

A CAMP MEETING.

HOW CAPTAIN SIMON SUGGS GOT RELIGION.

Captain Suggs drew on his famous old green-blanket overcoat, and ordered his horse, and within five minutes was on his way to a camp-meeting, then in full blast on Sandy creek, twenty miles distant, where he hoped to find amusement, at least. When he arrived there, he found the hollow square of the encampment filled with people, listening to the mid-day sermon and its dozen accompanying "exhortations."

"And each—for madness ruled the hour— Would try his own expressive power."

"Bless my poor old soul!" screamed the preacher in the pulpit; "of yonder aint a squad in that corner that we aint got one outen yet! It'll never do!"

—raising his voice—"you must come outen that! Brother faint, fetch up that youngster in the blue coat! I see the Lord's a-workin' upon him! Fetch him along—glory—yes!—hold to him!"

"Keep the thing warm!" roared a sensual seeming man, of stout mould and florid countenance, who was exhorting among a bevy of young women, upon whom he was lavishing caresses. "Keep the thing warm, breathing!—come to the Lord, honey!" he added, as he vigorously hugged one of the damsels he sought to save.

"Oh! I've got him!" said another, in exulting tones, as he led up a gawky youth among the mourners—"I've got him—he tried to get off, but—ha! Lord!" shaking his head as much as to say, it took a smart fellow to escape him—"ha! Lord!"—and he wiped the perspiration from his face with one hand, and with the other, patted his neophyte on the shoulder—"he couldn't do it! No! Then he tried to argue wi' me—but bless the Lord!—he couldn't do that either! Ha! Lord! I tuk him, fust in the Old Testament—bless the Lord!—and I argued him all thro' Kings—then I throwed him into Proverbs!—and from from that, there we had it up and down, klear down to the New Testament, and then I began to see it work him!—then we got into Matthy, and from Matthy right straight along to Acts; and thar I throwed him! Y-e-s Lord!"—assuming the nasal twang and high pitch which are, in some parts, considered the perfection of rhetorical art—"Y-e-s L-o-r-d! and h-e-r-e he is! Now g-i-t down thar," addressing the subject, "and s-e-e of the L-o-r-d w-ont do something f-o-r you!" Having thus deposited his charge among the mourners, he started out, summarily to convert another soul!

"Gl-o-ree! yelled a huge, greasy negro woman, as in a fit of the jerks, she threw herself convulsively from her feet, and fell "like a thousand of bricks," across a diminutive old man in a little round hat, who was squeaking consolation to one of the mourners.

"Good Lord, have mercy!" ejaculated the little man earnestly and unaffectedly, as he strove to crawl from under the sable mass which was crushing him. In another part of the square a dozen old women were singing. They were in a state of absolute ecstasy, as their shrill pipes gave forth,—

"I rode on the sky, Quite undesfined I— And the moon it was under my feet!"

Near these last, stood a delicate woman in that hysterical condition in which the nerves are uncontrollable, and which is vulgarly—and almost blasphemously termed the "holy laugh." A hideous grin distorted her mouth, and was accompanied with a maniac's chuckle; while every muscle and nerve of her face twitched and jerked in horrible spasms.

Amid all this confusion and excitement Suggs stood unmoved. He viewed the whole affair as a grand deception—a sort of "opposition line" running against his own, and looked on with a sort of professional jealousy. Sometimes he would mutter running comments upon what passed before him.

"Well now," said he, as he observed the full-faced brother who was "officiating" among the women, "thar ere feller takes my eye!—thar he's been this half-hour, a-figurin amongst them galls, and s' never said the fust word to nobody else. Wonder what's the reason these here preachers never hugs up the old, ugly women? Never seed one do it in my life—the spirit never moves 'em that way! It's nater tho'; and the women, they never stocks round one of the old f'ried-up brethern!—bet two to one old splinter-legs thar!"—nodding at one of the ministers—"wont get a chance to say turkey to a good-lookin gail to-day! Well! who blames 'em! Nater will be nater, all the world over; and I judge if I was a preacher, I should save the purest souls fust, myself!"

While the Captain was in the middle of this conversation with himself, he caught the attention of the preacher in the pulpit, who inferring from an indescribable something about his appearance that he was a person of some consequence, immediately determined to add him at once to the church if it could be done; and to that end began a vigorous, direct personal attack.

"Brethern," he exclaimed, "I see yonder a man that's a sinner; I know he's a sinner! Thar he stands," pointing at Simon, "a missubble old critter, with his head a-blossom in the grave! A few more short years, and d-o-w-n he'll go to perdition, lessen the Lord have mer-cy on him! Come up here, you old hoary headed sinner, a-n-d get down upon your knees, a-n-d put up your cry for the Lord to snatch you from the bottomless pit! You're ripe for the devil—you're b-o-o-u-n-d for hell, and the Lord only knows what'll become on you!"

"D-n it," thought Suggs, "ef I only had you down in the krick swamp for a mint or so, Pd show you who's old! Pd alter your tne mighty sudden, you assy, 'saiful old rascal!" But he judiciously held his tongue, and gave no utterance to the thought.

The attention of many having been directed to the Captain by the preacher's remarks, he was soon surrounded by numerous well-meaning and doubtless very pious persons, each one of whom seemed bent on the application of his own particular recipe for the salvation of souls. For a long time the Captain stood silent, or answered the incessant stream of exhortation only with a sneer; but at length his countenance began to give token of inward emotion. First his eyelids twitched—then his upper lip quivered—next a transparent drop formed on one of his eye-lashes, and a similar one on the tip of his nose—and, at last, a sudden bursting of air from nose and mouth, told that Captain Suggs was overpowered by his emotions. At the moment of the explosion he made a feint as if to rush from the crowd, but he was in experienced hands who well knew that the battle was more than half won.

"Hold to him!" said one—"it's a-workin in him as strong as a Dick horse!"

"Pour it into him," said another, "it'll all come right directly!"

"That's the way I love to see 'em do," observed a third; "when you begin to draw the water from their eyes 'taint gwine to be long afore you'll have 'em on their knees!"

And so they clung to the Captain manfully, and half dragged, half led him to the mourners' bench; by which he threw himself down, altogether unmanly, and bathed in tears. Great was the rejoicing of the brethren, as they sang, shouted, and prayed around him—for by this time it had come to be generally known that the "convicted" old man was Captain Simon Suggs, the very "chief of sinners" in all that region.

The Captain remained grovelling in the dust during the usual time, and gave vent to even more than the requisite number of sobs, and groans, and heart-piercing cries. At length, when the proper time had arrived, he bounced up, and with a face radiant with joy, commenced a series of vaultings and tumblings, which "laid in the shade" all previous performances of the sort at that camp-meeting. The brethren were in ecstasies at this demonstrative evidence of completion of the work; and whenever Suggs shouted "Glorie!" at the top of his lungs, every one of them shouted it back, until the woods rang with echoes.

The effervescence having partially subsided, Suggs was put upon his pins to relate his experience, which he did somewhat in this style—first brushing the tears from his eyes, and giving the end of his nose a preparatory wring with his fingers, to free it of the superabundant moisture:

"Friends," he said, "it don't take long to curry a short horse, accordin' to the old sayin, and I'll give you the perticklers of the way I was 'brought to a knowledge'—here the Captain wiped his eyes, brushed the tip of his nose and snuffed a little—"in less'n no time."

Captain Simon Suggs then details his experience to the intense edification of all the old women, by whom he is looked upon as quite a saint:—

HOW CAPTAIN SIMON SUGGS POCKETED THE BALANCE.

The next morning, when the preacher of the day first entered the pulpit, he announced that "brother Simon Suggs," mourning over his past iniquities, and desirous of going to work in the cause as speedily as possible, would take up a collection to found a church in his own neighborhood, at which he hoped to make himself useful as soon as he could prepare himself for the ministry, which the preacher didn't doubt would be in a very few weeks, as brother Suggs was "a man of mighty good judgment, and of a great discourse." The funds were to be collected by "brother Suggs," and held in trust by brother Bela Bugg, who was the financial officer of the circuit, until some arrangement could be made to build a suitable house.

"Yes, brethern," said the Captain, rising to his feet; "I want to start a little 'sociation close to me, and I want you all to help. I'm mighty poor myself, as poor as any of you—don't leave, brethern"—observing that several of the well-to-do were about to go off—"don't leave; if you aint able to afford anything, just give us your blessin', and it'll be all the same!"

This insinuation did the business, and the sensitive individuals reseated themselves.

"It's mighty little of this world's goods I've got," resumed Snuggs, pulling off his hat and holding it before him; "but I'll bury that in the cause any how," and he deposited his last five-dollar bill in the hat.

There was a murmur of approbation at the Captain's liberality throughout the assembly.

Suggs now commenced collecting, and very prudently attacked first the gentlemen who had shown a disposition to escape. These, to exculpate themselves from anything like poverty, contributed handsomely.

"Look here, brethern," said the Captain, displaying the bank-notes thus received, "brother Snooks has drapt a five wi' me, and brother Snodgrass a ten! In course, 'taint expected that you thar aint off as well as them, will give as much; let every one give accordin' to their means."

This was another chain-shot that raked as it went! "Who so low" as not to be able to contribute as much as Snooks and Snodgrass?

"Here's all the small money I've got about me," said a burly old fellow, ostentatiously handing to Suggs over the heads of a half dozen, a ten dollar bill.

"That's what I call magnanimus!" exclaimed the Captain; "that's the way every rich man ought to do!"

—slapping the right one—"and I'm n-e-e-v-e-r gwine to quill the grit ontwell I feel it's got the blessin'?" And nobody aint got to be thar but me!"

Mr. Bugg greatly admired the Captain's fervent piety, and bidding him God-speed, turned off. Captain Suggs "struck for" the swamp sure enough where his horse was already hitched. "Ef them fellers aint done to craklin," he muttered to himself as he mounted, "I'll never bet on two pair agin! They're peart at the snap game, themselves; but they're badly lewed this hitch! Well! Live and let live is a good old motto, and it's my sentiments ad-exactly!" And giving the spur to his horse, off he cantered.

GAVAZZI.—This revolutionary Padre has finally renounced the badge of the Cross, which he had long disgraced, and has assumed that of the sword, which, he is satisfied, is far superior, and has far higher authority in the Bible. We have no doubt that it suits him better.—Church Journal.

A stiletto would become him still better; for the sword is the weapon of soldiers, and gallant men; but is disgraced by the touch of a skulking assassin like the Padre Gavazzi.

ANOTHER OF THE GOOD LADIES OF OUR CITY TESTIFIES TO THE EFFICACY OF DR. M'LANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE.

New York, February 7, 1852. I do hereby certify to the public, that a child of mine, four years old, being troubled with worms, I was induced to purchase a bottle of DR. M'LANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, which I administered; and the result was, it brought away an IMMENSE NUMBER OF WORMS in bunches and strings; many had the appearance of being cut to pieces. My child is now enjoying most excellent health. I take pleasure in recommending it to both young and old, as one of the best medicines I ever used.

MRS. ANN JEMISON, 38 Ninth street. P. S. The above valuable remedy, also Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Liver Pills, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in this city.

Purchasers will please be careful to ask for, and take none but DR. M'LANE'S VERMIFUGE. All others, in comparison, are worthless. WM. LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, Wholesale Agents for Montreal.

GRAND ANNUAL SOIREE!



UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE LADY MAYORESS, AND MADAME VALLIERE DE SAINT REAL. THE FIFTH ANNUAL SOIREE OF THE YOUNG MEN'S ST. PATRICK'S ASSOCIATION, WILL BE HELD IN THE CITY CONCERT HALL, ON TUESDAY, THE 24TH OF JANUARY, THE PROCEEDS OF WHICH WILL BE DEVOTED TO CHARITABLE PURPOSES.

By the kind permission of Colonel HEMPHILL, the splendid BAND of the 26th Regiment will be in attendance.

Gentlemen's Tickets, 6s. 3d; Ladies do, 3s. 9d; may be had at Sadlier's Book Store, the principal Hotels and Music Stores, John Phelan's Store, Dalhousie Square, D. Carey's McGill Street, the Office of the Montreal Freeman, from the Members of Committee, and at the doors on the evening of the Soiree. December 27.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber being about to leave Montreal, begs leave to inform his Friends and the Public in general, that he has commenced to SELL OFF his entire STOCK, at extremely low prices, much cheaper than can be purchased in any other place in the City. Purchasers would do well to call and judge for themselves, before buying elsewhere. ROBERT M'ANDREW, No. 154, Notre Dame Street. December 23, 1853.

NEW BOOKS JUST RECEIVED

Table listing new books received: PRACTICAL PIETY, PERSONAL SKETCHES, THE RISE and FALL of the IRISH NATION, SHANDY McGUIRE, GAZETTEER of IRELAND, HOUSEHOLD SURGERY, PONTIFICALES ROMANUM, LIGOURI'S MORAL THEOLOGY.

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.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.



THE MONTHLY MEETING of the SOCIETY, will be held at St. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING, next, 2nd January, at EIGHT o'clock precisely.

By Order, H. J. CLARKE, Sec. Montreal, December 29.

YOUNG MEN'S ST. PATRICK'S ASSOCIATION



THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of the above Association will be held at the MUSIC HALL, Notre Dame Street, on TUESDAY EVENING next, 3rd January, at EIGHT o'clock precisely.

By Order, F. DALTON, Secretary. Montreal, December 29.

THE METROPOLITAN, FOR DECEMBER.

A Monthly Magazine, devoted to Religion, Literature, and General Information.

CONTENTS:—ART. I.—PRESIDENT PIERCE AND MARYLAND TOLERATION. II.—A BRIEF HISTORY OF WELSH HOCKEY, A JEWESS OF CONSTANTINOPLE, A CONVERT TO THE CATHOLIC FAITH. III.—STANZAS (Poetry). IV.—SECRET SOCIETIES: WORSHIP OF THE DEVIL. V.—PASTORAL LETTER OF THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP OF CINCINNATI, ON MARRIAGE AND FAMILY DUTIES. VI.—IS DANCING SIN-FUL. VII.—MISSION OF WOMAN.—THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. VIII.—JOURNEY IN TARTARY, TRIBET AND CHINA (with two fine Illustrations). IX.—THE HOLY INNOCENTS (Poetry). X.—SHORT ANSWERS TO POPULAR OBJECTIONS AGAINST RELIGION. XI.—LITERARY NOTICES. XII.—RECORD OF EVENTS.

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A specimen number will be sent gratuitously to such as may wish to act as agents, or otherwise aid in disseminating the Work, on application to the Publishers personally, or by letter prepaid.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE METROPOLITAN.

Since the commencement of this publication, we have often had occasion to express our grateful acknowledgments to the Rev. Clergy and others, who have manifested an interest in its success, particularly by getting up clubs, and sending us lists of subscribers. That we fully appreciate their friendly co-operation, and are disposed to make a liberal return for the patronage we design to increase the contents of each number, commencing with the month of August, by adding SIXTEEN PAGES OF MATTER WITHOUT FURTHER CHARGE.

This enlargement of the work will enable us also to diversify its contents in such way as to make it an interesting and instructive Magazine to the more numerous class of readers—to the clergy as well as laity, to the better educated as well as to the less enlightened. As this increase of matter, together with the introduction of original articles from able writers, will involve a considerable outlay, we appeal with confidence to the friends of Catholic literature in the United States, for their zealous co-operation in extending the circulation of the work.

We will supply Brownson's Review and the Metropolitan, for 1853, free of postage, on the receipt of \$5.

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ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, WILMINGTON, DEL.

THIS INSTITUTION is Catholic; the Students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith, and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the north-western suburbs of this city, so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position, it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best Professors are engaged, and the Students are at all hours under their care, as well during hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August and ends on the last Thursday of June.

TERMS: Table listing annual pension for board, tuition, washing, mending, linen and stockings, and use of bedding, half-yearly in advance, \$150.

Rev. F. REILLY, President.

NEW OIL AND COLOR STORE.

WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, GLUE, LINSSEED OIL, LAMP BLACK, PARIS GREEN, WHITING, WHITE LEAD, FIREPROOF PAINT, &c., &c. CLARKE & CAREY, House and Sign Painters, 169 St. Paul Street. July 6, 1853.