

gion—to say nothing of habits of secretiveness acquired from infancy—there is also the fear of punishment, as a traitor would, on discovery, be hacked to pieces.

## The London Punch.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.  
Mrs. Caudle thinks it "high time" that the Children should have Summer Clothing.

There, Caudle! If there's anything in the world I hate—and you know it—it is asking you for money. I am sure, for myself, I'd rather go without a thing a thousand times, and I do—the more shame for you to let me, but—there, now! there you fly out again! What do I want now? Why, you must know what's wanted, if you'd any eyes—or any pride for your children, like any other father. What's the matter—and what am I driving at? Oh, nonsense, Caudle! As if you didn't know! I'm sure if I'd any money of my own, I'd never ask you for a farthing; never; it's painful to me, goodness knows! What do you say? If it's so painful, why so often do it? Ha! I suppose you call that a joke—one of your club jokes? I wish you'd think more of people's feelings, and less of your jokes. Ha! as I say, I only wish I'd any money of my own. If there is anything that humbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man's pocket for every farthing. It's dreadful!

Now, Caudle, if ever you kept awake, you shall keep awake to night—yes, you shall hear me, for it isn't often I speak, and then you may go to sleep as soon as you like. Pray do you know what month it is? And did you see how the children looked at church to day—like nobody else's children? What was the matter with them? Oh, Caudle! How can you ask? Poor things! weren't they all in their thick merinos, and heaver bonnets? What do you say—What of it? What! you'll tell me that you didn't see how the Briggs' girls, in their new chips, turned their noses up at 'em! And you didn't see how the Browns looked at the Smiths, and then at our dear girls, as much as to say, "Poor creatures! what figures for the month of May!" You didn't see it? The more shame on you—you would, if you'd had the feelings of a parent—but I'm sorry to say, Mr. Caudle, you haven't. I'm sure those Briggs' girls—the little minxes!—put me into such a pucker, I could have pulled their ears for 'em over the pew. What do you say? I ought to be ashamed of myself to own it? No, Mr. Caudle; the shame lies with you, that don't let your children appear at church like other people's children, that make 'em uncomfortable at their devotions, poor things! for how can it be otherwise, when they see themselves dressed like nobody else?

Now, Caudle, it's no use talking; these children shall not cross over the threshold next Sunday, if they haven't things for the summer. Now mind—they shan't; and there's an end of it. I won't have 'em exposed to the Briggses and the Browns again; no, they shall know they have a mother, if they've no father to feel for 'em. What do you say, Caudle? A good deal I must think of church, if I think so much of what we go in? I only wish you thought as much as I do, you'd be a better man than you are, Caudle, I can tell you; but that's nothing to do with it. I'm talking about decent clothes for the children for the summer, and you want to put me off with something about the church; but that's so like you, Caudle!

I'm always wanting money for clothes? How can you lie in bed and say that? I'm sure there's no children in the world that cost their father so little; but that's it; the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may. It's the wives who don't care where the money comes from who're best thought of. Oh, if my time was to come over again, would I mend and stitch, and make the things go as far as I have done? No—that I wouldn't. Yes it's very well for you to lie there and laugh; it's easy to laugh, Caudle—very easy, to people who don't feel.

Now, Caudle, dear! What a man you are! I know you'll give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well dressed. It's only natural that a father should. Eh, Caudle, eh? Now, you shan't go to sleep till you've told me. How much money do I want? Why, let me see, love. There's Caroline, and Jane, and Susanah, and Mary Anne, and—What do you say? I needn't count 'em, you know how many there are? Ha! that's just as you take me up. Well, how much money will it take? Let me see; and don't go to sleep. I'll tell you in a minute. You love to see the dear things like new pins, I know that, Caudle; and though I say it—bless their little hearts!—they do credit to you, Caudle. Any nobleman of the land, and ask me what they've to do with your children; you know what I meant. But you are so hasty, Caudle.

How much? Now, don't be in a hurry? Well, I think, with good pinching—and you know, Caudle, there's never a wife who can pinch closer than I can—I think, with pinching, I can do with twenty pounds. What did you say? Twenty fiddsticks? What? You won't give half the money? Very well, Mr. Caudle; I don't care; let the children go in rags; let them stop from church, and grow up like heathens and cannibals, and then you'll save your money, and, I suppose, be satisfied. You gave me twenty pounds five months ago? What's five months ago to do with now? Besides, what I have had is nothing to do with it.

What do you say? Ten pounds are enough? Yes; just like you men; you think things cost nothing for women; but you don't care how much you lay out upon yourselves. They only

want bonnets and frocks? How do you know what they want? How should a man know anything at all about it? And you won't give more than ten pounds. Very well. Then you may go shopping with it yourself, and see what you'll make of it. I'll have none of your ten pounds, I can tell you. No, sir;—no; you have no cause to say that. I don't want to dress up the children like countesses! You often fling that in my teeth, you do; but you know it's false, Caudle; you know it. I only want to give 'em proper notions of themselves; and what, indeed, can the poor things think when they see the Briggses, and the Browns, and the Smiths—and their fathers don't make the money you do, Caudle—when they see them as fine as tulips? Why, they must think themselves nobody; and to think yourself nobody,—depend, Caudle,—isn't the way to make the world think anything of you.

What do you say? Where did I pick up that? Where do you think? I know a great deal more than you suppose—yes; though you don't give me credit for it. Husbands seldom do. However, the twenty pounds I will have if I've any—or not a farthing.

No, sir, no. I don't want to dress up my children like peacocks and parrots! I only want to make 'em respectable and—what do you say? You'll give fifteen pounds? No, Caudle, no—not a penny will I take under twenty; if I did, it would seem as if I wanted to waste your money: and I'm sure, when I come to think of it, twenty pounds will hardly do. Still, if you'll give me twenty—no, it's no use you offering fifteen, and wanting to go to sleep. You shan't close an eye until you promise me twenty. Come, Caudle, love!—twenty, and then you may go to sleep. Twenty—twenty—twenty!

"My impression is," writes Caudle in his comments, "that I fell asleep, sticking firmly to the fifteen; but in the morning Mrs. Caudle assured me, as a woman of honor, that she wouldn't let me wink an eye, before I promised the twenty; and man is frail—and woman is strong—she had the money."

## Editor's Department.

MIRAMICHI:

CHATHAM, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 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 Island, by the steamer Saint George, every fortnight.

We were disappointed in not receiving the British Mail on Thursday last. Should it be obtained on Monday, and the papers contain any news of consequence, we shall issue a half sheet on Tuesday.

A SURE REMEDY FOR SUMMER COMPLAINT.—The Baltimore Sun says:—"Put three fourths of a tea spoonful of powdered rhubarb and one tea spoonful of magnesia into a tea cup, and pour it full of boiling water, let it stand till it is cold and then pour the liquid off, to which add two tea spoonful of good brandy and sweetened well with loaf sugar; give a child of from one to three years old a tea spoonful five or six times a day. For food, take a double handful of flower, tie it up in a cloth and boil it three hours; when cold, take off the outer covering of paste and grate the hard white substance in a sufficient quantity to thicken with milk, boil it a minute or two, stir it with a stick of cinnamon and sweeten it. Both the medicine and food palatable, and together rarely fail of a perfect cure."

REASONS FOR GOING TO WAR.—There is much humour, caustic satire, and plain good sense, in the following remarks, copied from the New York Journal of Commerce, a paper which has always been opposed to the War Spirit which prevails throughout the United States:—

"John Bull wants a flogging—let's give it to him. He is insolent—let's flog him. He is spreading his power in all quarters of the world. His armies are all over the earth, his ships all over the water, and his merchandise all over land and water. Let's flog him. It will cost us a few hundreds of ships, and a few hundred millions of dollars, and a few score thousands of lives. It will turn society upside down, give rowdies and robbers the upper hand, and entail upon us an aristocracy of heroes for

another half century. All the better for that. John Bull needs a flogging, and he ought to have it. We want a flogging too, and it would do us good. We want bleeding as well as John Bull; so let us have it. Let us turn to, and have a real Irish knock down. Who is going to have John Bull set his lions to growling at us across the water? We'll stop his noise, if it is by thrusting our own heads down his throat. Who is going to spend all his life in merchandizing and manufacturing and lecturing and preaching and printing? Who wants to hear this everlasting talk about conscience and reason, and right and wrong. The world has become stale and insipid.—The ships ought to be all captured, and the cities battered down, and the world burnt up, so that we can start again.—There would be fun in that; some interest—something to talk about. The newspapers are not worth reading. The murders they tell of are only one at a time, and the terrible explosions only to killing half a dozen or so. We want to see men mowed down in long battalions, and artillery trains dragging over them before they are dead. We want to have squadrons of horse trample on men dying, but not dead, and see the blood spirt when they tread on living hearts, and see the vultures feed on the richest sort of carrion. We want, wherever we see a head, to break it; whenever a heart beats, to stop it; wherever there is beauty to deform it; and wherever there is order, to bring in chaos. We can't bear these restraints which are called civilization.—"This is mine, and that is yours." We want to own nothing, and rob for everything. This world has swung out of its orbit, and come too near to what they call heaven. We want to swing it as far the other way, until it comes hard by, if not all over in the infernal regions. If we can do no more, we want to fight old mother England, and flog her, and get flogged ourselves; and when we are both flogged nigh to death, then make a treaty and have something to talk about."

THE FISHERIES.—A Boston paper contains the following paragraph regarding the decision of the British Government on the subject of allowing the Americans to fish in our waters:—

"It will doubtless be recollected that the construction of the first article of the convention between Great Britain and the United States of 1818, relative to the right of fishing in the waters of the Anglo American dependencies, has long been in discussion between the two governments, without having heretofore led to any satisfactory result.

"The exclusion of American fishermen from the waters of the Bay of Fundy was the most prominent of the grievances complained of on behalf of the United States. We are gratified to be now enabled to state that a despatch has been recently received at the Department of State, from Mr. Everett, our Minister at London, with which he transmits a note from Lord Aberdeen, containing the satisfactory intelligence that after a reconsideration of the subject, although the Queen's government adhere to the construction of the convention which they have always maintained, they have still come to the determination of relaxing from it, so far as to allow American fishermen to pursue their avocations in any part of the Bay of Fundy, provided they do not approach—except in cases specified in the treaty of 1818—within three miles of the entrance of any bay on the coast of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick.

"This is an important concession, not merely as removing an occasion of frequent and unpleasant disagreement between the two governments, but as re-opening to our citizens those valuable fishing grounds within the Bay of Fundy which they enjoyed before the war of 1812, but from which, as the British Government has since maintained, they were excluded by the convention of 1818."

FIRES.—Extensive fires have been raging in the woods both in Novascotia and this Province, by which a considerable amount of property was consumed.

The American journals inform us that in New York, Boston, and Cambridge, there have been fires, which have destroyed a large amount of property, and rendered houseless many poor families.

UNITED STATES.—It will be seen by the annexed paragraphs, that considerable damage has been done in different parts of the Union, by heavy frosts:—

"Washington Co. June 2.—We have just had three severe frosts. The wheat appears to be in full bloom. No doubt the bloom is killed by the frost, and that the heads will be deprived of germination. More than half will be destroyed should the germination be stopped on what is now in bloom. The Columbus (Ohio) Journal of the 30th May, says, it is now almost certain that the wheat crop in that section of the State, and north of the Lakes is injured beyond recovery by the frost and drouth. The crop cannot, under any circumstances, be more than an average one.

"We have before us a letter from a correspondent at Lancaster, in this State, by which we learn, that the frost on Thursday and Friday nights, of last week, was even more disastrous to the wheat crop of that county, than it was in the immediate vicinity of this city. Many fields have been much damaged, and some entirely ruined.—The effects of the frost were more fatal in consequence of the enfeebled state of vegetation from long drouth.

"There was a severe frost on Friday night at Battavia, and it was feared that the fruit and almost every thing else was prostrated and destroyed by it. Great apprehensions were even felt for the wheat crop."

NEWFOUNDLAND.—Papers from this Island state, that the Steam Frigate Veuve, arrived at St. John's on the 5th inst. She had on board Lieutenant General Earl Cathcart, Commander of the Forces in Canada. It was reported that a Man of War had been lost at St. Spots, and that 60 of her crew had perished. There appears to be but little credit given to the rumour. The foundation stone of a Mechanic's Institute was laid by Sir John Harvey at St. John's on the anniversary of the Queen's birth-day.

TOKEN OF RESPECT.—The Ladies in the Parishes of Nelson and Blackville, belonging to the Rev. Mr. Turnbull's congregation, have presented him with a Pulpit Gown, as a token of respect, as well as for the zeal with which he has prosecuted his ministerial duties since he resided among them.

POLITICAL SCANDAL REFUTED.—We have much satisfaction in publishing the following correspondence between the Hon. Joseph Cunard and the Hon. John Montgomery. It will set at rest a piece of scandal which has been set afloat to the prejudice of the first-named gentleman:—

Copy of a Letter from the Hon. Mr. Cunard to J. Montgomery, Esquire.

Chatham, 25th May, 1845.

DEAR SIR,—In the Head Quarters, Newspaper of the 21st instant, which I have just received, an extract from a Letter addressed by me to His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor last winter is published, (a copy of which extract I subjoin) I will thank you to say whether the facts set forth therein are strictly correct.

(Signed) J. CUNARD.  
Hon. John Montgomery, Restigouche.

EXTRACT REFERRED TO.  
"I beg further to state, that I saw the Hon. J. Montgomery on his way to the Restigouche immediately on the vacancy occurring, and subsequently, since your Excellency made the appointment when on his way to England, on leave of absence; and on both these occasions he expressed his opinion that Mr. Reade was decidedly the best qualified of any of the persons he had heard named as applicants for the situation of Provincial Secretary; and being much pressed for time on his journey, and in consequence of not writing your Excellency himself, I conveyed his opinion to you with his full knowledge and sanction."

Mr. Montgomery's Reply.  
Dalhousie, 4th June, 1845.

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of your Letter, under date of the 26th ultimo, annexing extract of your Letter to His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, stating the conversations you had with me previous to my departure for England last winter, relative to the appointment of Mr. Reade as Provincial Secretary of the Province and in reply, beg to say, that (so far as my recollection serves me) you are perfectly correct in all the statements therein made, and I have heard nothing since to induce me to change the opinion I then expressed of the qualifications of that gentleman to fill that situation with honor to himself and advantage to the country.

I have, &c.  
(Signed) J. MONTGOMERY.  
Hon. Joseph Cunard, Chatham.  
You can make any use of the annexed you may think proper.  
J. M.

THE SEASON.—The weather during the last week has been wet, squally, and cold. Scarcely a day has passed without heavy showers, which were frequently accompanied with thunder and lightning. The accounts from all parts of the country, notwithstanding, represent the appearance of the growing crops, as very healthy, particularly the grass, which promises an abundant harvest.

TO AGRICULTURISTS.—To such of our Farmers as are in want of Agricultural Implements, such as Rakes, Forks, Ploughs, Harrows, Scythe Sheads, &c., we would recommend them to apply to Mr. Roderick McKenzie, at Newcastle, who keeps constantly on hand an assortment, and warrants them to be made of the best materials. Domestic Manufactures should be encouraged.

IN consequence of numerous enquiries—We inform our Agricultural