

covered in debt, and deep in dishonour; but you, dear brother, instead of being such an one, figure more reputationally as the erudite member of a Royal Geographical Society, or as a steady fellow of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers. Happily, there is no fear that in your case a second Doctor Doran may have to pen the narrative of a delicate investigation. If Junius were alive to-day, his pen would not dare to repeat its fierce attack on another Prince of Wales. Junius charged George, Prince of Wales, with quitting the arms of his wife for the endearments of a wanton, with toying away the night in debauchery, and with mocking the sorrows of the people with an ostentatious prodigality. But your poor career, your sober and virtuous life, would win laudations even from Junius's ghost. You are an English gentleman, as well as Prince of Wales; a good and kind husband in spite of being Prince of Wales; with you, woman's honor is safe from attack, and sure of protection. The draggled and vice-stained plumes on your predecessors' escutcheons have been well cleaned and straightened by modern journalism, and the Prince of Wales' feathers are no longer (like the Bourbon fleur de lis) the heraldic ornament of a race of princes *sans foi, sans mœurs*. Fit were you as profane to make the journeys to the Altar, for fame writes you as sober and chaste, as high-minded and generous, as kind-hearted and truthful. These are the qualities, Oh, Albert Edward, which hid your disability as prince, when you knelt bare-kneed in our audience chamber. The brethren who opened your eyes to the light, overlooked your title as Prince of Wales in favor of your already famous manhood. Your career is a pleasant contrast to that of George Prince of Wales. Yet, because you are as different from the princes whose bodies are dust, while their memories still remain to the historian as visible monuments of shame, I write to you, not as English Prince but as brother Master Mason. Nor

do I address you in your right as one of Saxony's princes, for amongst my memories of other men's readings, I have thoughts of some in Saxony's electoral roll, who were lustful, lecherous, and vile; who were vicious sots and extravagant wasters of their people's earnings, who have lured for their seraglios each fresh face that came within their reach: while you, though Duke of Saxony, have joined a brotherhood whose main intent is the promotion of the highest morality. I do not indeed regard your title of duke at all in writing you, for when we find a Duke of Newcastle's property in the hands of Sheriff's officers, his title a jest for bankrupt messengers, and the Duke of Hamilton's name an European by-word, it is pleasant to be able to think that the Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay is not as these dukes are; that this duke is not a runner after painted donzels, that he has not written cuckold on the forehead of a dozen husbands, that he is not deep in debt, has not, like these dukes, scattered gold in filthy gutters, while deaf to the honest claims of justice. We know, brother, that you would never have voluntarily enrolled yourself in the world's grandest organization if you had been as these. If would have been perjury if you had done so,—perjury which, though imperially honored at the Tuileries, would be scouted with contempt by a Lancashire workman.

I do not write to you as Earl of Dublin, for Ireland's English-given earls have been as plagues to her vitals and curses to her peoples. For 700 years, like locusts, they have devoured the verdure of her fields, and harrassed the tillers of her soil. From the Earl of Chepstow to the Earl of Dublin, is the mere journeying from iron gauntlet to greedy glove—take and hold; and Irish peasantry, in deep despair, unable to struggle, have learned to hate the earls with whom English rule has blessed them. Nor even is this letter sent to you as Knight of the Garter, for when I read "*Homi*