

I saw Rover start up and come running into the house. He acted as if some one had called him. After running through all the rooms below, I heard his big feet on the stairs. He came up with two or three heavy bounds. Entering into my room, he looked all around, and then up into my face.

"Where's Harry, Rover? I said, for the thought of you came instantly into my mind. Go and find him, sir."

"The dog understood me. He turned short away, sprang down stairs, and out into the garden. I followed him, for I felt strangely concerned about you. As I approached the lower part of the garden, I heard Rover growling, and soon saw him shaking something in his mouth with great violence, while the hair on his body stood out straight stiff like bristles. Close beside him, you lay sleeping calmly on a bank. You may suppose I was almost horror-struck, when I came near enough, to see a venomous snake in Rover's mouth. The faithful dog had, doubtless, saved your life. And you,—ah Harry! think of it—and you have been so thoughtless and cruel as to strike Rover."

The boy, at this, burst into tears, and hid his face in his mother's lap. He continued to weep for some time; then he went after the faithful animal, and when he had found him, he caressed him, and talked to him in such a kind way, that Rover, who never held resentment, forgot in an instant the blow he had received, and was as happy again as an old dog could be.

The London Punch.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.
Caudle in the course of the day has ventured to question the Economy of "Washing at Home."

Pooh! A pretty temper you come to bed in, Mr Caudle, I can see! Oh, don't deny it—I think I ought to know by this time. But it's always the way! whenever I get up a few things, the house can hardly hold you! Nobody cries out about clean linen more than you do—and nobody leads a poor woman so miserable a life when she tries to make her husband comfortable. Yes, Mr Caudle—comfortable! You needn't keep chewing the word, as if you couldn't swallow it. Was there ever such a woman? No, Caudle; I hope not: I should hope no other wife was ever put upon as I am! It's all very well for you. I can't have a little wash at home like anybody else, but you must go about the house swearing to yourself, and looking at your wife as if she was your bitterest enemy. But I suppose you'd rather we didn't wash at all. Yes; then you'd be happy! To be sure you would—you'd like to have all the children in their dirt, like potatoes; anything, so that it didn't disturb you. I wish you'd had a wife who'd never washed—she'd have suited you, she would. Yes; a fine lady, who'd have let your children go that you might have scraped 'em. She'd have been much better cared for than I am. I only wish I could let all of you go without clean linen at all—yes, all of you. I wish I could! And if I wasn't a slave to my family, unlike anybody else, I should

"No, Mr. Caudle; the house isn't tossed about in water as if it was Noah's Ark! And you ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk of Noah's Ark in that loose manner. I'm sure I don't know what I've done to be married to a man of such principles. No; and the whole house doesn't taste of soap-suds either; and if it did, any other man but yourself would be above naming it. I suppose I don't like washing day any more than yourself. What do you say? Yes; I do! Ha! you're wrong there, Mr. Caudle. No; I don't like it because it makes everybody else uncomfortable. No; and I ought not to have been born a mermaid, that I might always have been in water. A mermaid, indeed! What next will you call me! But no man, Mr. Caudle, says such things to his wife as you. However, as I've said before, it can't last long, that's one comfort. What do you say? You're glad of it! You're a brute, Mr. Caudle! No, you didn't mean washing: I know what you meant. A pretty speech to a woman who's been the wife to you I have! You'll repent it when it's too late: yes, I wouldn't have your feelings when I'm gone, Caudle; no, not for the Bank of England.

"And when we only wash once a fortnight! Ha! I only wish you had some wives: they'd wash once a week. Besides, if once a fortnight's too much for you, why don't you give me money that we may have things to go a month? Is it my fault, if we're short? What do you say? My 'once a fortnight' lasts three days! No, it doesn't; never; well, very seldom, and that's the same thing. Can I help it, if the blacks will fly, and the things must be rinsed again? No; I'm not made happy by the blacks, and they don't prolong my enjoyment; and, more than that, you're an unfeeling man to say so. You're enough to make a woman wish herself in her grave—you are Caudle.

"And a pretty example you set to your sons? Because we'd a little wash to-day, and there wasn't a hot dinner—and who thinks of getting anything hot for washerwomen?—because you hadn't everything as you always have it, you must swear at the cold mutton—and you don't know what that mutton cost a pound, I dare say—you must swear at a sweet, wholesome joint, like a lord. What? You didn't swear? Yes; it's very well for you to say so; but I know when you're swearing; and you swear when you little think it; and I say you must go on swearing as you did, and seize your

hat like a savage, and rush out of the house, and go take your dinner at a tavern! A pretty wife people must think you have, when they find you dining at a public-house. A nice home they must think you have, Mr. Caudle! What! You'll do so every time I wash! Very well, Mr. Caudle—very well. We'll soon see who's tired of that first; for I'll wash a stocking a day if that's all, sooner than you should have everything as you like. Ha! that's so like you: you'd trample every-body underfoot, if you could—you know you would, Caudle, so don't deny it.

"Now, if you begin to shout in that manner, I'll leave the bed. It's very hard that I can't say a single word to you, but you must almost raise the place. You didn't shout! I don't know what you call shouting, then! I'm sure the people must hear you in the next house. No—it won't do to call me soft names now, Caudle: I'm not the fool that I was when I was first married—I know better now. You're to treat me in the manner you have, all day; and then at night the only time and place when I can get a word in, you want to go to sleep. How can you be so mean, Caudle.

"What! Why can't I put the washing out? Now, you have asked that a thousand times, but it's no use, Caudle; so don't ask it again. I won't put it out. What do you say? Mrs. Prettyman says it's quite as cheap! Pray, what's Mrs. Prettyman to me? I should think, Mr. Caudle, that I know very well how to take care of my family, without Mrs. Prettyman's advice. Mrs. Prettyman, indeed! I only wish she'd come here, that I might tell her so! Mrs. Prettyman! But, perhaps she'd better come and take care of your house for you! Oh, yes! I've no doubt she'd do it much better than I do—much. No, Caudle! I won't hold my tongue. I think I ought to be mistress of my own washing by this time—and after the wife I've been to you, it's cruel of you to go on as you do.

"Don't tell me about putting the washing out. I say it isn't so cheap—I don't care whether you wash by the dozen or not—it isn't so cheap; I've reduced everything, and I save at least a shilling a week. What do you say? A trumpery shilling! Ha! I only hope to goodness you'll not come to want, talking of the shilling in the way you do. Now don't begin about your comfort: don't go on aggravating me, and asking me if your comfort's not worth a shilling a week? That's nothing at all to do with it—nothing; but that's your way—when I talk of one thing, you talk of another; that's so like you men, and you know it. Allow me to tell you, Mr. Caudle, that a shilling a week is two pound twelve a year, and take two pound twelve a year for, let us say, thirty years and—well you needn't groan, Mr. Caudle—I don't suppose it will be long; oh no, you will have somebody else to look after your washing long before that—and if it wasn't for my dear children's sake I shouldn't care how soon. You know my mind—and so good night, Mr. Caudle."

"Thankful for her silence," writes Caudle, "I was fast drooping to sleep; when, nudging my elbow, my wife observed—"Mind, there's the cold mutton to-morrow—nothing hot till that's gone. Remember too, as it was a short wash to-day, we wash again on Wednesday."

Communications.

To the Editor of the Gleaner,

SIR,—Notwithstanding the baneful effects resulting from the unlettered matrons who have been, and are still, employed as Teachers of the young in this county, we find to our regret that many of them are still held in very high estimation by certain gentlemen who are now acting in the capacity of Trustees of certain schools; although, strange to say, Teachers under the superintendence of the same gentlemen, whose labours gain for them the approbation of their employers, are obliged to quit their Schools in consequence of the severe and unreasonable treatment they meet with every examination, just because they will not condescend to transfer their title to the provincial allowance to their avaricious masters—the Trustees. In which case it is but too evident that these tyrants are holding in a most responsible office, individuals who ought to be hoisted at for having the presumption to pretend that they can "teaching the young idea how to shoot," merely for the sake of obtaining annually twenty pounds cash for their goods, at the expense of many a youth's education. But how, Mr Editor, can we blame merchants for pursuing such a detestable line of conduct, when even Ministers of the Gospel of Christ wink at such proceedings, who ought to exert every legitimate means in their power to prevent it. When we reflect on these facts, we can easily see why the laudable and praiseworthy designs of the present Lieutenant Governor was so much despised by these men for having endeavored to ascertain the real state of Schools in the Province, in appointing Inspectors to examine and report thereon. In conclusion, however, I can tell these men, that if they do not alter their conduct through this or former hints which they have received through other sources, by abler pens than mine, I will, in the course of a very short time, drag them in propria persona before the public, in no

very pleasing light, and make my defence for so doing, stubborn facts, of which many of the public are already aware, as well as myself.

FAIR PLAY.

Miramichi, August 15, 1845.

Mr Editor,

I have waited patiently for an answer to my enquiry some weeks ago, viz., Why are the Supplies for the Poor not advertised for public tender? I think, Sir, that this is no more than I have a right to ask and expect, as a Tax-payer. I conceive it to be a duty I owe to myself and the public, to endeavor to make the tax as economical as possible. I hope therefore, that this communication will bring about the desired result, in causing the supplies to be provided by the lowest bidder.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Chatham, August 21, 1845.

Mr Editor,

As so much has appeared in your respectable Journal this season respecting the "Bruin" family—their depredations, and the destruction of some of them by the hands of their courageous victors—I should despair of fixing the attention of your readers by a similar recital; but, it so happens, that I must, though reluctantly, award to the black Lion of New Brunswick the palm of victory, as the sequel will prove. On Thursday, 14th inst., a daughter of Mr Patrick Mullan, residing on the "Chaplin Island" road, North West Branch of the majestic Miramichi River, while milking a cow at her father's door in the evening, heard an unusual noise behind her. The maiden's fears may be more easily conceived than expressed, when, on looking round, she beheld a bear but a step or two from her! The milk-vessel rolled upon the ground—the precious fluid coursed after it—the affrighted lass screamed—then with the bound of a roe entered the dwelling,—the cow ran terrified behind the house, while Bruin grinned in hot pursuit at her heels! The fate of the cow may be easily conjectured, had not a calf, which was tied in their "line of march" broke loose, and (with that instinct so natural to the "brute creation") made directly for the house. Bruin, from some cause to mortal ken unknown—but, probably, from the instinct peculiar to his race—judging the flesh of the calf the sweetest, and the size much more convenient for present necessity, changed his course, and—leaving "Hawkie" for another more favorable opportunity—seized the calf at its master's door, and without more ado, marched off with his prize to a small swamp, some twenty rods from the house. Bold and arrogant aggressor! cruel and bloody-thirsty Bruin! Will no arm rescue the innocent victim from its sanguinary captor! Hark! the door grates upon its hinges, in low moaning, as it were, to the loud cries of the expiring calf; now rushes forth the enraged—the agitated Paddy Mullan; now look the eyes of the lacerated one upon its master; Paddy has sent for succor—anon comes his brother Robert—small in stature, but mighty in strength—and, by this re-inforcement, Bruin quits his prey. Now the strong arms of the kind Paddy and his sympathizing brother raise the dying calf, and are about wending their way from the little jungle towards the house with their bleeding charge. There's comfort in weeping; so thought they. But—

Ah! Paddy beware,
Now, Robert take care,
See! Bruin indignant advancing;
To save their own bacon,
The calf is forsaken,
And the Bear o'er his prize now is dancing.

Suffice it to say, in conclusion, that the "conquering hero" bore off his prize most nobly—captured and re-captured poor calf in the very teeth of two able-bodied men! Surely, this late and victorious achievement of Bruin's may be very justly considered as an acceptance of the challenge on the part of Mr Bear, to the inhabitants of Miramichi. Who would dare to throw down the "gauntlet" to such a foe?
L.
Newcastle, August 19, 1845.

Editor's Department.

MIRAMICHI:

CHATHAM, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 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.

FIRST AUGUST MAIL.

Monday's Mail put us in possession of our usual British papers, brought to Halifax by the Steamer Hibernia, which left Liverpool on the 5th instant, and arrived at Halifax on Saturday morning last, thus performing the passage in 10 1/2 days.

Having glanced over the intelligence thus brought, we did not perceive anything of particular interest to call for an extra to be published earlier in the week. The delay has enabled us to make more copious extracts than we could otherwise have done.

Fears had been entertained respecting the result of the promising harvest anticipated in the former mail, as the weather had been very unpropitious for some time.

Parliament was to be prorogued on the 7th instant, and Her Majesty would then visit Germany.

Difficulties are likely to arise between England and France respecting Tahiti. Parliament has voted the sum of £20,000 for the relief of the Quebec sufferers.

By Thursday's mail we learn that the prince of Steamers, the Cambria, had arrived at Halifax from Boston on Monday morning, in 42 hours; bringing an account of the arrival of the steam ship Great Britain at New York, in 15 days passage, which is not quite so wonderful as was anticipated.

The following is the most important news she brings:—

DECLARATION OF WAR AGAINST THE UNITED STATES.

The schooner Relampago, which recently arrived at the Balize from Vera Cruz, came up to the city on Tuesday evening. It was not until a late hour yesterday that we received the letter, and extract from which follows, containing the official communications, a translation of which is subjoined.

OFFICE OF WAR AND MARINE SECTION OF OPERATIONS.

Circular.—The United States have consummated the perfidy against Mexico, by sanctioning the decree which declares the annexation of the department of Texas to that Republic. The injustice of that usurpation is apparent, and Mexico cannot tolerate such a grave injury without making an effort to prove to the United States the possibility of her ability to cause her rights to be respected.

With this object the Supreme Government has resolved upon a Declaration of War against that power, seeing that our forbearance instead of being received as a proof of our friendly disposition, has been interpreted into an acknowledged impossibility on our part to carry on a successful war.

Such an error on the part of the United States will be advantageous to Mexico because, suddenly abandoning its pacific attitude, it will to-morrow communicate to Congress the Declaration of War, and excite the patriotism of its citizens to sustain the dignity of the nation, and the integrity of its territory, now treacherously attacked, in utter disregard of all guarantees recognised in this enlightened age.

God and Liberty. GARCIA CONDE.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—His Royal Highness Prince Henry of the Netherlands, had arrived at St. John's, Newfoundland, and was received with due honors; several of the gentry of Halifax happening to be there at the same time.

HALIFAX.—The Rev. Mr O'Brien, being about to leave Halifax for his native country, a meeting was convened to convey to him the expression of their good wishes, when the large sum of £105 was subscribed to purchase for him a piece of plate and purse.

DEPUTATION FROM THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—We learn from the St. John papers, that the Reverend Gentlemen composing this Deputation left for Canada via Eastport and Boston on the 19th instant.

They received an Address from the Congregation of St. Andrew's Church on