WALES' ESCAPADES.

A FEW INTERESTING EPISODES IN THE CAREER OF ENGLAND'S FUTURE KING

His Morganatic Marriage Putting His Jewelry in Hock The Mordaunt Case

From the San Francisco Examiner.

The position of the Prince of Wales at present may justly be described as critical. I say such a thing of the heir apparent to one of the great thrones of Europe, and I am able to say it, shows the magnitude of democratic tone of popular opinion and feeling in England. The fact is that the people are simply disgusted with their future king, and the rank and Tory and free trade opinion to opinions which you would expect to hear uttered only by the most advanced Radicals. How he came to be such a blackguard case, for it has been the talk aloud on the backs of a long outraged, long enduring, long forgiving people, and the finishing touch to a career which has been little short of a downright

DISGRACE TO THE NATION

No one knows exactly the number of acts unbecoming a gentleman, let alone a prince, which his Royal Highness can have had at his door. And you may be sure that they are all raked up now with determined vigor. Away back in the early sixties he began, when, a short time before his marriage to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, he was stationed at the Curragh, in Ireland, with a battalion of Grenadier Guards, to which he was attached as a subaltern. He was sent over to the Curragh camp to teach him what military was, in a mild, peaceful way, and had he been like other young men, he would have gone through the work with a genuine military interest, and passed his time in studying his profession. Not content with flirting with

THE PRETTY IRISH GIRLS

who abound in those parts, he must needs go and marry one of them. Of course he did not really marry the girl. According to the rules established upon the settlement of the crown upon the House of Brunswick, it was impossible for one of the royal family to marry a subject without first obtaining the consent of Parliament, and this he knew as well as anybody—better, in fact, than many. Yet he went through the form of a marriage with her, and I believe she lived for some time as his wife near the camp. At last it was time for him to return to England. His battalion was ordered home and he with it. And so, thereupon, the fat was decidedly in the fire. He could not take his "wife" with him to England, and all sorts of excuses had the prince to make—all but the right one. However,

IT FINALLY LEAKED OUT,

and then the whole business became one of the most astounding, startling scandals, and was the talk of society for many a long month. But, at length, the affair came to be forgotten, and the prince's new exploits on his native heath drew away attention from the poor girl left all forlorn. I forget her name, but she was a lady, at all events. What became of her eventually I do not know, but my recollection is that for a long time she lived in the country under the name of "Mrs. Albert."

This little episode would have been enough to ruin the reputation of most young men. But princes have no reputation to ruin. From then on up to his marriage, the Prince of Wales treated himself to a benefit whenever occasion offered, and, for princes, occasion offers very frequently. He was not always allowed so much pocket money as he thought essential. One day he wanted some, and, not finding the requisite sum in his purse, he quietly slipped out and went to the pawnbroker's in a back street, and unknown as he thought himself, pledged one of his rings for the needed amount. Next day, the pawnbroker, who had recognized the prince, put the ring in his window and stuck up over his door, directly under the three golden balls, "Pawnbroker to the Prince of Wales." It was a clever dodge of the Jew. He knew he was quite safe. Instead of being arrested and punished for the disrespect, his shop was soon visited by a court coterry, who paid whatever he asked for the ring and the removal of

THE OBNOXIOUS SIGN.

Then came the marriage to Princess Alexandra of Denmark. A sweet, pretty, unsophisticated, simple girl she was. But how her life has been embittered! First the Lady Mordaunt case. All the world has heard of it, or, at all events, has known it, for its events transpired some twenty years ago. There may be some, however, who are not aware of the incidents of that case and to whom all reference to it may consequently be the veriest Greek. For that reason a few and a very few of its details will be in order. Lady Mordaunt was one of the Montmorency sisters, daughters of Sir Thomas Montmorency, a Scotch baronet, and all beauties. They were the cynosure of society some twenty odd years ago, and their great beauty did great things for them, one of the greatest being that it was so irresistible as to overcome the aversion of the British male aristocrat to marry where there was not money, for the Montmorency were poor. That is to say, poor for people in their position, and there was a large family. However, one of the girls married the Earl of Dudley, another the Duke of Athole, another Sir Charles Forbes of New Known as Charlie Forbes in the Prince of Wales set, a dozen years ago) another Mr. Mackenzie, another Sir Charles Mordaunt, and so on. The prince, who has ever kept what

HIS DROOP-EYELIDED EYE

he let stay open for the observance of feminine good looks, was not long in discovering faces and forms to his taste in the Montmorency girls. It used to be said that he made a bring-on-a-flirtation with Lady Dudley, but she pretty soon snubbed him out of the game, a respectful distance and with such courtesy as to turn her back upon him at balls. Her sister, Lady Mordaunt, was of a lower a week character and with Sir Charles Mordaunt eventually brought a suit for divorce against the co-respondents of Sir Frederick Johnstone, Viscount Cole (the present Earl of Enniskillen) and some others. The Prince of Wales was not included in the party, but I think much everybody who remembers those days and was in a position to know the talk and opinion of London society, will admit that it was commonly thought that he ought to have been. Well, he got out of it by

THE SKIN OF HIS TEETH

But he has gone on—I was going to say—with the same dashing effronitery, but there is nothing dashing about Albert Edward. His worst enemy could not accuse him of that. So I will characterize his goings on as dull and common-place, but, nevertheless, placidly vicious and methodically continuous. His little escapades with the Duke of Beaufort, when his grace went on a periodical "tear," were at one time the talk of the town; but there was nothing brilliant about them, nothing excusable from a sentimental point of view. The lower qualities of the animal, and nothing else, showed themselves throughout. Everything sustained by a fixed principle of brutish sensuality, which cared for nothing but the gratification to satiety of his propensities. In an ordinary man—I mean a man in an ordinary sphere—these things might be borne with. But, remember, this man is a prince and the heir to the crown of England.

PRIVATE MONOPOLIES AND HIGH PRICES.

Why is it that it costs a person so much to live the life of an educated gentleman, participating in the benefits which civilization has brought, in an American city? Food is cheap, land is abundant, and yet an American professor or judge cannot lead the life of solid comfort enjoyed by the German professor or judge on the same or even a smaller income. When I analyze my expenditures and endeavour to explain excessive charges, the explanation is nearly in every instance private monopoly. I pay twice too much for gas, twice too much for street car fares, twice too much for railway fares, and the charges for monopoly enter into high-priced commodities. Yet it is not merely on the account of the effects on the distribution of wealth that I advocate this extension of the sphere of government, and the absorption of private monopolies by government, but on account of the political and social interests of the nation.—*Prof. Ely.*

MODERN JOURNALISM.

THE DEGRADATION OF THE PRESS IN THE HANDS OF MONOPOLY—HOW ITS INFLUENCE IS DECLINING.

The Year-Book of the French Press for 1891 contains a preface contributed by Henry Maret, editor of *Le Radical*. His keen criticisms of present journalistic tendencies apply to other countries than France:—

It is proper to view things as they are, and to understand that the public, when it buys a newspaper (or to day the subscriber scarcely exists, and the newspaper is bought), is, first of all, guided by the desire to know what is going on. Therefore it is very natural that this need should be that which speculators hasten to satisfy; to infer therefrom the decline of letters would be a forced conclusion. Men of letters will always have places of refuge, whither those whom they interest will follow them, and the latter will always be a minority compared with those who are interested in murder cases or an account of the last moments of a prominent man.

THE REAL DANGER

then does not lie here, but rather in the monopoly of almost all the newspapers by the speculators—a monopoly, moreover, which has brought about the existing situation and in the discredit into which the Press cannot fail to fall in consequence of this monopoly and this situation.

It is certain that the fourth power, which I called the first, and which is now at its zenith, will lose its influence more and more in proportion as curiosity shall replace consideration.

Symptoms of this are already appearing. To be curious is not to be credulous. One may buy a newspaper frequently without having the slightest confidence in it. Politically we are beginning to see the voters rebel against the Press on election days. We not uncommonly witness the success of plays which the newspapers condemn, while others that are hooted to the skies are performed to empty benches. A vague impression is abroad that in all these cases sincerity is lacking, and that, in the domain of sincerity, there is no enlightened judgment. We are astonished to see some incapable clerk turn journalist and lord it over his fellow-citizens. Our relations go on increasing but circulations, which are a sign of material prosperity, may easily cease to be a proof of moral influence. Add to this the brutality that characterizes discussion growing constantly coarser and more personal, and substituting

INSULTS FOR ARGUMENTS

and you will understand readily that the Press, if it does not take care, will steadily lose in authority and prestige.

Now, I do not believe that it can take care, or that anything can stop it in the path into which it has been led by the people who never hesitate to sacrifice honor to money. But here again there is no occasion to give way to exaggerated despair. In the first place, there will always remain men who will honor journalism and respect their pen, then, even if worst should come to worst, and the Press as we understand it should fall into utter ruin and universal discredit, this final fall would only be the signal for a new and wonderful recovery. Patience—as the progress of time has created it, is common sense, and that which is immortal is passing through crises, but cannot be permanently bad. Charlatanism attracts the crowds, but they are not slow in scattering. A day comes when, weary of sophistry and lies, they long for the truth and blushing at having sacrificed the splendors of the grand goddess to the unhealthy attractions of a degraded curiosity they come back to the neglected thinkers and the abandoned writers. Never will our eyes be so full of dust that we shall not be able to find enough pure water to wash them.

For, it must be confessed, it is the public who are really guilty in this matter, if guilt there be. It has been said of people that they have the newspapers which they deserve; it may be said also that they have the Press which they desire. The bazaar is very large one, and in it they sell everything. If you rush to this

DISPLAY OF FALSE JEWELS,

leaving empty the neighboring shop, in which green emeralds shine in their pockets, you are hardly justified in complaining of the dishonesty of the merchants. They respond to your tastes, satisfying your desires. The Press is and can be only what you wish it to be.

It is easy to say: "Such or such a journalist is a public insulter, absolutely contemptible." But, however contemptible it may be, do you believe that he would insult if his insults brought him nothing, and if they fell before your indifference? It is easy to cry out against the corruption of this one or the ignorance of that one, but why do you read them? Ask any citizen his opinion, and he will give you his theory of an ideal journal, in which political questions would be treated with a master hand, in which competent men of letters would discuss literary questions, and from which all filth and slander would be banished; he dreams of this journal, but

HE BUYS THE OTHER

Now, the first necessity is life; and all the virtues of Roland's mare became useless as soon as she was dead.

To talk of the morals of journalism then is really to talk of general morals, and we shall not correct the one until we have corrected the other. These make those; and, just as the best laws will not reform a society, so the wisest counsels in the world cannot prevent the Press from reflecting that same society. A mirror can give no other image than that of the object that is before it.

Without exaggeration, and without wishing to play the *role* of Luther in this new church, I think that we should be satisfied if we could achieve this: that every writer should write only what he thinks, and should respect his reader; no opinion, whatever it may be, irritates, provided it is sincere; it is only bad faith that is intolerable. Whether in politics or in art to talk to [illegible] and write [illegible] in another, that is the real sin against the Holy Ghost, unpardonable. And what shall we think of the man who, having attacked somebody or other, and wishing revenge, is base enough to relate concerning him things which not only are false, but which he well

KNOWS TO BE FALSE?

There was formerly a rule by which honest people guided themselves, and this rule does not seem very difficult to follow. It consisted simply in writing only what one would be capable of saying. The curious thing to-day is to see well-bred literary men, whom nothing could induce to indulge in coarse conversation, let language flow from their pen which they would not admit on their lips.

It used to be the other way. The paper which remains was respected more than the spoken word which passes. It is true that readers of both sexes follow the same queer conduct, and I know more than one virtuous woman who would certainly be angry if anyone should say to her things which she is very ready to listen to when read aloud.

To banish falsehood and brutality from the Press—such, for my part, is all that I could desire. The rest is a matter of taste and fashion; and one cannot expect those who are fond of farce to prefer tragedy.

At most one can platonically regret that tendencies less and less noble are becoming visible in literature, and trust as decline that which others call progress. One can also keep a smiling face, declaring that, in the meantime, we have a journalism which, live everything else, is *made sick*.

The phrase has been the more successful because it is utterly meaningless.

THE FATAL HAND.

I was watching a game of poker once, at Helena, Mont. The players were a gambler whom I knew slightly and who more the sobriquet of "Lucky Bill" and two miners. Suddenly, after the hands were dealt and the players had "chipped in" and drawn cards, Lucky Bill, with perfect calmness and not so much as a shade of a change in the expression of his face, laid his cards on the table, took a note-book from his pocket and deliberately wrote a few words. Then he tore out the leaf and handed it to me. "Look at that when you get home to-night." His voice was steady and did not betray a particle of excitement. I thrust the paper aimlessly into my pocket and gave the matter hardly a second thought. The play progressed. Lucky Bill's face was unpuzzling as a mask and entirely unemotional. He noticed everything, however, and his vigilant eye did not miss the slightest move on the part of the other players. He was a typical gambler and one of the most successful of his guild. Hence his sobriquet. At last there was an altercation between the two miners. Hot words ensued and revolvers were drawn. Some of the bystanders interfered at this point and, in the scuffle I heard the sharp whistle and spring of a bullet. Lucky Bill had good star in the shoulder and fell to the floor and expired without a groan. He had been killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of one of the miners. I was horrified at the occurrence and that evening after I reached home I thought of the note the gambler had written me. I took it from my pocket and read as follows: "Don't have a pair of sevens. Don't do it. It is a fatal hand." Sevens and left bower were the fatal hand. No one ever yet held it and left the card table alive. I shall die. I have $6,000 in the First National of Bismarck. Notify my mother, Mrs. [illegible], of Franklin, Ky.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CHIMMY AN DE KID.

He was a dirty, ragged little urchin, and as he leaned up against a lamp post in City Hall Square, smoking the discarded butt of a very rank cigar, his blacking box slung carelessly over one shoulder and his grimy hands thrust deep into the pockets of his tattered trousers, it was impossible to mistake him for a typical New York street Arab.

The hands of the clock on the City Hall were pointing to half-past seven and the stream of humanity that had been steadily flowing through the square for the past two hours, on its homeward way to Brooklyn or uptown, had gradually thinned out.

The shrill pipe of the newsboys crying their evening papers had grown less and less frequent and most of them were either eating their scanty suppers in the little shops down the alleys behind the great newspaper buildings or standing in groups under the electric lights squandering their hard-earned pennies in the fascinating game of "craps." The bootblack was almost the only boy left in that part of the square. Suddenly there sounded a wail of distress, and around the neighboring path came one of the most diminutive little gamins that ever sold a newspaper.

He was crying bitterly, and the tears, as they coursed down his smudgy little face, left white furrows all over his cheeks.

The newcomer was evidently not unknown to the first Arab, for as he came up the bootblack removed the cigar from his mouth and with an almost paternal expression in his weazened, preternaturally aged little face, inquired kindly

"Wot's de matter wid de kid, to-night?"

No answer, but renewed sobs.

"Say, if enny of de gang been lickin' yer, show me."

"Dat ain't it, Chimmy, but I'sh-h-h-ungry, and I ain't got a cent," sobbed the little fellow.

The face of the older of the two children was for a moment a study. Suddenly drawing two nickels from the depths of his trousers' pocket, he said roughly:

"Here, kid, you've take dis, an' go eat; I'll earn some more to-night somehow, I guess."

There were no thanks, no profuse expressions of gratitude; the child took the money, looked at it stupidly, and then scuffled off as fast as his little legs would carry him.—*New York Press.*

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY.

Something like twenty years ago a negro boy was born on one of the Sea Islands off the South Carolina coast. A human stupid, to have at the same time good sense, could scarcely be imagined than this black boy apparently was. He seemed as he grew into his teens to be absolutely too dull to talk. He could not understand a direction that was given to him if it contained more than a few words. Yet this boy, Tony Hamilton, has lived to set at naught most of the theories about human education and training. He seems almost to prove that there is an underlying natural sense or faculty in particular directions that is either above or below all the sum of human education and instruction that can be poured into children. At any rate the faculty displayed by Hamilton, whatever it is, is outside of all human training. That much is certain.

When Hamilton was old enough to work he shipped on a steamer of the trade trips from a South Carolina port to New York. The captain of this steamer sent the boy to a friend of his, a horse trainer, Mr. William Lakeland, telling him that Tony liked horses and wanted employment to work among them. Something was found for him to do. But he had no companions, never seemed to talk to anybody unless it was to the horses among which he spent his time. He did what "Mr. Billy" told him to do and kept his mouth shut.

After a while, nobody knows how, Hamilton seemed all at once to be a good rider for horses in a race. First a stable owner offered him $2,000. Then the late Senator Hearst offered $6,000 a year. The strange boy would not make the change till he had consulted Mr. Billy. Next August Belmont attempted to get the boy for $10,000 a year. Once more Mr. Billy told him to take it and he did so. This contract is still operative, and Hamilton is the most celebrated jockey in America. He earns much more riding outside horses, so that this colored boy, who to all who attempt to talk to him seems to scarcely comprehend the commonest English, has an income of $20,000 a year. "And get rid of the money as though he found it in the road." At the same time there are hundreds of thousands of doctors, lawyers, ministers, teachers and college graduates who would be only too glad to get as many hundreds a year as Hamilton does thousands.

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