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For The Amaranth.

LIFE IN SAINT JOHN.

THE SPECULATOR.

By Gaeneye.

In that dark and unexplored recess, known as "Drury Lane," York Point, there lived in the third story of a house a Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Smith; they had lived united in unity and bliss for upwards of twenty years, nine of which had been in the same story of the same house, and in the same street; this latter was a singular thing, as in this street the population usually migrate once every quarter; they, generally preferring the more salubrious atmosphere in the neighbourhood of Portland hill, where, for the quarter's rent due their late landlord, the police find it more troublesome to dislodge them, they being tolerably well skilled in the legal profession, and wise enough to employ the overpluss of their families in keeping a look-out, and picking chips from the neighbouring timber ponds; so that in case of surprise, they immediately give the alarm, and the judicious parents lock their out doors, and thus baffle the zealous officers of the law.

The surface of Drury Lane usually presents to the eye of a spectator an appearance which indicates the inhabitants to be rich in pigs, with a scarcity of scavengers; for whatever is loathsome in the temporary residences of the inhabitants, is thrown with great care opposite their doors. But in the playfulness of that animal which yields us bacon, the whole is soon raked and scattered in different directions, and the city inhabitants who may have occasion to pass through this unexplored valley, are very good in keeping an overpluss of dirt from generating, they always being obliged to bring along with them a quantity on the soles of their shoes, and wherever the adhesive mixture can reach is generally always covered with it.

How Mr. Timothy Smith got on in this world, or how he made a living, would baffle the ingenuity of Roger Bacon or Sir Isaac Newton,—the fact is, he was a speculator in beef, a speculator in pork, a speculator in fish, dried and salted—as also fresh, when in season; he could calculate with great nicety the average price of salmon the next season, and would make a good guess as to the scarcity of shipping shingles, or the glut of ash staves; he knew what sort of a day the morrow would be, whether it would rain or remain fair: this latter he always took particular notice of, and he remarked that three years was an exact epoch in the weather, as he termed it; or in plainer words, if the first of July, 1842, was a fair day, the first day of July, 1845, was sure to be the same, and *vice versa*. Mr. Timothy Smith was a small man; Mrs. Timothy Smith was of a middling size. Mr. Timothy Smith's mouth was not very large; Mrs. Timothy Smith's tongue was of an extra length, and the quantity of matter and domestic economy that she discussed during that period, styled by philosophers "the earth turning on its axis," was immense.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Smith were blessed with two blooming sons and a fair daughter, the latter in her twentieth year, was generally beloved by all the apprentice ship carpenters in the district; nothing in their eyes was half so pleasing as to see Miss Rebecca Smith arrayed in the most economical dress imaginable: consisting of a pair of her father's boots, with amputated tops, while her frock was of the most fashionable Scotch homespun, and a large check apron, reaching from about three inches beneath her frock close up to her chin, bending in the most humble position on her knees scrubbing the door step. Then would the fair maiden turn and smile on her numerous acquaintances as they passed by; some of the male kind even forgetting themselves so far as