My father, in the time of [illegible] a tenant farmer in Kent. My [illegible] know, at least I have no remembrance of [illegible] this dad whom I was two years old. I was her first-born and only child. My father did not remain long solitary. I am persuaded that he had loved my mother with strong affection, and that he cherished her memory with fondness; but time blunted his sorrow, his household demanded superintendence, and he was young; so, after a year of widowerstate, he brought home a second wife, whom I was thenceforward to call *mother*.

This was a great and good change for me. Much is said about the unhappiness of having a step-parent; and, doubtlessly, the trials of step-children are often many and severe, but I knew none of these. My step-mother was very kind to me; and after she had children of her own, no difference was made between them and myself. No one, I am sure, would have guessed that we were not all the children of one mother; and I should scarcely have remembered it except for my uncle Davy.

Uncle Davy was my own mother's brother. He lived a good way off; but he came every now and then to the farm, where he was always heartily welcomed. He was a good and kind man; but, as I see it now, not judicious. He had a strong prejudice against step-mothers, my own included; and he used to take me aside, encourage me to complain, and condole with me on what he, perhaps, truly thought to be my worse than orphan condition. These conferences had a bad effect; they awakened my jealousies, and made me, for the time, discontented and unhappy; though, having no real cause for unhappiness, I gradually regained my spirits, and, until the time for the next visit came round, almost forgot that I had a step-mother.

My step-brother, Henry, was three years younger than I; and we had two sisters. If our mother did not love us all alike, she put no difference between us, or, if any distinction was made, it was in my favor. Indeed, I can remember now many instances of indulgencies granted to me and refused to the rest. My father was uniformly kind to us all. He was far from rich. Indeed, his life was a long one of continual struggles. But, with health, strength, and industry, this did not trouble him; he was always cheerful. He had in him, and so had my step-mother, the true and proper source of cheerfulness—they were Christians. They believed the Bible, and loved it, and shaped their course by it; and if this will not yield cheerfulness, surely nothing else can. Thus, though not a rich, we were a happy family.

As far as was in his power, my father procured for us a good education; and at fourteen years of age I left school, tolerably well instructed to work upon the farm. This was a change I very well liked. I had never had any other idea than that of being brought up to farming, and had never fancied labor to be either disagreeable or disreputable.

I well remember the day when I began to think otherwise. I was by myself, turning a heap of manure on a field near to the road not far from the farm yard. It was my first attempt at this kind of work. And my father had encouraged me to undertake the job with the confident assurance that I should execute it as well as the best man on the farm. It was warm work, and fatiguing; but this I did not mind. Stripped to the shirt, I was handling the dung-fork manfully, when the sound of wheels on the road caused me to look up. It was my uncle Davy's gig, and my uncle himself was driving.

In less than a minute I had thrown down my fork, and was running to the road.

"How do you do, uncle?" I exclaimed, nearly out of breath, as I stepped into the road just as the gig was whirling by.

My uncle drew the reins, and looked at me in amazement.

"What, Fred, is that you?"

"Yes, uncle, to be sure;" and I held out my hand to him.

He would not take it. "I'll shake hands with you, Fred, after you have washed yours. What in the world is the meaning of your being at work like that?"

I blushed to my finger's ends at this cold reception of my advances. "Father told me to do it," I said.

"Your father ought to be ashamed of himself, then," replied my uncle. "I suppose he means to make a clown of you outright. Poor Fred! if your mother had lived you would not have been treated like this, I reckon. Nor shall you now, if I can have my will."

I did not know what reply to make to this very improper and unjust speech; so I held my tongue.

"This is not the sort of way in which I like to see my sister's son employed," continued uncle Davy, with great warmth—had he not been very warm he would not have spoken so, I am sure—"and," said he, "I shall interfere, and put a stop to it. I have a right to do so, as the trustee of your grandfather. Do you not know, Fred, that there was a *fortune* left to you by your grandfather, that you will come to when you are of age?"

I knew that my mother's father died when I was about five years old. I knew also that he had been displeased with my father for marrying again. But I knew nothing of the fortune my uncle spoke of. I told him so.

"I thought as much," he said, "and it is too bad. I shall see about it. Well, you will be coming home presently, I suppose; and when you are in more decent trim, we will talk matters over." Then, whipping his horse, and giving him the reins, he was soon out of sight, and presently out of hearing, leaving me in a very bewildered state of mind.

I returned to my dung fork; but I had no longer any spirit for the work. So I was heir to a fortune, was I? Why had the knowledge of this been kept from me? I looked at my hands which uncle Davy would not touch for fear of contamination. They were not over clean to be sure; but it was very mortifying, and I nearly cried with vexation. "He shan't catch me turning a dung heap again," was my mental resolution.

Just then my step-brother came whistling along the road. He had been to school, and was trimly dressed. I forgot the difference in our ages—that but three months before I had rejoiced in leaving school and getting to work—and in three years time, Harry would, probably, in the regular order of things, be handling a dung-fork. I did not care to remember this; I felt angry and jealous; and when he ran up to me gleefully, I told him to get about his business. Poor dear Harry! He wondered what could be the matter, and, with tears in his eyes, walked slowly homewards.

By-and-by I followed him; and, after cleansing myself from the stains of my day's work, joined the family at the tea-table. My step-mother seemed to be in some trouble; she had been crying, evidently; my father was taciturn, and so was my uncle. It was far from a cheerful party. For my part, I felt sulky and excited. Even my little sisters, of whom I was fond, seemed to wonder what could be the matter with me.

Uncle Davy did not stop with us many days; but before he went he had regained his usual friendliness, and it did not appear to me—for I closely watched both him and my father—that there was any serious misunderstanding between them.

The evening before his departure, he took me aside.

"I spoke very hastily and foolishly to you the other day, Fred, and was unjust to your father. Try and forget it all, my boy, and be industrious; your father is wise and kind, and herein not injure you in any way. The best thing you can do is to attend to his instructions, and you will be a good farmer in due time."

This was not all the communication I had expected from him; and I dare say I showed my disappointment by looks as well as by words.

"You told me I had a fortune coming to me, uncle."

"So you have, Fred; but I should not have spoken to you about it without your father's leave. He has thought it better that you should learn first to depend on your own exertions; and I was foolish and wrong to in-

[illegible] about my money, and I made [illegible] be very gracious and accomo- [illegible] nothing of the kind happened. [illegible] he put the same question to me [illegible] had done, what did I mean to do [illegible] money? [illegible] same answer—I should look out for a [illegible].

"Very well, Fred; I will not stand in your way; but if you will take my advice, you will wait a year or two, and get a little more experience, as well as knowledge."

But no: I wanted to be my own master, and have a house of my own. As to knowledge and experience, my conceit was equal to my real ignorance, and I was sure I knew all about business and farming. So, a few months afterwards, I had a large farm on my hands, contrary to my father's advice, who strongly urged me to try a small one first.

This was twenty years ago. For a few years I muddled on, neglecting good advice, trusting to dishonest workmen, who took advantage of my carelessness, and spending my own time in self-indulgent pursuits. At last, the end came; my fortune was gone, no one knew exactly how; I am sure I did not know, except that I had done no good with it to any mortal being. After a few ineffectual struggles when it was too late, I left my farm almost penniless: and there was the end of my *expectations*.

In the mean time, my brother Harry had been plodding on to some purpose; and had been of such assistance to our parents as to relieve them of the cares which had long embarrassed them; and my sisters were comfortably settled in the world. They had, none of them, had any expectations; but they had been industrious, frugal, and persevering.—The time that I had lost in dreaming, they had employed in working. More than all, they had made the world subordinate to eternity; and I had been satisfied with the world.

After all, it was a mercy for me that my *expectations* came to nothing. My disappointments brought me to reflection and to my right mind. What I am now, either temporarily or spiritually, I will no further divulge, except by saying, with regard to the latter, "By the grace of God, I am what I am;" and, with regard to the former, that to those to whom, in my fancied prosperity, I had never held out a helping hand, I am indebted, under God's good providence, for the means of raising myself out of the pit into which my expectations had plunged me.

And now, if my story needs a moral, here it is: *Expectations*, rightly used, are good things in their way, and not to be lightly esteemed; but when they lead others, as they led me, to throw away self-dependence, humility, perseverance, and every noble and generous feeling, they are sadly perverted. They are good if used as a walking-stick; bad when leaned upon as a crutch."

An Incident of the late Battle.

A correspondent of one of the New York papers, who was an eye-witness of the scene, describes the stampede of the Germans in the following graphic manner:—

THE STAMPEDE OF THE ELEVENTH.

But the climax of the disaster was not yet reached. The 11th corps had been ordered to advance on the right of Birney, and moved forward to take the position assigned to them on Birney's flank. One brigade succeeded in getting up the hill, and reported, by its commander (whose name I have unfortunately lost,) to Generals Sickles and Birney. The rest of the corps met the enemy in force when about two-thirds of the distance up. Here they had a short engagement, in which it does not appear that they had even so large a force to contend against as that which Williams, with his single division, had fought so bravely. Headed by their commander, the gallant Howard, the German corps charged boldly up to the rebel lines. Here they were met, as the rebels always meet their foe, with shouts of defiance and derision, a determined front and a heavy fire of musketry. The German regiments returned the fire for a short time with spirit, manifesting a disposition to fight valiantly. But at the time when all encouragement to the men was needed that could be given, then some officer of the division, (one, at least, as I am informed,) fell back to the rear, leaving his men to fight alone. At the same time General Devens, commanding the 1st division, was unhorsed and badly wounded in his foot by a musket ball. Thus, losing at a critical moment the inspiring influence of the immediate presence of their commanders, the men began to falter, then to fall back, and finally broke in a complete route. General Howard boldly threw himself into the breach and attempted to rally the shattered columns; but his efforts were perfectly futile. The men were panic-stricken, and no power on earth could rally them in the face of the enemy.

Becoming aware of the danger Gen Sickles sent to warn Birney of it, and order him to fall back. Then, turning to Gen. Pleasanton, he directed him to take charge of the artillery, and train it all upon the woods encircling the field, and support it with his cavalry, to hold the rebels in check should they come on him, and himself dashed off to meet Whipple, then just emerging from the woods in the bottom land. He had scarcely turned his horse about when the flying Germans came dashing over the field in crowds, meeting the head of Whipple's column, and stampeding through his lines, running as only men do run when convinced that sure destruction is awaiting them. At the same moment large masses of the rebel infantry came dashing through the woods on the north and west close up to the field, and opened a tremendous fire of musketry into the confused mass of men and animals. To add to the confusion and terror of the occasion, night was rapidly approaching and darkness was already beginning to obscure all things.

THE PANIC.

I must frankly confess that I have no ability to do justice to the scene that followed. It was my lot to be in the centre of that field when the panic burst upon us. May I never be witness to another such scene. On one hand was a solid column of infantry retreating at double quick from the face of the enemy, who were already crowding their rear; on the other, was a dense mass of beings who had lost their reasoning faculties, and were [illegible] from a thousand fancied dangers as [illegible] from the real danger that crowded [illegible] upon them, aggravating the fearful [illegible] of their situation by the very precipitancy with which they were seeking to escape from it. On the hill were ten thousand of the enemy, pouring their murderous volleys in upon us, yelling and hooting, to increase the alarm and confusion; hundreds of cavalry horses left riderless at the first discharge from the rebels, were dashing frantically about in all directions; a score of batteries of artillery were thrown into disorder, some properly manned, seeking to gain positions for effective duty, and others flying from the field; battery waggons, ambulances, horses, men, cannon, caissons, all jumbled and tumbled together in an apparently inextricable mass, and that murderous fire still pouring in upon them. To add to the terror of the occasion, there was but one means of escape from the field, and that through a little narrow neck or ravine washed out by Scott's creek. Towards this the confused mass plunged headlong. For a moment it seemed as if no power could avert the frightful calamity that threatened the entire army. That neck passed, and this panic-stricken, disordered body of men and animals permitted to pass down through the other corps of the army, our destruction was sure. But in the midst of that wildest alarm there was one cool head. That threatened calamity was averted by the determined self-possession of Major-General Daniel E. Sickles. Spurring his horse forward, he forced his way through the tangled mass, and entered this narrow neck. Across this neck there runs a strong brick wall, behind which the forces of Generals Williams and Berry had already thrown themselves preparatory to meeting the enemy. On one flank of the wall was the deeply sunken bed of the creek, impassable for any species of vehicle, and scarcely safe for men. At the upper end of the wall was a narrow gateway, the only opening to be found. To this point General Sickles picked his way, and there, drawing his sword, blocked the passage with himself and horse.

On came the panic-stricken crowd, terrified artillery riders spurring and lashing their horses to the utmost; riderless horses dashing along regardless of all obstacles; ambulances upsetting, and being dashed to pieces against trees and stumps; men flying and crying with alarm—a perfect torrent of passion, apparently uncontrollable. But against it all the brave General threw himself, and by his determined bravery brought the first heavy mass—a cannon drawn by six horses, well mounted—to a halt, and blockaded the passage. Others dashed up behind and crowded upon the first, their drivers cursing and swearing, and calling to the foremost to go on. The loose horses jumped the stone wall, and the flying men scrambled over it, utterly oblivious to the fact that the opposite side was crowded with men whose lives were thus doubly endangered. But by the blockade of the main passage, the stampede of the artillery and cavalry had been principally checked. Once halted, reason began to return to those who had previously lost it, and much of the artillery, properly manned, was quickly brought back upon the field.

A General Election.

We learn from Quebec that there was a long Cabinet Council yesterday. It is understood that the point discussed was whether there should be a re-construction of the Ministry before or after a general election. The Upper Canadian Liberals were exceedingly anxious that there should be a revise [illegible] policy of the Government as well as of the *personnel*, before the appeal to the people, but it is feared that this course will not be adopted.

A dissolution is certain to take place forthwith. The Government will probably ask the House to finish the unopposed business, which will occupy only a few days, so that members will be able to leave Quebec by the end of next week.

We are happy to learn that there is entire unanimity among the Upper Canadian Liberals in the House. They are determined not to forsake their principles whatever the course of the Ministry may be, and are prepared to go to the country unitedly and vigorously on the old platform of Upper Canadian rights, which they have so consistently upheld under very trying circumstances during the present Session. We venture to say, that they will be warmly sustained by their constituents.—*Globe.*

Buffalo and Lake Huron Railroad

TIME TABLE.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

GOING EAST.

		Day Express.
GODERICH,	DEP.	8.30 A. M.
CLINTON	"	9.08 "
HARPURHEY	"	9.30 "
SEAFORTH	"	9.36 "
CARRONBROOK	"	9.55 "
MITCHELL	"	10.11 "
STRATFORD	ARR.	10.50 "
"	DEP.	12.35 P. M.

GOING WEST.

STRATFORD	ARR.	2.28 P. M.
"	DEP.	2.50 "
MITCHELL	"	3.33 "
CARRON BROOK	"	3.52 "
SEAFORTH	"	4.15 "
HARPURHEY	"	4.21 "
CLINTON	"	4.45 "
GODERICH	DEP.	5.30 "

Connects at Stratford with Grand Trunk and at Paris with Great Western. Daily Stages from Goderich to all parts of the surrounding country. Passengers reach Ports on the coast by VanEvery and Rumball's steamers.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C. W., MAY 12, 1863.

THE WANT OF CONFIDENCE VOTE.

The vote on the motion of John A. McDonald on Thursday last was, as we anticipated, a close one; so close indeed that the Hon. mover must have been considerably astonished, after having caused it to be announced that he was sure to be sustained by a large majority. The *Leader* of Friday says:

The SPEAKER, at five minutes to one, gave the order "Call in the members." There was intense excitement and immense crowds in the galleries, and many strangers on the floor.

At ten minutes past one the Speaker put the question, all the members having been carefully whipped in except Mr. Brown, who was seen in the lobbies an hour before. The House divided, amid profound silence, as follows:—

YEAS.—Messrs. Alleyn, Anderson, Baby, Beaubien, Beaudreau, Benjamin, Blanchet, Brousseau, John H. Cameron, Matthew C. Cameron, Carling, Caron, Cartier, Cauchon, Chapais, Clarke, Cockburn, Crawford, Daly, Daoust, DeBoucherville, DeCazes, Denis, Desaulniers, Doestator, Joseph Dufresne, Dunkin, Ferguson, Fournier, Gait, Gaudet, Haultain, Jackson, Jones, Knight, Langevin, Le Boutillier, J. A. Macdonald, Mongenais, Morin, Morris, Morrison, Morton, O'Connor, Painchaud, Pinsonnault, Pope, Poupore, Powell, Robinson, Robitaille, Rose, J. J. Ross, of Chaplain, J. S. Ross, of Dundas, Ryerson, Scott, Sherwood, Simard, Simpson, Street, Taschereau, Tasse, Tett, and Walsh—64.

NAYS—Abbott, Archambault, Ault, R. Bell, of North Lanark, Benoit, Biggar, Bourassa, Brown, Buchanan, Burwell, Cowan, Dawson, Dickson, A. A. Dorion, J. B. E. Dorion, Drummond, A. Dufresne, Dunsford, Eventurel, Foley, Fortier, Gagnon, Harcourt, Hebert, Howland, Huntington, Huot, Jobin, Joly, Viger Labreche, Laframboise, Attorney General Macdonald, Donald A. Macdonald, Mackenzie, McDougall, McGee, McKellar, McLachlin, Mowat, Munro, Notman, O'Halloran, Patrick, Prevost, Price, Remillard, Rykert, Rymal, Scatcherd, Scoble, Attorney General Sicotte, Somerville, Starnes, Stirton, Sylvain, Wallbridge, White, Wilson, and Wright—59.

The SPEAKER announced that the motion was carried amid opposition cheers.

Mr. SANDFIELD MACDONALD moved that when the House adjourn it stand adjourned till Monday. Carried.

Mr. SANDFIELD MACDONALD then moved the adjournment of the House, which was carried, and the House adjourned at 1.35. There was great excitement afterward, the members collecting on the floor and singing as the Ministry left the chamber.

It appears that there is an important mistake in the above, for in an "erratum" the *Globe* informs us that Mr. Haultain, voted *with* the Ministry and not against it. That would be one taken from John A. and an addition to the Ministry—making the real vote yea 63, nay 60—the majority against the Ministry only amounting to *three* instead of *five*, as at first announced. An analysis of the vote shows unmistakably that there was an Upper Canada Majority for the Ministry! This is a significant fact, and goes to disprove the statement with regard to Ministerial truckling to Lower Canada. If there has been such subserviency, how is it possible to account for the defection of Lower Canada members who at the commencement of the session professed a willingness to support the Ministry, and how can it be accounted for that a majority of Upper Canadians voted nay to the motion, notwithstanding the strenuous exertions of Mr. John A. McDonald? Had the Cabinet gone down on its political marrow bones before Lower Canada, as alleged so confidently, not all the systematic whipping-in of Monsieur Cartier and his colleagues could have prevented an overwhelming majority in favor of the Ministry! This must be the case, and it is well known that all policies are alike to the Lower Canadians—nay, even all politicians are alike in their estimation, if they can only secure the substance while Upper Canada is put off with the shadow. What care they for retrenchment, and economy, and such like unpleasant things?—they have long fattened upon the opposite policy, and now when Mr. Howland proposes to lay on what is equivalent to a direct tax in order to extract the country from the hungry maw of the jobbing money lender, Lower Canada kicks and turns the scale against the Ministry. If this is the manner in which John A. and Monsieur secure their victory, then we must say the Ministry has gone down honorably and with the flag flying at the mast head.

We honor such men as Geo. Brown and James Dickson for voting *nay* as they did. Like all other reform members and reformers generally there was much in the Ministry and its measures that they did not admire and could not cordially endorse—they felt galled at the defection of Mr. McDougall from his avowed principles, they regretted the postponement of the Representation Question, and they could not consistently with their professions assent to the Separate School Bill; but when it came to a pitting of John A. and Monsieur Cartier against the hon. J. S. McDonald and Mr. Sicotte he must have been a recreant Reformer indeed who could hesitate for one moment as to which should receive his vote. True, there are some people who think that because certain men thought it their duty to vote against the Ministry on such questions as the School Bill, and Representation, they were in duty bound to vote also for the Motion of Want of Confidence. This is most unreasonable, and taking into consideration the revelations made by the Ottawa and other Commissions, it would be madness for any liberal to sanction by his countenance and support the return to power of men who were capable of such shameless transactions. And then too much stress is laid on the inconsistence of men who went into Parliament on the platform of Representation by Population, and who, nevertheless, voted *for* a Ministry which has hoisted that question for a definite or "indefinite" period. We would just ask such reasoners whether the principle of Upper Canadian Rights would be materially advanced by voting for John A. McDonald and M. Cartier, who fondly hope to be called in, in case the present Cabinet is compelled to retire? Has not Mr. J. A. McDonald voted and spoken time and again in favor of the principle in question?—and has he not, since he changed his views, voted against it, ridiculed it, and reproached its advocates with holding revolutionary principles; and has not Mr. Cartier, of codfish notoriety, been a most bitter and frothy opponent of any member who dared to call in question the right of Lower Canada to at least two-thirds of the entire revenues of the country? On any principle of reason or common-sense is it presumable that these men have become regenerated so far as to be worthy of the confidence of gentlemen who remain true to the principles of their political lives? The thing is absurd, and of a piece with the inconsistencies and anomalies into which the Opposition has, unwittingly it is to be hoped, plunged itself. Inconsistency indeed! If the Opposition gentleman wished to show their sincerity, they should have remembered that they live in extremely thin glass houses and endeavored to conduct themselves accordingly, for, hitherto, their charges have recoiled back upon their own heads with stinging effect.

Much stress is laid upon the forbearance with which the Opposition treated the Ministry, in condescendingly permitting it to go on in the development of its policy as long as it did, and we think the hon. gentlemen did well to take to themselves all the credit possible, when they could not very well help themselves, and when they needed all the scraps of comfort they could obtain, as a set-off against the scandalous acts being brought home to them almost daily. "From such forbearance, good Lord deliver us," said the premier, in answer to the boasts of John A. on this subject.

There is something hopeful to the country in the fact, now perfectly transparent, that the "old set" is set down as unworthy of a return to power, and that *it feels* the justly-merited opprobrium to which its past acts has subjected it. We do not speak hastily or unadvisedly. The full force of this scathing, blighting truth was felt in the tory ranks at the Capital the moment the majority of five, (or *three*, as it appears) was recorded against the McDonald-Sicotte Ministry. What was the first act in the Opposition caucus following the division? Was John A. the champion, to be rewarded with a premiership and a new lease of power? M. Cartier, the Lower Canadian whipper-in, to be favored with a leading position as in the days of yore? No such thing! The following hopeful "coming Cabinet" was framed, which will be received as decidedly the best joke of the session:

Premier, and Attorney General West	Hon. J. H. Cameron.
Commissioner of Crown Lands	Mr. W. Powell.
Minister of Finance	Hon. W. *Cayley.*
Postmaster General	Mr. *Daly.*
Bureau of Agriculture and Minister of Militia	Mr. T. *Ferguson.*
Solicitor General	Mr. O'Connor.
Attorney General East	Mr. Denis.
Commissioner of Public Works	Hon. Francois *Baby.*
President of the Council	Hon. L. Renaud.
Provincial Secretary	Mr. *Pope.*
Receiver General	Mr. J. Dufresne.
Solicitor General East	Mr. Langevin. *

Of course such a conglomerate as this caused a *row*—of course Mr. Cartier frothed and could only be mollified by a promise of some office that would pay—and Mr. J. A. McDonald received the "promise of a recommendation as Governor of British Columbia!" Hopeful Toms and Williams!

But, to conclude, we think it is due to the country at large that a dissolution should take place, and that the Ministry, by a direct appeal to the constituencies, may be sustained or rejected on their policy, and that the *people* may have an opportunity of proving by their votes whether they are willing to receive back the "old set," with the old policy, the old corruption—as yet, not half revealed, and the old system of borrowing money to pay for borrowed money. The dissolution, we believe, will be granted, probably *is* granted to-day, and of the result we have good grounds for hopeful confidence.

* The Quebec 'Chronicle', which is the organ of the proposed "new set", in its issue of the 7th inst., says: "There is not the slightest intention on the part of the opposition of resuscitating defunct cabinets," that "there exists a perfect understanding that NEW MEN are as essential as new measures.

THE WAR NEWS.

The latest sensation touching War matters is that Richmond has *been taken* by Generals Keyes (not W.J.,) and Peck.—But as the latest accounts make no mention of it, we are pretty safe in setting it down as *the* canard of the War—one of the Monitor class—"unprecedented in the World's history." The story came by way of Philadelphia, probably by underground railway, assisted by the spiritual telegraph.

LISTS OF VOTERS.

Now that a General Election may be upon us at any moment, it may be well to state that some of the townships in these United Counties are in danger of being disfranchised through negligence in not returning their Voters' Lists to the Clerk of the Peace, as provided for by Act 22, Vic., chap 6, Con. Stat. Canada, being an act for the Registration of Voters. The municipalities in this category are, we understand, Brant, Carrick, Greenock, and Clinton. Although we should not fret long or very severely at the disfranchisement of Brant and Greenock, politically speaking, it is only a matter of simple justice to direct the attention of those interested to the matter. Parties guilty of non-compliance with the provisions of the act cited are liable to a fine of $200. The returns should be sent in at once.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The number of this able and interesting Quarterly for the current Quarter is at hand. The opening article is a lengthy and not very favorable reviews of vols. I and II of Mr. Kinglake's new work, The Invasion of the Crimea. This with several of the other papers will be perused with avidity by general readers. Leonard Scott & Co., N. Y., publishers. Sold at this office.

☞ 12,000 nine months and two years men are to be mustered out of the Federal service soon.

☞ The *Globe* understands that the Oppositionists in Quebec "are all aghast at the idea of a dissolution. They did not expect it. They thought that either the Premier would not ask, or the Governor would refuse the appeal to the constituencies. They have been frightfully sold, and would gladly recall the vote of Thursday."

☞ The London *News* says Mr. Carling, the member for that city, has signified his intention not to offer himself for the suffrages of the electors. He evidently feels the unpopularity of his position. Several candidates are spoken of, amongst them Messrs. Farrar, Scatchard, M. Anderson, and— who would have thought it—poor Cornish.

LATEST FROM QUEBEC.

A DISSOLUTION GRANTED.

PROPOSED RECONSTRUCTION OF THE CABINET:

Our special despatches from Quebec are to the following effect:

Mr. John Sandfield Macdonald will announce to the House when it meets to-day, (Monday,) that he recommended the Governor to dissolve the Assembly, on account of the vote of Thursday night last, that His Excellency gave his assent, and that Parliament will shortly be prorogued with a view to an early dissolution. Meantime the Government will ask Parliament to grant the necessary funds to carry on the business of the country, and also to pass unopposed measures.

The Premier has been engaged since the vote in endeavouring to reconstruct the Government on an improved basis, and it is understood that Messrs. Brown, Dorion, Mowat and Holton have been consulted. Great difficulties lie in the way, but it is possible that they may be overcome. The chief obstacle, as may be imagined, arises from the Representation question. I will be extremely difficult to obtain a policy on that matter which will be satisfactory to Upper Canada.

The negotiations, it is probable, will not be concluded for some days, but that will not affect the action of the House in closing up the business and preparing for the dissolution.—The reconstruction will certainly take place, however, before the writs issue.—*Globe.*

PEDESTRIAN FEAT—WALKING SEVEN MILES IN ONE HOUR.—On Monday last, Joseph Smith walked seven miles in one hour over the race-course in this town. He was within a second or two of time. At least, so said Mr. Joseph Turner, who timed the walk.—There were upwards of 200 spectators present. Great as was the feat of walking seven miles in one hour, Joe has since totally eclipsed that leg-stretching performance by walking off without paying the printer! This the rascal effected by meanly taking advantage of one of the employees of this establishment.—*Stratford Beacon.*

☞ The Barrie *Spirit* records the death of H. H. Gowan, Esq., Deputy Clerk of the Crown and Pleas for this county, and father of James R. Gowan, Esq., the County Judge. By Mr. Gowan's death the office of Deputy Clerk of the Crown and Pleas, under the present law, devolves upon the Clerk of the County Court, Jonathan Lane, Esq.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

THE FAILURE OF GEN. HOOKER, AND HIS RETREAT.

A SHORT SKETCH OF HIS RETIRING MOVEMENTS.

NEW YORK, May 8.

The *Times* Washington despatch, dated quarter-past 11 last night, says that Brig.-Gen. Stoughton had arrived from Richmond. He says that on Monday morning farmers rushed into Richmond with news of Gen. Stoneman's appearance in the suburbs, and that he was gobbling up everybody as prisoners. Bells were rung and fearful consternation ensued; families packed up their goods and the military guard at Libby prison were ordered to the fortifications.

The panic continued till Tuesday morning, when it was known that General Stoneman was on his way down the peninsula.

Brig.-Gen. Stoughton states that General Stoneman's force got within sight of Richmond, and one of our officers and two men were captured within only a mile and a quarter of Richmond. There were only four hundred troops in Richmond.

The *Herald* has a letter from a prisoner named Vosburgh, dated Richmond, May 5th, stating the alarm felt there on Sunday, and saying there is no doubt if Stoneman's force, or a portion of it, had entered Richmond on Sunday night, which they could easily have done, they could have seized Jeff. Davis and his whole Cabinet, with a majority of the Confederate Congress; could have burnt the bridges across James river and cut off all communication southward.

Lieutenant Marsh, of the 12th Illinois cavalry, who was captured on Monday at Tunstalls, states that Perry Wyndham's brigade tore up the track of the Orange and Alexandria railroad Saturday, burning the rails, taking prisoners, &c.

On the evening of Saturday Col. Davis captured a train of Confederates at Ashland station. The men were paroled, but the Confederate Colonel, Major, and other officers were taken off by Davis. He then proceeded to Tunstall's station, where he met 3,000 Confederates, having a severe skirmish. Davis's force was only 400. It was here Lieut. Marsh was captured. It was Davis's design to reach Yorktown, which he probably has accomplished. The whole number of prisoners captured by Davis was over 1,000.

A Washington despatch states that Longstreet's force was pushed through on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, before Stoneman had cut the connections.

The *Times* special despatch states that Gen. Siegel resumed the command of his old corps in place of Carl Schurz.

The New York *Tribune* has the following:—Fairfax Court House, Tuesday, May 5. A young man, a brakesman of the railroad from Gordonsville to Culpepper, reached here this evening. He states that he left Gordonsville on Saturday about four o'clock, coming by way of Madison Court House and James City, across the Hazel river and the Rappahannock near Berkley Ford, there he encountered 25 of the black horse cavalry and lost his horse, but took to the woods and escaped.

On Saturday morning it is said that Fitz Hugh Lee passed through Gordonsville from Culpepper on Friday, and that there was fighting with Stoneman's forces on Saturday evening at Louisa Court House, and that the Union cavalry were also at Cobham's station; between Gordonsville and Charlottsville and the train that left Gordonsville for the latter place was obliged to return, that the train between Gordonsville and Richmond had ceased running and that our forces were in Culpepper.

There were about 1,200 Confederate infantry, 200 or 300 cavalry at Gordonsville.

Heavy firing was heard this morning while at Rappahannock station, in the direction of Germania Ford.

Three trains were at Gordonsville, but could not get away as the roads were cut.

The *Times* says Gen. Stoughton states he was informed by Confederate officers who were at Charleston during the fight that Sumter was on the point of surrendering when our monitors hauled off.

The *Tribune* states that Gen. Averill was placed under arrest and his command given to Gen. Pleasanton by Gen. Hooker in consequence of his returning without having executed his orders.

The following paragraph in the *Tribune's* Falmouth correspondence tersely sums up the present position:—"The cacus again occupy Fredericksburg and the heights, and the situation is substantially the same as before the opening of the campaign."

HARRISBURG, May 8.

The following despatch from the Secretary of War has just been received by Governor Curtin:—

WASHINGTON, May 8.

To the Governor of Pennsylvania: The President and General-in-Chief has just returned from the army of the Potomac. The principal operations of Gen. Hooker failed, but there has been no serious disaster to the organization and efficiency of the army. It is now occupying its former position on the Rappahannock, it having recrossed the river without any loss in the movement.

Not more than one third of Gen. Hooker's forces was engaged.

Gen. Stoneman's operations have been a brilliant success. Part of his force advanced to within two miles of Richmond, and the enemy's communications have been cut in every direction.

The army of the Potomac will speedily resume offensive operations.

NEW YORK, May 8.

The *Herald's* Falmouth correspondent on the evening of the 6th gives the following account of the recrossing of Gen. Hooker's army. The assigned order of withdrawal was Syke's division, first Humphrey's next, Griffin's last, Sweitzer's brigade being the extreme vanguard.

The retreat was conducted noiselessly and was unknown to the enemy, or if they did know it they deemed it prudent not to follow or else they were executing a similar retrograde movement! Every military precaution was taken to secure our retreat. A continual line of battle was kept up by the retiring infantry. Rifle pits were established, a battis laid, trees felled, and Waterman's B. I battery brought up the rear.

No enemy was seen until reaching the U. S. Ford, when a few Confederate cavalry showed themselves about a mile distant, but were scattered by a shell. When we reached the Ford one by one the regiments crossed on the Pontoons, the Engineer corps took up pontoons and our army has re-crossed. Forage baggage and ammunition had preceded us, and before dark the army occupied the tents and ground it occupied just nine days ago. Division and brigade headquarters were soon re-established; camp fires are burning brightly and suppers were cooking.

To-night there is no visible token of the nine day's advance. A few familiar faces are missing.

The events of the past nine days are discussed, and the agitating inquiry now is, what next?

CINCINNATI, May 8.

The trial of Vallandigham was concluded yesterday. The decision of the Court will probably be announced some time during the day.

A Gallant Deed and a Chivalrous Return.

From the Washington Chronicle.

In the recent movement of Stoneman's cavalry, the advance was led by Lieutenant Paine, of the First Maine Cavalry. Being separated by a considerable distance from the main body, he encountered unexpectedly, a superior force of rebel cavalry, and his whole party were taken prisoners. They were hurried off as rapidly as possible to get them out of the way of our advancing force, and in crossing a rapid and deep stream, Lieutenant Henry, commanding the rebel force, was swept off his horse. As none of his men seemed to think or care anything about saving him, his prisoner, Lieutenant Paine, leaped off his horse, seized the drowning man by the collar, swam ashore with him, and saving his life, thus literally captaring his captor. He was sent to Richmond with the rest of the prisoners, and the facts being made known to General Fitz-Hugh Lee, he wrote a statement of them to General Winder, the provost-marshal of Richmond, who ordered the instant release of Lieutenant Paine, without even parole, promise, or condition, and we presume, with the compliments of the Confederacy. He arrived in Washington on Saturday last.—This act of generosity as well as justice must command our highest admiration. There is some hope for men who can behave in such a manner.

But the strangest part of the story is yet to come. Lieut. Paine on arriving in Washington learned that the officer whose life he had thus gallantly saved had since been taken prisoner by our forces, and had just been confined in the old Capitol prison. At the last we heard of him he was on his way to Gen. Martindale's head-quarters to obtain a pass to visit his beneficiary and benefactor. Such are the vicissitudes of war. We could not help thinking, when we heard this story, of the profound observations of Mrs. Gimp:—"Sich is life, vich likeways is the hend of hall things hearthly." We leave to casuists to determine whether, when these two gallant soldiers meet on the battle-field, the should fight like enemies or embrace like Christians. For our part, we do not believe their swords will be any the less sharp, nor seal any the less determined, for this hap-hazard exchange of soldierly courtesy.

Conduct of Admiral Wilkes.

From the Leader.

We published yesterday what purported to be a report of a short speech lately delivered in the House of Commons by Mr. Arthur Roebuck. But having been taken from an an American paper, it was, as might have been expected, considerably cut up and garbled. We publish a correct report to-day.

Mr. Roebuck—I have not given notice of a motion, but I have a question which, according to notice, I wish to put to the noble lord. It refers to matters now going on in the West Indian Waters and very nearly affecting English trade. (Hear, hear.) I allude to the proceedings of an Admiral in the United States service with respect to English merchant shipping going from an English port to a neutral port. (Hear, hear.) I wish to preface my question with one or two observations, but I will not occupy the time of the House very long. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Knightly rose, amid some confusion, to put it to the Speaker whether the honorable and learned member was not infringing the rules of the House. (Cries of "Go on," addressed to Mr. Roebuck, followed this interruption.)

Lord Palmerston interposed. He said—May I be just allowed to answer my honorable and learned friend's question? (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Roebuck—I know the noble lord is an older man than I am, but, still, older as he is, he will not take me in that way. (A laugh.) I wish to make a few observations before I put the question to the noble lord. The question relates to the conduct of Admiral Wilkes. Sir, when the American war broke out, I may say, the large majority of the English people felt a shock of opinion in regard to the quarrel between the various States of America. (Hear, hear.) I must say for myself that that shock was of a very strong character, for all my early notions were that in America a great experiment was being made in government. I thought they had entered on that experiment in a way that mankind had never done before, and that fortune would prevail in their favor, for they were worthy of governing themselves. When the news came, and that great experiment was at an end—for it is at an end—(hear, hear)—my heart failed me, for then I was compelled to acknowledge that men, under the most favorable circumstances, had proved themselves unworthy of governing themselves. That was my feeling at that time, and my feeling was in favor of the North. Time went on, and their whole conduct was such as proved them not only unfit for the government of themselves, but unfit for the courtesies and the community of the civilized world. ("Oh! oh!" and cheers.) Oh! yes, Sir, I know there are degenerate Englishmen—(cheers)—who take the part of the North against their own country—(cheers)—and whenever matters come into collision between America and England their voice is raised on the side of America. (Cheers, and "Oh! oh!" I can perfectly understand. I am very glad to find that what [say touches the hon. gentlemen opposite. It appears that the question of which I have given notice creates a great sensation among them. (Hear, hear.) Well, sir, the conduct of the North American dis-United States has been such as is humiliating to the people of England. (Cheers.) The noble lord has shown himself hitherto a friend of the honor, the dignity, and the prosperity of England. He never showed that more than in his conduct as the head of the Administration in the circumstances conn