

person of the Prince of Wales! Isn't that glorious? What evil-minded Irish rebel dare talk about prisons, or scaffolds, or wholesale robbery and legalized murder any longer? Justice is now done to Ireland. Let the spirit of O'Connell rest content. The rights of the Emerald Isle are all conceded, her wrongs all removed. The eldest son of Queen Victoria has presided at a St. Patrick's dinner! Nay, he has promised to visit Ireland herself!! Nor is that all. He will positively make "a lengthened residence there!!!" Our hearts are full to overflowing. We must weep for very joy. Will somebody lend us a couple of onions, and a dozen pocket handkerchiefs?

If any of our readers think that we are too enthusiastic, we request them to peruse the following, which we take from a New York cotemporary:

THE PRINCE OF WALES' VISIT TO IRELAND—HIS SPEECH AT THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY DINNER.

The Benevolent Society of St. Patrick held its anniversary dinner in London on the 17th of March. The Prince of Wales presided. In proposing the health of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland the Prince said: The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland has had a difficult and responsible post to fill for some time past. [Hear, hear.] But I feel confident that all will agree that the noble Marquis has fulfilled the difficult task reposed on him in a manner highly creditable to himself and beneficial to the country at large. No doubt the noble Marquis has had many difficulties to contend against, but I feel convinced that he has done his utmost to fulfill to the satisfaction of all the high duties of his office. [Cheers.] I give you, gentlemen, "The health of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland." [Loud cheers.]

Lord Mayo, on rising to respond for the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, thanked His Royal Highness personally for the genial manner in which he had proposed the toast, and the company collectively for the enthusiastic manner in which they had responded. He hoped no gentlemen present would imagine that because he was fortunate enough to hold a responsible position in the Irish Government he should on the present occasion refer to or dilate upon the extensive discussion which, during the past week, had taken place in another place. With regard to the great debate, however, he might remark, that although a difference of opinion was expressed on the Irish question, there remained one gratifying thing—namely, that throughout the debate there was evinced on all sides a most sincere and ardent and intense desire to do that which would best promote the most important interests of the people of Ireland. [Cheers.] He did not know that he ever noticed such a display of interest in Irish affairs as at the present moment; and he believed that it only required discussion and due consideration to enable the Parliament of the country to bring to a satisfactory conclusion the unsettled questions which now agitated the public mind. [Hear, hear.] He took the opportunity of expressing to his Royal Highness the intense satisfaction with which the Viceroy of Ireland had heard of the Prince of Wales' intention of paying a visit to Ireland. [Loud cheers.] He believed that the approaching visit of his Royal Highness would be productive of much good to Ireland—[hear, hear]—and he believed that no Irishman present would hesitate in saying that his Royal Highness would receive in Ireland a reception that would show how deeply seated was the feeling of affection and loyalty of the people to the throne of England. [Cheers.] He hoped the result of his Royal Highness's forthcoming visit would be such as to induce him to come often to Ireland. [Loud cheers.]

Lord Kimberley proposed "The health of the Prince of Wales," and thanked his Royal Highness, on behalf of the institution, for having presided that evening. From practical knowledge he knew that the Prince of Wales took a deep interest in Irish affairs, and was most anxious for the welfare of that country. [Great cheering.]

The Prince of Wales—I feel much pleased at the kind manner in which my noble friend (Lord Kimberley) has proposed my health, and I am also much gratified for the cordial manner in which the company has responded to the toast. [Cheers.] I hope I need not assure you that I derive great pleasure from being here this evening. My noble friend has referred to my intended visit to Ireland. [Great cheering.] I look forward with pleasure to the visit, because I have on all previous occasions received a vast amount of kindness. [Cheers.] I am glad to hear that my visit will afford the people of Ireland some satisfaction, and that a longer visit of mine would give greater satisfaction. [Loud cheering.] We have had during the past year much that is no doubt grievous to the true and loyal portion of the people, but I think it has been satisfactorily shown that the disaffection which has appeared has not been engrafted on the Irish people by the people themselves. [Hear, hear.] Notwithstanding the unsatisfactory state of affairs which has existed in Ireland, I still am convinced that the country is true and loyal to the core. ["Hear, hear," and cheers.] I again beg to thank you, my lords, ladies and gentlemen, for the warm reception you have accorded to me. [Renewed cheers.]

Up till lately, we labored under the agreeable delusion that our performances on St. Patrick's day, here in New York, were superior to anything seen in any other portion of the universe. Our flags and banners and bands of music, our cream-white steeds and bran new carriages, and the beautiful "boys" that are seated therein, are all tremendously magnificent. It takes away one's breath to survey such grandeur. When we beheld the entire "exhibition," we felt greatly disposed to follow the example of that celebrated Abyssinian Queen from whom the warlike Theodore says that he is descended. We are told that when the lady in question—who was evidently resolved to have a sweetheart of higher rank than a Scotch gillie—saw "the glory of

King Solomon," (whatever that was,) she fainted away with pure admiration, so that, for a time, there was "no life in her." But she gradually "came to," as we also did, after the tail of the New York St. Patrick's procession had disappeared behind the City Hall. We have likewise been in the habit of laying "the flattering unction to our souls" that, here in America, on the evening of the day devoted to the honor (?) of our patron saint, we could beat the world at trencher and bottle performances, and silence the songs of the seraphs with the roar of our blatherskite oratory. But the glory is departed from us. My Lord Mayo, or *Brayo*, and my Lord Kimberley, or *Timberley*—the name is derived from the material out of which his lordship's head is constructed—and poor little pluffy Albert Guelph, or Yelp or Whelp—have entered the arena, and beaten the Paddies with their own weapons. Just think of it, O ye Gormandizing Knights of St. Tammany, and Friendly Sons of the Shillelah, and hide forever your diminished heads. Envious people, who have been in the habit of asserting that nine-tenths of our parading and ranting on the anniversary of the respectable Scotchman whom we have chosen for our patron saint, are mere political nets to catch voters in, by whose sweet services our marshals, assistant marshals and carriage occupiers and wire-pullers generally, can get themselves made into Aldermen and City Councillors, and pitchforked into fat situations which enable them to mistake the difference between the public purse and their own. This proves that a certain portion of our people, if they "are not fit to govern themselves"—as the English, who have governed us so admirably, are in the habit of asserting—are perfectly competent to manage the affairs of New York city to the decided advantage of their own pockets. If anybody doubts this, we request him to be good enough to study the accounts furnished by Mr. Richard O'Gorman, the learned and able counsel for the corporation. If he is not convinced by these documents of the truth of what we have stated, we give him up in despair.

But even at that little game, we are obliged to confess that our Irish politicians are beaten hollow by their English competitors. For is not one of your small ward orators who gets on his regalia, and parades his patriotism in turkey-rooster fashion, for the pious purpose of getting a fat place, or a good price for "his coals," but a very lilliputian rogue, compared with such big swindlers as Wales, Timberly and Mayo? Faugh! We feel utterly disgusted. Our political patriots must fly at higher game, such as the Headship of the Mormon Church, or the Presidentship of the Canadian Dominion. Let them do that, and we will begin to believe that they are not very little animals of the porcine persuasion. For is it not the fact that this English Prince and those English Lords are eating their dinners and making their speeches under the falsest of false pretenses? They love Ireland and the Irish. Of course they do. Manchester scaffolds and Mountjoy and Portland and Pentonville prisons prove it! Oh, yes, they love Ireland so well, that they take away her money from her to the tune of about eighty millions of dollars a year. They love her so well, that they leave the two-thirds of her people hungry and ragged and helpless—all to disgust them with this world and qualify them for a better. Very loving of them and their aiders and abettors, is it not? Yes, yes. They love Ireland so well, that in less than a quarter of a century they have murdered a million of her people, and driven forth three millions more as homeless, houseless, landless exiles on the face of the earth. How they do love Ireland, the darlings, and how Ireland and her people ought to love them!!

This pudgy Prince Yelp, whose powers have all been unfairly placed by nature in his stomach, instead of in his skull, is going to pay a visit to Ireland. Let the nations listen. He "looks forward with pleasure" to the said visit. Because on "all previous occasions" he has "received a vast amount of kindness." Blessed be the inventor of soap and soft sawder. Like his respectable predecessor, Fum the Fourth, whose example he is copying so accurately, he comes

"To visit the land which he loves like his bride," whom he adores so intensely, that when she was lying at the point of death, during the last year, Mr. Wales

was consoling himself amid the harlots and hells of Paris.

He has received "a vast amount of kindness" on "former occasions" in Ireland. We happened to be on a "visit" ourselves to that delightfully governed country on one of these "occasions." We hope he has not forgotten it. We refer to the opening of the humbug exhibition which a lot of West-British flunkies got up in Dublin. They brought over this princely poltroon to officiate as chief showman. The sneaking little coward was afraid to trust his worthless life to the love of the Irish people, who would scorn to defile their fingers with his greasy carcase. To their eternal honor be it stated, they treated him with silent contempt—for we saw it all—as *with a couple of British regiments of cavalry around the close carriage* in which the wretched cub hid himself from the public scorn. This was the "great kindness" which this mendacious spawn of worthless tyrants received at the hands of the Irish people.

We answer these minions of England's murderous rule, as did the French Revolutionists in 1848, when a good and gallant woman, the late Duchess of Orleans, offered to them her infant son to be their king. "It is too late," rang through that vast hall, filled no longer with legislators, but with men with weapons in their hands—weapons still red with recent battle. Gentlemen of England, "IT IS TOO LATE." Royal visits or no royal visits, the people of Ireland on both sides of the Atlantic ARE REPUBLICANS to the core, and their settled resolve is to carry on this contest until the last vestige of royalty and its ruffian upholders is driven into the waters of the Irish sea.

## SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### Pencilings From Paris.

THE CARNIVAL—A POLITICAL CONVERSATION—NOTES ON FRANCE, ITALY AND ENGLAND—NEARLY ENOUGH OF LOUIS NAPOLEON—VIVE LA REPUBLIC—THE POPE'S SERVICE—"NO IRISH NEED APPLY."

March 13, 1868.

Man proposes sometimes in this wicked world of ours, and the devil disposes. I had intended, faithfully, to contribute you a weekly correspondence, but the carnival intervened, and there is a *hiatus* of two weeks in my series of letters. You don't know what the carnival is; you hav'n't it in America; we hav'n't it in Ireland. Lord Byron has kindly spared me the trouble of describing it. Read the following lines from Beppo:

"—Throughout  
All countries of the Catholic persuasion,  
Some weeks before Shrove Tuesday comes about,  
The people take their full recreation,  
And buy repentance ere they grow devout,  
However high their rank or low their station,  
With fiddling, feasting, dancing, drinking, masking,  
And other things which may be had for asking."

That is faithful, with this difference only, in Paris, that our Lent is as gay as our carnival. Eating is the rule, making *maigre*, as they call it here, or fasting, the exception. They tell me the last carnival was the liveliest since 1847. Duval, the rich butcher, made such another advertisement as did the New York hatter who bought the first ticket to Jenny Lind's concert, by purchasing the "fat ox," and giving it the traditional three days' procession through the city. It cost him six thousand pounds, English, that procession; but didn't it flatter his vanity to have a monster township talk of Monsieur Duval, the wealthy, the enterprising, magnanimous Monsieur Duval, for two-and-seventy hours. I "went in" for the carnival—and I neglected my work. Open confession, you know, (as we used to say in the "ould dart") is good for the soul. Still—to find an excuse for my sin—I must say this lacking fortnight there has been a veritable lack of news. I shall endeavor to condense it to-day, in the form of a conversation between some gossips, that is to say, an Englishman, a French Republican, an Italian and a mysterious stranger, in a *cafe* of the Latin quarter.

Frenchman: "I saw one hundred and thirty-five splendid-looking young men at Mass in the Church of St. Sulpice this morning. They told me they were Canadians, had just arrived from Montreal, and were going to Rome to fight for the Pope."

Mysterious stranger: "And the Pope is called Prince of Peace."

The Italian shrugged his shoulders.

I added that I had heard the Primate of Hungary had offered to arm, equip and support two squadrons of hussars out of the funds of his see for the same service.

Englishman: "So well he can; I have seen him at Agram, and his retinue occupied forty-three carriages on the occasion of a public *fete*. Francis Joseph was nothing beside him."

Mysterious stranger: "Forty-three carriages! that is apostolical."

Frenchman: "Ha! the kings are dying. Here is Louis, of Bavaria, dead at Nice."

I ventured to remark, he was a king who was as simple as any Republican in his manners.