The Weekly Observer.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, JUNE 17, 1845.

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THE OBSERVER,

Published on Tuesday, by Donald A. Cameron, at his Office in Water Street, South West corner of the Market Square.—Terms: 15s. per annum, half in advance.

☞ The postage on all Letters (except those containing money, or from Agents,) must be pre-paid, or they will not be attended to.

ATLANTIC

Mutual Insurance Company of Boston.

Marine Agency at Saint John.

THE Subscriber is authorised by the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company of Boston, to take Risks on Vessels, Cargoes, and Freights, to an extent not exceeding Ten Thousand Dollars on any one risk.

August 13. A. W. WHIPPLE.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

ALL persons having any demands against the firm of THOMAS NISBET & SON, *Cabinet Makers and Upholsterers*, or against the Estate of the late THOMAS NISBET, Junior, are requested to render the same forthwith; and all persons indebted to the said firm are requested to make immediate payment to the Subscriber, who continues the business under the same firm, and has now on hand an extensive assortment of superior NEW FURNITURE, of their own manufacture.

THOMAS NISBET.

St. John, N. B. 1st March, 1845.

☞ NOTICE. ☜

THE Co-partnership hertofore existing under the Firm of CRANE & M'GRATH, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.—The Business will still be carried on by John M'Grath.

THOMAS P. CRANE,
JOHN M'GRATH.

St. John, 11th February, 1845.

☞ NOTICE.

THE Subscribers having entered into Partnership, their Business will in future be conducted under the Firm of ALLISON & SPURR.

EDWARD ALLISON,
J. DeWOLFE SPURR.

St. John, Dec. 23, 1844.

NOTICE.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing under the Firm of E. L. Jarvis & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Parties indebted to the said Firm are requested to make immediate payment to either of the subscribers, or to G. R. Jarvis, Esq., their Attorney, at whose Office the Books and Accounts are left for adjustment.

R. M. JARVIS,
EDWARD L. JARVIS.

St. John, June 27, 1844.

Molasses, Cigars, Flour, &c.

Landing ex sch'r Ameron, from Matanzas:

67 HHDS. Muscovado MOLASSES,
87 do. Clayed do.
2 Tierces HONEY,
10 Cases Havana SWEETMEATS, (comprising Pine Apples, Tamarinds, Limes, Guava Jelly, Ginger, Citron, Mangoes, Grapes, Peaches, Prunes, &c.)
65 M. choice Havana CIGARS,
9 Tons Campeachey LOGWOOD,
20 Bags COFFEE.

Ex Canmore, from Glasgow:

5 Boxes Henderson's SOAP,
0 Ditto Tobacco PIPES,
2 Barrels Ayrshire OATMEAL,
0 Ditto Split PEAS; 14 bales Wrapping Paper,
2 Sacks Agricultural Society's *SEEDS.*

Ex Mayflower, from London:

8 Cases Patent Mustard; 3 boxes SAGO;
3 Casks *PICKLES and CONFECTIONS,*
2 Chests FLORENCE OIL.

Ex Syria, from Philadelphia:

217 Barrels superfine FLOUR; 125 do. Rye do.
120 Ditto CORN MEAL.

Ex Vanguard, from Philadelphia:

175 Barrels RYE FLOUR; 84 do. Fine do.
100 Ditto CORN MEAL.—*For sale by*

May 13. JARDINE & CO.

Flour, Pork, &c.

Ex brig Georgiana, from New-Orleans—

750 BARRELS Superfine FLOUR,
130 Barrels Prime PORK,
1500 Bushels Yellow CORN,
20 Barrels Prime BEEF,
30 Barrels NAVY BREAD.

For sale in or out of Bond, by

JAMES ROBERTSON,
May 10. or R. D. WILMOT.

Molasses and Rum.

Now landing ex brig Minerva, from St. Kitts:

156 PUNCHEONS MOLASSES,
11 Puncheons RUM.—For sale.

Apply to JAMES KIRK.

May 6, 1845.

Wines, Brandy, Malt Whisky, &c.

The subscriber has just received—a part now Landing:—

PIPES, hhds, and qr. casks of first quality Madeira, Sherry, and Port WINES,
20 hhds. Old Cognac BRANDY, *Martell's* and *Hennessey's* brands,
5 puns. superior quality MALT WHISKY,
10 puns. Old JAMAICA SPIRITS.

—ALSO—

50 casks, (each 4 doz.) London Double Brown Stout and East India PALE ALE,
6 hhds. best Refined LOAF SUGAR,
00 chests best quality CONGOU TEAS,

Which, with his usual Spring Supply of Goods, are offered at the lowest rates, by

May 20. JOHN V. THURGAR.

NEW BOOKS.

JUST received at the Victoria Bookstore, King-street, per *Mary Caroline*, from England:—A choice assortment of Standard Works in the various departments of Literature and Science;—Chambers' cheap and popular Publications—The Edinburgh Journal, complete, in 12 vols.; Information for the People, complete, in 2 splendid royal 8 vols. new series; Chambers' Educational Course, comprising thirty treatises on the most advanced views of Education; The People's Edition of Standard Books, about sixty different Works, original and selected, exceedingly cheap!—Works originally published at *one guinea*, now sold for *one Shilling!* A large assortment of Miscellaneous Books, for popular reading; School Books, of every description; Bibles, Testaments, and Prayer Books; Blank Books and Stationery; Steel Pens and Office Ink; Wax, Wafers, and Drawing Pencils. V. H. NELSON.

January 28, 1845.

Oatmeal, Tea, and Barley.

10 BARRELS fresh ground OATMEAL,
10 Chests Souchong TEA, a most superior article.
5 Barrels Country Haled BARLEY.

For sale by H. G. KINNEAR.

15th April.—Herald 3i.

April 1, 1845.

SPRING GOODS.

The Subscriber has just received per barque "Bristol," from Liverpool:—

16 PACKAGES, containing Carpeting Druggets, Red and White FLANNELS;
Grey, White, and Printed COTTONS,
Moleskins, Gambroons, and TWEEDS,
Printed FURNITURE COTTONS,
LINENS, MUSLINS and TICKS,
PLAID SHAWLS, &c. &c. &c.

ON HAND—

500 Pairs Ladies' Double Sole BOOTS, suitable for muddy weather

April 8. W. G. LAWTON.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL WAREHOUSE,
Prince William Street.

PARKS & HEGAN

Have received per "St. John," from Glasgow:

70 PACKAGES, being part of their Spring Supply, consisting of—Brussels, Imperial 3-ply, Superfine, and Common CARPETING: with Persian, Hemp, Back, Wilton, and Brussels HEARTH RUGS and DOOR MATS, to match; Linens, Muslins, Laces, Ginghams, DRESSES, Shawls, Galla Plaids, Osnaburgh, Sewing Threads; Straw and Tuscan BONNETS, by the Case.

—ALSO—

50 Chests Congou TEA.

☞ For sale low for approved payments.

St. John, April 1, 1845.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

THE Undersigned beg leave to intimate, that they have entered into Co-Partnership, under the firm of

SUMMERS & HICKS,

as Wholesale and Retail GROCERS, in "Dunn's" Brick Building, *Prince William Street*, adjoining Messrs. Jardine & Co.—They have on hand a general assortment of well selected Articles in that line, purchased in the best Markets for Cash, which they offer their friends and the public on as favourable terms as any in the Trade, and would most respectfully solicit a share of Patronage.

JOSEPH SUMMERS,
NATHANIEL HICKS.

Saint John, N. B., 10th May, 1845.

Groceries, Liquors, &c.

The Subscriber has just received ex ships Lady Caroline and Mayflower, from London:—

78 CHESTS Fine Congou TEA,
10 Hogsheads LOAF SUGAR,
2 Ditto CRUSHED do.
100 Boxes best Pale Yellow SOAP,
35 Do. Mould CANDLES—wax wicks,
20 Kegs MUSTARD; 25 bags CORKS,
20 Bags PEPPER; 4 chests INDIGO,
140 Bags SHOT; 1 keg FLINTS,
25 Boxes Turkey RAISINS,
2 Carroteels CURRANTS,
20 Packages Salts, Blue Vitriol, Liquorice, and Spices,
20 Barrels Day & Martin's Liquid Blacking,
5 Kegs Saltpetre; 20 dozen Shad Twine,
10 Kegs Pipe Clay; 1 Case Japan INK,
250 Kegs No. 1 WHITE LEAD,
40 Do. Coloured PAINT,
15 Hogsheads Raw and Boiled Linseed OIL,
40 Barrels WHITING,
5 Casks PUTTY; 5 do. LAMPBLACK,
30 Hogsheads Pale Holland GENEVA,
15 Casks Sherry WINE,
12 Barrels French White Wine VINEGAR,
100 Kegs F and FF GUNPOWDER.

Ex British Queen, from Liverpool—

100 Boxes Steele's SOAP,
1 Hogshead and 10 Boxes STARCH,
30 Boxes Tobacco Pipes; 1 Case Blue Paper,
20 Dozen Griffin's SCYTHES,
1 Tierce Scrubbing BRUSHES,
3 Bales Bed Cords and Shoe Thread,
20 Crates Earthenware; 350 Stone Jugs.

Ex Canmore and Saint John, from Glasgow—

60 Hogsheads Martell's BRANDY,
5 Boxes CANDY,
300 Reams Writing and Wrapping PAPER,
55 Bags BARLEY; 10 Do. Split PEAS.

In Store, of former Importations—

300 Hogsheads MOLASSES,
175 Do Bright SUGAR,
10 Barrels Havana Clayed Co.; 5 hhds. Bastard do.
20 Tierces Loaf and Crushed do.
80 Chests Congou and 30 Boxes Pouchong Tea,
75 Bags Java and St. Domingo COFFEE,
50 Puncheons Jamaica and Demerara RUM,
25 Casks Port, Sherry, and Madeira WINES,
15 Barrels Cider VINEGAR,
275 Boxes and Half Boxes Muscatel RAISINS,
20 Bags PIMENTO; 20 do. BARLEY,
120 Kegs Wrought NAILS, assorted sizes,
30 Boxes TIN PLATE,—IC, IX, and DC,
3 Tierces Alum & Copperas; 2 do. Basket Salt,
5 Tons Logwood; 10 barrels Paste Blacking,
40 Boxes London Soap; 5 do. Windsor do.
6 Tierces RICE; 4 cases GLUE,
30 Barrels Roman CEMENT,
3000 Feet GLASS, assorted sizes,
12 Hogsheads Linseed OIL,
100 Kegs Blasting POWDER,
35 Barrels American BEEF and PORK,
6000 Bushels Coarse Salt & 110 Bags Stoved do.

Daily expected, per Jupiter—

10 Bales COTTON WARP.

The above, with a large assortment of other articles, will be sold low for Cash or approved payments. WILLIAM HAMMOND.

St. John, May 20, 1845.

10th May, 1845.

The subscribers offer for sale,—

60 CASKS fine Canada Rose NAILS—4d'y to 20d'y;
15 tons SPIKES, from 3 1-2 to 8 inch;
3 Wood Stock Anchors—16, 18 & 20 cwt.;
4 Iron ditto. ass'd sizes; 20 Smith's Anvils;
Several CHAINS, of various sizes;
Patent Windlass, Chain Plates, Dead Eyes, Capstan, Ship's Head, &c.
2 tons CORDAGE, assorted;
100 barrels No. 1 HERRINGS;
150 quintals large Shore FISH; 50 do. Pollock;
7 cases Linen Thread; 18 do. Twill'd Silecias;
10 bales SHEATHING FELT;
3 hogsheads BRANDY;
25 chests Bohea, 100 do. Congo, 14 do. Twankay, 3 do. Old Hyson, 8 do. Young Hyson, 5 do. Twankay Hyson, 5 do. Orange Pekoe, 3 do. Pouchong TEAS, of the best quality.

ALLISON & SPURR.

HAVANA CIGARS.

Landing ex brig Bluenose, from Havana,—

35 M. Choice Havana CIGARS—for sale by

May 20. JARDINE & CO.

THE GARLAND.

SUMMER.

(From "The Child of the Islands," by Hon. Mrs. Norton)

This is the time of shadow and of flowers,
When roads gleam white for many a winding mile;
When gentle breezes fan the lazy hours,
And balmy rest o'erpays the time of toil;
When purple hues and shifting beams beguile
The tedious sameness of the heath-grown moor;
When the old grandsire seeks with placid smile
The sunburnt children frolic round his door,
And trellised roses deck the cottage of the poor.

The time of pleasant evenings! when the moon
Riseth companioned by a single star,
And rivals e'en the brilliant summer noon
In the clear radiance which she pours afar;
No stormy winds her hour of peace to mar,
Or stir the fleecy clouds which melt away
Beneath the wheels of her illumin'd car;
While many a river trembles in her ray,
And silver gleam the sands round many an ocean bay!

Oh, then the heart lies hush'd, afraid to beat,
In the deep absence of all other sound;
And home is sought with loth and lingering feet,
As though that shining tract of fairy ground
Once left and lost might never more be found!
And happy seems the life that gipsies lead,
Who make their rest where mossy banks abound,
In nooks where unplucked wild flowers shed their seed;
A canvas-spreading tent the only roof they need!

MAY.

(From Douglas Jerrold's Magazine.)

May, the sweet-breathed month, is here;
May, the lady of the year!
See! wherever her step hath been,
Flowers are up and grass is green!
And when her voice is heard
Breathing its Æolian note,
Music grows, and every bird
Sends it gushing from its throat.

May is here! let's welcome her;
May is nature's almoner!
Boughs with bloom are now o'erwrought;
Bees fly homeward honey fraught;
Seeds that slept for lack of sun,
Now their hidden blades send forth;
Streams with living creatures run;
Every moment hath its birth.

May is here! the gentle May,
When the year keeps holyday!
Dives, go forth and seek the poor
Leave some blessing at the door!
Breathe in suff'ring Virtue's ear
Promise of a brighter day.
Tell to Want that plenty's near,
And make Lazarus feel 'tis May.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TEMPERANCE STORY.

TIM HALY.—THE TEETOTALLER.

(BY THE AUTHOR OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.)

I left Cork with great reluctance. Had time permitted, I should have spent a few weeks, instead of days, luxuriating among the beauties of the city and its neighbourhood. My next destination was Kilkenny. I started at six in the morning. The first few miles of the way opened up to me new beauties in the vicinity of Cork. For nearly half the distance to the next stage (the name of which escapes my remembrance), the scenery of the district through which the coach passed is extremely rich in the mingled beauties of nature and art. Afterwards, there was little worth seeing; but I was amply compensated for the want of lovely landscapes by the amusing conversation of Tim Haly, the coachman. Tim is a man remarkable for that natural eloquence which I so often met with among uneducated Irishmen. Without having received any thing in early life in the shape of education, Tim can, on the spur of the moment, pour forth, with wonderful fluency a string of sentences abounding with rhetorical flourishes which would make the oratorical reputation of many of our members in the House of Commons. I shall presently give a specimen of Tim's mode of expressing himself. But, before doing so, let me remark that though there is a dash of eccentricity about him, he is one of the most honest, honourable, kind hearted men that ever lived. He has a certain phraseology of his own for "the road," which is very amusing to a stranger. Whenever he sees any one driving a cart which is coming towards him, he sings out, "Hollos, friend and neighbour. Holloa there. Take your own side; take the right side; and, above all, take the *safe* side of the road. To your horse's head!" He then pauses for a moment, until the party addressed takes hold of the horse's bridle. "You have done your duty, friend—you have done it well. There's not a man in all her Majesty's dominions could have done it better. Thank you, neighbour. You're a good member of society: you are indeed."

Tim is a teetotaller; but he was not always so. A few years ago copious were the draughts he took of the then beverage of his country: now there is not a better teetotaller in Christendom. He not only, by his example, discountenances the use of spirits and all intoxicating liquors, but he never ceases to enforce the claims of total abstinence on every person with whom he comes in contact. From morn till noon, and from noon till night, does Tim Haly dwell, with an enthusiasm I have never seen equalled, on the blessings of entire abstinence. Anxious to proselytize me to his views, he made a set speech, in, as nearly as I can remember, the following terms:—"Just think," says he, "of the effects of whiskey," a term which, I ought to observe, is used in Ireland for all other intoxicating liquors: "just think of the effects of whiskey. Do you hear of a quarrel? It's whiskey that has stirred up the bad blood that is natural to us all. Is there a fight? Whiskey is at the bottom of it. Do you hear of a murder? Take my word for it, it is to be traced backwards to the use of intoxicating liquors. Name any crime you please, and I will prove that whiskey has, in some way or other, been mixed up with its perpetration. Matrimonial miseries, domestic unhappiness, social wretchedness, and national degradation; every evil under the sun, will be found, if you go sufficiently far back, to have had its origin in whiskey—which is, sir, the greatest enemy of man. And then, sir," continued Tim, after a moment's pause, "only contrast water with whiskey. Water is the gift of God; and why has he given it in such great abundance, but that we may drink it? God made water; and man, or rather the devil working in man, makes the whiskey. We are surrounded with water: it is above, about, and below us. Above us in the clouds; about us in rivers, lakes, ponds; and below us in the bowels of the earth. It was the only beverage drank in Paradise. Adam knew nothing of whiskey; neither did Eve. Their only drink was from the flowing fountain, the running stream, or the gurgling brook. And look, even now, to the animal creation: they drink nothing but water, they use no intoxicating liquors, they are all tectotallers! They would not take whiskey or whiskey punch if offered to them. No animal, except man, would allow its lips to be polluted or its breath to be poisoned by spirituous liquors. You see my horses—those fine noble creatures. Do you think they would put their mouths into a pail of whiskey, or a bucket of whiskey punch? Not they. I would be ashamed of them, and they would be ashamed of themselves, if they did. No; water—water—water, and nothing but water, is the thing for them. Then, sir, there are the birds of the air, the feathered songsters which delight us with the warblings of their melodious voices. When they descend to the earth, is it in quest of whiskey? No, sir; it is that they may quench their thirst in water. And when they have drunk their fill, they raise their faces to heaven in token of their gratitude for so great a blessing. Would they take whiskey, if you would try them with it? Sir, they would turn away in horror from the liquid. They know it would spoil their delicious voices; it would destroy their dulcet tones. Only imagine an intoxicated lark in the air attempting to sing. What a melancholy exhibition it would make. What unmusical notes, if notes at all, it would send forth. Nor is it only the beasts of the field and the birds of the air that regard spirituous liquors with a righteous abhorrence: the finny tribe, sir, accord in this matter with their feathered and four-footed brethren and sisters. Suppose, for the sake of illustration, that three rivers ran into the ocean; one of whiskey, another of ale or porter, and the third of pure water, which of the three rivers, think you, would a salmon ascend? Why, sir, when it came to the river of whiskey, it would snort, turn up its nose, turn back, and bound away in disgust. Well, it comes to the river of porter or ale. What is the result? Why, it turns sick at the smell, and pale at the sight. Lastly, it comes to the river of pure water; what does it do then? Do, bless your sowl! it leaps for joy at the idea, and darts like lightning into the very midst of it. And should not we take a lesson from the lower order of creatures? Only fancy, sir, what would be the consequence were the animals to drink as we do? Just suppose that my four horses, before commencing their journey this morning, had each emptied a pail of whiskey. What then? Why, that they would be dead drunk and the coach upset, and we very likely lying killed by the side of the road here. But, sir, my horses are as good tectotallers as myself. I wish I could say the same of you and of all. Whenever I see a man drunk on horseback, I always say to myself, the man is the greatest baste of the two. I have a greater respect for the horse than his rider. Water, sir, I say again, is the thing. It is pure, sound, wholesome; sweet to the taste and refreshing to nature. It enters into every crevice of the stomach, penetrates every accessible part of the constitution, circulates through all the conduits of the system; makes the tour of every region in man's interior, however remote from the centre. And in justice to it, I must add, that it cleanses, purifies, washes, and renovates every locality through which it achieves a passage. Yes, sir," and here Tim's eye gleamed with delight, and his manner became more animated and emphatic; "yes, sir, water—best, glorious water—does all this and a great deal more. It is Nature's medicine. It never does you ill; it always does you good. Tell me, did you ever hear of a man tossing restlessly in his bed, like to die of a burning thirst, all night, after his two or three tumblers of water? Did you ever know of a headache next morning after a copious draught of Nature's beverage? You never did, and you never will hear of any ill effects from cultivating an acquaintance with the pump. There's no bad breath after the use of the primitive liquid; no confusedness of head, no tremor of the hand, no blanched cheek after paying one's respect to Adam's wine. Water, pure, clear, crystal water—gushing from the fountain, poured from the pump, or drawn in pitchers from the running rivulet or noble river, is, I say again, and I say it once for all, the most blessed gift of a bountiful Providence; and as such it ought to be thankfully received, prized, cherished, and drank by all mankind."

I listened to Tim Haly's speech on the virtues of water with no ordinary gratification. I could not doubt, indeed, I knew, that every word came from the lowest depths of his heart. The very sight of the watery element seemed to raise him to the third heaven of bliss.

"There, sir, that's a sight! There's a scene for you," he exultingly exclaimed, when we passed any river, pond, or lake; and his countenance brightened up as he uttered the words. "I carry out my principles," he added, soon after concluding his speech.

"Oh," I remarked, "I'm quite sure of that. Nobody would suspect any thing to the contrary."

"I should hope not, sir. I have tasted no other liquid but water for the last four years."

"You have tasted no spirits nor beer, you mean?"

"No, sir, nor nothing else of drink kind but water."

"What! no coffee?"

"Not a drop."

"Nor tea?"

"Nor *tay*."

"What! not tasted tea nor coffee for four years?"

"It's the thruth I'm telling you. It's as thrue as that you see that noble river there," pointing to a mere brook three or four inches in depth and two or three feet wide, which lay a few yards' distance from the road.

"You quite surprise me. What then do you have for breakfast? Milk?"

"Milk! Ah, don't be after mentioning that same. Milk! never. No, sir; water, sir; water."

There was an emphasis and peculiarity in the manner in which Tim uttered the last sentence, of which no idea can be conveyed on paper.

"Don't you find water, especially in the winter, to be cold, cheerless and altogether unpleasant?"

"No, sir, no; nothing of the kind. It is quite the reverse. It is genial, grateful, cheering, delicious. I take four full tumblers every day in the year, winter and summer. And just look at me, and say whether it does not agree with me?"

Here Tim turned to me his fine, full, rosy complexioned face.

"Do I look any the worse, sir, for my four tumblers of water, in its raal native state, to breakfast?"

Not having had the pleasure of seeing Tim before, I could not answer the comparative part of his question; but I assured him, which I could do with perfect sincerity, that his looks were excellent.

"What age would you take me to be, sir?"

"I should say you're about fifty."

"I *was*, sir, to enter my sixtieth year in a few months."

"You surprise me. Are you serious?"

"I am, sir. When I was fifty—I was not then a tectotaller—I looked sixty; and now that I am almost sixty, you say I look fifty. It's water, sir; pure, generous, sound, wholesome water, that has done it all."

At this moment we entered the little comfortable, compact town of Fermoy, where we had to change cars. Tim proceeded on his road to Limerick, and I to Kilkenny.

Mrs. Candle's Curtain Lectures.

Mrs. Candle thinks it "high time" that the children should have summer clothing.

There, Candle! 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 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, Candle! 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 painful, why so often do it?* Ha! I suppose you call that a joke—one of your club jokes? I wish you'd think a little 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, Candle, 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 to-day—like nobody else's children? *What was the matter with them?* Oh, Candle! How can you ask? Poor things! weren't they all in their thick merinos, and beaver bonnets? What do you say—*What of it?* What! you'll tell me that you didn't see how the Briggs's 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 for you—you would, if you'd had the feeling of a parent—but I'm sorry to say, Caudle, you haven't. I'm sure those Briggs's girls—the little minxes!—put me in 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; those 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 wont have 'em exposed to the Briggs's 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 about 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 am talking of 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 your 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 things go so far as I have done? No—that I would'nt.—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 Susannah, and Mary Anne, and——What do you say? *I needn't count 'm, 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 always 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 noblemen of the land might be proud of 'em. Now, don't swear at noblemen 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 fiddlesticks?* 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 any thing at all about it? And you won't give me 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 the children up 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 Briggs's, 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 upon it, 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 good 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 the 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 your offering fifteen, and wanting to go to sleep. You shan't close an eye until you promise the 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 honour, that she would'nt let me wink an eye, before I promised the twenty; and as man is frail—and woman is strong—she got the money."—*Punch.*

The Science of Book-Keeping.

The New-York *Knickerbocker* publishes the following capital story, under the caption of "Book-Keeping, or the Rich man in Spite of Himself." If it afford our readers half the amusement we have derived from its perusal, they will thank us for giving it a place in our columns:—

We are indebted to a friend for the following authentic anecdote of an old New York merchant, whose name, were we permitted to mention it, would sound familiarly in the ears of many of our metropolitan readers:

"In old times it was the custom of the merchants of the city of New York to keep their own accounts in pounds, shillings and pence, currency. About fifty years ago a frugal, industrious Scotch merchant, well known to the then small mercantile community of this city, had, by dint of fortunate commercial adventure and economy, been enabled to save something like four thousand pounds; a considerable sum of money at that period, and one which secured to its possessor a degree of enviable independence. His place of business and residence were, as was customary at that time, under the same roof. He had a clerk in his employment whose reputation as an accountant inspired the utmost confidence of his master, whose frugal habits he emulated with the true spirit and feeling of a genuine Caledonian.

It was usual for the accountant to make an annual balance sheet for the inspection of his master, in order that he might see what had been the profits of his business for the past year. On this occasion the balance sheet showed to the credit of the business six thousand pounds, which somewhat astonished the incredulous merchant. "It canna be," said he, "ye had better count up agen. I dinna think I ha' had sae profitable a beeziness as this represents." The clerk, with his usual patience, re-examined the statement, and declared that it was "a' right," and that he was willing to wager his salary upon its correctness.

"The somewhat puzzled merchant scratched his head with surprise, and commenced adding up on both sides of the account for himself. It proved to be right. "I didna' think," said he, that I was worth over four thousand pounds; but ye ha' made me a much richer man. Weel, weel, I may ha' been more successful than I had thot't, and I'll na' quarrel wi' myse!' for being worth sax thousand instead."

"At an early candle light the store was regularly closed by the faithful accountant; and as soon as he had gone, the sorely perplexed and incredulous merchant commenced the painful task of going over and examining all the accounts for himself.

"Night after night did he labor in his solitary counting house alone, to look for the error; but every examination confirmed the correctness of the clerk, until the old Scotchman began to believe it possible that he was really worth "sax thousand pounds." Stimulated by this addition to his weal, he soon felt a desire to improve the condition of his household; and with that view, made purchase of new furniture, carpets and others elegancies, consistent with the position of a man possessing the large fortune of six thousand pounds. Painters and carpenters were set to tear down and build up; and in a short time the gloomy residence in Stone street was renovated in such a degree as to attract the curiosity and envy of all his neighbors.

"The doubts of the old man would still however obtrude themselves upon his mind; and he determined once more to make a thorough examination of his accounts. On a dark and gloomy night he commenced his labors, with the patient investigating spirit of a man determined to probe the matter to the very bottom. It was past the hour of midnight, yet he had not been able to detect a single error; but still he went on. His heart beat high with hope, for he had nearly reached the end of his labor. A suspicion seized his mind as to one item in the account. *Eureka!* He has found it.

"With the frenzy of a madman, he drew his broad brimmed white hat over his eyes and rushed into the street. The rain and storm were nothing to him. He hurried to the residence of his clerk in Wall st.; reached the door and seized the handle of the huge knocker, with which he rapped until the neighborhood was roused with the loud alarm. The unfortunate clerk poked his night cap out of an upper window, and demanded, "Wha's there?" "It's me, you dom'd scoundrel!" said the frenzied merchant; "*Ye've added up the year of our Lairdamong the poonds!*" Such was the fact. The addition of the year of our Lord among the items had swelled the fortune of the merchant some two thousand pounds beyond the amount.

Lowell and its Factories.—On entering Lowell, a stranger is naturally struck with the contrast presented by that place, to an English manufacturing town. Here, in Bradford, for example, every building is of stone, or brick, solid, substantial, with little of the freshness that might be looked for in so rapidly an increasing town; there, in Lowell, though the mills and boarding-houses are generally of brick, the chief part of the other buildings, houses, hotels, and even churches, are of wood, and nearly the whole are as fresh-looking as if built within a year. Here, with us, everything, externally, is discoloured with smoke; buildings, streets, and caseways, alike bearing a sooty covering; the mud of the streets, in colour and consistency, like blackish grey paint, and the air of heaven darkened as by a dense cloud; there, nothing is discoloured, neither houses, nor mills, nor trees—the red brick factories and boarding-houses, and the other edifices of wood painted in light colours, look as fresh as if just finished; the streets—dusty enough, indeed (for a deep dry covering of dust was on them when I was in Lowell)—were yet not black like ours; and the sky, unshrouded by smoke or cloud, was brilliant and clear—the sun darting down its unobstructed rays with dazzling and scorching power. There, the trees and plants which, with us, soon become dingy after their foliage bursts out, and which, in some places, as in the churchyard of St. Peter's, being ever leafless, appear like the black stumps of the forests in America, the residue and remnants of the fire; there, in Lowell, were fresh and flourishing; the trees, with which some streets or mill precincts are screened and adorned, being verdent in their summer's foliage, and the neatly-kept gardens, here and there seen about the factories, being amply adorned with floral beauty. Hence, as to Lowell, large as it has grown, it is yet rural in its appearance, and notwithstanding its being a city of factories is yet fresh and cleanly.—*American Factories, &c., by the Rev. W. Scoresby.*

PEEL TO HIS STEP-FATHER, COBDEN.—*My Dear Step-father,*—I write to let you know how I am getting on in the school, which you have sent me to take lessons in. I am making very rapid strides, and they say that I shall soon go as far as you, if I continue the steps I am now pursuing. It is very true that I was in quite a different walk before you adopted me, but I am now at your side, and if you will lend me a hand to drag me on, I dare say I shall keep pace with you—no matter what lengths you may wish to carry me to. I was formerly thought a very slow boy, but since you have adopted me, I have become so quick that I am here, there, and every where in no time. Those who used to be at my side, are quite left behind, and are obliged to follow me, which they do at a very respectful distance, as if they don't half like it. I wish you would not pull me on quite so fast, for you forget that I find it difficult to get on as quickly as you wish with the corn, which you and I have had so much talk about. I have no doubt that in time I shall get quite as far as you can desire, and I remain, your dutiful Step-son, ROBERT PEEL.—*Punch.*

EFFECTS OF RAILWAYS ON THE WEATHER.—It has been suggested that the state of the electricity of the atmosphere, on which depend most of the meteorological changes, may be greatly altered by having iron conductors traversing the country in all directions. Thus, iron transmits electricity easily from one end of the country to another; but not being insulated, it only opens a communication of easier transmission in all the directions of the iron rails. It has been said that not more than half the quantity of rain has fallen during the past year. The electricity of the clouds would be puzzled were the surface of the earth covered with a non-electric, as glass; and why should not a complete conduction in certain lines give passage to much electricity, which in the ordinary character of the usual surface of the ground would be more naturally and more beneficially distributed?