Poetry.

For the Signal.

STANZAS

Written at the suggestion of a dying friend.

Fate's darkest shadows o'er me fall,
And fold me in their sable gloom;
No more to joy's illusive call
My bosom bounds—I see the pall
That heralds to the tomb.

Oh! youth, while on thy sunny stream
With buoyant health to bear me up;
How little wont my heart to deem
That soon the transitory beam
Should pass from pleasures' cup.

Where ye light breezes, that in youth
Your health-inspiring incense threw
O'er mountain path and Valley smooth.
Ye whisper not a breath to soothe
My heart's lorn beatings now.

Forlorn and lone, without a stay,
Without a friend or form to love,
I glean from life each bitter day;
Alike its shadow or its ray,
My weary vigils prove.

I lean me on the frozen plain,
Or on the sunny mountain side,
And count my moments as they wane
In every pulse-throb of my pain;
Oh, when will they subside?

Come! "Death"—thy cold but kindly hand
May spread a resting couch for me;
My spirit longs to reach some land
Wherein to greet with love or friend,
I tremble not for thee.

No venal meed of fame I crave,
But proudly down life's load I'll lay;
O'er my unstoried, nameless grave
No trophy snatched from Lethe's wave
May tell who pass'd away.

WM. BANNATYNE.

Ashfield, Feb. 27th, 1864.

IN THE BOX.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

(Continued.)

THE MESSRS. ROOSTER'S STORY.'

After that we had never want of broken windows—the baby put its rattle, the little boys their books, and the young ladies their elbows through them, all by accident of course; but such smashing of glass was never known; and what astonished me more, there was no scolding for it. When the windows were broken, they had to be mended; and Mrs. Nutley found there was no use in sending to Johnson in Paddington; he would never come when he was wanted; but the travelling glazier was always passing that way, always brought in, always set to work; and whether it was up stairs or down, Mrs. Nutley had always to be there with her sewing, and it was an understood matter that the door should be fast shut, and nobody allowed to enter the room. Busy as they were with their lessons, and heedless of everything else, the young ladies looked after that; and I noticed that while the glazier stayed, there was always one of them on the watch, ready to speak for mamma, and keep us servants out of hearing. There were other doings in the house that puzzled me and amazed the cook, if anything, except her young man, could do it.

We had been accustomed to nothing but genteel economy—plain cheap living; every penny counted, and nothing expensive thought on; but that was all over. By such slow degrees, that I can't say when it began, poultry, game, and all manner of good things, as sure as they came in season, were bought, and that at the best prices. Mrs Nutley appeared to grudge nothing for the table; they had salmon at two and sixpence a pound, turtle-soup, and vegetables forced in hot-beds. The money did not go in that direction only: from the eldest to the youngest, every one of them got new dresses, fine fashionable things bought in Regent Street; such bonnets as the young ladies had direct from Paris, and quite over-topping all the neighbors Mrs. Nutley used to look out at!

By the by, she sat no more sewing in the back-parlor, but always up in the drawing room, dressed in style, and reading novels, or taking the young ladies out for walks or drives, for they had engaged a carriage to come to their door every afternoon. I'll never forget the pride and glory of the whole lot of them when it first came, and four of them got into it. But the thing became Rotten Row and Hyde Park; they went to visit their friends, and I suppose astonished them; they went to the theatres, to the opera, to the flower shows, in short, to all places of amusement, and never stinted or grumbled over what it cost them.

I couldn't help thinking that somebody had died, and left them a surprising legacy; but in the midst of all the gay doings, Mr. Nutley still went regularly to business, still came home as late, and was manifestly nothing but the head-clerk he had always been. Mrs. Nutley said nothing to account for the wonderful outlay, but she conversed very little with me now. We were not on the old friendly terms, though I had done nothing to displease her, and she found no fault with me. There was no sewing together in the back-parlor, missis being above that; and you can't imagine how high and grand she had grown in her airs and ways of talking. All the young ladies followed her example; but the grandeur and the extravagance did not make the house a bit more comfortable; it was a great deal less so. Between the eternal cooking, dressing, and going out, things were at sixes and sevens from morning till night.—We had late sittings-up for them to get home from the theatres, late breakfasts next morning, hot lunches, troublesome dinners, kept till Mr. Nutley came back.

He got into the habit of bringing men—gentlemen, I ought to say, though some of them looked queer, and wore uncommon pins and chains. They had the habit of sitting to all hours, playing cards, and drinking no end of brandy and water. It was terrible work. But all the unpleasantness was not in the kitchen. The family used to agree well when they had all plain clothes, plain victuals, and one theatre going at the Christmas time; but now, there were everlasting disputes among them. Every one wanted something they could not or shouldn't have. Miss Charlotte thought her younger sisters too forward; they found out that she was jealous of them; there was always a quarrel when they got home from any place of amusement, or after the men with the rings and chains went away. Mrs. Nutley's temper wasn't a bit improved, though she could now be as grand as the best of her neighbors. She could not get people of sufficient standing to visit or invite them, though she made some amazing parties: the best of her company sent apologies; they were asked without being well enough acquainted, you see. And the men Mr Nutley brought home drank so much, made such a noise, and broke so many glass and china things, that the people engaged from the pastrycook's called them a rum lot, and said there was nothing like high life below stairs. The disagreeables did not end there. Mr. and Mrs. Nutley disputed as well as their children; I don't know whether it was about the men, the money, or the eternal going out, which he never relished, but quarrel they did, late and early, before the family and between themselves; and I often overheard her saying, that the money all came through her, and she had a right to enjoy it.

You'll understand that about six months had gone in this fashion; I had made up my mind to look for another situation; I am not fond of changing; but between the work, and the unpleasantness, and the odd unaccountable ways their money came and went, I thought an honest girl might be better in a quieter house; and, to tell you the truth, I was looking about for a decent excuse to give warning—a civil one, if I could find it—for missis had a twelvemonth's character to give. I had a right to a good one, though I say it myself; but ladies can say many a thing they wouldn't like to write when a servant is inquired after; and more than that, they owed me wages for the last two quarters.

You'll think it curious, and so did I—though the case is not uncommon—that for all the money they spent, their tradesmen were not half so regularly paid as in the careful managing time, and the missis never had a penny when an account came in. So I was casting about how to get my wages and myself off quietly, and intended to speak to Mrs. Martin, a very honest, respectable charwoman, though Irish, who had washed and scrubbed in all quarters of London from the time she left her good housemaid's situation to marry a cabman, who turned out no comfort, and ran away to Australia. Being acquainted in a great many good houses, she was likely to know of a situation that might suit me; and just at that time she came to help us in clearing up after one of the parties. It was a spring morning; Mrs. Martin was scouring out the front area, when the glazier happened to pass, and I was sent to tell him he was wanted at the drawing room window. As he went in, I came back to help her; but the look of Mrs. Martin's face made me wonder what had happened.

'Does *he* come here often?' said she, speaking low and frightened like.

'The glazier?' said I. 'He is always here mending windows, the children break them so often. He is an odd-looking man. Do you know anthing of him?'

I knew Mrs. Martin would speak the truth, and I would have gone miles to know what he and missis had in hand.

'Well, all I know is, that any house would be better with broken windows than with his coming to mend them,' said the charwoman. 'What is he, or what does he do besides glazing, I can't tell; but I have known him come to half-a-dozen houses, and never one of them that something strange and bad didn't happen. There was the Littles in Kensington, very respectable people, though rather pinched, till he began to mend their windows; then they got money, nobody knew how, but they got it, and spent it in all manner of finery; never had a day's comfort or quiet in the house, their own servants told me; never paid a tradesman; at last made a moonlight flitting one night, at the Michaelmas time; and I heard the police were looking for the master.—There were the Upton, at Stoke-Newington, respectable people, too, and not so poor, but a great deal more saving. They were a bachelor brother and three old maids, you understand. That man came to mend their windows, and they were ever after on the watch, as if for fear to be robbed; one of them wouldn't go out alone, nor the servant open the door after nightfall without all sorts of particularity; and when they had gone on that way for twelve months or so, one of them lost her senses, and the rest took her away, they said, to an asylum; but they never came back; the landlord and the tax-collector seized their furniture; and I heard the police were looking for the brother too.

There were the Welbies out at Brixton, young, new-married people, with little to begin on. He was in a lawyer's office; she did millinery in a private genteel way for a shop in Oxford Street, and they lived quiet and comfortable till the glazier came about them. After that, there was nothing but playgoing and company-keeping—bad company, I suppose, for the missis got talked about; and the master had to flee the country for embezzlement—that's the newspaper word for taking his employer's money.—It would take me a summer day to tell you of the people I have known him visit for no good, all respectable, and living in quiet places, just like this."

"What is his name, and where did he come from?" said I.

"I never heard any name for him but the Glazier. I don't know where he came from: goodness be about us, I don't want to know!" said the Irishwoman, crossing herself; "but my grandmother, who was a mighty wise woman, and lived in the county Limerick, used to say that if people were willing to sell their souls, there was one who could come in any shape to buy them. Sarah, if you take my advice, you'll leave this place; no good will come to it since he has got in.'

I thought her superstitious; but her news made me the more willing to leave the Nutleys; and as Mrs. Martin knew a respectable family in Bayswater who wanted a house maid, we agreed that she should speak for me and I should give warning on the following Monday, because that day completed my twelvemonth's service. The charwoman wanted me to say my mother was ill in the country, or something of that sort, for a civil excuse. 'But no,' said I; 'truth's a diamond of the foremost water; I'll just say the work is too hard for me, as it is for any Christian, and you'll try to get me the place in Bayswater.' I had need of some apology when Monday came and I gave the warning. Missis looked first as if something had frightened her; then recovering herself, for she was a woman of great spirit, looked me hard in the face and said: 'Sarah, why do you wish to leave us? Is it higher wages you want?'

We were quite alone in the drawing-room, and a kind of tremor came over me at her hard look and keen question. But I kept composed, and said: 'No, ma'am, but the work of the house is too hard for me, there is so much company; but I'll warrant you'll find a servant able and willing to do it.'

'We all like you, Sarah,' said she, growing very kind. 'I would raise your wages, if that were any object, and, by the by, you have not been paid for the last two quarters. I can't just settle it now, but here is a five pound note,' and she pulled one out of her pocket; 'you may want some things, but you must not think of leaving us.'

'I do want some things, thank you, ma'am,' said I, taking the money—it is well to get so much of my own anyhow—'but if you please, I must think of going; the work is too hard, and I would rather have a quieter place.'

'Well, I'll endeavour to suit myself, and I hope you won't repent it, Sarah,' said Mrs. Nutley in her own sharp way.

'I hope not, ma'am,' says I; and down stairs I went, glad enough that the job was done, and there was only the month of notice to put in with the Nutleys. In the meantime the things missis had spoken of were wanted, now that the money was at last in my fingers; and I think it was on the next Friday—always an unlucky day that—I got time to go down to Anderson's shop in the Edgeware Road; it's there yet—a very good place for prints and common calicos. I bought what I happened to want; it came to nearly thirty shillings, and they took it out of the note and gave me change. I must tell you missis had dealt at that shop before she got so grand, and could buy nowhere but in Regent Street; they were very obliging to her, and I had often got notes changed by them on her account. Of course, I thought things were as right as usual this time, and went home quite satisfied with the prints and calicos I had bought. The same evening, Mrs Martin came to tell me that she had spoken of me to the Bayswater people, and I might apply on Monday forenoon, when the missis would be sure to be at home. I got my work done early, and got leave when Monday came, Mrs Nutley never asked where I was going, and not seeming to care; they had every one thrown me overboard in a manner since I gave warning; but off I went in full blow to get the place, Mrs Martin said it was such a good one. I was thinking of nothing but that as I went along, when just at a place where I used to see the glazier coming, forward walks a policeman, the only one I knew about Kilburn, and though he hadn't just paid me attentions, we were a sort of acquaintances, and used to pass civil remarks when we happened to meet.

'I am very sorry, Sarah,' said he, coming right up, 'but I must do my duty. You are the last young woman I would have expected the like to happen to. I was going to the house for you; but since you are here, it is the quietest way. You must come with me, and I'll return and break it to the family.'

'What has happened to me? and what are you going to break?' said I, wondering if he had gone mad, and there was I on that lonely road with him.

'There is no use in denying it; I have got a warrant for you,' said the policeman pulling out his paper. 'You are charged with being the accomplice of a gang of forgers; our inspector has been looking after them for some time; but you are the first we have caught; and if you take a friends advice, Sarah, you will just tell all you know about it. They have worked so deep, and escaped so long, that the authorities will let you off easy for your information, and of course you'll repent,' says he, laying his hand on my shoulder.

'A gang of forgers, and my information!' said I; 'there must be some mistake, Mr. Bidens.'

'No mistake at all,' said he. 'You got a note changed at Anderson's in the Edgeware Road on Friday last; it was known at the bank to be a forgery, a good many more of the same kind have come through your hands; in short, we know you to be an accomplice of the gang. You must come along to the police station.'

I went quietly with him—there was no use in anything else; but they did not keep me long at the office, for the magistrate was sitting, and I was taken before him at once. He asked me all about the note I had changed and I told him. They shewed it to me, and I knew it instantly by a little mark in the corner. Of course, it was thought I knew more than that, and I was remanded; but Bidens—I must say he was friendly enough—came to encourage me in the station, saying they had got a clue that would bring the guilty parties to justice, and clear my character from all suspicion. The way he broke the news to the Nutleys, however, was taking the master and missis into custody that afternoon; the one at his place of business, and the other in her carriage, with three of the young ladies; but the warrant carried them as it did me to the police station, where, I am thankful to say, we were locked up separately. They were brought before the magistrate next morning; and the master confessed that he had been bribed and bought over to furnish specimens of his employers handwriting, and that of the heads of other great houses, bankers and merchants, who corresponded with him, to an agent of the gang, by which it was believed their signatures had been forged to many cheques and bills. I need scarcely tell you that the agent was the glazier; he took the specimens, and he paid for them, but always in bank notes, which were every one found to be forgeries too. How the Nutleys had escaped so long passing and changing them always appeared to me like a miracle, and the best of it was, they did not know what they were doing, but thought them good bank paper. Well, to make a long story short, as I don't understand the roundabout ways of the law, a good many of the forgers were caught through the master's confession, and some of them were the men with the pins and chains; rogues and rascals in every way, as such folks commonly are. They were all transported for different terms. The Nutleys got off easier on account of turning Queen's evidence; and there was no substantial charge against missis, though I am sure it was she that began the game.—Anyhow, the husband got six months' imprisonment, lost his situation, lost his character; and where the family went to avoid their tradesmen, I don't know, but their furniture was seized and sold, just as Mrs. Martin had told me about the other families frequented by the glazier. They never caught him, though he was looked for far and near, and known to have been engaged in a hundred bad doings besides, always in the way of persuading and buying up people. Many a time the saying of Mrs. Martin's grandmother has come to my mind when I happened to think of him, and I wish it had been a policeman that was in my place about one year after. I had got discharged without a stain upon my character, had got the Bayswater situation and was comfortable in it, when one day going over the fields with the nurse and five children to Kensal Green Cemetery, where their father was laid, I saw, in the quietest part of our way, a man sitting on the stile before us. He had no frail or glass at his back then, but was dressed like a Catholic priest, as near as I can say. I could not mistake him, however and he did not mistake me, for the moment I came in sight up he got, and off towards London, passing me with a sort of wicked smile; and, think Providence, that was the last I ever saw of the Travelling Glazier.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NAVIGATION ON THE RIVER ST. CLAIR.—The navigation which was temporarily obstructed by the cold spell which prevailed about the middle of last month, is again open down as far as Sombra and Newport, and the small steamer *Sea Gull* is again making daily trips between this port and the places mentioned. Indeed from the present aspect of the weather, we have little doubt that the navigation will be open to Detroit, in the course of a few days. The winter may now be regarded as past and has been a most extraordinary one. At no time in this locality was the snow over three inches deep; so that we have not had a day's sleighing—that is, sleighing worthy of being called such—during the entire winter. All the teaming, cordwood, as well as everything else, had to be done by waggons; and those engaged in lumbering had to draw their timber on the bare ground. The want of sleighing has been much felt by all classes, and has tended to make business much duller than it otherwise would have been.—*Sarnia Observer.*

Olustee.

We publish in other columns a full account from our special correspondent of the disastrous fight at Olustee, Florida, wherein we lost more than a thousand men. The reports of the correspondents of other journals agree essentially with our own.

The decisive facts are these:—Gen. Seymour was at Barber's Station, thirty four miles from Jacksonville, on the Florida central railroad, on the 19th of February, with a column of 4,500 infantry, 400 cavalry, and 20 guns. He stated that column on the morning of the 20th, at 7 o'clock, toward Olustee, at which place, according to his information, the enemy were posted in force.—Although moving avowedly in search of a fight, no skirmishers were thrown out to cover his flanks, but the troops were marched in close order, in three columns, cavalry and mounted infantry in front. The advance came upon the enemy at 2 p. m. At that time, Gen. Seymour's troops had been in motion, over difficult roads, without rest or rations, for five hours. "Exhausted, faint, and hungry," says the *Times* narrative, "they were suddenly attacked by a large force of the enemy, concealed behind a thick wood, waiting with complacent satisfaction the entry of our men into his ambush; very much after the manner that the spider would have the fly walk into his parlor." The action lasted three hours. General Seymour, having permitted his troops in the first place to be flanked, established them finally between two swamps, one in front preventing them from attacking the enemy, one in the rear preventing their retreat. In that horrible trap, subjected to a fire in front from twice their number, to a fire from sharpshooters in the trees which rendered artillery nearly useless, and to an enfilading fire which demoralized at least two regiments in succession, Gen. Seymour held his brave troops, and surveyed their slaugher "with unmatched equanimity." When out of less than 5,000 men, 1,500 had been killed or wounded, the remainder were allowed to fall back. The 54th Massachusetts and 1st North Calorina—colored regiments—covered the retreat. And so ended the battle of Olustee.—*New York Tribune.*

A CANNY SCOTCHMAN.—A young lady, who is a zealous non intrusionist, and active canvasser in support of the Free Church, called upon a poor man in the Links of Kirkaldy to solicit his mite: and after in vain trying her ingenuity to find some means by which he might save a penny a week, to be given for the support of the minister, who was about to be driven from his kirk by the vile Erastians, she asked "Do you share yourself?" "Nae mem" "How much does your shaving cost you?" "Tippence a week" "Could you not learn to shave yourself, and then you might save the twopence which you could give to the sustentation fund?" "Deed, mem I'm ower auld to learn, but I'll tell ye what I'll do, if the minister'll come and shave me, I'll gie him the tippence."

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C. W., MARCH 8th, 1864.

NO PROPELLERS THIS YEAR.

It has at last transpired that there will be no regular line of propellers this year in connection with the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway between Goderich and Chicago. It is much easier to make this broad statement than to explain fully the *reasons why*, the great stumbling-block being the difficulty of seeing behind the scenes of railway management. The cause generally assigned, is that an arrangement has been made with the Grand Trunk for a joint conveyance of passengers and freight between Sarnia and Buffalo, in opposition to the Great Western, which, this year, will also have a daily line of propellers between Chicago and Sarnia. This explanation is very plausible, and is strengthened by the fact that the Montreal *Witness*, in speaking about the monopolizing policy of the Grand Trunk, was able to tell us, some weeks ago, that the Buffalo & L. H. was to be brought into the meshes of the Grand Trunk. Railway officials may deny that any such arrangement has been made, but the coincidence between the *Witness'* assertion and the transfer of the propeller line from Goderich to Sarnia, as the Western Railway termious, cannot fail to strike any business man. But, as far as we can learn, it is denied, and the failure of the Chicago and Goderich line is attributed to the losses sustained last year on account of low rates, loss on exchange, &c. It is also worthy of remark that the Buffalo & L. H. Co. lost thousands of dollars in 1863, through the neglect of some of its agents at Buffalo or elsewhere, in sending through freight to Boston and other ports instead of its proper destination, New York. As we intimated above, it is impossible for one not behind the scenes to point out the true motives at work in the changes brought about, but taking a plain common-sense view of the matter, it certainly looks like a suicidal policy to throw away an established trade, simply because it did not prove remarkably remunerative for a particular year, and after a harbor, freight house, elevator, and every necessary appliance had been provided. It is a tacit acknowledgement that the line cannot be made to pay at all.

It is not even decided to keep the Saginaw route open although certain negotiations are going on which *may* result in the employment of a powerful boat on that highly important line. There can be no doubt that the Saginaw trade, if properly managed, would be one of the best feeders the Buffalo & L. H. R. will ever secure. This is the shortest route the people of that Valley can ever have to the East, and we are firmly convinced that if they were met half-way they would prefer it to all others. An immense amount of salt, alone, would find its way over the line, and if the Company are at all inclined to consider the interests of the people of these Counties, who have sacrificed so much to secure a line of Railway, they would have the satisfaction of knowing that while they were keeping up a growing trade for themselves, they would also open a fine market for our surplus produce. But we can look for no such favor, and if it does not suit the taste of those at the head of affairs, all and singular may go to Jericho.

We shall hold over any further remarks we may have to offer upon this subject for a week, until we learn the result of pending negotiations. In the meantime, we sincerely trust our readers in this fine county may be saved the evils which even that great and glorious civilizer, the Iron Horse, is capable of inflicting upon its innocent and helpless victims.

A RAILWAY FOR BRUCE.

When we, through the columns of the Bruce *Herald*, some three years ago, commenced a Railway agitation which resulted in the offer on the part of the Reeves of that County to give a bonus of $400,000 to any reliable Company that should construct a Railway from Southampton or some port on Lake Huron within the County of Bruce to connect with some one of the leading railways of the Province, we felt satisfied that such a line would immensely benefit a large majority of the settlers of that section. No doubt it would, especially those located in the Eastern townships. At present they are from twenty-eight to thirty miles from the harbors of Southampton and Kincardine, and *seventy-five* miles from Guelph market. Any one at all conversant with the wants and necessities of the farmer in a new country must admit at once that such a distance from market, over wretched or indifferent roads, according to the season, precludes the possibility of Agricultural prosperity. No richness of soil or wealth of natural resource can atone for bad markets. Hence it is but natural that the farmers of Bruce should eagerly grasp at any plausible scheme having in view the construction of a Railway. The proposal of 1861 having resulted in nothing, the question has lain dormant until within the past few weeks, but the magic wand of Mr. F. Shanly has created a fresh excitement, and the Railway fever is now spreading rapidly. Mr. Shanly proposes that the line should start from Guelph, passing through Elora, Fergus, Mt. Forest, Walkerton, near Port Elgin, and so on to Southampton. He proposes to depart from the idea of *expensive* railways altogether, and to build what may be called a tram road for a sum not to exceed £5,000 per mile. To accomplish this, high rates of speed are to be ignored, thus admitting of light locomotives and heavy gradients, while expensive station buildings, &c., would be dispensed with. Now, while we feel deeply concerned for the farmers of Bruce,—our sympathy being based upon a knowledge of their actual condition—we ask their representatives at the ensuing meeting to beware how they commit themselves to the Railway schemes of Mr. F. Shanly, or any other *interested* party. It is all very well to talk of tram roads which, should they be built at all, will be everlastingly getting out of repair, and wooden bridges which would provide for dreadful catastrophes in the future, and honesty on the part of those who would *spend* the money given into their hands; but, farmers of Bruce, $400,000 is an immense sum of money to be raised by taxation, and you must remember the important fact that Railway Companies, when once in possession of money, right of way and road, have *no souls*—emphatically NO SOULS. These gentlemanly proprietors of short lines are capable of selling themselves body and bones to Grand Trunk monopolies, and very shortly after paying the last dollar of your bonus, you may wake up to the disagreeable fact that *too much was paid for the whistle of even the iron horse!* We in Huron were once very much in your position. We were far from market and our roads were bad. We also hailed with raptures of delight the commencement of the Buffalo, Brantford and L. H. Railway, and we tangibly expressed our satisfaction in view of the Grand Prospect before us to the tune of $160,000, part of which you are assisting to pay. The money was paid and *spent*—ditches were dug through the County and embankments thrown up, but lo, the whole thing burst up and everything was sacrificed, handed over without fee or *thanks*. See the reward we have reaped: The harbor of Goderich was handed over without so much as by your leave, rates were charged upon grain so heavy that our County Council seriously propose to improve the harbors on the coast as a countercheck, and as a wind-up our interests are sold to the Grand Trunk, thus rendering it a matter of indifference whether the rails are taken up from here to Stratford or not. If the people of Bruce throw away $400,000 upon a paltry, one-horse, inefficient tram way, the County will be ruined for many years. They should call into requisition every principle of prudence and take a good long look ahead before they leap into the too-willing arms of Mr. F. Shanly.

Parliamentary.

On Friday last after a lengthened debate on the subject of Representation in which Mr. Dickson took part, Mr. Brown moved for the appointment of a select committee to inquire and report as to the adoption of the measures for the advancement of agriculture in the Province. The motion was carried.

"Mr. Foley moved for leave to introduce a Bill for the better representation of the people of Upper Canada in Parliament, and gave Mr. Brown's name as seconder. (Cries of "explain, explain,") Mr. Foley said the Bill could be very easily explained. It was to provide for the representation in Parliament of those counties at present unrepresented. In the present state of public opinion in the respective sections of the Province, it was beyond doubt that any Bill affirming the principle of Representation by Population would be unacceptable to the majority of the House, and could not be carried. His Bill therefore, was designed simply to provide a remedy for existing inequalities, as far as it was practicable to do so. In the discussions in this House, carried on with a very strong feeling as to the inequality of the representation between the two sections, the inequalities as between Upper Canadian constituencies themselves, which if anything were greater and more objectionable, had been very much lost sight of. For example: ninty thousand people in Huron and Bruce had but one representative, while Niagara and Cornwall, with but from four to six thousand inhebitants, had one member each. It was but reasonable to suppose that the people of Lower Canada would not object to this inequality being remedied. At the second reading he would explain the measure more in detail. He hoped to have the assistance of a large number of gentlemen on both sides of the House in passing it. He thought also that he might reckon on the assistance of Ministers who, or a large proportion of them, deemed it expedient last year to put into the Speech from the Throne allusion to this inequality, and to the necessity of providing a remedy."

THE AMERICAN WAR.

We think there is now no room to doubt that Sherman has fallen back upon Vicksburg, after suffering a galling disaster.—Farragut has also failed in his attempt upon Mobile. It is given out by his ingenious apologists that the affair was intended to amuse the Confederates while Sherman came upon them in the rear. The bait did not take very well. Kilpatrick has withdrawn from his alleged threatening posture before Richmond, and Gen. Meade is called upon to account for his sins of omission and commission at Gettysburg. That is the extent of the news that has reached us during the past three days.

The Public Accounts.

Quebec Telegraphic Correspondence of the Globe, March 3rd,

The Public Accounts for the year 1863 have just been laid on the table of the Assembly by the Finance Minister, amidst the cheers of the Ministerialists. Mr. Holton has cause to feel proud that he has succeeded in presenting them to Parliament one month earlier than was ever before accomplished.

The country will be rejoiced to learn that the financial transactions of the year 1863, as shown by the Public Accounts, are vastly more satisfactory than those of any other year for many a long day. In their report to the Finance Minister, attached to the Public Accounts, the Auditors say:—The Public Accounts for the year 1863, which we have the honor to submit to you, exhibit a more favorable balance than has been the case for several years past. The five great sources of revenue—the Customs, Excise, Public Works, Post Office, and Territorial Revenue—have together produced $7,662,490.98, which exceed the receipts from the same sources in 1862 by $1,104,961; the minor revenues of the Consolidated Fund have realized $914,821.02, being an increase upon 1862 of $119,335.10; and the receipts of the Trust Funds and other open accounts have been $1,183,004.34, which is an increase of $127,575.76. Whilst the revenue has thus increased in the aggregate $1,351,871 86, there has been a diminution of expenditure to the extent of $228,873.47, making a total of $1,580,745.33; but in spite of this great improvement upon 1862, there is still a serious deficiency, although very much less than was estimated.

Expenditure, less redemption of Debt	$10,742,807.41
Receipts, less sale of Debentures and Sinking Fund	9,760,316.34
Deficiency	$982,491.07

Large as is the deficit on this balance-sheet, it is an immense improvement on the exhibits of the last ten years, and under the able hands of Mr. Holton, assuredly in one year it will entirely disappear.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS,

And amt. of subscriptions to the

County of Huron Agricultural Society,

At Goderich, for the year ending 31st December, 1863.

No.	*Names.*	*Remarks.*	*Amount.*
1	Wm Andrews	$1 p'd and aud. in '62,	0 00
2	John Adams,		1 00
3	Wm McDougall,		1 00
4	S Wetherald,		1 00
5	Wm McIlwain,		1 00
6	James Addison,		1 00
7	Wm Piper,		1 00
8	James Torrance,		1 00
9	George Anderson,		1 00
10	Peter Robinson,		1 00
11	W J Hayden,		1 00
12	John Robinson,		1 00
13	Hugh Rose,		1 00
14	Thomas Johnston,		1 00
15	Wm Kerr. merchant,	Goderich,	1 00
16	John Hunter,		4 00
17	Wm Robson,		1 00
18	Francis Fowler,		1 00
19	George Strachan,		1 00
20	Robt Mosley,		1 00
21	John Couland,		1 00
22	John Holmes,		1 00
23	Edward McLean,		1 00
24	James Elliott,		1 00
25	Wm Young,		1 00
26	Patrick Carroll,		1 00
27	David McIlwain,		1 00
28	Charles Blake,		1 00
29	John Salkeld,		1 00
30	Edwin Grant,		1 00
31	James Young,		1 00
32	Wm F Gooding,		1 00
33	Thomas McMichael,		1 00
34	Thomas Sowerby,		1 00
35	George Fulton,		1 00
36	Hezekiah Helps,		1 00
37	Charles Young,		5 00
38	Richard Buxton,		1 00
39	Cornelius McKee,		1 00
40	Robert Wilson,		1 00
41	Mrs Jas Ross,		1 00
42	Archibald Dobbie,		1 00
43	Curt'n Lawrason,		2 00
4	John Fair, merchant,		1 00
5	Wm Ellwood,		1 00
6	John Patton,		2 00
7	John W Elliott,		1 00
8	Murdo Gordon,		1 00
9	Joseph J Wright,		1 00
50	Isaac Salkeld,		1 00
1	Alexander Annan,		1 00
2	Adam Annan,		1 00
3	M McTaggert & Co.,		2 00
4	M McTaggert,		1 00
5	Robert Rutledge,		1 00
6	Wm J Johnston,		2 00
7	John Passmore,		1 00
8	Jacob Stokes,		1 00
9	David Clarke,		1 00
60	James Clarke,		1 00
1	James Smaile,		2 00
2	James Lomas		1 00
3	Wm Elliott,		1 00
4	Thomas Andrews,		4 00
5	Robert Gibbons,		1 00
6	Andrew Donogh,		1 00
7	John Donogh,		1 00
8	John Salkeld, Junr,		1 00
9	Henry Reid,		1 00
70	Gordon Young,		1 00
1	George Young,		1 00
2	George Houston,		1 00
3	Mrs Jane Young,		1 00
4	John Glenn,		1 00
5	G M Trueman,		1 00
6	N T Custead,		1 00
7	Mrs Robert Kerr,		2 00
8	Messrs. Parker & Cattle,		2 00
9	James Wilkinson,		1 00
80	David Patton,		1 00
1	George Weston,		1 00
2	James Tees,		1 00
3	Thomas Kneeshaw,		2 00
4	Wm Clarke,		1 00
5	C. Hosker,		1 00
6	F W Thomas, Bank of Montreal,		1 00
7	Miss Agnes Reid,		1 00
8	—— Harris, Colborne,		1 00
9	Hugh Johnston,		4 05
90	John Strong,		1 00
1	James Simonton,		1 00
2	John Stewart, Huron Road,		4 00
3	Frederick Marsh,		1 00
4	Colin Clarke,		1 00
5	Messrs. VanEvery & Rumball,		1 00
6	Thomas Hussey,		1 00
7	Samuel Burke,		1 00
8	John Campbell,		1 00
9	Samuel McMath,		1 00
100	James Gallagher,		1 00
1	Wm Mackay, Bank U. C.,		1 00
2	John Buchanan,		1 00
3	James Clarke,		1 00
4	A B Brownson,		1 00
5	Alexander Ross,		4 00
6	Robert Runciman & Co.,		4 00
7	James Watson, Baker,		1 00
8	Jacob S Miller,		1 00
9	Wm Jenkins,		1 00
110	Wm Storey,		1 00
11	John Henry,		1 00
12	Mrs Best,		1 50
13	W T Hays,		1 00
14	Mrs H Gardner,		1 00
15	Mrs S L Kerr,		1 00
16	Thos Roddy,		1 00
17	Miss Margaret Campbell,		1 00
18	Aaron Lodge,		1 00
19	Andrew Green,		1 00
120	John McKenzie,		1 00
1	Miss Susan Payne,		1 00
2	Mrs James Hamilton,		1 00
3	Robert McKay,		1 00
4	Alexander Young,		1 00
5	John C Tamlyn,		1 00
6	John Hutchison,		2 00
7	Edwin Clifford,		1 00
8	Robert Downs,		1 00
9	Messrs McPherson, Glascow & Co.,		1 00
130	James McDonogh,		1 00
1	Charles McGregor,		1 00
2	Charles Blake,		1 00
3	do do paid for 1864,		2 00
4	Thomas Dark,		2 00
5	Wm Warrington,		1 00
6	E R Owen,		80
7	Wm Martin,		00
8	A LeFroy,		1 00
9	Mrs Ross Robertson,		1 00
140	Mrs Sheriff McDonald,		2 00
1	Daniel Gordon,		1 00
2	Charles Wells,		1 00
3	John V Detlor,		1 00
4	John Butler,		1 00
5	John Stewart, merchant,		1 00
6	Horace Horton,		2 00
7	Mrs McKid,		1 00
8	J Y S Kirk,		1 00
9	James Wheatley,		1 00
150	Hon Danald McDonald,		0 00
1	James Dickson, M P P,		6 00
2	Robert Cameron,		1 00
3	James Torrance,		0 50
4	James Chewings,		00
5	Hugh Gratten,		1 00
6	John Whittett,		1 00
7	Samuel Somerville,		1 00
8	Wm McCrea,		1 00
9	John Boyd,		1 00
160	John Cox,		1 00
1	Hugh Girvin,		1 00
2	Alexander Ellis,		1 00
3	Andrew Green,		0 50
4	John Beacom,		1 00
5	Hugh Hanly,		1 00
6	John Mitchell,		1 00
7	Stewart McDougall,		1 00
8	John Salkeld, junr.,		0 50
9	A Sands,		1 00
170	Thomas Button,		1 00
1	Samuel Pollock,		2 00
2	Angus Fraser,		1 00
3	Samuel Sloane,		1 00
4	Robert Cooper, Judge S C, &c,		2 00
5	George H Parsons,		1 00
6	Henry Reid, paid for 1864,		1 00
7	John Passmore, do do,		3 00
8	John Salkeld, do do,		1 00
9	John Adams, paid for 1863,		1 00
180	Amos Martin, do 1864,		1 00
1	Robert Runciman & Co., do do,		1 00
2	Thomas McMichael, do do,		1 00
3	John Davidson, do 1863,		2 00
184	James Rhynas, do do,		1