

# The Columbian.

VOL. I.-NO. 3.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1867.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

**THE COLUMBIAN,**  
A Democratic Newspaper,  
is published for the proprietors by  
**JOHN G. FREEZE,**  
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT  
BLOOMSBURG, Columbia County, Pa.

THE principles of this paper are of the Jeffersonian School of politics. Those principles will never be compromised, yet courtesy and kindness shall not be forgotten in discussing them, whether with individuals, or with contemporaries of the Press. The unity, happiness, and prosperity of the country is our aim and object; and as the means to secure that, we shall labor honestly and earnestly for the harmony, success and growth of our organization.

It has seemed to the Proprietors that the requirements of a County newspaper have not been heretofore fully met by their predecessors or contemporaries; and they have determined to, if possible, supply the deficiency. In a literary point of view also this paper will aim at a high standard, and hopes to cultivate in its readers a correct taste and sound judgment on merely literary, as well as on political questions.

The news, Foreign and Domestic, will be carefully collated and succinctly given; while to that of our own State and section of the State, particular attention will be directed. Important Congressional and Legislative matters will be furnished weekly to our readers in a readable and reliable form; and votes and opinions on important and leading measures will be always published; so that our paper will form a complete record of current political events.

The Local interests, news and business of Columbia County will receive special attention; and we will endeavor to make the paper a necessity to the farmer, mechanic and laboring man upon whom at last his business interests depend. The friends and family circle will be diligently considered in making up the paper. No advertisements of an improper character will ever, under any pretext, be admitted into its columns. The Editor is determined that it shall be entirely free in all respects from any detestable doctrine or allusion, so that every man can place it in the hands of his children, not only without fear, but with confidence in its teachings and tendencies. Promising to use his very best endeavors to fulfill in letter and spirit the announcement above set forth, the Publisher of THE COLUMBIAN trustfully places it before the people believing that it will answer and a want in the community hitherto un supplied.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In order to make THE COLUMBIAN as complete a record as possible of all facts and events, accidents, improvements and discoveries relating to Columbia County, we respectfully invite correspondence, accompanied with responsible names, from all points. If facts, dates and names are carefully given the Editor will put the information in proper form.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars for one year when payment is made in advance; and all subscriptions not paid in advance, or by the first day of April, 1867, will invariably be charged Two Dollars and Fifty Cents. All contracts of subscription and for advertising will be made with the Publisher; and all payments therefor enforced in his name.

••• THE COLUMBIAN will be delivered through the mails, to subscribers in Columbia County, free of postage. To those outside of the County, five cents per quarter in advance, paid at the office where received.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—One square (ten lines or less) one or three insertions \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents; one square one month \$2.00, two squares \$3.00, three squares \$4.00, four squares \$5.00, half column \$10.00, one column \$15.00. Executives or administrators notices \$5.00; Auditors \$2.50. Editorial notices twenty cents a line. Other advertisements inserted according to special contract. Transient advertisements must be pre-paid. Jobbing of all kinds neatly and promptly executed.

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3. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether it is taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.

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**JOHN G. FREEZE,**  
"Columbian Office,"  
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Printed at Robinson's Buildings, near the Court House, by  
**CHAS. M. VANDERLICE,**  
**FRANK R. SNYDER.**

## POETRY.

FOR THE COLUMBIAN.  
**DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND**  
Miss Etta Jessop, of Plymouth.

Once more has the sun in its annual rotation  
Consigned to oblivion another short year,  
Ah, seasons of pleasure, how short your duration,  
Refract not my joy with a tear.

Old Time's rapid motion exceeds all expression,  
Days resolve a dream, or a platoon appear,  
Weeks and months have revolved in rapid succession,  
And brought us once more to the close of the year.

What various emotions are caused by reflection,  
While on our past fortunes our thoughts are centred,  
With blessings and wishes our hearts are transfused,  
And thrill through the soul as they fall on the mind.

How oft do we witness with pleasure or sorrow  
Prosperity's smile or adversity's tear,  
We fondly anticipate pleasures to-morrow,  
Yet sigh with regret at the close of the year.

And how to the God of all graces I commend you,  
Prosperity's smile or adversity's tear,  
May peace and prosperity ever attend you,  
And Heaven reward you for your kind attention.

And grant you dear Etta, a Happy New Year.

And when you at last shall close up your probation  
And Jordan's cold waters shall roll at your feet;  
May you enter the valley without hesitation,  
Rejoicing in hope your Redeemer to meet.

And when you shall enter the kind invitations  
"Come ye blessed of my father, partake of my joy,"  
May millions of glory be your invitations,  
And praise and thanksgiving your endless employ.

L. W. N., OF N. H.

## UNDER THE VIOLETS.

Her hands are cold, her face is white,  
No more her pulses come and go;  
Her eyes are shut to life and light;  
Faint the white vestures, show on snow,  
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a green stone,  
To plead for tears with alien eyes;  
A slender cross of wood alone  
Shall say, that here a maiden lies  
In peace beneath the skies.

For her the morning choir will sing  
Its strains from the branches high,  
And every minstrel voice of spring,  
That thrills beneath the April sky,  
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When turning round that dim track,  
Eastward the longed-for shadows pass,  
Her little mourners clad in black,  
The cricket sliding through the grass,  
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rosettes of the trees  
Shall find the prison where she lies,  
And bear the buried dead they seize  
In leucous blossoms to the skies;  
So may the soil that warmed it rise.

If any born of kinder blood,  
Should seek what maiden lies below,  
Say only this, "A tender bud,  
That tried to blossom in the snow,  
Lies withered where the violets blow."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### LITTLE JOHNNY.

BY SIDNEY DAVEL.

Those only are the brave who keep their ground,  
And keep it to the last.—Burke.

EVERYBODY in Harmonth knew Little Johnny, with his crooked back and tiny crutch, with which he could get over the ground a good deal faster than most other people who had free use of their legs. A great favorite was he with the bluff, weather beaten benchmen, who often used to take him out with them in their shore-boats to the luggers when they were bringing their night's catching ashore. Then they used to make him sing, for he had a capital voice, and had learned to give out the "Death of Nelson" and "Tom Bowling" with nautical emphasis and spirit not to be expected in a child of ten.

Standing on the shore you could hear his notes sounding over the water, and presently the shouts and hurrahs of his audience when he came to a conclusion. Johnny had no mother; she had long been dead, having only lived to bring her child into the world, and then passed quietly away as if in a peaceful sleep. The only vestige that remained to him of her was a green mound under the great yew tree in the corner of Harmonth churchyard, and there every Sunday after the morning service, he and his father would be found hand-in-hand, silent and sad. For though he had lost his wife close on half a score of years, Joe Barton, rough and iron-hearted as he was, had not forgotten her who for one brief twelve months made life sunshine to him. "Poor little woman," he would say, turning away; and as he passed through the gate that led out of the resting-place of the dead a great salt tear, as big as a pebble, would force its way out, and slowly creep down his brown cheek. He and Johnny lived in a comfortable cottage outside the town, for Joe had been a successful man; from a fisherman he had gradually become part owner of a lugger, then sole proprietor, and then at last had no less than three boats of his own. So in course of time he secured a very nice little nest-egg, which he invested in the shares of the county bank, and then having inherited long and well, retired to rest him for the remainder of his days. The bank had a local branch at Harmonth, and most of the fishermen and inhabitants deposited their money there. He was wont to say "That it did his heart good to hear the waves, and that they used to talk to him for all the world like human beings." When he gave up fishing he had built a small pleasure-boat, which was christened with great ceremony *The Snuggly*, and a smart, trim little craft she was, with sailing powers something perfectly miraculous. All through the summer she was kept fully occupied, and heart-rending were the appeals Joe had to listen to from the juvenile frequenters of the beach to take them out for a sail with him. But he always had plenty of company, and what with his sea stories and biscuits and ginger-beer Joe Barton was at last

worshipped as a hero. Johnny ever went with him on these marine excursions, and despite his deformity and ever-attendant crutch, without which he could not move, he had learned to handle and manœuvre *The Snuggly* with the greatest ease, and was as expert at taking in a reef or "putting about" as the oldest sail in Harmonth.

It was a glorious summer's day, the sea so smooth that it rippled on their beach without noise, and seemed to be coyly kissing the pebbles. So hot, too, that the rowers in the many boats floating about were leaning listlessly on their oars, allowing themselves to drift lazily along with the tide. All Harmonth seemed to be on the water; everything in the shape of a boat was engaged. *The Snuggly* alone remained idle. There she lay, about a hundred yards from the shore, securely anchored, and everything as neatly fastened up as when she had been left the night before. Many and anxious were the inquiries for Joe Barton, and general were the expressions of regret that he should not be in the bay on such a lovely day. No one knew where he had gone, not even Johnny. All he could say was that his father had received a letter the night before, after reading which he had sat silent and gloomy all the rest of the evening, and gone out before six o'clock in the morning, when he was a-bed, without saying a word. So *The Snuggly* remained idle all through that live-long summer's day.

Evening came on and Johnny, who had been lounging about uneasily, for he could not bear his father to be away from him, began to feel very tired and sleepy, and thinking that a nap on board would be cool and comfortable, hailed one of the passing boats, and was duly transported to *The Snuggly*. Creeping into the little cabin at her bow, in which spare sails, empty ginger-beer bottles, and such like were kept, he soon fell into a sound and heavy slumber. How long it lasted he knew not, but when he woke he was startled by hearing a rippling sound above his head; it was quite dark, too, and the boat felt as if she were moving smartly along. What could have happened? Had she broken away from her anchor? For a moment he lay still, frightened in spite of himself. Then slowly he raised himself on his elbow, and rubbing his eyes, peered through the narrow aperture which he had entered. He could see the main-sail bellied out with the fresh breeze, and that was all. But was it not enough? He knew he was out on the sea, but how had he come there? Could anybody out of spite have sent him adrift? No; he knew of no one who had a grudge against him; suddenly he was startled by a groan as if of pain. His heart thumped against his side, the preparation broke out in great beads on his forehead, he neither moved hand nor foot. Then ensued an agonizing silence, and then a voice hoarse and broken with emotion, burst into a passionate prayer. Johnny was braver now, and dragging himself along on his hands and knees, as quickly as his infirmities would allow, he made for the entrance, and thrust his head out. There was no moon, but the stars shone out bravely, and in their light he could see the figure of a man with his back towards him, rocking backward and forward, his face buried in his hands, and murmuring to himself. Who could it be? Johnny essayed to speak, but his lips were parched, soundless, and glued together, his tongue rough and dry. He started at the black shadow as if it were a spirit. Between it and him there was a seat running across the boat; he tried to reach it, in order to pull himself along, but could not. The figure moved its head, and in a momentary flash of summer lightning Johnny saw that it was his father. He sought to speak again, but he could not, while his eyes eagerly devoured his every movement. He saw him move his hand down to the seat beside him, he saw him raise his arm with something that glittered in the silver light, he heard a click, and then as if by inspiration, the truth burst upon him. Hurling himself forward with the energy of despair, he caught his father by the arm. There was a flash, a report, and then he felt something graze his fingers. But he heeded it not; seizing the pistol from his hand, he threw it with all his strength into the sea, and then sank fainting into the bottom of the boat.

Black grew the clouds, higher rose the wind, beating up the waves into angry contention. There was every appearance of the advent of a severe storm. *The Snuggly*, left to herself, was heeling over in the trough of the sea in a perilous manner, but still Joe Barton, for it was he sat with his face in his hands; still Johnny lay silent and motionless in the bottom of the boat. Presently a great, green wave came curling along and dashing against the boat's side, wetted both to the skin. It roused Joe from his stupor, it roused Johnny from his insensibility; in another moment they were in one another's arms. Still the wind freshened; still the waves rose higher and higher; those two clasped in that warm embrace heeded them not, for the mercy of God was in their hearts, and storm and tempest had no fear for them.

It blew a gale that night and morning and a large vessel went ashore on Harmonth sands, but natives were lost. The wives of the fishermen lay sleepless and uneasy in their beds, for their good men were out on the angry sea earning bread for them and the children. The hoarse voice of the wind and the angry roar of the waves sent a thrill to their hearts as they heard them, and many a prayer stole up through the black sky and gained the ear of the Unseen. When the morning sun broke bravely through the drifting clouds, there was a heartfelt shout of thanksgiving to see the toilers of the night come safely into harbor. Huge were the breakfasts eaten, sound was the sleep that followed, for it had been a hard battle between man and the elements.

Later in the day a knot of men were lounging on the shore. "Where's *The Snuggly* turned up yet?" said another. While old Murtoch, the patriarch of the group, mumbled out "She ain't drawn up, she ain't at anchor; I'm blessed if I don't think she's gone down head first. This inaugurated a conversation about Joe, and various and singular were the reasons given for his continued absence. While they were engaged in this discussion a man, bareheaded and breathless, rushed frantically down over the pebbles, his face pale as death, his eyes almost staring out of his head. When he reached the group, he stopped and remained speechless. "Hallo, Silas, what's wrong, lad?" inquired one. You look dazed, man," said another. "Well, what of the Bank?" asked old Murtoch, impatiently.

"It's broke," he gasped, and then, without vouchsafing any further information, rushed away as quickly as he had come. The news he brought fell like a thunderbolt in the midst of those to whom he told it; they seemed stunned for a moment, and then hastened up to the town to find if he had spoken the truth.

Alas! It was but too true; the County Bank being unable to meet a run up on its resources on the previous day at the chief market town, where its head office was, had been compelled to stop payment, and close all its branch establishments. Considerable assets, however, were expected, the number of shareholders being amply sufficient to cover all liabilities. It was some time before the Harmonth fishermen could be made to understand that, if they were only patient, they would have nearly all their money back. They stood in a body outside the Bank door till the darkness took them home worn out and sad at heart to bed. There went out no boats that night from Harmonth to fish.

The morning following the day on which the Harmonth Bank had stopped, a boat was seen some distance out making its way for the shore as well as it could with a broken mast and a ragged sail. All eyes were strained towards it. Whose could it be? Where was it coming from? Old Murtoch, shading his eyes with his hand, gazed silently out over the watery space. Then in a moment he dropped his arm exclaiming, "Well, bless my heart, if it ain't *The Snuggly*, with Joe and the kid aboard!" Immense was the astonishment; some said "it couldn't be," but by-and-by, sure enough she glided in past the pierhead, Joe at the tiller, and Johnny making himself useful in hauling in the sails. They both looked pale and weary, but the shout of welcome with which they were received lit up both their faces pleasantly. When *The Snuggly* had been made fast, Joe and his boy came ashore. All were eager to tell him the news, but none liked to, for it was well known that he was a large shareholder in the bank. But he seemed to understand their whispering, and taking Johnny's hand, he merely said quietly, "I know all about it. It's been and ruined me, but that's neither here nor there," and then moved off towards home. But ere he had gone many steps he took Johnny up in his arms, crutch and all, and carried him home and up to his bed in his own tiny room. He would not undress him, for already was the poor little man in a deep slumber, but laying him down tenderly on the outside of the counterpane, that great, strong man fell on his knees, and with his face resting on the hands of his sleeping child, thus remained for a long, long time. What he thought, what he prayed, what thanksgiving burst from his very soul only the Book wherein his life is written can reveal. It was one of those times in the existence of a man when the days that are gone are lived over again, and the lessons that they have taught are appreciated. Then the clouds roll back, the dawn breaks with promise of fine weather, and he nerves himself anew to face the future, bring it sunshine or storm. Thus taking courage, Joe Barton raised himself from his knees, no longer the craven and coward, afraid to meet the ills of life, but ready to grin and bear them. He was an altered man. And who had been the mysterious agent in the hand of Providence that had wrought his reformation? His poor, little, deformed child, who through the night of storm and danger had been near him with his heart and dauntless courage, who had taught him that mercy is extended even unto him who would take his own life.

A few words more. Years passed on, the expected call had been made by the Bank, and Joe's goods and chattels were all sold; but he neither groaned nor grumbled; he set himself manfully to work once again and though his hair grew grey, and he was not quite so hearty and strong as of yore, yet all were willing to lend him a hand, and he soon began to find his circumstances improving. But for one circumstance he would have been happy. Johnny had never been thoroughly well since

that dreadful night of storm and disaster; his back had grown rounder, and he complained of a pain in his leg frequently. Joe grew very anxious; every spare moment was dedicated to his child. One day he took him to London to see a great doctor, and when he came back he looked ten years older, for there was a gloomy prophecy gnawing at his heart. From that day Johnny took to his bed. He was a good, patient little fellow but he would have no nurse but his dear old daddy; and his thin, pale face used to light up the moment Joe entered the room; and when his father sat down by him he would put his hand into his horny palms, and smile as if supremely happy. One morning Joe came in to breakfast, and as usual bounded up stairs to see his boy. Johnny was lying on his back, his eyes turned expectantly towards the door. The window was wide open, and a delicious soft breeze from the sea came playing through it. The sick child was going to his rest; there could be little doubt about that; his eyes were unnaturally bright, his cheek strangely flushed; in a few moments the ebb of the tide must set in. Joe sat down beside him, and then, as was his wont, Johnny put his hand in his, and then slowly and quietly spoke thus:—

"Dear daddy, I'm going home. The doctor was right when he told you I weren't good for long. I feel as if I hadn't got no blood in my body, and my legs feel so strange. Hold me up in your arms, daddy; I want to whisper to you."

Joe felt inclined to resist for a moment, for he would have gone for the doctor, but the child's manner chained him to his seat. Putting his arm round him, he brought his head close to his shoulder. Johnny nestled himself close, pressed his lips against the big bushy whiskers, and then continued:—

"Daddy don't lose heart again. Promise me that, won't you? Remember, daddy darling, the secret. I—I've kept it; you keep it too, won't you?" Pressing his hands to his father's face, he looked eagerly into his eyes, passed his fingers over his cheek, and murmuring, "The secret, remember," in a moment was dead.

They laid him in the corner of the churchyard, under the yew tree, by his mother, and on Sunday morning after service, Joe was wont to stand alone and gaze on the spot where rest the two beings he loved so well. But his secret is buried there too. What secret? That having received a letter to acquaint him of impending ruin, and found its information correct, he had sought to escape meeting his disaster by himself destroying the life that a merciful Creator had given him. How he was saved from this crime has been told, and the secret that was, is a secret no longer.—*Aunt Julia's Magazine.*

## THE FOUR HENRYS.

The following strange story translated from the French, contains the account of rather a singular rencontre of four individuals, who made themselves prominent in France during the middle and end of the sixteenth century, and is as follows:—

One stormy evening, as the rain fell in torrents, an old woman who lived in a miserable hut in the forest of St. Germain and who passed in the surrounding country for a kind of witch, heard a loud knocking at her door. She opened it, and a young man on horseback presented himself and craved hospitality.

By the dull light of a lamp which she held in her hand, she perceived him to be a young nobleman. He appeared to be quite young, and his dress denoted rank, the old woman lighted a fire and inquired of the stranger whether he was hungry and desired food. The appetite of a youth of sixteen is like his heart at the same age, craving, and not difficult to please, and he immediately accepted the offer. A morsel of cheese and a loaf of black bread from the cupboard was all the old dame could produce. "I have nothing more, said the old woman; this is all that your grinding mill and taxes leave a creature to offer a traveller; the peasants, too, in this country, call me a witch and sorceress, and make that excuse to their conscience for stealing from me the little that my poor old field produces."

"Ma foi!" said the young man; if ever I become King of France, I will suppress the taxes and teach people better."

"God grant it!" replied the old woman.

At these words the gentleman drew to the table to commence his repast, but at the same moment a fresh knock at the door arrested him.

The old woman opened it and perceived another horseman drenched with rain, who also begged for shelter. The same hospitality was instantly granted him, and on the stranger's entrance, she perceived that the man was young, and judging from his appearance, of noble descent.

"What! is it you, Henry?" cried one.

"Yes, Henry," replied the other.—Both were named Henry.

The old woman discovered from their conversation that they were of a number of a large hunting party conducted by the King Charles IX., which had been dispersed by the storm.

The first Henry demurred, but glancing at the resolute eye, and the strong frame of the second Henry, said in a somewhat chagrined tone—

"Agreed; we shall share equally." He dared not express his secret motive, but he feared, if not sharing equally, his companion would appropriate the whole. They accordingly sat down on either side of the table, and one had already begun to cut the bread with his dagger, when a third knock was heard at the door. It was again a youth, a nobleman, and a Henry. The old woman looked at them with astonishment.

The first comer wished to hide the bread and cheese. The second replaced them on the table and laid his sword by their side. The third Henry smiled.

"You do not wish then, that I should share your supper?" said he. "Well, I can't wait; I have a strong stomach."

"The supper," said the first Henry, "belongs to him who knows best how to defend it!"

The third Henry became red with anger, and said haughtily—

"Perhaps it belongs to him who knows best how to fight for it!"

These words were scarcely uttered when the first Henry drew his ploward and the two others their swords. As they were just beginning the affray they were startled by a fourth knock at the cabin door. A fourth young man, a fourth nobleman, a fourth Henry was introduced. At the sight of drawn swords he produced his own, and attacking himself to the weakest party, joined in the combat.

The old woman, terrified, hid herself, and the weapons struck everything in their reach. The lamp fell down and was extinguished, but they continued to fight in the darkness. The noise of the swords lasted some time, and then gradually became less, and at length ceased, altogether. The old woman ventured to issue forth from her hiding place, and, relighting the lamp, she perceived the four young men stretched on the ground, each having a slight wound. She examined them carefully, and found that fatigue, rather than loss of blood, had overcome them.

They rose from the ground one after the other, and, ashamed of what had transpired in the heat of their passion, they began laughing, and exclaimed:—

"Come, let us now sup together, without any more fighting."

But when they came to look for their supper they found it on the ground, all trodden under foot and stained with blood. Megreais it was, they regretted it in addition to this the cabin was destroyed, and the old witch, seated in a corner, fixed her pale red eyes on the four young men.

"Why dost thou stare on us thus?" said the first Henry, who was troubled at her gaze.

"I am reading the fates written on your foreheads," replied she.

The second Hen, commanded her sternly to disclose them, and the two others laughingly acquiesced. The old woman replied:—

"As you have all four met in this cabin, so shall you all meet in a like destiny. As you have trampled under foot and stained with blood the bread offered you by hospitality, so will you trample under foot and stain with blood the power you might mutually share. As you have devastated and impoverished this cottage, so will you devastate and lay waste France. As you have all four been wounded in the darkness, so you will all four perish by treason and violent death."

The four young noblemen could not refrain from laughing at the old woman's prediction.

The four noblemen were the four heroes of the League; two as its leaders, and two as its enemies.

Henry of Conde; poisoned by his wife at Saint Jean d'Angely.

Henry of Guise; assassinated at Blois, by the Forty-five.

Henry of Valois; assassinated by Jacques Clement, at St. Cloud.

Henry of Bourbon; assassinated at Paris by Ravalliac.

## THE CROOKED STICK.

The following story illustrates the point: Did you ever hear of old James Therrall and his crooked stick? I will tell you about him. James Therrall, an old carpenter on Salisbury Plain, said to a young Christian who complained that she was unworthy to serve the Lord, "I used to think as you do, but the Lord taught me otherwise by a crooked stick. One day my son went to a sale of timber, and in the lot he bought was a piece so twisted and bent that I said, sharply, 'It will be of no use.' 'Wait a bit—don't fret; let us keep a look out, father,' said the lad; 'there is a place somewhere for it.' And so it proved, for soon after I was building a house; there was a corner to turn in, and not a stick in the yard would fit. I thought of the crooked one, and fetched it. It seemed as if the tree had grown arched for that purpose. 'There,' said I, 'there's a place for the crooked stick after all; then there's a place for poor James Therrall! Dear Lord, show him the place into which he may fit in the building of Thy heavenly Temple.' That very day I learned that, poor and unlearned as I was, there was a work for me. And so there is a work for you to do, and nobody else can do it."

SURBUTT is on his way to the dis-United States in the swan.

## GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

The last annual message of Governor Curtin is too long to publish entire in our columns. We give below the material points of it, omitting of course, the mere political claptrap which is understood to be intended to secure the United States Senatorship. We may hereafter allude to one or two matters in the message. The Governor says:—

The condition of our finances is as follows:

Balance in Treasury, November 30th, 1865	\$2,775,000 14
Receipts during fiscal year ending November 30, 1866	8,820,000 34
Total in Treasury for fiscal year ending November 30, 1866	11,595,000 48
Payments for same period have been	6,800,000 00
Balance in Treasury, December 1, 1866	1,795,000 48

Amount of the public debt, as it stood on the first day of December, 1866—\$7,475,000 00

Amount reduced at the close of the fiscal year ending Nov. 30, 1866, by payment of—

Loan cert. loan	\$1,820,000 25
Per cent. loan	2,090 00
Refined notes	650 00
Domestic creditors' cert.	20 65
Interest	1,554,005 00
Public debt, December 1, 1866	\$5,621,022 16

To wit, funded debt:

5 per cent. loan	\$400,000 00
5 per cent. loan	2,125,000 00
5 per cent. loan, military post act May 15, 1862	2,800,000 00
Unfunded debt, relief notes in circulation	80,000 00
Interest certificates outstanding	15,000 00
Domestic creditors' certificates	4,480 00
	110 07
	\$6,622,082 16

Liabilities in excess of assets, November 30, 1866 \$28,148,000 25 |

Liabilities in excess of assets, November 30, 1866 22,500,018 49 |

Improvement in Treasury since 1861 1,012,912 99 |

The extraordinary expenditures during the war and since its close, in payments growing out of it by acts of Assembly, having amounted to upwards of five millions of dollars, which, added to the actual payment of the indebtedness of the State, and money in the Treasury for that purpose, shows the revenues, above the ordinary expenditures, to have amounted to \$10,412,000, which would all have been applied to the payment of the debt of the Commonwealth in the last six years. A careful attention to the revenues of the Commonwealth, with such just and prudent changes as may be required in the future, and a wise economy in expenditure, will, in my judgment, ensure the entire payment of the debt within the period of fifteen years.

The time fixed for the redemption of \$25,108,625 of the indebtedness of the Commonwealth having expired, I recommended that provision be made for its redemption, by making a new loan for that purpose, payable at such periods as the prospective revenues will justify.

JURIES.

By our existing laws, juries are selected by the sheriff and commissioners of the respective counties. As these officers are generally of similar political affiliations, the system has always been in danger of being abused for partisan purposes. During the last six years, it has been frequently so abused, and in many of the counties.

To secure as far as possible, the administration of equal justice hereafter, I recommend that jury commissioners shall be elected in each county, in the same manner as inspectors of elections are chosen, each citizen voting for one jury commissioner, and the two persons having the highest number of votes to be the jury commissioners of the respective county, to perform the same duties in the selection of jurors, that are now imposed upon the sheriff and county commissioners.

LEGISLATION.

I again recommend the passage of general laws when it is at all practicable, and in this connection, recommend the passage of a general law regulating railroads now existing and the incorporation of new companies, so that so far as possible there may be just uniformity in the franchises granted, and equal facilities afforded to the people of all sections of the Commonwealth.

SCHOOLS.

I re-appointed Hon. C. B. Coburn, Superintendent of Common Schools, on the expiration of his term in June last, and he continued at the head of that Department until the first of November, when he resigned, and I appointed Col. J. P. Wickersham. It is due to Mr. Coburn to say, that he fulfilled all the duties of his office faithfully and efficiently. It appears from his report that there were in the school year of 1865, 1866 school districts in the State; 13,146 schools; 16,411 teachers; 725,312 pupils, with an average attendance of 578,000. The total cost of the school system, for the entire State, including taxes levied and State appropriation