

NO SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS

of any kind. To me the mere fact of youth is so wonderful that I would sooner talk to a young man for half an hour than even be cross examined by you in Court.

All these brilliant sallies created much fun. But this last one was at least recognised as having something of reality about it. Mr. Wilde went on to admit that he had taken Parker to the Crystal Palace and other places, but denied absolutely the suggestions made.

Mr. Wilde then acknowledged that he knew that Parker was among the men who were arrested in Fitzroy-square, some of whom were in women's clothes. He was annoyed, he said, but his friendship continued. Among the men arrested there was one Preston, whose name had been heard of in connection with

THE CLEVELAND-STREET SCANDALS.

Then Mr. Carson talked about a youth named Fred Atkins, whose acquaintance Mr. Wilde made in 1892, and who told him he was connected with a firm of bookmakers. He became acquainted with him through the mysterious gentleman whose name he handed in yesterday, in Margaret-street, Piccadilly. He became friendly with Atkins. Mr. Wilde ridiculed the idea that Atkins's conversation related to literary matters. The young fellow was desirous of getting on the music-hall stage, so that what art he had was

THE ART OF THE MUSIC-HALL.

Fred and Mr. Wilde went to Paris together, but that was in order not to disappoint the former, as he had been promised the trip by the gentleman of the unpublished name. It was never suggested to Atkins that he should travel as Mr. Wilde's secretary. When they reached Paris rooms were taken at 29, Boulevard de Capucines. There were three rooms communicating with each other.

After lunching with him did you suggest that he should have his hair curled? (Laughter.)—No, he suggested it, and I told him it would be very unbecoming. (Laughter again.)

Did he get it curled?—No, I should have been very angry with him if he had. (Laughter.)

Did you give him an expensive dinner?—A good dinner.

With plenty of wine?—I don't know what you mean, said Mr. Wilde, angrily. Any gentleman who dines with me is not stinted of wine; but if you infer that I plied Atkins with wine it is a monstrous proposition.

Mr. Wilde was then asked a very direct question, and the answer was "It's an infamous lie." It was, however, true that he had given him money to go to the Moulin Rouge. Further questioned, the dramatist said that Atkins very kindly visited him in London with the mysterious gent, while he was ill. Mr. Wilde did not know where Atkins' parents lived, but believed it was somewhere in Pimlico. The other questions about Atkins were not interesting.

By this time, somewhere about noon, the throng in the court had grown denser than ever. People were standing on the judge's bench, or nearly so, and a score or more were straining over one another outside, gazing through the glazed topped entrance. The Marquis maintained his standing position, and kept his eyes almost continuously on Mr. Wilde with a gaze of interested curiosity. Now and then he looked over towards where his young son was sitting, but so thick was the crowd that he could barely have seen the lad.

Mr. Wilde meanwhile, with his arms folded on the front of the witness-box with an air of

"OH, PRAY DON'T WORRY ME,"

continued his extraordinary admissions.

The name of the next young friend of whose friendship Mr. Carson was suspicious was Ernest Scarf. Mr. Wilde first met Scarf, he said, in 1893. Jissen Women's University Library
introduced to him by Taylor; he was about 26 years of age, and of no occupation at that

time, but had been out in the Australian gold-diggings. Taylor brought him round simply because Scarf had interested Lord Hawick on board ship on the way to Australia, and it was simply for the same reason that Mr. Wilde gave him "one of Kettner's best, with the best of Kettner's wine." He had never kissed or caressed the youth. He had given him a silver cigarette-case; but that, said Mr. Wilde, was "because I am so good-natured, and because it is a custom of mine to give cigarette-cases."

Mr. Carson held up a silver case.—"No, really," burst out the author, "I could not, I have given so many I could not recognise one from another."

Keeping the rooms which Lord Hawick and Lord Alfred Douglas occupied at Oxford was a lad of 16, named Walter Granger. Questions regarding him were also asked, and Mr. Wilde caused some laughter by saying he was ugly.

Shortly afterwards the

STARTLING CROSS-EXAMINATION

came to a close. Mr. Carson sat down. Mr. Wilde drew a breath of relief, and Sir Edward Clarke rose to ask his client a few questions.

Sir Edward Clarke produced a batch of correspondence which had passed between Lord Queensberry and his son Lord Alfred Douglas. The first letter by the Marquis was painful and pathetic in a high degree. It began with a complaint of the tone of the letters previously received from Lord Alfred, and a remonstrance about the loafing life which the marquis said his son was leading. Here are some passages:—

"Alfred, it is extremely painful to me to have to write to you in the strain I must; but please understand I decline to receive any answers from you in writing in return. After your previous hysterical impertinent ones I refuse to be annoyed with such. If you have anything to say do come here and say it in person. Firstly, am I to understand that, having left Oxford as you did with discredit to yourself, the reasons of which were fully explained to me by your tutor, you now intend to loaf and loll about and do nothing. All the time you were wasting at Oxford I was put off with the assurance that you were eventually to go into the Civil Service or to the Foreign Office, and then I was put off with an assurance of

YOUR GOING TO THE BAR.

It appears to me you intend to do nothing. . . . I utterly decline, however, to just supply you with sufficient funds to loaf about. You are preparing a wretched future for yourself.

"Secondly, I come to the more painful part of this letter—your intimacy with the man Wilde. It must either cease or I will disown you and stop all money supplies. I am not going to try to analyse this intimacy, and make no accusations." Then followed some terrible passages. They should not be printed. The letter continued: "Also I now hear on good authority, but this may be false, that his wife is petitioning to divorce him. Is this true, or do you not know of it?" "Your disgusted, so-called father.—QUEENSBURY," was the signature.

The reading of this document created a great sensation.

Here is another extract from one of the letters:—"I do not believe Wilde will dare defy me. He plainly showed the white feather the other day when I tackled him, damned cur and coward of the Rosebery type. It shall be known by all someday that Rosebery not only insulted me by

LYING TO THE QUEEN,

which she knows makes her as bad as him and Gladstone, but also has made a life-long quarrel between my son and I."

Another to Lord Alfred Douglas was addressed to him as "you miserable creature" and ran:—

"What could be keener pain to have such a son as yourself. When quite a baby I cried over you the bitterest tears a man ever shed to have brought such a creature into the world."

Mr. Wilde denied that there was any truth in the accusation that his wife was seeking divorce.

Then came the next letter from Queensberry. It began "You impertinent young Jackanapes."

That was, interposed Mr. Carson, in reference to the reply which Lord Alfred sent his father by telegram. The telegram was put in and ran, "What a funny little man

Edward continued the letter, "You impertinent young jackanapes, if you come

to me with any of your impertinence I shall give you the thrashing you richly deserve. The only excuse for you is that

YOU MUST BE CRAZY."

The marquis then threatened to create a public scandal.

Throughout the reading of these letters the scene in court was one of the most painful and astounding character. Sir Edward read on imperturbably, just in the tone he would have read a bill of costs. But the Marquis of Queensberry stood up, gazing alternately at Mr. Wilde in one corner, and at his son at the opposite end of the court. Every now and then he turned to the man in the witness-box and

GROUND HIS TEETH TOGETHER,

and shook his head at the witness in the most violent manner. Then when the more pathetic parts of the letters came the poor old nobleman had the greatest difficulty in restraining the tears that welled into his eyes, and forced him to bite his lips to keep them back.

Mr. Wilde said that such was the character of the letters he took no notice of them.

The judge entered the court at two o'clock punctually, after the adjournment, but some delay was occasioned by the non-arrival of Mr. Wilde. It was nearly ten minutes

past the hour when he put in an appearance, and he at once apologised to his lordship for the delay. "The clock at the hotel where I lunched was wrong," he explained.

A number of letters from young Shelley to Mr. Wilde were read by Sir Edward Clarke. The communications, which began with "My dear Oscar" and ended with "Yours ever truly, Edward Shelley," were for the most part grateful acknowledgments of little services rendered by the person to whom they were addressed. One letter, however, was of a peculiar kind. It showed that he had had a terrible quarrel with his father, and had been ordered to leave the house. He spoke of

THE PRECARIOUS POSITION

in which he found himself, and added the curious expression that "The brutal insults of Vigo-st. would be preferable to this." In another communication he complained of illness and poverty. Incidental to an appeal for monetary assistance, Shelley wrote "You know you have enemies in London, as note the *Daily News* article."

What was that, asked Sir Edward Clarke, and Mr. Wilde replied that that was an unfavourable criticism which had been passed on a poem of his, "The Sphinx."

Re-examined as to his friendship with Alphonso Conway at Worthing, Mr. Wilde made a very unkind suggestion about the newspapers. He had, he said, no idea that Alphonso ever sold papers "or ever had any connection

WITH THINGS EVIL

in any form!" The acquaintanceship with Wood and the others was also gone into, and Mr. Wilde declared that, apart from the arrest of Parker upon a charge which the magistrate dismissed, nothing had ever come to his knowledge which led him to think that any of the young fellows were living immoral or improper lives. Had it not been, he added, for the pressure put upon him by the Queensberry family he should have taken action against the marquis on account of the letters to Lord Alfred.

There the re-examination concluded. But for a few moments it was re-opened, as Mr. Carson put in a postcard from Lord Alfred:—

"As you have returned my letters unopened, I am obliged to write on a postcard. I write to inform you that I treat your absurd threats with absolute indifference. Ever since your exhibition at O.W.'s house I have made a point of appearing with him at

MANY PUBLIC RESTAURANTS,

and I shall continue to go to any of those places whenever I choose, and with whom I choose. I am of age, and my own master. You have disowned me at least a dozen times, and have very meanly deprived me of money. You have therefore no right over me either legal or moral. If O.W. was to prosecute you for libel in the criminal courts, you would get seven years' penal servitude for the outrageous libels. Much as I detest you, I am anxious to avoid this for the sake of the family, but if you try to assault me I shall defend myself with a loaded revolver which I always carry, and I'll shoot you, or if he shoot you we should be completely justified, as we should be acting in self-defence against a violent and dangerous rough; and I think if you were dead not many people would miss you."

After this other terrible communication, the jury, too, wanted to put a question or two, and, after submitting them in writing to the judge, Mr. Wilde was asked whether the editor of the *Chameleon* was a personal friend. He was not; Mr. Wilde met him only once.

Was the *Chameleon* for private circulation?—No, but only 100 copies were to be issued.

Was Mr. Wilde aware of the character of the story, "The Priest and the Acolyte"?—He was not. It came upon him as a great shock. Then at five minutes to three

MR. WILDE STEPPED DOWN

from the witness box and left the court.

At two o'clock it seemed as if not another person could be crushed and squeezed into the crowded court. But the notion was wrong. The Lord Mayor dropped in and took his seat beneath the sword. That enabled the whole of the judge's bench from the judge himself to the crowd at the door, to be filled up. And every inch of it was. Still that was not enough. They began to sit two deep on the bench. Then someone sat himself down actually on the corner

ON THE JUDGE'S OWN CHAIR, and with astounding complacency Mr. Justice Collins consented to extend the accommodation of the Old Bailey by sharing his seat. For the remainder of the afternoon his lordship sat balancing himself skilfully on the smallest possible corner of his cushion.

When Mr. Wilde left the box Sir E. Clarke said the evidence for the prosecution was "closed for the present"—a qualification which Mr. Carson objected to. His lordship said that, broadly put, the case for the prosecution must close now, but at his discretion he might admit some other evidence.

Mr. Carson then commenced his address to the jury by stating at once that Lord Queensberry

DID NOT WITHDRAW ANY SINGLE ALLEGATION

he had made, but abided by what he had done, at every hazard and at all cost. More than that if they believed the defence it was his bounden duty to do that which he had done in his efforts to save his son. Lord Queensberry was not actuated by malice. Mr. Oscar Wilde's character was known to him by his writings, and by the scandal at the Savoy, and it could be proved before the ending of the case that he had been seen in the company of men who were regarded as the most immoral men in London.

Mr. Carson alluded more particularly to the man Taylor who had acted a sinister part. If Mr. Wilde's dealings with this person were harmless, why was not Taylor produced in support of his case? Witnesses, however, would be called who would show

THE KIND OF LIFE

which Taylor really led, and when the jury had heard all they would probably agree that Taylor was the pivot on which turned the whole of Mr. Wilde's associations. The prosecutor claimed a high place as an artist, his works could not be appreciated by the Philistine or the ignorant, so he told the court; and when a certain interpretation was placed on some passages from his works his reply was that no artist would put such an interpretation. Let the jury contrast this position with the

NOTABLE DEMOCRATIC SPIRIT

which he subsequently avowed of becoming familiar with the valet or the street arab, and they would, thought Mr. Carson, believe the two to be irreconcilable in the sense put forward by Mr. Wilde.

Where, Mr. Carson asked, was the man, Taylor? Why was he not put in the witness-box? He could not be found! Only on Tuesday last anyway, he was in

CLOSE CONFERENCE WITH MR. WILDE at Mr. Wilde's house in Tite-street.

Mr. Carson took care to say that there was no suggestion in connection with Mr. Tree's name. He had, he said, received a cable-gram from Mr. Tree in America, saying that even over there he had seen his name mentioned.

Mr. Justice Collins added that of course there was not the least ground. Mr. Tree's conduct in the matter of the letter had been the most perfect propriety.

About quarter-past four Mr. Oscar Wilde returned to the court and his seat at the solicitor's table. His entry was duly dramatic, though accidentally so. He came to sight in the

to me with any of your impertinence I shall give you the thrashing you richly deserve. The only excuse for you is that

YOU MUST BE CRAZY."

The marquis then threatened to create a public scandal.

Throughout the reading of these letters the scene in court was one of the most painful and astounding character. Sir Edward read on imperturbably, just in the tone he would have read a bill of costs. But the Marquis of Queensberry stood up, gazing alternately at Mr. Wilde in one corner, and at his son at the opposite end of the court. Every now and then he turned to the man in the witness-box and

GROUND HIS TEETH TOGETHER,

and shook his head at the witness in the most violent manner. Then when the more pathetic parts of the letters came the poor old nobleman had the greatest difficulty in restraining the tears that welled into his eyes, and forced him to bite his lips to keep them back.

Mr. Wilde said that such was the character of the letters he took no notice of them.

The judge entered the court at two o'clock punctually, after the adjournment, but some delay was occasioned by the non-arrival of Mr. Wilde. It was nearly ten minutes

past the hour when he put in an appearance, and he at once apologised to his lordship for the delay. "The clock at the hotel where I lunched was wrong," he explained.

A number of letters from young Shelley to Mr. Wilde were read by Sir Edward Clarke. The communications, which began with "My dear Oscar" and ended with "Yours ever truly, Edward Shelley," were for the most part grateful acknowledgments of little services rendered by the person to whom they were addressed. One letter, however, was of a peculiar kind. It showed that he had had a terrible quarrel with his father, and had been ordered to leave the house. He spoke of

THE PRECARIOUS POSITION

in which he found himself, and added the curious expression that "The brutal insults of Vigo-st. would be preferable to this." In another communication he complained of illness and poverty. Incidental to an appeal for monetary assistance, Shelley wrote "You know you have enemies in London, as note the *Daily News* article."

What was that, asked Sir Edward Clarke, and Mr. Wilde replied that that was an unfavourable criticism which had been passed on a poem of his, "The Sphinx."

Re-examined as to his friendship with Alphonso Conway at Worthing, Mr. Wilde made a very unkind suggestion about the newspapers. He had, he said, no idea that Alphonso ever sold papers "or ever had any connection

WITH THINGS EVIL

in any form!" The acquaintanceship with Wood and the others was also gone into, and Mr. Wilde declared that, apart from the arrest of Parker upon a charge which the magistrate dismissed, nothing had ever come to his knowledge which led him to think that any of the young fellows were living immoral or improper lives. Had it not been, he added, for the pressure put upon him by the Queensberry family he should have taken action against the marquis on account of the letters to Lord Alfred.

There the re-examination concluded. But for a few moments it was re-opened, as Mr. Carson put in a postcard from Lord Alfred:—

"As you have returned my letters unopened, I am obliged to write on a postcard. I write to inform you that I treat your absurd threats with absolute indifference. Ever since your exhibition at O.W.'s house I have made a point of appearing with him at

MANY PUBLIC RESTAURANTS,

and I shall continue to go to any of those places whenever I choose, and with whom I choose. I am of age, and my own master. You have disowned me at least a dozen times, and have very meanly deprived me of money. You have therefore no right over me either legal or moral. If O.W. was to prosecute you for libel in the criminal courts, you would get seven years' penal servitude for the outrageous libels. Much as I detest you I am anxious to avoid this for the sake of the family, but if you try to assault me I shall defend myself with a loaded revolver which I always carry, and I'll shoot you, or if he shoot you we should be completely justified, as we should be acting in self-defence against a dangerous man. I think if you were dead not many people would miss you."

After this other terrible communication, the jury, too, wanted to put a question or two, and, after submitting them in writing to the judge, Mr. Wilde was asked whether the editor of the *Chameleon* was a personal friend. He was not; Mr. Wilde met him only once.

Was the *Chameleon* for private circulation?—No, but only 100 copies were to be issued.

Was Mr. Wilde aware of the character of the story, "The Priest and the Acolyte"?—He was not. It came upon him as a great shock. Then at five minutes to three

MR. WILDE STEPPED DOWN

from the witness box and left the court.

At two o'clock it seemed as if not another person could be crushed and squeezed into the crowded court. But the notion was wrong. The Lord Mayor dropped in and took his seat beneath the sword. That enabled the whole of the judge's bench from the judge himself to the crowd at the door, to be filled up. And every inch of it was. Still that was not enough. They began to sit two deep on the bench. Then someone sat himself down actually on the corner

ON THE JUDGE'S OWN CHAIR,

and with astounding complacency Mr. Justice Collins consented to extend the accommodation of the Old Bailey by sharing his seat. For the remainder of the afternoon his lordship sat balancing himself skilfully on the smallest possible corner of his cushion.

When Mr. Wilde left the box Sir E. Clarke said the evidence for the prosecution was "closed for the present"—a qualification which Mr. Carson objected to. His lordship said that, broadly put, the case for the prosecution must close now, but at his discretion he might admit some other evidence.

Mr. Carson then commenced his address to the jury by stating at once that Lord Queensberry

DID NOT WITHDRAW ANY SINGLE ALLEGATION

he had made, but abided by what he had done, at every hazard and at all cost. More than that if they believed the defence it was his bounden duty to do that which he had done in his efforts to save his son. Lord Queensberry was not actuated by malice. Mr. Oscar Wilde's character was known to him by his writings, and by the scandal at the Savoy, and it could be proved before the ending of the case that he had been seen in the company of men who were regarded as the most immoral men in London.

Mr. Carson alluded more particularly to the man Taylor who had acted a sinister part. If Mr. Wilde's dealings with this person were harmless, why was not Taylor produced in support of his case? Witnesses, however, would be called who would show

THE KIND OF LIFE

which Taylor really led, and when the jury had heard all they would probably agree that Taylor was the pivot on which turned the whole of Mr. Wilde's associations. The prosecutor claimed a high place as an artist, his works could not be appreciated by the Philistine or the ignorant, so he told the court; and when a certain interpretation was placed on some passages from his works his reply was that no artist would put such an interpretation. Let the jury contrast this position with the

NOTABLE DEMOCRATIC SPIRIT

which he subsequently avowed of becoming familiar with the valet or the street arab, and they would, thought Mr. Carson, believe the two to be irreconcilable in the sense put forward by Mr. Wilde.

Where, Mr. Carson asked, was the man, Taylor? Why was he not put in the witness-box? He could not be found! Only on Tuesday last anyway, he was in

CLOSE CONFERENCE WITH MR. WILDE

at Mr. Wilde's house in Tite-street.

Mr. Carson took care to say that there was no suggestion in connection with Mr. Tree's name. He had, he said, received a cablegram from Mr. Tree in America, saying that even over there he had seen his name mentioned.

Mr. Justice Collins added that of course there was not the least ground. Mr. Tree's conduct in the matter of the letter had been the most perfect propriety.

About quarter-past four Mr. Oscar Wilde returned to the court and his seat at the solicitor's table. His entry was very dramatic, though accidentally so. He came in sight in the

midst of one of Mr. Carson's loudest outbursts of declamation against him. He sat down quietly, and smiled, and took no notice. But it was the making of Mr. Carson's flight of eloquence.

Mr. Carson went on to point out that violentas were

LORD QUEENSBERRY'S LETTERS
to his son regarding Oscar Wilde, would not they be held justifiable after hearing Mr. Wilde's letters to Lord Douglas, that any father's gorge must arise at the reflection that his son was under the domination of such an individual. Lord Queensberry felt that he was justified, and with that belief he was there to abide by the decision of the Court.

The court then rose for the day.

midst of one of Mr. Carson's loudest outbursts of declamation against him. He sat down quietly, and smiled, and took no notice. But it was the making of Mr. Carson's flight of eloquence.

Mr. Carson went on to point out that violent as were

LORD QUEENSBERRY'S LETTERS

to his son regarding Oscar Wilde, would not they be held justifiable after hearing Mr. Wilde's letters to Lord Douglas, that any father's gorge must arise at the reflection that his son was under the domination of such an individual. Lord Queensberry felt that he was justified, and with that belief he was there to abide by the decision of the Court.

The Court then rose for the day.

Jessen Women's University Library

OSCAR WILDE,
—
CROSS-EXAMINED BY
MR. CARSON,
—
INDIGNANTLY DENIES LORD
QUEENSBERRY'S CHARGES.

Speaks of Perfumed Rooms and Costly Tea Parties, of Trips to Paris, of Costly Presents and Dinners where the Wine was Not Stinted.

If the Wilde-Queensberry case does no other good it will at least have encouraged a very large number of people in the healthy habit of early rising. Before the work of the day actually commenced this morning there were those who envied the Marquess his comfortable quarters in the dock. The crowd was mainly composed of people of no importance, and was exclusively male. A doubtless distinguished, but unrecognisable Mongolian visitor was permitted to sit on the bench at the judge's right hand, and on his left was an unusually large detachment of aldermen. Oscar slipped in quietly by a side door, and pending the arrival of his legal representatives sat admiring his fleshy hands. Presently Mr. Charles Mathews, his junior counsel, arrived, and the two put their heads together for an earnest whispered consultation. The jury meanwhile amused themselves with the morning papers. There was a moment's sensation, and much craning of necks and goggling of inquisitive eyes when a whisper went round that

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS WAS IN COURT. Simultaneously the noble defendant, clad in a dark blue overcoat with velvet collar, in place of the rusty black garment of yesterday, was admitted to the dock, and sat there quietly till Mr. Justice Collins arrived, when he resumed his old pose, with arms folded on the dock front.

Punctually at half-past ten Oscar was recalled to the witness-box. Bland and attentive, his hands limply crossed and drooping, or clasped round his brown suede gloves, he awaited the resumption of Mr. Carson's cross-examination. First the Irish



THE JUDGE SKIMS THROUGH "THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY."

Q.C. reverted to the prosecutor's acquaintance with Taylor of the missing letters. Taylor lived at 13, Little College-st., and Oscar had visited him there and at chambers in the Adelphi, besides having him at his own house at Tite-st. The Little College-st. establishment did not strike him as too elaborate or luxurious. They were "pretty rooms," displaying more taste than is common.

Mr. Carson: He never admitted any daylight into the rooms, did he?
Witness: Oh yes.

Were they not always lighted either with candles or gas?—No, I think not. Then it would not be true to suggest that there were double curtains to the rooms and the daylight was never admitted?—Most untrue, I should think.

Were the rooms strongly perfumed?—I don't know how you mean, now. Perfume? Yes;

WE USED TO BURN PERFUME. He was in the habit of burning perfume as I am in my rooms.

Did you see Wood there at tea?—Only on the one occasion.

Did you see Sidney Maver, a friend of yours, there?—Yes.

How old is he?—I should think 25 or 26.

Is he still a friend of yours?—I have not seen him for, I should think, a year. I have not the remotest idea where he is now.

Do you know where he has gone?—I don't know at all.

Do you know he has disappeared within the last week?—No. Taylor wrote him a letter asking him to call at his rooms, but I have not seen him.

Oscar rather resented the suggestion that he had been trying to find Maver. No one was on them when they were at tea at Taylor's; he was quite sure he had never seen Taylor in a lady's costume, and it was not true that in 1892 and 1893 he was constantly communicating with Taylor by telegram.

Was he a literary man?—I have never seen any creative work of his. He had great taste and intelligence, and was brought up at a good English public school.

It was another case, Oscar added, of the young man enjoying a literary treat in his conversation.

THEY HAD DINED TOGETHER, at the Florence, in Rupert-st., and at the Solferino, always in private rooms. On 7 March, 1893, he telegraphed to Taylor to meet him at the Savoy. That was for the purpose of discussing Wood's intention of blackmailing Oscar in regard to the letters stolen from Lord Alfred Douglas. There was another telegram, inviting Taylor to join Oscar and "Fred" at a little dinner. "Fred" was a young man to whom I was introduced by a gentleman whose name I do not wish to have introduced into the case.

What was his other name?—Atkins.

You were very familiar with him?—I don't know what you mean. I liked him.

Oscar denied that he had ever known that Taylor was being watched by the police, but he knew Taylor and a man named Parker were arrested in a raid made last year on a house in Fitzroy-sq. He knew Parker. He had met him at Chapel-st.

Was not Taylor notorious for introducing young men to older men?—I never heard that in my life.

How many young men did he introduce to you—young men with whom you afterwards became intimate?—You mean friendly. I should think about five.

Were they all about 20 years of age?—Twenty to 22. I liked the society of young men.

Lord Queensberry

BROKE INTO A BROAD GRIN at this, and for a moment relaxed his fixed stare at the witness to gaze round the court as though inviting attention to this answer.

Oscar continued that he had given money or presents to all five of these young men, none of whom appeared to have any employment or means. He said he had no knowledge that Charles Parker was a gentleman's servant out of employ.

If he had been such, would you have been friendly with him?—I would be friendly with any human being that I liked.

How old is he?—I do not know. (Oscar became petulant.) I do not keep the census. He may have been 15, 20, 25. I never asked him.

Was he a literary man?—Oh, no!

Was he an educated man?—Culture was not his strong point. (Laughter.)

There was a little dinner at Kettner's in Soho, to which Oscar invited Taylor on his birthday, to bring any friends he liked. He brought Charlie Parker and his brother.

Did you know one was a gentleman's valet and the other a gentleman's groom?—I did not know nor should I have cared, sir.

What pleasure had you in the company of men like them?—The pleasure of being with those who are

YOUNG, BRIGHT, HAPPY, FAIR.

I don't like the sensible, and I don't like the old. I do—not—like—either. (Oscar became almost emphatic.)

It was a good dinner, they had whatever they wanted, Kettner's best fare and Kettner's best wine.

Did you give them an intellectual treat?—They seemed deeply impressed.

OSCAR WILDE,

CROSS-EXAMINED BY MR. CARSON,

INDIGNANTLY DENIES LORD QUEENSBERRY'S CHARGES.

Speaks of Perfumed Rooms and Cosy Tea Parties, of Trips to Paris, of Costly Presents and Dinners where the Wine was Not Stinted.

If the Wilde-Queensberry case does no other good it will at least have encouraged a very large number of people in the healthy habit of early rising. Before the work of the day actually commenced this morning there were those who envied the Marquess his comfortable quarters in the dock. The crowd was mainly composed of people of no importance, and was exclusively male. A doubtless distinguished, but unrecognisable Mongolian visitor was permitted to sit on the bench at the judge's right hand, and on his left was an unusually large detachment of aldermen. Oscar slipped in quietly by a side door, and pending the arrival of his legal representatives sat admiring his fleshy hands. Presently Mr. Charles Mathews, his junior counsel, arrived, and the two put their heads together for an earnest whispered consultation. The jury meanwhile amused themselves with the morning papers. There was a moment's sensation, and much craning of necks and goggling of inquisitive eyes when a whisper went round that

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS WAS IN COURT.

Simultaneously the noble defendant, clad in a dark blue overcoat with velvet collar, in place of the rusty black garment of yesterday, was admitted to the dock, and sat there quietly till Mr. Justice Collins arrived, when he resumed his old pose, with arms folded on the dock front.

Punctually at half-past ten Oscar was recalled to the witness-box. Bland and attentive, his hands limply crossed and drooping, or clasped round his brown suede gloves, he awaited the resumption of Mr. Carson's cross-examination. First the Irish



THE JUDGE SKIMS THROUGH "THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY."

Q.C. reverted to the prosecutor's acquaintance with Taylor of the missing letters. Taylor lived at 13, Little College-st., and Oscar had visited him there and at chambers in the Adelphi, besides having him at his own house at Tite-st. The Little College-st. establishment did not strike him as too elaborate or luxurious. They were "pretty rooms," displaying more taste than is common.

Mr. Carson: I never admitted any light into the rooms, did I?
Witness: Oh yes.

Were they not always lighted either with candles or gas?—No, I think not.

Then it would not be true to suggest that there were double curtains to the rooms and the daylight was never admitted?—Most untrue, I should think.

Were the rooms strongly perfumed?—I don't know how you mean, now. Perfume? Yes;

WE USED TO BURN PERFUME.

He was in the habit of burning perfume as I am in my rooms.

Did you see Wood there at tea?—Only on the one occasion.

Did you see Sidney Maver, a friend of yours, there?—Yes.

How old is he?—I should think 25 or 26.

Is he still a friend of yours?—I have not seen him for, I should think, a year. I have not the remotest idea where he is now.

Do you know where he has gone?—I don't know at all.

Do you know he has disappeared within the last week?—No. Taylor wrote him a letter asking him to call at his rooms, but I have not seen him.

Oscar rather resented the suggestion that he had been trying to find Maver. No one was on them when they were at tea at Taylor's; it was quite sure he had never seen Taylor in a lady's costume, and it was not true that in 1892 and 1893 he was constantly communicating with Taylor by telegram.

Was he a literary man?—I have never seen any creative work of his. He had great taste and intelligence, and was brought up at a good English public school.

It was another case, Oscar added, of the young man enjoying a literary treat in his conversation.

THEY HAD DINED TOGETHER,

at the Florence, in Rupert-st., and at the Solferino, always in private rooms. On 7 March, 1893, he telegraphed to Taylor to meet him at the Savoy. That was for the purpose of discussing Wood's intention of blackmailing Oscar in regard to the letters stolen from Lord Alfred Douglas. There was another telegram, inviting Taylor to join Oscar and "Fred" at a little dinner. "Fred was a young man to whom I was introduced by a gentleman whose name I do not wish to have introduced into the case."

What was his other name?—Atkins.

You were very familiar with him?—I don't know what you mean. I liked him.

Oscar denied that he had ever known that Taylor was being watched by the police, but he knew Taylor and a man named Parker were arrested in a raid made last year on a house in Fitzroy-sq. He knew Parker. He had met him at Chapel-st.

Was not Taylor notorious for introducing young men to older men?—I never heard that in my life.

How many young men did he introduce to you—young men with whom you afterwards became intimate?—You mean friendly. I should think about five.

Were they all about 20 years of age?—Twenty to 22. I liked the society of young men.

Lord Queensberry

BROKE INTO A BROAD GRIN

at this, and for a moment relaxed his fixed stare at the witness to gaze round the court as though inviting attention to this answer.

Oscar continued that he had given money or presents to all five of these young men, none of whom appeared to have any employment or means. He said he had no knowledge that Charles Parker was a gentleman's servant out of employ.

If he had been such, would you have been friendly with him?—I would be friendly with any human being that I liked.

How old is he?—I do not know. (Oscar became petulant.) I do not keep the census. He may have been 15, 20, 25. I never asked him.

Was he a literary man?—Oh, no!

Was he an educated man?—Culture was not his strong point. (Laughter.)

There was a little dinner at Kettner's in Soho, to which Oscar invited Taylor on his birthday, to bring any friends he liked. He brought Charlie Parker and his brother.

Did you know one was a gentleman's valet and the other a gentleman's groom?—I did not know nor should I have cared, sir.

What pleasure had you in the company of men like them?—The pleasure of being with those who are

YOUNG, BRIGHT, HAPPY, FAIR.

I don't like the sensible, and I don't like the old. I do—not—like—either. (Oscar became almost emphatic.)

It was a good dinner, they had whatever they wanted, Kettner's best fare and Kettner's best wine.

Did you give them an intellectual treat?—They seemed deeply impressed.

You did not stint them?—What gentleman would stint his guests.

What gentleman would stint a valet!—I strongly object to the description.

Oscar denied that after dinner he said of Charlie Parker, "This is the boy for me," or that they went together to the Savoy Hotel, or that any kind of impropriety occurred. He denied that he gave the lad £2, or that he forced champagne or whisky and soda upon him. "At no time," he said, "did Parker come to the Savoy." They called one another "Charlie" and "Oscar." "I like those I like to call me 'Oscar,'" the prosecutor had said. A week later there was another little dinner at Kettner's. It did not appear that it was anybody's birthday this time, and "Charlie" came alone.

Did you ask Taylor what those young men were?—It was sufficient for me that they were friends of Taylor's. Parker himself told me he was anxious

TO GO ON THE STAGE.

No, Taylor did not tell me he had met them in the St. James's Restaurant. Parker came to Tite-st. to tea five or six times, and also visited Oscar in his rooms at St. James's-place.

What was he doing there?—Visiting me. I liked his society.

Parker, like the others, received presents, and asked for money when he was hard up. Oscar gave him £3.

All at once?—Yes!—all—at—once.

What was he doing?—You ask me what a young man does when he comes to tea! He has his tea, he smokes cigarettes, and I hope he enjoys himself.

What was there in common between you and this young man?—Well, I will tell you. I delight in the society of those much younger than myself. I like those who may be called idle and careless. I recognise no social distinctions at all of any kind. The mere fact is that youth is so wonderful I would sooner talk to a young man for half an hour than even be cross-examined in court. (Laughter.) Yes, I would talk to a street arab with pleasure.

Sir Edward Clarke so little liked the tone of the cross-examination that he handed up to the judge a letter of Parker's, to show that he was not so illiterate as Mr. Carson might have led the jury to suppose. Mr. Carson dryly retorted that the jury would presently have an opportunity of seeing Parker himself.

Oscar denied that he had visited Parker at 50, Park-walk, Chelsea, at half-past twelve at night. He knew where Park-walk was, but it was not near Tite-st.—it was "quite far away."

How far to walk?—

AH! I NEVER WALK.

How long to drive?—I have no idea.

Oscar did not know what had become of Parker. He had heard that he had enlisted as a private in the Army. He read of the arrest of Taylor and Parker in the newspapers in August of last year.

Did you read that they were in the company of several men in women's clothes?—Oscar only knew what he had read in the papers, but his impression was that the men in women's clothes—music-hall singers—were arrested outside. He was very much distressed at the intelligence—"but the magistrate seems to have taken a different view, for he dismissed the case."

Mr. Carson read out a list of the accused in the Fitzroy-sq. raid, and asked, "Did you never hear of Preston in connection with the Cleveland-st. scandals?"

No, said Oscar, he had never heard of him, and he did not know that another man arrested at this time was a man of notoriously evil life. The case made no difference in his liking for Taylor and Parker, and Taylor was at his house as recently as Tuesday last.

When did you first know Freddy Atkins?—In November, 1892.

What is he?—He was in the employ of a firm of bookmakers.

You did not come in contact with him through

MAKING BETS?

—Oh, no!

How old was he?—I should think about 13 or 20—a young man.

Where were you introduced?—In the rooms of the gentleman whose name you handed up to me yesterday.

Tell me the address?—They were in rooms off Regent-st.—I think in Margaret-st.—I can't remember the number.

Was anyone else present?—Yes, I think there were several people there.

Two days afterwards there was a dinner at Kettner's, quite a small party, and they became friendly enough to call one another "Oscar" and "Freddie."

You say he was in the employ of a book-maker?—Yes, and he apologised for neglecting his business.

Did he seem an idle kind of fellow?—Yes! Oh, yes! He seemed idle. With ambitions to go on the music-hall stage.

Did you discuss literature with him?—No; oh, no! I would not allow that! The art of the music hall was as far as he had got.

Did you ask him to go to Paris with you?—No. Oscar had to enter into a long explanation to show that although he did take "Freddie" to Paris, the suggestion came from

THE MYSTERIOUS GENTLEMAN

whose name was handed up in writing yesterday. It was not as Oscar's secretary that he went—the suggestion was childish! They shared the same rooms at 28, Boulevard des Capucines—three rooms en suite, two of which were bedrooms. They lunched at the Café Julian.

After lunch did you suggest to him to have his hair curled?—No. I told him I thought it would be very unbecoming. He suggested it.

Did he get his hair curled?—I don't think so. I should have been very angry if he had. (Laughter.)

Annoyed at your guest getting his hair curled?—I should have thought it very silly. They afterwards dined together, and Mr. Carson suggested that it was a good dinner with plenty of wine. Oscar was vexed and hurt. He hoped he should never stint a guest of wine, "but if you ask me whether I piled him with wine, such a suggestion is monstrous. I won't have it!"

Mr. Carson said he had not made the "monstrous" suggestion. "Ah, but you have before, you have before! Yes!" Oscar reproached him. After dinner he gave the lad a guinea to go to the Moulin Rouge—"Moolong Rooje," as Mr. Carson called it. A laugh went round, and he apologised to the Court. "I believe

I PRONOUNCED IT WRONG.

he said; 'tis the "Moolong Rooje."

Mr. Wilde continued that any suggestion that impropriety occurred during the Paris trip would be an infamous lie. He denied that he asked Atkins to say nothing about the trip to Paris. At the time Freddy was living in Pimlico. He now lives at 25, Osnaburgh-st. He gave Freddy £3 15s. to pay for his first song. "He told me," said Oscar, "that the poets who write for the music-hall stage never take less."

Mr. Carson passed on to the case of another young man, Ernest Scarth, who was also about 20 years of age.

Did you know he, too, had been a valet?—No.

Was he well educated?—Education depends on what you understand by it. He was a pleasant, nice, good fellow.

It was again Taylor who effected the introduction. He prefaced it by describing Scarth as having met Lord Douglas of Hawick on board ship coming from Australia. Oscar straightway invited both to dine with him. He denied indignantly that he had kissed Scarth or been guilty of improper conduct.

Why did you ask him to dinner?—Because I am very good-natured.

Did you give him any presents?—Oh, yes; I gave him a cigarette case. It is my custom to

PRESENT CIGARETTE CASES.

Returning to the case of Sidney Maber, Mr. Carson found that he was introduced to Oscar by the Nameless Gentleman at Margaret-st. Oscar gave him a cigarette case which cost £4 11s. 6d., and invited him to stay with him at the hotel in Albemarle-st. It was simply for companionship.

He did not stay all night for companionship, did he?—It was for the pleasure of his company during the evening, and we breakfasted together next morning. I like to have people staying with me. It amused and pleased him that I should ask him to be my guest—a very nice, charming fellow.

Walter Granger, a lad of 16, servant in the rooms of Lord Alfred Douglas at High-st., Oxford, was the next subject of inquiry, and for the first time Oscar lost his head and made a tactical blunder. "Have you ever kissed this boy?" asked Mr. Carson, and the witness replied, "Oh, no! certainly not. A peculiarly plain boy!"

Mr. Carson pounced on this expression instantly, and asked if it was only because the boy was ugly he was not kissed.

For the first time Oscar seemed at a loss and shuffled. He replied, "No, because it seems to me such an intense insult on your part. It seems ridiculous to imagine that any such thing could have occurred."

Mr. Carson repeated, "Then why did you mention his ugliness?"

"I should not like to kiss a boy," Oscar replied. "Am I to be cross-examined as to the reason I should not like to kiss a boy?"

You did not stint them?—What gentleman would stint his guests.

What gentleman would stint a valet!—I strongly object to the description.

Oscar denied that after dinner he said of Charlie Parker, "This is the boy for me," or that they went together to the Savoy Hotel, or that any kind of impropriety occurred. He denied that he gave the lad £2, or that he forced champagne or whisky and soda upon him. "At no time," he said, "did Parker come to the Savoy." They called one another "Charlie" and "Oscar." "I like those I like to call me 'Oscar,'" the prosecutor had said. A week later there was another little dinner at Kettner's. It did not appear that it was anybody's birthday this time, and "Charlie" came alone.

Did you ask Taylor what those young men were?—It was sufficient for me that they were friends of Taylor's. Parker himself told me he was anxious

TO GO ON THE STAGE.

No, Taylor did not tell me he had met them in the St. James's Restaurant. Parker came to Tite-st. to tea five or six times, and also visited Oscar in his rooms at St. James's-place.

What was he doing there?—Visiting me. I liked his society.

Parker, like the others, received presents, and asked for money when he was hard up. Oscar gave him £3.

All at once?—Yes!—all—at—once.

What was he doing?—You ask me what a young man does when he comes to tea! He has his tea, he smokes cigarettes, and I hope he enjoys himself.

What was there in common between you and this young man?—Well, I will tell you. I delight in the society of those much younger than myself. I like those who may be called idle and careless. I recognise no social distinctions at all of any kind. The mere fact is that youth is so wonderful I would sooner talk to a young man for half an hour than even be cross-examined in court. (Laughter.) Yes, I would talk to a street arab with pleasure.

Sir Edward Clarke so little liked the tone of the cross-examination that he handed up to the judge a letter of Parker's, to show that he was not so illiterate as Mr. Carson might have led the jury to suppose. Mr. Carson dryly retorted that the jury would presently have an opportunity of seeing Parker himself.

Oscar denied that he had visited Parker at 50, Park-walk, Chelsea, at half-past twelve at night. He knew where Park-walk was, but it was not near Tite-st.—it was "quite far away."

How far to walk?—

AH! I NEVER WALK.

How long to drive?—I have no idea.

Oscar did not know what had become of Parker. He had heard that he had enlisted as a private in the Army. He read of the arrest of Taylor and Parker in the newspapers in August of last year.

Did you read that they were in the company of several men in women's clothes?—Oscar "only knew what he had read in the papers," but his impression was that the men in women's clothes—music-hall singers—were arrested outside. He was very much distressed at the intelligence—"but the magistrate seems to have taken a different view, for he dismissed the case."

Mr. Carson read out a list of the accused in the Fitzroy-sq. raid, and asked, "Did you never hear of Preston in connection with the Cleveland-st. scandals?"

No, said Oscar, he had never heard of him, and he did not know that another man arrested at this time was a man of notoriously evil life. The case made no difference in his liking for Taylor and Parker, and Taylor was at his house as recently as Tuesday last.

When did you first know Freddy Atkins?—In November, 1892.

What is he?—He was in the employ of a firm of bookmakers.

You did not come in contact with him through

MAKING BETS?

—Oh, no!

How old was he?—I should think about 19 or 20—a young man.

Where were you introduced?—In the rooms of the gentleman whose name you handed up to me yesterday.

Tell me the address?—They were in rooms off Regent-st.—I think in Margaret-st.—I can't remember the number.

Was anyone else present?—Yes, I think there were several people there.

Two days afterwards there was a dinner at Kettner's, quite a party, and I was not friendly enough to call one another "Oscar" and "Freddie."

You say he was in the employ of a book-maker?—Yes, and he apologised for neglecting his business.

Did he seem an idle kind of fellow?—Yes! Oh, yes! He seemed idle. With ambitious to go on the music-hall stage.

Did you discuss literature with him?—No; oh, no! I would not allow that! The art of the music hall was as far as he had got.

Did you ask him to go to Paris with you?—No. Oscar had to enter into a long explanation to show that although he did take "Freddie" to Paris, the suggestion came from

THE MYSTERIOUS GENTLEMAN

whose name was handed up in writing yesterday. It was not as Oscar's secretary that he went—the suggestion was childish! They shared the same rooms at 29, Boulevard des Capucines—three rooms en suite, two of which were bedrooms. They lunched at the Café Julian.

After lunch did you suggest to him to have his hair curled?—No. I told him I thought it would be very unbecoming. He suggested it.

Did he get his hair curled?—I don't think so. I should have been very angry if he had. (Laughter.)

Annoyed at your guest getting his hair curled?—I should have thought it very silly.

They afterwards dined together, and Mr. Carson suggested that it was a good dinner with plenty of wine. Oscar was vexed and hurt. He hoped he should never stint a guest of wine, "but if you ask me whether I plied him with wine, such a suggestion is monstrous! I won't have it!"

Mr. Carson said he had not made the "monstrous" suggestion. "Ah, but you have before, you have before! Yes!" Oscar reproached him. After dinner he gave the lad a guinea to go to the Moulin Rouge—"Moolong Rooje," as Mr. Carson called it. A laugh went round, and he apologised to the Court. "I believe

I PRONOUNCED IT WRONG."

he said; 'tis the "Moolang Ruge."

Mr. Wilde continued that any suggestion that impropriety occurred during the Paris trip would be an infamous lie. He denied that he asked Atkins to say nothing about the trip to Paris. At the time Freddy was living in Pimlico. He now lives at 25, Osnaburgh-st. He gave Freddy £3 15s. to pay for his first song. "He told me," said Oscar, "that the poets who write for the music-hall stage never take less."

Mr. Carson passed on to the case of another young man, Ernest Scarth, who was also about 20 years of age.

Did you know he, too, had been a valet?—No.

Was he well educated?—Education depends on what you understand by it. He was a pleasant, nice, good fellow.

It was again Taylor who effected the introduction. He prefaced it by describing Scarth as having met Lord Douglas of Hawick on board ship coming from Australia. Oscar straightway invited both to dine with him. He denied indignantly that he had kissed Scarth or been guilty of improper conduct.

Why did you ask him to dinner?—Because I am very good-natured.

Did you give him any presents?—Oh, yes; I gave him a cigarette case. It is my custom to

PRESENT CIGARETTE CASES.

Returning to the case of Sidney Maber, Mr. Carson found that he was introduced to Oscar by the Nameless Gentleman at Margaret-st. Oscar gave him a cigarette case which cost £4 11s. 6d., and invited him to stay with him at the hotel in Albemarle-st. It was simply for companionship.

He did not stay all night for companionship, did he?—It was for the pleasure of his company during the evening, and we breakfasted together next morning. I like to have people staying with me. It amused and pleased him that I should ask him to be my guest—a very nice, charming fellow.

Walter Granger, a lad of 16, servant in the rooms of Lord Alfred Douglas at High-st., Oxford, was the next subject of inquiry, and for the first time Oscar lost his head and made a tactical blunder. "Have you ever kissed this boy?" asked Mr. Carson, and the witness replied, "Oh, no! certainly not. A peculiarly plain boy!"

Mr. Carson pounced on this expression instantly, and asked if it was only because the boy was ugly he was not kissed.

For the first time Oscar seemed at a loss and shuffled. He replied, "No, because it seems to me such an intense insult on your part. It seems ridiculous to imagine that any such thing could have occurred."

Mr. Carson repeated, "Then why did you mention his ugliness?" "I do not like to kiss a 78 boy," Oscar replied. "Am I to be cross-examined as to the reason I should not like to kiss a boy?"

Mr. Carson, with irritating iteration, repeated, "Why mention his ugliness?" Oscar became positively angry. "Because you sting me by insolent questions!" he said. Then added, "Calmy, I say, you sting me, and try to unnerve me in every way, and I say things flippantly that I would not say seriously."

Then that was a flippant answer?—Oh, that, anything! Yes. I should say certainly

A FLIPPANT ANSWER.

Mr. Carson was satisfied, and passed on to occurrences at the Savoy Hotel. Oscar had been under the treatment of a masseur named Midgen at the hotel, but he denied that he had taken boys there.

At half-past twelve the cross-examination came to a somewhat sudden termination, and Sir Edward Clarke rose to re-examine.

First Sir Edward read three letters from Lord Queensberry to Lord Alfred Douglas and other members of his family which preceded the alleged libel. The first was a letter dated Sunday, 1 April, from Carter's Hotel, Albemarle-st. It began, "Alfred,—It is extremely painful to me to have to write to you in the terms I must," and said Lord Alfred must understand that no answers in writing would be received, or if received would be burnt unread. "After your previous hysterically impertinent one, I refuse to be annoyed with such, and must ask you, if you have anything to say to me, to come here and say it in person." His lordship asked if he was to understand that his son, having

LEFT OXFORD IN DISGRACE,

and fallen away from his intention to enter the Civil Service or the Foreign Office, intended to take up any other serious line of life, as "I decline to supply you with funds to loaf and loil. You are preparing a wretched future for yourself, and it would be cruel and wrong of me

to encourage you in this. Secondly, I come to the more painful part of this letter—your infamous intimacy with this man Wilde must cease, or I will disown you and stop all supplies. I am not going to analyse this intimacy and I make no accusations, but to my mind to pose as a thing is as bad as to be the real thing. I saw you from my own window only yesterday with this man. It simply turned my blood cold. Never in my human experience have I seen such a sight as I saw in your horrible faces.

... I hear on good authority that his wife is going to divorce him on grounds of unnatural crimes. Is this right, and if so do you know of it, going about as you do with him? If I thought the thing was true and it becomes public property, I should be quite justified in

SHOOTING HIM AT SIGHT.

—Your disgusted so-called father, QUEENSBERRY."

In reply to this, Lord Alfred telegraphed:—"To Lord Queensberry, Carter's Hotel, Albemarle-st.—What a funny little man you are."

Lord Queensberry's retort was another letter beginning:—"To Lord Alfred Douglas,—You impertinent young jackanapes! I request you will not send me such messages through the telegraph. If you come to me with any of your impertinences I will give you the thrashing you so richly deserve. The only excuse for you is that you must be crazy. I heard from a man who was at Oxford with you that this was your reputation there. It accounts a good deal for what has happened. If I catch you with that man again I will make a public scandal in a way you little dream of. Unless it ceases, I shall carry out my threat and stop all supplies. So you know what to expect.—QUEENSBERRY."

The next letter was written by Lord Queensberry from Skindies, to Mr. Alfred Montgomery, the

FATHER OF LADY QUEENSBERRY,

divorced. Among much that was incoherent, Lord Queensberry said, "Your daughter is the person who is supporting my son to defy me. I have had a judding, provocative message from her saying the boy denied having been to the Savoy for the last year. Why send it at all unless he denies ever having stayed at the Savoy at all with Oscar Wilde? As a fact he did do so, and there has been a hideous scandal. I was told they were warned off. This hideous scandal has been going on for years. I don't want to make out a case against my son, nothing of the kind, but I have made out a case against Oscar Wilde. If I were quite certain of the actual thing I would shoot the fellow at sight. But I am only accusing him of posing, and for that I will chastise him and mark him.

I don't believe Wilde will now dare to defy me. He plainly showed the white feather the other day, the damned cur and coward! He is no son of mine. His mother may support him, but she shall not do it in London and with this going on. The Rosebery-Gladstone-Royal insult which came to me through my other son came to me through her. I thought it was you, but it appears it was not. . . . I saw Drumlanrig here on the river last night, which much upset me.

ROSEBERRY NOT ONLY INSULTED

me by lying to the Queen, which she knows, and makes her as bad as him, but Gladstone also has made a lifelong quarrel between my son and me."

The last letter was written from Scotland to Lord Alfred Douglas. If Lord Alfred really were his son, Lord Queensberry wrote, how right he had been to face any outcry of ignominy rather than run the risk of bringing any more such creatures into the world! When Lord Alfred was quite a baby Lord Queensberry had looked upon him in his cradle and wept the bitterest tears a man could shed at thinking he had brought such a creature into the world. In this Christian country it was a wise father who knew his own son. There was madness on the mother's side, and few families in this Christian country were without it if they could be looked into. "I make allowances; I think you are demoniac; and I am very sorry for you. No wonder you have

FALLEN A PREY

to that horrible brute. You must gang your ain gait."

Mr. Wilde first denied in emphatic terms that there was any truth in the story that his wife was seeking a divorce. He added that the letters which had just been read were brought to his knowledge before the libel proceedings were commenced, but, having regard to their character, Mr. Wilde thought it right to entirely disregard the wishes contained in them.

Sir Edward Clarke next spent a lot of time in reading, first an article in the old *Scots Observer*, and then several long extracts from "Dorian Grey," as a set-off to what had been read yesterday.

In continued re-examination by Sir E. Clarke, Mr. Wilde said a lot of the young men whose names had been mentioned had been introduced to him by Alfred Taylor in October, 1892, who was introduced to him by a gentleman of position and repute—the one whose name had been written down and referred to. Taylor was then living at 13, College-st.

Did you know anything as to his means or occupation?—I knew that he had

LOST A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY

by some shares. He was a well-educated young man who played the piano, and Wilde from time to time called upon him. Neither at the time when he was introduced to Taylor nor since had he had any reason to believe that Taylor was an immoral person. He remembered some few months ago seeing in a newspaper—the *Daily Chronicle*—a report that a raid had been made on a house in Fitzroy-st. Alfred Parker and Charles Taylor were among the persons arrested there.

Did you gather what they were charged with? Oh, yes, yes.

What was the charge?—So far as I could gather they were charged with being there for an unlawful purpose.

You were much distressed?—Yes.

He wrote you a letter?—Yes, he said it was

A BENEFIT CONCERT

for which he had been given a ticket. Two men came in women's dress to take part in the concert, and the police immediately broke in and arrested everybody in the place.

Was any impression left on your mind that Taylor was at all to blame?

Certainly not. I thought it was monstrous.

Sir Edward now turned to the case of Shelley, who, the prosecutor said, had been introduced to him by Mr. John Lane. Afterwards he often went to Mathews and Lane's when Shelley was the only person in charge there. They had many literary conversations together. When "Lady Windermere's Fan" was produced Shelley had a ticket from Mr. Wilde.

He was a great admirer of your work?—Yes. And you gratified his taste by giving him copies of your books?—Yes.

Did you ever write any inscription on the fly-leaf of any of those books (one fly-leaf had been torn out) that you would object to the whole world seeing?

"NEVER IN MY LIFE,"

was the emphatic reply.

Oscar said he went to Paris to attend to the production there of "Lady Windermere's Fan," and when he came back Shelley called on him at Tite-st.

Mr. Carson, with irritating iteration, repeated, "Why mention his ugliness?"

Oscar became positively angry. "Because you sting me by insolent questions!" he said. Then added, "Calmly, I say, you sting me, and try to unnerve me in every way, and I say things flippantly that I would not say seriously."

Then that was a flippant answer?—Oh, that, anything! Yes. I should say certainly

A FLIPPANT ANSWER.

Mr. Carson was satisfied, and passed on to occurrences at the Savoy Hotel. Oscar had been under the treatment of a masseur named Midgen at the hotel, but he denied that he had taken boys there.

At half-past twelve the cross-examination came to a somewhat sudden termination, and Sir Edward Clarke rose to re-examine.

First Sir Edward read three letters from Lord Queensberry to Lord Alfred Douglas and other members of his family which preceded the alleged libel. The first was a letter dated Sunday, 1 April, from Carter's Hotel, Albemarle-st. It began, "Alfred,—It is extremely painful to me to have to write to you in the terms I must," and said Lord Alfred must understand that no answers in writing would be received, or if received would be burnt unread. "After your previous hysterically impertinent one, I refuse to be annoyed with such, and must ask you, if you have anything to say to me, to come here and say it in person." His lordship asked if he was to understand that his son, having

LEFT OXFORD IN DISGRACE,

and fallen away from his intention to enter the Civil Service or the Foreign Office, intended to take up any other serious line of life, as "I decline to supply you with funds to loaf and loll. You are preparing a wretched future for yourself, and it would be cruel and wrong of me

to encourage you in this. Secondly, I come to the more painful part of this letter—your infamous intimacy with this man Wilde must cease, or I will disown you and stop all supplies. . . . I am not going to analyse this intimacy and I make no accusations, but to my mind to pose as a thing is as bad as to be the real thing. I saw you from my own window only yesterday with this man. It simply turned my blood cold. Never in my human experience have I seen such a sight as I saw in your horrible faces.

. . . . I hear on good authority that his wife is going to divorce him on grounds of unnatural crimes. Is this right, and if so do you know of it, going about as you do with him? If I thought the thing was true and it becomes public property, I should be quite justified in

SHOOTING HIM AT SIGHT.

—Your disgusted so-called father, QUEENSBERRY."

In reply to this, Lord Alfred telegraphed:—"To Lord Queensberry, Carter's Hotel, Albemarle-st.,—What a funny little man you are."

Lord Queensberry's retort was another letter beginning:—"To Lord Alfred Douglas,—You impertinent young jackanapes! I request you will not send me such messages through the telegraph. If you come to me with any of your impertinences I will give you the thrashing you so richly deserve. The only excuse for you is that you must be crazy. I heard from a man who was at Oxford with you that this was your reputation there. It accounts a good deal for what has happened. If I catch you with that man again I will make a public scandal in a way you little dream of. Unless it ceases, I shall carry out my threat and stop all supplies. So you know what to expect.—QUEENSBERRY."

The next letter was written by Lord Queensberry from Skindles, to Mr. Alfred Montgomery, the

FATHER OF LADY QUEENSBERRY,

divorced. Among much that was incoherent, Lord Queensberry said, "Your daughter is the person who is supporting my son to defy me. I have had a quibbling, prevaricating message from her saying the boy denied having been to the Savoy for the last year. Why send it at all unless he denies ever having stayed at the Savoy at all with Oscar Wilde? As a fact he did do so, and there has been a hideous scandal. I was told they were warned off. This hideous scandal has been going on for years. I don't want to make out a case against my son, nothing of the kind, but I have made out a case against Oscar Wilde. If I were quite certain of the actual thing I would shoot the fellow at sight. But I am only a man of posing, and I think that I will chastise him and mark him.

I don't believe Wilde will now dare to defy me. He plainly showed the white feather the other day, the damned cur and coward! He is no son of mine. His mother may support him, but she shall not do it in London and with this going on. The Rosebery-Gladstone-Royal insult which came to me through my other son came to me through her. I thought it was you, but it appears it was not. . . . I saw Drumlanrig here on the river last night, which much upset me.

ROSEBERRY NOT ONLY INSULTED

me by lying to the Queen, which she knows, and makes her as bad as him, but Gladstone also has made a lifelong quarrel between my son and me."

The last letter was written from Scotland to Lord Alfred Douglas. If Lord Alfred really were his son, Lord Queensberry wrote, how right he had been to face any outcry or ignominy rather than run the risk of bringing any more such creatures into the world! When Lord Alfred was quite a baby Lord Queensberry had looked upon him in his cradle and wept the bitterest tears a man could shed at thinking he had brought such a creature into the world. In this Christian country it was a wise father who knew his own son. There was madness on the mother's side, and few families in this Christian country were without it if they could be looked into. "I make allowances; I think you are demented; and I am very sorry for you. No wonder you have

FALLEN A PREY

to that horrible brute. You must gang your ain gait."

Mr. Wilde first denied in emphatic terms that there was any truth in the story that his wife was seeking a divorce. He added that the letters which had just been read were brought to his knowledge before the libel proceedings were commenced, but, having regard to their character, Mr. Wilde thought it right to entirely disregard the wishes contained in them.

Sir Edward Clarke next spent a lot of time in reading, first an article in the old *Scots Observer*, and then several long extracts from "Dorian Grey," as a set-off to what had been read yesterday.

In continued re-examination by Sir E. Clarke, Mr. Wilde said a lot of the young men whose names had been mentioned had been introduced to him by Alfred Taylor in October, 1892, who was introduced to him by a gentleman of position and repute—the one whose name had been written down and referred to. Taylor was then living at 13, College-st.

Did you know anything as to his means or occupation?—I knew that he had

LOST A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY

by some shares. He was a well-educated young man who played the piano, and Wilde from time to time called upon him. Neither at the time when he was introduced to Taylor nor since had he had any reason to believe that Taylor was an immoral person. He remembered some few months ago seeing in a newspaper—the *Daily Chronicle*—a report that a raid had been made on a house in Fitzroy-st. Alfred Parker and Charles Taylor were among the persons arrested there.

Did you gather what they were charged with?

Oh, yes, yes.

What was the charge?—So far as I could gather they were charged with being there for an unlawful purpose.

You were much distressed?—Yes.

He wrote you a letter?—Yes, he said it was

A BENEFIT CONCERT

for which he had been given a ticket. Two men came in women's dress to take part in the concert, and the police immediately broke in and arrested everybody in the place.

Was any impression left on your mind that Taylor was at all to blame?

Certainly not. I thought it was monstrous.

Sir Edward now turned to the case of Shelley, who, the prosecutor said, had been introduced to him by Mr. John Lane. Afterwards he often went to Mathews and Lane's when Shelley was the only person in charge there. They had many literary conversations together. When "Lady Windermere's Fan" was produced Shelley had a ticket from Mr. Wilde.

He was a great admirer of your work?—Yes. And you gratified his taste by giving him copies of your books?—Yes.

Did you ever write any inscription on the fly-leaf of any of those books (one fly-leaf had been torn out) that you would object to the whole world seeing?

"NEVER IN MY LIFE,"

was the emphatic reply.

Oscar said he went to Paris to attend to the matter there of "Lady Windermere's Fan," and when he came back Shelley called on him at Tite-st.

After lunch the court waited quite a long time for Oscar. When he finally appeared it was to offer the court a profound apology for the delay, which was caused by his having been blocked in the Strand.

Sir Edward immediately read another letter from Edward Shelley thanking Wilde for sending him "A House of Pomegranates" and another book. The gentleman whose name has been suppressed occurred here, and Oscar interrupted to explain that he had written to this gentleman telling him that he would find beside him on the first night of "Lady Windermere's Fan" a cultivated, intelligent youth to whom he might talk. Continuing the reading of the letter, it appeared that Shelley had met this gentleman, had arranged to call upon him, but had lost the address, and asked Oscar to supply it. Other letters addressed to "Dear Oscar" expressed the writer's desire to get some employment—he had left Elkin Matthews—in which, by strict economy, he could live on £8 a month. He wrote to "Dear Oscar" again, asking for money. He was

PREPARED FOR POVERTY
as part of a Christian life, but he could not do without health, which was unattainable on £4 5s. 4d. a month.

"Did you send him any money about that time?" asked Sir Edward.

"I am sure I lent him £5 about that time," then, as an afterthought, "I gave it to him. I do not lend when a man asks me for money. It was a gift."

Having read the letters in full, Sir Edward put to the prosecutor a final question as to Shelley:—Has any relationship subsisted between you and Shelley other than that you have described—the relation of a man of letters to one who admired your work?—Never, never, never.

The Worthing boy, it next appeared, had an intense desire to go to sea in a merchant ship. Mr. Wilde gratified this desire by taking him out in a boat with his son and Mrs. Wilde. The boy also frequently came to tea. He had not seen the boy since he left Worthing, but had written to him in November concerning a projected apprenticeship on a sailing vessel.

As to Wood, Mr. Wilde said he met him in January, 1884.

AT THE CASE RE-OPENED.

That was on the subject of the letters, and he had not seen him since Wood wrote to him afterwards asking his help in obtaining employment. "And," said Oscar, shaking his head sadly, "I—ah—um—um—um."

"When all these persons were introduced to you, had you any reason," said Sir Edward, "to suppose that they were of immoral character?"—No reason whatever.

Did anything ever come to your knowledge?

Nothing whatever.

Categorical denials to many of the suggestions that had been made in cross-examination were next given, and then Sir Edward turned to the row with Lord Queensberry.

On the Wednesday after this, it seemed, Mr. Wilde had an interview with a member of the Queensberry family who is in Parliament. What the result of this was did not appear, but after some discussion a new letter from Lord Alfred Douglas to his father was produced and read by Mr. Carson. In this the youth said that as the Marquess had disowned him at least a dozen times, he was under no obligation to regard his father's wishes, and he would consequently please himself as to the company he kept. The letter ended with saying that he would be justified in shooting the Marquess with a revolver, as

A VIOLENT AND DANGEROUS ROUGH,
and that no one would miss him if he died.

On the conclusion of the re-examination, some members of the jury expressed a desire to question the prosecutor. The first was whether the editor of the *Chameleon* was a personal friend of his. Mr. Wilde replied that he was a gentleman he knew at Oxford, who begged for a contribution for his magazine.

Was it printed for private circulation?—Oh, no, I don't think so.

Sir Edward Clarke said only a hundred copies were printed, but to that extent it was offered to public sale.

This closed the case for the prosecution. Mr. Wilde having been eight hours in the box, and Mr. Carson rose to address the jury on the more serious side of the justification of the alleged libel. So far, he said, as Lord Queensberry was concerned, of any act he had done he withdrew nothing. He acted with premeditation, determined at all risks and hazards to try and save his son. Whether he was right or wrong the jury was already to some extent able to judge. But, notwithstanding the

MANY ELEMENTS OF PREJUDICE
which Sir E. Clarke in his opening had introduced into the case, the defendant's actions had been consistent all through, and he was bound to take every step possible to bring about such an inquiry as the present. The reading of Lord Queensberry's letter had now shown that the allegations against distinguished persons were purely political, and wide apart from the allegations in respect to Mr. Oscar Wilde. The fact simply was that Lord Queensberry was piqued that his son, the late Lord Drumlanrig, was made a member of the House of Lords, of which he himself (as a Scottish peer) was not a member. It was thus, and thus only, that the names of eminent politicians and statesmen had been introduced into his correspondence. As to Mr. Wilde, his character was made known to Lord Queensberry by his writings and by scandals in connection with the Savoy Hotel. He had been going about with young men who were his equals neither in station nor age, and consorting with men who, it would be proved beyond all doubt, were among

THE MOST NOTORIOUS CHARACTERS

in London. Counsel referred, he said, specially to Taylor, who he suggested, was no better than a procurer of lads for immoral purposes. As recently as Tuesday last Taylor was in communication with the prosecutor, yet Sir Edward Clarke had not put him in the box. Taylor was implicated in the Fitzroy-sq. scandal, "and was practically the right hand man of Wilde in all these orgies with artists and others." Taylor was the pivot of the case, and when the younger witnesses were examined, and had to tell one after another the filthy practices of Mr. Oscar Wilde, the significance of Taylor's absence would be apparent. If any one man could make out the innocence of Mr. Wilde it was Taylor, and that man was not produced. On every occasion on which it had been advisable to introduce another name, the name of a man had been written down—and the name was the name of a man who was out of the country. Nothing could be more painful than to have to call the witnesses, some of whom were procured by Taylor, and some were procured by Wilde for his vile purposes. Yet it would be necessary to describe the house at Little College-st., with

ITS ARTIFICIAL LIGHT AND ITS PERFUMES

and its extraordinary habits. Mr. Wilde's standard of literature was a very high one. His works were for the artist, not for the philistine, and he was indifferent to the opinion of the ordinary man. Contrast that with his position with regard to these lads—gentlemen's servants and newspaper sellers. Confronted with these curious associates, his case no longer is that he dwells in regions of art, but that he is so democratic of soul that he abolishes social distinctions and has the sweeping boy from the street to dine with him. Mr. Wilde's looks alone would have absolutely justified Lord Queensberry in the course he had taken. Lord Queensberry undertook to prove that Mr. Wilde was posing as an immoral person, and did not accuse Mr. Wilde of committing the actual felony, which would be a matter which would render Mr. Wilde liable to the most serious consequences. Taking first the *Chameleon*, Mr. Carson would not say for a moment that Mr. Wilde was responsible for all that appeared in it, but if a gentleman was willing to contribute to a paper which in its essence was for the teaching of unspeakable practices, he did to that extent acquiesce in the coupling of his name and work with the

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE PUBLICATION.

Mr. Wilde said he had protested. But it was against the inartistic, not against the immoral, character of the story of "The Priest and the Acolyte" that he had protested. Exactly the same notion that ran through that story ran through the letters of Mr. Oscar Wilde to Lord Alfred Douglas which had been read. The same idea ran through "Dorian Grey," and the defence was the same—that the world did not understand the beauty of this love and the propriety of using towards men the passions and the expressions natural between men and women. Beautiful letters, Mr. Wilde had called them. Mr. Carson called them disgusting. And some justification, he said, for the frightful anticipations of Lord Queensberry in respect to his own son might be found, for in this same *Chameleon* were two poems, "The Two Loves," and "In Praise of Shame," breathing the same impure sentiment—and written by Lord Alfred Douglas, with the knowledge and approval of Mr. Oscar Wilde.

After lunch the court waited quite a long time for Oscar. When he finally appeared it was to offer the court a profound apology for the delay, which was caused by his having been blocked in the Strand.

Sir Edward immediately read another letter from Edward Shelley thanking Wilde for sending him "A House of Pomegranates" and another book. The gentleman whose name has been suppressed occurred here, and Oscar interrupted to explain that he had written to this gentleman telling him that he would find beside him on the first night of "Lady Windermere's Fan" a cultivated, intelligent youth to whom he might talk. Continuing the reading of the letter, it appeared that Shelley had met this gentleman, had arranged to call upon him, but had lost the address, and asked Oscar to supply it. Other letters addressed to "Dear Oscar" expressed the writer's desire to get some employment—he had left Elkin Matthews—in which, by strict economy, he could live on £6 a month. He wrote to "Dear Oscar" again, asking for money. He was

PREPARED FOR POVERTY

as part of a Christian life, but he could not do without health, which was unattainable on £4 3s. 4d. a month.

"Did you send him any money about that time?" asked Sir Edward.

"I am sure I lent him £5 about that time"; then, as an afterthought, "I gave it to him. I do not lend when a man asks me for money. It was a gift."

Having read the letters in full, Sir Edward put to the prosecutor a final question as to Shelley—How any relationship subsisted between you and Shelley other than that you have described—the relation of a man of letters to one who admired your work?—Never, never, never.

The Werthing boy, it next appeared, had an intense desire to go to sea in a merchant ship. Mr. Wilde gratified this desire by taking him out in a boat with his son and Mrs. Wilde. The boy also frequently came to tea. He had not seen the boy since he left Werthing, but had written to him in November concerning a projected apprenticeship on a sailing vessel.

As to Wood, Mr. Wilde said he met him in January, 1893.

AT THE CAPE ROYAL

That was on the subject of the letters, and he had not seen him since. Wood wrote to him afterwards asking his help in obtaining employment. "And," said Oscar, shaking his head airily, "I—ah—um—um—um."

"When all these persons were introduced to you, had you any reason," said Sir Edward, "to suppose that they were of immoral character?"—No reason whatever.

"Did anything ever come to your knowledge?"—Nothing whatever.

Categorical denials to many of the suggestions that had been made in cross-examination were next given, and then Sir Edward turned to the row with Lord Queensberry.

On the Wednesday after this, it seemed, Mr. Wilde had an interview with a member of the Queensberry family who is in Parliament. What the result of this was did not appear, but after some discussion a new letter from Lord Alfred Douglas to his father was produced and read by Mr. Carson. In this the youth said that as the Marquess had disowned him at least a dozen times, he was under no obligation to regard his father's wishes, and he would consequently please himself as to the company he kept. The letter ended with saying that he would be justified in shooting the Marquess with a revolver, as

A VIOLENT AND DANGEROUS ROUGH,

and that no one would miss him if he died.

On the conclusion of the re-examination, some members of the jury expressed a desire to question the prosecutor. The first was whether the editor of the *Chameleon* was a personal friend of his. Mr. Wilde replied that he was a gentleman he knew at Oxford, who begged for a contribution for his magazine.

Was it printed for private circulation?—Oh, no, I don't think so.

Sir Edward Clarke said only a hundred copies were printed, but to that extent it was offered to public sale.

This closed the case for the prosecution, Mr. Wilde having been eight hours in the box, and Mr. Carson rose to address the jury on the more serious side of the justification of the alleged libel. So far, he said, as Lord Queensberry was concerned, of any act he had done he withdrew nothing. He acted with premeditation, determined at all risks and hazards to try and save his son. Whether he was right or wrong the jury were to decide. He was not to judge. But, notwithstanding the

MANY ELEMENTS OF PREJUDICE

which Sir E. Clarke in his opening had introduced into the case, the defendant's actions had been consistent all through, and he was bound to take every step possible to bring about such an inquiry as the present. The reading of Lord Queensberry's letter had now shown that the allegations against distinguished persons were purely political, and wide apart from the allegations in respect to Mr. Oscar Wilde. The fact simply was that Lord Queensberry was piqued that his son, the late Lord Drumlanrig, was made a member of the House of Lords, of which he himself (as a Scottish peer) was not a member. It was thus, and thus only, that the names of eminent politicians and statesmen had been introduced into his correspondence. As to Mr. Wilde, his character was made known to Lord Queensberry by his writings and by scandals in connection with the Savoy Hotel. He had been going about with young men who were his equals neither in station nor age, and consorting with men who, it would be proved beyond all doubt, were among

THE MOST NOTORIOUS CHARACTERS

in London. Counsel referred, he said, specially to Taylor, who he suggested, was no better than a procurer of lads for immoral purposes. As recently as Tuesday last Taylor was in communication with the prosecutor, yet Sir Edward Clarke had not put him in the box. Taylor was implicated in the Fitzroy-square scandal, "and was practically the right hand man of Wilde in all these orgies with artists and others." Taylor was the pivot of the case, and when the younger witnesses were examined, and had to tell one after another the filthy practices of Mr. Oscar Wilde, the significance of Taylor's absence would be apparent. If any one man could make out the innocence of Mr. Wilde it was Taylor, and that man was not produced. On every occasion on which it had been advisable to introduce another name, the name of a man had been written down—and the name was the name of a man who was out of the country. Nothing could be more painful than to have to call the witnesses, some of whom were procured by Taylor, and some were procured by Wilde for his vile purposes. Yet it would be necessary to describe the house at Little College-st., with

ITS ARTIFICIAL LIGHT AND ITS PERFUMES

and its extraordinary habits. Mr. Wilde's standard of literature was a very high one. His works were for the artist, not for the philistine, and he was indifferent to the opinion of the ordinary man. Contrast that with his position with regard to these lads—gentlemen's servants and newspaper sellers. Confronted with these curious associates, his case no longer is that he dwells in regions of art, but that he is so democratic of soul that he abolishes social distinctions and has the sweeping boy from the street to dine with him. Mr. Wilde's looks alone would have absolutely justified Lord Queensberry in the course he had taken. Lord Queensberry undertook to prove that Mr. Wilde was posing as an immoral person, and did not accuse Mr. Wilde of committing the actual felony, which would be a matter which would render Mr. Wilde liable to the most serious consequences. Taking first the *Chameleon*, Mr. Carson would not say for a moment that Mr. Wilde was responsible for all that appeared in it, but if a gentleman was willing to contribute to a paper which in its essence was for the teaching of unspeakable practices, he did to that extent acquiesce in the coupling of his name and work with the

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE PUBLICATION

Mr. Wilde said he had protested. But it was against the inartistic, not against the immoral, character of the story of "The Priest and the Acolyte" that he had protested. Exactly the same notion that ran through that story ran through the letters of Mr. Oscar Wilde to Lord Alfred Douglas which had been read. The same idea ran through "Dorian Grey," and the defence was the same—that the world did not understand the beauty of this love and the propriety of using towards men the passions and the expressions natural between men and women. Beautiful letters, Mr. Wilde had called them. Mr. Carson called them disgusting. And some justification, he said, for the frightful anticipations of Lord Queensberry in respect to his own son might be found, for in this same *Chameleon* were two poems, "The Two Loves," and "In Praise of Love," breathing the same impure sentiment and written by Lord Alfred Douglas, with the knowledge and approval of Mr. Oscar Wilde.

The mild and beautiful picture which Sir Edward Clarke had drawn of "Dorian Gray" was but an outline; omitting the tainted passages, Mr. Carson proceeded to retouch the picture in more lurid colors.

It was under Mr. Wilde's influence that Lord Alfred Douglas had set his father's authority at naught. Passing to the letter which had been termed a "prose poem," Mr. Carson described Wood as "one of the Little College-st. lot," an associate of Taylor and of Wilde, and asked why, between friends, it should have been necessary for Mr. Wilde to go to Sir George Lewis for the purpose of getting back his letter. Simply, he said, because this was no innocent friendship, and because the letter in the hands of Wood would have been fatal corroboration of the charges of immoral practices which he might have brought against Wilde. Wilde's case was that the letters were not of the slightest value, nor incriminating in character. Why, then, did he pay Wood £21 to get them back? Because the one thing he desired was that Wood should leave the country. Wood was shipped to New York, and Wilde no doubt hoped never to see him again. "But he is here!" said Mr. Carson. "You shall have him before you." The sonnet idea was only an ingenious afterthought, an idea for explaining away the incriminating document. Mr. Carson said that to his mind the phrase about "those red rose-leaf lips of thine," being "made less for music of song than for madness of kissing," was

ABSOLUTELY DISGUSTING

as the expression of a man of 40 to a lad of 20. (Subdued applause.) And how such commonplace phrases as "Why are you alone in town?" and "When do you go to Salisbury?" could be rendered into French verse passed his comprehension. The immoralities at the Savoy Hotel would be proved up to the hilt. His wife was absent in Italy at the time he sojourned in the Savoy Hotel, but it seemed to Mr. Carson that a man with a house at Tite-st., whose hotel bill was £29 for the week, and who had "no money, no credit, and a heart of lead," would have been better at home. He was not there to say that anything over happened between Mr. Oscar Wilde and this young man—God forbid! But his letters showed that Wilde, a man of great ability and staminate had conceived for the lad a passion of the dangerous kind typified in "Dorian Gray." Was the jury going to send Lord Queensberry to goal for interfering under circumstances such as these, would they say that the

GONGE OF ANY FATHER

should not rise, at the sight of such a man making a filthy, abominable love to his son—a son so dominated by Wilde, that he threatened to shoot his own father if he interfered.

The court adjourned at 4.25.

TRIAL OF LORD QUEENSBERRY.

THE EVIDENCE OF MR. OSCAR WILDE.

In the Central Criminal Court on Wednesday before Mr. Justice Collins, John Sholto Douglas, Marquis of Queensberry, was indicted for unlawfully and maliciously writing and publishing a false, malicious, and defamatory libel of and concerning Mr. Oscar Pinal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde. The case excited great public interest, and the court was crowded.

The defendant pleaded "Not Guilty," and put in a plea alleging that the libel was true and that it was published for the public benefit.

Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., Mr. Charles Mathews, and Mr. Travers Humphreys appeared for the prosecution. Mr. Carson, Q.C., Mr. C. F. Gill, and Mr. A. Gill defended. Mr. Besley, Q.C., and Mr. Monckton watched the case for a person interested.

Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., in opening the case, said that the libel was published in the form of a card, which was left by Lord Queensberry at a club to which Mr. Oscar Wilde belonged. It was a visiting card of Lord Queensberry's, with his name printed upon it, and it had written upon it certain words which formed the libel complained of. The words of the libel were not directly an accusation of the gravest of all offences—the suggestion was that there was no guilt of the actual offence, but that in some way or other the person of whom those words were written did appear—may, desired to appear and pose to be a person inclined to the commission of that gravest of all offences.

But in the plea which the defendant had brought before the Court there were a series of accusations mentioning the names of persons, and it was said with regard to those persons that Mr. Wilde had solicited them to commit with him the grave offence, and that he had been guilty with each and all of them of indecent practices. Mr. Oscar Wilde was the son of Sir William Wilde, a very distinguished Irish surgeon and oculist, who did great public service as chairman of the Census Commission in Ireland. Lady Wilde was still living. Mr. Wilde went in the first instance to Trinity College, Dublin, where he greatly distinguished himself for classical knowledge. He then went to Magdalen College, Oxford, where he had a brilliant career, obtaining the Newdigate prize for English poetry. After leaving the University he devoted himself to literature in its artistic side. Many years ago he became a very prominent personality, laughed at by some but appreciated by many, representing a form of artistic literature which recommended itself to many of the foremost minds and the most cultivated people. In 1884 he married a daughter of Mr. Horace Lloyd, Q.C., and had since lived with his wife and two sons in Tite-street, Chelsea. He was a member of the Albemarle Club. Lord Alfred Douglas, a younger son of Lord Queensberry in 1891 went to Tite-street, being introduced by a friend of Mr. Wilde's. From that time Mr. Wilde had been a friend of Lord Alfred Douglas and also of his mother, Lady Queensberry, from whom, on her death, the Marquis had been divorced. In 1893 the wife of Lord Alfred Douglas, to whom some clothes had been given by Lord Alfred Douglas, alleged that he had found in the pocket of a coat four letters addressed by Mr. Wilde to Lord Alfred, and called upon Mr. Wilde in 1893, representing that he was in great distress and was in need of monetary assistance to go to America. He produced some of the letters, and Mr. Wilde, more out of sympathy than anything else, gave him £15 or £20 for them. They were mere ordinary letters of no consequence or importance whatever. But as generally happened, a further demand for an alleged suppressed letter was made later on, when it became known that Mr. Oscar Wilde's play *A Woman of No Importance* was about to be produced at the Haymarket Theatre. The letter was in the nature of a prose sonnet, and Mr. Wilde had ideas of publishing it—in fact, it was paraphrased in an artistic magazine called the *Spirit Lamp*, edited by Lord Alfred Douglas. The letter was as follows:—

"My own Boy, Your sonnet is quite lovely, and it is a marvel that those red-roseleaf lips of yours should be made no less for the madness of music and song than for the madness of kissing. Your slim-built soul walks between passion and poetry. No Hyacinthus followed Love so madly as you in Greek days. Why are you alone in London, and when do you go to Salisbury? Do go there and cool your hands in the gray twilight of Gothic things. Come here whenever you like. It is a lovely place and only lacks you. But go to Salisbury first. Always with undying love, Yours, OSCAR." The words of that communication to Mr. Wilde were continued, might seem extravagant to their more prosaic and commercial experiences, but Mr. Wilde was a poet, and the letter was considered by him as a prose sonnet, and as an expression of true poetic feeling, and no relation whatever to the hateful and repulsive suggestions incorporated in the plea in this case. Early in 1894 Mr. Wilde became aware that the Marquis was writing letters which affected his character, and during the year Mr. Wilde ordered that Lord Queensberry should never be admitted to his house. Last February Mr. Wilde produced at St. James's Theatre another play called *The Importance of Being Earnest*. He heard of certain intentions of Lord Queensberry, who had previously created a scene in a theatre when a new play of Lord Tennison's—*The Promise of May*—was produced for the first time, and when, as an Agnostic, he publicly denounced a certain character in the performance from his seat in the stalls. Of course a disturbance on the night of a new play was a very serious matter to author and actors, and would have been especially serious if—as it probably would—it had developed into a personal attack on the private character of Mr. Wilde.

Lord Queensberry booked a seat at St. James's Theatre, but his money was returned to him and the police were warned about him. On the night of the play the Marquis made his appearance carrying a large bouquet of vegetables. Whether that was consistent with Lord Queensberry's sanity would be for the jury to decide. Being refused admission at the box-office Lord Queensberry, with his vegetable offering, tried to enter by the gallery, but the police refused him admittance. On February 28 Mr. Wilde went to the Albemarle Club and there received from the hall-porter the libellous card left by Lord Queensberry on the 18th of that month. Hitherto the accusations had been made in letters to Lord Queensberry's family on which, if he had chosen, Mr. Wilde could have taken action, but in consideration of the family he refrained. Here, however, was a public charge made openly against him at his club, and Mr. Wilde could no longer refrain or sit still. Hence those criminal proceedings. The plea of justification contained two curious assertions—one, that in July, 1890, Mr. Wilde wrote and published an immoral work called "The Picture of Dorian Gray," and secondly, contributed to a magazine called the *Chameleon*, of which he was the mainstay, certain purulent articles on "Phrases and Philosophies for the Use of the Young." He himself defied his learned friends to suggest from those contributions anything hostile to the character of Mr. Wilde, but it was due to him to say that directly he saw the disgraceful and abominable story in the *Chameleon* of "The Priest and the Acolyte," in which same number his own article appeared, he indignantly insisted on the copies being suppressed and the magazine withdrawn. Sidney Wright, hall porter of the Albemarle Club, of which Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Wilde are members, having given evidence.

Mr. Oscar Wilde was examined by Sir Edward Clarke. In November, 1892, he was lunching with Lord Alfred Douglas at the Café Royal. He knew there had been some estrangement between Lord Queensberry and Lord Alfred Douglas. On that occasion Lord Queensberry was at the Café Royal, and at the suggestion of witness Lord Alfred Douglas went across and shook hands with Lord Queensberry and a friendly conversation ensued. In 1893 witness heard that some letters which he had addressed to Lord Alfred Douglas had come into the hands of certain persons. A man named Wood told witness that he had found some letters in a suit of clothes which Lord Alfred Douglas had given him. When Wood entered the room he said to witness "I suppose you will think very badly of me."

Witness replied "I heard that you had some letters of mine to Lord Alfred Douglas which you certainly ought to have handed back to him." Wood handed him three or four letters, and said that they had been stolen from him by a man named Allen, and that he had had to employ a detective to get them back. Witness read the letters and said he did not think them of any importance. Wood said he was very much surprised to find that Allen had taken the letters from him, and he wanted money to go to America. Witness asked him what better opening he would have as a clerk in America than he had in England. Wood repeated that he wanted to go to America, as he was afraid of the men who had taken the letters from him. Witness handed him £15 and retained the letters. In April, 1893, Mr. Beerbohm Tree handed witness what purported to be a copy of a letter. A man named Allen subsequently called upon the witness, who felt that Allen was a man who wanted money from him, and he said, "I suppose you have come about my beautiful letter to Lord Alfred Douglas? If you had not been so foolish as to send a copy to Mr. Beerbohm Tree I should have been very glad to pay you a large sum for the letter as I consider that it is a work of art." Allen said a very curious construction could be put on the letter. The witness said, in reply, "Art is rarely intelligible to the criminal classes." Allen said, "A man had offered me £60 for it." Witness said, "If you take my advice you will go to him and sell my letter to him for £60. I myself have never received a large sum for any prose work of that length, but I am glad to find that there is someone in England who will pay such a large sum for a letter of mine." Allen said the man was out of town. The witness said the man would come back, and added, "I assure you on my word of honour that I shall pay nothing for the letter." Allen, changing his manner, said he had not a single penny and was very poor, and that he had been on many occasions trying to find witness to talk about the letter. Witness said he could not guarantee his cash expenses, but handed him half a sovereign. Witness said to Allen, "The letter will shortly be published as a sonnet in a delightful magazine, and I will send you a copy." That letter was the basis of the sonnet which was published in French in the *Spirit Lamp* in 1893.

About five or six minutes after a man called Clyburn came in. Witness said to him, "I cannot be bothered any more about the letter. I don't care twopenny about it." Clyburn said, "Allen has asked me to give it back to you." Witness said, "Why does he give it back to you?" Clyburn said, "Well, he says that you were kind to him, and that there is no use trying to rent you, as you only laugh at it as it was extremely soiled at the letter, and, seeing that it was extremely soiled, said, 'I think it quite unpardonable that better care was not taken of an original letter of mine.'" He said he was very sorry—it had been in so many hands. Witness took the letter then, and said, "Well, I will accept the letter back, and you can thank Mr. Allen from me for all the anxiety he has shown about the letter." He gave Clyburn half-a-sovereign for his trouble. Witness said, "I am afraid you are leading a wonderfully wicked life." He replied, "There is good and bad in every one of us." Witness told him he was a born philosopher. He then left. The letter had remained in witness's possession ever since, and he now produced it. Witness afterwards became aware that Lord Queensberry was making suggestions with regard to his character and his behaviour. Those suggestions were not made in letters addressed to witness. On

June 16, 1894, Lord Queensberry and a gentleman called upon witness. The interview took place in his library. Lord Queensberry said to him, "Sit down." Witness said, "I don't allow any one to talk to me like that. I suppose you have come to apologize for the letter you have written. I could have you up any day I chose for a criminal libel for writing such a letter." He said, "The letter is privileged, as it was written to my son." Witness said, "How dare you say such things about your son and me?" He said, "You were both kicked out of the Savoy Hotel at a moment's notice for your disgusting conduct." Witness said, "That is a lie." He said, "You have taken furnished rooms for him in Piccadilly." Witness said, "Some one has been telling you an absurd lot of lies about me and your son. I have not done anything of the kind." He said, "I hear that you were thoroughly well blackmailed for a letter which you sent to my son." Witness said, "The letter was a beautiful letter, and I never write except for publication." Witness then said to him, "Do you seriously accuse your son and me?" He said, "I don't say you are it; but you look it, and you pose as it. If I catch you and my son together again at any public restaurant I will thrash you." Witness said, "I do not know what the Queensberry rules are. The Oscar Wilde rule is to shoot at sight," and he then told Lord Queensberry to leave his house. He said he would not do so. Witness told him he would have him put out by the police. He said that it was a disgusting scandal. Witness said, "If it is so, you are the author of that scandal and no one else. The letters you have written about me are infamous, and I see that you are merely trying to ruin your son through me. I will not have in my house a brute like you." Witness went into the hall, followed by Lord Queensberry and the gentleman. He said to his servant, pointing to Lord Queensberry, "This is the Marquis of Queensberry, the most infamous brute in London. You are never to allow him to enter my house again, and should he attempt to come in, let me know, and I will send for the police." Lord Queensberry then left. It was not the fact that witness had taken rooms in Piccadilly for his son. It was perfectly untrue that witness had been required to leave the Savoy Hotel. Witness had nothing whatever to do with the *Chameleon* except to send his contribution, which he knew nothing whatever about the story of "The Priest and the Acolyte" contained in it. He highly disapproved of "The Priest and the Acolyte," and expressed that disapproval to the editor. Witness's attention had been called to the allegations in the plea impugning his conduct with different persons. There was not the slightest truth in any one of those allegations.

Replying to Mr. CARSON, Q.C., in cross-examination, Mr. Oscar Wilde said that he was 40 years of age in October last, and Lord Alfred Douglas was about 24. He had known the latter since he was 20 or 21. Notwithstanding Lord Queensberry's protest, his intimacy with Lord Alfred Douglas continued to that moment, and he had stayed with him at many places, and very recently at Monte Carlo. Lord Alfred Douglas wrote poems for the *Chameleon* which he himself thought beautiful, and which contained no improper suggestions whatever. Witness considered that not only was the story "The Priest and the Acolyte" immoral, but worse, inasmuch as it was badly written. (Laughter.) It was altogether offensive and perfect twaddle. He took no steps to express disapproval of the *Chameleon*, because it would have been beneath his dignity as a man of letters to associate himself with the mere effusions of an illiterate undergraduate. He did not believe that any book or work of art had any effect on morality whatever. In writing he did not consider the effect of creating or inciting morality or immorality; he aimed neither at good nor evil, but simply tried to make a thing with some quality of beauty. Being questioned as to the morality of some of his expressions in the *Chameleon* article, Mr. Wilde said there was no such thing as morality or immorality in thought, but there was such a thing as immoral emotion. The realization of one's self was the prime aim in life, and to do so through pleasure was finer than through pain. On that point he was on the side of the Greeks. He still believed that, as he then wrote, a truth ceased to be true when more than one person believed it. That would be his metaphysical definition of truth—something so personal that could never be appreciated by two minds. The condition of perfection was illness; the life of contemplation was the highest life. There was no such thing as moral or an immoral book, to his mind. Books were either well or badly written. Well written, they produced a sense of beauty—the highest sense of which a human being could be capable—and badly written, a sense of disgust. No work of art ever put forward views, for views belonged to people who were not artists. The views of the illiterate were unaccountable; he was concerned only with his own views, and

when every one joined, that he had never given adoration to any one except himself. There were people in the world, he regretted to say, who could not understand the sense devotion, affection, and admiration that an artist could feel for a wonderful and beautiful personality. Being brought to the facts of the case, the letter to Lord Alfred Douglas from Torquay, the beautiful and a poetical letter—the letter of art and the same strain, nor even to Lord Alfred Douglas again, read a letter to Lord Alfred Douglas from the witness in similar terms to the other, which the witness explained by saying that it was a tender expression of his great admiration for Lord Alfred. Being interrogated as to various allegations in the plea of justification, Mr. Wilde gave them an indignant and emphatic denial.

TRIAL OF LORD QUEENSBERRY.

THE EVIDENCE OF MR. OSCAR WILDE.

In the Central Criminal Court on Wednesday before Mr. Justice Collins, John Sholto Douglas, Marquis of Queensberry, was indicted for unlawfully and maliciously writing and publishing a false, malicious, and defamatory libel of and concerning Mr. Oscar Pincus O'Flahertie Wilks Wilde. The case excited great public interest, and the court was crowded.

The defendant pleaded "Not Guilty," and put in a plea alleging that the libel was true and that it was published for the public benefit.

Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., Mr. Charles Mathews, and Mr. Travers Humphreys appeared for the prosecution; Mr. Carson, Q.C., Mr. C. F. Gill, and Mr. A. Gill defended. Mr. Besley, Q.C., and Mr. Monckton watched the case for a person interested.

Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., in opening the case, said that the libel was published in the form of a card, which was left by Lord Queensberry at a club to which Mr. Oscar Wilde belonged. It was a visiting card of Lord Queensberry's, with his name printed upon it, and it had written upon it certain words which formed the libel complained of. The words of the libel were not directly an accusation of the gravest of all offences—the suggestion was that there was no guilt of the actual offence, but that in some way or other the person of whom those words were written did appear—

may, desired to appear and pose to be a person inclined to the commission of that gravest of all offences. But in the plea which the defendant had brought before the Court there were a series of accusations mentioning the names of persons, and it was said with regard to those persons that Mr. Wilde had solicited them to commit with him the grave offence, and that he had been guilty with each and all of them of indecent practices. Mr. Oscar Wilde was the son of Sir William Wilde, a very distinguished Irish surgeon and oculist, who did great public service as chairman of the Census Commission in Ireland. Lady Wilde was still living. Mr. Wilde went in the first instance to Trinity College, Dublin, where he greatly distinguished himself for classical knowledge. He then went to Magdalen College, Oxford, where he had a brilliant career, obtaining the Newdigate prize for English poetry. After leaving the University he devoted himself to literature in its artistic side. Many years ago he became a very prominent personality, laughed at by some but appreciated by many, representing a form of artistic literature which recommended itself to many of the foremost minds and the most cultivated people. In 1884 he married a daughter of Mr. Horace Lloyd, Q.C., and had since lived with his wife and two sons in Tite-street, Chelsea. He was a member of the Albemarle Club. Lord Alfred Douglas, a younger son of Lord Queensberry in 1891 went to Tite-street, being introduced by a friend of Mr. Wilde's. From that time Mr. Wilde had been a friend of Lord Alfred Douglas and also of his mother, Lady Queensberry, from whom, on her petition, the Marquis had been divorced. In 1893 a man named Wood, to whom some clothes had been given by Lord Alfred Douglas, alleged that he had found in the pocket of a coat four letters addressed by Mr. Wilde to Lord Alfred, and called upon Mr. Wilde in 1893, representing that he was in great distress and was in need of monetary assistance to go to America. He produced some of the letters, and Mr. Wilde, more out of sympathy than anything else, gave him £15 or £20 for them. They were mere ordinary letters of no consequence or importance whatever. But, as generally happened, a further demand for an alleged suppressed letter was made later on, when it became known that Mr. Oscar Wilde's play *A Woman of No Importance* was about to be produced at the Haymarket Theatre. That letter was in the nature of a prose sonnet, and Mr. Wilde had ideas of publishing it—in fact, it was paraphrased in an aesthetic magazine called the *Spirit Lamp*, edited by Lord Alfred Douglas. The letter was as follows:—

"My own Boy.—Your sonnet is quite lovely, and it is a marvel that those red-rose lips of yours should be made no less for the madness of music and song than for the madness of kissing. Your slim-built soul walks between passion and poetry. No Hyacinthus followed Love so madly as you in Greek days. Why are you alone in London, and when do you go to Salisbury? Do go there and cool your hands in the gray twilight of Gothic things. Come here whenever you like. It is a lovely place and only lacks you. But go to Salisbury first. Always with undying love, Yours, OSCAR." The words of that communication, Sir Edward Clarke continued, might seem extravagant to them more poetic and commercial experiences, but Mr. Wilde was a poet, and the letter was considered by him as a prose sonnet, and as an expression of true poetic feeling, and had no relation whatever to the hateful and repulsive suggestions incorporated in the plea in this case. Early in 1894 Mr. Wilde became aware that the Marquis was writing letters which affected his character, and during the year Mr. Wilde ordered that Lord Queensberry should never be admitted to his house. Last February Mr. Wilde produced at St. James's Theatre another play called *The Importance of Being Earnest*. He heard of certain intentions of Lord Queensberry, who had previously created a scene in a theatre when a new play of Lord Tennyson's—*The Promise of May*—was produced for the first time, and when, as an Agnostic, he publicly denounced a certain character in the performance from his seat in the stalls. Of course a disturbance on the night of a new play was a very serious matter to authors and actors, and would have been especially serious if—as it probably would—it had developed into a personal attack on the private character of Mr. Wilde.

The mild and beautiful picture which Sir Edward Clarke had drawn of "Dorian Gray" was but an outline, omitting the tainted passages. Mr. Carson proceeded to retouch the picture in more lurid colors.

It was under Mr. Wilde's influence that Lord Alfred Douglas had set his father's authority at naught. Passing to the letter which had been termed a "prose poem," Mr. Carson described Wood as "one of the Little College-st. lot," an associate of Taylor and of Wilde, and asked why, between friends, it should have been necessary for Mr. Wilde to go to Sir George Lewis for the purpose of getting back his letter. Simply, he said, because this was no innocent friendship, and because the letter in the hands of Wood would have been fatal corroboration of the charges of immoral practices which he might have brought against Wilde. Wilde's case was that the letters were not of the slightest value, nor incriminating in character. Why, then, did he pay Wood £21 to get them back? Because the one thing he desired was that Wood should leave the country. Wood was shipped to New York, and Wilde no doubt hoped never to see him again. "But he is here!" said Mr. Carson. "You shall have him before you." The sonnet idea was only an ingenious afterthought, an idea for explaining away the incriminating document. Mr. Carson said that to his mind the phrase about "those red rose-leaves of mine" being "made less for music of song than for madness of kissing," was

ABSOLUTELY DISGUSTING as the expression of a man of 40 to a lad of 20. (Subdued applause.) And how such commonplace phrases as "Why are you alone in town?" and "When do you go to Salisbury?" could be rendered into French verse passed his comprehension. The immoralities at the Savoy Hotel would be proved up to the hilt. His wife was absent in Italy at the time he sojourned in the Savoy Hotel, but it seemed to Mr. Carson that a man with a house at Tite-st., whose hotel bill was £49 for the week, and who had "no money, no credit, and a heart of lead," would have been better at home. He was not there to say that anything ever happened between Mr. Oscar Wilde and this young man—God forbid! But his letters showed that Wilde, a man of great ability and attainments had conceived for the lad a passion of the dangerous kind typified in "Dorian Gray." Was the jury going to send Lord Queensberry to gaol for interfering under circumstances such as these, would they say that the

GORGE OF ANY FATHER should not rise, at the sight of such a man making a filthy, abominable love to his son—a son so dominated by Wilde, that he threatened to shoot his own father if he interfered.

The court adjourned at 4.25.

Lord Queensberry booked a seat at St. James's Theatre, his money was returned to him and the police were warned about him. On the night of the play the Marquis made his appearance carrying a large bouquet of vegetables. Whether that was for the jury to decide. Being refused admission at the box-office Lord Queensberry, with his vegetable offering, tried to enter by the gallery, but the police refused him admittance. On February 28 Mr. Wilde went to the Albemarle Club and there received from the hall-porter the libellous card left by Lord Queensberry on the 18th of that month. Hitherto the accusations had been made in letters to Lord Queensberry's family on which, if he had chosen, Mr. Wilde could have taken action, but in consideration of the family he refrained. Here, however, was a public charge made openly against him at his club, and Mr. Wilde could no longer refrain or sit still. Hence these criminal proceedings. The plea of justification contained two curious assertions—one, that in July, 1890, Mr. Wilde wrote and published an immoral work called "The Picture of Dorian Gray," and secondly, contributed to a magazine called the *Chameleon*, of which he was the minstrel, certain purulent articles on "Phrases and Philosophies for the Use of the Young." He himself defied his learned friends to suggest from these contributions anything hostile to the character of Mr. Wilde, but it was due to him to say that directly he saw the disgraceful and abominable story in the *Chameleon* of "The Priest and the Acolyte," in which same number his own article appeared, he indignantly insisted on the copies being suppressed, and the magazine withdrawn. Sidney Wright, hall porter of the Albemarle Club, of which Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Wilde are members, having given evidence.

Mr. Oscar Wilde was examined by Sir Edward Clarke. In November, 1892, he was lunching with Lord Alfred Douglas at the Café Royal. He knew there had been some estrangement between Lord Queensberry and Lord Alfred Douglas. On that occasion Lord Queensberry was at the Café Royal, and at the suggestion of witness Lord Alfred Douglas went across and shook hands with Lord Queensberry and a friendly conversation ensued. In 1893 witness heard that some letters which he had addressed to Lord Alfred Douglas had come into the hands of certain persons. A man named Wood told witness that he had found some

letters in a suit of clothes which Lord Alfred Douglas had given him. When Wood entered the room he said to witness "I suppose you will think very badly of me." Witness replied, "I heard that you had some letters of mine to Lord Alfred Douglas which you certainly ought to have handed back to him." Wood handed him three or four letters, and said that they had been stolen from him by a man named Allen, and that he had had to employ a detective to get them back. Witness read the letters and said he did not think them of any importance. Wood said he was very much afraid of staying in London on account of the men who had taken the letters from him, and he wanted money to go to America. Witness asked him what better opening he would have as a clerk in America than he had in England. Wood repeated that he wanted to go to America, as he was afraid of the men who had taken the letters from him. Witness handed him £15 and retained the letters. In April, 1893, Mr. Beerbohm Tree handed witness what purported to be a copy of a letter. A man named Allen subsequently called upon the witness, who felt that Allen was a man who wanted money from him, and he said, "I suppose you have come about my beautiful letter to Lord Alfred Douglas? If you had not been so foolish as to send a copy to Mr. Beerbohm Tree I should have been very glad to pay you a large sum for the letter as I consider that it is a work of art." Allen said a very curious construction could be put on the letter. The witness said, in reply, "Art is rarely intelligible to the criminal classes." Allen said, "A man had offered me £60 for it." Witness said, "If you take my advice you will go to him and sell my letter to him for £60. I myself have never received so large a sum for any prose work of that length, but I am glad to find that there is someone in England who will pay such a large sum for a letter of mine." Allen said the man was out of town. The witness said the man would come back, and added, "I assure you on my word of honour that I shall pay nothing for the letter." Allen, changing his manner, said he had not a single penny and was very poor, and that he had been in many occasions trying to find witness to talk about the letter. Witness said he could not guarantee his cab expenses, but handed him half a sovereign. Witness said to Allen, "The letter will shortly be published as a sonnet in a delightful magazine, and I will send you a copy." That letter was the basis of the sonnet which was published in French in the *Spirit Lamp* in 1893. Allen went away. About five or six minutes after a man called Clyburn came in. Witness said to him, "I cannot be bothered any more about the letter. I don't care twopenny about it." Clyburn said, "Allen has asked me to give it back to you." Witness said, "Why does he give it back to you?" Clyburn said, "Well, he says that you were kind to him, and that there is no use trying to rent you, as you only laugh at it." Witness looked at the letter, and, seeing that it was extremely soiled, said, "I think it quite unpardonable that better care was not taken of an original letter of mine." He said he was very sorry it had been in so many hands. Witness took the letter then, and said, "Well, I will accept the letter back, and you can thank Mr. Allen from me for all the anxiety he has shown about the letter." He gave Clyburn half a sovereign for his trouble. Witness said, "I am afraid you are leading a wonderfully wicked life." He replied, "There is good and bad in every one of us." Witness told him he was a born philosopher. He then left. The letter had remained in witness's possession ever since, and he now produced it. Witness afterwards became aware that Lord Queensberry was making suggestions with regard to his character and behaviour. Those suggestions were not made in letters addressed to witness. On

not with those of other people. He had found wonderful exceptions to the rule that the majority of people were Philistines or illiterates, but he was afraid that as a rule most people did not live up—for want of culture—to the position he asserted in these matters, and were not even cultivated enough to draw a distinction between a good and a bad book. He had no knowledge of the views of ordinary individuals, and was therefore unable to say whether the sentiments enunciated in "Dorian Gray" might lead ordinary individuals to see a certain tendency in them. Being vigorously cross-examined by Mr. Carson as to certain passages in "Dorian Gray," he denied that he had suggested anything to which exception could be taken, adding, amid laughter, in which every one joined, that he had never given admiration to any one except himself. There were people in the world he regretted to say, who could not understand the intense devotion, affection, and admiration personality. Being brought to the facts of the case, the letter to Lord Alfred Douglas from Torquay, the letter being at the Savoy Hotel. He thought it a beautiful and a poetical letter—the letter of an artist and a poet. He had never written to other people in the same strain, nor even to Lord Alfred Douglas again, for he did not repeat himself in style. Mr. Carson then read a letter to Lord Alfred Douglas from the witness in similar terms to the other, which the witness explained by saying that it was a tender expression of his great admiration for Lord Alfred. Being interrogated as to various allegations in the plea of justification, Mr. Wilde gave them an indignant and emphatic denial.

The mild and beautiful picture which Sir Edward Clarke had drawn of "Dorian Gray" was but an outline; omitting the tainted passages. Mr. Carson proceeded to retouch the picture in

MORE LURID COLORS.

It was under Mr. Wilde's influence that Lord Alfred Douglas had set his father's authority at naught. Passing to the letter which had been termed a "prose poem," Mr. Carson described Wood as "one of the Little College-st. lot," an associate of Taylor and of Wilde, and asked why, between friends, it should have been necessary for Mr. Wilde to go to Sir George Lewis for the purpose of getting back his letter. Simply, he said, because this was no innocent friendship, and because the letter in the hands of Wood would have been fatal corroboration of the charges of immoral practices which he might have brought against Wilde. Wilde's case was that the letters were not of the slightest value, nor incriminating in character. Why, then, did he pay Wood £21 to get them back? Because the one thing he desired was that Wood should leave the country. Wood was shipped to New York, and Wilde no doubt hoped never to see him again. "But he is here!" said Mr. Carson. "You shall have him before you." The sonnet idea was only an ingenious after-thought, an idea for explaining away the incriminating document. Mr. Carson said that to his mind the phrase about "those red rose-leaf lips of thine," being "made no less for music of song than for madness of kissing," was

ABSOLUTELY DISGUSTING

as the expression of a man of 40 to a lad of 20. (Subdued applause.) And how such commonplace phrases as "Why are you alone in town?" and "When do you go to Salisbury?" could be rendered into French verse passed his comprehension. The immoralities at the Savoy Hotel would be proved up to the hilt. His wife was absent in Italy at the time he sojourned in the Savoy Hotel, but it seemed to Mr. Carson that a man with a house at Tite-st., whose hotel bill was £49 for the week, and who had "no money, no credit, and a heart of lead," would have been better at home. He was not there to say that anything ever happened between Mr. Oscar Wilde and this young man—God forbid! But his letters showed that Wilde, a man of great ability and attainments had conceived for the lad a passion of the dangerous kind typified in "Dorian Gray." Was the jury going to send Lord Queensberry to gaol for interfering under circumstances such as these, would they say that the

GORGE OF ANY FATHER

should not rise, at the sight of such a man making a filthy, abominable love to his son—a son so dominated by Wilde, that he threatened to shoot his own father if he interfered.

The court adjourned at 4.25.

TRIAL OF LORD QUEENSBERRY.

THE EVIDENCE OF MR. OSCAR WILDE.

In the Central Criminal Court on Wednesday before Mr. Justice Collins, John Sholto Douglas, Marquis of Queensberry, was indicted for unlawfully and maliciously writing and publishing a false, malicious, and defamatory libel of and concerning Mr. Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde. The case excited great public interest, and the court was crowded.

The defendant pleaded "Not Guilty," and put in a plea alleging that the libel was true and that it was published for the public benefit.

Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., Mr. Charles Mathews, and Mr. Travers Humphreys appeared for the prosecution; Mr. Carson, Q.C., Mr. C. F. Gill, and Mr. A. Gill defended. Mr. Besley, Q.C., and Mr. Monckton watched the case for a person interested.

SIR EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C., in opening the case, said that the libel was published in the form of a card, which was left by Lord Queensberry at a club to which Mr. Oscar Wilde belonged. It was a visiting card of Lord Queensberry's, with his name printed upon it, and it had written upon it certain words which formed the libel complained of. The words of the libel were not directly an accusation of the gravest of all offences—the suggestion was that there was no guilt of the actual offence, but that in some way or other the person of whom those words were written did appear—nay, desired to appear and pose to be a person inclined to the commission of that gravest of all offences. But in the plea which the defendant had brought before the Court there were a series of accusations mentioning the names of persons, and it was said with regard to those persons that Mr. Wilde had solicited them to commit with him the grave offence, and that he had been guilty with each and all of them of indecent practices. Mr. Oscar Wilde was the son of Sir William Wilde, a very distinguished Irish surgeon and oculist, who did great public service as chairman of the Census Commission in Ireland. Lady Wilde was still living. Mr. Wilde went in the first instance to Trinity College, Dublin, where he greatly distinguished himself for classical knowledge. He then went to Magdalen College, Oxford, where he had a brilliant career, obtaining the Newdigate prize for English poetry. After leaving the University he devoted himself to literature in its artistic side. Many years ago he became a very prominent personality, laughed at by some but appreciated by many, representing a form of artistic literature which recommended itself to many of the foremost minds and the most cultivated people. In 1884 he married a daughter of Mr. Horace Lloyd, Q.C., and had since lived with his wife and two sons in Tite-street, Chelsea. He was a member of the Albemarle Club. Lord Alfred Douglas, a younger son of Lord Queensberry in 1891 went to Tite-street, being introduced by a friend of Mr. Wilde's. From that time Mr. Wilde had been a friend of Lord Alfred Douglas and also of his mother, Lady Queensberry, from whom, on her petition, the Marquis had been divorced. In 1893 a man named Wood, to whom some clothes had been given by Lord Alfred Douglas, alleged that he had found in the pocket of a coat four letters addressed by Mr. Wilde to Lord Alfred, and called upon Mr. Wilde in 1893, representing that he was in great distress and was in need of monetary assistance to go to America. He produced some of the letters, and Mr. Wilde, more out of sympathy than anything else, gave him £15 or £20 for them. They were mere ordinary letters of no consequence or importance whatever. But, as generally happened, a further demand for an alleged suppressed letter was made later on, when it became known that Mr. Oscar Wilde's play *A Woman of No Importance* was about to be produced at the Haymarket Theatre. That letter was in the nature of a prose sonnet, and Mr. Wilde had ideas of publishing it—in fact, it was paraphrased in an aesthetic magazine called the *Spirit Lamp*, edited by Lord Alfred Douglas. The letter was as follows:—

"My own Boy,—Your sonnet is quite lovely, and it is a marvel that those red-rose-lips of yours should be made no less for the madness of music and song than for the madness of kissing. Your slim-built soul walks between passion and poetry. No Hyacinthus followed Love so madly as you in Greek days. Why are you alone in London, and when do you go to Salisbury? Do go there and cool your hands in the gray twilight of Gothic things. Come here whenever you like. It is a lovely place and only lacks you. But go to Salisbury first. Always with undying love, Yours, OSCAR."

The words of that communication, Sir Edward Clarke continued, might seem extravagant to their more prosaic and commercial experiences, but Mr. Wilde was a poet, and the letter was considered by him as a prose sonnet, and as an expression of true poetic feeling, and had no relation whatever to the hateful and repulsive suggestions incorporated in the plea in this case. Early in 1894 Mr. Wilde became aware that the Marquis was writing letters which affected his character, and during the year Mr. Wilde ordered that Lord Queensberry should never be admitted to his house. Last February Mr. Wilde produced at St. James's Theatre another play called *The Importance of Being Earnest*. He heard of certain intentions of Lord Queensberry, who had previously created a scene in a theatre when a new play of Lord Tennyson's—*The Promise of May*—was produced for the first time, and when, as an Agnostic, he publicly denounced a certain character in the performance from his seat in the stalls. Of course a disturbance on the night of a new play was a very serious matter to author and actors, and would have been especially serious if—as it did—it had developed into a personal attack on the private character of Mr. Wilde.

Lord Queensberry booked a seat at St. James's Theatre, but his money was returned to him and the police were warned about him. On the night of the play the Marquis made his appearance carrying a large bouquet of vegetables. Whether that was consistent with Lord Queensberry's sanity would be for the jury to decide. Being refused admission at the box-office Lord Queensberry, with his vegetable offering, tried to enter by the gallery, but the police refused him admittance. On February 28 Mr. Wilde went to the Albemarle Club and there received from the hall-porter the libellous card left by Lord Queensberry on the 18th of that month. Hitherto the accusations had been made in letters to Lord Queensberry's family on which, if he had chosen, Mr. Wilde could have taken action, but in consideration of the family he refrained. Here, however, was a public charge made openly against him at his club, and Mr. Wilde could no longer refrain or sit still. Hence these criminal proceedings. The plea of justification contained two curious assertions—one, that in July, 1890, Mr. Wilde wrote and published an immoral work called "The Picture of Dorian Gray," and secondly, contributed to a magazine called the *Chameleon*, of which he was the mainstay, certain prurient articles on "Phrases and Philosophies for the Use of the Young." He himself defied his learned friends to suggest from these contributions anything hostile to the character of Mr. Wilde, but it was due to him to say that directly he saw the disgraceful and abominable story in the *Chameleon* of "The Priest and the Acolyte" in which some number his own article appeared, he indignantly insisted on the copies being suppressed and the magazine withdrawn. Sidney Wright, hall porter of the Albemarle Club, of which Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Wilde are members, having given evidence,

Mr. Oscar Wilde was examined by SIR EDWARD CLARKE. In November, 1892, he was lunching with Lord Alfred Douglas at the Café Royal. He knew there had been some estrangement between Lord Queensberry and Lord Alfred Douglas. On that occasion Lord Queensberry was at the Café Royal, and at the suggestion of witness Lord Alfred Douglas went across and shook hands with Lord Queensberry and a friendly conversation ensued. In 1893 witness heard that some letters which he had addressed to Lord Alfred Douglas had come into the hands of certain persons. A man named Wood told witness that he had found some

letters in a suit of clothes which Lord Alfred Douglas had given him. When Wood entered the room he said to witness "I suppose you will think very badly of me." Witness replied, "I heard that you had some letters of mine to Lord Alfred Douglas which you certainly ought to have handed back to him." Wood handed him three or four letters, and said that they had been stolen from him by a man named Allen, and that he had had to employ a detective to get them back. Witness read the letters and said he did not think them of any importance. Wood said he was very much afraid of staying in London on account of the men who had taken the letters from him, and he wanted money to go to America. Witness asked him what better opening he would have as a clerk in America than he had in England. Wood repeated that he wanted to go to America, as he was afraid of the men who had taken the letters from him. Witness handed him £15 and retained the letters. In April, 1893, Mr. Beerbohm Tree handed witness what purported to be a copy of a letter. A man named Allen subsequently called upon the witness, who felt that Allen was a man who wanted money from him, and he said, "I suppose you have come about my beautiful letter to Lord Alfred Douglas? If you had not been so foolish as to send a copy to Mr. Beerbohm Tree I should have been very glad to pay you a large sum for the letter as I consider that it is a work of art." Allen said a very curious construction could be put on the letter. The witness said, in reply, "Art is rarely intelligible to the criminal classes." Allen said, "A man had offered me £60 for it." Witness said, "If you take my advice you will go to him and sell my letter to him for £60. I myself have never received so large a sum for any prose work of that length, but I am glad to find that there is someone in England who will pay such a large sum for a letter of mine." Allen said the man was out of town. The witness said the man would come back, and added, "I assure you on my word of honour that I shall pay nothing for the letter." Allen, changing his manner, said he had not a single penny and was very poor, and that he had been on many occasions trying to find witness to talk about the letter. Witness said he could not guarantee his cab expenses, but handed him half a sovereign. Witness said to Allen, "The letter will shortly be published as a sonnet in a delightful magazine, and I will send you a copy." That letter was the basis of the sonnet which was published in French in the *Spirit Lamp* in 1893. Allen went away. About five or six minutes after a man called Clyburn came in. Witness said to him, "I cannot be bothered any more about the letter. I don't care twopenny about it." Clyburn said, "Allen has asked me to give it back to you." Witness said, "Why does he give it me back?" Clyburn said, "Well, he says that you were kind to him, and that there is no use trying to rent you, as you only laugh at us." Witness looked at the letter, and, seeing that it was extremely soiled, said, "I think it quite unpardonable that better care was not taken of an original letter of mine." He said he was very sorry—it had been in so many hands. Witness took the letter then, and said, "Well, I will accept the letter back, and you can thank Mr. Allen from me for all the anxiety he has shown about the letter." He gave Clyburn half-a-sovereign for his trouble. Witness said, "I am afraid you are leading a wonderfully wicked life." He replied, "There is good and bad in every one of us." Witness told him he was a born philosopher. He then left. The letter had remained in witness's possession ever since, and he now produced it. Witness afterwards became aware that Lord Queensberry was making suggestions with regard to his letters which were not made in letters addressed to him. Witness.

June 16, 1894, Lord Queensberry and a gentleman called upon witness. The interview took place in his library. Lord Queensberry said to him, "Sit down." Witness said, "I don't allow any one to talk to me like that. I suppose you have come to apologize for the letter you have written. I could have you up any day I chose for a criminal libel for writing such a letter." He said, "The letter is privileged, as it was written to my son." Witness said, "How dare you say such things about your son and me?" He said, "You were both kicked out of the Savoy Hotel at a moment's notice for your disgusting conduct." Witness said, "That is a lie." He said, "You have taken furnished rooms for him in Piccadilly." Witness said, "Some one has been telling you an absurd lot of lies about me and your son. I have not done anything of the kind." He said, "I hear that you were thoroughly well blackmailed for a letter which you sent to my son." Witness said, "The letter was a beautiful letter, and I never write except for publication." Witness then said to him, "Do you seriously accuse your son and me?" He said, "I don't say you are it; but you look it, and you pose as it. If I catch you and my son together again at any public restaurant I will thrash you." Witness said, "I do not know what the Queensberry rules are. The Oscar Wilde rule is to shoot at sight," and he then told Lord Queensberry to leave his house. He said he would not do so. Witness told him he would have him put out by the police. He said that it was a disgusting scandal. Witness said:—"If it is so, you are the author of that scandal and no one else. The letters you have written about me are infamous, and I see that you are merely trying to ruin your son through me. I will not have in my house a brute like you." Witness went into the hall, followed by Lord Queensberry and the gentleman. He said to his servant, pointing to Lord Queensberry, "This is the Marquis of Queensberry, the most infamous brute in London. You are never to allow him to enter my house again, and should he attempt to come in you must send for the police." Lord Queensberry then left. It was not the fact that witness had taken rooms in Piccadilly for his son. It was perfectly untrue that witness had been required to leave the Savoy Hotel. Witness had nothing whatever to do with the *Chameleon* except to send his contribution, and he knew nothing whatever about the story of "The Priest and the Acolyte" contained in it. He highly disapproved of "The Priest and the Acolyte," and expressed that disapproval to the editor. Witness's attention had been called to the allegations in the plea impugning his conduct with different persons. There was not the slightest truth in any one of those allegations.

Replying to Mr. CARSON, Q.C., in cross-examination, Mr. Oscar Wilde said that he was 40 years of age in October last, and Lord Alfred Douglas was about 24. He had known the latter since he was 20 or 21. Notwithstanding Lord Queensberry's protest, his intimacy with Lord Alfred Douglas continued to that moment, and he had stayed with him at many places, and very recently at Monte Carlo. Lord Alfred Douglas wrote poems for the *Chameleon* which he himself thought beautiful, and which contained no improper suggestions whatever. Witness considered that not only was the story "The Priest and the Acolyte" immoral, but worse, inasmuch as it was badly written. (Laughter.) It was altogether offensive and perfect twaddle. He took no steps to express disapproval of the *Chameleon*, because it would have been beneath his dignity as a man of letters to associate himself with the mere effusions of an illiterate undergraduate. He did not believe that any book or work of art had any effect on morality whatever. In writing he did not consider the effect of creating or inciting morality or immorality; he aimed neither at good nor evil, but simply tried to make a thing with some quality of beauty. Being questioned as to the morality of some of his expressions in the *Chameleon* article, Mr. Wilde said there was no such thing as morality or immorality in thought, but there was such a thing as immoral emotion. The realization of one's self was the prime aim in life, and to do so through pleasure was finer than through pain. On that point he was on the side of the Greeks. He still believed that, as he then wrote, a truth ceased to be true when more than one person believed it. That would be his metaphysical definition of truth—something so personal that could never be appreciated by two minds. The condition of perfection was idleness; the life of contemplation was the highest life. There was no such thing as a moral or an immoral book, to his mind. Books were either well or badly written. Well written, they produced a sense of beauty—the highest sense of which a human being could be capable—and badly written, a sense of disgust. No work of art ever put forward views, for views belonged to people who were not artists. The views of the illiterate were unaccountable; he was concerned only with his own views, and

when every one joined, that he had never given adoration to any one except himself. There were people in the world, he regretted to say, who could not understand the intense devotion, affection, and admiration that an artist could feel for a wonderful and beautiful personality. Being brought to the facts of the case, the letter to Lord Alfred Douglas from Torquay, the beautiful and a poetical letter—the letter of an artist to a poet. He had never written to other people in the same strain, nor even to Lord Alfred Douglas again, for he did not repeat himself in style. Mr. Carson here explained by saying that it was a tender expression of his as to various allegations in the plea of justification, Mr. Wilde gave them an indignant and emphatic denial.

not with those of other people. He had found wonderful exceptions to the rule that the majority of people were Philistines or illiterates, but he was afraid that as a rule most people did not live up—for want of culture—to the position he asserted in these matters, and were not even cultivated enough to draw a distinction between a good and a bad book. He had no knowledge of the views of ordinary individuals, and was therefore unable to say whether the sentiments enunciated in "Dorian Gray" might lead ordinary individuals to see a certain tendency in them. Being vigorously cross-examined by Mr. Carson as to certain passages in "Dorian Gray," he denied that he had suggested anything to which exception could be taken, adding, amid laughter, in which every one joined, that he had never given adoration to any one except himself. There were people in the world, he regretted to say, who could not understand the intense devotion, affection, and admiration that an artist could feel for a wonderful and beautiful personality. Being brought to the facts of the case, apart from these generalities, Mr. Wilde said he wrote the letter to Lord Alfred Douglas from Torquay, the latter being at the Savoy Hotel. He thought it a beautiful and a poetical letter—the letter of an artist and a poet. He had never written to other people in the same strain, nor even to Lord Alfred Douglas again, for he did not repeat himself in style. Mr. Carson here read a letter to Lord Alfred Douglas from the witness in similar terms to the other, which the witness explained by saying that it was a tender expression of his great admiration for Lord Alfred. Being interrogated as to various allegations, the fact of justification, Mr. Wilde gave them an indignant and emphatic denial.

of the matters connected with the literature and the letters, I feel that he could not resist a verdict of "Not guilty" in this case, having reference to the words, "Posing as," &c. In these circumstances I hope that your Lordship will think that I am not going beyond the bounds of duty, and that I am doing something to save or to prevent what would be a most terrible case, however it might close, and not interpose delay, or on behalf of the Duke of Gloucester, that I ask to withdraw from the prosecution, and, if your Lordship does not think at this time of the case that I ought to be allowed to do this, I am prepared to submit to a verdict of "Not guilty," having regard, if to any part of the particular facts, that that part of them which is connected with the publication of *Dorcas Grey*, and the publication of the *Chameleon*. I trust that that may make an end of the case.

Mr. CARSON, Q. C.—My Lord, I do not know that I have any right whatever to interfere in any way in the application that my friend has made to your Lordship for a writ of habeas corpus, my Lord. Quinquary is concerned, if there is a verdict of "Not guilty," a verdict which involves that he has succeeded in his plea of justification, I am quite satisfied. Of course, my friend must admit that we must succeed upon that plea, and the matter which he has stated. Therefore, it rests entirely with your Lordship whether the course suggested by my friend should be taken.

Mr. JUSTICE COLLINS.—Inasmuch as the prosecutor in this case is prepared to acquiesce in a verdict of "Not guilty," I do not think it is any part of the functions of a Justice of the Peace to insist on going through the details which are being assented to by the prosecutor which has been already concluded by the assent of the prosecutor to a verdict of "Not guilty." But as to the jury's putting any limitation on the verdict, the justification is one justifying the charge of "Possession," &c. If it is justified, it is justified. If it is not, it is not, and the verdict of "Not guilty" must be a verdict of "Guilty" or "Not guilty," and I understand the prosecution to assent to a verdict of "Not guilty." Of course, the jury will return their verdict.

Mr. CARSON, Q. C. Of course, my Lord, the verdict will be that the plea of justification is proved, and that it is for the public benefit.

MR. JUSTICE COLLINS.—The verdicts "Not guilty," but it is arrived at by that process. I should tell the jury that two things had to be established—that the justification was true in substance and in fact—that the prosecutor was "Provoked," &c.,—and I should also have had to tell them that they would have to find that the statement was published in such a manner as to be for the public benefit. They find these two issues in favour of the defendant. Then the verdict will be "Not guilty." That is the verdict, I demand, which is submitted to. Gentlemen of the jury, your ultimate verdict will be "Not guilty," but there are other matters which have to be determined with reference to the specific finding on the plea of justification, and which involve two things—that the statement is true in fact, and that it was published for the public benefit. Having found these in favour of the defendant, your verdict will be "Not guilty," and you will have to say whether the plea of justification is proved or not.

The jury having consulted for a few moments, the Clerk of Arraigais, addressing them, said:—Gentlemen of the Jury.—Do you find the plea of justification has been proved or not?

The Foreman.—Yes.

The Clerk of Arraigais.—You say that the defendant is *Not guilty*, and that is the verdict of you all?

The Foreman.—Yes, and we also find that it was published for the public benefit.

The verdict was received with loud applause.

MR. CARSON, Q.C.—Of course, the costs of the defence will follow.

MR. JUSTICE COLLINS.—Yes.

MR. C. F. GILL.—And Lord Queensberry may be discharged.

MR. JUSTICE COLLINS.—Certainly.

The Marquis of Queensberry then left the dock amid renewed cheering.

Mr. CARSON proceeding, referred to the letter from Mr. Wilde to Lord Alfred Douglas—which Mr. Wilde had described as a prose sonnet—and read it again to the Court. He said that Mr. Wilde described it as beautiful. He (counsel) called it an abominable piece of disgusting immorality.

Counsel had not concluded his speech when the Court adjourned.

in the relation between the several characters was not only a curious coincidence, but was a general one. The relations were applicable to all the cases; there was, in point of fact, a startling similarity between each of them on his own admission which must lead the jury to draw most painful conclusions. There was the fact that in no one of the cases did the parties owe an acquaintance to any play with Mr. Wilde; they were none of them educated associates with whom he would naturally associate, and they were not his equal in years. The jury would have observed a curious similarity in the ages of each of them. Mr. Wilde had said that there was something about the character of the young man which led him to adopt the course he did. It was absurd; his course in the witness-box was only a travesty of the facts. Who were all these young men? Of Wood he himself spoken. Who was Parker? Mr. Wilde professed the same ignorance about Parker as he had about the other two. He knew he had heard of the precedents. He also knew nothing about Scarfe except that he was out of employment. About Conway he said that he had met him at Worthing. There was a curious similarity between these cases—they were all of the same age. Take the case of Parker. How did he come to be in the witness-box? Parker was a gentleman's servant who was out of employment, and he and his brother one evening at a restaurant in Piccadilly met Taylor. Taylor came and addressed them. Within a day or two Mr. Wilde gave a party to Taylor on the occasion of his birthday, and the next morning he was in the witness-box. Taylor had a

to Mr. Wilde's taste that he should bring to a birthday dinner a groom and a valet. There could be no explanation of the matter but one—that Taylor was the procurer for Mr. Wilde, and the jury would learn from this young man Parker, who would have to clear his unfortunate step to them, that he was possessed of a place, that he had no money, and was immediately a victim to Mr. Wilde.

Mr. Wilde asked Mr. Parker, "Charlie," and Parker called him "Oscar." He did not want to say anything about Mr. Wilde's theories that there should be no social distinctions. It might be a very noble and very generous instinct in some people to wish to break down social barriers, but he did not know that Mr. Wilde's conduct was regulated by any generous instincts towards these young men. If Mr. Wilde wanted to tell Parker, did they think it was in favour of Mr. Wilde that he should take him to a restaurant and give him a dinner and champagne? Was that the way that assistance would be given? Parker said that after the dinner Mr. Wilde invited him to drive with him to the Savoy Hotel. He himself must say that he had had no explanation from Mr. Wilde as to why he had the suite of rooms at the Savoy Hotel. Parker would tell them what happened on the morning after. That was the scandalous part of the story. The Lord Queensberry had referred in his letter as far back as June or July of last year. The jury would wonder, however, if the young man having reached Lord Queensberry's house, but that Mr. Wilde had been tolerated in London society as long as he had. The man Parker had since enlisted in the army and bore a good character. Mr. Wilde himself said that Parker was a respectable man. Parker would reluctantly present himself to tell his story to the jury. The learned counsel was next proceeding to deal with the case of a young man named away, when

In reply to questions from the jury, witness said that he had never seen the editor of the *Chameleon* at the time he wrote to witness from Oxford and asked him to contribute to that magazine. He subsequently saw him, he thought in the month of November, in a friend's house. He had written to him to say that he had really nothing to say to him or to the paper, but he said he could give him some aphorisms out of his plays. The *Chameleon* was not for private circulation.

SIR E. CLARKE said that only 100 copies were to be printed, so far as those 100 copies would go the magazine would be of private circulation.

A jurymen.—Were you aware of the nature of this article, "The Priest and the Acolyte"? 2 Witness.—In no way whatever. It came as a terrible shock.

SIR E. CLARKE intimated that this concluded the evidence for the prosecution, and

THE DEFENCE.—Mr. CARSON then rose to make his opening speech for the defence. He said that in appearing in that case for Lord Queensberry he could not feel that he was taking any responsibility rested upon him. So far as Lord Queensberry was concerned, in any act he had done, in any letter he had written, or in the matter of the earl

and put him in his present position, he withdrew nothing. He had done what he had done premeditatedly, and he was determined at all risks and at all hazards to try to save his son. Whether Lord Queensberry was right or whether he was wrong they had probably now to some extent information upon which they could found a judgment. He must say to Lord Queensberry, notwithstanding the many elements of prejudice which his learned friend (Sir E. Clarke) thought fit to introduce into the case in his opening speech, that Lord Queensberry's conduct in this respect had been entirely consistent all through; and if the facts which he stated in his letter as to Mr. Wilde's reputation and acts were correct, that he was justified in doing what he could to cut short that would most probably prove a most disastrous equivalence for his son, but in taking every step which suggested itself to him to bring about an inquiry into the acts and doings of Mr. Wilde. It was said that the names of eminent persons, distinguished persons, had been introduced into Lord Queensberry's letters. He was very glad that those letters had been read, and he thought Sir Edward Clarke took a very proper course in having those letters read, because they proved that those names were introduced in the way which had absolutely no connexion with the charges made in the letters against Mr. Oscar Wilde, those names were introduced in relation to purely political matters arising out of the fact that one of Lord Queensberry's sons was made a member of the House of Lords while Lord Queensberry himself was not. It was not, therefore, rightly or wrongly, as far as a member of that House, that Mr. Carson could feel aggrieved in consequence. Mr. Carson complained on Mr. Wilde's friendship with the various young men whose names had come up in the course of the trial, and asked why Taylor, who was the pivot of

The letter was as follows :—
 “ Carter’s Hotel, Alhambra-street, Sunday, April 1, 1894.
 “ Alfred,—It is extremely painful to me to have to write to you in this strain. I must, but please understand I decline to receive any answers from you in writing in return. Any letters coming under a disguise and writing or in other people’s, if opened by mistake, will be put in the fire unread. After your previous hysterical impertinence I refuse to be annoyed with such, and must ask you if you will kindly try to say to come here and say it in person. Firstly, am I to understand that having left Oxford, as you did, with discredit to yourself, the reasons were fully explained to me by your tutor, you now intend to loaf and do nothing? All the time you were at Oxford I was put off with the assurance that you were eventually to join the Civil Service or to the Foreign Office, and that I was put off by an assurance of your going to the Bar. It appears to me you intend to do nothing; in fact the important valuable time has passed, and it seems you are too late now for any profession. I utterly decline to supply you, however, with sufficient funds just to enable you to loaf. You are purchasing a wretched future for yourself, and it would be most unkind and wrong of me to encourage you in this. Do you seriously intend to make no attempt to help yourself, and to go on with your present life, doing nothing? Secondly, I so to the more painful part of this letter—your infamous intimacy with this man Wilde. It must either cease or I will disown you, stop all money supplies, and if necessary I will go to him personally and tell him so. Also, he shall have a part of my mind. I am not going to try and analyze this intimacy, and I make no accusation, but to my mind to pose as a thing is as bad as the real thing. . . . I hear on good authority, but this may be false, that his wife is petitioning to divorce him. Is this true, or do you know of it? If so, what is to be your position, going about as you do with him.” The letter was signed, “Your disgusted so-called father, QUEENSBERRY.”

To this Lord Alfred Douglas telegraphed to his father :—“What a funny little man you are!—ALFRED DOUGLAS.” Lord Queensberry’s next letter to little jackanapes was in these terms :—“You impertinent little jackanapes through the telegraph stop and you come to me with any of your impertinence. I will give you the thrashing you richly deserve. The only excuse for you is that you must be crazy. I heard from a man the other day who was at Oxford with you that that was your reputation there, which accounts for a good deal that has happened. All I can say is if I catch you with that man again I will make a public scandal in a way you little dream of. It is already suppressed one. I prefer an open one, and at any rate I shall not be longer blamed for allowing such a state of things to go on. Unless this acquaintance ceases I shall carry out my threat and stop all supplies, and if you are not going to make any attempt to do something I shall certainly cut you down to a mere pittance, so you know what you are to expect.” QUEENSBERRY.”

A third letter was written to Mr. A. Montgomery, the father of the Marchioness of Queensberry, who had obtained a divorce from the Marquis, in which, dating from Maidenhead, he said :—“Sir,—I have changed my mind, and, as I am not at all well, having been very much upset by what has happened the last few days, I do not see why I should come dancing attendance upon you. . . . Your daughter is the person who is supporting my son to defy me. She won’t write, but she is now telegraphing on the subject to me. Last night, after hearing from you, I received a very quibbling, prevaricating sort of message from her, saying the boy denied having been at the