Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION.

W. T. COX, Editor and Proprietor.] The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number.

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Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C. W., MAY 6, 1864.

PARLIAMENTARY.

The re-assembling of Parliament took place on Tuesday last, but little or no actual business was done the first day, in consequence of the absence of a large number of members. On Wednesday, Hon. J. A. McDonald, in response to a call, made on the day of opening by Mr. Dorion, proceeded to recapitulate the negotiations which eventuated in the formation of the present Ministry, and to explain the policy of the administration, if policy it may be called, which, in every essential particular, is precisely the same as the programme acted upon by the late Ministry, and which was denounced by the then opposition as tantamount to no policy at all. With regard to the opening of the Northwest, the removal to Ottawa, the Intercolonial Railway, or the renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty, it is absolutely impossible to discover that Mr. McDonald, with all his statesmanship, has been able to propose any change upon the policy of his predecessors, or to foreshadow the sweeping changes promised on his acceptance of office. In reply to a question by Mr. Dorion, Mr. McDonald stated that, although Mr. Foley, immediately after his defeat, had placed his office at his disposal, no offer had been made of it to another member.

Hon. J. S. McDonald entered into a full, and, we think, satisfactory explanation of the circumstances connected with the private conversation between himself and the present premier, Col. Tache, so disingenuously and unfairly made use of before the Upper House, prior to the recent adjournment, and asserted in a positive manner that if that conversation had been fairly detailed the whole matter would have been placed before the country in a very different light. He (Mr. Macdonald) challenged Col. Tache to repeat the *whole* of the informal conversation with regard to which such a handle had been made against him.

From the following portion of the debate, our readers will be able to gather a pretty correct idea of the feeling of the House, and of the probable fate of a Ministry which has evidently no policy to offer the country. It will be seen also that friend Isaac of Hamilton is roasted rather severely:

Mr. HOLTON said he might not have taken part in this discussion but for the way in which his name had been introduced by the Premier into the explanations he gave to the Upper House. He considered that there was great indelicacy in the course taken by the Premier, when he repeated conversations with reference to individuals, which had taken place between himself and His Excellency, especially when these references had no bearing whatever on the result of the negotiations. He alluded to the explanations with reference to the Intercolonial Railway, and said that the House was entitled to have had those explanations made more explicit. The member for Montreal West had strongly taken ground that the agreement of 1862 could not be departed from without a breach of faith, and those now his colleagues had cheered him on while attacking the late Government because of that alleged breach of faith. The House was entitled to ask if McGee, after charging the late Government with all sorts of infamy in departing from the basis of 1862 had consented to enter this Government without stipulating that the binding force of that convention should be admitted, and the admission at once communicated to the sister Provinces. Then the House ought to have heard from the Finance Minister something with regard to the financial policy of the Government. The House should be informed whether the views of Mr. Galt or Mr. Buchanan were to prevail. He could not say, "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book," for both Mr Galt and Mr Buchanan had written books, in which they had embalmed their discordant views in type. (Laughter.) Mr. Galt, for instance, was a strong free trader, while Mr Buchanan had declared that free traders were fools, with a dash of rogue and even scoundrel in them. Mr. Buchanan, to come into the Government, had made great sacrifices. (Laughter.) He had done so in order to secure all sorts of things for the city of Hamilton, but surely his sacrifices did not extend to his abandoning those principles, which he had advocated so strenuously, declaring it to be his great mission to make them prevail, not only in this country, but throughout the British Empire and the world at large. (Laughter.) Hence his difficulty in believing that Mr Galt was likely to carry out his more enlightened views, or refusing to believe that Mr Buchanan's were those which were to prevail. At all events, he wished distinctly to understand whether, among other sacrifices, Mr Buchanan had sacrificed his character as a great champion of the labour question. (Laughter.) Then Mr. Buchanan had a scheme about the Canal Tolls, not exactly in accordance with what had been stated to-day, having propounded a plan for capitalizing the tolls, in order to enlarge the canals. This was, in fact, substantially the scheme of the late Government, which desired to collect tolls in order to apply them to enlarging the canals. Mr. Buchanan, moreover, had stated that he withdrew his confidence from the late Government, when they refused to make over the Burlington Canal to Hamilton. Such a proposition never was made to the late Government. The thing was absurd, and this Government dare not carry out such a thing, yet Mr. Buchanan had led his constituents to believe that the late Government had promised to do it, and that this Government would do it. The late Government had never, in fact, considered such a proposition, and the gentlemen now on the Treasury benches dare not. They might as well talk of transferring the Lachine Canal to the city of Montreal, or the Welland Canal to the county of Lincoln, as of giving up to Hamilton the key to Lake Ontario, and of giving that city the power to tax for municipal purposes the whole western peninsula, which sought an outlet for its trade to the river and ocean through that channel. Mr. Holton went on to insist that the House was entitled to fuller explanations of the policy of the Government than had yet been given, but he believed the real truth was, that they had no policy to explain. The Government had been formed out of all sorts of heterogeneous materials, and had taken office, adopting no policy, making no provision for the future, but hoping like Micawber, that something would turn up. Therefore it was that they had no explanations to give. Like the knife-grinder, they had no story to tell.

After recess,

Mr. HOLTON alluded to the credit taken to themselves by this Administration for their great display of zeal with reference to the Reciprocity Treaty. He believed that when all the documents were brought down, it would be seen that these gentlemen had done nothing which they had not found begun and proceeded with by their predecessors. He believed that the Administration had no definite policy. *They knew that they did not possess the confidence of the House or the country. Their existence was a mere accident; its continuance for the next two or three weeks, or however long it might last, depended entirely on the chapter of accidents.* They had not, therefore, taken the trouble to consider any of these questions; but there were men in that Government young enough to hope, at some future day, to form part of some really respectable Government. He did not expect much from the old and used-up individuals comprising it, but the younger members—those who had a future still before them—ought to consider it due to the country and to their own character as public men, to explain the policy which they had accepted office to carry out. The poet statesman of Montreal West, for instance, should explain how he had got round that terrible breach of faith with which he had been so fond of charging the late Administration.

Mr McGEE—I have got a bad cold—(Laughter.)

Mr HOLTON said a single monosyllable would do—yes or no. Had he or had he not stipulated for the observance of all the terms of the convention of 1862? Explanations also might be looked for from Mr Buchanan, how far he was to carry out his views in the Government. That gentleman, at his election, if reports were true, had given practical proof of his belief in the doctrine that gold was dross, by scattering it about with no niggard hand. (Laughter.)

Mr BUCHANAN.—The poet says "Who steals my purse steals trash." (Laughter.)

Mr HOLTON said it was due also to the House that Mr Galt should explain whether Mr Buchanan had been converted to his views or he to Mr Buchanan', or if a compromise had been effected between them. As regarded the promise of the Government to effect an equilibrium between the expenditure and income, he believed that what with the reforms introduced by the late Administration and buoyancy of the revenue this year, the task would be comparatively an easy one.—Those members of the Government from U. Canada, who represented constituencies heavily indebted, when before their constituents, had represented the great advantage which would accrue to them with regard to this indebtedness from their representatives holding office in the Government. The House ought to know whether it was the intention of the Government to do anything to release those municipalities from any portion of their present liabilities.

Mr. GALT said Mr. Holton was very anxious how to get the fullest explanations; but when on the other side of the House it was extremely hard to get from that gentleman the slightest information in advance of what the Government intended to do. The Government would take the earliest opportunity of bringing down their financial and other measures, and hon. gentlemen would then find out whether free trade or the protective system was to be recognized, or whether the great labor question was to be duly attended to—(laughter)—and at all events, if candid, would discover in these measures a sincere and honest desire to promote the prosperity of this great country.

FURTHER EVIDENCE.

WHEN we first mooted the idea that there was great danger of the Buffalo & Lake Huron Railway being passed over *bodily* to the control of the Grand Trunk, it was pooh-poohed as absurd—altogether out of the question. It can never be, argued objectors to our view of the arrangement, that the Company will be mad enough to do more than enter into a temporary agreement with the Grand Trunk, to terminate, at the farthest, in a few years, and that at any rate such agreement only contemplated a joint carrying of freight, &c., from Chicago. Our first impressions were not overcome and we are bound to declare now that every subsequent act of the Railway officials tends to confirm what we stated from the first, and even to put the matter in a worse light than we anticipated. The facts of the case, as it now stands, is that the consent of the legislature to the new arrangement is all that is required to place the Grand Trunk Railway Company in possession of a *perpetual lease* of the Buffalo and Lake Huron Line, or so much thereof as it requires. The whole business has been transacted in a remarkably quiet manner, so that the public knew little of any proposed changes until they were on the very eve of completion, and, if we are correctly informed, even heavy shareholders have been systematically kept in the dark. This is a very serious affair to the Counties of Huron and Bruce, for if, after having sunk tens of thousands of dollars in the line, and having constructed a system of Gravel Roads with special reference to it, the Road is to be, to all intents and purposes, closed to Stratford, they will be *sold* indeed! But what do outsiders think of the arrangement? Hear what the Chicago *Tribune* says:

BUFFALO AND LAKE HURON RAILWAY.—Arrangements have been recently perfected by which the entire control and management of the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway is transferred to the Grand Trunk Railway Company, the Michigan Central Road running its cars from Chicago to Sarnia to connect with this line. Under this arrangement, passengers will find the new route a comfortable one to Buffalo, and all points on the line of the New York Central and Erie Railroad. It is a feature of this route that there is but a single change of cars between Chicago and Buffalo, and but two between Chicago and New York. It is said that cars will also be run from Sarnia to Prescott without change, thus making but two changes between Chicago and Boston, via the Grand Trunk and Vermont Central Railroads, a route which is claimed to be cheaper by three dollars than any other route.

That we believe to be a fair statement of what is intended, and if any one of our county readers, after perusing it, can show anything to the contrary, we should like to hear from him. It is particularly unfortunate that we have for the time being a Government in power which is notoriously under Grand Trunk influence. We trust, however, that our Parliamentary representatives will exert themselves in aiding to avert the wrong sought to be inflicted upon their constituents.

THE PETERS-HAMEL APPOINTMENT.

At an influential meeting of the Quebec Board of Trade, held on Wednesday, the conduct of the Government in appointing Mr. Joseph Hamel a Harbor Commissioner over Mr. Sharples, who was absent at the time on important official business, was censured in the strongest manner. The following motion was carried by a vote of the whole Board, with the exception of Mr. Hamilton:

"That in the opinion of this board the late action of the Government in the dismissal from the Harbor Commission of a merchant largely interested in the shipping trade of the port, and appointing another person in his place, for the purpose of influencing the decision of a particular contract, is calculated to produce most injurious effects, by destroying the independence of members of the Commission, and by causing them, as a body, to lose the confidence of the commercial community."

MARINE ITEMS.

STORM ON LAKE MICHIGAN.—The storm of last week was particularly severe on Lake Michigan. Out of a large fleet that left Chicago on the 20th, seventeen vessels were either disabled or driven ashore. The Barque "Maitland," which left on that evening, had a very narrow escape. When a few miles from Chicago harbor, laden with about 17,000 bushels of grain, the squall struck the vessel and carried away her yards. By great exertions, however, Captain McKenzie contrived to work her through the straits and into Lake Huron. On Monday night the brave barque encountered another squall, but weathered it and entered port on Wednesday, ahead of the "Merritt," which left Chicago four hours sooner than she did. The "Maitland's" cargo was not injured.

☞ The Grand Trunk and Western propeller lines are in operation, but it is expected that freights will be light this summer.

☞ The "Huron," we are informed, was driven off her route by the storm of this week, and was compelled to run to Sarnia for safety.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

WASHINGTON, 3rd April.—The Richmond "Examiner" of the 29th ult. says:—If we hold our own in Virginia until summer is ended, the North's power of mischief everywhere will be gone. If we lose, the South's capacity for resistance will be broken. The Confederacy has ample power to keep its place in Virginia if its means are employed practically and consistently, and this is the last year of the war, whichever wins.

WASHINGTON, 3rd April.—Special to the 'Times.'—Mr. E. Paul sends the following to this bureau:—All quiet with the Army of the Potomac. Our troops are in excellent spirits, and anxious to advance against the enemy under their new Commander-in-Chief.

New York, 4th.—The 'Herald's' New Orleans letter of the 26th ult. confirms the statement that General Banks had fallen back to Alexandria in consequence of the lessening of the water on the Red River. Eight hundred rebel cavalry have reached Cheenyville, 19 miles below Alexandria.

New York, May 4.—The 'Herald' has letters to April 4th. The rebels, under Gen. Hook, approached before little Washington on the 26th. Beauregard is now in command of the rebel forces in North Carolina.

WHAT WILL LEE DO!

From the New York Post.

The Richmond *Enquirer* shrewdly suspects that Gen. Grant may after all move first in the West. It asserts that his preparations in the East have been made so openly, that they must be held to be a blind. This may be true, although we doubt it the *Enquirer* has got as much valuable information from the New York papers as it gives them credit for. But after all, if there has been little concealment, the reason perhaps is that you cannot put a large army in a corner, or cover it up with a handkerchief, and Gen. Grant probably cares but little about the rebels knowing that he has a considerable force in the East; he has also a considerable force in the West

But they are getting a little anxious at Richmond to know what Grant intends to attempt; and that they have not yet discovered. It is a promising sign, that for once the position of the Army of the Potomac tells no tale of the enemy; it is not committed to any one object; and the rebel commander cannot, of course, prepare himself beforehand. At the same time the courses open to General Lee are no many. If Grant advances in Virginia, Lee must either fight him a pitched battle, in which the rebels will be, there is reason to believe, heavily out-numbered; or he must take up his position within the works of Richmond, and stand a siege, the event of which is no more doubtful than the siege of Vicksburg; or he must abandon Richmond and move his army to Lynchburg.

The latter course would make him most troublesome to Grant, because it would place Lee's army between our eastern and western armies, and enable Lee to strike at either with equal facility. But it would necessitate the abandonment of Richmond and Eastern Virginia, and after all only prolong the campaign, because subsequent operations in North Carolina would probably force Lee to fall back out of Virginia, unless he should, in desperation, gather the greater part of the rebel forces and make a bold march northward.—But he will scarcely dare, except in the last resort, to trifle thus with the generals that now head out armies.

If he chooses to fight a pitched battle at the beginning of the campaign, he sets everything upon an event in which he will probably lose; if, upon a demonstration by Grant, he elects to fall back into the defences of Richmond, he will expose his whole army to capture; if he takes up a position about Lynchburg, he will do what Pemberton had not courage to do at Vicksburg, but what if he had done would have given Grant a somewhat barren victory, and left a decisive battle still to be fought in Mississipi. We suppose, of course, that Lee is too wise to divide his army and send a part to defend Richmond, while a part remains outside; in that case he would but repeat the Vicksburg campaign.

But the *Enquirer* suspects that Grant may move first in the West; and we cannot see any reason why he should not. He has his choice; but the rebels are not benefitted either way. If it is true, as the *Enquirer* intimates, that the enemy is not concentrating anywhere yet, then all parts of their line are weaker in force than ours, and as concentration in so great a region requires some weeks, particularly with the diminished means of transportation of the rebels, they will scarcely be able to reinforce themselves in time at the point Grant chooses to attack first.

The *Enquirer*, however, hints that the rebel military authorities believe their best position to be in Southwestern Virginia—"a point from which an advance can be made right through the the centre of the enemy's lines, and into the very heart of his territory, putting in jeopardy the State of Kentucky, turning all positions in East Tennessee, and, like Gen. Bragg's campaign, throwing the enemy back upon the Ohio, by threatening Cincinnati and Louisville."

The suggestion shows the desperation of their situation, for such a plan throws the whole South open to us.

Sonderborg after the Bombardment.

The Danish correspondent of the London *Times* describes the ruins of Sonderborg, which he re-visited on the slackening of the bombardment on the 12th:—

"There is always (he says) some secret savage pleasure in the contemplation of devastation on a large scale. As for myself, after two nights' unrest, I felt my head in a glow, and my fancy wandered freely, conjuring up old recollections of battered Gaeta, and jumbling up those blackened shafts and crumbling gables with the stripped columns and riven arches of the Roman forum. No less than 90 or 100 dwellings in one cluster were made utterly uninhabitable; about one score were burnt to the ground, some of them were still crackling and reeking; the furniture of many of them rescued from the ruins, was piled up, a miserable heap, in the middle of the street. People moved about, gazing their full, forgetting their own errands in speechless contemplation of other people's troubles.—Business did not seem to have ceased in the town; life was not to all appearance extinct. Most shops were open, never having been closed; owners laid no claim to their property; nor did anybody covet what seemed to belong to nobody. The two streets sloping down on either side of the Town Hall were comparatively unhujured; but they were the dullest and most deserted of the town on Tuesday. All interest centred in these poor fragments in the centre. At that window used to sit, and sat still last evening, a pretty milliner, the most arrant flirt of the town. There, past that gateway, that good old doctor stopped you, on hospitable thoughts intent and offered you a bed, screened, as he fancied, by the position of his house, from the enemy's fire. Where are the bed and the house now? What has become of the doctor? What of the little milliner? Safe, somewhere or other, very likely; but their home is no more. In that house General Gerlach dined only yesterday—to-day, the officers of the staff welcomed you with a friendly smile not twenty-four hours since. This was the town post office; that the army post office; yonder lies the Hoisicinische Haus, long wonted to refresh us with its rancid smorbrod and bitter bitter beer. Why, our familiar haunts of the last two months are all blotted out at one swoop; our dearest associations with the beleagured Sonderborg have vanished like a dream. And those poor inhabitants! Why, to them the haunts of youth and age, the associations of a lifetime are gone for ever. The Prussians made their home a target for their rifled artillery, and the substance of their life recollections was blown down to a blank. Twenty-two, between dead and wounded, were picked out of the ruins on Saturday evening. Fifty-seven more were added to the list of casualties in the night and on Sunday morning. Women and children were among the dead. A young shopkeeper and his pretty wife had closed their premises, and were standing at their door ready to leave, when a shell burst at their feet, and their bodies were so shattered that the limbs of the one could not be told from those of the other.

The Italian Hero.

We are all Garibaldi mad. From the highest nobles in the land to the poorest beggar in the streets, all are bitten; the virus spreads. What will be the consummation of the frenzy it would be hazardous to predict. Let it be hoped it will end in the subscription of such a sum of money as shall make Garibaldi independent for life of all pecuniary concerns. I do not say "anxieties," for I suppose he never had any in respect to silver and gold for his own sake, and only when means were short for patriotic purposes. The welcome to London was everything that his most ardent friends could possibly have wished, and beyond all that could have been imagined as possible. After perusing the details of the event your readers will easily understand how it is that supporters of despotism on the continent, and especially such as would like to restore the Bourbons, and who defend the secular position of the Pope at Rome, shake in their shoes, and talk ominously about Garibaldi's visit to England having new revolutionary schemes for its main object. We are almost astonished ourselves that, without any directly practical purpose in view, such boundless enthusiasm has been evoked and sustained. But that so it is every one concerned for the moral and political health of the people of England cannot fail to rejoice. The under-current of sentiment and of feeling towards the noble and the good is manifestly as strong amongst us as it ever was. I shall not repeat here the facts set forth in a separate account of Garibaldi's entry to the metropolis and subsequent movements, but I may say that it fell to my lot to make one of the select company who received our Italian guest at the Nine Elms Station, and of the procession that escorted him to Stafford House, and that having also passed along the whole of the route from Gravesend to Paddington on the public entry of the Princess Alexandra to the metropolis, and that consequently I was well able to compare the only two pageants of these later days that can be compared I can testify, therefore, that in respect of the numbers of the people there was no falling short on Monday of the vast concourses that lined the streets in March of last year to greet the royal bride, and more vehement cheering human ears never heard. It was altogether an ovation of the grandest kind and well fitted to make despots tremble or hiss, and at the same time to make Englishmen more proud than ever of their country, and devoted to the sacred cause of human liberty. It was seriously feared by some in the procession that the General would be rendered positively ill by the extraordinary fatigues of the day; and he did look deadfully worn out when Stafford House was reached shortly before eight o'clock, but next morning he was as fresh as ever, and went off to the villa residence of the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, at Chiswick, calling upon Lord Palmerston by the way, and spending a quarter of an hour with him. Earl Russell and other Ministers of the Crown, with their ladies, met him at Chiswick. Upon his return he paid a brief visit to the much calumniated Mr. Stansfield, M. P., whom the Tories have got turned out of the Admiralty because of his friendship with Mazzini, with whom, you will observe, Garibaldi has also been fraternizing in the Isle of Wight. Yesterday he was taken to see the military works at Woolwich as he had previously been to inspect the naval works at Portsmouth, and in the evening, the most brilliant assembly that could possibly be got together, except perhaps at the instance of the Queen, met to do him honour at Stafford House. As he went from place to place vast numbers of people congregated and cheered most lustily. Amongst the plans for the next few days the most conspicuous is a visit to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, on Monday, to be repeated for the special benefit of the working classes on Tuesday. It is stated, moreover, as likely that the General will form one of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's congregation of Sunday, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.—*London correspondence of Globe.*

A New Gun.

Mr. James Mackay, timber merchant, of Liverpool, has recently invented a new principle of gunnery, which promises to be a dangerous rival to all systems extant. The principle in all rifled cannon appears to have been to allow as little windage as possible, and to make the shot fit the grooves of the piece, taking from them a rotation in its flight. Mr. Mackay, on the other hand, has conceived the plan of having the grooves so arranged that, while the shot fits closely to the outer edge, the grooves are left open for windage. By this arrangement the gas has to travel some feet further than the shot, and in doing this imparts a rapid and perfect "spin" to it. The shot are of cylindrical form, perfectly smooth, with conical heads, and cupped at the other end in proportion, so that each shot is perfectly balanced from the centre of its length. Mr. Mackey, in his patent, also claims a peculiarity in the wadding, which is of sawdust, by which, at the moment of the first ignition of the powder the elastic of the wadding moves forward the shot slightly; the effect is that the whole of the powder is burnt, and the shock on the breech of the gun considerably lessened. Mr. Mackay has had a gun made upon this principle by the Messey Steel and Iron Works Co.—it is of wrought iron, weighs nine tons, has a bore of 8.12 inches, and in other respects corresponds with the general features of the ordinary 68-pounder. There are 12 grooves, and, as the shot do not enter these grooves, it allows of a much sharper twist than in ordinary rifled guns. The velocity has been found to be 1,640 feet a second; the utmost range has not yet been tested. Messrs. Laird & Co., of Birkenhead, are now building an armour-plated vessel called the "Agincourt," for the Government, and it was agreed to test the gun against a section of the side of that vessel. It was intended to make the trial last Saturday, but unfavorable weather prevented its being proceeded with. Yesterday morning, however, was fine and clear, and the gun was fired against the target, resulting in a complete triumph of the gun. The target consisted of an outer plate, 7 ft. square and 4 inches thick, of rolled iron; next came 9 inches of teak, then an inner plate or skin 1 of an inch thick, then angle iron and ribbing, and finally a backing up with timber balks and supports 18 inches thick. The plates were stated on competent authority to be the best that can be produced in Sheffield. Messrs. Laird supplied the whole, and expressed confidence in the strength of the target. The gun was fired in the presence of Mr. James Mackay, Mr D. Mackay, Mr Bouck and other gentlemen, shortly after 8 o'clock in the morning. The gun was charged with 30 lbs of powder and a cast steel shot, weighing 167., made by Messrs. Thos Firth and Son, of Sheffield. The range was 200 yards. The shot struck the target with a dull thud a little below the bull's eye on the right, and in the very strongest part, where it was backed up by the rib of the ship's side, the angle-iron, and the timber balk. At the point of impact a perfectly circular hole was cut. The shot then powdered the teak, passed through the inner skin and the angle-iron, shattered the timber balk into fragments, and was picked up 82 yards beyond the target together with a circular piece of the iron armour, about 80lb. weight, it had carried with it through the back supports. The sand showed that it had spun to the last. About 70 fragments of iron bolts, and fragments of the inner skin and angle-iron were picked up 100 yards from the target. The shot when found was reduced from 13 inches to 11 inches in length, and increased about an inch and a half in diameter at the end which struck the target. The other end was uninjured. The whole target was forced back about six inches, and so much deranged that more shots were not fired. Sir John Jones, Captain Fisher, R. N., Captain White, R.N., Mr. Nicholson (civil engineer), Captain Inman, and many other gentlemen, inspected the gun and targets during the morning; and all expressed the greatest astonishment at the performances of the gun. The shot fired and the portions of the target torn away will be exhibited at the Liverpool Exchange to day, and the target will remain on view for some time. No further experiments are intended at present.—*London Times* 15th.

Bank's Disaster in Louisiana.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* gives the following account of the panic and rout of Bank's army:—

I noticed that most of those thus wildly riding to the rear, hangers-on and serving-men, for now that we have gone so deeply into this slave-holding country, every non-commissioned officer has a servant, and every servant a mule. These people were the first to show any panic, but their scamper along the road gave only amusement to the soldiers, who pelted them with stones, and whipped their flying animals with sticks to increase their speed. Suddenly there was a rush, a shout, the crashing of trees, the breaking down of rails, the rush and scamper of men. It was as sudden as though a thunderbolt had fallen among us, and set the pines on fire.—What caused it, or when it commenced, no one knew. I turned to my companion to enquire the reason of this extraordinary proceeding, but before he had the chance to reply, we found ourselves swallowed up, as we were, in a hissing, seething bubbling whirlpool of agitated men. We could not avoid the current; we could not stem it, and if we hoped to live in that mad company, we must side with the rest of them. Our line of battle had given way. General Banks took off his hat and implored his men to remain; his staff officers did the same, but it was of no avail. Then the General drew his sabre and endeavored to rally his men, but they would not listen. Behind him the rebels were shouting and advancing. Their musket balls filled the air with that strange, file-rasping sound that war has made familiar to our fighting men. The teams were abandoned by the drivers, the traces cut, and the animals ridden off by the frightened men. Bare-headed riders rode with agony in their faces, and for at least ten minutes it seemed as if we were going to destruction together. It was my fortune to see the first battle of Bull Run, and to be among those who made that celebrated midnight retreat towards Washington. The retreat of the 4th Division was as much a rout as that of the first Federal army, with the exception that fewer men were engaged, and our men fought here with a valor that was not shown on that serious, sad, mock heroic day in July.

A Man Confined in a Saltpetre Cave for 270 Days.

(From the Chattanooga Gazette, April 19.)

The people of Parker's Gap, Tennessee, were much alarmed yesterday morning by the rumor that there was a human being in an old saltpetre cave near the Gap—supposed to be the same cave recently visited by Col. Bingham while on picket. The Colonel failed to explore it on account of noxious vapor issuing from the opening.

The ladies—God bless them!—ever ready to respond to the calls of humanity, hurried to the rescue, but their united efforts were insufficient to extricate the sufferer. Surgeon Marks, medical director of this division, and Surgeon Powers, of the artillery corps, were sent for, and, after a great deal of labor, the poor fellow was taken from his living tomb. He was immediately recognized as John Harrison, junr. It is supposed that this unfortunate man was deposited in the cave about the middle of last August, by his father, who is connected with the mining and nitre bureau of the C. S. A., and that he has remained there ever since.

When taken out, he was entirely helpless and speechless, and, although youthful, was wholly destitute of hair and teeth. He will not be able to tell the tale of his horrible sufferings for years. How he sustained existence in that "dark, unfathomed cave" for three quarters of a year, is a question for the students in physiology to answer.

Railways.

Mr. John Smith, of Millbank, in a letter to the Stratford *Beacon*, says:

"The Grand Trunk has cost the Provincial exchequer some $16,000,000, without the least prospect of its giving a return of one cent of interest; the Buffalo road cost Perth Co. $200,000, and the stock was given up as an inducement for English capitalists to complete the work; the Galt and Guelph road has been swallowed up by the Great Western for interest and working expenses; the Preston and Berlin road worked for three months at a loss of about 50 per cent. and now Hamilton is endeavoring to repudiate the liabilities entered into in connection with that road and another which has not been completed; and the shares of the Northern Railway were once so low that I fear to quote them. Under such circumstances, am I not justified in asking what prospect is there of a railway being built from Stratford to Saugeen—and what assistance can you expect from a Company reputed to be unable to provide itself with a sufficiency of rolling stock? What can Stratford do towards building 60 miles of railway? How much is the county likely to contribute? There can only be one answer.

THE RESULT OF LOW WAGES FOR WORK WOMEN.—The practical result of low wages of seamstresses and workwomen was illustrated by an incident which came to our knowledge last night. A young girl, neatly though plainly dressed, was arrested by a police officer for improperly soliciting men upon the street. When taken to the station-house, she admitted the charge, but said she was compelled to adopt that course of life or starve.—She came from Vermont, with her mother and another sister, because they could find no employment there. Since their removal the mother had been sick, and their support had devolved upon this girl, who worked in a shop on Essex street, and received ten cents for making thirteen coat button holes. Work as hard as she might, she could not earn enough to support the family, and so was compelled to add to her earnings by going upon the street. She told her story plainly, but with an apparent feeling that she was justified by the necessities. Other facts known to the police corroborated her story, and there is no doubt that she was driven to a life of shame. Such facts show that there is still work for philanthropists and reformers at home, even in Boston.—*Boston Post, April 30.*

OMINOUS SIGNS.—Says the New York *World*:—All the signs which portend a supreme social catastrophe gather in the air—the passions of political calumny and intolerance creep into every household, pollute the ordinary intercourse and poison the common relations of men. The machinery which has made the worst governments of history execrable in the eyes of mankind is openly set up in our streets. Spies go about the land; the drum usurps the forum; the bayonet supplants the press. Men are taken from their beds under the cover of the night, to vanish alike beyond the control of law, and the consolations of love, the ostracism of ancient Greece is publicly recommended, the deportations of modern Russia are openly practised. And all these things are done with jubilation and applause; without shame as without remorse; without respect for the insulted past; without consideration for the imperilled future.

Unseemly Extravagance.

The *Post* calls attention to the mad extravagance of the day. A man builds a marble stable on the rear of his private lot, at a cost of eighty thousand dollars, and fits up a private theatre over it. Another pays eight thousand dollars for a pair of horses to drive on the road for his pleasure; and many give from fifteen hundred to three thousand dollars for the same object. Another provides a dinner for a dozen friends, rejecting the old superstition of the unlucky thirteenth, and this simple dinner costs one thousand dollars.

A children's party is given in an up-town house, where every child is clad entirely in dresses imported from Paris.

These are signs of the times. Are these not evidences of a state of things unhealthful, feverish, threatening to the honest simplicity of our political life—and threatening not less evil to the ideas and principles of which that life has hitherto been a fair exponent?

Is there nothing worthier than personal adornment? One man spends two hundred thousand dollars upon a dwelling house; but he might build with this sum a long row of decent cottages, to rent to people in moderate circumstances; he might enable fifty or a hundred families of working men to live cleanly and respectably in New York, and thus make himself a public benefactor—and that without sinking his money where he can never recover it.

Or, instead of dressing few children in silks and jewels, and robbing them of the freshness and charm of youth by these vanities, why not spend the money in sending homeless children to comfortable farm-houses in the West?

In England, during the French war, useful enterprises of all kinds were originated and prospered. There was then, as with us now, an inflated currency; great fortunes were made by speculative ventures, as here now.—No doubt, there was extravagance; but there arose at the same time a spirit favorable to useful enterprises of many kinds—such as we wish could obtain amongst us. The citizen who wastes his gains upon ostentatious houses, furniture, dress, or food, commits a crime against his country.

'How old are you?' said a magistrate to a German who was arraigned before him—'I am dirty.' 'And how old is your wife?' 'My vife is dirty-two.' 'Then, sir, you are a very dirty couple, and I wish to have nothing further to do with either of you.'

TRIAL FOR MURDER.—At the Simcoe Assizes in Barrie, on the 13th inst., a farmer named Oades, residing in the Township of Oro, was placed upon his trial for the murder of his wife, in the month of November last. The case for the Crown was conducted by the Hon. James Patton, and the prisoner was defended by Mr. Boys. The prisoner, it was alledged, killed the deceased in his own house, while she was in a state of intoxication.—After a protracted investigation, the jury found a verdict of not guilty.

DIARY OF A DETECTIVE POLICE OFFICER.

ONE NIGHT IN A GAMING-HOUSE.

A little more than a year after the period when adverse circumstances—chiefly the result of my own reckless follies—compelled me to enter the ranks of the Metropolitan Police, as the sole means left me of procuring food and raiment, the attention of one of the principal chiefs of the force was attracted towards me by the ingenuity and boldness which I was supposed to have manifested in hitting upon and unravelling a clue which ultimately led to the detection and punishment of the perpetrators of an artistically-contrived fraud upon an eminent tradesman of the west end of London. The chief sent for me: and after a somewhat lengthened conversation, not only expressed approbation of my conduct in the particular matter under discussion, but hinted that he might shortly need my services in other affairs requiring intelligence and resolution.

'I think I have met you before,' he remarked, with a meaning smile, on dismissing me, 'when you occupied a different position from your present one? Do not alarm yourself: I have no wish to pry unnecessarily into other men's secrets. Waters is a name common enough in *all* ranks of society, and I may, you know'—here the cold smile deepened in ironical expression—'be mistaken. At all events, the testimony of the gentleman whose recommendation obtained your admission to the force—I have looked into the matter since I heard of your behavior in the late business—is a sufficient guarantee that nothing more serious than imprudence and folly can be laid to your charge. I have neither right nor inclination to inquire further. To-morrow, in all probability, I shall send for you.'

I came to the conclusion, as I walked homewards, that the chief's intimation of having previously met me in another sphere of life, was a random and unfounded one, as I had seldom visited London in my prosperous days, and still more rarely mingled in its society. My wife, however, to whom I of course related the substance of the conversation, reminded me that he had once been at Doncaster during the races; and suggested that he might possibly have seen and noticed me there. This was a sufficiently probable explanation of the hint; but whether the correct one or not, I cannot decide, as he never afterwards alluded to the subject, and I had not the slightest wish to renew it.

Three days elapsed before I received the expected summons. On waiting on him, I was agreeably startled to find that I was to be at once employed on a mission which the most sagacious and experienced of detective officers would have felt honored to undertake.

'Here is a written description of the persons of this gang of black legs, swindlers and forgers,' concluded the commissioner, summing up his instructions. 'It will be your object to discover their private haunts, and secure legal evidence of their nefarious practices. We have been hitherto baffled, principally, I think, through the too hasty zeal of the officers employed; you must especially avoid that error. They are practised scoundrels; and it will require considerable patience, as well as acumen, to unkennel and bring them to justice.' One of their more recent victims is young Mr. Merton, son, by a former marriage, of the Dowager Lady Everton.* Her ladyship has applied to us for assistance in extricating him from the toils in which he is meshed. You will call on her at five o'clock this afternoon—in plain clothes of course—and obtain whatever information on the subject she may be able to afford.—Remember to communicate *directly* with me; and any assistance you may require shall be promptly rendered.' With these, and a few other minor directions, needless to recapitulate, I was dismissed to a task which, difficult and possibly perilous as it might prove, I hailed as a delightful relief from the wearying monotony and dull routine of ordinary duty.

I hastened home; and after dressing with great care—the best part of my wardrobe had been fortunately saved by Emily from the wreck of my fortunes—I proceeded to Lady Everton's mansion. I was immediately marshalled to the drawing-room, where I found her ladyship and her daughter—a beautiful fairy-looking girl—awaiting my arrival. Lady Everton appeared greatly surprised at my appearance, differing, as I dare say I altogether did, from her abstract idea of a policeman, however attired or disguised: and it was not until she had perused the note of which I was the bearer, that her haughty and incredulous stare came mitigated to a glance of lofty condescendent civility.

'Be seated, Mr. Waters,' said her ladyship, waving me to a chair. 'This note informs me that you have been selected for the duty of endeavoring to extricate my son from the perilous entanglements in which he has unhappily involved himself.'

'I was about to reply—for I was silly enough to feel somewhat nettled at the noble lady's haughtiness of manner—that I was engaged in the public service of extirpating a gang of swindlers with whom her son had involved himself, and was there to procure from her ladyship any information she might be possessed of likely to forward so desirable a result; but fortunately the remembrance of my actual position, spite of my gentleman's attire, flashed vividly upon my mind; and instead of permitting my glib tongue to wag irreverently in the presence of a right honorable, I bowed with deferential acquiescence.

* The *names* mentioned in these narratives are, for obvious reasons, fictitious.

Her ladyship proceeded, and I in substance obtained the following information:—

Mr Charles Merton, during the few months which had elapsed since the attainment of his majority, had very literally 'fallen amongst thieves.' A passion for gambling seemed to have taken entire possession of his being, and almost every day, as well as night, of his haggard and feverish life was passed at play. A run of ill-luck, according to his own belief—but in very truth a run of downright robbery—had set in against him, and he had not only dissipated all the ready money he had inherited, and the large sums which the foolish indulgence of his lady-mother had supplied him with, but had involved himself in bonds, bills, and other obligations to a frightful amount. The principal agent in affecting this ruin was one Sandford—a man of fashionable and dashing exterior, and the presiding spirit of the knot of desperadoes whom I was commissioned to hunt out.—Strange to say, Mr. Merton had the blindest reliance upon this man's honor; and even now—tricked, despoiled as he had been by him and his gang—relied upon his counsel and assistance for escape from the disparate position in which he was involved. The Everton estate had passed, in default of male issue, to a distant relative of the late lord; so that ruin, absolute and irremediable, stared both the wretched dupe and his relatives in the face. Lady Everton's jointure was not a very large one, and her son had been permitted to squander sums which should have been devoted to the discharge of claims which were now pressed harshly against her.

I listened with the deepest interest to Lady Everton's narrative. Repeatedly during the course of it, as she incidentally alluded to the manners and appearance of Sandford, who had been introduced by Mr. Merton to his mother and sister, a suspicion, which the police papers had first awakened, that the gentleman in question was an old acquaintance of my own, and one, moreover, whose favors I was extremely desirous to return in kind, flashed with increased conviction across my mind. This surmise I of course kept to myself; and after emphatically cautioning the ladies to keep our proceedings a profound secret from M