

was mooted. She could not come whilst Irishmen enjoyed the simplest privileges of the Constitution. No, repeal must be burked; a pitch-plaster must be clapped upon every Irish mouth; the Habeas Corpus Act must be suspended, the liberty of meeting and of speech denied, the press gagged, and the troublesome patriots transported. Then and then only could the Queen of haughty Britain venture to set her foot upon the Irish Coast. After waiting for twelve years, the time was well chosen. Greater delicacy and tact could not have been displayed in the selection. And what Lady is pitched upon to accompany Her Majesty? Here again the diplomacy of the Whigs is made manifest. None but a Jocelyn, who though herself spotless, was still a daughter-in-law of the House of Roden, would be a fitting companion to the amiable Victoria on her first visit to the Green Isle. Mark; it was only a very few days before that the hoary reprobate himself entertained his vagabond Orange associates in his park of Tollymore with sedition and small beer, and sent them forth on their work of murder,—to the massacre of Dolly's Brae, and the wrecking of Maghermayo. A near connection of that detested race which will be for ever infamous not only for dark bigotry, but for unnatural crimes in lawn sleeves, was the companion of England's Queen.

From Cowes to Cork all went merry as a marriage bell. It was first given out that the visit was to be strictly private. Then came official notifications of the exact day and hour when the Queen was to arrive, and when all was to be ready. The authorities began to prepare, and the Queen arrived full 20 hours before her time. She was not expected to enter Cork city until Saturday. She arrived in Cove on Thursday night, and insisted on entering 'the beautiful city' on Friday. Great was the consternation amongst the good people of Cork. They hoped to have the whole of Friday to complete their arrangements and finish their decorations. They had gone to considerable expense, and they naturally expected some remuneration from the large influx of visitors who were expected to flock in through curiosity from every part of the surrounding country. Accordingly, the Mayor hurried off to Cove and made the most piteous requests to Sir George Grey to have the public entry deferred until the morrow. But the Queen was inexorable. She would not wait a few additional hours in the beautiful harbour of Cove to give her subjects in Cork what they had a right to expect after all their trouble and expense. But the bustling Mayor was called aside by the Home Secretary (so the papers assure us) and told in a playhouse whisper that the Queen was very anxious to lay a sword on his shoulder without cutting him, and to put three additional letters before his name—an honour which he, Sir G. Grey, implored the Mayor not to decline! We would give any money for a glance at the Home Secretary's countenance whilst he was pronouncing this villainous piece of irony. His mind must have been greatly relieved when the condescending Mayor of Cork waived all his scruples and privileges of denial and submitted to the humiliating stroke of Knighthood. We don't exactly know how many miles the Castle of Blarney is from 'the beautiful City', but we vehemently suspect it is not

the first time that Sir George has been in the vicinity of Cork.

So our gracious and considerate Queen would, and did enter Cork on a Friday, whether the Popish denizens liked it or not; and consequently there was all manner of confusion, and disappointment. Nothing was finished, and nobody was in his right place. The order of the procession was broken, and after penetrating to a certain distance it was found they were completely landlocked. The preparations were incomplete for the remainder of the way, so that instead of the intended circuit through the City, horses heads were turned about, and the Queen returned by the same route to the place from whence she came. Meantime thousands were coming in all directions towards Cork to see the sight. Great numbers who could not afford, or could not procure vehicles, walked on Friday and during the whole of Friday night, and when they arrived in Cork on Saturday morning found that they were in 'the day after the fair.' Many more were fortunate enough to hear the news 20, 30 and 40 miles from Cork, and so turned homewards. We can well imagine the heavy losses that must have been sustained by the citizens of Cork, especially those who had gone to expense, and laid in a stock of provisions and furniture for guests who never came, and built stands and reared decorations in streets through which the procession never passed. It was a heartless piece of indifference for which Her Majesty's advisers were responsible. We will not say the people of Cork deserved this treatment; but we are not surprised to read in the local journals that the cheering for Her Majesty was by no means as loud or as enthusiastic as those which often greeted the favourites of the people during their progress in that city. King Daniel, it seems, in any of his ovations there, beat out Queen Victoria hollow.

The accounts of the entry into Dublin are amusing enough. The Queen was fidgety and restless for a long time before she set her foot on the shore at Kingstown. She left Cork in a violent hurry, as if Sir George Grey feared some of the ghosts of Skibbereen would come down to disturb the Royal pageant. She arrived in Passage near Waterford at half-past four on Saturday evening, and she steams off again at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning, the rest of the steam fleet having started by orders at 4 o'clock on the same holy morning. Of course neither the numerous crews of these vessels, nor the officials, nor the Queen's attendants, nor her Majesty herself had any 'Divine Service' on that day, though there was a Church (as by Law established) within a quarter of a mile of the spot from which she sailed on the Sunday morning. It certainly appears to us rather an odd way for a *Head of a Church* to solemnize the Sabbath. But, we may be sure, Sir George Grey was the keeper of the Royal conscience on the occasion, and he is accountable for all.

The only respectable cheer her Majesty got during her stay in Dublin was when she landed at Kingstown. Of course all the officials and their adherents, all the English interest, were crowded there to make a good first impression. But in Dublin the case was different. The significant events of that day proved that the heart of the people was not there; or that

if it was, it was a heart divided by conflicting emotions. The Irish, no doubt, wished to treat the Queen with respect not only on account of her dignity, but her sex. But they could not receive her with the warmth of enthusiasm. They feel too keenly the manner in which their 'poor old country' had been treated. They sorrowed too much for those who had gone into exile, and those who had descended to the tomb. The accumulation of four years of famine and pestilence, of cruelty and oppression, of house-levelling and ejections, of loathsome gaols and filthy Poor Houses were too heavy a load on the national heart; and hence we are not surprised at the truthful accounts published in the honest journals of the metropolis, on the very day after the procession. The Government and English organs have magnified and misrepresented, they have conveyed a false notion to the Empire and to the world of the nature of that reception; but we are sure the Cabinets of St. Petersburg and Vienna, of Berlin and Paris will not be deceived. Their trusty agents and secret spies have, no doubt, been at Dublin during the recent mis-called triumph. We said there was but one good cheer on that day. In the progress through Dublin the cheers were neither numerous nor hearty. Many of the stands were half empty, and even the windows, often badly filled, were let for a song. The people stood in the streets merely to see the procession pass. There was no impulse, no animation, no attempt to follow it. Having satisfied their curiosity, they retired. They were respectful and decorous, but little else. None but Irishmen and persons acquainted with the Capital, who had often seen the people on former occasions give expression to their heartfelt joy during the processions of their favourites, could be competent to estimate the marked nature of the contrast on this occasion. One citizen hung out two black flags, on which were inscribed the awful words PESTILENCE and FAMINE. They were torn down by Lord Clarendon's police, and the man himself arrested. It was duly announced beforehand that several hundreds of those police would be distributed through the streets in coloured clothes, and when we remember that the Constitution was suspended when her Majesty entered the metropolis of Ireland, this fact speaks volumes. Indeed we shall not be surprised to hear yet, that there were regular *claqueurs* hired in the public streets to applaud this melo-dramatic performance of the Whigs, and to deceive her Majesty respecting the real sentiments of her persecuted people. Side by side with the account of this unroyal procession, there appear in the Dublin papers the most distressing statements of the Famine in the West, and in the report of the meeting of the Relief Committee various small sums not amounting to a Pound, sterling, are recorded, on the morning after her Majesty's arrival, and whilst sixty pressing applications from various parts of the country are met with a sad negative for want of funds. Positively we do not believe such a contrast was ever presented in the civilised world.

Numbers refused to illuminate their houses, many of whom had taken the precaution to post a notice on their shutters that they would give such and such sums for the relief of their starving countrymen, rather than contribute to this heartless Whig spectacle. In various quarters of

Dublin entire streets were in total darkness. We observe too, that not one half the Counties of Ireland presented Addresses, nor one half of the Irish Catholic Bishops. Three out of some thousands of Irish priests payed their Court to her Majesty. Nearly the whole West of Ireland was silent, and in Kilkenny after two stormy meetings, the spirited Freeholders negatived the Address to the Queen, because it did not contain an expression of the national feelings, voted the High Sheriff out of the Chair, who with his party retired in confusion and then voted an honest Address, too honest indeed to reach the ears of royalty. No; thank God! Ireland after all her misery is not disgraced by her recent attitude. She neither whined, nor frowned, nor begged, nor violated the rules of decorum, nor forgot what was due to herself or her Sovereign. Some place hunters in the Dublin Corporation made asses of themselves, and were very appropriately rewarded. When the procession arrived at the gates of the Phoenix Park, the moment the Queen and her attendants passed through, the gates were rudely closed in their teeth, and the chop-fallen Corporators were seen scampering off in all directions to procure an ingress by another gate, so as to get one last look of the Queen. It was a humiliating sight, and a very appropriate punishment.

#### EUROPEAN NEWS.

The Caledonia arrived about midnight on Wednesday. The news from Europe is still undecided, and the chances of a General War by no means lessened.

The accounts from Hungary are so various and conflicting that very little reliance can be placed upon them.

Venice still holds out, and strange to say, the Archbishop of Paris has published a letter on the subject in which he invokes the mediation of France and England on behalf of the Venetians. The spirit which animates the Venetians is the same which murdered the Archbishop's holy predecessor at the barricades of Paris, which deluged that capital in blood, and drove the Head of the Church, out of the Eternal City. We fear much that Archbishop Sibour will do more harm than good by his uncalled for interference in foreign politics. There will be no peace in Europe, no security for life or property until Red Republicanism, be effectually suppressed.

The French Parliament has adjourned, after some stormy work. At one of the recent debates an old Deputy of Seventy called Pierre Bonaparte cousin of the President, a fool, and brave Peter proved that he deserved the epithet, by striking the old man in the face. We suppose the President, if ever, will make his *Imperial* attempt during the recess. We never believed that he had so much nous as he lately got credit for. Time will tell. One of many signal instances of public order has been just manifested in the case of the poet Lamartine, whose name filled the world a few months ago. He has been ruined by his own revolution, and his family estate is advertised to come under the hammer. The press in France is now completely gagged, and the Executive have been invested with more despotic powers than were ever wielded by