

with those from a Highland village where competency exists, and the stirring memory of a thousand years is engraved in the hearts and minds of a naturally martial people. You were perfectly right in asserting that straths have been depopulated, and, although the savans of Modern Athens may show by statistics that the gross population of the Highland counties is as great or greater than formerly, I know from personal investigation that Inverness, Oban, and other towns are deluged and oppressed with poor families and their dependents, who have been driven from the Highlands and have taken refuge where there are ears and hearts to which they can appeal. An adequate population in the Highlands is an object that should be sought for by the patriot, for, if our legislators are making peace with Russia, after such an expenditure of blood and treasure, in repressing her aggression eastward, without barring her by treaty from a further extension westward, the recent Anglo-Gallic treaty with Sweden would be futile, as if I understand the settlement of 1848 rightly, the Emperor of Russia will ultimately succeed to the Crown of Denmark, Russia will then be opposite neighbor to Britain, and it will become more than ever necessary to have men in the Highlands, and not sheep only, to defend our Queen and country, and to drive back again any invasion of the peace and liberties of Europe. To develop means whereby the Highlanders may become self-supporting is, and has been, the great object of this society, and I am prepared to show that wherever the work has been properly begun and continued the result has fully answered the most sanguine expectations, and the ejected Highlander by his labour has attained self-support and competence. The country has squandered millions to find a north-western passage, by which, if found, no merchant would ever be insane enough to send an argosy; she has never devoted a thousand to the great work of instituting means for beneficially retaining the Highlanders as a self-supporting population in their native straths.

FRUITS OF STATE SCHOOLS.—The American Association for the advancement of Education held its annual session in New York last week. Considering the characters present, and the measures discussed, perhaps there has not, for the interests of education been so important a council in our nation. The daily papers of New York have reported to our community what distinguished persons were present, and what their proceedings. Presidents and Professors of Colleges, Directors of County and City High Schools, and philanthropists from different parts of the nation, participated in the discussion of vital questions. And those are the men who, in former years, were most zealous in maturing our system of Public Schools; and unwisely provided the American youth with a daily education for the head, without the daily teaching and discipline of our holy religion. But it seems they now begin to open their eyes and stand aghast at the work they have done. They fear that instead of rearing up a lamb, they have been maturing and rapidly developing a savage wolf.

A venerable member, in reading an elaborate and most excellent essay before the Association, declared that there are in the land, between the ages of five and fifteen, two millions of children who receive no moral education, and the question has come to be, not what will we do with them, but what will they do with us. Another venerable man, with much fervour, insisted that a great change must be adopted in our public educational system, for from the midst of our schools depravity is growing up, from them the Schuylers and Tuckermans have their origin. He had been, in an official capacity, brought in contact with between five and six thousand of the teachers of New England, and a great many of them, he believed, were morally unfitted for their work. The State, he was persuaded, must be shaken to ruin under the present training of American youth.

In regard to the state of morals in our educated classes, a writer in one of our journals makes the following startling statement:—"In one State Prison of our Union, there are twelve graduates of colleges; a greater portion to the whole number of convicts in the prison, than the entire number of college graduates in our country, to the whole American population. Every body knows that the most depraved beings in our country are among those upon whom most is expended for their education; also, that thieves, midnight-assassins, and incendiaries, have come from our schools by hundreds and thousands.

"Does it not seem that while education has been diffusing, crime and depravity have been increasing. Our system of training is too intellectual. Intellectual training is right, but when not accompanied with moral and religious culture, it is, I think, a curse." It arms man with a foresight to plot and execute villainy, without inspiring him with a love for good. Never did England's great man utter a greater truth than when he said, "Discover religion and education, and you only make men greater devils."

Why do not the Sabbatarians favor the public with a scheme for the observance of the Lord's Day, in which, after laying down the principles to be observed, they specify the mode and extent of carrying them into practice? They cannot do it. First, because most of them have no definite principles; and, secondly, because those who have are well aware that any attempt to work them out or to deduce their consequences in black and white would prevent even their own obtuseness from being any longer insensible to their own absurdity. This was exemplified in the recent interview between Sir Benjamin Hall and a Sabbatarian deputation on the Sunday music in the Kensington Gardens. From the astute baronet they derived little comfort. Having delivered themselves of their stock of Low Church commonplaces, they were astonished to find the man of office assume the offensive and begin to question them. Would they prevent military bands from playing in country towns? One worthy, with that fatal briskness that accompanies the dunce, had his distinguish ready, and replied that, as those bands played in performance of military duties, the cases were dissimilar. Sir Benjamin, however, who would not be denied, informed him that these bands, like those at Kensington, played for the amusement of the people, and, pressing hardly on the beaten foe, inquired, "how about Sunday skating in the parks?" This was felt to be too much. To be refused was bad enough; to be asked to reason was insult upon injury. And one of the deputation, with touching simplicity, declared, "if he had known that other subjects would be introduced he never would have come." This is a perfect specimen of a controversial method of the school. With an air of solemn

triumph they state their objection to some Catholic doctrine and invite you to reply. You answer truly that if the objection be good for anything it tells against some point of their belief, and are astonished to find them gravely deprecate such distressing irreverence. It is, in fact, only the old story of the prayer at singlestick, who insists on showing you his famous stroke that nobody can guard, and, receiving a cut over the head in the operation, indignantly exclaims he never thought you meant to strike at him. As to enforcement of the exterior sanctification of Sundays and holidays; the first thing to be done is what has been done at Vienna, to lay down the principles.—How or how far they are to be applied will depend on time, place, and circumstance; but the Chadbands of England, in their dingy neckties and suits of crumpled black, will as soon succeed in making their own persons presentable as in framing a presentable scheme for Sunday observance. They neither will nor dare enforce the Jewish Sabbath pure and simple; and as they neither have nor seek any other standard of reference, they never speak upon the subject without exposing themselves to ridicule. The commonplaces mouthed out with such effect to an Exeter Hall assembly of low foreheads, beetling eyebrows, sallow faces, and double chins, are not suited to any other audience, and the quick logic of an Under-Secretary makes short work of them, excepting when high reasons of Whig State policy ordain a sympathizing and respectful attention to the oracles of Protestantism on a subject like the insolent and insidious aggressions of Popery.—*Tablet.*

POISON PROGRESS IN ENGLAND.—The fatal secret divulged at Rogely is working out its course, and doing its deadly work in the hands of murderous men: ere yet the words of warning which predicted an extensive popularity for strychnine poisoning have died away, we find the fulfilment of the gloomy prophecy staring us in the face. Surely these are awful times we live in—day rivals day in the revelation of crimes. Palmer, in any other country, would have lived in the annals of infamy for a century to come—then would date murders from the day of his execution, or estimate atrocities by the magnitude of his crimes. Yet before he is even placed at the bar to answer for a wife, a brother, and a friend, his name is all but forgotten, so completely are we absorbed in the contemplation of the villain of the hour. Close on the steps of a Palmer came the all-eclipsing infamies of a Sadler, the "national calamity" of this country; and, while society is trembling to its centre, and the feeling gradually gaining ground that these things are signs and omens of Heaven's wrath, another victim drops into the grave with the full consciousness that she falls by the poisoner's art, and, hopeless of being rescued from the hands of her murderer, pronouncing with her dying lips his indictment and accusation.—*Nation.*

A METHODIST CAMP MEETING.

(From the Leader.)

Last week an Albright camp meeting came off in the neighborhood of Laforetville. This is an occasion to draw together all the boys and girls for miles around, particularly those who are fond of a little ungodly fun. Curiosity led me to the camp ground several times, where I witnessed in all their perfection those extraordinary physical phenomena described by Southey in the life of Wesley, and which, I believe, have to a considerable extent disappeared among the Methodists. The last night of the meeting was most fruitful in these singular displays. I was told that I should see strange things. At first the proceedings were extremely quiet, as they had been on other occasions. Fires, disposed of four elevated platforms, at the corners of the camp, which formed a hollow square, threw a strong, but fitful and way light over the congregation, while the trees overhead interlarded like the columns and roof of a gothic cathedral. The preachers were rather calm and prosy than otherwise; the prayers and hymns unexciting, and the latter had a fine effect upon the night and the open woods. The women were scrupulously seated on one side of the spacious enclosure which they call the altar, and the men on the other. Of a sudden, in the very exordium of the first sermon, a woman somewhere beneath the pulpit, and withdrawn from my view, began to "holler"—I know not what to call it; it was neither a scream nor a groan. It was articulated, however—"Oh! O—h!" with a sharp upward inflection at the close, and then came—"Glory! glory!" in the same tone. Here was "speaking right out in meetin'" with a vengeance, and an evident disturbance. The speaker's voice in the pulpit was interrupted and drowned by these shrill, wild cries.—One of the ministers leaned over the desk, and requested, in a low voice, that the sister should be removed. In a minute they were drawing her gently along from the pulpit. She came in sight—struggling, panting—and shouting "glory!" fell forward at full length almost at my feet. The women closed around her, and bore her away, in their arms, to one of the tents, whether there was a general rush of the wilder portion of the audience.

The preachers with difficulty restored order, chiefly by insisting that the curious could see nothing at present, and that if all kept their seats, all would be able to hear, and, in due time, to see also. The sermon went on, a certain number of persons being gathered outside the tent where the woman who had been carried off was still screaming at intervals, "Oh! o—h! Glory! glory!" You would have said that she was in her last agony. At last, as the cries continued, observing that the crowd around the tent did not increase I resolved to join it. I easily insinuated myself among those who were standing outside, or in the next tent, gazing over the boards, which come only about breast high, upon the scene inside. The tents are really boarded shanties, roofed, to shed the rain, with spaces for door and window, which are closed only by white muslin curtains. Within, the floor was the bare earth; the furniture, a table, a chest, and, at one end, a sort of narrow bunk containing a bed. These people came to camp meeting equipped like emigrants going West, only rather "more so" as they bring cooking stoves, which are ranged outside the square.

Within this narrow cabin, then, about twelve feet by eight, lighted by a tallow candle, the woman with the "power" was ranging, attended by two or three of her female friends; a throng of curious faces of both sexes peering in at the lateral openings, but chiefly young men of the farming or laboring class. Rather to my surprise, I found that she was a young woman, of not more than nineteen or twenty, apparently, and I recognised her as one whom I had seen partially affected on my previous visit. Her figure was good, her stature above the mean, her features regular, with a ripe, full contour. Her hair had fallen down, as it always does in these trances, and streamed over her shoulders, black, profuse and waving. She was on her feet, walking about, back and forth, rapidly and gracefully, swinging and throwing about her arms with a great deal of fine action; her head thrown back, not looking at anything for anybody. The eyes fixed like epilepsy, preternaturally bright and starting, and ever and anon stopping to shout, "Oh, my, soul, Glory to God!" with the same piercing upward inflection.

After a while this paroxysm seemed to calm, she stood motionless, her face grew pale, her head fell more back-

wards, the lips became livid, the whole person grew rigid, the arms became stiffly extended, and her friends caught her just as she was about to fall backward. They carried her to the couch, where one of them supported her head and shoulder on her lap, the arms remaining stiffly extended, and the whole body rigid and motionless.

About this time, I managed to enter the tent, as the crowd at the door had thinned on the girl growing quiet. There was an aged brother inside, together with the women, and after a while I asked permission to feel the pulse of the patient, pleading a medical character, to which I have some remote claims. They were perfectly willing. I found the artery beating regularly and rather full, but soft and not too frequent; it became steadily accelerated, however, under my fingers, although to a certainty the girl was unconscious. Indeed, my touch, or some other cause, excited the paroxysm again. Her bosom began to heave, her arms to work; the rising was so fearful from that epileptic rigidity that I involuntarily retreated to a corner of the tent. In a moment she was on her feet, crying "glory" again; and now everybody noticed that in her promenades (much resembling those of a wild beast in a cage) she invariably came towards me. The women got before her—as they always show that kindness to each other—and she retreated, but still returned. I could not catch her eye, still fixed on vacancy—bright, entranced, glittering—but to me she came. She began to leap, to jump up and down, her hair floating, her garments dancing with the rapid motion, her arms either clasped or gracefully extended, still crying, "Oh, my soul, praise the Lord!" and drawing nearer and nearer to the corner where I was ensconced, still, fairly frightened; I watched my opportunity, when the other women had turned her back, to escape to the other side of the tent. Now she changed her style once more, and began to walk up and down; and as by my altered position I was placed about midway of her promenade, at every passing her extended hand swept across me. In short, she came nearer and nearer, so that the lookers on began to titter, and her friends to renew their exertions, but not so as to prevent two or three wild embraces, of which one was bestowed upon a youthful brother who had lately entered the tent, and the rest—well, I contrived to get pretty clear. She was now fairly enclosed in a ring by her female friends, and at last sunk exhausted on the ground.

"She is happy!" whispered to me the ancient brother.

"Her soul is with the Lord!"

"What do you think of her?" inquired the youthful brother. "Do you think" (with evident sarcasm) "that she will ever get over it?"—alluding to my assumed medical character.

I certainly thought so, but I own that I was convinced there was no shamming, of which the uneducated vulgar, gazing on, evidently accused her. I felt quite sure from all I saw, that all parties were sincere; that the girl was perfectly unconscious of surrounding objects, all the women who were taking such good care of her, had been in the same state themselves, and must have known if it was more and conscious exotic excitement. When she came to herself a little, which soon happened, they tenderly embraced her, and she them. Soon after, as the sermon was now ended, they carried her into the meeting, where one of them held her in a position of tranquil rapture, just before the pulpit. Four other girls were seized the same night; some men, too, were howling on the ground, (these were mourners,) and others "leaping and praising God." Indeed, one of the girls subsequently taken far exceeded the one I have described in the violence and seeming indecorum of her performance; and when five of them at once were leaping and shouting, and furiously rushing hither and thither, with their hair loose and their garments flying, and every now and then falling headlong over the cordon of their female friends among the benches of the men, it was a scene which it required some knowledge of similar facts and an impartial turn of mind to assign to its true cause, and reconcile with the simplicity and good faith of the actors.

WHAT DO THE PHYSICIANS SAY?

Listen to the testimony of an eminent physician in favor of McLane's Vermifuge, which is now universally acknowledged to be the best in use; even members of the medical faculty (who are so often opposed to the use of patent medicines,) cannot withhold their approval of this invaluable remedy:

LIND, Stark Co. Ohio, Jan. 8, 1849.

I have used Dr. McLane's Worm Specific in my private practice, and am prepared to say that the unparalleled success with which I have prescribed its use, both for children and adults, induces me to say the most in its favor of any specific or patent medicine ever before brought to my notice. The mode of administration, the smallness of the dose, and the certainty of its efficacious effects, give it, in my opinion, a decided advantage over any other medicine of the kind before the public.

Purchasers will please be careful to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, and take none else. All other Vermifuges in comparison are worthless. Dr. McLane's genuine Vermifuge, also his Celebrated Liver Pills, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in the United States and Canada.

LYMANS, SAVAGE & Co., St. Paul Street, Wholesale Agents for Montreal.

MECHANICS' PENCILS.

JUST RECEIVED, 40 gross of very superior United States manufacture, completely assorted.

For SALE, at low prices, by Wholesale and Retail, at the

MONTREAL TOOL STORE,

No. 275, St. Paul Street, (Sign of the Hammer.)

March 31, 1856.

ALEXANDER BRYSON.



ROBERT PATTON,

229 Notre Dame Street,

BEGS to return his sincere thanks to his numerous Customers, and the Public in general, for the very liberal patronage he has received for the last three years; and hopes, by strict attention to business, to receive a continuance of the same.

R. P., having a large and neat assortment of Boots and Shoes, solicits an inspection of the same, which he will sell at a moderate price.

TEACHERS WANTED.

WANTED, on the 1st JULY NEXT, for two ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS, Two persons who are qualified to Teach the various branches of instruction in the FRENCH and ENGLISH LANGUAGES. Salary liberal. Satisfactory Testimonials, as to character and ability, will be required.

Address—Patrick Halpin, Chairman School Commissioners, Sherrington, C.E.

March 20, 1856.

M'CONOCHY & CUNNINGHAM,

Plumbers, Brass Founders and Gas-Fitters,

REOULET STREET, Near St. Peter Street, Montreal.

MONTREAL MODEL SCHOOL.

THIS SCHOOL will be REMOVED on the first of MAY next, to that large Stone Building lately erected by the Catholic School Commissioners, at the corner of Cote and Vitre streets.

Parents and Guardians are positively assured that the greatest possible attention is, and will be paid to the moral and literary training of the children composing this School.

No Teachers are or will be engaged except those thoroughly competent, and of good moral character.

There are vacancies for sixteen Boarders and a great many Day Pupils. The Principal receives Boarders as members of his family, and in every respect treats them as his own children. Board and Tuition, or Tuition, extremely moderate. There will be an extra charge for Music, Drawing, and the higher branches of Mathematics.

The French department is conducted by Mons. P. Garnot.

On no account whatever will any boys be allowed to remain in the School but those of exemplary good conduct.

For further particulars apply to the Principal. The most convenient time is from 4 to 5 o'clock, P.M.

W. DORAN, Principal, Member of the Catholic Board of Examiners.

Montreal, March 13, 1856.

INFORMATION WANTED,

OF JAMES CULLIGAN, a native of Money Point, Co. Clare, Ireland, who left Montreal in July last; when last heard from was at New Castle, near Toronto, C.W. Any information of him will be thankfully received by his sister, Ellen Culligan, 38 St. Charles Borromeo Street, Montreal, C.E.; or at this Office.

Toronto papers will confer a favor on a poor girl by inserting the above.

DONNELLY & CO.,

GRAND TRUNK CLOTHING STORE,

(WHOLESALE AND RETAIL)

No. 48, McGill Street, Montreal.

DONNELLY & CO.,

BEG leave to inform their Friends and the Public generally, that they have COMMENCED BUSINESS in the

Ready-Made Clothing Line,

in the House formerly occupied by Mr. Hamilton, No. 48, McGill Street, near St. Ann's Market, where they have on hand a large and well assorted Stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING, CLOTHES, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS, TWEEDS, FANCY TROWSERINGS, VESTINGS, of English, French, and German Manufacture; all of which they will make to Order; under the direction of

FIRST-CLASS CUTTERS,

at as Low a Price, and in as Good Style as any other Establishment in this City.

An inspection of their Stock and Prices, is respectfully solicited, before purchasing elsewhere.

All Orders punctually attended to. Montreal, Feb. 27, 1856.

PATTON & BROTHER,

NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHES WAREHOUSE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

42 McGill Street, and 79 St. Paul Street,

MONTREAL.

Every description of Gentlemen's Wearing Apparel constantly on hand, or made to order on the shortest notice at reasonable rates. Montreal, March 6, 1856.

CENTRE OF FASHION!

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CLOTHING STORE,

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

D. CAREY

IS NOW RECEIVING, and will continue to receive, a splendid assortment of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

Consisting of BROAD, BEAVER and PILOT CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS, TWEEDS and VESTINGS.

Constantly for sale, an extensive and general stock of

FASHIONABLE READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Of every description, which cannot, in point of advantage to the buyer, be surpassed by that of any house in the trade. Also—Shirts, Collars, Neck Ties, Handkerchiefs, Braces, Gloves, &c. &c.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

The services of RANCOUR, the celebrated CUTTER, having been secured, a grand combination of Fashion and Elegance, together with a Correct Fit, will characterize the Custom Department.

September 20.

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber begs to notify his Friends and the Public generally, that on the 1st May next, he will REMOVE his HORSE-SHOING SHOP, from Haymarket Square to 23 St. Bonaventure, and corner of Little St. Antoine Streets, where he will carry on the HORSE-SHOING BUSINESS as heretofore.

JAMES MALONEY.

Feb. 15, 1856.

EMIGRATION.

PARTIES desirous of bringing out their friends from Europe, are hereby notified, that the Chief Agent for Emigration has received the sanction of the Provincial Government to a plan for facilitating the same, which will obviate all risks of loss of misapplication of the Money.

Upon payment of any sum of money to the Chief Agent, a Certificate will be issued at the rate of Five Dollars for the Pound Sterling, which Certificate on transmission will secure a passage from any Port in the United Kingdom by Vessels bound to Quebec.

These Certificates may be obtained on application to the Chief Agent at Quebec; A. B. Hawke, Esq., Chief Emigrant Agent, Toronto; or to

HENRY CHAPMAN & Co.,

Montreal.

Dec., 1854.