THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME XXX. "TRUTH AND RIGHT : GOD AND OUR COUNTRY." NUMBER 14.

E. B. HAWLEY & Co., Proprietors. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1873. Terms { TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE, 50 CTS. EXTRA.

Business Cards.

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office over the Bank, Montrose Pa. Montrose, May 10, 1871. tf

D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [aul 69

W. W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS.—Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. [aug. 1. 1869.

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
aul 69tf Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer.
aug1 69tf Great Bend, Pa.

AMI ELY,
U. S. Auctioneer.
Aug. 1, 1869. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Chandler's Store. All orders filled in first-rate style. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

J. F. SHOEMAKER,
Attorney at Law, Montrose, Pa. Office next door to J. B. DeWitt's store, opposite the bank. Montrose, Jan. 17, 1872.—no3—1y.

B. L. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa Office with James E. Carmalt, Esq. Montrose, August 20, 1871. tf.

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exemption Claims attended to. Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, '69

W. A. CROSSMON,
Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Commissioner's Office. W. A. CROSSMON. Montrose, Sept 6th. 1871.—tf.

McKENZIE & CO.
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses fine Shoes. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. [Montrose, July 17, '72.]

DR. W. W. SMITH,
DENTIST. Rooms at his dwelling, next door east of the Republican printing office. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Montrose, May 8, 1871—tf

LAW OFFICE.
FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Bentley & Fitch, Montrose, Pa.
L. F. FITCH. [Jan. 11, '71.] W. W. WATSON.

J. SAUTTER,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR. Shop over J. R. DeWitt's store. Montrose Feb. 19th 1873.

ABEL TURRELL,
Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Dye stuffs, Teas, Spices, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c., Brick Block, Montrose Pa Established 1845. [Feb. 1, 1873.

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity.—Office at his residence, on the corner east of Sayre & Bros. Foundry. [Aug. 1, 1869.

CHARLES N. STODDARD,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Findings, Main Street, 1st door below Boyd's Store. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly. Montrose, Jan. 1, 1870.

LEWIS KNOLL,
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.
Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will be found ready to attend all who may want anything in his line. Montrose Pa. Oct. 13, 1869.

DR. S. W. DAYTON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to the citizens of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at his residence, opposite Barnum House, Gt. Bend village. Sept. 1st, 1869.—tf

DR. D. A. LATHROP,
Administers ELECTRO THERMAL BATHS, at the Foot of Chestnut street. Call and consult in all Chronic Diseases. Montrose, Jan. 17, '72.—no3—tf.

THE BARBER—Ha! Ha! Ha!!
Charley Morris is the barber, who can shave your face to order; Cuts brown, black and grizzley hair, in his office, last up stairs. There you will find him, over Gere's store, below McKenzies—just one door. Montrose, June 7, 1871.—tf C. MORRIS.

H. BURRITT.
Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oils, and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes, Groceries, Provisions, &c. New Milford, Pa., Nov. 6, '72—tf.

EXCHANGE HOTEL.
D. A. McCRACKEN, wishes to inform the public that having rented the Exchange Hotel in Montrose, he is now prepared to accommodate the traveling public in first class style Montrose, Aug. 28, 1872.

BILLINGS STROUD.
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. All business attended to promptly, on fair terms Office first door east of the bank of Wm. H. Cooper & Co. Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Aug 1, 1869.
July 17, 1872.] BILLINGS STROUD.

J. D. VAIL,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all calls in his profession with which he may be favored. Office and residence west of the Court House, near Fitch & Watson's office. Montrose, February 8, 1871.

F. CHURCHILL,
Justice of the Peace; office over L. S. Leuheim's store, Great Bend borough, Susquehanna County, Penn's. Has the settlement of the dockets of the late Isaac Brockway, deceased. Office hours from 9 to 12 o'clock a. m., and from 1 to 4 o'clock p. m. Great Bend, Oct. 2d, 1872.

BURNS & NICHOLS.
KEEP CONSTANTLY IN Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye-Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Liquors, Spices, Fancy Articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Articles. ☞ Prescriptions carefully compounded.—Brick Block, Montrose, Pa.
A. B. BURNS, AMOS NICHOLS.
Feb 21, 1872.

GET ALL KINDS OF

JOB PRINTING, ETC.,

EXECUTED AT THE

DEMOCRAT OFFICE,

WEST SIDE OF PUBLIC AVENUE.

The Poet's Corner.

THE OLD MAN IN THE STYLISH CHURCH.

—o—

BY JOHN H. YATES.

—o—

Well, wife, I've been to church to-day—been to a stylish one—
And seeing you can't go from home, I'll tell you what was done.
You would have been surprised to see what I saw there to-day;
The sisters were fixed up so fine they hardly bowed to pray.

I had these coarse clothes of mine—not much the worse for wear—
But, then, they know I wasn't one they call a millionaire;
So they led the old man to a seat way back by the door;
'Twas bookless and uncushioned, *a reserved seat for the poor.*

Pretty soon in came a stranger with gold ring and clothing fine;
They led him to a cushioned seat far in advance of mine;
I thought that wasn't exactly right to seat him up so near,
When he was young and I was old, and very hard to hear.

But, then there's no accountin' for what some people do;
The finest clothing now-a-days, oft gets the finest pew;
But when we reach the blessed home, and undefiled by sin,
We'll see wealth beggin' at the gate, while poverty goes in.

I couldn't hear the sermon I sat so far away:
So through the hours of service, I could only "watch and pray;"
Watch the doin's of the Christians near me, 'round about,
Pray that God would make them pure within, as they were pure without.

While I sat there, lookin' all around upon the rich and great,
I kept thinkin' of the rich man and the beggar at the gate;
How, by all but dogs forsaken, the poor beggar's form grew cold,
And the angels bore his spirit to the mansions built of gold.

How at last the rich man perished, and his spirit took its flight
From the purple and fine linen, to the home of endless night;
There he learned, as he stood gazin' at the beggar in the sky,
"It isn't all of life to live, nor all of death to die."

I doubt not there were wealthy sires in that religious fold
Who went up from from their dwellings like the Phariseer of old;
Then returned home from their worship with a head uplifted high,
To spurn the hungry from their door with naught to satisfy.

Out! out! with such professions; they are doing more to-day
To stop the weary sinner from the gospel's shinin' way
Than all the book of infidels; than all that has been tried
Since Christ was born in Bethleham—since Christ was crucified.

How simple are the works of God, and yet how very grand—
The shells in ocean caverns—the flowers on the land.
He gilds the clouds of evenin' with gold light from His throne,
Not for the rich man only—not for the poor alone.

Then why should man look down on man, because of lack of gold?
Why sent him in the poorest pew because his clothes are old?
A heart with noble motives—a heart that God has blest—
May be heavin' Heaven's music 'neath that faded coat and vest.

I'm old—I may be childish—but I love simplicity;
I love to see it shinin' on a Christian's piety;
Jesus told us in in his sermon, in Judea's mountain wild,
He that wants to go to Heaven must be like a child.

Our heads are growing gray, dear wife—our heads are beating slow—
In a little while the Master will call us for to go;
When we reach the pearly gateways, and look in with joyful eyes,
We'll see no stylish worship in the temple of the skies.

The Story Teller.

AUATOLIAN SPECTRE-STORY.

—o—

It was in the Mohammedan or lunar month of Sha'aban which that year corresponded pretty nearly with our December, and which, as preceding the thirty days' yearly fast of Ramadhan, is in some measure a festive time for the followers of the Prophet, a sort of Carnival before their severe Lent. Osmand Kaleeb-Zadeh, to give him his name in full, had sat up one night till rather late in one of the coffee houses—here the ordinary social resorts of the quarter,—amusing himself after the fashion of the country, by playing backgammon with a friend of his own age and position and chatting on the ordinary topics of the time. When the coffee-house had to be closed, a little before midnight, they were the last to leave it; and before parting for the night, they agreed to meet early by the first dawn at the public bath close by, and afterwards to go together into town upon some business which they had arranged in common. They then separated.

Osman went home and to bed, intending to be up before daybreak and join his friend at the bath. But in the middle of his sleep he was suddenly awakened by a sharp knocking at the door. Getting up quickly and opening it to see what was the matter, he beheld standing outside what he supposed to be his companion of the evening before, with a lantern in his hand. The night was still, warm and overcast, with low, misty clouds, as nights often are here during the winter solstice, cold and storm rarely setting in before mid-January. What has brought you here so early?" he asked. "It is not yet near morning." How so?" replied the other! "the dawn has already broken, only 'tis cloudy and dark. If we do not make haste we shall have ever so long to wait for our turn. Besides, the sooner the better; get your things on and come." Hearing all this, Osman supposed that he must have overslept himself, and was really behind time. So he slipped quietly back into the house, dressed himself and came out. His friend was still waiting for him, lantern in hand, at the door.

No one else was up and stirring as they passed along the narrow lanes, now doubly dark with overshadowing trees, talking familiarly as they went, till they came out on the little open space close by the coffee-house where Osman had spent the evening, where stands a noble planetree, and opposite, beyond, is the low, dark entrance of the bath they were going to. But on one side the view opens out across the Xenos ravine to the battlemented walls of the castle opposite; and beyond these again rises high in air the tall stone minaret or mosque, once a Byzantine church, and now the principal place of Mohammedan worship within the limits of the old fortified town.

Here they stopped to breathe the fresh air a moment after the close, stifling lanes. It was a murky night. Osman looked east, but there was no hint of dawn there; only the tapering outline of the minaret was traced faintly white against the blackness of the sky. "How far off it looks in the dusk, and how high!" he exclaimed. "Not so very far off, nor so very high neither," said the other, in a strange, altered voice, that made his companion start. "Suppose we just light it up—shall I?" And without waiting for an answer, he stretched out his arm, which suddenly lengthened right acrosss the valley before them, the city walls and the houses beyond, till it reached the minaret and hung the lantern on the pointed summit, where it remained suspended, glittering like a star in the gloom.

Terrified at the sight, Osman turned to ask—but his companion had vanished and he was all alone in the silent night. Without waiting for more, he hurried back as best he might to his own house, entered and threw himself, dressed as he was, upon the bead. His wife woke up, and inquired what had happened to him—where he had been. He gave some evasive answer, and then they lay quiet, pretending to go to sleep, and wishing for the morning.

Only a few minutes however, had thus passed, when rap it came to the door again. Osman turned a deaf ear at first, but when it was repeated his wife awoke, and, not suspecting what had occurred before, begged her husband to get up and see who was outside. Ashamed to own either his fears or their causes, Osmand reluctantly left the room, and opened the house door. There, sure enough, stood his friend—or the semblance of his friend—lantern in hand, waiting. "Who are you?" asking Osman. The other stared. "Why, do you not know me?" said he. "Were we not playing backgammon together last evening? and did we not agree to go together to the bath this morning? Come along, or we shall be late; the day is breaking." Form, voice, manner—all were those of his friend. Osmand felt again ashamed to hint his suspicions; so he determined to put a bold a face on it, and accompanied the other into the street.

Before they had gone far he himself learnt to despised his own fears; so thoroughly did the easy and straightforward talk of the one at his side assure him that this time it was no tricky phantom but a real living "man and brother" beyonnd a doubt. Still, he refrained from mentioning the incident of an hour before lest he should be laughed at or disbelieved.

They passed the open place, the planetree, and reached the bath. To their surprise—Osman's at least—its door stood wide open, and the entrance hall was fully lighted up; yet no one appeared to be moving within; the head bath keepers accustomed place was empty; nor did any antecedents come forward to meet them. But the bathing-wrappers, towels, and other requisities were all ready put out; some folded in their proper places; everything was neatly arranged and fit for use. "They must have got the bath in order, and then finding that nobody came, have turned in again for a nap," said Osman's companion. Well, till some one awakes, we had best change our dress, and make ourselves comfortable, for the meantime, in the heating room.

Osman agreed, and the two exchanged their out-of-doors dress for the costume ordinary in an Eastern bath, consisting of very toga-like wrappers, and went into the large vaulted inner room, which was also lighted up and ready warmed. Here they lay down on the raised stone dias against the wall, with dome-like roof some 20 or 25 feet overhead, and the lamp hanging down from it in the centre.

While they thus reclined at ease, waiting till either a servant or some other bather like themselves should enter. Osman, who had now no doubts left in his mind as to the real and bodily identity of his companion, could not resist the temptation of recounting to him the previous adventure of the night. So he told how he had been awakened and beguiled out of doors by a phantom exactly resembling in shape and voice the friend now beside him, and how they had almost arrived at the bath, when the spectre betrayed itself for what it really was by the portentous feat already described. The other listened without interrupting the story, in apparent astonishment, till the narrator concluded: "So," he subjoined, "it hung the lantern it was carrying on the top of the big minaret, did it? Do you think he could have managed this?" and with these words, he lifted a leg and a foot, which suddenly lengthened out just as the arm had done before, and with a kick struck the very highest point of the central vault above them, shattering to pieces the lamp where it hung.

Osmand leapt up terrified, as well he might be, and found himself alone in pitch darkness, for every light in the bath had been instantaneously extinguished.—However, as he had often been in the building before, and was thoroughly well acquainted with it, he managed, in spite of his trepidation, to find his way to the door, and rushed out, in bathing costume as he was, into the open air, leaving his own clothes, which he did not venture to search after, behind him in the entrance room. But as he crossed the open space between the coffee house and the bath, he looked back, and to his horror, saw the dim and distant top of the minaret within the fortress once more lighted up by the spectral lantern hanging there. Chill and trembling, he at last got back to his own house. There he found his wife fast asleep; and much was she surprised when he awoke her to see him so quickly returned, and in such strange attire. He now made a clean breast of it, telling her of all that had happened to him that night from first to last, and adding, that when the day was up he would return to the bath and fetch his clothes from where he had left them.

But hardly had he finished his narration when, to the alarm of both, the same rap that had twice been heard before was repeated outside. Osman's wife, naturally enough entreated her husband to pay no attention to it. But, like Tam o'-Shanter in a similar case, he would not take advice:—

> Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
> To think how monie counsels sweet,
> How monie lengthened, sage advices,
> The husband frae the wife deplises!

"But to our tale. Osman who was by no means a coward, and whose mental was now fairly up, swore that he would see the matter out to the end; besides, added he, the dawn must now be near, and it could hardly be a phantom again this time. So he got up, went, in bathing apparel as he still was, to the house door, and opened it. Sure enough, there stood his friend, or what seemed his friend, waiting. 'What is the matter with you,' asked the figure, 'that you stare so wildly at me? and how came you to be in such a dress?' 'My own wearing clothes are at the bath,' replied Osman; and forthwith proceeded to give an account of all that he had seen that night, and how he had been twice spectre-tricked, thinking to himself, 'If this time it be a phantom, too, like the others, I may as well provoke it to show its true character at once, before we go further.' But his friend, on hearing all this expressed the utmost astonishment. 'Me!' he said; 'why, I have only this minute left my house, and I was going quietly by myself to the bath, when it occurred to me that I might as well pass by your door and take the chance of calling you up, in case you might not be awake already. You must have been dreaming somehow. Anyway, let us go at once, and look for your clothes, where you have left them, lest anybody else may come in, the meanwhile and take a fancy to them.' Once more Osman felt sure that the speaker was his own live neighbor, and no other. So, after a little more parley, they went together, and soon stood before the bath. And before, the outer door was wide open, and the interior of the building brightly lighted up, but neither bath-keeper at the entrance, nor any other living creature. Osman went to the corner where he had first undressed, and there found his clothes lying, untouched and folded, exactly as he left them. His first impulse was to put them on without delay; but his friend suggested that as the bath was heated, they might as well make use of it; so the two entered the inner room, there to wait till the ordinary attendants should enter on service.

They sat a while and talked; no one came. But suddenly a confused noise, like that of a crowd, was heard proceeding from one of the deep corners recesses of the hall. Osman looked that way, but saw nothing, then turning his head back a moment towards his seeming friend, perceived that his face was changed and horrible, and his stature gigantic.

And now from the dark niche whence the sound had been heard, issued a long procession of countless figures—men, women, children, on foot, on horseback, armed, unarmed, soldiers, peasants, townsfolk, spears, lances, swords, drums, fifes; a mixed multitude, large, small, grotesque, fearful, hideous. They filled the entire space; they swarmed round Osman; they pointed at him, they laughed, they danced, they clamored, they sung, they played the strangest antics, till in a moment, as the first sharp cry that summons to wakefulness and morning prayer sounded from the minaret gallery of the old mosque outside, they all vanished into nothing; the lights went suddenly out and Osman, left alone in darkness, fell fainting on the stone pavement of the floor.

There he remained till he was thus found by the bath-keeper who entered at daylight, and was carried home, still insensible. But before long he recovered consciousness, and told his story; for some hours, even, he seemed none the worse for his spectral adventure. As evening approached, however fever came on and for several days he was like to die; when the crisis had passed, it left him paralytic, hopelessly impared in mind and body, a mere wreck. Such he now continues. His friend, whose semblance the "mocker" had thrice assumed, had never, as they afterwards found, left his house during the fatal night, nor even till late the following morning.

A new Confidence Game.

—o—

A well-dressed young man stopped at a Vermont hotel last week, for a few days and made acquaintances. The evening of the second day of his arrival a nice young lady came along, unattended, and instantly attracted the attention of the impressible youngsters, who canvassed her charms fully as they set apart from her at supper. The stranger youth even went so far as to say that he would marry her if she would have him; and offered for a substantial wager, to pop the question and have the marriage ceremony performed right away. The wager was accepted, and also the proposal of marriage, made so suddenly to her, by the young man, and the parson called in, who soon united the twain. The sum wagered was paid over to the happy bridegroom, and he and his bride set off next day on their marriage tour. What lends romance to the circumstance is the fact that the young couple had already been man and wife for over a year.

A NEW York auctioneer, who had been severely tried by the uncertain whims of lady customers, says: "The presence of those who attend merely to see the fun is endurable, but the lady who bids a certain article of cloth up to nine cents a yard, and when it is knocked down to her decides to take one yard, I regard as a blot on the civilization of the nineteenth century."

Aquariums are of Chinese origin.

Winter Charms in Florida.

—o—

The ancient city of St Augustine is really having a resurrection to a new life. Its genial winter climate yearly attracts wealthy people from the North, and some of them like Mr. Aspinwall and Mr. Howard, two New York nabobs, are building elegant mansions here. The Sisters of Mercy are about two build a convent and hospital, and the colored people are to have an asylum erected for their benfit. The city fathers are also awakening from their Rip Van Winkle sleep, and are filling up the bog-holes in the streets, and even contemplating the making of a shell road one mile long, to be the grand boulevard of the future.

I wish it were possible for me to describe the loveliness of this climate, and its healing effects upon invalids. Saying the thermometer stands at 80°, and the soft air is made invigorating by contact with the ocean, does not convey an adequate impression of its virtues. Recent letters from friends in the south of France, who spent the last Winter here, says the climate there is not to be compared with that of St. Augustine. The city is now quite full of strangers, and soon every place will be crowded. The band plays every afternoon in the piaza, calling out the crowd in happiest mood, and at sunset the stages drive in from the depot, blowing their bugles, announcing the arrivals of northern mails as well as passengers. The orange trees are now budded, and will soon be in full bloom. A few peach trees have also opened their delicate flower buds, but they are a little in advance of the season.

Sailing parties are now in fashion, and I will describe one we recently enjoyed. Our first land was the light house, upon Anastasia island, where, from the outlook, we obtained a fine view of the Florida coast, and could look far off upon the ocean, beyond the breakers, while imagination carried us back 350 years, to the days of those early adventurers who landed here when this continent was an unbroken wilderness. Yet, this is the beautiful Florida, where they spent their first Easter Sunday, and I fancied I could trace their path on the water, and realize their excitement as they landed. From the lighthouse we walked to the coquina quarries, where most of the building material of St. Augustine is obtained. The coquina is a shell formation, which I believe, is found in no other part of the world. It is composed of fine and broken shells, cemented by some action of the water here. Prof. Dana speaks of it in his recent work on corals, but gives no geological explanation of its formation.—It is cut in blocks, suitable for building, and is a little soft when first taken out, but hardens on exposure to the air. The houses built of it are in the old Spanish style, with large balconies hanging from the second story over the narrow streets. From the island we sailed to the north beach, where the dashing of the waves has rendered the accumulation of shells very firm, and where we took a long walk searching for sea-beans, that are often washed up from distant shores. We returned with voracious appetites to dine off the finest of venison and wild duck, with vegetables fresh from the garden, and oranges just gathered from the trees. At dinner, while we were holding an animated discussion on the question of uniting all different religious denominations, a dove flew in through an open door, flattered a few moments over our heads, and then took its departure, leaving us to accept and profit by the omen if we would. After dinner, we walked to the cemetery, near the barracks, where long lines of our soldiers are sleeping under the orange trees, and where three coquina pyramids cover the remains of Major Dade and a hundred of his command who were massacred by Oseola and his tribe during the seminole war. There is now a small force stationed at the barracks, under command of Major Corcoran, to protect us from all enemies, and our beautiful flag is always floating there.—*Correspondence Springfield Republican.*

Speak Out.

—o—

Walter Savage Landor used to relate an anecdote of one of our judges who, being on circuit, two old men were brought before him as witnesses, and, according to custom, he began to chat with them; among other things, about their age, for the purpose of giving a moral lesson to the young barristers.

"Well, my good man," said he to the first witness, "how old may you be?"

"About eighty-seven, my lord."

"I daresay, now, you have lived a very sober life?"

"Yes, my lord; I have not been tipsy for the last sixty years."

"There!" cried his lordship, turning to the gentlemen of the bar, "you see what a fine thing sobriety is. The witness looks as though he would live twenty years yet.

The barristers nodded assent. In his turn, another witness came forward, who looked particularly hale and robust.

"How old are you, friend?" inquired the judge.

"Ninety-five, my lord," was the reply.

"Ninety-five! I'll answer for it, you've led a sober life—haven't you?"

Witness hung his head and answered: "I don't like to answer afore all these gentlemen."

"Never mind: speak."

"Well then, my lord, I haven't gone to bed sober the last seventy years."

At this the judge looked rather blank, and the bar smiled. The judge then said: "We will proceed with the case, gentlemen.—*Chamber's Journal.*

FEW people realize how many acres are unoccupied in the Great West. There are eleven Territories, two or three of which are twice or three times as large as all of New England, and it is a small Territory that is not at least ten times as large as Massachusetts. Colorado is thirteen times as large as Massachusetts, while Dakota and Arazona are half as large again as Colordo. The eleven Territories contain over one billion and a quarter acres, exceeding by nearly two hundred thousand square miles the aggregate territory of all the present admitted States of the Union. The territory of Alaska contains 369,529,600 acres.

St. Patrick's Dream.

BY THOMAS D'ARCY MAGEE.

—o—

Poor is the pallets he dreams upon,
In the holy city, St. Martin's of Tours;
Is it a beam of the morning sun
Flushes that face so pale and pure?
Is it the ray of a cloister lamp?
Is it some chalice jewel bright?
No! sight and the cell are dim and damp—
Here is nor earthly nor astril light!

Oh, such a dream! From Fociut wood,
Near the sounding sea of an earlier day,
Ten thousand voices, well understood,
Spoke! and the sleeper heard them say:
"Hear the unborn! by the hand
Of the angel Victor—swift is he!
Oh, Patrick, far in thy Christian land,
Erin's unborn we send to thee!"

And then he dreamt that St. Victor stood
By his pallet in that cell of Tours—
And the cries were hushed in Fociut wood;
But the heavenly messenger, swift and sure,
Presents the scroll that bore their prayer,
In the speech of his exile fairly writ—
And waking, the Saint beheld it there—
And these were the words he read from it:

"Come! holy one, long pre-ordain'd,
For thee, the swans of Lir are singing:
Come! from the morning, Orient stain'd,
Thy mass bell through our valley's ringing!

Man of the hooded hosts arise!
Physician, lo! our souls lie dying—
Hear o'er the sea our piteous cries,
On thee and on our God relying!

Come powerful youth of Silemish hill!
Come in the name and might of Rome!
Come with the psalm that charms from ill—
Cross-bearer! Christ-preparer! come."

The sleeper read! still doubts arose—
Till to Aurora's touches red
He held the scroll—repeating those
Wild suppliant words the Unborn said:

He look'd where late the angel pass'd,
Many the big drops on his brow;
His robe he girt, his staff he grasped,
He only said: "In God's name, Now!"

Poisoning by Wholesale.

—o—

A correspondent writing from Kinzer's station, Lancaster county, furnishes the *Express* the following: It is seldom the tranquility of our community is disturbed or its inhabitants startled at anything occurring within its limits; but we have to chronicle a case, which, from the respectability of the parties concerned, is likely to create a sensation, not only in the neighborhood in which it happened, but throughout the whole county. The facts as we hear them are as follows:

There lived in Salisbury township, Lancaster county, a man by the name of Henry Eaby, a miller by occupation, and a well-to-day and highly respected citizen. He was also a member of the Mennonite church, of which sect there is a predominancy in this section of the county. About two years ago his wife and two children were taken suddenly sick about the same time and manner.—Aid was at once summoned, and the physicians pronounced the symptoms, in all three cases, those of poison. How the poison got into the system of the victims was a mystery yet to be solved. The physicians examined the premises, and gave as their opinion that it might have come from the well, which was adjacent to a stagnant pool of water, known as the dam. Mr. Eaby had the well thoroughly cleansed and the supposed evil removed. The victims, however, all died soon after taking sick. But about two months ago Mr. Eaby, after eating his supper, was taken with sudden sickness, and remarked while drinking the last cup of coffee, at the table, that it tasted so bitter and was different from the former cup he had drank and inquired of the others if their's tasted so to them, they answering in the negative.

The same physician that attended the others who had died was dispatched for, and upon his arrival asked him if he (Eaby) had any enemies—to which those who were around answered "that he had not an enemey to their knowledge; that every one liked him." The physician said the man was poisoned. He lingered for a few days and died. It is now confidently believed that the whole family were intentionally poisoned, and thousand tongued rumor has been industriously at work for some time circulating stories of the most exciteing character. But it is generally conceded in the neighborhood that circumstances point very strongly to the guilt of a certain party in the vicinity. Although the name of the suspected party is in our possession we do not mean to mention it unless criminal preceedings are instituted. We await developments.

Opium Eating in Schools.

—o—

Much indignation has been excited by the discovery that venders of opium are in the habit of surreptitiously sending it, prepared in candy and lozengers, to boys' and girls' schools, seminaries and colleges. A box of the preparation is sent to some pupil whose name has been ascertained, with a circular containing directions for its use. The circular also sets forth, in glowing terms, the advantages to be derived from the use of the candy or lozengers. Among those advantages is alleged to be such a sharpening of the mind as will enable the pupil using the preparation to get his or her lessons with but little mental effort, and to carry off the prizes with perfect ease. Such a lure as that is almost sure to catch idle young people, and ambitious pupils also. The habit of using the opium once established, the victim is unable to shake off; and the beloved son or daughter, all unknown to the parents at home, lays the foundation for a wrecked life and a blighted career. Sometimes the pupils communicate the secret to their intimate associates, and the school becomes largely infected with the pernicious practices.

Men who seek, by this stealthily creating of an appetite in them for opium, to ruin the minds and bodies of the young, deserve the severest punishment. The evil is a frightful one, and parents and teachers cannot be too vigilant in guarding against it.

A GEORGEIAN, by no means fair, lately borrowed his grandmother's last dollar to pay a cartman for taking her to the poor-house.

Preferred creditors—Those that don't dun.

Religous Notes.

—o—

THE increase of the Baptists in this country last year, it is stated, was 69,698.

NOTHING can make man truly great but being truly good, and partaking of God's holiness.

NEVER mind where you work; care more how you work. Never mind who sees if God approves.

HE who opens his heart for the reception of Divine truth, will never wait long for the Grace that he seeks.

WHEN the arrow of a believer's prayer is put into the bow of Christ's intercession, it pierceth the very heavens.

GOD'S bible is opened to the heart by the spirit; and Christ is the key that fits every word, both in the book and in the heart.

CHRISTIAN perfection in outward conduct consists, not in doing extraordinary things, but in doing things extraordinarly well.

THE fact is, when a person consecrates himself, soul and body, to God, he no longer doubts, but believes with the whole heart.

IN the State of Missouri since the war a single missionary of the American Sunday School Union has organized twenty-seven churches.

HE who has a pure heart will never cease to pray; and he who will be constant in prayer shall know what it is to have a pure heart.

IN all temptations be not discouraged. These surges may be not to break thee, but to heave thee off thyself on the Rock, Christ.

IT is incumbent on every Christian to ascertain for what he is qualified and what service he is called to perform for the body of which he is a member.

COLD indeed is the heart of him that remains untouched at the thought of that Providence which suffers not a sparrow to fall to the ground without our Heavenly Father's notice.

GRACE Church, New York, contributed the past year for charitable purposes $149,800 50, including $50,000 given by a member for "Grace Church."

THE Methodist Episcopal parsonage at Castle Fenn, York county, Pa., was burned to the ground a short time ago. The fire was caused by a defect in the flue. Not insured.

THERE are 5,487 churches in the State of Ohio, 205 Roman Catholic, capable of seating in all 2,884,386 people, or nearly one church for every 1,000 of the inhabitants.

NEW York City has had ninety-one Presbyterian churches. The first church of this denomination was organized in 1706, and the first house of worship was built in 1719.

LOTS have been purchased in New York City by the Russian Government on which to erect a Greek church. Building will begin as soon as orders are received from headquarters.

LET your religion be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they do shone. A lighthouse beats no drum, it beats no gong; and yet far over the water its friendly light is seen by the mariner.

PROFANE swearing is abominable. Vulgar language is disgusting. Loud laughter is impolite. Inquisitiveness is offensive. Tattling is mean. Telling a falsehood is contemptible. Ignorance is disgraceful, and laziness is shameful.

PROFANITY never did any man the least good. No man is richer, or happier, or wiser for it. It commends no one to society. It is disgusting to the refined and abominable to the good.

THE *Christian Advocate* says: "Commend us to that Baptist brother who, on going into the water to be baptised, replied to the suggestion that he had better take his pocket-book out of his pocket during the ordinance, 'No. I want my pocket-book baptised with me.'"

THE Congregationalists are concentrating their energies. The building completed in Boston, is worth nearly half a million. The Publication Society, Foreign Mission Board, Home Mission, Library Association and the Congregationalist will occupy rooms in the building.

DR. BRECKENBRIDGE, in a sermon, speaking of the efforts of modern infidels to throw discredit upon Christianity, uttered this bold language: "Why, sirs, you might as well plant your shoulder against the burning wheel of the mid-day sun, and try to hurl it back behind the horizon, into night!"

Nearly three years ago a noble steamer was sinking with hundreds of people on board. Only one boat load was saved.—As a man was leaping into the tossing boat, a girl who could not be taken into the boat, and who knew that she would soon be swallowed up in the deep, deep sea, handed him a note, saying: "Give this to my mother." The man was saved. The girl, with hundreds of other persons, was drowned. The mother had the note. What do you think the little girl had written in it? Here are her words: "Dear mother, you must not grieve for me; I am going to Jesus."—Dear girl! What faith and courage she must have had to write that note. She was going to Jesus through the stormy waves of the angry sea, and she was not afraid.

A STRANGE SECT.—A Michigan exchange tells us of a strange sect which has its abiding place at Battle Creek in that State. It is called the Seventh Day Adventurests, and its members look for the coming of the Saviour soon, but do not fix any precise date—wherein they are wiser than the Millerites. They are wealthy as a community, and noted for street integrity and the scrupulous cleanliness of their dwellings. They believe in the water cure, and their establishment at Battle Creek is the resort of invalids from all parts of the country. They have a publishing house, tract house, and stores, and are as fond of making money as if they did not expect to go to Heaven for some time.