

of farms in Counties and Ridings, were also disfranchised at the late election. And a third class, more numerous perhaps than all, and which legislative philanthropy has been most anxious, both here and in England, to raise to the standard of the franchise, namely, the great mass who come under the denomination of five pounds tenants, in rural constituencies, and seven pounds ten shillings tenants in cities and towns—this numerous, and in a legislative point of view, highly interesting class of voters, were all literally annihilated by the manner in which the last election was forced upon the people.

"In the face, then, of these three large classes of voters—more numerous, taken in the aggregate, than all the other legal and constitutional voters in the two Provinces—being excluded from their political privileges, would it be fair, decent, or constitutional, for the minority, who were privileged to vote, to pass important acts, binding the majority, who were not? In many constituencies, it is admitted on all hands, the result would have been entirely different, had all the voters been permitted to exercise their franchise; and can the man who may have been elected for such constituencies honestly say that he equitably or constitutionally represents the majority, when he would have been rejected, could all have voted? Or can he vote upon a great measure, changing the whole constitution of the country, without, in fact, violating the feelings and opinions of the majority. In short, for two classes of the community, namely, the freeholders in rural constituencies, and the ten pounds sterling tenants in cities and towns, to disfranchise, and utterly exclude from a voice in the legislature of their common country, the other three great classes we have named, would be an outrage alike upon all decency and all right."

"The people, however, do not seek to commit any such outrage. From the first the public were against the unseemly and violent conduct of the Ministry, in dissolving the House, and asking a verdict from a people two-thirds of whose voices they stopped, and whose privileges and rights they practically violated. The whole election, taking the circumstances of its being an appeal to a whole people, three great classes of whom were gagged and tied, was a farce upon constitutional right; was a travesty of the great and solemn play of liberty, called an election."

The London Times complains of the "want of holidays" in England, and other Protestant countries; and proposes the establishment of "national holidays" as a means of furnishing relaxation to the overtasked energies of the working classes.—What a striking commentary upon the wisdom of the Catholic Church in having established such holidays or periods of relaxation! and what a forcible condemnation of the Protestant Reformers, who abolished them! We fear, however, that State holidays will share the same fate as the "Decades" which the Protesting and Revolutionary government of France, endeavored to substitute for the Christian Sunday.

The Committee of Convention recommends to Parliament certain Reforms in the ritual and discipline of the Government Church. Amongst other things, it advises that, in the centres of vice and ignorance, clergymen should be located, "who might, with a view to economy, Christian fellowship, and united action, live together, minister in one central church, and labor around it." But for this, a celibate clergy would be required; for married clergymen, with wives and children, would find it somewhat inconvenient to "live together." Now, according to Protestantism, the first duty of a minister is, to take unto himself a wife, and to have a large family. For this we have the authority of Prince Albert, himself the husband of the Great Head of the Anglican Church.

THE POPULAR PREACHER.

We extract the following from the XI. chapter of "The Newcomes," the serial at present issuing from the caustic pen of the inimitable Thackeray:— "I fancy Saint Peter of Alcantara, and contrast him with such a personage as the incumbent of Lady Whittlesea's chapel, May Fair.

His hermitage is situated in Walpole St., let us say on the second floor of a quiet mansion, let out to hermits by a nobleman's butler, whose wife takes care of the lodgings. His cells consist of a refectory, a dormitory, and an adjacent oratory where he keeps his shower-bath and boots—the pretty boots trimly stretched on boot trees and blacked to a nicety (not varnished), by the boy who waits on him. The barefooted business may suit superstitious ages and gentlemen of Alcantara, but does not become May Fair and the nineteenth century. If St. Pedro walked the earth now with his eyes to the ground he would know fashionable divines by the way in which they were shod. Charles Honeyman's is a sweet foot. I have no doubt as delicate and plump and rosy as the white hand with its two rings, which he passes in impassioned moments through his slender flaxen hair.

A sweet odor pervades his sleeping apartment—not that peculiar and delicious fragrance with which the Saints of the Roman Church are said to gratify the neighborhood where they repose—but oils, redolent of the richest perfumes of Macassar, essences (from True-fitt's or Deloroux's), into which a thousand flowers have expressed their sweetest breath await his meek head on rising; and infuse the pocket handkerchief with which he dries and draws so many tears. For he cries a good deal in his sermons, to which the ladies about him contribute showers of sympathy.

By his bedside are slippers lined with blue silk and worked of an ecclesiastical pattern, by some of the faithful who sit at his feet.—They come to him in anonymous parcels: they come to him in silver paper: boys in buttons (pages who minister to female grace) leave them at the door for the Rev. C. Honeyman, and slip away without a word. Purses are sent to him—pen-wipers—a port-folio with the Honeyman arms—yean, braces have been known to reach him by the post (in his days of popularity), and flowers, and grapes, and jelly when he was ill, and throat comforters, and lozenges for his dear bronchitis. In one of his drawers is the rich silk cassolet presented to him by his congregation at Leatherhead (when the young squire quitted that parish for London duty), and on his breakfast table the silver tea-pot, once filled with sovereigns and presented, by the same devotees. The tea-pot he has, but the sovereigns, where are they? What a different life this is from our honest friend

of Alcantara, who eats once in three days! At one time Honeyman could have drunk tea three times in an evening, he might have had it. The glass on his chimney-piece is crowded with invitations, not merely cards of ceremony (of which there are plenty) but dear little confidential notes from sweet friends of his congregation.—"O dear Mr. Honeyman," writes Blanche, "what a sermon that was! I can not go to the bed to-night without thanking you for it."—"Do, do, dear Mr. Honeyman," writes Beatrice, "lend me that delightful sermon. And can you come and drink tea with me and Selina, and my aunt? Papa and mamma dine out, but you know I am always your faithful Chesterfield Street." And so on. He has all the domestic accomplishments; he plays on the violoncello; he sings a delicious second, not only in sacred but in secular music. He has a thousand anecdotes, laughable riddles, droll stories (of the utmost correctness, you understand), with which he entertains females of all ages; soiling his conversation to stately matrons, deaf old dowagers (who can hear his clear voice better than the loudest roar of their stupid sons-in-law), mature spinsters, young beauties dancing through the season, even rosy little slips out of the nursery, who cluster round his beloved feet. Societies fight for him to preach their charity sermon. You read to the papers. "The Wapping Hospital for Woodenlegged Seamen. On Sunday the 2nd, Sermons will be preached in behalf of this charity, by the Lord Bishop of Tobago in the morning, in the afternoon, by the Rev. C. Honeyman, A.M. Incumbent of, &c." "Clergyman's Grandmothers' Fund. Sermons in aid of this admirable institution will be preached on Sunday, 4th May, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Pimlico, and the Rev. C. Honeyman, A.M." When the Dean of Pimlico has his illness, many people think Honeyman will have the Deanery; that he ought to have it, a hundred female voices vow and declare; though it is said that a right reverend head at headquarters shakes dubiously when his name is mentioned for preferment. His name is spread wide, and not only women but men come to hear him. Members of Parliament, even Cabinet Ministers sit under him; Lord Dozeley of course is seen in a front pew; where was a public meeting without Lord Dozeley? The men come away from his sermons and say, "It's very pleasant, but I don't know what the deuce makes all you women crowd so to hear the man." "O Charles! if you would but go offener!" sighs Lady Anna Maria. "Can't you speak to the Home Secretary? Can't you do something for him?" "We can ask him to dinner next Wednesday if you like," says Charles. "They say he's a pleasant fellow out of the wood. Besides there is no use in doing any thing for him," Charles goes on. "He can't make less than a thousand a year out of his chapel, and that is better than any thing any one can give him. A thousand a year, besides the rent of the wine-vaults below the chapel."

"Don't Charles!" says his wife, with a solemn look. "Don't ridicule things in that way." "Confound it! there are wine vaults under the chapel!" answers downright Charles. "I saw the name, Sherrick & Co.; offices, a green door, and a brass plate. It's better to sit over vaults with wine in them than coffins. I wonder if it's the Sherrick with whom Kew and Jack Belsize had that ugly row?"

THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.

Many years ago, it was a custom in the State of Maine, in most of the towns, to celebrate the memorable event of the surrender of Cornwallis by "going through" a mock performance representing that important event in our country's history.

The little town of Waterford situated upon the banks of the broad and majestic "Crooked River," resolved not to be behind hand in so great an affair. Accordingly, a meeting was held at the Old Town House, on the "Hill," to make the necessary arrangements. Deacon Moses Jones, as he was called, was chosen to enact the character of Washington, and 'Squire' Bijer Wood the character of Cornwallis.—The under officers, soldiers, &c., were to be chosen by the selectmen, whose duty it was to furnish uniforms and pay such other expenses as the affair should incur.

Now as Messrs. Jones and wood are the principal heroes of this sketch, a short description of their characters may not be deemed out of place. Deacon Jones was a wealthy farmer, proud and religious, (at least he thought he was,) and was on the whole a very worthy man.—The worst thing about him was a bad habit he had acquired of taking "a drop too much"—but then, this was not thought a great deal of, for every body in "those days" took "suthin'" occasionally.

'Squire' Wood was the village lawyer, very aristocratic, but, withal, a very clever man. The Squire imagined that he knew considerable more than what his neighbors gave him credit for. This may safely be set down as his greatest fault. Both the 'Squire and Deacon were proud of their positions in this great affair, and both meant to do their very best.

The morning of the great day dawned beautifully. The Deacon, dressed as Gen. Washington, and mounted on his "iron gray," retired with his men, dressed as "Continentalers true," at an early hour, to a grove near the village, where the ceremony was to take place.

Cornwallis (pro tem) was also up and dressed before light, and stationed himself, with his men, attired as Britishers, behind the "Hills."

The programme of the day's performance was as follows:—The two companies were to meet in front of the tavern, on the common, exchange shirts, skirmish a little—in which Cornwallis was to be most essentially whipped, and then ingloriously surrender!

At early dawn thousands poured into the little village, to see the fun and celebrate the great day. Punch, rum-slip, and ginger bread were in great demand. At nine o'clock, the two companies marched into the village and arranged themselves in fighting position, reminding the spectator of the time when "Brave Wolfe drew up his men,

In style most pretty
On the plains of Abraham,
Before the city."

The two commanders were greatly excited, and Washington, I regret to say, was in anything but a fit condition to "act out" the great part he was to perform. He had been drinking freely all the morning, and now, when the interesting ceremony was about to commence, was so "right," or rather loose, that it was with difficulty he could sit in his saddle. He, however, did not know but what he was "all right," nor did his men. Cornwallis was not intoxicated, but a little agitated, or rather elated.

Everything being ready, the companies exchanged shots. Bang! whang!! bang!!! went the guns while the two commanders yelled like so many stuck pigs.

"That's it, (hic) my braved boy's! Give it to 'em, the awldacious red coasts!" bellowed Washington. On *Romans!* yelled the excited Cornwallis, who had seen a theatrical exhibition once, and who remembered the heroic appeals of the Thespian belligerents; "breathes there a man so dead that he would fight like thunder?"

"Go it Continentals! down with taxation on tea!" bellowed Washington, in a very patriotic voice and narrowly escaped cutting off his horse's ear with the flourish of his sword.

The fighting now ceased; the companies were drawn up in a straight line, and Cornwallis dismounted and presented his sword to Washington.

"Well, old boy," said the immortal, as he cuffed his horse's ears with his cocked hat, "what'n thunder do you want?"

"General George Washington," replied Cornwallis, "I surrender up to you myself, sword and men!" "You do, do ye?" sneeringly returned the General. "Yes, General," said Cornwallis; the British Lion prostrates herself at the feet of the American Eagle!"

"Eagle! Eagle!!" yelled Washington, rolling off his horse, and hitting the fallen Briton a tremendous blow on the head with the flat of his sword, "do you call me an eagle? Take that! and that!! and that!!!" roared the infuriated Washington. "Perhaps you'll call me an eagle agin, you mean, sneaking cuss!" Cornwallis was down, but only for a moment, for he jumped up and, shook himself, and then with an entirely unlooked for recuperation on the part of a fallen foe, and in direct defiance of historical example, he pitched into Washington like a thousand of brick, and, in spite of the efforts of the men of both nations, succeeded in giving the "immortal" a tremendous licking. So the day that commenced so gloriously most ingloriously ended.

For many years after the "Surrender," there was a coldness between the Deacon and the Squire; but as time rolled on, and their locks became frosted o'er with white, they learned to call it a joke." Both are living now, and whenever they meet they smoke their pipes and talk about "that ar scrape," like a couple of good, jolly old men, as they are.—Boston Carpet Bag.

"An old Reformer" who contributes occasionally to the columns of the Leicester Mercury, thinks that the position of the Earl of Aberdeen to the Czar may be seen in the following anecdote:—"Some years since an English nobleman travelling in Ireland, being anxious to try and test the wit of the natives, of which he had heard so much, thus addressed a laborer who was at work on the road: "Paddy, my boy, if the devil might have one of us two at the present time, which do you think he would choose?" "Och! me, to be sure," answered Pat with a grin which reached from ear to ear. The Englishman, regarding this reply as rather slow, pursued his inquiries somewhat triumphantly, as he asked, "And why so?" "Bedad! your honor," rejoined Paddy, with a broader grin than before, "he would take me while he could get me; for sure he knows he may have your honor's lordship at any time." This was quite satisfactory to his honor's lordship, who rode on, confessing to a friend who was with him, that he had only come off second best in the encounter."

One of Sir Boyle Roche's invitations to an Irish nobleman was amusingly equivocal. "I hope my lord, if ever you come within a mile of my house, that you'll stay there all night." Nor was his rebuke to his shoemaker, when he had the gout, wanting in natural humour.—"Oh, you're a precious blockhead to do directly the reverse of what I desired you. I told you to make one of the shoes larger than the other, and, instead of that, you have made one of them smaller than the other. The very opposite!"

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New York, August 25, 1852. This is to certify that I am well acquainted with a man fifty years of age, for many years resident of this city, who has been at times extremely ill, but could not tell from what cause, unless it was worms. He told his attending physician his suspicions, but the physician at once ridiculed the idea, and refused to attend him any longer. His son then mentioned Dr. M'Lane's Vermifuge, and asked him if he would take it; his reply was—I must take something to get relief, or die.

They at once procured a bottle of DR. M'LANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, and took one half at one dose. The result was, he passed upwards of three quarts of worms, cut up in every form. He got well immediately, and is now enjoying most excellent health; and, like the good Samaritan of old, is endeavoring to relieve his unfortunate neighbors. He makes it his business to hunt up and select all cases similar to his own, that may be given over by the regular physicians, and induces them to try Dr. M'Lane's Vermifuge. So far he has induced more than twenty persons to take the Vermifuge, and in every case with the most happy results. He is well satisfied that Dr. M'Lane's Vermifuge is far superior to any other known remedy, and that if more generally known would not fail to save many valuable lives. For further particulars inquire of Mrs. Hardie, 124 1/2 Cannon street, New York City.

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ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.



THE USUAL MONTHLY MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, will be held at St. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING next, the 4th instat, at EIGHT o'clock precisely.

By Order, W. F. SMYTH, Rec. Sec. N. B.—A full and punctual attendance of Members is requested, as matters of importance will be submitted. Montreal, September 1, 1854.

YOUNG MEN'S ST. PATRICK'S ASSOCIATION.



THE ANNUAL MEETING of the above named Association will be held on TUESDAY EVENING, 5th instat, in the Room adjoining the Recollet Church. A full and punctual attendance is particularly requested.

By Order, F. DALTON, Secretary. Montreal, September 1, 1854.

INFORMATION IS WANTED,

OF MICHAEL PADDEN, who left Ireland in 1852, and who, up to July, 1853, worked on the Bytown and Prescott Railroad; then left with the intention of going to the State of Pennsylvania. Any tidings of him will be thankfully received by his wife, Bridget, who has arrived from Ireland; directed to the care of Mr. MICHAEL HEAPHY, Kemptville, C.W. [The Boston Pilot would confer a favor by copying.]

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The Re-Opening shall take place on the 31st AUGUST.—It is earnestly requested of Parents and Guardians to be punctual in sending their children at the appointed time. Longueuil, August 8, 1854.

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