

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

Taken during the late hot weather.

BY OUR DISSIPATED CONTRIBUTOR.

TALK of Fahrenheit indeed! it's nothing to the heat here. The largest sherry-cobbler tube that ever suggested suction, couldn't contain the small dose of mercury that struggles to escape from our aggravated thermometer. Young Green, who dresses his head every morning as he would a salad, had it nearly converted into mock-turtle, the other day, from the simmering action of the temperature upon the Rowland's sauce.

I haven't shaved for a fortnight—and why?—because my razors have been constantly red hot since the setting in of this torrid season; and the depilatory process is converted into one of cauterising, or singeing. There is a smoke and a whizz, as of distant battle, whilst I steer my razor, like a red hot fire-ship, through an archipelago of carbuncles upon my billowy chin. The present lurid state of the atmosphere, is said to be caused by the burning forests in the surrounding country. Don't believe it, but rest satisfied with the conviction that it arises from the diurnal singeing of the bristles of the million.

Metlinks the man who keeps a meteorological table in this weather, should have it supplied with many varieties of cool and cunning drinks. You should make the sherry-cobbler a vehicle for useful knowledge; sucking in iced science to appease the thirst for learning which burns within you. Botany may be studied in mint-juleps; and the chemical action of alcohol upon vegetable matter, may be tested by the agreeable combination of a brandy-smash with a genuine Havannah.

Chemically speaking, man is "held in solution" by the present atmospheric condition. "Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," said one of the warmest of our bards. But here, though words might burn, I defy thoughts to breathe. The only sounds pronounceable are the liquids, and even they should be used only in calling for drinks. They may talk of the liquid euphony of the Italian tongue—but what is the 'La ci darem' of the opera, to the 'Gurgle gurgle blot' of a cool cobbler?

The *Transcript* tells us that there is a nebulous spot visible upon the sun's disc—perceptible through a smoked glass, during all the hours of day-light. I went to Donegana's immediately, and ordered a smoked glass. They recommended Scotch whisky—cold without. Tried it, without success—rather foggy perhaps. Repeated the prescription many times, and found I could see nothing. Disgusted with the *Transcript's* mendacity, "I turned and left the spot." N. B. Advice to the Sun. Try McClosky, Scourer and Dyer. No. 187, Notre Dame Street.—Spots removed at a moment's notice.

Who has vigor enough left in him to light a lucifer match?—Who has the moral courage, combined with the physical strength, requisite for the indispensable processes of buttoning and unbuttoning? O! that the odious conventionality of dressing "full fig," might be rendered literally, as of yore by our ancestors in the orchard of Eden. Perhaps it was from that primitive state of the fashions, that we have derived the popular metaphor of "turning over a new leaf."

"What is it in the shade now?" is the question of the day: the only one that interests the lawyer, the soldier, the merchant and the politician. Even my permanent dun has forgotten his clock-work invitation to "cash up," in the all-absorbing query suggested by the heat of the moment. What is it in the shade!—the words should be adapted to the music of an African melody.—Might not the "How stands the glass around, my boys?" of General Wulfe, have had reference to the state of the thermometer, in prophetic anticipation of the hot work before him?

Man is said to be a worm. He has also been compared to a vapour, and paralleled with various vegetable productions—but I say he is a thermometer. He rests in the shade, and cold for ever is the mercury in the comfortless tube of his existence. But let him bask in the sunshine of popular favor—a "rising young man" in the genial summer radiance of the great—and straightway his looks, his words and his movements, are consulted as eagerly as ever were the indications of the thermometer which hangs in Townsend's porch.

Thinking makes us thirsty—our reflections are refracted upon us with consuming vigor. A writer in these serious days of Sirius the dog-star, should imbibe by paragraphs and punctuate with pints. 'Tis my ninth paragraph—familiar! fetch me my ninth inspiration—soda-water, this time, with a sketch of Martel in it, to warm the tint. Who waits without there? "Please sir it's the boy from Punch, come for the illustrated article which you promised them for this week." Illustrated article be particularly well—smashed! Come hither, O boy of Punch!—absorb precepts of wisdom while yet in thy earliest corduroy-hood—be a good boy, or rather good boys—for distinctly do I perceive two Punch boys vibrating before me—let no dulcet strain of inspired barrel-organ prolong thy loiterings; but return incontinently to thy employers, and convey unto them that no illustrated article shall they have from me this week—for I am rather drunk, and—and my cigar wont draw.

FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

Coats are worn very much on the backs of chairs; except in cases where the dorsal portion of the waistcoat is too much run to seed. Collars are remarked as being unusually limp this season; and, from being very often pulled up by hand, they assume a thumbed appearance which is looked upon as very *distingué*. Braces hang idly on their own hooks, along with the superseded snow-shoes and moccasins of last winter; and the union between waistbands and waistcoats has been repealed—a large portion of neutral linen being visible in the intervening territory. Hats are out in great variety, this summer; and of all colors—the gaudiest and most fantastic being universally seen upon the emptiest heads. Beads, in many instances, are worn upon the forehead; and sometimes, particularly after dinner, the nose is adorned by a shower of diamonds, which have a pleasing effect when seen through the blue mist of many cigars. Gloves are worn by the fastidious; but the economical exquisite prefers having his hands tanned—an operation which costs nothing, and makes them look like leather. Cut-away coats are much affected by those proceeding to California, as well as by persons bound for the Levant; and the process of fumigating them liberally with cigar or cavendish smoke, is much resorted to. In patterns, an attempt has been made, of late, to introduce a combination of stars and stripes; but they speedily became very *gentish*, and we have seen nothing of them since the fourth of July. In the French quarters of the town, moustaches are in full cultivation, and there has been no change in linen since last month. The juvenile fashions for Griffintown continue much the same as heretofore—a tight, flesh-colored costume being much in request, and having a very picturesque effect amongst the verdant pools of that vicinity.

MYSTERIOUS.

We have been requested to give insertion to the following dark and secret communication! incomprehensible as it is to ourselves, and uninteresting as it must be to all of our readers except the immediate circle in which the owner of the mystical initials moves, yet how could we refuse to open our columns to the wounded spirit thus seeking a sanctuary within them? Besides we follow but the footsteps of the *Herald*, who treated the public, a few days since to a similar, and equally interesting announcement.

ADVERTISEMENT.

After years of delay in procuring the lucifer matches, the hat-box has received from the tobacco-box the maximum of impertinence; proving that the latter, though generally considered up to snuff, is in the widest acceptance of the term, predestined to eventuate in smoke.

B. U. M.

"I'm tolled it's true,"—as the old horse said when he was pulled up to pay the pike.

What mathematical figure does a row in a prison remind one of? A quad wrangle.