

## Punch's Almanac 1846.

## MR. CAUDLE'S TABLE TALK.

## CHAPTER VII.

Showing how Caudle has brought home a Newfoundland dog, insisting that "the poor animal can't add to the expense."

"Oh, no! I know what the objection is, Mrs. Caudle. It isn't that the poor faithful animal will add to the butcher's bill—not a bit of it. No: it is only because the creature is fond of me, that you object to it. 'Tis only because of its love for its master—and it's well I can get somebody about the house that does love me—that you make an excuse of the expense. You can keep your half-dozen gold-fish too, and do I ever murmur at what they cost? I think not. And yet when I bring home a dog—a fine fellow as high as the table—instead of admiring the noble animal as any other wife would do, you begin to talk about what it will eat! But that's like you Mrs. Caudle; that's the rock we've always split upon. You never had any sympathy—not an atom. True marriage ought to melt two hearts into one piece. Ours—I am sorry to say it—have only been tacked together. There was, indeed a woman—but, sainted darling!—why should I name her?"

"I repeat it: if you thought of me as you ought, you'd be delighted with the animal. A true wife would love even a crocodile or boar-constructor, if her husband brought it home. But my wife's like no other woman—never was. You don't object to the dog, if I chain it up? I think, Mrs. Caudle, you ought to know my principles a little better by this time. No, madam; liberty—though it's quite above the female intellect to understand its beautiful essence—but liberty I wouldn't deny even to a dog. The poor beast shall have the run of the house all day, and—noble fellow—sleep at my bedroom door all night. I'll have somebody near me that loves me—I'm determined?"

"What are you whimpering about? The beast will kill your cat? Perhaps he may; and what if he does? Cats are plenty enough, I suppose. I'm sure there are more in my house than catch mice; I know that. Not that I see the noble fellow need kill her unless you choose. What do I mean? Mean! Why lock her up in the cellar, or cupboard, or coal-hole. He won't kill her, if he can't get at her, I'll answer for him. Eh? And yet I talk of liberty? To be sure I do. But there's your great defect again, Mrs. Caudle, you've no sympathy—none, or you'd know what I mean directly. Liberty for dogs is one thing; liberty for cats is another. That's what I call a moral distinction! Entirely."

## CHAPTER VIII.

Showing how Caudle thought 'that bill was paid long ago.'

"If now I were to leave you, Mrs. Caudle,—if I were to do what I really ought to do as a husband—break up the establishment and go myself into chambers, just giving you enough to live upon—of course the world—the world that never can judge between man and wife, but always will poke its nose in between 'em whenever they separate—the world I've no doubt would begin to abuse me. What's the matter? Matter enough, I think? I'm called out, from my breakfast too, and this, Mrs. Caudle, this little piece of paper put into my hand. What have you the face to ask, Mrs. Caudle? What of it? Don't I know I owe it? Why, of course not! I could have laid my life that that bill was paid long ago! I could have sworn it!"

"How was it to be paid? You ask that! Why, with money, of course. But I never gave you the money? Nonsense, you're enough to drive a man mad, Mrs. Caudle. I must have given you the money; of course, I must. Else where can all the money go to? When did I give it? Well, if you are not the most outrageous, perplexing woman! When did I give it, indeed! As if, with what I have on my mind, as I can exactly recollect the day, and the hour, and the place when I gave you the money for that bill! I who am always giving you money for bills! Do you think I'm a calculating machine, Mrs. Caudle—to remember everything, and with what I have in my head? All I know is—and that's enough for any reasonable man—all I know is, I must have given you the money. The bill's been delivered a month ago, the man told me: and you're not the woman, I know, to let me remain quiet for a bill so long. No, indeed; for if there's anything in the world that gives you pleasure, it is continually coming to my pocket. And you must think I've a gold mine there; to dip as you do into it."

"There you are! Crying again, that's the mean advantage you women always try to take of your husbands. What! You wish I'd common feelings, and you wish you were in your grave? Of course. A man can't open his mouth, can't make the slightest remonstrance, when a woman lets money matters go all wrong, but he wants feelings. Ha! He'd rather want a few feelings than want money. And I'm sure Mrs. Caudle, that's your opinion if you only spoke the truth. And then again, you must always be scratching your grave up before me! And only because I just speak about a bill. Of course, you've paid away the money for something else—some new gowns, perhaps—and forgot it."

"However, Mrs. Caudle, it's not worth quarrelling about—certainly not. Besides, I hate quarrelling. However, money for the

bill once, I'm not going to pay it a second time. You must save it out of something else. What are you to save it out of? Anything: cat's meat and canary seed:—but I don't pay twice.

## Communications.

Mr. Pierce,

A short time since I addressed you as a public journalist, over the signature of "Douglstown," and since then, not having had an opportunity of thanking you personally, I now beg leave to acknowledge your kindness in putting my communication before the public although it was confined, or nearly so, to my complaining of the Commissioners of Highways having neglected to remove a bad cradle-hill, which had formed on Coulston's slip. Since then the cradle-hill has been removed, but I am sorry to say, that upon enquiry, I have been informed it was not by the public officers or at the public expense, but at the expense of a private individual. I also, through your kindness, endeavoured to bring the public landing place at Mr. Michael Samuel's store under the notice of your Commissioners of Highways, but from that day to the present, no improvement has been made, and that landing has been, and continues to be an abominable nuisance. I fear that I have to apologise to yourself and the public for making use of such strong language, Mr. Pierce, but really, Sir, if you will be at the pains to examine for yourself, I do not know how you can bring yourself to think that any language which I may make use of to bring before the proper officers such a shameful nuisance, can be too plain or too strong.

It may be enquired how a Douglstown man can feel so much interest in the state of your public landings or your roads? and I would answer that if a Douglstown man were confined exclusively to his own side of the river in his movements, the question might with propriety be put;—but in my case, I have not only on Sabbaths but also on weekdays, frequently to visit Chatham, as well with my family as by myself, and I would ask you, how, with any degree of propriety, or with any regard for decency, I can take advantage of the public landing complained of, in going on the ice when accompanied, more especially, by the female part of my family.

If I, for instance, leave home with my family, with the intention of visiting our friends at Oak Point, Burnt Church, Tabusintac, or Bathurst, and have occasion to call at Chatham, either going or coming, how am I to manage? I have either to enter the town by Coulston's slip, and return that way after calling at Chatham, in order to take the ice—go by St. Mary's Church and thence by St. Andrew's Church—or through the ship-yard—in either of the former cases involving a considerable loss of time, and in the latter some little risk in passing through the ship-yard, where there are such a number of teams at work, and lumber being removed from place to place, as not to render it a very agreeable drive for females, notwithstanding that the utmost civility is, I believe, always shown, at least, has been to me, in passing.

I do not like to subscribe my proper name, nor do I think my first communication has been taken notice of, else I should not trouble you again upon the same subject; and yet I do not suppose that my again applying to you in this way, will be paid any greater attention to by the proper officers, especially when I see one of my neighbours whom I highly respect and esteem, and who of course had a voice in appointing the parish officer, declare the little respect that he has for any abuse which is brought to notice by an anonymous writer—he speaks of treating it with 'silent contempt,' &c. But, Mr. Pierce, I am sorry that he so expresses himself—I do not think he should consider himself above taking notice of a communication in which his character is concerned or impeached. In doing so, he should remember that he sets himself above the first men, not only in this country, but in every country in the universe in which the privileges of the press are enjoyed—he puts himself not only above the Commons of England, but above the very Lords themselves, and even above the Crowned Heads and their private advisers, who never have been, and it is to be hoped never will be, in such a position as that their public acts, either collectively or individually, cannot be reached, and their mal-administrations and their mal-practices exposed through the medium of the press, even above the signatures of anonymous writers. If my friend's doctrine be generally acted upon, how will the Commissioners of Highways be

reached by the public?—or how will any other public individuals who neglect their duty be reminded of such neglect? what notice will be taken of "Traveller" in your last paper? or of any other abuse that is to be, and ought to be complained of? What, for instance, of not having the fines imposed upon some others of our public officers (as noticed by "Chat-hamite," in your last paper,) collected?

One question or two relative to our winter roads—Pray Sir, if you could exercise a choice in the matter, which should you prefer being yourself, or having any member of your family, obstructed, upset, or maimed, or all-together, on a winter road, or a summer road? and if you say, as I am inclined to think you will, that you have no choice in the matter—then I would ask whether a cradle-hill is not equivalent to a rut? or a snow-bank of five or six feet deep on the highway to a windfall?—or why unsightly and offensive objects to sight and smell on the highways as well removed in winter as in summer. I hope you will pardon this long letter, Sir, but am sure it will not cost you more trouble in reading and printing than it did me, even with the assistance of a friend, in writing.

DOUGLSTOWN.

4th March, 1846.

Mr. Editor,

On reading the speeches of some honorable members in the Head Quarters of the 18th instant, reflecting on the conduct of the late Executive Council in no measured terms, I was not at all surprised to find, figuring most conspicuously, the honorable member for Gloucester, Mr. End. How well it becomes that honorable gentleman now to bark, when he feels that the influence of his former friends is now extinct, and that the reins are now placed in other hands. May he may gain favor in another quarter by such traitorous conduct; or will those for whom the sop is intended, be alive to his evil machinations.

It has been remarked that public men are public property. Such being the case, I may be pardoned should I penetrate too far into the character of this notable personage. It is not, however, my present intention to review his past acts. I fear my writing would gain no additional encomium by such an event. I shall therefore only remind that gentleman, that however he may have been disappointed in receiving pecuniary favors at the hands of the respected retired councillors, there is at least one circumstance for which he ought to be grateful, and for which the Executive deserves censure: I mean the retaining the office of Clerk of the Peace for the County of Gloucester, during two or more years, while Mr. End was endeavoring to build his castle in St. John; but alas! the under-pinning was rotten, and the building fell to the ground, and the honorable gentleman had to return to his adopted home, there to seek a shelter under the fabric built up under the auspices of the very man, whose character he has endeavored by a side wind, to defame, in order to bolster up his unholy purpose.

What, Mr. Editor, must you, or the country think of such a course as that adopted by the honorable member for Gloucester. [Read the Hon. Mr. Simonds' retort.]

There is an old adage, Mr. Editor, that honesty is the best policy. Let the honorable member for Gloucester digest that; and he may be assured that honesty of purpose will at all times command respect. I may again, Mr. Editor, trespass on your columns, should time and circumstances permit. One parting word of advice to the honorable gentleman:—let not disappointed ambition give place to scurrility; shield not thyself under the garb of a new mantle, without first having tested its quality, lest the threads be rotten, and thus leave thee naked. It is no doubt very obvious to whom allusion is made by the member for Gloucester; and let me assure him, if it be any consolation, that that honorable gentleman at this hour, in the southern section of this Province, (where the honorable member for Gloucester first made his debut) stands in an exalted position, and as far above the member for Gloucester in point of worth, as you, Sir, do above the meanest, grovelling reptile that too frequently scours this section of the country. With other honorable members, I may hereafter give a passing remark.

Yours, &c.,

A NOVA-SCOTIAN.

Bathurst, Feb. 26. 1846.

American papers complain of the adulteration of Tea by dealers, with dried holly leaves. There is much Tea now, in our market, sold cheap to be sure, but which is adulterated in like manner—whether imported from the U. States, or elsewhere, we know not. Halifax Reg.

## Editor's Department.

MIRAMICHI:

CHATHAM, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1846.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT FOR THE ARRIVAL AND CLOSING OF THE SEVERAL MAILS, AT THE POST OFFICE, CHATHAM.

TIME OF ARRIVAL.—Monday.—Nova Scotia, St. John, Fredericton, Dorchester, United States, (via St. Andrews,) Pettitcodiac, Richibucto, 6, A. M.

Tuesday.—Newcastle and Douglstown, 5, A. M.

Thursday.—Nova Scotia, Dorchester, Pettitcodiac, Richibucto, 6, A. M.

Friday.—St. John, Fredericton, Canada, United States, (via Woodstock,) Newcastle, South West, 6, A. M. Bathurst, Dalhousie, Campbellton, 8, A. M.

Saturday.—Newcastle, Douglstown, 5, A. M. Shippigan, Pokemouche, Tracadie, Tabusintac, 3, P. M., every fortnight.

TIME OF CLOSING.—Monday, Canada, United States, (via Woodstock,) Fredericton, Newcastle, South West, Douglstown, Bathurst, Dalhousie, Campbellton, 8, A. M. Shippigan, Pokemouche, Tracadie, Tabusintac, every fortnight, 9, A. M. Nova Scotia, Saint John, Dorchester, Richibucto, Pettitcodiac, 9, P. M.

Thursday.—Newcastle, Douglstown, and 8, A. M.

Friday.—Nova Scotia, Dorchester, St. John, United States, (via St. Andrews,) Richibucto, Pettitcodiac, 9, P. M.

N. B.—Letters will be forwarded upon the payment of a Fee of "six pence," and Newspapers "one penny" each, if posted within thirty minutes after the time appointed for the closing of the respective mails at this Office.

UNITED STATES.—The weather throughout the neighbouring States has been extremely cold and stormy; and the papers furnish lengthy details of severe disasters which have occurred on the coast.

NOVASCOTIA.—The following resolution passed the Assembly, on the 26th inst.

Resolved, that a Committee be appointed to consider the practicability and probable cost of a Railway from the Atlantic to the St. Lawrence, passing through this Province; and to report to this House what Legislative action in their judgment would be advisable in the present Session—with power to send for persons and papers, and to report by bill or otherwise.

The following gentlemen were appointed the Committee.—Hon. Attorney General, Messrs. J. B. Uniacke, G. R. Young, Howe, Ross, Wilkins, Huntington, Hall, and Marshall.

The Novascotian says:—

The discussion throughout, was carried on in good temper, and a strong desire shown thoroughly to investigate the undertaking and if possible to advance it. All the statistics will most probably be brought up again in the report of the Committee and a debate ensue, rendering it unnecessary now to publish the speeches at length.

NEW MODE OF CATCHING WOLVES.—A correspondent of the St. John Courier gives the following singular account of the capture of a number of wolves, in Charlotte county.

"Mr. Marshal Andrews, of St. Andrew's, who is carrying on a Logging business at the Lepaux river, about twenty miles from this city, was at his camp, about ten miles from the mouth of the river, and about one mile from its shore, in the early part of December last, with three of his men. About ten o'clock in the evening the howling of wolves was heard some short distance off, and in a very few minutes, some forty or fifty of them made their appearance, and in a short time the top of the camp was covered with them;—but a torch of birch bark having been lighted up, the whole drove scampered off. Mr. Andrews at once thought of a plan to capture some of his unwelcome visitors. Himself and men went to work the next morning and sharpened about fifty or sixty stakes, three and a half feet long, having them exceedingly sharp and made hard by putting the ends in the fire,—and having driven them in the ground about the camp, with the sharp end upwards, about three deep, they prepared torches made of white birch bark, and in the first of the evening they secured themselves in their camp, and about the same time as on the former evening, a large number of wolves again made their appearance, and as before, took possession of the top of the camp,—about fifty in number—looking down through the hole in the top of the camp left for the smoke to escape) at the inmates. Immediately the torches were lighted up, and the drove of wolves scampered off in all directions—leaping from the roof of the camp on the sharp stakes, and in this way fifteen of these ferocious animals were destroyed. The excessive light of the torches through the chimney-hole, caused so great a darkness near the ground that it prevented the wolves from seeing the stakes, and they consequently leaped upon them."