

though professing the same dogmas of faith—because that other was the law of the land, and to denounce the society which upheld it. Would such things have been tolerated? And if—after separating from each other, upon a local, sectional, political question, such as that of slavery—the two branches of the Catholic Church had fallen at loggerheads, about their temporalities, and in their quarrels and litigation had developed the fact that they had accumulated hundreds and thousands of dollars, in their “book-concerns” and other concerns, which they could not divide without hatred, malice and law-suits—what would have been the limits of the clamor. What should we not have heard of the scarlet abominations of Babylon! A squabble, about a graveyard, cannot take place between a Catholic priest and a committee of his congregation, without crowding the press with comments upon ‘the grasping spirit of the Popish priesthood.’ We observe that in New York they contemplate legislation, to meet the incursions of that spirit. It is strange that the Methodist controversy and the Presbyterian quarrels—the High Church pretensions and the Low Church rebellions—should never have suggested the pacifying interposition of the law. There is but one solution of the difficulty—the obvious one—that what is called the national religious spirit is chiefly political sectarianism, and what men boast of, as the sanctified operation of that spirit in public affairs, is for the most part but devout intolerance.

There are other truths, which prove the same thing with equal certainty. Any review or newspaper in the land might safely have published the savage article of the *Edinburgh Review* on the miracles of Prince Hohenlohe. No one but a Catholic would have thought it other than a good thing, or have dreamed that it contained aught unchristian or uncharitable. Yet where is the journal that would have dared—that would now dare—to publish such strictures as Sydney Smith’s on Methodism and Missions? The Canon of St. Paul’s was not a whit more bitter than his fellow-reviewers. Each dissected his subject with a free knife—the one not more freely than the other. How comes it that the publication of the one class of articles would swell the smallest subscription list in this country, while that of the other class would beggar the largest? Not surely because of an indisposition to see religious subjects approached irreverently, for the irreverence is equal in the two cases—but because nothing is held to be irreverent, which only applies Billingsgate to “Popery.” A leading American Magazine—probably the best supported periodical in the world—can venture to make a sectarian and partisan sketch of Rome and its ecclesiastical system and observances, one of its most prominent articles, continued from number to number, with woodcuts multiplied. If Macaulay’s Review of Ranke’s History of the Popes had been offered to the same periodical—with all its eloquence, its genius, and its Protestantism besides—an insertion could not have been had for it, with the large, grand, catholic thought and expression that are in it. Where would a man turn for a neutral periodical, in America, upon which he could rely for the publication without blot or erasure, of such essays as those of Stephens on the Jesuit-founders and the Port Royalists? The very foundations of the press would quiver with wrath, if a literary journal here were to put forth a counterpart of Talfour’s Essay on Modern Improvements, with its temperate and admirable commentaries on the Bible Society and religious education! Yet all these works appeared in a Protestant country—under the eyes of a Protestant establishment. They came alike from churchmen and dissenters, and they appeared in periodicals certainly not un-protestant. That they could not appear here—in a land of religious equality—under the auspices of a free press—must signify something. What that something is, we leave to the conclusions of the reader if he be not content with ours. Should he find that it is the consequence of our being “an eminently religious people,” we should be glad to know what his expectations would be from a commonwealth of sinners.

SPEECH OF ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

The following is the speech of Archbishop Hughes at the dinner of the Hibernian Society, of Charleston S. C., on the 17th March:—
Mr. President and Gentlemen—I have lived long enough to have been taught the propriety of not being surprised at anything. But, in view of the exceeding complimentary remarks made by the orator who has just taken his seat, I may say I am less surprised than I might have been upon other occasions, because from early boyhood, I had learned of the hospitality of the Southern people of the United States, and among them, perhaps the foremost specimen of that department of the country, is the State of South Carolina. Nor is it all based upon history. It has been with me experienced on two or three occasions; so, although I cannot find words to express the feelings which inspire me, yet I can say I am not surprised. The reference made to myself has been dictated by the congenial sentiment of your society. I would not pretend, though I may perhaps have the feebleness of ambition in my nature like other men, yet I will not pretend to accept it literally. It is for me to make vast allowances for the deficiencies not alluded to. One thing is certain, that I was born in Ireland, and, like many others, circumstances brought me to the United States; that in the United States, as far as I am concerned, I have never encountered anything which would inspire regret for the choice or circumstances by which Providence guided my lot towards the West. At the same time, in the cycle of the year, whenever this day turned up, I have been unmindful of the country of my nativity, although, gentlemen, I may say that at home I have been so giddy that I have never attended a banquet celebration like this. There were too many perhaps and I could not attend them all. But there was the feeling in the heart; and, as far as I could, I celebrated in the right spirit and the right sentiment. The remarks of the orator throw one’s memory backwards toward the olden time, and perhaps, in the retrospect awakened from a point here, the circumstances that bear upon the subject. Ireland is a country, and it is yet a kingdom, for the British Government have not yet ventured to blot it out, otherwise they would not keep up the action of a Vice-Royalty, and her Majesty when she signs a document signs it as the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. For the kingdomship, or the better term for us is the State Sovereignty, which every State possesses here, the sovereignty of Ireland has never yet been extinguished. It is, I may say, kept in abeyance for some happier day yet

to come. I would say that if the Government under the influence of the present administration, were to take any step, which would deprive the people of their national identity, and the killing of their own land, I care not whether Ireland shall have another King or Queen than the one which now holds Ireland in abeyance. Because the happiness of a people may be overturned by their efforts to alter their condition. For beyond the memory of any living people, that people under miserable blind enthusiasm and fanaticism, all mixed have done more injury than good. Still, they have kept up the recollection of the historic to destroy every fact connected with Ireland, for if he did not do it he could not stand high with the bookseller or Prime Minister. I know Ireland has been found a kind of “digging” for the shallow and stupid imagination of nonsensical novel writers, and John Bull, a respectable old gentleman, never laughs, except when he enjoys himself immensely from the jokes thrown upon either the national character, or lives and manners of this poor people. But even that has worn out, and “Digging” are not now so profitable. There is a kind of respect, as Ireland begins to respect herself.

Industry is on the increase, and education more generally diffused. Even universities are multiplied and multiplying to suit the demands of the people, who have knowledge in spite of their tyrannical rulers. It is not necessary now to go to head schools. They have national schools, universities, and what is more they have conceived the idea of a standard education. Let me tell you one thing, if education in its highest sense shall at any time be engrafted upon the native stock of Irish intellect, you will see greater men than she has ever yet produced. I do not mean to say that she has not produced great men. Far from it. I know she has, I know that her ruler, I would not say her tyrant, but her ruler, the government that holds her as a province, has been persuaded of that all the while. For you will remember that Ireland at one time was exceedingly populous, but by the laws of the country every intellect was swept away. One man of every nine was proscribed. Out of one-ninth of the population Great Britain took her aid, often in times of trouble, some promising statesman or warrior. From that one-ninth Great Britain has illustrated herself or her history.

If, for the last one hundred years, or beyond that, you discriminate amongst the public men, either in the Cabinet of England or the field of war, you will find that Ireland was not unrepresented. Strike out the men of Ireland, and you will see what a void you would produce in that page, which is considered most glorious in history. But, gentlemen, is it England alone that has been benefited? No; because in selecting one out of nine she, to use an expression common to newspapers, “crowded out” the rest. Cast your eyes over the civilized world. For myself, as being in the order of my duty to travel abroad, I must confess that sometimes I have been a little jealous, for I hardly went to a country in which I did not stumble on some Irishman who was just next to the throne.

I remember an Austrian, a venerable man, not very unlike your President (Mr. Gilliland). I saw him twenty-two years ago. His name is Marshall Nugent, the first officer of the Austrian army. What endeared him to me still more was, that in his speech he did not, like some, try to get clear of the brogue as quick as he could. On the contrary, he had preserved and almost cherished it as a peculiarity in his speech.

When I went to France, I found the Duke of Feltre to be Mr. Clark, from the county Cavan. He was a great man, and one of the Irishmen who had been “crowded out.” He was secretary to Napoleon on the battlefield. It is said that while writing dispatches upon his saddle, a cannon ball struck within a few feet of him. “Ah, what is that?” said Napoleon. “Oh,” said Clark, “I had no sand and this comes just in good time!” Now, who are those crowded out? Where is McMahon? Do you think his ancestors were born in the south of France?—There is O’Reilly, and if you come to the cabinet, there is O’Reilly. I wonder where O’Reilly came from? In Spain, there is O’Donnell at the present time. These are the “crowded out.”

If Great Britain, like a wise government, had encouraged the cultivation of the natural talents of that people, had done them justice, she would have a nursery of statesmen and orators. If she had treated them kindly and administered impartial justice, I think there is no country that would have been so prolific of great men. There is now no country of the world that has equalled Ireland in the production of great men. I have been surprised and felt indignation at the efforts of pretended novel writers, by false and lying histories, to cast a slur over the Irish character. Being familiar with the Irish character, I have sometimes felt indignation. On the other hand, knowing the history of the country, knowing what it has gone through, and reflecting more kindly, I have sometimes conceived a kind of spite against all nations except America, because in America we never had occasion to complain of the laws, which are just and impartial. My feeling of resentment is towards the government of England who have never given us a chance. Every beautiful picture is possessed of light and shade, and wherever these are not fairly distributed, there is discrepancy. Too much light will dazzle, and too much shade is offensive.

Ireland, unfortunately, has had her dark portions preserved, and the nations have sipped away her light, either by stealth or by the “crowded out” system. Yet no one will say that Ireland is altogether in the dark. I, in my old age, have sanguine hopes that, with a fair administration towards the people, the opportunities of education, the encouragement of industry, arts and the mechanics, and all that, I have no doubt that the original, strong-minded, superabundant intellect of the Irish peasantry, will break forth in a light brilliant enough to eclipse all that which has been taken from them. That is my idea and hope. I can remember when I was a boy, in early life, my speculations as to whether anybody lived beyond the outlines of the mountains. My first speculation was whether anybody could live beyond that line; but if there was anybody beyond that line I pitied them. But the schoolmaster was not abroad at that time; at least he was not in our neighborhood. But I never mentioned my speculations at that time, for fear of being laughed at. I pitied anybody who lived beyond the horizon. Things have been very much changed. Of course the schoolmaster came back. But now there is not a section of the parish, where if the people are not educated it is in a great measure their own fault. And if the Irish people become educated, and preserve the vigor of their natural character, both as to sentiment and intellect, I think I may anticipate, I may announce my sentiment and all that in words, that, notwithstanding all that has been written against the people of Ireland, all that has been created by fiction, or in the name of fiction, against the people of Ireland; in short, all that the mere slang of pre-potent power towards crushing this people has ever uttered, does not disturb in the least the right and just estimate in which impartial men and enlightened minds will regard her history.

I trust you will agree with me in the sentiment I shall offer, as being the most appropriate to this occasion. I propose to you—
The land of the Shamrock—No one born within its borders need be ashamed of his birth-place.

A notorious judge, who stooped very much when walking, had a stone thrown at him one day, which fortunately passed over him without hitting him. Turning to his friend he remarked, “Had I been an upright judge that might have caused my death.”

Some people use half their ingenuity to get into debt, and the other half to avoid paying it. Love has no age, as it is always renewing.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

Subjoined is a translation of a letter received from the Pope by Archbishop Cullen:—

“To our VAX, BROTHER PAUL, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.”
“Ven. Brother, Health and Apostolic benediction! It is always with welcome we receive your letters, as we have a special regard for you, well knowing your exalted virtues, as well as your great veneration, love, and respect towards us and this holy Apostolic see. But your letter dated the 24th of last month was most gratifying to us, as we again learned from it that your faithful clergy and people most fervently prayed to and supplicated Almighty God, in accordance with our desires. We are confident that that clergy and people will never cease from offering up most fervent prayers to the most clement Father of Mercies, beseeching him to command the winds and the seas, and bring about the calm so much wished for, delivering his holy Church from so many fatal calamities, adorning it with so new and increasing triumphs, and giving us help and consolation in all our tribulations. It is our wish that you should return, in our name, and in the warmest terms, our sincere thanks to your faithful clergy and people, for the third sum of £1,000 which they have offered to me through you. In conclusion, you may rest assured that our attachment to you, your clergy, and people is of the warmest kind, and, as a most certain pledge thereof, we grant you venerable brother, and the flock committed to your care, our Apostolic benediction, from our inmost heart, and with our best wishes for your true happiness.”

“Given at Rome, at St. Peter’s, the 8th day of March, in the year 1860, the 14th of our Pontificate.”
“Pius PP. IX.”

The collection for the Pope in the small parish of Raham, diocese of Meath, amounted to the handsome sum of £80.

There are to be new elections in Clare, in Roscommon, and in Londonderry. But it is very hard to collect from anything that has yet appeared on what they are to turn, or whether any political or religious considerations will be allowed in any way to interfere with them. There are sometimes reasons for an election for considering any reference to either politics or religion as in the highest degree unwise and prejudicial. —*Tablet.*

Speaking of the valuation of Dublin City, the Collector-General’s Report says:—It is calculated amongst those best able to form a judgment, that the increase in value, in five years, has been 20 to 30 per cent. Remarkable statements are made to bear out this estimate. A tenant in Mountjoy-square who paid £600 to be released from the responsibility of his lease, felt it an advantage to be allowed to remain in possession, from year to year, at his old rent of £100. A house in Rutland-square, the interest of which was purchased in the Incorporated Estates Court for £400, has been sold for £1,100. Fines are beginning again to be freely paid. Houses are disposed of at the south side for £100 and £110 a year, with fines of £300 and £400, for which less than the present rent would have been gladly accepted a little time back without any fine at all. Furnished houses have had a large increase in value one of them in Merion-square, was lately set at six months at a rent of 350 guineas.

EVICIONS IN IRELAND.—In the House of Commons Mr. Maguire asked the Chief Secretary for Ireland whether it was true that a troop of the 15th Hussars had been sent to Castlebar, county Mayo, for the purpose of aiding in the eviction of more than sixty tenants, representing 250 souls, from the property of Lord Plunket, at Partry, in that county, and whether it had come to his knowledge that the said evictions had been the result of the refusal of the tenants, who are exclusively Catholics, to permit their children to attend schools established by Lord Plunket, and which schools are publicly stated to be anti-Catholic in their teaching?—Mr. Cardwell said a troop of Hussars had been sent to Castlebar to preserve the peace, which was necessary from the excited state of the neighborhood. That was the only part of the question to which he was able to give any official answer. On the other points it which not be right for him to express an opinion.

The newly settled cases of ejectment against the Partry tenantry by Bishop Plunket have been settled by the priest, foregoing a prosecution against a superior minister and a few of what Lord Plunket calls his disorderly portion of his tenantry, being sacrificed to appease the exterminating wrath of this prelatical ghoul.

When the Irish peasantry begin to doubt that it is their preeminent and exclusive privilege to be ravaged with periodical British famines, and scattered over the globe for the benefit of some nomadic and hybrid race, they will have made a long stride towards the path of freedom. It is not their peculiar business to be cutting down forests in this country, building cities and raising the value of town lots for speculating Yankees. They should be in possession of their own soil, developing its resources, and amassing wealth for themselves, and making it a fortress impregnable against the world.

There are only seven prisoners in Nenagh jail for trial at the approaching assizes for the north riding of this county, and the cases are all of a trivial nature. —*Nenagh Guardian.*

The Down Record says:—A woman named Mary Kelly died at Ballygawley, parish of Inch, aged at least 108 years, while some of our informants set down her age as 114. Deceased, who had been a widow for a great number of years, was the relict of the late James Kelly, of Fermint, by whom she had a family of eight children, nearly all of whom were adults when the battle of Ballynahinch was fought, now sixty-two years ago. Up to the last couple of years she was very active in her movements, and her intellect was quite clear until a very short time before her decease. Her remains were interred in the burying ground of Saul of which parish she was a native.

The Mayo Constitution says:—At an early hour on the 26th ult., Constable Mulcahy and four men from the police barracks at Coolturk station were returning through the mountains to their barracks, no doubt a good deal fatigued, and possibly in their anxiety to return the party separated, each making the best of his way home. The constable and a sub-constable named O’Halloran (the latter a powerful young man over six feet in height) kept together to within two miles of the barracks, when the constable mounted the horse of some person who kindly gave it to him, rode away, leaving O’Halloran behind. All, save the latter, were in the barracks by nine o’clock at night; they refreshed themselves, and went to bed without looking after O’Halloran until five o’clock the next morning, when search was made, and the civilian who accompanied the police party, discovered poor O’Halloran stretched dead on the mountain side, with his firelock under his head. The jury of the inquest were, with a few exceptions for censuring the constable. The coroner overruled, and would not even permit the examination of the other man. The following is the extraordinary verdict:—“That O’Halloran came by his death at Coolturk, having been found there.”

The continued disposition or necessity of the peasant class in this country for emigrating, says the *Tyrone Herald*, receives daily proof by the carful of emigrants that leave Ballina for Sligo, thence by steam to the port of embarkation, at Liverpool. The tide of people has begun to roll towards America earlier this year than on other seasons for some time, and its proportions are certainly not less, if they are not more considerable. For two or three weeks back at about the days of the sailings of Sligo boats, our streets have witnessed many scenes of tender leave-takings between departing friends and those who are left behind, and at these times the long cars of Bianconi, sometimes twice in a day, have been crowded with emigrants.

There are three parties in Ireland, which ought to be combined together, for their union would be natural and logical. They are the No Popery, Orange, party; the Jacobin Revolution party, and the Whig Liberal party. They have contrived to seat Mr. Deasy for Cork, and we wish they would combine at all future elections. We should then hope to see a combination made against them of the Catholic Bishops and Priests of Ireland, the Catholic peasantry of Ireland and the Conservative laity of Ireland, both Protestant and Catholic. The No Popery Orangemen of Ireland are interested in persuading all Protestants to make common cause with them against Catholic Ascendancy, just as the Whigs and Liberals of Ireland are interested in persuading all Catholics to make common cause with them against Protestant Ascendancy. The Cork Election is the most important which has taken place in Ireland since the memorable Clare Election in 1828. And its importance is due to the fact that opposite and irreconcilable principles were then fairly brought into collision. The great Liberal party, in the person of Mr. Deasy and his supporters, made its appearance before the country in its true colours, and formulated its principles in clear and unmisgivable terms. It was said to be a contest between Lord Palmerston and the Pope; it was so, no doubt. It was also a contest between Revolution and Conservatism—between Parliamentary Independence and Official Subordination—between the Irish People and the Whig Ministry. It was all this, but it was much more. It was a contest between the principle of Catholicism and the principle of Protestantism—between the Teaching Power of the Church and the Right of Private Judgment—between Ecclesiastical Authority and Lay Independence. The Cork contest has revealed a fact to the world which has long been no secret to those who with any faculty of insight have made contemporaneous history their study. The Catholicity of Ireland, in its integrity and its simplicity, its fervour and its faith, is the glory of the Church. But it is not the common property of all classes of the Catholics of Ireland, nor is it shared equally among them. Since the purifying days of persecution, large classes of Irishmen have acquired wealth, and raised themselves from the lower ranks of life. They have come into contact with those classes which had long monopolised the higher stations, and they have been affected by the opinions and sentiments which prevailed among those with whom they aspired to associate. They have been educated at Trinity College, and they have imbibed the views of their companions and teachers. They have desired to be recognised as equals; and they have often succeeded in resembling them, without obtaining the longed-for recognition. The alliance of the rising middle classes of the Catholics of Ireland with Whigs and Liberals, the adoption of Liberal ideas, Liberal definitions, and the support of Liberal theories of Government and Legislation, have not been without effect. In every Catholic country there is a Liberal party, in open or secret opposition to the Spirit and the Power of the Church. In Ireland too there is such a party, and the Cork election has shown that it is both bold and formidable. They hold and they profess precisely the same opinions as their fellow Liberals elsewhere. They recognise the authority of the Church within its own domain. But they claim and exercise the right of defining the limits of that domain. They profess to obey the Church in spirituals, but they claim and exercise the right of deciding for themselves what spirituals are. Each of them is a self-constituted superior Lay Court, with the power of issuing writs of prohibition to the Ecclesiastical Courts, which are inferior tribunals. Each of them assumes to define the limits of spiritual jurisdiction, and to restrain its excess. We respect the Church, they say, but we cannot abdicate our rights. The Bishops may offer their opinions on matters of education, and denounce schools, or colleges, or systems as dangerous to faith or morals, but we differ from the Bishops and respectfully decline to follow them. We trust their Lordships will soon see that they are wrong and we are right. Now, the importance of the Cork election consists in this, that the light of publicity has been thrown upon the danger. And the good to be expected from the Cork election is, that it defines men’s positions and removes all doubts. The special feature in the case has been hitherto that these men, instead of being, as in other countries, recognised as holding principles and opinions inconsistent with Catholicism, have enjoyed in Ireland the support and confidence of Bishops and of Priests. Ecclesiastical influence has been freely used to bring men forward in the world whose principles are a denial of all Ecclesiastical authority. They have been patronised as friends and champions of the Church, though the triumphs of their opinions would be fatal to the existence of the Church. It is impossible that this should long continue. There is nothing in the world more certain than that as the national prosperity and wealth of the Catholics of Ireland increase, a conflict must ensue between the Liberal Catholics who hold and profess the principles alluded to, and the Pastors of the Church, who are responsible for the faith and the salvation of their flocks. Ireland has no O’Connell now, and the defence of the Church cannot be left to laymen. The Bishops of Cloyne and Ross, their Clergy, and their flocks have nobly done their duty. They have forced the Catholic Whigs and Liberals of Ireland to call in the aid of the Orangemen and the open enemies of the Church, in order to escape an ignominious defeat. If the example were imitated, if the test were applied if the pastors of the Church in Ireland would but see the danger and unite against a growing evil, their appeal to the faith, the zeal, and the devotion of Catholic Ireland would ensure a speedy triumph over every obstacle, even against the combined force of Liberals, Orangemen, and Revolutionists. —*Tablet.*

The following amusing scene, says the *Cork Examiner*, occurred at the meeting of the “admission board” on last Wednesday. It arose out of an application to the Workhouse made by a poor old woman, named Bradley, who had with her a child which she stated was her grandchild, and which she wished to be admitted with her. The woman had been an inmate of the house from the famine of 1847 up to a fortnight back, when she left it on hearing that her son had enlisted in the line, in order to take this child away from its stepmother, whom she feared was ill-treating it. She went to Mallow, where the stepmother was living with her relatives, and having got possession of the child returned to Cork, and now sought admission to the workhouse. Mr. Jameson, who had before him the relieving officer’s book in which her name appeared, refused to admit her, desiring her to get the father of the child to support it. As the poor woman was leaving the room she met Mr. Sheehan, and told her case to him, in the hope that he would have more compassion for her.

Mr. Jameson—Don’t mind that woman down there. Mr. Sheehan—We will mind her, sir. We will mind the poor woman.

Mr. Jameson (angrily)—Turn the woman out, I say.

Mr. Sheehan—Turn her out, sir. We’ll not turn her out, sir; and why should we turn her out, sir? Faith, that’s a good one.

Mr. Jameson—Go ‘long you blackguard scoundrel; I’ll turn yourself out of the room.

Mr. Sheehan—Go ‘long you ruffian you; I’d like to see you do it.

This retort irritated Mr. Jameson to such an extent that he was jumped up and rushed towards Mr. Sheehan, who also got up and advanced to meet him, and blows would certainly have been exchanged had not Mr. J. Julian and Mr. S. Flanagan come between the gentlemen, and retained them.

Mr. Jameson (surrounded by his friend and in a high state of excitement). I’d kick you out, you blackguard.

Mr. Sheehan—You’re a blackguard yourself, and a—n blackguard. Be G—, for talking to a poor

woman, there he called me a blackguard scoundrel. Mr. Jameson—And you are a blackguard scoundrel.

Mr. Sheehan made a hasty movement towards Mr. Jameson, but was stopped by some of those in the room.

Mr. Jameson—You are a blackguard. Mr. Sheehan—Well, did any one ever hear the like of that? For hearing what a poor old woman had to say he says I am a blackguard and ought to be turned out.

Mr. Jameson—You should be turned out, you scoundrel—you blackguard.

Mr. Sheehan—If you were the Lord Lieutenant, I wouldn’t allow you to say that; I am not a blackguard.

Mr. Jameson—You are a blackguard, and you should be turned out.

Mr. Sheehan—Go ‘long, you blackguard ruffian you.

Mr. Jameson—Get out, you low ruffian.

Mr. Sheehan—You’re a common ruffian.

Mr. Sheehan—You’re a damn blackguard, I say.

Mr. Sheehan—And you’re a damn blackguard. By G— you’d starve all Ireland if you could.

Mr. Jameson disdaining to reply to this last observation, the affair terminated, and the business of the day was proceeded with.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Prince of Wales is likely to make American travel popular by his intended visit to Canada. For the first time since the discovery of America, an heir apparent to the British Crown is to cross the Atlantic, and in his character as the future ruler of this Empire receive the respects of one of its most flourishing provinces. Other Princes have visited the Western World in military or naval capacities. The father of her present Majesty held high command there. But the unity of the Empire and the status of British North America as a great allied province, and not a mere dependent “plantation,” will for the first time be recognized when Albert, Prince of Wales, sets foot on its shores. The Governor-General, in opening the Canadian Parliament, announced the approaching visit, and the satisfaction of all classes has since been loudly expressed. The people of the North American Colonies are prepared to receive the Prince of Wales with every demonstration of regard. Not only as a tribute to his station as the future head of the greatest commonwealth in the world, but as the representative of a rule which has conferred immense benefits on the provinces, the Canadian people will give him welcome. For twenty years the progress of the North American Colonies has been such as to surpass even the rapid growth of the neighboring States. Her present Majesty’s accession to the throne found the Canadians deeply discontented, and, as is now admitted, not without cause. Insurrection followed, blood was shed, and our evil-wishers all over the world raised their craven croak, as usual, on the inevitable dismemberment of the British Empire. But the folly of seventy years before was not to be repeated; justice was preferred as a remedy to the employment of Hessians, and the policy of conciliation produced not only quiet but loyalty. Since those menacing days the prosperity of the provinces has been almost uninterrupted. The reign of Victoria has seen what may be called a nation grow up on the banks of the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario. The population of the provinces has more than doubled, and their wealth has increased in a far greater proportion. Wise negotiations have broken down the commercial barriers between them and the United States, and allowed the creation of a most thriving trade. British capital, instead of seeking investment among decaying Spaniards or faithless Orientals, has been able to develop the resources of a people which is one with our own. The country is now traversed by railways; the most astonishing engineering work of the age has been constructed within its territory by the genius of Stephenson; steamers of great speed and capacity are built for the direct service of the colonies, and everything promises that the prosperity which is to come will be as permanent as great. Nor have the Canadians failed to appreciate their political advantages. Under the protection of the United Kingdom they have become a nation without any of the burdens and perils of nationality. Like men standing on the shore while ships are battling with the waves, they are able to look on the struggles which convulse the neighboring Union. That Canada is anxious for admission into the sisterhood of American Republics is an assertion that the most reckless orator would hardly now make. The people of the provinces are independent enough in their way, and would, no doubt, fiercely resent any assumption of undue power by England. But so long as the mother country rules with kindness and moderation the Canadians are not likely to mix themselves up with the feuds of slavery, or throw in their lot with a people who confess that their own future destiny is dark and troubled. It would, however, be a matter of regret if the Prince of Wales, satisfied with the homage of the Canadians, should neglect to visit the Republic which now plays so great a part in the world. We do not, of course, anticipate in any case that the Prince would return to England without having set foot on the United States’ territory; but there are different ways of visiting a country, and as none repays attentive observation more than the American Republic, so none is likely to be so ill understood by a mere flying tourist. America is not a country of museums and palaces, to be “done” in so many days with a Murray’s Handbook. Its interest consists in its people, in the phases of civilisation through which they are passing, in the political and commercial activity which they display, in their energy and restlessness, their greatness and their weaknesses. Although we cannot expect that a youth in his nineteenth year should be able to appreciate the American Commonwealth, yet we feel sure that a journey through the United States and some association with the people would not be lost labor. Of a kind and courteous reception the son of Queen Victoria may be very sure. The interest of Americans in the descendants of the former ruler of their country is second only to that of Englishmen themselves, and, whatever may have been formerly the case, the feeling is now one of goodwill and sympathy. The Prince of Wales might find both instruction and recreation in a visit to the Atlantic cities, whether it be New York or all its ambitious and span-new splendor, or its more quiet rivals. There is much to be learnt from a few weeks of such travel—more than a Royal personage may ever afterwards have an opportunity of learning. One who is called to such high destinies, and who will have such opportunities of directing the tastes of his countrymen, may advantageously study the progress in the arts of life by a people thrown, as it were but yesterday, on the shores of a new continent, a progress not less wonderful than their commercial prosperity. If the Prince of Wales should further visit the President of the United States at Washington, the courtesy will, we feel sure, be appreciated, and tend to draw closer the bonds which unite the two countries. —*Times.*

PRINCE ALFRED.—The *United Service Gazette* says that Prince Alfred is being brought up in the service precisely the same as if he were the son of a private gentleman:—“He messes with the midshipmen, keeps his regular watch, dines occasionally in the ward room, and takes his turn to dine with the captain. He is treated by his mess-mates as, in all respects, one of themselves—is called to order by the caterer, and runs the same risk of being made the subject of a practical joke as any other young gentleman—himself, however, being generally pretty forward in the business of playful mischief. Upon one question, that of smoking, the young prince is sternly denied the privilege indulged in by other officers. That growing weakness of the age, most mischievous in its consequences, particularly when