

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

(From the Broad Arrow.)

As the face of the heavens in these islands of ours is so unstable and deceitful in its aspect, that prophecies drawn from it about the weather proverbially fail, so the appearance of the political horizon which separates our country from America, has, since the close of the great internecine struggle in the New World, been so changeable and unsettled, that it has been almost impossible to augur from it with any certainty the future relations in which the two nations are likely to stand to each other.

If for one moment a few gleams of light athwart the sky overhead have led us to suppose that fine weather was at hand; in another, lurid banks of cloud have suddenly arisen, and given every indication of a coming storm. Of so fitful and uncertain, of so unsatisfactory and contradictory a character, has been (to drop metaphor) the political intercourse between the two countries.

We confess that we cannot look back with any feelings of pride or complacency to the part our Government has played throughout the period in question. Whether the Conservative or the Reform party have been in power, it appears to us that our negotiations with America have been alike conducted in anything but a dignified or an imposing manner. Forced back from one position to another, we have yielded, and yielded too, in each instance, with a bad grace. No glosses can hide, no subterfuges alter this fact. And the worst of it is, that as each concession has been successively wrung from us, our adversaries have advanced another step in their position. The evidence we have afforded of our willingness to make any sacrifices to obtain their good will, seeming only to have incited them the more obstinately to withhold it. For how stands the matter now, after all we have done—we had almost written—suffered? The Senate has unanimously rejected Mr. Reverdy Johnson's settlement of the Alabama claims, and Mr. Motley, the now Minister to this country, comes to us laden with instructions to make fresh demands—demands which, if report speaks truly, it will be impossible to accede to without absolute humiliation.

The blessings of peace can hardly be over-estimated, and all our endeavours, no doubt, have been exerted with a view to retain them, but the question arises, whether the method we employ to this end is a right one, and the best at all events, that under the circumstances we could pursue. As far as we know, our efforts in this direction appear, after all, only likely to stave off the evil day, and however desirable such a consummation may be, the delay can of course be purchased at too high a price. Nor is it altogether improbable that a firmer and less vacillating attitude on our part from the beginning, might have been on the whole better calculated to achieve the desired result, since such would have afforded less encouragement for encroachment and less temptation for attack. In making these remarks we believe we speak the feelings of a vast majority of our countrymen.

A review of our past policy, however, would be practically unprofitable, unless a consideration of its bygone errors led us to avoid them for the future. We trust, therefore, that the experience we have now gained of the utter futility of endeavoring to improve the accord which exists between ourselves and our transatlantic brethren, by the exhibition of an undue readiness, to make all and every concession demanded of

us, will cease, and that by inaugurating a line of action more in accordance with the instincts of our race and their own, we shall succeed at all events in securing their respect, after which, we shall no doubt find less difficulty in cultivating their esteem. In other words, there must be an end of concessions to America, an end to humouring, an end to all attempts to keep peace between the two countries, except by so acting as to allow the Americans to realise the fact that nation for nation we are, and shall probably for generations continue to be, their masters—that is the word, their masters—their masters in war, their masters in real progress, their masters in husbanding the results of the past.

The citizens of the United States, think what their shallow demagogues may, will not remain united. The only means whereby they will for any period, even in the present, remain united, is by a foreign war, and that again will be the only means of hastening their disunion.

The President, and those of his compatriots who have tasted blood, think otherwise, and fancy they have only to await a declaration of war to over-run Canada, and consolidate the Union by the incorporation of the Dominion; but they are mistaken, they will never incorporate the Dominion. Canada, in its good time, will more probably conquer and annex such portions of the present Union as will, by such annexation, conduce to the consolidation of Canada. But that is not in the immediate future, and we do not credit American statesmen with the modest acumen of seeing it in the distant future; otherwise there might be some statesmanship in forcing a struggle whilst Canada was supposed to be at the mercy of her unweildy, rough, and half-blind neighbours.

For the present we may say that the conceited blindness of the Americans prevent them from realising the strength of Canada. There is no negro population there, nor will there be south of the Lakes, that unanimity of feeling and commercial interest among the northern Shoddy traders which enabled them in the Civil War to trample out whatever elements of chivalry and nobility the old Union ever aspired to possess.

As to ourselves, we fear too much for Canada. Let us put more confidence in our North American fellow-subjects. They will bear their part, and nobly, in any war; for they know that *for us* Canada is no patrimony. Both of the two great parties in England are agreed as to the advisability of looking on Canada as an independent empire of the future, and both are in favour of abandoning our military hold of the Dominion. The sentiment may be different in degree in Whig and Tory, but it is the same not only in the desire to see Canada free and strong, but in the determination to exert the whole force of the British nation in her defence.

It is time we should both feel strongly and speak plainly in this sense. Away with the twaddle about kith and kin. Our American kin seek to place their knuckles at our throat; but they have not the power to keep them there. If it must be, we will fight them; and to a certainty we shall thrash them.

It is stated that, in his interview with Lord Richard Grosvenor on the subject of a tunnel between Dover and Calais, the Emperor Napoleon spoke of the project as encompassed with difficulties, but he laughed outright at M. Boutet's idea of a bridge across the Channel.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN THE CRIMEA.

We extract the following from Dr. Russell's letter to the *London Times*:

THE FIELD OF ALMA.

"From the Monumental Chapel the Royal party went to the Great Cemetery. The bust of Gortschakoff himself—a very excellent likeness—placed under a marble canopy, attracted most attention. The veteran died at Warsaw, but in compliance with his wishes his remains were carried hither and repose amid those of his faithful soldiery. He looks, as it were on the scene of his greatest exploit, for beneath is the spot where the bridge spanned the roadstead, and here, having covered his retreat by tremendous explosions, he led his army across by the light of a burning city, and left us piles of ruins on which to celebrate our victory. In the Cemetery itself there is great order and neatness. Trees are planted, and give sure promise of thriving, by the paths which are lined by vaults, each containing 40, 60, or 80 men, and marked with a cenotaph: officers are favoured by separate tombs, as if their rank followed them to the grave. The gentle Princess, very probably, as she looked at all this, and heard how such an one led such a sortie, and how many fell—a regiment, the name of which I could not decipher, is noted as having lost 4,716 rank and file—felt like 'little Wilhelmine' in Southey's ballad. He was curious to watch the crowd of Russians outside the Cemetery and try to make out what they thought; but theories differed on that point, though there could be no doubt that in garb, and countenance, and dwellings the people, men and women, were poor and miserable enough. We had an escort of Tartar cavalry, very irregular and unarmed, who rode by the side of the carriages and kicked up a thick dust as the cortege left the Cemetery and whirled at a tremendous rate over the hill to the right of the North or Star Fort. This fort seems now in good order. The Prince and Princess, General de Kotzebue, and Sir A. Buchanan occupied one carriage with another of the party to explain the English view of the position, for the General did not come to the Crimea till March, 1855. The rest of the suite and several Russian officers followed, and the horses flew over the hard ground at 14 miles an hour at times, so that we soon plunged down into the valley of the Belbek. By the way the Prince's attention was called to the remains of the earthwork commanding the beach at the mouth of the river which a recent writer affirms to have frightened the whole French army, and determined the Allies to undertake the flank march—the march proposed by Sir John Burgoyne three days before the Allies saw the Belbek at all; and the spot or whereabouts of the reconnaissance made before that measure was carried out was also pointed out to him and the Princess. The valley of the Katcha has never recovered the war. We came to it in a few minutes, apparently, and at the village of Mamishai a knot of Tartars were waiting with an offering of bread and salt, who received the Royal visitors as they halted with loud cheers. The remains of General Bibikoff's villa are now converted into a farm-house, and all the pretty places which lined the banks between Mamishai and Eskel are gone, but the vineyards have not been quite obliterated. It was difficult to believe that the bare hillock, ground which here and there only is covered with scrub was the scene of the flank march, where an army was steered by com-