

saving of 15 cents per week had been effected, by their dispensing with the "Lantern Reflectors," which, under the former extravagant management, were usually placed during the evening services at the main and side entrances of the cathedral.—Orics of hear, hear, and "Let the people tumble," were freely vented. Order being restored, Mr. Pompons went on to say that they had further ordered from the United States, and paid for, a Peal of Bells!

Mr. Assistant No. 1 was sorry to interrupt—but he wished to know if there was a scintilla of truth in the malicious report, and he was sure there was not, and therefore thought it should be officially contradicted—that the gold originally set apart for the purchase of these bells had been exchanged at an exceedingly low rate, when, by the exercise of a little foresight, a much higher premium might have been obtained for it?

Mr. Pompons would explain.—The truth was that the churchwardens had been in constant communication with the authorities at Washington, and had learned that, in all human probability, Gold would rise to 300 premium. He, Mr. P., was absent from town during the summer, and his worthy co-warden was out of town. They had, however, left strict instructions with a Vestry Clerk to watch the Gold market, and they had been informed by that individual that it really was a beautiful diversion to observe the fluctuations of the "dear creature." The summer had been unprecedentedly warm, and he believed the Vestry Clerk had fallen asleep, and, upon awaking, had discovered, to his horror, that Gold had fallen some 30 per cent. They unquestionably would have exchanged at 270 had they thought of it; but it must be remembered that, at the time Gold reached 270, some fifty dollars were required to make up the sum sufficient for the purchase of the Bells; and he contended it was unreasonable, nay, unkind, to suppose that they the churchwardens could advance, or interest themselves in procuring that sum to suit the caprices of a few people who were anxious for a chime of Bells. It was true that Gold subsequently fell—that was one of the effects of the present unhappy American struggle—and that they had exchanged at 238. Gentlemen should consider that they the churchwardens might have done worse than that, had they not been aroused from their lethargy by the timely warning of a prominent citizen.

Mr. Flyaway wished, if necessary, to confirm the observations of his worthy co-warden. At the same time it must be borne in mind that he, Mr. F., accepted office only at the urgent solicitation of the whole vestry—so anxious were they for a "change for the better." He had expressly intimated at the time that his manifold occupations would prevent his attending to the duties of the office, and that he would not incur the slightest responsibility. It was impertinent to ask the churchwardens to exert themselves. He was fully alive to their embarrassments, and had thought of a remedy; his ideas, however, were not fully matured on the point, but he hoped at no distant day to be in a position to propose a scheme for the

settlement of their difficulties which would at once gratify and astound them!

The Rev. Mr. Superior inquired if the heating of the Church upon a more economical plan, had at any time engaged the attention of the churchwardens? Mr. Pompons said it had—that they had discussed the matter, and he thought that by the end of March they would be prepared to submit a plan for an economical change in this respect. He did not nor did his worthy Brother desire to enter now upon any discussion as to the rights of ministers to interfere in the management of the Church; but they had observed—occupying a prominent position in the chancel, what they believed passed as an "original Northern Light," and, as the article in question had been placed there without their sanction, they would be glad if any one present could throw any light on the subject.

Rev. Mr. Superior immediately rose. He said ministers had no desire to interfere with the Warden's duties—at all times so satisfactorily performed—but they were always ready to assist them with their advice. Ministers' position entitled them to bestow a portion of the patronage of the Church upon whom they pleased, they had not failed to exercise that privilege. He wished to be understood. The fact that the Church might be heated upon a more economical plan than the one at present adopted, had attracted his attention and he had consulted a leading stove merchant in this city upon the subject, who at once fell into his views, and had assured him that the introduction of stoves to supply the place of the Furnaces would effect a saving of—well—well,—he was not prepared to state the sum.

Rev. Mr. Assistant No. 1, said that he entirely concurred in the introductory remarks of his superior and that he had in consequence sought and obtained an interview with a city stove merchant of some standing, who was prepared to stake his reputation as a stove merchant that the saving to be effected by the introduction of Stoves in place of the Furnaces would be, well—it would be something awful!!

Rev. Mr. Assistant, No. 2, fully agreed in the views of his superiors as to the privileges of Ministers, and that he had in exercise of those privileges ordered a number of stoves from a well-known second-hand dealer which he thought might be advantageously used in the Gallery of the Church!! Great sensation—

Mr. Flyaway questioned if it would not be better for each Pew-holder to find his own heating apparatus?

Mr. Pompons observed that the effect of so many interfering with the duties of the Wardens, would be that in the end nothing would be effected.

Rev. Mr. Superior said that he and his assistants considered a fight between two, of far less importance than one between 50 or 60 people. The loss of a single Pew-holder was a trifle, but the loss of 50 was too serious to be trifled with. They must adapt themselves to circumstances. To show the feeling that existed on the subject, he had in his possession a letter from an eminent Hardware-merchant stating that unless he had the supplying

of the patty for the Cathedral, he and his family would leave the Church!

Mr. Pompons observed that he entirely disagreed with Ministers as to their right to bestow the Patronage. He at one time agreed with them, but that was before his election. Times had changed and not wishing to be singular he had changed with them. Whilst he was in office he should not fail to make every one with whom he came in contact respect and—

Mr. Flyaway here stated that he had an important Railway engagement to attend to and must therefore leave. And there being, as usual, no quorum the meeting adjourned.

### Them Geese!

An amusing controversy recently took place at Wakefield's Auction Rooms between Falstaff Jack the huge Alderman for the "goose-pasture," and a daughter of Erin, as gay and dacent a woman as "iver bruk bread or biled a pittatee." Showing how the bewitching John sometimes gets the worst of the joke. Before entering on our story we must inform our readers of two facts, viz: that of late there has been some sleight-of-hand work among the "feathered strollers" of the "pasture," inasmuch as its population in that line is getting as winter approaches smaller and more beautifully less.

Now it seems that the "culling" of the Senior member for St. Patrick's is that of an *itinerant huckster*, being equally able to supply a  $\frac{1}{2}$  dozen Champagne, a pen'orth of pins—potatoes by the peck, or Bologna Sausages, and being naturally gifted with great suavity of manner and the gift of the Blarney, which, together with his corporeal immensity has acquired for him the nickname of "Butter-tub," as might be expected John "takes" with the fair sex wonderfully; but the best of men will meet with reverses. Our alderman was trying to dispose of some *geese* to Biddy aforesaid, but somehow or another all to no purpose, for said sho "urrah thin Mistor B—x—r is meself wants none of yer geese! devil the wan"—and why not said he, you surely must have some reason! "faith an I have thin an if yer so curious to know I'll tell yo: its an ould sayin, that birds of a feather flock together, and if *them geese* are as ould and crass-grained as yurself they're as tough as blazes!"

### The Effects of a Glass.

We understand that a young law-limb, while attending "term" last week, his vision being slightly obscured from the effects of the "liquid fire that steals away the brain," in his thirst for pugilistic distinction, wished to fight a learned lecturer, doubtless mistaking "long-robe" for Jem Nace, Tom King, or Joe Coburn. He was let off with an admonition to *sin no more*, but for the sake of the profession we hope that those of the "cloth" who wish "to climb the steep where fame's proud temple shines afar" by the aid of the manly art, may see *translucidior vitro*.

A. M. Smith is preparing a work on "Confederation, and the probable decline in pork."