She [illegible] cottage [illegible] showing her [illegible] on which the sea [illegible] crunche[illegible] all day, as though still mindful of [illegible] when it held those very barriers in its [illegible]ous abyss; then she approved, though [illegible] she still kept at some small distance, Mrs. Ransom, its owner and a widow, a good creature like Mademoiselle Baptistine, possessing a body principally as an excuse for a soul. Moreover, she had on had a first friendship, only with a little, clear-eyed, cooing year-old baby, Ida Ransom; yet it kept her heart warm, and with it nestling on her lap, its soft hands tangled in the long golden hair that it delighted to pull from her comb down about her shoulders, talking to it in that curious language that a true woman has by instinct; making a wonder of its solemn looks and low murmurings, kissing its fragrant mouth, its dimpled shoulders, its white eyelids, even its little pink feet. I question if the mistress of Rocky Crest were so happy; and time went at least quietly till on one of these golden times Philip Dupleix surprised her, as with hair down and blowing freshly back from her sparkling face she whirled with baby through the hall almost into his arms as he was coming in at the open door. As usual he was self possessed.

"You have improved, Miss Brederode. I see they treat you well here;" and then he put out his arms for the baby quite as a matter of course, giving Margaret time to fasten up her hair; and taking in the little parlor, its peace, purity, and refinement, Mrs. Ransom, all at one glance, was as much at home there as if he had been the scarlet cactus in full glory on the table behind him.

It was late when he arrived, and soon the day closed stormily in burning flame close along the horizon, with here and there an upward golden gleam or flare of angry light into the pall of threatening clouds, dropping heavily down to the sea. With the twilight began to pelt a bitter storm, growing in fury with the darkness. Long dashes of rain and sleet beat against the windows, rattling and shaking crazily in the gale, and the vibration of the room, the high shrieking of the wind, and the surge of the waves on the beach, gave the old house a curious effect of having drifted off to sea like a cozy Noah's ark, though it had in reality, Philip would scarcely have stirred. The dim without only brightened the comfort of the little sitting-room. The bright hearth, the shaded lamp on the table, Margaret herself sitting by it with her work-basket and sewing, were marvelously home-like, and Philip liked it all, specially the quiet scantress so near him. She had gained flesh and color, and a better expression, not altogether peaceful but quiet. Besides, the mistress of Rocky Crest had been a mutinous, untamed thing, to be approached with doubt and caution; but the figure near him had lost something of its air of proud self reliance, and had sometimes a little tired droop of head and eyelids that pleased him best of all, perhaps because he thought the handsome willful head might be ready now to rest on his shoulder from very weariness.

He took up her work basket—a sort of pine-cone nest with blue silk pockets; a dainty thing, as were all her belongings.

"You have a curious way of setting your mark on all that you touch. I should know this even if it were dangling from the North Pole; and, by-the-by, I think your power extends also to individuals. Do you remember the look that Dr. Moorefield christened my Brederode expression?"

Margaret answered by an upward glance, only one of attention that told him nothing, and went on with her sewing.

"Poor James!" continued Philip. "He was truly desolate at first. I used to pity him. They say now, however, that he is consoling himself with a certain Chicago belle. He has been spending the winter there."

Here Margaret took a short, sharp lesson on moral somnambulism. She had kept her soul on the dry bread of reality, forced it from a Lenten fast from expectation, and here had it outwitted her after all; positively gone sleep-walking into Spain, and built a castle of whose existence she first learned from the crash with which Philip's words sent it to the ground. Oh, fool and blind! she had refused herself the very thought of his name, and built after all on his faith. Philip drew his chair closer.

"How could you refuse to see me?" he said, reproachfully. "You owed me friendship, at least a good-by."

"I was not in the humor."

"But you left no trace behind you. You can hardly guess what trouble I had to find you."

"I am sorry."

"Is that all you can say after six months of separation? I have never fully lived since then till now, and you tell me you are sorry—have you no—hah?" checking himself, "I am a fool! what do you care for my regrets or torment? It is enough that, cold as you are, I can not do without you. Can not! *Will* not!"

Margaret laid down her work, and look'd up with a quiet more formidable than any flutterings of indignation.

"There is one objection, Mr. Dupleix; I do not love you."

"Have I asked you if you did? I did not expect it. I am no believer in romance. You can learn that after."

"Impossible!"

"You have not tried."

"Tried! You know knothing of loving."

"You do."

"That is my affair."

Philip took off the velvet glove.

"Oh, I understand you. I know that you loved James Moorefield even when you drove him from you. Shall I tell you how far I helped you on in that sensible and noble resolve, by an occasional taunt or sneer, at the very time that you most vaunted to yourself your strength of will? If I moulded you then like wax, what chance have you now."

"It is possible that you may have influenced me then; it is certain you will not now."

"Ah! then you— But why discuss the matter? Surely there is nothing so attractive about this sex dom that you should refuse such a position as I can offer?"

"There are sex doms worse than that of poverty," retorted Margaret.

"You are still dreaming of Moorefield; but he will not forgive you: do not think it."

"I do not."

"Why are you so obstinate, then?"

"Simply because I am quite unable to imagine the possibility of saying yes."

"But you *must*."

"Must!"

"Your destiny, your very means of livelihood, are in my hands."

"You mistake: that is not the Bosphorus yonder, and we are in the nineteenth century."

"True—in a village as suspicious, scandalous, and ignorant as ever graced any century, where it needs only a few well-directed hints to open wide the eyes of your lady-patroness to your exceeding impropriety in being young, beautiful, poor, haughty, and alone. Believe me, I forgot, nothing, but considered the game well before I moved."

"Still I have a protector—'noblesse oblige;' and I will appeal to the honor of Philip Dupleix against himself."

"I do not wish to injure you: only to do you good spite of yourself; to take you from a life of care and toil, even perforce. As for honor—what is that but a toy of civilization? We are all savages at heart."

And savage indeed he looked; but Margaret still confronted him with cool disdain—even smiled lightly at the close, saying,

"So be it then; and God help the right!" and till his departure she kept up a stately and impenetrable serenity not a little galling.

She was sorely shaken, however; wounded almost beyond endurance. The loneliness and friendlessness on which he had presumed were on her in full force; and she knew him too well to doubt either his purpose or his power to harm her. Instinctively her thoughts turned to Dr. Moorefield, only to be met by the bitter remembrance that he neither knew nor cared to know any thing of her. Utterly desolate on earth, she looked up to heaven, and found that dark also. For some months she had called herself Christian, and walked

[illegible]uld not let them call you. I [illegible]u."

[illegible]held again—his voice, at least. [illegible]old and trembling hand.

[illegible] light. I believe that you are [illegible] ghost." But her eyes sunk before his even [illegible] she spoke; for she read there triumph indeed, but loving triumph, not the mean exultation of which she had so ungenerously accused him.

"I have seen you several times before," he said, softly. "I have met you twice on the road, and last Sunday, at church, I stood close beside you; but one would think you had made a covenant with your eyes never to look to the right or the left."

"I can hardly think how you knew me, I am so changed."

"No, only you are thinner, and wear a care-taking, anxious look that cuts me to the heart. I fancy, too, you are not quite so mutinous, at least in look, though you have not gained in civility. You have not said once that you were glad to see me."

"How do you know that I am?"

"I do not. You are past finding out. I am, though," suddenly drawing her close to him, "happy, more than happy. All winter I have been searching for you in Chicago.—Dupleix told me you were there."

Margaret started, but checked the words on her lips.

"To think," he went on, "that I should find you here—"

"And Miss Sefton?" she interrupted, somewhat irrelevantly.

He smiled, and drew a crumpled ball from his pocket.

"These were what I rescued this morning." The gloves that she had given him on the night of her last fete. She knew them on the instant.

"You kept those?"

"I had no other souvenir of you."

The golden head dropped lightly on his shoulder.

"I was wrong, then," she said, softly. "I have longed often to ask your forgiveness. I don't care about equality and making conditions now. I am very glad to rest."

"Poor little thing!" touch the soft cheek and sunny hair. "I need to ask your pardon too. I should have seen that you were combating a wind-mill, not a principle, and had more patience."

So they sat contently in the shadow, the silence unbroken except by the crackling of the fire, and once by an arch voice.

"You have not asked me yet if I will obey."

"There is no need."

TWO CHILDREN POISENED IN GUELPH TOWNSHIP.—A very distressing occurrence took place on Thursday last, by which two children belonging to Mr. James Pringle, weaver, on the Eramosa road, came to a very sudden and untimely death. During the afternoon of that day, his three children, aged respectively ten, seven and four, were playing near the river, which is a short distance from the house. They came upon some plants closely resembling the common parsnip, but which were actually the *conium* or field hemlock, possessing strong narcotic properties. Unhappily the three ate of the roots, and before long two, the eldest and the youngest, were seized with violent convulsions. A messenger was at once sent for Doctor Howitt, who arrived about six o'clock. The eldest was by this time dead, and the youngest in the last throes of death. Attempts were made to administer an emetic, but lockjaw had supervened, and after a series of violent convulsions, the unfortunate child breathed its last. The doctor gave the third child a strong emetic, which relieved it of the poison in the stomach, and he is now in a fair way of recovery. He had not eaten so much of the root as the others. Much sympathy is felt in the neighborhood for the afflicted parents, who have thus so suddenly and under such peculiar circumstances lost two promising children. This sad accident should serve as a warning to others, to caution their children from eating any of those wild roots or fruits without knowing their properties or names.

THE NEUTRALITY QUESTION.—In the discussion in the House of Commons relative to the *Alabama*, Mr. Laird declared that he had received proposals from an agent of the Federal Navy Department to build iron-clads and rams, completely armed and equipped, and he offered to place the correspondence in the hands of Lord Palmerston. He asked which was the greater branch of neutrality, to sell ships without guns, or to send to New York cargoes of rifled cannon. He stated that since the commencement of the war there had been shipped from Liverpool to the Northern ports, more than 60,000 muskets, 370,000 rifles, 52,000,000 percussion caps, and many cargoes of "hardware." These were from Custom-house manifests which had passed through the hands of the American Consul at Liverpool.

DANGER OF PROPHESYING.—An anonymous friend has inclosed to us a leading article of the *Witness*, of 13th March, 1862, the correctness of which may be estimated from the first sentence, viz:—"No one can fail to perceive that the Southern rebellion is fast drawing to a close." We acknowledge the justice of the rebuke, and will endeavor to avoid all attempts at prophesying in the future.—*Montreal Witness.*

MINISTER ADAMS AND MATAMORAS TRADE.

RESTORATION OF THE ENTENTE CORDIALE WITH EARL RUSSELL.

(From the Times City article, April 28.)

The public will be glad to learn that the difficulties occasioned by the recent issue by Mr. Adams of the certificate or pass to Messrs. Howell and Zirman are likely to be smothered down. It is reported that Mr. Adams is conscious of having acted in the matter upon imperfect representations and with undue haste, and that consequently he raises no pretensions such as would necessitate any absolutely protest from one Government to the other on the subject. It is, therefore, believed that the relations between our Cabinet and the United States Legation, in London, will continue on a friendly footing, a result, which, in a personal sense, will afford unmixed satisfaction, since the individual and historical claims of Mr. Adams to respect and esteem have never been disputed in any quarter.

(From the Star, April 28.)

We have it on the best authority that what ever difficulties might have been expected to result from the recent issuing of a letter of safe conduct by Mr. Adams, the United States Minister here, to a British ship bound for Matamoras will be avoided. No unpleasantness now exists on the subject in the relations between Mr. Adams and our Government, such frank explanations have been given by the United States Minister as have re-established those friendly feelings which have always existed between himself and Earl Russell.

THE MATTER IN FRANCE.

(Correspondence of the London Times.)

Paris, Tuesday, Apsil 28, 7 a. m.

The proceedings of the United States Minister in London in the matter of the safe-conduct granted to Messrs. Howell & Zirman, and his describing their ships as employed for a "creditable purpose," when she was laden with arms and munitions of war for the Mexicans, have given much offence here. People who by no means approved of the Mexican war consider that such a descriptions of a ship, containing supplies for a Government which is engaged in hostilities with France, given by the representative of a friendly Power, is downright offensive, though Mr. Adams may not have meant it. Instructions have been sent to M. Mercier to ask for explanations on the subject from Mr. Seward, though I have heard nothing to justify the rumor that Mr Adams is to be recalled. What may happen in case explanations are flatly refused I cannot say, but up to the present date nothing about "recall" has, I am pretty sure, passed between the French Minister for Foreign Affairs and the American Minister in Paris. It is not anticipated the Washington Government will not refuse to give these explanations.

SIGNIFICANT NAVAL MOVEMENT.

There has been a rumor at Portsmouth that the iron-clad squadron at present in commission, was about to be dispatched to Bermuda to strengthen the squadron under Vice-Admiral Milne.

The *Times'* naval correspondent says there appears, however, to be several reasons why this course should not be adopted. He adds that orders had been received at Devonport to put into commission the screw steam frigate Liverpool, 39, now in the first class steam reserve, fully rigged, and further orders were expected for putting into commission other ships of inferior rating. The destination of these ships, however, is not stated.

Buffalo and Lake Huron Railroad

TIME TABLE.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

GOING EAST.

		Day Express.
GODERICH	DEP	8.30 A. M.
CLINTON	"	9.08 "
HARPURHEY	"	9.36 "
SEAFORTH	"	[illegible]
CARRONBROOK	"	[illegible]
MITCHELL	"	[illegible]
STRATFORD	"	[illegible]

GOING WEST.

		Day Express.
STRATFORD	DEP	[illegible]
"	"	[illegible]
MITCHELL	"	[illegible]
CARRON BROOK	"	[illegible]
SEAFORTH	"	[illegible]
HARPURHEY	"	[illegible]
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 19, 1863.

OUR MEMBER.

The writs for the new elections were issued on Saturday last, and are made returnable on the 3rd of July next. This early date necessitates immediate and earnest action in all parts of the country where contests take place. In some constituencies the struggle will be sharp and keen, while in others there will be little or no opposition. This will be the case with Huron and Bruce. Mr. Dickson will be again in the field, and, as we have before intimated, will probably be returned by acclamation. He must be a blinded and misguided man indeed who would permit himself to be brought out in opposition, with the prospect of certain defeat.

The claims James Dickson has upon the farmers and voters generally of this vast constituency are, that he has on all occasions endeavored to act in an honest, straightforward manner, and that when questions of great importance came up, he spoke and voted independently, irrespective of the mere claims of party—that he is no time-server, or office-seeker, and that *he has at heart the welfare of the poorest of his constituents* as well as the richest. These are facts which stand boldly and prominently out in all the acts of our member in the House, and it is because they are felt and acknowledged from Saugeen to Zurich that we predict so confidently the triumphant and almost unanimous return of Mr. Dickson, as a fit representative,—in ability, in honesty, and in earnestness, of the noble Agricultural Constituency of Huron and Bruce. As yet no opponent has entered the field, but we would suggest to reformers the propriety of being on their guard, in case of opposition at the last moment, because it is just possible that some individual may be found willing to contest the election merely for the sport of being beaten.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

Mr. Thibaudeau and Mr. Letellier de St-Just were on Saturday sworn in as members of the Executive, and the new Administration now stands as follows:—

UPPER CANADA.

JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD, Attorney Gen.
OLIVER MOWAT, Postmaster General.
WM. MCDOUGALL, Commissioner Crown Lands.
WM. P. HOWLAND, Receiver General.
A. FERGUSON BLAIR, Provincial Secretary.
LEWIS WALLBRIDGE, Solicitor General.

LOWER CANADA.

A. A. DORION, Attorney General.
L. H. HOLTON, Minister of Finance.
ISIDORE THIBAUDEAU, Pres. of the Council.
LUC LETELLIER DE ST. JUST, Bureau of Agriculture.

As it stands at present the new Administration will be acceptable to the people of both sections of the Province. But two gentlemen remain to be added. The Corruptionist press are spreading reports that the Ministry find difficulty in filling up their ranks. They are simply absurd. The sole reason for the delay which has taken place is that Mr. Dorion has endeavored to make a careful selection from the ample material offering. To-day will will probably witness the final completion of the Ministry, and we suspend comment in the meanwhile.—*Globe* of 18th.

THE TRUTH LEAKS OUT.

Gradually but surely the truth is leaking out with regard to the recent defeat of Hooker. Red Tape obtained the mastery for a short time after the great battles, and successfully endeavored to smother up the defeat, in order to let its sting be inserted into the sensitive mind of the North by degrees. To compare small things with great it reminds us a strongly of the African gentleman, who came into the presence one fine morning with the startling announcement, "Massa, one ob yer oxen's dead, tudder too, I se fraid to tell you bofe togedder kase ye mightent be able to bore it!" There is this little difference between the cases, that Sambo, however laudable his intention, had not shrewdness enough to separate the exit of the defunct oxen far enough to let his "massa" down very easy. Not so, however, Messrs. Halleck, Seward, or whoever it is that controls the other end of the telegraph wires. They, to continue the figure, would represent Sambo as arguing that whereas one of said oxen was stretched upon his back, he was still better than half a dozen *dead* ones, and that the case was a most hopeful one with regard to the other which was in the same position. When we look quietly at the stories current since Hooker re-crossed the Rappahannock, how carefully they seem to have been concocted. There is a pur. pose running through the whole tissue, far in advance of mere indiscriminate lying. There is the whole North to blindfold and bamboozle, because if *it* becomes once thoroughly disgusted, the Cabinet will be forced to back down with as much grace as it possibly can. That is, briefly and candidly, *one* of the reasons why Red Tape wished to make it appear that Gen. Hooker's retirement and Sedgewick's defeat, were only the fulfilment of portions of a pre-arranged programme. Another is that the time fo[illegible] thousands of the Federal soldiers [illegible] just about that time [illegible] as many as [illegible] necessary [illegible] to make [illegible] cause.

[illegible] prevarication go [illegible] of the leading journals of New [illegible] down their junior editors to the [illegible] nock to scefor themselves the true [illegible] affairs and report accordingly.—[illegible] the astounding fact was laid bare that [illegible] nearly a week after the re-crossing of the river by Hooker *not a word of truth had been permitted to pass the Government censor.* The *Tribune* sent an editor down in this manner, who, after a careful examination of facts, says:

"All reports of movements since General Hooker recrossed the river, on the night of May 5, are wholly without foundation. The army, after reaching the north side of the Rappahanock, returned leisurely to its old camps, and has occupied them ever since. Gen. Sedgwick has not recrossed with two corps or one, or with any force whatever, nor has any other commander or body of troops been beyond the lines of the camp."

"Gen. Stoneman's cavalry performances have been very extensively received as a complete success, and it seems, therefore, right to say that they have been exaggerated. Some mischief was done on the Virginia Central Railroad—a matter of little or no consequence to the immediate success of the movement with which the cavalry was expected to co-operate—but the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad was so little injured that the trains were not stopped for twenty-four hours.

Gen. Stoneman was ordered to strike that road by forced marches and destroy it. His forced marches consisted in taking four days to travel forty-five miles, from Kelly's Ford to Sexton's Junction, and the destruction was confined to blowing up one or two culverts and displacing a few rails. The destruction in other places was more extensive, but this does not interrupt Lee's communication with Richmond—the essential purpose of General Stoneman's expedition.

It is idle to deny that the campaign of Gen. Hooker, which began so auspiciously, came to a premature and ineffectual end. His losses were considerably heavier than the published estimates, and will not amount to less than sixteen thousand, killed, wounded and missing. The actual present returns exceed seventeen thousand, but may be a little reduced."

THE WAR.

From the War we hear of nothing important. Everything, but rumor, is in *statu quo*. The following particulars relative to the funeral of poor Jackson will be read with interest:—

Richmond papers give a full account of the wounding, death and funeral of General Jackson—the former leaving no doubt that the wound was inflicted by the mistake of his own men. One of his aids was killed by another, and two couriers were also killed. General Jackson was struck in the arm and hand by three balls. This occurred after dark on Saturday evening. Before he left the lines he had given orders to fire at anything coming up the road. Federal skirmishers appeared before him, and he turned to ride back.—Just then some one cried out "cavalry charge," and the Confederate regiment fired.

The funeral is said to have been a most tumultuous outburst of mourning. It was attended by President Davis and his Cabinet, all the members of the State Legislature and an immense throng of citizens.

The body lay in state at the capitol till the morning of the 13th, when it was sent to Lexington.

A statue of Jackson is to be erected at the capital.

THE GRUMBLER containing accounts of the Great Toronto Wedding and illustrations of the scene, got up specially and regardless of expense, is a capital number. This comic weekly can be obtained for $1 per year, and our fun-loving readers cannot do better than send for it.

THE ILLUSTRATED CANADIAN NEWS has commenced the second volume, and with a new editor and increased facilities the proprietor promises improvement in future. We think there is still room for it, and shall be glad to see the removal of certain defects in the wood-cuts. For example, in the illustration of Hull's surrender in last number, Sir Isaac Brock has a most "weasened" look, but the gentleman may have been "just like." With a little better cutting in the minor faces, the News would be vastly improved, and we sincerely hope it may succeed in coming up to a higher standard. For sale at Butler's.

To Correspondents.

We have received a synopsis of a lecture on Education, Phrenology, &c., by Mr. Galbraith in Lucknow, but a press of more important matter compels us to lay it aside. We seldom give reports of lectures delivered here or elsewhere, as, in these stirring times people are naturally anxious to get as much *news* as possible. Any interesting *local* news from Lucknow, or elsewhere within the counties will receive due attention.

☞ Our poetically inclined friends will please exercise patience. We have a full stock on hand, which if not of the best, is at least varied. We cordially welcome Wm. Bannatyne after his long silence, and are right glad to hear that he has been plagued with "earth's cares" of the kind he mentions. His muse will probably now sing more of "Home sweet Home."

"ALICK."—Silent contempt will kill him. Remember the point of the old story, "Speak you hussey, or I'll burst!"

"OMEGA."—We cannot afford to pay for poetical contributions, nor is it generally expected that we should. If your piece is original, all "made out of your own head," we will give it a place—although we have an indistinct remembrance of having seen it before. By-and-bye when you have ascended a little higher it will be time enough to expect pay. Let us know about it.

☞ We will give a corner to those who wish to publish puzzles, conundrums, &c. They must, however, be *brief* and *original*.

The Fight at Charleston—English Opinions.

In the House of Commons, on April 28th, a long debate took place regarding the condition of the British navy. In the course of it Sir J. Elphinstone said:

"But, with regard to the iron fleet of America, events which had taken place had thrown a strong light upon the subject. In the construction of iron ships the American naval administration had been most completely untrammelled, and it was an extraordinary thing that, with the skill in shipbuilding which the Americans undoubtedly possessed, they had not yet succeeded in constructing one serviceable iron-clad ship. The most reliable information as to the American iron fleet to which he had access was the French *Revue Maratime Coloniale*, in which the American ships were minutely described. It appeared that there were eight or ten different classes, that the vessels varied in size from 4,000 tons down to 700, that they were of every variety of speed, and that they had every variety of coating. Yet in the attack on Charleston the nine iron-clads were entirely defeated, one being sunk, and the others got off with great great difficulty. On a former occasion a ship which more resembled the Warrior—the Indianola—having lost her way, was attacked by two small gunboats and was obliged to be ran ashore. The iron fleet of England was entirely destitute of ships of the description which subdued the Indianola. We had no vessels laid down to carry a single heavy gun and go at a good rate of speed, so that in the event of a ship like the Warrior being brought to a standstill by an attacking ship, they could fire at those points of infinity, such as the screw gearing, stern-post, or part below the water-line, which would undoubtedly bring the enemy's ship into such a position that her crew must abandon her. It was a pity the paper which contained reflections on the building of iron ships in private yards had ever been written, and a still greater pity that it had ever been published."

Mr. W. P. Lindsay, in the course of his speech, remarked:

"He could not think a great deal had been learnt from recent events at Charleston, because the ships were vastly inferior in strength to our armor-plated ships. Still the resistance of these inferior ships to heavy shot, showed the advantage of armor plating. One ship received 90 shots, and yet came out of action."

SPIRIT OF THE LONDON PRESS.

The failure of the Federal attack on the Charleston forts was the theme of general comment; but there is a wide difference in the deductions drawn from the events. The London *Times* says that the effort against Charleston, which was to retrieve and avenge all previous disasters, has ended in a catastrophe more signal than any reverse the North has yet sustained. Continual failures are not mere accidents. The object of the North is impossible. Those who appeal to arms should survey be prepared to accept the decision of the field. Even if the conquest of the South were to be achieved, it would only destroy the North by turning into a Russia of the New World, compelled to be the despotic oppression of a Poland of the West.

The *Times*, in another editorial, remarks on the importance of the affair at Charleston as a victory of forts over ships, of land batteries over iron-clads, of the defence over the attack, and that the moral to be now drawn is, that forts or stationary batteries may be expected to perform better service against ships or moveable batteries than was imagined when a resolution was taken last year to suspend the construction of forts at Spithead.

The Late "Stonewall Jackson."

Mr. Frank Fizetelly, the special artist and correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, in December of last year paid a visit to the great Confederate General, and gave to the readers of that journal his portrait, together with the following short sketch of his personal appearance. The following is the sketch referred to, which appeared in the *Illustrated News* of February 14th, last:

"At a distance of seven miles from Gen. Lee's headquarters, near the little village of Bunkerhill, were the headquarters of General 'Stonewall' Jackson. I had been taught to expect a morose, reserved, distant reception; I found the most genial, courteous and forthcoming of companions. A bright, piercing blue eye, a slightly acquiline nose, a thin, tall, sinewy frame "made all over of pin-wire," a great disregard of dress and appearance—these are the characteristics of General Jackson's exterior. There is also about him a very direct and honest look. The distinguishing circumstance is that his voice, which is rapid in its utterance, is weak and unimpressive. Passionately attached to the Valley of Virginia, which has for so long been the principal scene of his achievements, idolized by the inhabitants of Winchester and of the valley, Gen. Jackson has acquired such a fame in that entire neighborhood that it is sad to think what would happen if the one life round which such prestige clings should yield to a stray bullet or to the chance of disease. Sinewy and wiry as the General seems, it is impossible not to fancy that he is wearing himself terribly by his restless, sleepless activity, by his midnight marches, and by the asceticism of his life. The respect and consciousness of his presence, and what that presence means, is exhibited by his staff, impressed me very strongly, and seemed to exceed the respect exhibited towards General Lee. * * * As there are many conflicting reports about the origin of the name of 'Stonewall,' it may be interesting to repeat the true circumstances under which it was given. In the first battle of Manassas, on July 21, 1861, General Bee, of South Carolina (himself subsequently killed in the same action), observing his men flinching and wavering, called out to them to stand firm, exclaiming, "Look at Jackson's men; they stand like a stone wall!" In his official report of the battle, General Beauregard employed the same expression in connection with Gen. Jackson's command, and the name has clung to Gen. Jackson ever since."

The New York *World* gives the following additional particulars concerning the deceased hero:—

Thomas Jefferson Jackson, late lieutenant-general in the service of the Confederate States, was born in Lewis county, Virginia, in 1826. Left an orphan at an early age, he was enabled by a friend to enter West Point, where he graduated in 1846, and was appointed brevet second lieutent in the Second Artillery, and served in Mexico with Magruder's Battery; became second lieutenant August 20, 1847; was breveted captain for gallantry at Contreras and Cherubusco, and major for gallantry at Chepultepec; resigned February 29, 1852, from impared health, and became a professor in the Military Institute at Lexington, Virginia, where he married, as his first wife, a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Judkins, president of Washington College of that place; his second wife is the daughter of Rev. Dr. Morrison, of Charlotte, N. C. On the outbreak of the civil war Jackson was converted to confederate views, and was appointed colonel in the confederate army of Virginia.—He was made brigadier-general soon after the battle of Martinsburg. His subsequent career is familiar. His death is an unparalleled loss to the confederate cause.

Somebody says every cord of wood given to the poor is recorded above.

Poetry.

IN MEMORIAM.

Noble Jackson! art gone so soon,
Ere thy sun had reached its noon;
Thy life-blood spilt on "sacred soil,"
Thy hand releas'd from all its toil.

So brave, so noble, gen'rous, good,
Thou a "Stonewall" long hast stood,
Beating sternly back the foe,
Quiv'ring beneath thy mighty blow.

No more thy voice at early morn,
Ringing clear as hunter's horn,
Shall summon brave men to the fray,
Or murmur softly where they pray,

A Nation mourns its bitter loss,
And tearful eyes now look across,
To yonder brighter world than this,
Where thou enjoy'st the Christian's bliss.

Yes, Jackson, though thou cross'd alone,
To that bright place about the throne,
Methinks I hear the greeting, "Well!"
From Washington and William Tell,

From Scotland's hero martyr saints,
And Poland's loved ones free from plaints,
Magyar patriots—all the brave,
Who died their own lov'd soil to save.

Embalmed with theirs, thy name shall be,
Written on page of History,
The theme of many poets' songs,
And handed down to countless throngs.

* * *

Goderich, May 16, 1863.

Mr. Cartier on the Constitution.

(From the Montreal Herald.)

We see that Mr. Cartier thinks something is about to be done at the same time unconstitutional and cowardly. But we all understand by this time Mr. Cartier's monomonia, which is, that he ordered the British constitution and was measured for it,—about the year 1837—and that it was made to fit him; so that whenever he happens to want a dissolution will be unconstitutional, and must be refused. As to the cowardness of sending the ex-Premier, while out of office, to his constituents, we admit there is something in the charge. Considering by how small majorities he had succeeded in keeping his seat, when he had under his orders the Post Office, the Custom House, the Educational and other Government departments, besides all the contractors, one of whom alone, at the last election, took to the polls more voters than Mr. Cartier's entire majority of twenty-five, there does seem to be something cowardly and even cruel in asking him, for once in his life, to go to the hustings on his own personal merits. A player, who, with great odds, barely wins the game, and then not without strong suspicion of unfair [illegible] is not expected to play even. We do not wonder Mr. Cartier thinks it cowardly, and we sympathize with him in his apprehensions for the result. Meantime, those who are sticklers for British precedent will, no doubt, notice that the action of the Opposition on Monday night amounted to a stoppage of the supplies, a precedent in modern English Parliamentary history, and in Canadian history recalling the times of Mr. Papineau,—the period, no doubt, when Mr. Cartier learned the trick.

Jones' Jobs.

Immediately following Mr. Jones' case, is another revelation of some interest. Mr. Russell is asked if he had not some communications with Sir Edmund Head, the late Governor General, in regard to surveys of Indian Lands. Mr. Russell replies that whilst he was in charge of the Upper Canada surveys, the Indian Department sent Provincial Land Surveyor Rankin's returns of surveys of some township in the Indian Reserve. On examination of them, it was found that the greater part had been performed by young men who had not been duly admitted as land surveyors, and that their names were attached to the field books. Mr. Cauchon saw Sir Edmund Head on the subject, and afterwards requested Mr. Russell to call upon His Excellency and explain his objections to the survey, which could not be legal unless performed by a Provincial Land Surveyor, who would sign the papers and field books. Sir Edmund urged him to accept the returns and plans furnished by the young men. Mr. Russell suggested that if the cost of a re-survey were to be protected, and the surveys already made adopted, it would be necessary to obtain a special Act of Parliament. Sir Edmund still insisted on his examining and certifying the returns.—Mr. Russell repeated that if he did so he would write a letter in returning them, expressing his opinion of their illegality. Sir Edmund Head then said, "*do so if you dare*, and I'll send it down to Parliament, and you will see what will be the consequence." The then Attorney General Macdonald was sent for, who, so far as Mr. Russell remembers, sustained his interpretation of the law generally. The final result was that His Excellency told Mr. Russell to proceed with the examination of the plans, and he did so. This interview took place in May 1856. And these surveys, made by unlicensed surveyors, and adopted by the Indian Department, are the surveys now acted upon in the township in question.

The Decoy which makes Young Men Drunkards.

Go with us to a public house, where a number of young men are assembled. All is life and gaiety. A few among them may be young and timid. They approach the counter, and wine, rum, brandy are called for. One or two may stand back, and say, 'No gentlemen, we do not drink any; please excuse us.' Immediately the rest turn, and begin to taunt their friends who refuse to drink, saying they are afraid of getting 'tight,' of the 'old man;' and some may whisper audibly, 'Well, they are mean fellows—they! are afraid they will have to spend a cent!' Here, you see, two very sensitive nerves are touched, Courage and Cleverness. Their bosoms swell with pride, and rather than bear these flings of their companions, they step up to the counter, and soon join in the revelry. The ice is now broken, the first act in the great drama performed. Others follow in natural order, until the individual who refused to drink first, reels along the public street without shame. Such is the manner in which thousands of our promising young men are led away by a false ambition; and thousands more will follow in their path, unless they learn the meaning of courage.—*Dr. Trusk.*

ALMOST A PROPHECY.—A correspondent draws attention to the following remarkable passage in an article on the future of America, published in *Artist's Pocket Magazine*, in 1818: "That the American continent will hold a distinguished rank in the civilized world, there can be little reason to doubt, but we doubt very much whether it will ultimately form that immense and overpowering empire which some persons imagine it will. It appears to us that * * * perhaps even before the lapse of fifty years, the vast extent of territory between the St. Lawrance, the Mississipp, and the Atlantic will be divided into at least three independent States. This is, indeed, in the natural order of things. There is no strong, natural bond of union between the Northern, the Southern, and the trans-Alleghanian States. Between the manners, habits, and puruits of the New England and the Southern States there is a striking difference. The Western States are bound by a feeble tie to the rest of the American confederacy. The whole must inevitably be split into fractions on some future day."

HER MAJESTY.—Although final arrangements have not been come to for Her Majesty's spring visit to Balmoral, it is expected that she will leave England on the 12th of May, arriving at Balmoral on the 13th, and stay for about three weeks. The Duke of Argyll is named as likely to be the Minister attendant on Her Majesty.

Town & Counties.

A MEETING

Of the Central Reform Committee will be held at Dark's Hotel to-morrow (Wednesday) evening at 7½ o'clock, to take into consideration matters connected with the nomination of James Dickson Esq., as the Reform Candidate for the suffrages of the electors at the ensuing election. A full attendance is respectfully solicited.

THE 25th.

A Committee has been formed and is making preparations for the celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday in a style seldom surpassed in Goderich. The Calithumpians *are*, it seems, coming out, and we have no doubt, will attract a full share of attention. A large number of visitors is expected from the country, and a pleasant day may be counted upon. See advertisement.

SUDDEN DEATH.

It is our duty to-day to record a very sudden death which took place in this town on Friday last, the particulars of which are as follows: Mrs. Ann Todd (a widow) walked in on that day from her residence, near St. Helen's, a distance of 22 miles, to consult Messrs. Cameron & Elwood on important law business. Soon after her arrival, which was about noon, she was shown up to the office of those gentlemen, and before she had transacted her business she was seized with faintness of such a character as to render her removal to the Huron Hotel adjoining a matter of necessity. This was done, and Dr. Shannon called in immediately, but in less than an hour she expired. It was thought exhaustion was the sole cause of death, deceased being fifty-three years of age. The Coroner deemed it unnecessary to hold an inquest under the circumstances, and the body was taken back on Saturday to the residence thrown thus suddenly into sorrow.

PUBLIC MEETING

Convened in the Town Hall, Goderich, Saturday evening, May 16th, 1863, to take into consideration the celebration of the Queen's Birthday on the 25th inst.

His Worship the Mayor presiding.

Moved by Mr. E. Clifford, seconded by Mr. Wm. Wallace, That a celebration take place in honor of Her Majesty's Birthday, in this town, on the 25th of the present month, the 24th falling on Sunday.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Clifford, seconded by C. J. Wright, That a committee of ten be appointed to carry out the above object, two to be chosen out of each Ward.—Carried.

The following gentlemen were appointed as a committee:

St. David's Ward—E. Clifford and W. Wallace.

St. Patrick's Ward—W. T. Hays, John Dark.

St. Andrew's Ward—Elijah Moore, A. Donogh.

St. George's Ward—D. McKay, John Seegmiller.

THE CONCERT ON TUESDAY EVENING

Was largely attended, the Court House being filled to its utmost capacity. The programme had been very carefully made out, and we are sure all who had the pleasure of being present must have been highly gratified with the proceedings.—Of the performance of the respective pieces we are not disposed to be over critical, especially as all the singers were amateurs, but we must be permitted to repeat our exceptions to the Court Room as a Concert Hall: It is decidedly the worst room in town for such a purpose, and we only wonder that people *will* use it. The articulation of any ordinary singer cannot be heard in it, by one-fourth of the persons assembled, and of course the effect of the most beautiful words is entirely lost. Never have we been more thoroughly convinced of this than on Tuesday evening, for, without the assistance of the programme it would have been impossible to distinguish even the first line of some of the songs. The Misses Watson, Morgan, and Mrs. Woodcock performed their parts well, and were repeatedly *encored*, as were also Mr. Timms, and Mr. Pinkerton. Miss Watson presided at the pianoforte with her usual grace and with much ability, several pieces being performed by her in a brilliant style. Much of the success of the concert is owing, no doubt, to the very efficient management of Mr. Woodcock.

A musical entertainment of this kind is not a rowdy meeting, and we hope that in future steps will be taken to prevent the applause being mingled with unearthly whistlings from every part of the room. Such a practice should be put down as soon as possible.

The Concert ended with the chorus of

God Save our Gracious Queen,
Long Live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.

Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us.
God save the Queen.

Far from our parent land,
Nobly we'll fall or stand
For England's Queen.

In town or forest free
Britons unconquered, we
Sing with true loyalty
God save the Queen.

SERVED THEM RIGHT.—Some shabby fellows in Hartford, Conn., on Wednesday night undertook to frighten lady passers by, with a meal bag stuffed with straw, which they had suspended over the sidewalk, and let down suddenly in front of every woman that