

The London Punch.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

Mr. Caudle has ventured a remonstrance on his day's dinner; cold mutton, and no pudding. Mrs. Caudle defends the cold shoulder.

Humph! I'm sure! Well, I wonder what it will be next! There's nothing proper, now—nothing at all. Better get somebody else to keep the house, I think. I can't do it now, it seems; I'm only in the way here: I'd better take the children and go.

What am I grumbling about now? It's very well for you to ask that! I'm sure I'd better be out of the world than there now Mr Caudle; there you are again! I shall speak, sir. It isn't often I open my mouth, heaven knows! But you like to hear nobody talk but yourself. You ought to have married a negro slave, and not any respectable woman.

You're to go about the house looking like thunder all the day, and I'm not to say a word. Where do you think puddings to come from every day?—You show a nice example to your children every day, you do; complaining, and turning your nose up at a sweet piece of cold mutton, because there's no pudding! You go a nice way to make 'em extravagant—teach 'em nice lessons to begin the world with. Do you know what puddings cost; or do you think they fly in at the window?

You hate cold mutton; the more shame for you, Mr Caudle; I'm sure you've the stomach of a lord, you have. No sir, I didn't choose to hash the mutton; it's very easy for you to say hash it; but I know what a joint loses in hashing: it's a day's dinner the loss, if it's a bit. Yes, I dare say, other people may have puddings with cold mutton; no doubt of it; and other people become bankrupts.—But if ever you get into the *Gazette*, it shan't be my fault—no; I'll do my duty as a wife to you. Mr Caudle you shall never have it to say that it was my housekeeping that brought you to beggary. No; you may sulk at the cold meat—ha! I hope you'll never live to want such a piece of cold mutton as we had to day. And you may threaten to go to a tavern to dine; but with our present means not a crumb of pudding do you get from me. You shall have nothing but the cold joint—nothing as I am a Christian sinner.

Yes; there you are throwing those fowls in my face again! I know you once brought home a pair of fowls; I know it; and weren't you mean enough to want to stop 'em out of my week's money? Oh, the selfishness—the shabbiness of men! They can go out and throw away pounds upon pounds with a pack of people who laugh at 'em afterwards; but if it's anything wanted for their own homes, their poor wives may hunt for it. I wonder you don't blush to name those fowls again! I wouldn't be so mean for the world, Mr Caudle!

What are you going to do? Going to get up? Don't make yourself ridiculous, Mr Caudle; I can't say a word to you like any other wife, but you must threaten to get up. Do be ashamed of yourself.

Puddings, indeed! Do you think I'm made of puddings? Did't you have some boiled rice three weeks ago? Besides is this the time of the year for puddings? It's all very well if I had money enough allowed me like any other wife, to keep the house with; then, indeed, I might have preserves like any other woman; now it is impossible; and its cruel—yes, Mr Caudle, cruel—of you to expect it.

Apples aren't so dear, aren't they? I know what apples are, Mr Caudle, without you're telling me. But I suppose you want something more than apples for damplings! I suppose sugar costs something, doesn't it? And that's how it is. That's how one expence brings on another, and that's how people go to ruin.

Pancakes! What's the use of your lying muttering there about pancakes? Don't you always have 'em once a year—every Shrove Tuesday?—And what would any moderate descent man want more?

Pancakes indeed! Pray, Mr Caudle—no it's no use your saying fine words to me to let you go to sleep; I shan't—pray do you know the price of eggs just now? There's not an egg you can trust to under seven an eight a shilling; well, you've only just to reckon up how many eggs—don't lie swearing there at the eggs, in that manner, Mr Caudle unless you expect the bed to open under you. You call yourself a respectable tradesman, I suppose! Ha! I only wish people knew you as well as I do! Swearing at eggs, indeed! But I'm tired of this usage, Mr Caudle; quite tired of it; and I don't care how soon it's ended!

I'm sure I do nothing but work and labour and think how to make the most of everything; and this is how I'm rewarded. I should like to see anybody whose joints go further than mine. But if I was to throw away your money into the street, or lay it out in fine feathers on myself, I should be better thought of. The woman who studies her husband and her family is always made a drudge of. It's your fine gal-lal wives who've the best time of it.

What's the use of your lying groaning there in that manner! That won't make me hold my tongue I can tell you. You think to have it all your own way—but you won't Mr Caudle. You can insult my dinner; look like a demon, I may say, at a wholesome piece of cold mutton—ha! there are thousands of far better creatures than you are who'd been thankful for that mutton; and I'm never to speak! But you're mistaken—I will! You're usage of me, Mr Caudle, is infamous—unworthy of a man. I only wish people knew you for what you are; but they shall, some day.

Puddings! And now I suppose that I shall hear of nothing but puddings! Yes, and I

know what it would end in. First, you'd have a pudding every day;—oh, I know your extravagance—then you'd go for fish—then I should wonder if you'd have soup; turtle no doubt: then you'd go for a desert; and—oh! I see it all as plain as the quilt before me but no! not not while I live! What your second wife may do, I don't know; perhaps she'll be a fine lady; but you shan't be ruined by me. Mr Caudle; that I'm determined. Puddings, indeed! Pudd—

“Exhausted nature,” says Caudle, “could hold out no longer. Here my wife went to sleep.”

PEEL'S PATHETIC APPEAL TO O'CONNELL.

I give thee, DANIEL, all I can,
Though poor the offering be,
The Maynooth Grant is all, My DAN,
That I can yield to thee;
I might give up the Irish Church,
But if I did, what then?
My friends would leave me in the lurch,
I mean, my party men.

Perhaps 'tis just, perhaps 'tis fit
That I should more concede;
But then the House won't suffer it,
They won't, they won't indeed.
Believe me, I my conscience pinch
Much more than words can tell,
To grant thee thus a single inch,
And thou would'st take an ell!

Oh! do be quiet, DANIEL, pray,
Be moderate, I implore;
Take what I cede; another day,
I may allow thee more:
Keep Ireland out of water hot,
I beg thee, on my knees,
And I won't say that she shall not
Have justice—by degrees.

The Politician.

The American Press.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.
CALIFORNIA.

“Information in regard to this favored portion of the globe is eagerly sought after by our citizens, as it is destined ere long to be annexed to the United States. The large number of Americans already settled and emigrating there give assurance of the result. The following information, gleaned from recent sources, will be, we doubt not, acceptable.”

If any evidence were wanting to show the spirit of aggression and national plunder which has seized upon the minds of a portion of our people, the foregoing paragraph from the Courier of last Saturday evening supplies it in abundance. The success which has attended the Texas experiment has emboldened the operators, and now we hear them openly proclaiming their intentions in regard to a vast and fertile territory, to which they have no shadow of claim, and which is and has been for years in quiet possession of a neighboring friendly Power. We ask the thinking portion of the American people to look at these things, and tell us where this restless desire for the acquisition of territory is to end? It is now useless to inquire how the annexation of Texas has been brought about; the modus operandi is familiar to all. A few adventurous spirits, weary of the restraints of civilized society, and thirsting for the daring excitement of a wild border life, emigrated a few years since to Texas, then a province of Mexico. Their report of a delightful climate and a fertile soil, greatly exaggerated no doubt, soon induced others to follow them. Finding themselves among a strange people, of whose language they were ignorant, with habits, customs and laws different from their own, it is not remarkable that they soon became dissatisfied with the Government whose protection they had sought, and the laws under which they had voluntarily placed themselves. Their numbers had grown with their dissatisfaction, until finally, from the govern'd they determined to become the governors. The standard of rebellion, or revolution, if you please, was raised, and the province of Texas, wrested from the parent Government, became an independent State.

Here, then, Texas was placed among the nations of the earth and immediately afterwards came the proposition for annexation to the United States. How or why it failed when first urged, it is not our purpose now to inquire; and equally unprofitable would it be to investigate the causes which led to a revival of the proposition under the auspices of his late accident, John Tyler. It is sufficient to know that the question of annexation was made an issue before the people, and, backed by fraud and chicanery, was successful. The measure may now be considered consummated, a few unimportant details alone remaining to be settled. Pending the question our readers all know that we opposed annexation as heartily and zealously as any one, and that of our own free will, before parties had arrayed themselves for and against the measure, and before Mr Clay took ground against it.

We then saw, or thought we saw, a spirit of rapacity, a burning desire for the acquisition of new territory, wholly at war as well with the character of our institutions as with the peace and permanence of our Government. We are not, we regret to say, disappointed. What we fear has come to pass; and before

the details of the annexation of Texas are settled, we see prominent and influential journals, such as the Nashville Union and New Orleans Courier, calling out for the annexation of California. And how, pray, is this proposed to be brought about? The country, one of the most beautiful, and salubrious, and fertile in the world, we doubt not, is represented in allowing colors, and American citizens induced to emigrate thither. That thousands upon thousands will accept this invitation it requires no seer to tell; the roving propensities of our people are sufficiently known, and wherever there is a foot of available soil in any other country than their own, there they are sure to be found. Once let the tide of emigration flow inwards California, and the American population will soon be sufficiently numerous to play the Texas game. The standard of revolt will be raised, the Government will be overthrown, the cry of “liberty” will be raised in this country, and thousands of the young adventurous will fly to the relief of their oppressed country men in California.—Torn by civil wars and intestine commotions, Mexico will be unable to reduce her refractory province to obedience, and in a brief period of time another “Lone Star Republic” will spring up on the shores of the far off Pacific. A little while longer the “Republic of California” will be knocking at our doors, and then we shall, we suppose have the absurd and ridiculous cry of the re-annexation of California. It will all be right, of course: it will be “extending the area of freedom,” and there can be no possible objection to that. But, Texas and California re-annexed, will the spirit of robbery stop in its rapacious career? By no means; the appetite will grow with what it feeds on; and we shall soon have marauding parties wandering into Mexico, making settlements, rebelling against the Government, and robbing churches, until the whole of that country is re-annexed, and the star spangled Banner floats from the turrets of the city of the Montezumas. But will our patriots, who clamour so loudly for “extending the area of freedom,” stop with Mexico? Will that little spot of territory be sufficient to fill their rapacious maws? Will the “area of freedom” be sufficiently extended to suit their expansive patriotism, will they not re-annex all of South America and West India Islands, including that very barren and insignificant island called Cuba? Seriously, we entreat men who trouble themselves to think, to ponder upon these things; to ask themselves where all this is to end, and see if disunion anarchy, bloodshed, and confusion are not to be what we are to receive in lieu of our present great and glorious Union.

Communications.

MR. EDITOR,—Perhaps there is nothing we can name that has such a startling effect upon us, as to hear “Fire” cried out through the streets. It is a most dismal thing to hear bells ringing and persons calling out fire especially at night. As a great number of fires have occurred of late, it ought to make us more cautious than ever with respect to this devouring element; every inhabitant of any city, town, or village, should consider it his interest to do all in his power to keep any such place free from fire. With these preliminary remarks, Mr Editor, I would suggest that a puncheon, or barrel, filled with water, should constantly be kept standing at the corner or side of every habitation in Chatham and that one or two leather buckets be kept in each house, to be ready whenever an alarm may be given. This would be very little expense, and might be the means of stopping a great many fires.

It would be a very desirable thing if the Sessions would make regulations to this effect. In P. E. Island, at the last Session of the Legislature an act was passed, compelling every house in Charlottetown, to keep two buckets, a bag, and a ladder to be used at fires. I trust these remarks may have the desired effect.

I am, &c.

Chatham, July 1, 1845.

Editor's Department.

MIRAMICHI:

CHATHAM, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1845.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF THE MAILS.

The mail for Fredericton, direct, closes on Monday morning at 7, 30 o'clock; and arrives on the morning of Friday, at 2 o'clock, A. M. The Southern mails are closed at 5, 30 o'clock, on the mornings of Tuesdays and Saturdays, and arrive at 7 o'clock on the mornings of Mondays and Thursdays.

The mails for the Northward are despatched soon after the arrival of the mails from the southward on Mondays and Thursdays; and arrive here on the mornings of Friday, at 6 o'clock.

A mail is also made up, to and from Prince Edward, by the steamer Saint George, every fortnight.

SHIP SWORDFISH.—We copy the following paragraph from a London paper

of the 17th May. This vessel was at the establishment of Messrs. Cunards, in Chatham:—

“The new ship *Swordfish*, commanded by Captain Richard Green, made the run from Liverpool to Pernambuco in 25 days, which is allowed to be the shortest trip on record. Out of the 25 days she was becalmed three days, and had her foretopmasts carried away. Her passage home was made in 24 days, during 8 of which she encountered easterly winds in the channel.”

UNITED STATES.—A Correspondent of the Boston Mail writing from Albany on the 13th June, furnishes the following account of a melancholy and distressing accident:—

“A most frightful accident occurred about two miles out of this city this afternoon. The emigrant train of cars which left here at 1 p. m. encountered a train of cars heavily loaded with wood coming to the city, and rapidly descending the steep grade, and both trains met around a curve in the road, and the emigrant train of cars, containing some 40 or 50 Germans and other passengers, was almost entirely annihilated. Many are killed, and the number horribly mutilated is not known. Men, woman and little children all thrown and jammed into one confused mass. Oh such a spectacle of misery and suffering I never before witnessed, and heaven grant the like may never again occur. I learn that the accident is wholly the result of extreme carelessness.

“Drs. March, Ormsbee and others are in attendance amputating the arms and limbs of the poor unfortunates, thus suddenly arrested in their journey.”

GUANO.—The Halifax Register contains the following paragraph, giving an account of an almost inexhaustible supply of this valuable fertilizer, on the coast of South America.

“An official report made to the Government of Peru, under the direction of the Treasury Department, states that Guano deposits to the extent of 800 miles have been found on the Peruvian and Bolivian Coast. The report says there is, by measurement, and calculation, about 46,632,180 tons—which, if extracted at the rate of 50,000 tons per annum, would last more than 900 years, and estimated at \$50 per ton amounts to \$2,331,600,000, a sum such as no mine has yet produced.”

STOP MY PAPER.—The Montreal Times has the following remarks on this poor, pitiful method frequently resorted to by men of little minds, to revenge themselves of the liberty taken by an Editor in bestowing on them some just and well merited chastisement, or perhaps, for refusing to publish some doggeral verses, or slanderous communication, which they have sent to his journal:—

“But we think it is well worthy the reflection of every thinking man whether it be worthy or dignified to resort to such a pitiful, such a childish method of retort. Every man who comes upon the stage of public life, subjects himself and his actions, so far as they are public to criticism and remark; and that man must indeed have a high opinion of his own good sense who imagines that he can never lay himself open to just censure. Where would be the utility of sermons, if the men who no sooner found themselves censured, but they “stopped their subscription?” What would become of the clergyman's income, especially under the voluntary system, if people could not bear reproof without flying into a pet and withdrawing their paltry contributions?

“We by no means pretend to exact the labors of a journalist to a level with a holy ministrations of the pulpit; but at the same time, we do claim for our craft, a degree of bold and courageous independence which we hope places it at least above such petty bribes as a year's subscription. Gentlemen who take this course, should recollect that nothing can show more plainly at the same time, their malice and their impotence; they would, to the extent of their power, ruin an undertaking which while it left them untouched, they deemed worthy of their distinguished support. They withdraw that support, because their own ignorance, or perhaps something worse is exposed, and they want either the facts or the ability, to enter upon a better defence.”

NOVASCOTIA.—The Editor of the Halifax Morning Post, in his paper of Tuesday last, thus speaks of the weather in that quarter. It would afford us much satisfaction, were we enabled to furnish a similar account of the weather here—but we regret it is the very reverse of that portrayed by our contemporary:—

“The present season, taken altogether, has been one of the driest ever remembered by the oldest of our inhabitants. The usual vernal rains come sparingly, and although accounts from the country speak encouragingly, yet we fear the crops must be suffering for the want of a good soaking rain. We have heard it reported, that notwithstanding the want of moisture, the grass crops will this year be exceedingly abundant. The fruit will, it is also said, be most plentiful.”