

5th—let it be boldly stated that the following beautiful manifestations will soon appear—new religious teachers; new arts of healing; new forms of government; new and beautiful architectural structures; new communications in regard to the coming and glorious future.

6th—Let it be distinctly stated that there has never before come to the earth a work which, in so short a space of time had spread so widely and rapidly, and that the past prognosticates glorious things for the future.

7th—This work is to be the age of practical wisdom and useful knowledge. The convention closed by saying that spirits of a high order would attend the convention to unseal lips, so that they would speak.

CHARACTER OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

(From the London Economist.)

It is now beginning to be admitted even by his bitterest enemies, that Louis Napoleon is not the foolish imbecile it was so long the fashion to consider him. Those who aided in recalling him to France and elevating him to the Presidency under the impression that one so silly and home would be rendered a pliant tool in their hands, soon found that they reckoned without their host. His mind, it is true, is neither capacious, powerful, or well stored; but his moral qualities are of a most rare and serviceable kind. His talents are ordinary, but his perseverance, tenacity, power of dissimulation, and inflexibility of will, are extraordinary. He is a memorable and most instructive example that great achievements are within the reach of a very moderate intellect, when that intellect is concentrated upon a single object and linked with unbending and undaunted resolution. Moreover, his mental endowments, though neither varied nor comprehensive, are very vigorous. He is naturally shrewd, secret, and impenetrable. He has the invaluable faculty of silence. He has, too, been a patient and a wide observer. He has studied politics in Switzerland, in America, and in England. He has devoted his mind to that one subject. He is, too, a deep thinker. He ponders much: which few Frenchmen do. His six years' captivity in Ham matured and strengthened, by silent meditation, whatever natural capacities he may have possessed. He writes well and speaks well, and all his writings and speeches, even where they betray the narrow limits of his knowledge, indicate an eminently thoughtful mind. He has brooded over the history, politics, and social condition of France, till on these subjects he is probably one of the best informed men in the country, though, like most of his countrymen, wedded to many absurd and impracticable notions which a better knowledge of political economy would explode.

It is certain, also, that whatever he does and says is his own. He acts and speaks for himself without interference and without assistance. He listens to every one, asks advice from no one, gives his interlocutors no idea whether or not their arguments have made the least impression upon him, but revolves his plans in the gloomy recesses of his own brain, and brings them forth matured, homogeneous and unexpected. The minutest details of the coup d'etat were arranged by himself. All those, from Changarnier and Thiers down to Faucher, who have endeavored to lead, drive, or govern him, have all been baffled, outwitted, and cast aside. When he rose at the table of Bordeaux to make his recent celebrated speech, he observed to his Minister for Foreign Affairs, who sat next him—"Now, I am going to astonish you not a little." When he announced his intention of visiting Abdel-Kader at Amboise, General St. Arnaud expressed his hope that Louis Napoleon would not think of liberating him, made a long speech expository of all the evils that would result from such a piece of Quixotic generosity, and quitted the President quite satisfied that he had succeeded in banishing any such scheme from his thoughts. Nor was it till he actually heard Louis Napoleon announcing to the captive his approaching freedom, that he was aware how much good argument he had thrown away. Whatever, therefore, of sagacity or wisdom is displayed in the language or conduct of the new Emperor must be credited to himself alone.

But we shall greatly and dangerously misconceive Louis Napoleon if we regard him as a man of shrewdness, reflection, and calculation only. The most prominent feature of his character is a wild, irregular, romantic imagination,—which often overrides all his reasoning and reflective faculties, and spins him on to actions and attempts which seem insane if they fail, and the acme of splendid audacity if they succeed. The abortions of Strasbourg and Boulogne, and the coup d'etat of last December, were equally the dictates—alike the legitimate progeny—of the same mental peculiarity. He believes, too, in his "star." He is even a blinder and rasher fatalist than his uncle. From early childhood he believed himself destined to restore the Dynasty of the Bonapartists and the old glories of the Empire. He brooded over this imagined destiny during long years of exile and in the weary days and nights of his imprisonment, till it acquired in his fancy the solidity and dimensions of an ordained fact. He twice attempted to pluck the pear before it was ripe. His ludicrous failures in no degree discouraged him or shook his conviction of ultimate success. He only waited for another opportunity, and prepared for it with more sedulous diligence and caution. He "bided his time;" the time came; he struck and won. After such success—after having risen in four years from being an impoverished exile to being Emperor of France—after having played the boldest stroke for empire known in modern history—after having discomfited, deceived, and overpowered the cleverest, the most popular, the most eminent, and the most experienced men in France,—we may well believe that his faith in his "destiny" is confirmed and rooted almost to the pitch of monomania, and that no future achievement, no further pinnacle of greatness, will seem wild or impossible to him after a Past so eventful, marvellous, and demoralising.

Another peculiarity of his character is, that he never abandons an idea or a project he has once entertained. If he meets with difficulties and opposition, he dissimulates or postpones; he never really yields or changes. Cold, patient, and insensible, he waits and watches, and returns to his purpose when the favorable moment has arrived. History affords few examples of such a pertinacious, enduring, relentless, inexorable will.—This, of itself, is a species of greatness of the most formidable kind. If, then, to this determination we add that, reserved and silent as he is, he has the art of attaching warmly to him those who have been long about him and who have lived intimately with him;—that, like most fatalists, he is wholly unscrupulous and unhesitating as to his agents and his means; and that he entertains and has deliberately matured the

most extensive, deep-laid, and magnificent schemes of foreign policy; we have exhausted nearly all that we can speak of as certain and reliable regarding this remarkable man; and assuredly we have said enough to satisfy our readers that France has given to herself a master whom it concerns all European statesmen—those of his country more especially—to study closely and to watch unceasingly. Cool, daring, imperturbable, cunning, and profoundly secret—a perplexing compound of the sagacious calculator and the headstrong fanatic—with a large navy, an unrivalled army, and a prostrate and approving nation—what is there which he may not attempt, and might not achieve!

One other feature of Louis Napoleon's mind must be noticed before we can be in a position rightly to estimate the probabilities of his future career. He is a close and servile copyist of his uncle. He has studied profoundly not only the history of the first Napoleon, but his opinions on all matters of policy and administration. He believes, and we think justly, that Napoleon understood more thoroughly than any Frenchman of his day, the nature of the government which France needed, and the degree of self-government which she could manage and would bear; that his sagacity and justesse d'esprit on nearly all subjects of administration approached to inspiration; and that if he treads in his footsteps he may aspire to emulate his glory. (We do not, however, extend this remark to Napoleon's warlike conduct and achievements.) This is a sentiment eminently misleading, and full of danger. The talents of the two men are so wholly different, the internal condition and to a great extent the character and feelings of the nation have been so changed by thirty-five years of peace and free institutions, that maxims and modes of proceedings sound and expedient then may be utterly inapplicable now. The dazzling fame and the wonderful sagacity of Napoleon I. may be the ignis fatuus which will lure astray Napoleon III. to unseafire and ruin.

[In that amusing burlesque, the "Governor of Caena," we find the following description of a "Moral Reformer," which is no burlesque at all. It is well to mention that "Jericho is not Montreal, and that Mr. Jeremiah Snuggins is not the Rev. Mr. —, nor yet Mr. —; the reader will find no difficulty in filling up the blank. Sure we all know Mr. Jeremiah Snuggins, and many of us must have met with the Rev. Mr. Potts Pepper, or his double at all events.—The chapter is headed—"How I was honored with an introduction to a great Moral Reformer."]

"The morning after the opening of the Round-about, I received a visit from the Rev. Mr. Potts Pepper.—He was accompanied by a seely-looking individual, with a remarkably red nose, whom he introduced as Mr. Jeremiah Snuggins, a reformed blackguard." "Mr. Snuggins," he said, referring to this individual, "has taken pity upon the moral desolation of Jericho, and has come here to give us a series of lectures, illustrative of his experiences as a blackguard. These lectures are, I may be permitted to say in the presence of my remarkable friend, [and here the Rev. Mr. Potts Pepper bowed reverentially to Mr. Jeremiah Snuggins] among the most remarkable efforts of the age. The experience which my distinguished friend has had in every description of vice, renders him, your Excellency, peculiarly fitted to be a great moral teacher. In this respect, my friend may be said to have enjoyed all the privileges of vice—to have been admitted into her most secret haunts, and to have wallowed in her impurities from head to foot. I believe I am correct, Mr. Snuggins, in stating that you have been a drunkard."

"Mr. Snuggins smiled pleasantly." "A liar?" "Mr. Snuggins coughed slightly." "A gambler?" "Mr. Snuggins breathed heavily." "A Sabbath-breaker and a scold?" "Mr. Snuggins snorted audibly." "A miserable vagabond, vagrant, and swindler?" "Mr. Snuggins groaned painfully and penitentially." "And having been all this, your Excellency," continued Mr. Potts Pepper, "Mr. Snuggins condescends to become a moral teacher. As a reformed blackguard, his lectures have been attended by crowds of admiring audiences. For instance, my distinguished friend will represent all the stages of drunkenness in a way that is perfectly amazing. He will show you the infatuated youth taking his first cup, and finish off with that sublime moral picture, 'the venerable inebriate wallowing in the gutter.' Perhaps, Mr. Snuggins, you will be kind enough to show His Excellency the scene of the 'venerable inebriate.'"

"Thus solicited, Mr. Snuggins seemed to be suddenly seized with the staggers. His body swayed to and fro like a pendulum, and finally he plumped down on the floor, where commenced going through a variety of spasmodic performances, intended to represent the grand moral picture, of 'the venerable inebriate.'"

"That scene," continued Mr. Potts Pepper, "has saved thousands."

In the 'gambler's victim,' your Excellency, Mr. Snuggins exhibits his own experiences as a gambler—shows how to cheat at cards, how to load dice, how to turn the ace, and, in fact, everything connected with the mysteries of swindling. If there is a pack of cards here, my distinguished friend might win a shilling or two of your Excellency, just to explain the object of his lectures."

"This moral information then," I observed, without taking any notice of Mr. Pepper's last suggestion "is all imparted by lectures?"

"Yes, your Excellency, but Mr. Snuggins is just now engaged in an effort of a more stupendous character than any he has yet undertaken. As a reformed blackguard, the result of my distinguished friend's experience goes to prove that there is a large field in his particular line still unexplored. It has been noticed that the moral world requires excitement, that to produce an effect now a days, you must go out of the old beaten track and get up a sensation. The Bible and the old morality are not sufficient to do this, but you must go into the world and drag forth the filthiest object you can find, and make that act, and speak, and then the public will come and hear you. Although proud of his success as a reformed blackguard, my distinguished friend has discovered lately that the public are not quite so enthusiastic as they used to be over the 'venerable inebriate,' and that the 'gambler's victim,' is gradually losing its interest. Warned by this, my distinguished friend is now employed in making a grand collection of all the vices of the age, which he proposes to place before the public in the most striking and popular point of view. With this object he has engaged 'an awe-stricken murderer,' a 'faith holding forger,' a 'hope to be forgiven house

breaker,' and a 'penitent pickpocket,' all of whom he intends to introduce to the public as lecturers, in order that they may explain and illustrate their experiences to the audiences. Thus the 'awe-stricken murderer' (who is just now taking his biters at the White Lion) will describe with thrilling effect his first emotions on killing his mother. How he knelt over her body, and asked her whether she knew him, and where she had hidden the two silver spoons which had prompted him to commit the horrible crime. After this he will go through the 'dance of remorse,' and finally conclude with the 'abominable horrors,' in which the spirit of his murdered parent is beautifully introduced, singing a temperance song for her vile son's forgiveness. In the lecture by the 'penitent pickpocket,' Mr. Fagin will explain all the ingenious contrivances of his former profession, from the simple but not inelegant process of drawing a pocket handkerchief to the more elaborate and combined movement of abstracting a gold repeater from a fat gentleman's fob. Such lectures as these, delivered to our youth by the actual actors, must have a strong moral effect. Doubtless, many an inexperienced lad who has never handled a card will be prevented from doing so by the amusing tricks of my distinguished friend, Mr. Snuggins, and our wives and children must increase in wisdom and virtue by having such models as the 'awe-stricken murderer' and 'faith-holding forger,' set up before them. Doubtless your Excellency sees it in this light."

[But His Excellency is a prejudiced person; can't see things in the light that the Rev. Potts Pepper, and Mr. Snuggins—who are evidently deeply impressed with the importance of upholding the "moral and educational interests of all classes" in Caena—see them. He declines taking a ticket on the great moral railroad upon the plea—that he has some doubts whether the cause of morality is likely to be advanced by the interposition of reformed blackguards." To the intense horror of the Rev. Potts Pepper, he adds:]—

"There is always great danger that of those who listen to your reformed blackguards, some may make the mistake of supposing that it is because your friend Mr. Snuggins was once a sinner, that he is now a saint, and that the temple of virtue lies somewhere half-way between the Penitentiary and the Meeting-House."

"These are very singular opinions," said Mr. Potts Pepper, "freely, and I understand, then, that your Excellency declines to take stock in our great moral railroad? And he held out a number of tickets of admission to Mr. Snuggins' lectures."

"One shilling each," observed Mr. Snuggins himself, speaking for the first time in a smiling tone—"children and servants half price."

"I am afraid I must decline, gentlemen," I replied, "your railroad travels too fast for me, and on the whole I think I should prefer a different conductor to either the 'awe-stricken murderer' or the 'faith-holding forger.'"

"At this announcement, Mr. Snuggins groaned heavily, and Mr. Potts Pepper looked particularly grave and majestic. Indeed the great moral lecturer himself became so far overcome, that I was at one time under the impression he was about to repeat the impressive scene of the 'venerable inebriate,' but in this I was mistaken. He, however, insisted on playing several rounds of 'poker' with Mr. Potts Pepper, in order to illustrate to me the various methods of cheating at that popular game, but in this, somehow or other, he did not altogether succeed, for, strange to say, out of four games which the two moral reformers played in my presence, my worthy political adviser came out the victor in three, thus proving himself to be a better hand at swindling than Mr. Snuggins himself."

"After this exhibition, and another attempt to prevail on me to patronise the lectures, the two gentlemen took their departure, evidently not at all pleased with the result of their mission, and leaving me scarcely much better impressed with the moral than the political aspect of affairs in Caena."

A STORY OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Sam Smith sat at home on New Year's day in dishabille. His big beard was unshaven, his hair was matted, his boots were unblackened, and he was leaning back in a picturesque attitude with his heels against the mantle-piece, smoking a cigar. Sam thought to himself if it were leap year, how glorious it would be if the ladies were to pop the question in accordance with the ancient privileges. As he sat watching the smoke which so gracefully curled, his fancy glowed with an idea. How delightful it would be to have the dear creatures fettle on him, and with their tender glances endeavor to do the agreeable! As he meditated his heart softened, and he began to feel a squeamish, womanish sensibility diffuse itself over his feelings, and he thought he should faint with propriety the first-time a young lady should squeeze his hands.

Rap, rap, rap, sounded at the door. Sam peeped through the Venetian blinds.

"Mercy," exclaimed he, "if there isn't Miss Jones, and I all in dishabille, and looking like a fright—goodness, gracious, I must away and fix myself."

As he left the room Miss Jones entered and with a composed air intimated that she would wait. Miss Jones was a firm believer in woman's rights, and now that the season was propitious, she determined to take advantage thereof, and do a little courting on her own hook. It was one of woman's privileges which had been usurped by the tyrant man, and she determined to assert her rights in spite of the hollow formalities of the false system of society.

"Dearest how beautiful you look," accompanying her words with a glance of undisguised admiration.

"Spare the blushes of a modest young man," said Sam, applying the cambric to his face to hide his confusion.

"Nay my love, why so coy?" said Susan, "turn not away those lovely eyes dark as jet, but sparkling as the diamond. Listen to the vows of fond affection. Here let us rest said she drawing him to the sofa, "here with my arm around thee, will I protest my true affection."

"Leave, oh leave me," murmured Sam, "think of my youth and inexperience—spare my palpitating heart." "Leave thee," said Susan, pressing him closer to her, "never until the story of restless nights, of unquiet days of aspirations, fond emotions, and undying love is brought before thee. Know that for years I have nursed a secret passion. I tell how each manly beauty moved me; how I worshipped like a sun flower in the lurid light of those scarlet traces; how my fond heart was entrapped in the meshes of those

magnificent whiskers how I was willing to yield up to the government of that imperial; thy manners so modest, so delicate, enchanted me—for thy joy was my joy. My heart is thine, take it, but first let me snatch one kiss from those ruddy lips.

The overwhelming feelings of the delicate youth were too strong, and he fainted from excess of joy. Meanwhile the enamoured maiden hung over him, and slowly the eyes of Sam Smith opened—he gazed wildly about him, then meeting the ardent gaze of his lover, he blushed deeply, and behind his handkerchief faintly faltered out—"Ask my PA."

We find in the Padwah Journal the following decidedly good hit:

"Our religious brethren have learned a trick from the blacklegs; and take now to betting on their favorite superstitious. We frequently see in our so-called religious exchanges, orders similar to this: 'One hundred dollars for any text proving the eternity of Hell!' 'One thousand dollars for any passage in the Bible where the word 'Trinity' occurs.' 'Fifty dollars proving that infants may lawfully be baptized.'"



MONTREAL TOOL STORE, SIGN OF THE HAMMER, No. 201 ST. PAUL STREET, (Platt's Buildings, opposite Torrance's Block,) MONTREAL.

MECHANICS and other users of TOOLS, are respectfully informed that large additions having recently been made to the Stock of this Establishment, the assortment is now more complete than ever, and will be found to contain in great variety, the manufactures of all the BEST British and American TOOL MAKERS.

Regular and frequent importations will be received from England and the United States during Winter, and no pains will be spared to render the Store worthy of a continuance and enlargement of the patronage hitherto extended to it.

The business being entirely limited to Tradesmen's Tools, with exception of a small number of articles closely allied to them, there exists ample opportunity as well as a determination to provide and keep on hand a very superior assortment, and unceasing exertions will be used towards being able to furnish EVERY TOOL required by all descriptions of Mechanics.

A complete and extensive supply of the following always on hand:—

"PETER STUBBS" TOOLS, including Saw, Watch-maker's, Dentist's and other Files, &c.

"WAL GEEVES & SONS" FILES of all kinds, Mill Circular, Pat, Cross-cut and Billet Web SAWS, of superior makes.

"SCOTT BROTHER," "B. SIMMONS & Co." and other makes of warranted Chopping and Broad AXES. Gentlemen's and Youth's Chests of Tools.

—ALSO—

Mathematical Instruments—Sand and Emery Paper and Cloth—Sharpening Stones—Grindstones and Grindstone Mountings—Black, White and Red Chalk—Tradesmen's Pencils—Chalk Lines and Rules—Iron and Wooden Bench and Hand Screws—Clamps—Cramp Mountings, Glue Pots, &c.

Credit being seldom sought or required by purchasers of this class of goods, and the ready money system, therefore, easy of adoption, sales will be made at a Small Advance upon the Cost, and for CASH ONLY.

For the convenience of parties out of the city, orders by letter, with satisfactory references, will be carefully executed for remittance by mail, on receipt of invoice.

NO SECOND PRICE. January 13, 1853.

IN PRESS, And will be ready about the 25th instant, A NOVENA PREPARATORY TO THE FEAST OF ST. PATRICK.

To which is added the Stations of the Cross, Prayers at Mass, Prayers for Confession and Communion, &c.

Also in Press, and will be ready early in February, THE CATECHISM, authorized by the first Council of Quebec for the Ecclesiastical Province. D. & J. SADDLER & Co.

Montreal, Jan. 13, 1853.

MONTREAL MODEL SCHOOL, 45 ST. JOSEPH STREET.

THIS SCHOOL, hitherto known as W. DORAN'S Commercial, Mathematical, Day, Board and Evening Academy, will be known in future as—Montreal Model School.

Mr. DORAN, by constant attention to the moral and literary improvement of the pupils, will render the School every way worthy of the title. His duties will be resumed on MONDAY, 3rd of JANUARY, 1853.

Board and Tuition, or Tuition, extremely moderate. Evening Instruction from 7 till 9 o'clock.

W. DORAN, Principal. MESSRS. P. GARIBOLDI, French Teacher.

N.B.—A Drawing Master will be engaged. December 29, 1852.

P. MUNRO, M. D., Chief Physician of the Hotel-Dieu Hospital, and Professor in the School of M. of M.

MOSS' BUILDINGS, 2ND HOUSE BLEURY STREET. Medicine and Advice to the Poor (gratis) from 8 to 9 A. M. 1 to 2, and 6 to 7 P. M.

I. P. BOIVIN, Corner of Notre Dame and St. Vincent Streets, opposite the old Court-House.

HAS constantly on hand a LARGE ASSORTMENT of ENGLISH and FRENCH JEWELRY, WATCHES, &c.

REMOVAL.

DYEING BY STEAM!!! JOHN MCLOSKEY, Silk and Woollen Dyer, and Scourer, (FROM BELFAST.)

HAS REMOVED to No. 38, Sanguinet Street, north corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street, begs to return his best thanks to the Public of Montreal, and the surrounding country, for the kind manner in which he has been patronized for the last eight years, and now craves a continuance of the same. He wishes to state that he has now purchased his present place, where he has built a large Dye House, and as he has fitted it up by Steam on the best American Plan, he is now ready to do anything in his way, at moderate charges, and with despatch. He will dye all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Crapes, Woolens, &c.; as also, Scouring all kinds of Silk and Woollen Shawls, Moreen Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Sticks, &c., Dyed and Watered. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar, Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c., carefully extracted.

N.B.—Goods kept subject to the claim of the owner twelve months, and no longer. Montreal, July 21.