

Floss was the freshest in the struggle, and with a death spring managed to reach his knife, leaving a part of his cheek and top lip as a tribute to the dingo, which he crunched in savage joy; the undermost dingo was also thrown from his hold, but, with the resolution of the most formidable hero of his race, fastened upon the breast and side of his adversary, just as the naked man lightened the handle of the bright long blade.

The other dog ashamed of his imbecility, made another rush to assist his companion; and here it was evident that the taste of fresh, warm blood had caused him to forget, as effectually as if they had swam the Lethe, the instructions given them by their masters, of "only to seize and hold on." Instead of that, murder and a warm drink were their first intentions, and a slight collation their second. It was what they had often seen their masters do, and why not they? The pupil of every eye told Floss, that his death grasp would soon furnish the woods with a subject for a faint echo, as his fainting limbs would the long white teeth a morsel to nash at. Just as the second dog made his bound, Floss threw some of his clothes in his face, which for a moment baffled him, and a nervous blow with the bright steel made the blood flow from his companion ten times as fast as it did from the wielder of the steel; still he was too game to loosen his grasp, it was a good one, and he well knew in the present state of things he could not get a better, so he held on whilst the blood gurgled out. As soon as the one baffled by the clothes got free, he made another attempt to fasten on his prey; he missed it, and set up the most terrible howl of disappointment and revenge: again he sprang upon the panting and still held-down white man. Floss merely thrust out his arm insidiously, but such was the force of the dingo's bound, that the steel pierced his heart, and he fell without a yell. This gave Floss new courage; he thought (if he could be said to think at all) that all defence was useless; the other dog still kept his hold, though it was evident that every fresh gulp of blood was fast impairing its tenacity. Floss saw this, and made another blow, and succeeded in piercing his eye; a horrid howl was the response, and in his agony he made another spring, wrenching the flesh as the butcher does suet from the sides of a carcass; Floss repeated his blow, as the dog feebly attempted to renew his bite; he, with some difficulty, got at arm's length from him, and the dying, maddened animal tried another death fling. Floss tried the remaining shot in his pistol, and shattered the dying hound's head to atoms, and away he fled with all the vigour the terrible battle had left him.

## The London Punch.

From the London Punch.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.  
Caudle has been made a Mason.—Mrs. C.  
Indignant and Curious.

'Now, Mr Caudle—Mr Caudle, I say: oh! you can't be asleep already, I know—Now, what I mean to say is this; there's no use, none at all, in our having any disturbance about the matter; but, at last my mind's made up, Mr Caudle; I shall leave you. Either I know all you've been doing to night, or to-morrow morning I quit the house. No, no; there's an end of the marriage-state. I think—an end of all confidence between man and wife—if a husband's to have secrets and keep 'em all to himself. Petty secrets they must be, when his wife can't know 'em. Nor fit for any decent person to know, I'm sure, if that's the case. Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel; there's a good soul, tell me what's its all about? A pack of nonsense, I dare say; still—not that I care much about it—still, I should like to know. There's a dear. Eh? Oh, don't tell me there's nothing in it; I know better. I'm not a fool, Mr Caudle; I know there's a good deal in it. Now, Mr Caudle; just tell me a little bit of it. I'm sure I'd tell you anything you know I would. Well?

'Caudle, you're enough to vex a saint!—Now, don't you think you're going to sleep; because you're not. Do you suppose I'd ever snuffled you to go and be made a mason, if I didn't suppose I was to know the secret, too? Not that it's anything to know, I dare say; and that's why I'm determined to know it.

'I know what it is; oh yes! there can be no doubt. The secret is, too ill-use poor women; to tyrannize over 'em, to make 'em your slaves; especially your wives—It must be something of the sort, or you would not be ashamed to have it known. What's right and proper never need to be done in secret. It's an insult to a woman for a man to be a free mason, and not let his wife know nothing of it. But poor soul! she's sure to know it some how—for nice husbands they all make. Yes, yes; a part of the secret is to think better of all the world than their own wives and families. I'm sure men have quite enough to care for—that is, if they act properly—to care for them they have at home. They can't have much care to spare for the world besides.

'And I suppose they call you Brother Caudle? A pretty brother, indeed! Going and dressing yourself up like a turnpike man—for that's what you look like. And I should like to know what the apron's for? There must be something in it not very respectable, I'm sure. Well, I only wish I was Queen for a day or two—I'd put an end to free masonry, and such trumpery, I know.

'Now come, Caudle; don't let's quarrel, Eh! You're not in pite, dear? What's it all about? What are you lying laughing there at? But I'm a fool to trouble my head about you.

'And you're not going to let me know the secret, eh? You mean to say,—you're not? Now, Caudle, you know it's a hard matter to put me in a passion—not that I care about the secret itself: no, I wouldn't give a button to know it, for it's all nonsense I'm sure. It isn't the secret I care about: it's the slight, Mr Caudle; it's the studied insult than a man pays to his wife, when he thinks of going thro' the world keeping something to himself which he won't let her know. Man and wife, indeed! I should like to know how that can be when a man's a mason—when he keeps a secret that sets him and his wife apart? Ha, you men make the laws, and so you take good care to have all the best of 'em to yourselves; otherwise a woman ought to be allowed a divorce when a man becomes a mason. When he's got a sort of corner cupboard in his heart—a secret place in his mind—that his poor wife isn't allowed to rummage!

'Caudle, you shan't close your eyes for a week—no, you shan't—unless you tell me some of it. Come, there's a good creature; there's a love. I'm sure, Caudle, I wouldn't refuse you any thing—and you know it, or ought to know it by this time. I only wish that I had a secret! To whom should I think of confiding it, but to my dear husband? I should be miserable to keep it to myself, and you know it. Now, Caudle?

'Was there ever such a man! A man indeed! A brute!—yes, Mr. Caudle, an unfeeling, brutal creature, when you might oblige me, and you won't, I'm sure. I don't object to your being a mason; not at all, Caudle; I dare say it's a very good thing; I dare say it is—it's only your making a secret of it that vexes me. But you'll tell me—you'll tell your own Margaret! You won't! You're a wretch, Mr. Caudle.

'But I know why: oh, yes, I can tell. The fact is, you're ashamed to let me know what a fool they've been making of you. That's it. You, at your time of life—the father of a family. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

'And I suppose you'll be going to what you call your Lodge every night, now. Lodge, indeed! Pretty place it must be, where they don't admit women. Nice goings on, I dare say. Then you call one another brethren. Brethren! I'm sure you'd relations enough, you didn't want any more.

'But I know what all this masonry's about. It's only an excuse to get away from your wives and families, that you may feast and drink together, that's all. That's the secret. And to abuse women—as if they were inferior animals, and not to be trusted. That's the secret; and nothing else.

'Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel. Yes, I know you're in pain. Still Caudle, my love; Caudle! Dearest, I say! Caudle! Caudle!

'I recollect nothing more,' says Caudle for here, thank Providence! I fell asleep.

## FUNCH'S POLICE REPORT.

### Bigamy.

A man, named Peel, was yesterday brought before the magistrate, Mr Bull, at this office, charged with having intermarried with a female named Free Trade, his former wife. Agriculture being still alive.

Their Graces the Dukes of Richmond and Buckingham, and a gentleman named Ferand, proved the fact of the former marriage; but upon cross-examination, admitted a doubt as to whether Agriculture was still living, intimating their suspicion that she had been destroyed by the ill treatment of her husband.

A Mr Cobden disposed that Peel (who holds a high situation under Royalty) had within the last two years contracted matrimony with Free Trade, a young lady to whom he was himself engaged. He complained bitterly of Peel, as having stolen his sweetheart.

The Editors of the *Standard* and *Morning Herald* gave the prisoner an excellent character; but the disinterestedness of their testimony appeared very questionable.

Mr Bull said that the fact of the two marriages had been distinctly proved, and was highly discreditable to the prisoner; but, as there was a doubt as to whether the former wife was in existence, he regretted that he could do nothing with the case; and cautioned the prisoner not to let him see him there again.

### TEEL THE POACHER.

We have this day to record one of the most extraordinary cases of poaching that it was ever our duty in the character of public commentators to take notice of.

A respectable looking person, who gave his name as Robert Peel, was brought up on a charge of having been found poaching on the manor of Mr Richard Cobden. It appeared that the defendant had for some time past been lurking about near a field, called Free Trade. There had been an awkward hedge round it, by the way of protection; and at length the defendant, though called out by some farmers who were watching his movements, broke down a great portion of his protection, and forced his way into Cobden's field. In the course of the examination it turned out that Peel, when he got into the field, did not make any attempt on the highest kind of game, which Cobden himself was in the habit of aiming at. The defendant was, however, proved to have brought down at one shot upwards of 400 different heads one day in February last, though every article was of so trifling a description that it was quite impossible to place any value upon it.

On being asked what he had to say, Peel seemed a good deal disconcerted, and said he hoped, if he had been poaching on Mr Cobden's manor, that gentleman would not complain,

as he had often invited him (Peel) to do so. Mr Cobden said he did not object, though he had rather that it should be done openly in the broad face of day. For his own part he did not wish to preserve anything that might be considered fair game, and he invited 'any one' to join him in the field of Free Trade, which he did not wish to make by any means exclusive, for he was doing his utmost to break down the protection on all sides, so that all who felt disposed might unite with him.

Peel, having been advised that it would be better for him to enter the field in a fair and honourable manner, than to sneak about it, inside and out, as if he felt ashamed of what he was doing, was cautioned, and discharged.

### THE PRESIDENT'S OATH.

It is generally known—and all the touching circumstance ought to be published to the whole world—that the Bible, on which Mr Polk took the Presidential oath was very handsomely bound for the purpose in the skin of a negro

## The Politician.

From the Plymouth Packet.

### THE EXPORTS OF MANUFACTURES.

The official accounts of the exports of British manufactures, for the year 1844, shows their declared value to have been upwards of fifty millions and a half sterling, against less than forty five millions in 1843, and less than forty one millions in 1842. This is a surprising increase, and when we consider to how many families it has been the means of giving comfort, and how much the freight and carriage of this immense amount of goods, and of the returns of them, must have encouraged the commercial marine of the country, the nursery of that navy which is the best protector of an empire whose members are scattered over the whole globe, and only kept together by the command of the ocean, one feels more desirous than ever that all impediments to the spread of the trade and commerce of the country should be swept away, in order that a steady and rapid advance in prosperity may take the place of those alternate fevers of speculation and fits of depression, which have too long been the fate of the industrious classes of the empire. It cannot be too often said or shown that a kind Providence has given the people of this country every talent, energy, and physical requisite for comfort and prosperity, and that nothing but bad and selfish legislation, stand in the way of their happiness.

It will be seen from the following return that the whole of the textile industry of the country is increasing rapidly, in spite of the opposition of foreign nations. The declared value of the cotton manufactures exported, amounted to little short of twenty six millions—that is, to upwards of one half the value of the whole exports of the country; and now that Sir Robert Peel has removed the duty on the raw material this great trade must continue to extend, if he will allow us to receive returns for our exports. We have still the cheap fuel, the mechanical skill, and the abundant capital by which this trade has been raised from nothing to its present gigantic dimensions; nor is there any reason whatever why its future history should not be as wonderful as the past, if the people are allowed to receive the only returns which foreigners can make them for the products of their industry. The progress of the woollen, the linen, and the silk trades, is also very satisfactory, and the extension of the last, in spite of the croakings of the monopolist ravens, proves that there is no branch of industry in which the energies and resources of this country, when left to themselves, will not triumph over every obstacle.

The history of the second great branch of the national industry, that of metals, is scarcely less satisfactory. Here again, coals, capital and machinery, have done and are still doing wonders, in producing the raw material at a price which defies foreign competition—whilst the hereditary skill of our cutlers and mechanics has enabled them to keep the lead in the production of all kinds of machinery and hardware.

The state of the earthenware and glass trade is also satisfactory, for if the progress of the latter has not been rapid, yet the fact that it has extended under the enormous difficulties to which it has hitherto been exposed, is a sufficient pledge for its rapid increase in prosperity now that all hindrances have been swept away. The probability is that the return of the exports of glass, three years hence, will be one of the most striking facts in the return of that year.

## Communications.

[For the Gleaner.]

### Lines.

Occasioned by the Rev'd Mr Miller (one of the Deputation from the "Free Church of Scotland" to the British provinces) announcing to a large congregation in the Methodist Chapel, Newcastle, on Sunday May 4th, 1845, that he would preach there "once more" previous to his final departure from Miramichi.

Servant of God! We hail with joy  
The announcement to us given:—  
"Once more"—thy great, divine Employ,  
Of warring Souls to God—to Heav'n.

Servant of God! with deep regret,  
We hear the announcement given:—  
Once more—then leave! not yet—not yet—  
Thou messenger from Scotland! Heaven!

The holy feelings of thy soul,  
Doth to thy words a pathos give—  
Now, like loud thunder peals they roll—  
Now, surely bid the Saviour—"live."

We still would hear thy thrilling voice,  
And see the pointing to the skies,  
While many hearts that now rejoice,  
Would foretaste "life that never dies."

But, 'twould be selfish to detain  
The "Herald of the Cross" just here;—  
Retrace old ocean's deep blue main,  
'Tho' fast and large will drop the tear.

And, may propitious gales wait o'er  
The Ship that's destined thee to bear;  
And, safely reaching Scotland's shore—  
Proclaim aloud Jehovah's care.

Go—"Man of God!"—it grieves our heart,  
But, yet, to us this Comfort's giv'n;  
If we like thee act well our part,  
We'll meet again with joy in Heav'n.

J. G. L.

Newcastle, May 5, 1845.

## United States News.

From a Buffalo Paper.

**Terrible Flood on Niagara River.**—An extraordinary excitement has prevailed at Queenston and Lewiston for the last three days. The ice has disappeared from here with great rapidity. Such has been its movements over the Niagara Falls, accompanied with a strong north wind, that the Niagara river has been completely blocked up. The ice there yesterday, within a mile of the Falls was forty feet high!—In the rapid course of the ice everything on the wharves at Queenston and Lewiston had been swept off, with the contents of the store houses. At Youngstown, it has cleared off every house near the wharves, and the steam flour mill has gone with it, and some 80 barrels of flour and a large lot of potash in store there.

The damage, all round is not far from \$100,000.

### St. Louis New Era.

**Oregon Emigration.**—We understand that a large number of emigrants are engaged at Independence preparatory to their emigration to Oregon. There are two separate companies organized and they will start about the 20th of April. They number about one thousand persons, and have a good supply of waggons and animals. All the houses in Independence were filled, and a large number were encamped in tents in the vicinity. At St Josephs, in the Platte country, there was another large company, with about two hundred and twenty waggons. They expected to start about the same time as the company from Independence. Another company, with about thirty five waggons was assembled at another point on the river. It was supposed that considerable accessions would be made to these companies before their departure.

Lt. Fremont is about to start on an exploring expedition beyond the mountains, and one hundred and fifty young men were at Independence engaged to go with him. They are furnished with mules, and equipped for their journey. The rush of emigration beyond the Rocky Mountains will be very great, and those who expect to join the company should repair to the frontier immediately. The companies are very particular to preserve the character of the expedition. No person is permitted to join an emigrating company until he has undergone an examination, and if he be a criminal, a refugee from justice, or a man of infamous character, he is excluded.

**From the Society Islands.**—Advices from Tahiti to the 23rd of November have been received at New Bedford. Five French vessels of war were at Tahiti, together with several guard vessels, and the strictest martial law prevailed. The natives generally remained in arms on the mountains. The French were erecting numerous fortifications. The dwelling houses of the natives and foreigners, without distinction, had been seized by the French and appropriated as hospitals for the sick and wounded. It was reported that a battle had been fought, in which the French sustained a loss of 60 killed, and the natives about 103. All the munitions of war and other supplies were strictly prohibited from being landed, and the coast was strictly guarded to prevent any infraction of this order.