

BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA.

The following description of the battle of Chattanooga, is given by Quartermaster General Meigs. It is an exceedingly graphic account of the recent glorious achievement of Grant and his able and gallant lieutenants, HOOKER, THOMAS and SHERMAN.

HEADQUARTERS, CHATTANOOGA, November 26, 1863.

Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War: Sir: On the 23d instant 4:36 a. m., General Grant ordered a demonstration against Mission Ridge, to develop the force holding it. The troops marched out, formed in order, and advanced in line of battle as if on parade.

The rebels watched the formation and movement from their picket lines and rifle pits and from the summits of Mission Ridge, five hundred feet above us, and thought it was a review and drill, so openly and deliberately, so regularly was it all done.

The line advanced, preceded by skirmishers, and at 2 o'clock p. m. reached our picket lines, and opened a rattling volley upon the rebel pickets, who replied and ran into their advanced line of rifle pits. After them went our skirmishers, and into them, along the centre of the line of 25,000 troops which General Thomas had so quickly displayed, until we opened fire.

Prisoners assert that they thought the whole movement was a review and general drill, and that it was too late to send to their camps for reinforcements, and that they were overwhelmed by force of numbers.—It was a surprise in open daylight.

At 3 p. m. the important advance position of Orchard Knob, and the line right and left were in our possession, and arrangements were ordered for holding them during the night. The next day at daylight, General Thomas had five thousand men across the Tennessee, and established on its south bank, and commenced the construction of a pontoon bridge about six miles above Chattanooga.

The rebel steamer Dunbar was repaired at the right moment and rendered effective aid in this crossing, carrying over six thousand men.

By nightfall Gen. Thomas had seized the extremity of Mission Ridge nearest the river, and was intrenching himself.

Gen. Howard, with a brigade, opened communication with him from Chattanooga, on the south side of the river. Skirmishing and cannonading continued all day on the left and centre. Gen. Hooker sealed the slopes of Lookout Mountain and from the valley of Lookout Creek, and drove the rebels around the point. He captured some two thousand prisoners and established himself high up the mountain side, in full view of Chattanooga.

This raised the blockade, and now steamers were ordered from Bridgeport to Chattanooga. They had only run to Kelley's Ferry, whence ten miles of hauling over mountain roads and twice across the Tennessee on to pontoon bridges, brought us our supplies.

All night the point of Mission Ridge on the extreme left, and the side of Lookout Mountain on the extreme right, blazed with the camp fires of loyal troops.

The day had been one dense of mist and rain, and much of Gen. Hooker's battle had been fought above the clouds, which concealed him from our view, but from which his musketry was heard.

At nightfall the sky cleared and the full moon, "the traitor's doom," shone upon the beautiful scene, until 1 a. m. when twinkling sparks upon the mountain side showed that picket skirmishing was going on. Then it ceased. A brigade sent from Chattanooga crossed the Chattanooga Creek and opened communication with Hooker.

Gen. Grant's headquarters during the afternoon of the 23d and the day of the 24th, were in Wood's redoubt, except when in the course of the day, he rode along the advanced line, visiting the headquarters of the several commanders to Chattanooga Valley.

At daylight on the 25th the Stars and Stripes were hoisted on the Peak of Lookout. The rebels had evacuated the mountain.

Hooker moved to descend the mountain, and striking Mission Ridge at the Rossville Gap to sweep on both sides and on its summit.

The rebel troops were seen, as soon as it was light enough, streaming regiments and brigades along the narrow summit of Mission Ridge, either concentrating on the right to overwhelm Sherman, or marching for the railroad and raising the siege.

They had evacuated the valley of Chattanooga. Would they abandon that of Chickamauga?

The 20-pounders and 43-inch rifles of Wood's redoubt opened on Mission Ridge. Orchard Knob sent its compliments to the Ridge, which with rifled Parrotts answered, and the cannonade thus commenced, continued all day. Shot and shell screamed from Orchard Knob, and from Wood's redoubt over the heads of Generals Grant and Thomas and their staffs, who were with us in this favorable position, from whence the whole battle could be seen as in an amphitheatre. The headquarters were under fire all day long.

Cannonading and musketry were heard from General Sherman, and Gen. Howard marched the Eleventh Corps to join him.

General Thomas sent out skirmishers, who drove in the rebel pickets, and chased them into their entrenchments, and at the foot of Mission Ridge Sherman made an assault against Bragg's right, entrenched on Orchard Knob next to that on which the rebel line was fortified. The assault was gallantly repulsed.

Sherman reached the crest and held his ground for, it seemed, an hour, but was bloodily repulsed by a strong line of skirmishers, followed by a deployed line of battle some two miles in length. At the signal of leaden shots from the headquarters on Orchard Knob, the line moved rapidly and orderly forward. The rebel pickets discharged their muskets and ran into their rifle pits. Our skirmishers followed on their heels.

The line of battle was not far behind, and we saw the gray rebels swarm out of the ledge line of rifle pits, in numbers which surprised us, and over the base of the hill. A few turned and fired their pieces, but the greater number collected upon the many roads which cross obliquely its steep face, and went on to their top.

Some regiments pressed on and swarmed up the steep sides of the ridge, and here and there a color was advanced beyond the lines. The attempt appeared most dangerous, but the advance was supported, and the whole was ordered to storm the heights, upon which not less than forty pieces of artillery, and no one knew how many muskets stood ready to slaughter the assailants. With cheers answering to cheers, the men swarmed upwards. They gathered to the points least difficult of ascent, and the line was broken. Color after color was planted on the summit, while musket and cannon vomited their thunder upon them.

A well directed shot from Orchard Knob exploded a rebel caisson on the summit, and the gun was seen galloping to their right, its driver lashing his horses. A party of our soldiers intercepted them, and the gun was captured with cheers.

A fierce musketry fight broke out to the left, where between Thomas and Sherman, a mile or two of the ridge was still occupied by the rebels.

Bragg led the house in which he had held his headquarters, and rode to the rear as our troops crowded the hill on either side of him. General Grant proceeded to the summit, and there did we only know its height.

Some of the captured artillery was put in position. Artillerists were sent for to work the guns. Caissons were searched for ammunition. The rebel log breastworks were torn to pieces and carried to the other side of the ridge and used in forming barricades across.

A strong line of infantry was formed in the rear of Baird's line, hotly engaged in a musketry contest with the rebels to the left, and a secure lodgement was soon effected.

The other assault to the right of our centre gained the summit, and the rebels threw down their arms and fled.

Hooker coming in favorable position swept the right of the ridge and captured many prisoners.

Bragg's remaining troops left early in the night, and the battle of Chattanooga, after days of maneuvering and fighting was won. The strength of the rebellion in the centre is broken. Burnside is relieved from danger in East Tennessee. Kentucky and Tennessee are rescued. Georgia and the Southeast are threatened in the rear, and another victory is added to the chapter of "unconditional Surrender Grant."

To-night the estimates of captures is several thousands of prisoners and thirty pieces of artillery.

Our loss, for so great a victory, is not severe.

Bragg is firing the railroad as he retreats towards Dalton. Sherman is in hot pursuit.

Monday I viewed the battle-field, which extends for six miles along Mission Ridge and for several miles along Lookout Mountain.

Probably not so well ordered a battle has been delivered during the war. But one assault was repulsed; but that assault, by cutting to that point the rebel reserves, prevented them repulsing any of the others.

A few days since Bragg sent to General Grant a flag of truce advising him that it would be prudent to remove any non-combatants who might be left in Chattanooga.

No reply has been returned, but the combatants having removed from this vicinity, it is probable that non-combatants can remain without impediment.

M. C. MEIGS, Quartermaster-General.

MURDER WILL OUT.—E. C. Morris, a wealthy citizen of Madison, Ill., has been arrested, charged with murdering a man nearly nine years ago. The arrest was made on the affidavit of E. C. Clark.—The Illinois State Register gives the following particulars of the case:

In 1855, Clark and Morris were out hunting together, and Clark's testimony is that they came across a man in the woods, and that Morris drew up his gun and shot him. The two together then buried the murdered victim and took a solemn oath never to reveal the secret. The oath has been kept for nearly nine years. But "murder will out." Clark's conscience continued to cry out against him and disturb him with visions of ghost by night, and compunctions of dread and horror by day. He could stand it no longer, and hence the oath bound secret, so long locked up in his troubled breast, was published to the world.

Morris, now the murder has been exposed, accuses Clark of having committed the foul deed, but admits that he helped to bury the victim, and that they had sworn together never to reveal the secret. It is said that Morris and Clark recently quarreled about some business matters, and thus Clark made the expose on that account.

After the preliminary examination before the justice of the peace, Clark and Morris both pointed out the place where they had buried the murdered man. His bones were found and exhumed. The name of the unfortunate victim has not yet been learned.

We have also heard that the murdered man was a kind of railroad contractor, and that he had possession at the time of his death some \$7,000, which was divided between the two, but as to its correctness we cannot say.

THE GREAT PRIZE FIGHT.—The English prize ring is intensely excited by a match that is to come off between HENRY BENEFIC BOY, as he is called in our prize ring vocabulary—and an English champion named KING. The stakes are \$5,000 on each side—the fight to come off during the coming Holiday season. An announcement has just been made through Bell's Life, in London, under the signatures of the leaders of the prize ring, that a fair will be enforced in this and all future fights. The betting on the coming mill is largely in favor of the American champion, his backers are offering their thousands at the rate of \$60 to \$70.

Outsiders can scarcely comprehend the intense anxiety these brutal encounters excite in the attendants upon these fights. Hundreds of thousands of dollars will be staked upon this fight in England, and no small amount in this country.

"I am not anxious," said good Mr. Adams, of Falkirk, in the middle of the last century—and he was then near his journey's end—"I am not anxious either to live or die; if I die I shall be with God, and if I live he will be with me."

The American Citizen.



THOMAS ROBINSON, CYRUS E. ANDERSON, Editors.

BUTLER PA.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 9, 1863.

For Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable.—D. Webster.

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1864:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SALUTATORY.

The undersigned, would respectfully inform the public, that while east, a few weeks ago, he purchased a new printing press, with type, and all other fixtures necessary for the publication of a news paper, upon which he intended to publish a weekly paper. That he has since entered into copartnership with Maj. C. E. ANDERSON, which partnership will not, in any way interfere with the character of the paper, which shall go on as was originally intended, under the name of the "AMERICAN CITIZEN."

This paper is intended to be emphatically a news paper, for the Editors intend to spare no pains, to publish at the earliest date, all the current news of the neighborhood; as also, a summary of war news, including the various changes that may seem to require notice, between our Government and European powers.

The politics of the CITIZEN, will be Republican, and will, therefore, on all proper occasions advocate the principles of the party now in power, and vindicate the policy adopted by it for the administration of the Government.

But while, in this sense it will be a party paper, the AMERICAN CITIZEN, will, during the continuance of the present rebellion, direct its best efforts to procure unity of action on the part of the people, in sustaining the Administration in its prosecution of the war; to the end that a speedy, lasting and honorable peace may crown its efforts, that we may, under the blessing of Him who controls all things for good, once more find ourselves united in the bonds of brotherly love, with the "old flag" floating over every foot of territory that ever acknowledged its sway; beloved and venerated at home, and respected and feared the world over.

The columns of the CITIZEN, shall be open to those who, in a christian spirit, wish to advance the great truths of Religion; but denominational disputes will be discouraged, believing that they are productive of no good.

The interest of the Common School System shall not be neglected, believing as we do, that upon it depends the success of free government.

Nor shall the interest of our own brave soldiers be neglected, their civil rights will be protected, and his political rights secured by proper constitutional amendments. And above all, "loved ones at home" must be cared for. The fathers, mothers, wives and children of those who have "bared their manly bosoms to whatever there may be of heroism in war and death," must be taken care of. To this end, the CITIZEN will embrace every opportunity of urging and directing the patriotism and benevolence of the people, on to practical results. Thus alleviating the hardships of war, quieting discontent at home, and gratifying the soldier in the field, that he may the more effectually perform the patriotic labor before him, and the sooner return to the quiet walks of life—his country saved—her flag honored, and himself covered with imperishable glory.

THO. ROBINSON.

To Our Readers.

The undersigned, having entered into partnership with Thomas Robinson, Esq., for the purposes briefly set forth in the above salutatory, will labor faithfully to make the Local Department of the Citizen—which is under his more immediate control and supervision—as interesting as possible. The Political Department will be under the entire control of Mr. Robinson; who, we feel satisfied, will labor incessantly in the discharge of his duty in the management of that department. While we have thus divided the work between us, for convenience, our united effort will be put forth to make the Citizen what we have intended it should be—emphatically a News-Paper. We will endeavor to keep our readers informed on all matters of local interest, and will always be guided by the spirit of our motto: "Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it." But if we should, at any time, appear to fall short of the expectations of our readers, they will make all due allowance, and place the blame on our credit; and, in this connection, we may as well say that we fully endorse the course laid down for the Citizen, as foreshadowed above.

Our columns will always be open for matters of local importance from all sections of our county, and we request all persons interested, to furnish us with whatever of local interest that may occur in their different localities.

In appearing before the public we are

not so egotistic as to believe that we know anything about the new enterprise in which we are engaged, but we are determined to spare no pains nor labor in order to discharge the duties and obligations which our new position may demand at our hands. We have, therefore, flung our banner to the breeze, and will endeavor to breast whatever storms may approach.

C. E. ANDERSON.

Political.

Congress met on Monday last—both house were organized, and have decided working majorities for the Administration. Some trouble was anticipated in the House, from the alleged defection of Mr. Ethridge, Clerk, who refused to place the names of certain members on the roll, on account of some informality in their credentials, but the administration men were so strong that little trouble was experienced. Mr. Colfax, was elected Speaker, on the first ballot, having received 101 votes over Cox, Democrat, who had 42 votes, the rest scattering.

The Presidency.

Believing that the questions involved in the campaign of 1864, will be of a momentous character, we do not expect to be idle spectators, but on the contrary, intend to be active in behalf of what we believe to be the best interests of the whole country. As a campaign of such importance approaches so near, people naturally begin to look around for a standard bearer to represent their peculiar views. Fremont, Butler, Banks and others, have their admirers. But while each of the gentlemen mentioned, have their admirers, there is one whom all admire, and that is Abraham Lincoln; we, therefore, place his name at the head of our column, hoping that he may be proclaimed the choice of the loyal States, without the assistance of, even a National Convention, and should this be done, we believe there would be little opposition to him at the election.

The Impending Draft.

We notice that there is a general effort on the part of our neighboring counties to raise their quota, under the impending draft, by volunteering. Judge Agnew was to address the citizens of Beaver, on Monday, upon the subject. Lawrence county, also, had a county meeting for the same purpose, we believe, on the same day.

What will Butler county do? Cannot she, also, make an effort for the same purpose?

We have heard of some persons from our county going over to Pittsburgh and enlisting. This should not be done, as our county will get no credit for them. They should either enlist with Capt. Pillow, recruiting officer for this county, or some other proper officer in this district.

What our Soldiers Expect.

When, by the influence of bold, bad men, the Southern States were thrown into a state of insurrection, the nation was alarmed; weak-kneed patriots gave way in despair, while the truly patriotic were moved with solitude and burdened with anxiety for the preservation of the Union and maintenance of the laws.—Even the President and his advisers scarcely knew who to trust, so rampant was treason in the various departments of the government. It was under these circumstances that the government called for volunteers; under these circumstances that our patriotic fellow-citizens, by the hundred thousand, separated themselves from home and friends to follow the fate of the "Old Flag" on many a battle-field—to do or die in the cause of their country. It is to be hoped that the circumstances surrounding their enlistment have not passed from the memory of those who bade them "God speed." Did we not pledge them that those whom they left at home should not suffer for the lack of the comforts of life? If so, had they not a right to expect that we would keep our pledge? Certainly they had; nor do we believe any feel desirous to shrink the duty thus created.

Presuming, then, that all are willing to perform their part, the only question remaining, is how most effectually to accomplish it; and, in reference to that, we have only to say that organization is necessary. Individual attention is very good as far as it goes; but individuals will be over taxed unless there is united action. It is not to wait until some poorly clad, distressed-looking mother comes to your door, some cold winter morning, to make known the fact that her poor children are perishing for clothes or food. It is the duty of all to call on her and see that this state of things do not exist. We have no particular plan to suggest in preference to all others; but, in the absence of any other, we would suggest that the citizens of each borough and township organize, at once, into Relief Associations. There might be branches in each school district in the county; this would bring it home to all, and give each an opportunity of assisting in this patriotic labor.—We care nothing for the adoption of this or that mode of procedure; but we do feel solicitous that some steps be taken at once, to provide for the coming winter.—Cannot the ladies take the lead in this matter? In the cities they are always the foremost in acts of benevolence. Why can they not take the initiative here, also?

With a full faith in your benevolence in your patriotic devotion to your country and its brave defenders, we appeal to you.

Let not our appeal be heard in vain; but at once adopt such mode of organization as will best succeed those, dependent upon our brave soldiers, from all the privations of the coming winter. For this patriotic labor you will have, not only an approving conscience, but the heartfelt thanks of those interested; as, also, the blessing of Him who loveth the cheerful giver.

The Oval Table.

Mephistophiles had been twice reminded that the bowl of hot-beer was empty—the Autocrat had drained the last drop, and the crystal was becoming cold. The Historian was nervously fearful of a chill; but that imperturbable functionary deviated from his usual routine not a whit; not he, indeed—the servant of the ancient zingars. His motions were laws, as immutable as those of the Medes and Persians.

Fair Cynthia smiled as the fragrant vapors wreathed her silvery brow. The vagrant star shone with a grim lustre. She was in a grave mood on this anniversary. The silence was oppressive. There was a dreamy sense of being wound up, as the clock sung its monotonous song—"tick, tick"—with a dull accompaniment of "hum, hum" from the depths of its machinery. The winding process was in the head—the brains of the vagrants—the hot-beer was the motive power—its incense the key.

The Major threw his huge corporeity upon a balance upon two legs of his chair. The mahogany groaned, and parted. Mother earth received the Major in her bosom. He blushed, as he would in similar circumstances with any female, re-estimated himself and remarked:

"History only repeats itself."

Of course, the Vagrants burst into a roar of obnoxious laughter, which gradually subsided as Mephistophiles placed the bowl of the hot-beer on the oval table.

"I say," remarked the Major, as he sipped the inspiring beverage, "History only repeats itself."

"A trite saying," said the Autocrat.

"And a true saying," observed the Historian.

"In abstractness," muttered the Counsellor.

The Major proceeded to elucidate: "Caius Marius, who was seven times consul of Rome, was a great general, but a bad citizen. Eventually he became a traitor, and led an insurgent army against Rome—posted his forces on the hill Janiculum, and besieged the city, which was defended by Octavius (who was then consul), with but a small garrison; the regular army, under Sylla, being abroad, engaged in the Mithridatic war.

I quote from Plutarch: "Meanwhile, the cause did not suffer so much from the incapacity of Octavius, as by his anxious and unseasonable attention to the laws. For when many of his friends advised him to enfranchise the slaves, he said, 'He would not grant such persons the freedom of that city, in defence of whose constitution he shut out Marius.'"

There was a constitution stickler for you, and what was the result? The constitution saved neither the city nor itself. Thousands of the stoutest men in Rome were denied the privilege of taking up arms in her defence—because they were slaves,—and Rome fell! I may as well remark, that the constitution fell too.—"History repeats itself." The cycle of time and circumstance is completed. We are now performing the tragedy of Caius Marius, whose part is fitly represented by Jeff. Davis. The constitution and the capitol are besieged, but Octavius is not consul. Abraham Lincoln!"

The Autocrat's hammer came down "click."

"Politics tabooed here," announced his supreme Vagrancy.

"It is not politics, sire Autocrat, it is history," cried the Major, with emphasis.

"It won't repeat," said the Historian.

"Thank God. [Several voices.] Mephistophiles re-appears with the hot-beer.

"A toast! Sire Autocrat!" cried the Vagrants.

A shade of sadness fell upon the brow of his Vagrancy. With much agitation, and in broken sentences, he said—

"We will drink, my children to the memory of the LOST ONES—of great sacrifice to Country and to Heaven—proud that in the monument of a nation's gratitude where their names are written, we have a Mecca to which our hearts, laden with love, make constant pilgrimage."

Drank in silence—each Vagrant indulging in precious, though sad and silent reminiscences—some in the luxury of tears.

"Do you remember, James," said the Historian to the Custodian, "Jack Wilkdy, one of the class of '57, I think?"

"What! the tall Georgian, who was so nearly expelled for his raid on the Seminary?"

"The same. That was a rash, but harmless trick. Jack was the son of honor; brave as a lion; tender as a woman."

"An anomaly," said the Cuss. "I never had a fancy for those long-haired, rattle-brained, would-be aristocrats—bawdily trained."

"Jack was not of that class. If he had a fault it was modesty. He left College almost every person's friend. He had brilliant aspirations, notwithstanding his modesty. I believe he took a prominent position as a politician immediately after he was established in practice at home. I had almost forgotten him, until I saw him at Antietam."

"At Antietam?"

"Yes—after the battle I saw him, and easily recognized him, although in the uniform of a confederate officer. The same manly expression of countenance; the same tall, elegant form, but—lifeless."

For the American Citizen.

"Dead?"

"Yes; where the fight was thickest he had fallen; yet, as if sick of the noise and turmoil of battle, he had dragged himself away from the strife; where, sheltered by a high bank from the shot and shell, and screened by a thick growth of bushes from observation, he could die in peace. He did not appear to have suffered much, although he had a frightful wound; his countenance was not at all distorted; and he held in his hand a note book. Templeton who, being wounded, had fallen into our hands, was present when I found him, and told me his short story. He had held a prominent position in the state legislature; and in the exciting debates that preceded secession, was an earnest and uncompromising friend of the Union. At this time he was betrothed to a young lady of great beauty, wealth and accomplishments. One of your Deliahs, and a daughter of one of the lords of the Philistines—a genuine fire-eating rebel from the depth of her heart. Here was a sudden obstruction to the current of true love; and, as a matter of course, a quarrel was the result. Very severe and unkind words were spoken by her—not a word by Jack. Templeton said she called him both coward and traitor. You know how that would galling him. Heavens! had any other person said half as much he would have killed him at once. Templeton said he seemed a broken-down man; and, although the fair Deliah soon began to repent her cruelty in sackcloth and ashes, she never told it until after he enlisted in the—well, Georgia, when she repented in full. Jack was promoted for bravery before he heard of her condition. Templeton thinks he got a note from her; at all events he was a man from that time forward—received his second promotion at the second Bull Run, and was booked for another—and there he lay in his own blood—and there, too, were his brightest hopes, his ambition and his love.

I copied the following from his notebook—the last stanza apparently written just before his death. They tell the story. Templeton enclosed them to Miss ———, with the news of the sad fate of their author. Poor girl!"

Soothe in my heart, sweet love; Keep warm, keep warm; The blood around me still part, And the storm is over.

Life is no more's sweeter, Depart, sweet Love; Alas! the storm is over, It is clear—above.

EMIGRATION TO THE UNITED STATES.

The large and continuous emigration from Ireland to the United States of America is naturally attracting a considerable share of attention. Week by week, and month after month, the people leave for New York, some in returning grain ships, some in steamers, some as stow-aways, as fast as opportunity serves. Nothing will stay them. Emigration has long been the Irishman's favorite resource, but now it is a national passion. Of course, this is not a very pleasant prospect for Englishmen. We, who have relinquished home politics in order to be free to advise the management of the affairs of the United Kingdom abandoned, sometimes with a malediction, by our own people. Explanations, however plausible, can do little to reconcile us to the fact.—We have been accustomed to repeat that a country from which people are anxious to escape must be badly governed. Now the test is brought home to us, and foreigners are saying, "Physician, heal thyself." It is the best portion of the Irish population which is leaving us—the young, the hale, the hopeful, the energetic. The strongest influences are weak and ineffectual before the all-engrossing thought of America. The priest, listened to so readily on most other subjects, is powerless on this. He tries to detain the members of his flock, for his fellow-priests across the Atlantic have informed him of the perils which faith encounters in the country of their choice. But in the end, his counsel being unheeded, he finds himself assisting in the arrangements for their departure and marching them up, with little bundles on their shoulders, to receive the bishop's parting blessing.

The most various causes are assigned for this universal and irresistible movement. It is said that the Irish go to America because the Federal Government will have them, though to give meaning to the assertion we should be told what all-powerful means it has of making its will effectual. Sometimes it is more than hinted that Mr. Lincoln's moralists are in the land; indeed Earl Russell was not long since induced to write to Mr. Adams respecting rumors of Federal recruiting in Ireland. But it is evident that operations of that kind could not be carried on for a week without supplying abundant data for a prosecution, which it would be the plain duty of the Queen's Government to institute. If no such data are forthcoming, we may be sure that the rumor is untrue.—Within the last few days a country gentleman has published a letter calling on the Government to stop the departure of the Irish for the United States. But, the extravagance of the proposal apart, from this prohibition would be of no use unless emigration to Canada were prohibited. The Canadian Government sees its own people flocking over the frontier into the States, and if all the emigrant steamers went to divert the course of an emigration the goal of which would remain unchanged. It is not many months ago since an eminent and popular nobleman, possessed of estates in Ireland poor rate that the people on his property were badly off, authorized his steward to pay the passage-money of seventy of them, provided they would emigrate to a British colony. There were not half-a-dozen who would accept the offer on those conditions; but when, after some delay, the restriction was removed by the noble proprietor, the whole number availed themselves of it and embarked for the U. States.—London Star, Nov. 3.