

**IRELAND'S LINEN TRADE.**—The progress made in the staple industry of this province during the last six months has been no less remarkable than gratifying. While the farming interest has suffered to an extent that has almost prostrated the cultivators of small holdings, and while the lamentable decrease of employment in the cotton manufacture has brought numbers of the industrious ranks to the verge of starvation, beneficial activity has reigned in every department of the linen trade. Millowners have kept their hands well employed, and makers of goods have pushed on production with all possible energy. In the comparatively new section of the manufacture— weaving by steam power—there has been steady increase. Ten years ago there were only 60 power-looms connected with the Irish linen trade. At the commencement of 1857 there were about 2,000, and so rapid has been the progress of the last six years that at present Ireland owns between 5,000 and 6,000 steam looms. In Lisburn and its neighborhood, where such distress prevails in the wretched homes of the cotton operatives, the people engaged at the flax-spinning mills, and those working at the thread-manufacture, enjoy comparative comfort. Any skilled hand can earn, by 10 hours a day labor, fully twice the average wages realized by the cotton weavers, who labor from 13 to 16 hours a day. Irrespective of the large numbers of persons engaged at the extensive bleach-works of Messrs. J. N. Richardson, Sons, and O'Wen, and Glenmore, and the immense employment given to workpeople at the large concerns of Messrs. Richardson, of Lambeg, upwards of 2,000 hands are employed at the works at Hilden, the Island Mill, and the Lisburn Mill. Besides these concerns, the damask manufacture, of which tint town is the original seat, forms a very important source of local employment. It is about a century since the art of weaving designs on textile fabrics was introduced at Lisburn by Mr. William Goulson, and from that date the artistic skill of the operatives gradually progressed. The present proprietor of the larger manufactory, and the only direct representative of the original house, gives employment to a great many work-people, some of whom, we understand, are able to earn 20s to 25s a week. Mr. Goulson has recently had very extensive orders for the supplying of Her Majesty's navy, not only with damask table linen, but also with plain and twilled sheetings. At present a large order for Her Majesty the Queen gives employment to the most scientific of the operatives engaged at that manufactory. Captain Ward, who succeeded to the concern of the late James Goulson and Co.—a junior branch of the older firm—has been very actively engaged in the trade for some years past, and, as we learn, has now on hand an extensive order for the household of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. We are not able to state the exact number of hands to which these two damask manufacturing concerns give employment, but it is very satisfactory to learn that the wages earned by steady and skilled workers at the damask loom are higher than those which their fathers were able to make 30 or 40 years ago. In the meantime the prices paid for weaving muslins and other cotton goods have fallen 75 per cent in most cases.—Taking, then, the neighboring town of Lisburn as an illustration of what the several branches of the linen trade have been doing for the masses of the people during the extreme pressure felt in other sections of industry for some time past, a pretty correct idea may be formed of its growing importance as a national manufacture. Nor is the present prosperity of the linen trade transient or temporary. France, relaxing the protective code which formed a portion of the policy of the First Napoleon, is gradually opening its eyes to the value of unrestricted commerce—Austria, and even Italy, with all its political perplexities, are moving and stirring into industrial energy. All these indications of mercantile advancement cannot fail to tell on the Irish linen trade. The peasants of France and other continental countries are famed for their skill in the culture of flax; and Ireland's spindles require large additions of fibre; for even were the farmers of this country to grow this year 200,000 acres of flax, there would be ample room for an import of 100,000 tons from foreign sources.—Supposing that the area noted should be sown, as the cost of labor alone where the crop is cultivated on the best system averages about £5 an acre, the total amount of money circulated among the peasant population would amount to no less a sum than one million sterling.—*Northern Whig.*

The Model Schools are being crushed by the Bishops. The Pastoral of the Coadjutor Bishop of Limerick has depopulated the Limerick concern of Catholic children, while that of the Bishop of Galway has utterly paralyzed the Galway enterprise. The Archbishop of Dublin has transformed the Atty Institution into a Protestant Parish School; the Bishop of Ferns maintains the Enniscorthy Folly as a Rookery; Denny, Parsonstown and Omagh have scarcely a Catholic pupil in them; and in a few days the Bishop of Meath will have schools ready to open which will empty the Trim Model Establishment, and add a modern ruin to the affluence of regal and ecclesiastical antiquities which adorns the Boyne. The Central Training School, Dublin, is crippled, and limps on with scarcely a Catholic teacher in it; and a scheme is under consideration by the Bishops to open a training College for Masters in connection with the Catholic University. Immediately after the opening of Parliament the Education question will be brought before the House.—*Dublin Cor. of the Weekly Register.*

**THE GALWAY MAIL SUBSIDY.**—The meeting convened by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, to obtain the restoration of the Galway mail subsidy, was held in the Round Room of the Rotunda, on Tuesday, and was largely and influentially attended. The Lord Mayor occupied the chair. A numerous deputation attended from the people of Galway. The meeting was addressed by the Marquis of Clanricarde, the Earl of Clancarty, Lord Gough, Sir Edward Grogan, Bart. M.P.; John Vance, Esq., M.P.; Sir Patrick O'Brien, Bart., M.P.; John A. Blake, Esq., M.P.; John Bagwell, Esq., M.P.; Alderman John Reynolds, M.P.; Wm. M'Connell, M.P.; Mr. Gann, M.P.; Mr. M. Morris, Recorder of Galway, and Mr. Fisher. It was stated that the company were now in a position to renew the contract, having four first class and powerful steamers ready to enter upon the service; and it was argued that Lord Palmerston should now redeem the pledge which he had given that he would restore the subsidy when the company were prepared to take up the contract. Further, it was urged upon the Irish members of parliament to support the claims of the company in the House of Commons. A vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor terminated the proceedings.—*Standard.*

As James Sheehy, of Ballybinch, was digging potatoes in his field opposite Mr. Michael O'Connell's house, close to the upper road near Baltimore, the spade got into a hole in the ground, and on clearing the space around, Sheehy discovered an opening into a vault. On entering he saw some arches with flag stones at their entrance. Mr. Wm. Outhbert, of Baltimore, explored this place, and discovered four small rooms or apartments on either side of the vault, where he found some ashes, pieces of burned wood, some oyster and scallop shells. Mr. Outhbert believes this place is more extensive, if properly explored. About thirty-five years ago similar works were discovered in the field of Mr. O'Connell, only a few perches from the latter. In the latter was found sea shells, a bundle of pealed rushes, ashes, burnt wood, pieces of rude furniture, &c.—There are many conjectures regarding these mysterious places, but it is doubtful if any have arrived at a true solution.—*West Carbery Eagle.*

**A NUT FOR THE NATIONAL BOARD.**—At the Lisdown Quarter Sessions a few days since, a lad aged 17 years, and who had been at the National School two years, was called up as a witness. He refused to be sworn, pleading that he did not understand the nature of an oath. He never said his prayers, and was never taught anything about religion.—*Kerry Evening Post.*

**LECTURE BY A. J. McKENNA, Esq.**—Pursuant to public announcement, a lecture was lately delivered in the Courthouse, Dunganon, Tyrone, by A. J. McKenna, Esq., editor of the *Ulster Observer*, for the benefit of the Christian Doctrine Society of St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Dunganon. Subject—"The Parliament and Parliamentary Orators of Ireland." The house was crowded in every part by a very respectable auditory. A considerable number of ladies were present. The Very Rev. Archbishop Siane, V. G. occupied the chair. Mr. McKenna, on coming forward, was received with immense applause; and, after thanking the assemblage for the reception accorded to him, proceeded with his lecture. He commenced by referring to the old form of legislature existing in Ireland previous to the English invasion, and, after referring to the ancient conventions which met under the auspices of the old monarchs of Ireland, he proceeded to describe the constitution and character of the parliament introduced with the establishment of the Pale. He dwelt upon the causes which made and kept this legislature corrupt, and introduced his notice of the 'Orators of Ireland' by a special reference to Henry Flood and his contemporaries. From Flood he passed to Grattan, and after a portrayal of the literary and political character of the most eminent men who figured in the Irish Parliament, he referred to the national triumphs which they were instrumental in achieving. The Volunteers, their origin, history, and influence upon the country, were minutely and devotedly dwelt upon; and the lecturer ended his discourse by drawing a veil over those last scenes which ended in the annihilation of Irish legislative independence. Mr. McKenna was listened to throughout with the most marked attention, and the numerous and repeated bursts of applause with which his remarks were greeted proved that he spoke to the sympathies as well as the intelligence of his audience.

**THE ORANGE MURDER IN THE NORTH.**—The case of the Queen v. John Hamill, Matthew Paul, James McGougan, and George McCook, for being accessories with Robert Smith in the homicide of Daniel Gillon, in December last, appears to be still far from its conclusion. Of the main facts of the affair there can be but little doubt, however party feelings or prejudice may strive to warp them. They are simply these:—John Gillon, the brother of the deceased, went, accompanied by a friend of his, into a public house in the little town of Arroy to get some drink. While there a quarrel arose between himself and Smith, who with the party above named, was also in the house. Gillon and his friend were severely beaten by the others, and the former was put out, his comrade Mullen remaining inside to get his wounds washed. Soon after Gillon again returned, this time accompanied by his unfortunate brother, who appears to have been perfectly guiltless throughout the transaction. They knocked at the door with the intention of seeing Mullen safely out, and after they had been kicking some time Smith and his party rushed out, the former armed with an iron crook, with which he slew Daniel Gillon, and wounded his brother. One of the witnesses swears, 'I saw Robert Smith lift the weapon and hit him (the deceased) on the head; Gillon fell; I heard the sound of the blow from where I was standing, about four yards off; it was like the sound of a boat-stroke; I saw John Hanna go forward and strike Daniel Gillon when he was on the ground with something he had in his hand, and then kick him twice; then I saw McCook kicking him too.' Some of the perpetrators of this horrible outrage are still at large. Smith has not yet been arrested. The police declared on the trial that they knew there was no use searching for him as he was an Orangeman. Doubtless, the same potent reasons protect McCook and McGougan, who have also failed to answer to their summonses.—*Dublin Nation.*

**GREAT SCENE AT THE BELFAST TOWN COUNCIL.**—An exciting scene occurred at the late committee meeting of the Town Council. Mr. John Rae got into a violent personal altercation with another member, the result of which was a regular challenge to fight—coat sleeves rolled up, and fists in regular pugilistic attitude—each challenging the other to come on! However, there were no blows, as the other members interfered; and Mr. Rae soon afterwards left landing some silver to the Chairman for going away without liberty. What next?

We understand that five or six of the Town Councilors of Belfast have given in their resignations. This course has, no doubt, been taken in consequence of the late unseemly proceedings in that body.

**SERIOUS AFFAIR IN WEXFORD.**—Two men stabbed. On Sunday evening a case of stabbing occurred in Wexford, by which one, if not two lives have been placed in danger. It appears that about five o'clock on the night in question, a man named Richard Stafford, and two brothers named Moses and Lawrence Neil, aged respectively 20 and 18 years, were drinking together in a public house in the Faythe, kept by Mrs. Ennis. Stafford became quarrelsome, and on their way home an altercation took place, in the course of which Stafford stabbed the two Neils. One of them, Moses Neil, was wounded seriously in the left side, near the heart, and but little hopes are entertained of his recovery. Stafford has been arrested.—*Cor. of the Daily Express.*

A deputation waited upon Sir Robert Peel on Thursday week, to urge upon him the necessity of Government introducing, during the coming Session of Parliament, a measure for the registration of births, deaths, and sickness in Ireland. The deputation was received with great courtesy, and informed that the subject was one which would engage the attention of the Government at an early period. A meeting to promote the same object was held at the Prince of Wales on the evening of the same day.—*Times.*

**GREAT BRITAIN.**

**LOUIS NAPOLEON AND MEXICO.**—A very important document has recently come to light, which cannot fail to excite quite as much interest on the Western shores of the Atlantic as it has done in Europe—the letter of instructions which the Emperor of the French addressed to General Forey, when the latter was about to start with the expedition to Mexico. This document is the fullest and clearest exposition imaginable of French policy in that great and hazardous undertaking. It is evident from the spirit which the letter breathes that the retention of Mexico, in some form or other, as a dependent of France, is the fixed and unalterable determination of the Emperor, and a footing in North America appears resolved on, to compensate, in some measure, for the loss to that country to Louisiana and Canada in the last century. The time is remarkably opportune for putting forth this ambitious project, as both the opposing sections in the late Union would, had they been united, have opposed 'tooth and nail' such a design on the independence of Mexico as the one now foreshadowed. No doubt can exist that the formation of a transatlantic province of France between North and South America has taken possession of Louis Napoleon's mind, and as the only parties likely to interfere with him are now engaged in deadly strife, he has time afforded him to develop his plans and expound his policy before the belligerents have settled their own differences.—*European Times.*

**OLDER THAN METHUSELAH.**—There is a pauper woman in the parish of Edickillie who is so old that she herself cannot tell her age, and there is no other one who can do so. Last week a Christian gentleman called on her, and among other questions inquired her age. She replied, "Indeed, Sir, I dinna kee; but I'm sure am a thousand at one rate." She is still able to move about, and bids fair to add yet another year or two to the number.—*Inverness Courier.*

For the fifth time the official return by the Poor Law Board of the number of paupers in the cotton district shows a decrease. The diminution during the second week of this month was 8,620, or from a total of 259,850 to 251,230. The net decrease in the pauperism of the whole district during the last five weeks has been 26,880.—*Guardian.*

Visit, with Lord Ashley's commission, the coal fields of Cumberland. Descend in the shaft—walk the coal corridors of Lord Londale's mines for instance. Ask that discolored anatomy of man, who is God, and he will tell you he knows no such hand at work in that pit. Ask him who redeemed him.—He will ask you what redemption is? Such dialogues have taken place in our own days in Christian England; have been reported to parliament; have been ordered to be printed; and have been unanimously "laid upon the table."

For an example of speculation, robbery, and swindling, of every variety of fraud on the Government, and an universal 'carnival of corruption,' we must go to America and its civil war for experience. It repeats and magnifies all the old kinds of European robbery, and has added others adapted to a fresher field. The genius that invented wooden nutmegs, and palmed off barrelled boot-pegs for oats, is found fully equal to its opportunity. The 'smart men' of America have evidently, as Victor Hugo says, 'boarded the wreck,' and are plundering it with sharp relish, amazing skill, and all but total impunity.—We hope the crew themselves did not beach the vessel with an eye to the contingency, for little foresight was required to avoid the sands that are swallowing it. As other wrecks have been known to do, it seems to have demoralised all the population within reach of the ruin.—*Times.*

The *Morning Post* affirms that the Admiralty have completely beaten the French Ministry of Marine in the construction of an iron-clad fleet. They have now ready, or in course of construction, the Warrior and Black Prince, of 6,000 tons, the Resistance and Defence, of 3,068 tons, the Achilles and two unnamed, of, say 4,500 tons, the Agamemnon, Menotaure, and Northumberland, to exceed in tonnage anything yet constructed, six wooden ships, plated, of 4,000 tons, the Royal Sovereign, 5-turreted ship, of 2,620 tons, a 2-shield ship, of 1,395 tons, and large gunboats, making twenty-four fighting ships of the first class. The French have six frigates, an iron gunboat, an iron battery, and a number of plated gunboats of smaller size. The comparison is not very perfect, as there is no evidence as to the time when all the British iron-sides will be afloat, but it seems evident we shall not be taken at disadvantage.

**MURDERS.**—This seems to be the season of murders and shocking crimes of the graver sort throughout England; a recent copy of the *London News*, within two columns and a half, has accounts of four murders, and one execution for murder, the latter refreshing spectacle being witnessed, as usual in that favored spot, by a crowd of some thousands of all ages and both sexes. On a previous day an old man of 70 was murdered. This, too, dear reader, in civilized Bible-reading England.

**More murders, more garotting, and more vice and crime of every kind.** Here a policeman meets his death in the discharge of his duty—there a monster tortures a child to death by placing it on a burning hot iron stool, another is guilty of wholesale poisoning, whilst every commandment is impudently violated by sins and outrages which cannot be named. Amidst all this Mrs. Beecher Stowe the ladies of England, and Dr. Whately, who appears to be everything by turns, are discussing the question of the abolition of slavery in the Southern States with the same maudlin humanitarianism and super-sensitiveness they can muster. Would it not be far better if these personages were to set their wits to work in endeavouring to free their own country from the growing influence which the great slaveholder, Satan, is acquiring over the masses in England, who appear to have give themselves up body and soul in irremediable bondage to him?—*Dublin Telegraph.*

**BARBAROUS CRUELTY TOWARDS A CHILD.**—Mr. C. E. Driffield, one of the county coroners of this district, has been engaged during the whole of the day in an inquiry concerning the death of an infant child named Evelyn Wells, aged two years and two months and whom, it is supposed, has lost its life by revoltingly barbarous treatment. The deceased was the daughter of a silversmith in Liverpool, and during its mother's confinement had been sent to the house of Messrs. Bagot and Wells, drapers, at Woolton, near Liverpool, Mr. Wells being its uncle. It was principally under the care of a girl named Alice Ashton, of 14 years of age. On the evening of the 8th inst., the only parties in the house besides the deceased being the girl Ashton, and Mr. Bagot, the deceased complained of thirst, and Ashton went into the pantry to fetch some water, but had not been absent from the room more than a minute when she heard a frightful scream from the child, and on her return was horrified to see it seated on the top of an iron stool, which, having been standing close to a large fire all the day, was intensely hot, and which had been removed to the side of the fireplace only a few minutes previously. The flesh of the lower part of the child's body and its legs were resting on the almost red-hot iron, none of its clothing having doubled beneath it, and when the girl Ashton seized it to take it off, large portions of the skin and flesh were adhering to the stool. The child subsequently died of convulsions, and on Wednesday an inquest was opened, and was adjourned to this morning, Mr. Bagot being taken into custody on suspicion of having wilfully placed the child on the stool, it was ascertained to be impossible for the deceased to have voluntarily seated itself on it. At the adjourned inquest this morning, Mr. Bagot surrendered to his bail, and Mr. Wobish, solicitor of Liverpool, appeared on his behalf. The girl Ashton was first witness examined, and deposed to the circumstances in connection with the occurrence related above.—At about eight o'clock Mr. Bagot came into the kitchen with the brush in his hand, and after putting a quantity of coal on the fire, he removed the iron stool from the front of the fire to the side near to the oven. At that time the girl was nursing the deceased. Mr. Bagot then sent the shopboy for some ale. She added that Mr. Bagot was seldom or never sober in the evening except on Sunday, and that on the night in question he was more drunk than usual. A short time before the occurrence he had been walking the kitchen, talking to himself, and speaking about "little devils." The shopboy and Mrs. Millichaip, the housekeeper, were next examined, the latter stating in her evidence that Mr. Bagot was intoxicated not less than four or five nights in the week. The jury returned an open verdict to the effect that the deceased died from burning, and that it had been placed on the iron stool by some one, but by whom there was no evidence to show.

**A PRACTICAL JOKE.**—As a boy I remember reading a capital story of a wager laid by a Bow street runner with a country gentleman, that the latter could not proceed from Oxford Circus to the Bank, via Holborn, on foot with a guinea without being robbed of it. The wager was accepted, and the country gentleman "declared" to carry the guinea in his mouth, as the safest place. All went well till the country gentleman reached Holborn bars, where a crowd was collected round a Jew pedlar-boy, whose box had been upset by some boor. The crowd sympathizingly helped the lad to pick up his traps; but he would not be comforted, because he had lost all his savings, consisting of a guinea. Says a boy, with a preternatural equanimity, while pointing to the country gentleman, "I seed that gent pick it up and put it in his mouth." The unhappy country gentleman was convicted on the clearest evidence; he was bonneted, had his coat split up the back, and was obliged, in addition, to pay the wager to the Bow street runner.—*Temple Bar.*

No one in England believes that the Western Americans, who will not suffer a black man in their States, are actuated by any benevolent feelings towards his race. No one in England thinks that the citizens of the Atlantic cities, who are warring in order to recover the profits of slave labor, are honestly desirous to extinguish slavery. No one in England imagines that the President, who has over and over again declared that his object is to restore the

Union, with slavery if he can, without slavery if he can, desires emancipation for itself. No one in England is duped enough to credit that Mr. Seward, who has told his friends that if it would help to restore the Union he would force Massachusetts to become a slave State, has any horror of slavery. No one doubts in England, any more than any one doubts in New York, that if the South would to-morrow send a flag of truce to Washington, and offer to come back upon terms of the re-establishment of slavery in all its plenitude, and under the condition that the agitation of anti-slavery doctrines should be a penal offence all over the Union, the proposition would be received with universal rejoicings. The great mind of England is deeply impressed with the conviction of the truth of all this; and therefore it is that, hating slavery, but being all unmoved by the stage tricks of Mr. Lincoln and his friends in this matter, we look upon the American contest as a pure political quarrel. A few struggling obscurities, usurping a great name, have, either in real credibility or from a craving for notoriety, undertaken to recognize Mr. Lincoln as a benevolent man who has adopted as his mission the emancipation of the blacks.—These persons, calling themselves "the Executive Committee of the Emancipation Society," went on Friday last to Mr. Adams, the American Minister, and presented him with a fulsome address, wherein they express equal gratitude to Mr. Lincoln both for liberating those slaves who are in the States beyond his control, and for keeping those in slavery who are in the States within his control; and they "invoke for those acts of freedom, justice, and mercy the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God." Mr. Adams had probably come fresh from reading the new volume of Congressional papers, wherein is printed a serious diplomatic correspondence upon the propriety of selling black men taken as plunder to the Brazils, and thus providing for some of the expenses of the war. He must have laughed heartily within himself to see the few woodcocks who had been caught in his springs brought before him. He listened with proper patience to the twaddling talk of the gentlemen who had come to lay their silliness at his feet, and he responded in a speech composed of the safest generalities. But what Mr. Adams said is nothing to our present purpose. We only desire to point out to foreigners a fact which is perfectly understood here by every one who reads the report. The character of this exhibition is the strongest possible negative proof of the opinion of the English public in this business. If this nation had really believed that Mr. Lincoln was laboring for "freedom, justice, and mercy," and not for conquest, oppression, and massacre, and the chirality of the old slave-trade agitation would have led this movement. In person, or in their descendants, the Broghams, the Wilberforces, the Komilys, the Clarksons, the Baxtons, and the bearers of a hundred other names committed to that great cause, would have been in Mr. Adams's drawing-room. The absence of these names shows what a sheer imposture the thing was. With busy Yankee agents in London, well provided with the means for "organization," nothing better could be managed than the collection of half-a-dozen nobodies, no one of whom is sufficiently known, or sufficiently and favorably known, to the English public to influence the opinion of any sane Englishman on any matter of political moment. Mr. Bright has been honest enough to confess that he speaks for himself alone, and has no party at his back. These gentlemen have not been so honest, and therefore it behoveth us to do this office for them.—*London Times.*

**THE CASE OF THE REV. MR. McLAUGHLIN.**—At the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh, on Saturday, the court gave judgment in the case of the Rev. P. McLaughlin, the Catholic priest. The Lord Justice General (McNeil) delivered the unanimous opinion of the seven judges, which was to the effect, that Mr. McLaughlin, however unintentionally, had been guilty of contempt of court. Whatever privileges of confidentiality the law might allow in certain circumstances between a penitent criminal and his spiritual adviser, the privilege could not extend to a case like the present, where the question related not to any communication between the penitent and the clergyman, but to an act of the priest himself. With regard to the limitation of the oath, that procedure was altogether a mistake on the part of the Justice, as it did not in any respect take away the obligation of the witness to tell the whole truth, inasmuch as that obligation rested on the common law and not on the form of the oath. Their lordships, however, in consideration of the priest having been led into some confusion as to his obligation by the concession of the Justice, and in consideration of his exertions to repair the offence the culprit had committed, resolved to mitigate the sentence to the term of imprisonment already suffered, and to suspend the further execution accordingly.

**AN EPISODE IN THE HUNTING FIELD.**—What the English press calls "an episode of the hunting field," recently occurred to the Duke of Rutland; his Grace, with the "gentlemen of the hunt," were following a fox across the country. The course of the fox took him over the land of a small proprietor, where the dogs lost the scent of the animal, and while beating around after it the report of a gun was heard; this was caused by the small proprietor aforesaid, who shot the fox on his land, and then threw the carcass into a shed, the door of which he stood near, having his gun in his hand when the hunting party came up, raging for the slain. One of the gentlemen "remonstrated" with the man who had committed what the local paper, with an amusing indignation, calls a "wanton act," and told him that if any damage were done to his land by the presence of the hunt he would be recompensed, concluding by a demand for the fox. This demand was refused, and the small proprietor placed himself with his back against the door of the shed, forbidding any one to open. Thereupon the "Duke of Rutland," and the other "gentlemen of the hunt," appeared, and his Grace calmly demanded the defunct animal, he was refused; when he had sufficiently recovered from his surprise, he seized the rash common man by the collar, dragged him from his position, and took away the body of the fox. It was reported that the small proprietor intended to proceed against the Duke for assault.

We (*Morning Herald*) have reason to believe that the Duke of Saxo-Coburg has accepted the Crown of Greece.

**UNITED STATES.**

**IRON-CLAD LAND BATTERIES.**—Currency was given a short time since to a story that Fort Sumpter had been iron-plated by the Confederates, but it was not believed, military authorities asserting that it was not practicable to mail a stone fort. It is now, however, established beyond all peradventure that Fort McAlister, on the Ogeechee river, is faced with railroad iron, and to this circumstance is the failure of the iron-clad Montauk to capture it to be attributed. It seems that owing to obstructions in the river the Montauk could get no nearer than sixteen hundred yards, and at that distance its immense 15-inch shells and shot had very little effect upon the iron mail of the fort. This fact is important in view of the coming attack upon Charleston. The first iron-clad land and the first iron-clad floating battery used in war on this continent were engaged in the attack on Fort Sumpter. Having served them so well on that occasion, it is to be expected they will be relied upon by the rebel military authorities at Charleston to defend that port. Hence the coming fight will not be iron-clads against stone forts and sand batteries, but iron against iron throughout. It will thus be seen that this contest promises to be of more interest than even the Monitor and Merrimac fight. However, the people of Charleston are not quite certain that they will be able to resist the iron-clads. The Richmond journals admit that the inhabitants are fleeing from the city, and it is hinted that it will be burned rather than be allowed to fall into the clutches of the hated Yankees.—*World.*

**THE BATTLE FIELD.**—A glance at the long slope between the town of Fredericksburg and the foot of Marye's Heights gave the best idea of the magnitude of the toll which had been exacted for their passage of the Rappahannock. A ride along the whole length of the lines told also a sad tale of slaughter; but when the eye had once rested upon the fatal slope above mentioned the memory became fixed upon the spot; nor for 50 years to come will that scene ever fade from the memory of those who saw it. There, in every attitude of death, lying so close to each other that you might step from body to body, lay acres of the Federal dead. It seemed that most of the faces which lay nearest to Colonel Walton's artillery were of the well-known Milesian type. In one small garden, not more than half an acre in size, there were counted 151 corpses. I doubt whether in any battle-field of modern times the dead have ever lain so thick and close. By universal consent of those who have seen all the great battles of this war, nothing like it has ever been seen before. It is said that the morning after a victory always breaks upon naked corpses. It was not so in this case, but the sole reason was that the pickets of both armies swept the slope with their fire, and that any living thing which showed upon it was the target for a hundred bullets. But three or four mornings after the battle it was seen that the furtive hand which invariably glides into the pocket of victory had been busily at work, and naked corpses and others from which everything but their under clothing had been riled were visible in abundance. So tremendous was the fire, chiefly emanating from Cobb's Brigade, posted in the line at the foot of Marye's Heights, that even chickens in the gardens in front fell pierced by it. It was remarked by a Confederate General intimately acquainted with the Federal General Sumner, who commanded the Federal right, 'Was there ever any other General but Sumner who would have got his men into a place in which not even chickens could live?' But the fire across the slope was fatal not only to men and chickens, but also to every other living thing. Horses by dozens were strewn along the hillside; and occasionally a dead cow or a dead hog lay close to the silent and too often fearfully torn and mutilated human bodies which everywhere met the view. Such a sight has rarely been seen by man. It is doubtful whether any living pen could do justice to its horrors; but it is certain that it would be easy to write more than any ordinary reader would care to read. It is known that during the nights of the 13th and 14th very many bodies were carried off and buried by the Federals; but when the party of Federals detailed to bury their comrades had completed their task it was found that under Marye's heights they had buried 1,493 corpses, and 800 more on the Federal left. Computing that 3,000 Federals fell dead on the field, and adding six or seven times that number of wounded, you may gain an approximate estimate of the Federal loss on the 13th of December. To this must also be added upwards of a thousand prisoners taken by the Confederates, and all the stragglers and deserters who strayed away from the Federal army. It is inconceivable that the 13th of December will be given as deep in the annals of the great Republic as is the anniversary of Jean upon the hearts of the Prussian people.—*Times' Special Correspondent.*

The New Orleans correspondent of the *New York Times* gives the following account of the practical working of the emancipation proclamation in that locality:—I am sorry to say that the President's first of January Proclamation does not work very smoothly; whether through any inherent clumsiness in the machine, or carelessness and apathy in the engineers who are driving it, or both causes combined, I really don't know. But one thing is certain is that Freedom and Slavery have, somehow or other, got so jumbled up and confused here that it is hard to discern which is loss. What with freedom being proclaimed in some parts of the State, while other parts are exempted—the injuries inflicted by confounding those who are slaves with those who are not the alternative raising and crushing the hopes of slaveowners, by inducing them to expect a return of their power, at the same time that every step apparently only takes them further from their object all go to keep the place in a perfect state of nervous excitement. In the meantime—as always happens in such cases—the intermediate weakest party, about whom all this wrangling is going on, come in for bullets on all sides. The poor colored man, whether free or slave, finds himself a shuttlecock between two battlements—or like an unfortunate fish for which two great pelicans are contending. As night naturally be expected, this attempt to be carrying out two antagonistic programmes at the same time has already given rise to no end of abuses and disorders. A few evenings ago, the whole city was thrown into great commotion by the simultaneous arrest of all colored people in the streets, of every age, sex and condition of life, huddling them all into goal. All this was done without any previous notice or advertisement—at least such as very few, if any, ever heard of—and the result may be easily imagined. The scene at the goal, where respectably dressed females and children—some as fair as the fairest Circassians—were thus ignominiously and promiscuously with the lowest of both sexes—all weeping, imploring, and almost scared to death, was something that will not easily be forgotten by those who saw it. While matters are in this state in town, the question is no less agitated in the rural districts. In that of Lakeville, where Lieut.-Col. Lull is the Provost Judge, it is stated as matter of public notoriety, that slaveholders are actually permitted to come within our lines and seize upon the contrabands whenever and wherever they can find them. Men, women and children have been seized, tied together, put into carts, and fairly driven beyond our lines, before their claimants; and, in one or two instances—so my informant declares—actually by the aid of our own cavalry men. These scenes are related as occurring at or very near Tibodaux, the headquarters of General Weitzel.

Had a stranger yesterday landed in New York he might have been excused for supposing that the city was thrilling with the news of a great victory won. Any other supposition, indeed, would have been an insult to our people which we should never have tolerated from a stranger. He would have seen Broadway choked with a jubilant crowd of well-dressed women thronging around the doors of one of our most conspicuous churches, and pressing in eager enthusiasm upon lines of half-exhausted policemen. He would have been turned out of his course to keep the highway clear for an expected procession of carriages. Had his curiosity carried him through all impediments to the doors of the beleaguered edifice, he would have been greeted with the spectacle of decorated aisles, and an altar ringed around with all the paraphernalia of some rare holiday. What could he have imagined but that these festive signs, this veil of beauty and of excitement thrown about a house of worship, and bewildering the ordinary commerce of the streets, betokened the celebration of a nation's triumph? The fall of Charleston, the capture of Richmond, the submission of the confederates, one or another of these great events he must have thought none could warrant all this radiant exultation in the metropolis of a people waging the most tremendous civil strife in the history of man. What would have been the emotions of such a stranger had he been informed that all this jubilee had been evoked by the fact that two unfortunate pigmies, two people to whom Nature had denied the fair proportions of their kind, were about to be married! The dead upon a hundred battle-fields, the wounded in a hundred thousand homes, the sad catalogue of widows and of orphans lengthening with the lengthening shadows of every setting sun, the nation's extremity and bitter agony, all forgotten. The war of the giants maddening to its crisis in all the land beside; and in the land's chief city a wedding of dwarf's kindling such a pageant as might become the passage of a conqueror!—*N. Y. World.*