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Poetry.

Milton's Blindness.

The following beautiful lines we find floating about in some of our exchanges as if they were newly written. We remember well having them read to us by a lady in Maryland, one winter evening, more than a dozen years ago:

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted by my kind,
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak; yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father supreme, to Thee.

O merciful One!
When men are furthest, then thou art most near;
When friends pass by, my weakness to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
I recognize thy purpose, clearly shown;
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear!
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been
Wrapped in radiance from thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When Heaven is opening on my sightless eyes—
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow—
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,
Thy being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine,
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

Literary.

Going Away at Eighteen.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It seems to me that the old house never looked quite so pleasant as it does to-night, in this still harvest moonlight.

I know it's a dreadful old house, brown and low, and weather-beaten—not much to boast of in its best days, and now it shrinks and quivers and can't hold its own against a gale, and its roof leaks with every cup-full of a shower, but it's my dear old home for all that; and now that this is the last night, and I'm going away to the great, vast, noisy city to-morrow, a strange sadness comes over me, standing here by the little brown gate, and looking at the old place, and wondering what will happen before I stand here again.

There are the two great cherry trees I've clambered every summer that I can remember, and tossed down the fruit until it lay like a thick red hail on the grass; and there is the line of currant bushes, that hide the old worm-eaten, shaky fences, and there is the quince tree in the corner that sweetens the air all about it; and just beyond the well curb stands the old gnarled apple-tree, with the birds' nests rocking up in the boughs—little robins, will you sing on just as sweetly up there when I'm gone?

I never expected to feel like this. It's hard to realize now that my life here has ended—that I shall never drive the cows up in the hill pastures again when the grass is sanded all over with shining dews—that I shall never mow down the sweet clover nor go shouting among the blackberry patches, nor heap up the ripe ears in the great cornfield over yonder, and somehow it makes me sad to feel that everything will go on just as it always has done, and nothing will mind when I'm gone away.

Come now, as though I was going to make a fool of myself because at last I'm going to the city—the city after which my thoughts and dreams have panted for years—the goal of all my hopes and longings, which has seemed so far off, which I've reached at length.

You're going to make your fortune, Tom Reynolds—just think of that!

No more chopping wood and toiling at the plow, no more long days cutting grass in the meadows and coming back tired out with the hard work at night, to drive the cows home; you're going to make a man of yourself, to take your chances in thickest of the fight out yonder in the great city, and it shall go hard with you if you don't make your pile and pluck your prize with the best of them.

For I mean to make money—to be a rich man. I'll be faithful, industrious, shrewd, and make my way up to the top of the ladder.

And some day I shall come back here to the old home, and people will stare and say, "That is Tom Reynolds, who used to go barefoot to the cow-pastures and drive the old ox-cart down to the mill." The old house shall come down then, and in its place shall stand a handsome mansion for mother and little Amy—Amy will have grown a woman by that time, and I shall make a lady of her, bless the dear little chubby sis! how pleasant it will be to see those rosy cheeks of hers shining behind the blinds of the stately new home, and how proud the little laughing puss will be of brother Tom when he hands her into his fine carriage and dashes down the village street with her by his side!

And the poor old mother—ah, that's the best of all, she who has toiled so hard to keep Amy and me under the old roof since father died—she shall have the rest she's needed so long then! She shall sit by the window of the new house in the pleasant summer afternoons in her black silk dress, and her pretty white caps, and the hands that have worked so hard lying idle in her lap then, and her eyes, full of pride and tenderness, shall follow her boy around the house—her boy that is a rich man now, and that has never forgotten what she taught him, to be honest, and just and true in the thick of all temptation.

And then, too, somebody will be grown a lady—little Lucy Ames—the Doctor's daughter, with her hair that has the gold of the spring dandeloins, and her eyes the blue of the cool spring away up among rocks off there—little Lucy with your sweet, shy face, and your kindly words, and smile always ready for me, tho' I was your father's choice boy! I shan't forget it then! And what will you say when I come back a rich man, with houses and lands, and an honorable name?

You will be a lady then, little Lucy, but will your blue eyes smile on me just as sweetly—will you come dancing out of the door with the light in your golden hair and the old bright welcome in your face?

What if—what if—ah, Lucy, the question will do to wait, for I have only seen my eighteenth birthday yet, and you are inside your fifteenth. But I shall carry the thought hidden away down in my heart to the great city to-morrow.

Ah, the old, swift hopes and longings—the strong, fiery ambitions come back, and stir the blood of my youth again. I long for the morrow to come so that I can be away, and at work. Good-bye, old home, and yet I shall carry you too in my heart as you looked that last night when I stood by the little gate, and you lay before me asleep in the moonlight.

COMING BACK AT FORTY-FIVE.

It is just a score and a quarter of years ago since I stood here by the old gate, and my blood was hot then and my heart throbbed high with the fiery dreams and hopes of youth.

Am I grown so old then? I have not passed beyond my prime yet, though my years lean toward fifty and my hair is overshot with silver here and there.

And yet to-night the years lie heavy on my soul, and they seem like the burden of age as I come up to the scenes of my youth.

Nothing looks changed here. The harvest moon gathers the old house into its silver folds just as it did then—the tall cherry trees rustle over my head—the currant bushes make their dark green line where the fence has gone to decay, and the quince shrubs flutter in the soft wind.

And another wind blows up from the coasts of my youth. Oh for the old boy-heart that stood here and dreamed its dreams and made its plans twenty-five years ago!

"I was to be a rich man!" I said, standing here, in the strong confidence of youth. The world says I am that now. I would tell you, too, that I have an honorable name—thanks to the prayers of the old mother who sleeps under a little pillow of green grasses by the willows yonder.

I wonder if she can look down and see her boy standing here, leaning on the old gate to-night?

She has gone to another house, a fairer one than I was to make her, and which still comes back to me in visions of the night sometimes, with Amy's sweet face shining by the window and my mother sitting there with her black dress and snowy cap.

I am not a man much given to sentiment or romance of any sort.

Years of hard grappling with fortune have overgrown all that, and they call me stern, and keen, and practical in the world where I have to deal with facts and men, and the dew of my youth has vanished long ago; still the old memories seem to melt my heart into the heart of a little child as I stand here and look down the long highway of the years up which I have travelled again to this night.

Little Amy, with the chubby figure and the merry face, far away from here to-night, stalwart boys and fair-haired girls call the faded matron mother, as others call me "Father!"

And little Lucy Ames? Searching among the graves out yonder, I came upon a small granite monument, and in the gray stone was graven

"*Lucy, aged twenty.*"

Is that all? Lucy, with the golden hair, and the eyes like fresh violets?

Standing here to-night, amid the lost visions and hopes of my youth, I could almost smile derisively on what men say of me—that I had been a "success in life." It is true I have grappled bravely with circumstances; I have hewn out with my own right arm a path to fortune. But it looks small to-night, coming back here and standing by the old gate with the rusty hinges, and looking at the old house, beneath whose low roof other little children sleep to-night, and on whose doorstep other children play—oh, the fortune looks small to me now, and it seems as though I would almost give it all to feel as I used to when I went barefoot through the cool meadow grass and up into the hill pastures to drive the cows home.

You have not changed, old house that I left thirty years ago standing in the moonlight, but you cannot give back to me the strong heart, the bounding pulses of my youth.

The birds sing, the grasses shiver, the trees move in joy about you, but in place of the strong, restless, eager youth that went out from you, a man, worn, burdened, wearied with the struggle, comes back as pilgrims go to worship at old shrines, and there comes now an echo up and down the deep places of his soul the words that, long ago, his mother taught him, "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity!"

The Stage and the Pulpit.

Fancy, says the Glasgow (Scotland) *Herald*, the thrilling effect of the Scriptures if read as Kean reads Shakspeare or recites Macauley! And why should we not have it so? Is it right and proper that every book for public reading should have justice done it except the Bible? And that while every other subject is allowed the advantage of a natural and impressive delivery, religion, which is the most important of all, should be denied by all? The monstrous fallacy with which well meaning but obtuse people have been beguiled, or have beguiled themselves, is, that such reading and reciting would be theatrical, and that theatrical exhibitions are not becoming in the house of God. To this hollow and ridiculous fallacy may be traced most of the execrable pulpit reading and delivery that rob the Scriptures of half their power, and have often made the dullness of a sermon proverbial. Set Kean to read the song of Miriam, or the fight between David and Goliah, or the story of the Prodigal Son, or of Christ's denunciations of the Scribes and Pharisees, or to recite one of Chalmer's sermons, and you will see the people who had begun to adjust themselves in the corners of their seats for their accustomed snooze, sit up and listen to him very close, with eager eyes and bated breath. And all this simply because Kean would do the piece justice, that is, read it naturally, and as it ought to be read. On what possible ground, either of common sense or good taste, can objection be taken to the natural delivery of at least the sermon? If Garrick could set even the grim soldier who was on duty at the corner of the street, blubbering like a child; and if Mrs. Siddons could so overpower the tragedian Young, that he could not refrain from sobbing aloud, though he was himself on the stage acting the villain of the place at the time—and all this while merely uttering the words of a fictitious character, what overwhelming effects in the way of awakening sinners and pressing home the message of the gospel, might not be introduced by men who are giving utterance, in their own character, to the most sublime and soul-stirring truths.

Josh Billings on Owls.

Josh Billings says of owls:

Burds is God's choristers.

Tew the lion he gave majesty, tew the elephant strength, tew the fox cunning, and tew the tiger deceit. But tew the birds, his pets, he gave buty and song.

And none so blest as the owl.

The owl is a game burd; he can whip anything that wears fethers—after dark.

He is a wise burd, and hoots at most things.

He is a sollum burd, a cross between a justice uv peace and country supervisor.

He is a stiff burd, and sets up as stiff as a exclamation point.

He is a luxurious burd, and feeds on spring chickens.

He is a long lived burd, and never was known to take death natrally.

He is a hardy burd, and groze tuff by bileing.

He is an honest burd, and alwuz shows an open countenance.

He is a prompt burd, and satisfize at onst his outstanding bill.

He is a comfortable burd, and alwuz sleeps in his feathers.

He is an attentive burd, and durin the day can alwuz be found in.

He is a festive burd, and don't come home till morning.

Thus the owl is a mistaken emblem uv solitude and sadness, if we dig into his natur closely, is emphatically one uv the boys, and belongs to the club!

The World of Fashion.

The fashion correspondent of the New York *World* writes: "The new fashioned walking dress is invariably composed of a double skirt, the under one just long enough to escape contact with the pavement, the upper one varying in length with the style and taste of the wearer. The under petticoat may be made in folds at the edge, or may be plain and hemmed in any fantastic style. It is frequently of colored merino or cashmere, the color repeated in the trimming of the bonnet or in the casaque. Young persons are permitted bright colored petticoats if they always go out attended by their mammas or a *femme de chambre*. The upper skirt is cut, I believe, in six pieces straight in front and at the back; no folds at the waist, and almost no fullness at the lower edge, which is the subject of a thousand capricious variations; plain, scalloped, pointed Greek and Roman patterns, and what not; the edges and thereabouts set off with either jet or ribbon, or galloon, or in fringe. The casavue is the covering most worn with this style of dress, but it is no longer cut in the well known sack style. The peplum proper is straight in front and in the back, and pointed at the sides. Small hoops are admitted under the walking dress.

Miscellaneous.

Sut Lovingood's Dream.

TARTATUS, AND WHAT HE SAW THERE.

I was orful dry t'other day, George, an' findin' a lot ove green whisky, I jist sucked in a skin full ove hit strait along. The first mouthful I swallered I hearn splosh in my heels. I was dry and empty both, by golly—so dry that arter hit ris purty well up in my paunch, hit soaked through and stood all over my belly in draps, making hit look like a big reticule kivered with beads, but I swelled tighter after a while, an' then I filled up purty soon. As soon as I could reach hit, by runnin' a spoon-handle down my froat, I shot off steam, and sot in to rovin' roun'. Hit wa'nt long before I foun' myself tangled by the laigs in the dorg fennel, an' I fell heap down hill, so I thought the mos' peaceful thing I could do were tu go tu sleep a thinkin' of a runnin' windmill. Well I dreamed me a dream. I thought I were in hell, and had been sent there fur votin the Radikil ticket. I felt the justice ove the sentence so much so that I didn't feel so uneasy an' mad about hit as I wud a been if they had a sent me fur murderin' a bline ole 'oman, or makin' a back log ove some gal's fus baby, arter soakin' hit in turpentine, or sich like common wickedness. I thought I had been thar long enough to sorter begin to git used to the taste of the whisky they stills down thar, an' I mus' say I thinks hit a little better than the truck what the skulkers out ove the Confederate army biled for the Government, because hit dident create the appetite to cuss, steal or desert half as soon, an' me in Tophet at that. 'Twas safer whisky, George, safer whisky. Well, I thought hell was a perfect roun' hole—as roun' as a bumb shell, right plum in the centre of the yearth. The walls were glazed as slick as an ingyun peel in' an' hit were jist half full ove melted dinner pots, dog irons an' ole clock weights, with ascum ove smokin' brimstone a foot deep. The devil staid aboard of a boat, an' had hisself rowed roun' jist as he pleazed, by the jury what foun' the bill agin Jeff Davis. They looked sorter like they'd like to have another pop at that job. I think by golly they'd hunt a long spell afore they foun' hit agin if they jist had an other chance.

I thought thar wer long leather-aidged cleets nailed on the wall to climb by. They wer squar-edged up so the climin' had all to be done on one side, and whenever fellers got tired of swimmin', they jist sot into climin' the cleets. I noticed that new comers wer powerful fond of climin'. They'd sorter slack off sometimes until they sunk into the melted clock wates up to the pint of thar tail bones, an' by the gost ove a scared monkey, they'd come up overhanded tu thar work agin, just a wrigglin' and a snortin'. They worked like squirrils on a tred-mill. Durn'd if they didn't keep the thing rollin' strait along, and, George, jist as sure as yu is a foot high, *that's what keeps the yearth a turnin' aroun'*. I has foun' hit out at last. Well, one day the trap-door opened, an' the devil order'd ole Forney to steer under the hole. He steers wild, an' after swimmin' nearly all over hell, he got hit thar; when down poured into the boat the durnd'st sluice uv mean lookin' cusses you ever seed. Everybody already thar turned their heads to look at 'em, an' clom' faster. Skeered at 'em, by golly! They were radicals, the last durn'd one. Some had roaps aroun' their nex, wif a runnin ahin' the year; some had holes in thar heads; some had a big gill cut under their chins, an' every one shode signs of hard times and hurry. Among 'em I see Stevens, Sumner, Wade, Butler—surnamed the Beast—an' Wendell Phillips. "Hey!" sez the devil, "what's wrong above, cholery?" "Wus nor that," says Sumner, "the Constitution people has riz, an' ove korce *we all are here*. Say, your majesty, is Preston Brooks here?" "Oh, no," says the devil. "Well," sez Sumner, sorter brightenin' up, an' rubin' his hans, "I am durned glad he aint." "Stop a minit," sez the devil, "wait until I sorts you all out." He took up a needil as long as a harpoon, and with a big quile ove trace chains he threaded it. Then he picked out all the common cusses among 'em and strung 'em on the chain, runnin' the needil in at their mouths, and lettin' it come out thar—I forget which—and then hung the whole bunch over the aidge of the boat into the brimstone. Jehosophat! how they sizzled, an' sloshed, an' dove, an' sprinkled hot iron about wif thar tails. A string ove sun pearch would have been jist no whar.

While the devil were stringin the small fry, Butler, surnamed the Beast, aidged back to whar I sot in the boat, a keepin one eye sot on the devil, an' tother on me, an' he whispered in my ear; "Whars Sisyphus?" Sez I: "Don't know; why?" "Oh! nothin'; only I wanted to see which knowed the most ov our trades, him or me." Then he whispered, (that mortal off eye ov hisin still sot on the devil:) "Say, do you know whar his majesty keeps his spoons?" Sez I: "Does you see that chain hangin over the starn? He keeps 'em in a big pot sunk at tother aind ove hit." He jist went over the starn head fust, and coon'd hit down the chain, outen sight onder the brimstone. After bein gone a spell he come back, lookin disappinted like; but his general looks wer powerfully improved by his bath in melted brimstone. I swow he looked a heap more like a human. Sez he: "Gone, pot an' all." I opened my eyes. Sez he: "Hain't Forney got 'em?" Sez I: "Maybe so—he's been fumblin' round the starn a good while." Dam if he dident sarch every pocket Forney had, an' the ole cuss never cotch him at hit, an' he *got the spoons*. While this were gwine on, Old Thad were a tryin to claim kin wif the devil, a comparin his foot along wif ole Nick's. I think the pint wer to git an office, for I hearn the devil keep sayin: "No, no, I be dam if I do; we has order here now." An' all the time ole Wade wer a pesterin his majesty for a free ticket on his doggery. I seed that the devil wer a gitting monstrous oneasy. Wendell Phillips ket a watchin fust the side that went down onder the climbers, an' then the side what come up out ove the lake. He jist hopped overboard, an' swum over thar, an' tryin' his durndest *to turn hit tother way*, he' grab the sloping side of the cleats, an' hold on as long as he could, an' then slosh back agin among the melted dogirons an' brimstone. I reckon he must a made fifty trials afore he quit, an' swum back to the boat, an' then he sot in the most yearnest manner, to persuading the devil to take off the cleats, an' nail 'em on again upside down, so as *to run hell backwards, and ove course the outside world with hit*, without giving a single reason why hit help the matter. This made the devil bile over. He sed: "Not a dam one ove 'em should stay thar another hour. That they'd raise a rebellion sure an' destroy the institution, an' then what would the world do, *particularly New England!*"

I tell you he jist rared; sez he, "I'll clear my dominions of you durn'd quick," an' he ranged a big bom mortar, what were in the boat, point blank at the hatch hole, an' he loaded in old Wade, feet fust, and made Forney tetch hit off. By golly! he went whizzen throu the hole, and hit rained whisky on the lake ontil hit burnt blue. Next he grabbed old Thad.; sez he, tremblin, "Please yer majesty, load *her* in wif me," a pintin to a she nigger strung on the chain; sez the devil, "no sir, I think we can manage her arter you is gone, and besides, she looks like she needed a little rest." Bolang! and I jist cotch a glimpse ove Thad's hooked foot scrapin a splinter off the hatch combin. Next he yoked Sumner, an' he begged to be loaded head fust, as he sed he'd always traveled sturn fust throu life, an' he wanted to finish his journey the same way, *on account ove his record*. So, sturn fust he come outen the mortar, sturn fust he went outen the hatch hole, an I recon sturn fust he busted agin sumfin away yonder on the outside. Butler's surnamed the Beast, turn come nex While the devil were a loadin himin, I observed him buisy a buttonin up his pookits. When the mortar fired I wer watchin the hatch clost; I dident like the idear ove his leavin; but dam if he went thar, *he followed the line ove his coskeye*, and busted into a million pieces agin the wall. Spoons and breastpins fell a foot deep all over the lake, and I hearn the wimmen all cheer. The devil then licked his lips, and went for Wendil, but he jist loped overboard and dove, and tu save his life the devil couldn't find 'im. He'll raise trouble thar yet, see ef ye don't. Nex he grabbed Forney, his steersman, and sez he, "you don't steer tu suit me," an he commenced a loadin him in, an don't you believe, jist as the cuss's head were a goin out ove sight, he whispered in the devil's ear that I were Jamison, the actor. The devil remarked, "I've got nuffin agin Jamison, you is the one;" mad at me by golly, jist bekaze he seed the beast out smarted him in the spoon business. I hearn suffin like quack! quack! down in the bowils ove the mortar, and then hit went off, and so did the duck. Thar'l be peace in hell fur a while, if the devil *kin only ketch Wendil* an' reconstruct the durn'd raskil. Old Smutty reached for me las' one, an' put me down his gun. I got into beggin hard. Sez he, "you mus' go, the prosperity of my kingdom demands that nuffin havin the smell ove radical unto hits close kin stay yere. I seed you a whispering wif the Beast, an' I'd shoot out ole Robespiere hisself, if I wer to ketch him at sich an ornary trick, an' he's bin helpin roll hell roun' in a orderly way eversence the French Revolution." By golly! I jist limbered all over, the gun roared an' I wakened. Now, what do you think was the matter wif me? Why, old Bob Hays ware a tryin his durndest to splinter a four foot clapboard over my sturn, said he wanted me to git outen his paster, afore he shut the gate for the night. I wer a sweatin orful, George, perfectly orful.

I sorter wished I had dreamed on a little longer. I'd a liked powerful well to a foun' out what had become of ole Thad arter he wer shot out ove hell. Hit'l sorter injur his standin, won't hit, as he roams through nothin forever? I believe if I'd been him, I'd rather staid thar wif my she nigger. Been hard on her though, poor devil, an' a little too good for him. Ain't I hoss on skeery dreams.

Andre's Last Song.

The following sketch of Andre's last public dinner in New York, contained in an account of Old Kip's Bay House, will interest many of our readers. It is from the pen of the late Henry A. Buckingham, and was published about twenty years ago, since which the old house has been demolished:

The main structure (of Kip's house) was built of brick brought from Holland in 1614, by the ancestors of the ancient and highly respectable family of Kips; consequently some portions of the mansion are now two hundred and three years old. Between 1660 and 1700 it underwent some alterations, but it is still mostly in its original shape. It stands at Kip's bay, on the East river, between two and three miles from the City Hall. It will be taken down in the course of a year or two, and with it will vanish from existence about the last of the old Knickerbocker residences. Although the family of Kips do not live in their old mansion, it is still their property, and is occupied by one or two families.

At the point of rocks a few hundred yards from the house the British troops under Sir William Howe landed on Sunday, the 15th of September, 1775, protected by the cannon of two or three ships of war anchored in the East river, and a skirmish took place with the Americans in the rear of the house. The same day General Washington evacuated the city, and encamped with his army on Harlem Heights at Fort Washington. Over seven years elapsed before he re-entered it.

During the Revolution the house was occupied by different British officers of distinction, and beneath its rafters Sir Henry Clinton, Lord Percy, Knyphausen, the traitor Arnold and others have dined and swallowed their wines, while the song, the jest and the story passed freely around. It may be as well to say that the Kips were staunch Whigs in these days, and were forced to leave their home during the War of Independence. In the latter part of September, 1780, the Old Kip House was occupied as the quarters of Colonel Williams, of the 69th or Royal Americans. The regiment still bears this title, although it is doubtful now if there were any Americans in it. It was raised during the old French war, in the colony of New York, about the year 1755, and was then commanded by that lamented young nobleman Lord Howe, who fell at its head in a French and Indian ambuscade near Ticonderoga, in 1756.

It was the hour of dinner. The band had ceased playing the "Roast Beef of Old England," and the wine was circulating freely around the mess table of the officers and their invited guests—for they had that day given a dinner to Sir Henry Clinton and his staff. The usual toasts were drunk. "The King," "Sir Henry Clinton," and others, when Colonel Williams exclaimed:

"Our Adjutant General, Sir Henry Clinton, appears to be dull this afternoon. We all know his vocal talents, in connection with his other accomplishments, so I call upon him for a song."

The person whom he had named, a young man about thirty years of age, of slight figure and of prepossessing and intelligent features, replied:

"I do feel rather serious this afternoon, Col. Williams, and can give no particular reason for it. I will sing, as you require it, however."

He then, with great pathos, sang the old song said to have been written by General Wolf:

"Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys,
Whose business 'tis to die?" etc.

When he had concluded, the Colonel rose and gave the following toast, in honor of the singer:

"Fill up, gentlemen, for a bumper. The health of Major John Andre, our worthy Adjutant, the brave soldier and the accomplished gentleman."

A tear fell from the eye of the Major and mingled with his wine, at the affectionate greeting and prolonged cheers which fell from the lips of his comrades, and his voice was husky as he returned thanks for the honor done him.

"A word in addition, gentlemen of the 60th," said Sir Henry Clinton. "The Major leaves the city on duty to-night, which will most likely terminate in making plain John Andre, Sir John Andre, for such success must crown his efforts."

Little did it occur to any one then that the career of glory which now looked so bright and dazzling to the young officer, was to close on the gibbet. It was his last dinner in New York.

Shortly after, the party broke up, and officers crowded around the Major, shook him warmly by the hand, wishing him success and a speedy return.

Long years rolled by—the boom of the cannon, the beat of the drum, and the sound of the Briton's bugle no longer echoed along the shores of our beautiful island, but no officer returned. Forty years had come and gone, when a coffin was placed on board a vessel in the bay; it contained the bones of Major John Andre on their way to Westminster Abbey, to rest beside the noble and the brave

Kentucky Finances.

The financial condition of Kentucky, as it is reported by the papers of that State, is certainly very encouraging. The debt is said to be between $5,000,000 and $6,000,000. The State treasury now holds between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000. The Quarter-master General has just been notified that $700,000 have been made subject to his draft by the proper national authorities, and between $1,000,000 and $2,000,000 additional is expected within a few weeks. The assets are therefore enough to liquidate all of the liabilities, and to enable the State to begin the new year free from debt.

A Real "Devil-Fish."

Victor Hugo's Story Matched.

Readers of M. Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea," will remember the terrible narrative of the fisherman Gilliatt's encounter with the Octopus or sea-devil, who winds his horrible suckers round his victim, and gradually draws away his life's blood. The poet novelist has been accused of exaggeration in this incident, but according to Mr. Lord, an English traveler, who has just published in London a book about British Columbia and the Pacific coast, the sea-devils of the North Pacific even outdo the terrors of the Channel Island species. Mr. Lord says:

"The octopus as seen on our coasts, although even here called a 'mansucker' by the fishermen, is a mere Tom Thumb, a tiny dwarf as compared to the Brobdignagian proportions he attains in the snug bays and inland canals along the east side of Vancouver Island, as well as on the mainland. These places afford lurking-dens, strongholds, and natural sea-nurseries, where the octopus grows to an enormous size, fattens, and wages war with insatiable voracity on all and everything it can catch. Safe from heavy breakers, it lives as in an aquarium of smooth, lake-like water that, save in the ebbing and flowing of the tide, knows no change or disturbance.

"The ordinary resting place of this hideous 'sea-beast' is under a large stone or in the wide cleft of a rock, where an octopus can creep and squeeze itself with the flatness of a sand dab or the slipperiness of an eel. Its modes of locomotion are curious and varied; using the eight arms as paddles, and working them alternately, the central disk representing a boat, octopi row themselves along with an ease and celerity comparable to the many armed caique that glides over the tranquil waters of the Bosphorus; they can ramble at will over the sand roadways intersecting their submarine parks, and, converting arms into legs, march on like a huge spider. Gymnasts of the highest order, they climb the slippery ledges, as flies walk up a window pane, attaching the countless suckers that arm the terrible limbs to the face of the rocks, or to the wrack and sea weed, they go about, back downward, like marine sloths, or, clinging with one arm to the waving algæ, perform series of trapeze movements that Leotard might view with envy.

"I have often, when on the rocks, in Esquimault harbor, watched my friend's proceedings; the water being clear and still, it is just like peering into an aquarium of huge proportions, crowded with endless varieties of curious sea-monsters; although grotesque and ugly to look at, yet all alike displaying the wondrous works of Creative wisdom. In all the cosy little nooks and corners of the harbor, the great seawrack (Macrocystics) grows wildly, having a straight round stem that comes up from the bottom, often with a stalk three hundred feet long; reaching the surface, it spreads out two long tapering leaves that float upon the water, this sea forest is the favorite hunting grounds of octopi.

"I do not think in its native element an octopus often catches prey on the ground or on the rocks, but waits for them just as a spider does, only the octopus converts itself into a web, and a fearful web too. Fastening one arm to a stout stalk, stiffening out the other seven, one would hardly know it from the wrack amongst which it is concealed. Patiently he bides his time, until presently a shoal of fish come gaily on, threading their way through the sea-trees, joyously happy, and little dreaming that this lurking monster, so artfully concealed, is close at hand. Two or three of them rub against the arms; fatal touch! As though a powerful electric shock had passed through the fish and suddenly knocked it senseless, so does the arm of the octopus paralyze its victim; then winding a great sucker clad cable round the palsied fish—as an elephant winds its trunk round anything to be conveyed to the mouth—draws the dainty morsel to the centre of the disk, where the beaked mouth seizes, and soon sucks it in."

By a sort of poetical justice, these tyrants of the sea caverns are themselves hunted by an enemy of untiring pertinacity. The Indian regards the octopus as a great delicacy, especially when the huge glutinous body is carefully roasted. Were the octopus once to get its long throng-like feelers over the side of the canoe, and at the same time retain a hold upon the seawrack, it could as easily haul it over as a child could a basket. This the crafty Indian well knows. How he captures him Mr. Lord thus describes:

"Paddling the canoe close to the rocks, and quietly pushing aside the wrack, the savage peers through the crystal water, until his practised eye detects an octopus, with great rope-like arms stiffened out, waiting patiently for food. His spear is two feet long, armed at the end with four pieces of hard wood, made harder by being baked and charred in the fire; these project about fourteen inches beyond the spear-haft, each place having a barb on one side, and are arranged in a circle round the spear end, and lashed firmly on with cedar bark. Having spied out the octopus the hunter passes the spear carefully through the water until within an inch of the center disk, and then sends it in as deep as he can plunge it. Writhing with pain and passion, the octopus coils its terrible arms round the haft; redskin, making the side of the canoe a fulcrum for his spear, keeps the struggling monster well off, and raises it to the surface of the water. He is dangerous now; if he could get a holdfast on either savage or canoe, nothing short of chopping off the arms piecemeal would be of any avail.

"But the wily redskin knows all this, and has taken care to have ready another spear unbarbed, long, straight, smooth, and very sharp, and with this he stabs the octopus, where the arms join the central disk. I suppose the spear must break down the nervous ganglions supplying motive power, as the stabbed arms lose at once strength and tenacity; the suckers that a moment before held on with a force ten men could not have overcome, relax, and the entire ray hangs like a dead snake, a limp, lifeless mass. And thus the Indian stabs and stabs, until the octopus, deprived of all power to do harm, is dragged into the canoe, a great inert, quivering lump of brown-looking jelly."

"Whining" Women.

Brigham Young, of Utah, has been blowing up the women of that free-and-easy Territory in a manner at once awful and unique. He accuses them of "whining," and says that they must either "stop that sort of nonsense" or else start for the other side of Jordan, at once—and he tells his own forty wives that he means *them*, as well as the rest of the feminine Utabyans. He says that the kernel of the whole difficulty—the direct occasion of the disagreeable and unbeatable "whinings" lies in the fact that "the women expect too much of the Saints!" He says that the women—even his own forty—are so weak minded as to suppose that the saintly elders of the Mormon Israel can make a heaven on earth for them—and that after a woman has entered a Saint's famity, and finds that after all he is not able to make a heaven on earth for her, she begins to 'whine' and talk about 'too many wives,' and the evils of polygamy, and such like 'blasphemous twaddle.' Brigham also says it is his opinion that any woman who ever lived would be disappointed in the best 'Saint' in Utah should she marry him—and on this point we unreservedly agree with Brigham. The Governor gave all the women warning that two weeks from date of his sermon against "whining" he should call upon them either to promise never to "whine" more, or less to leave the Territory, bag and baggage, saying that he would even send off all his own wives, and go to heaven alone, sooner than take such a "whining" crew along with him.

GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

We have reason to be thankful to God for the blessings of peace, abundant crops, that industry has been rewarded, and that thus the Commonwealth has been able to do her full duty to herself, to the country and posterity.

The condition of our finances is as follows:

Balance in Treasury, November 30, 1865		$2,373,668 14
Receipts during fiscal year ending November 30, 1866		5,829,668 54
Total in Treasury for fiscal year ending November 30, 1866		$8,203,336 68
Payments for same period have been		6,462,303 41
Balance in Treasury, December 1, 1866		1,741,033 27
Amount of the public debt as it stood on the first day of December, 1865		$37,476,258 06
Amount reduced at the State Treasury, during the fiscal year ending Nov. 30, 1866, 5 per cent. loan	1,828,553 25	
4½ per cent. loan	25,000 00	
Relief Notes	626 00	
Domestic creditors' certificates	26 65	$1,854,205 90
Public debt Dec. 1, 1866		$35,622,052 16
To wit, funded debt:		
6 per cent. loan		$ 400,630 00
5 per cent. loan		32,078,192 59
4½ per cent. loan		213,200 00
6 per cent. loan, military, per act May 15, 1861		2,820,750 00
Unfunded debt, relief notes in circulation		96,625 00
Interest certificates outstanding		13,086 52
Int. certificates unclaimed		4,448 38
Domestic creditors' certificates		119 67
		$35,622,052 16
Assets in Treasury:		
Bonds of Pennsylvania Railroad Company		$ 6,600,000 00
Bonds Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company		3,500,000 00
Interest on bonds of Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company		1,225,000 00
Cash in Treasury		1,741,033 27
		13,086,033 27
Liabilities in excess of assets		22,536,018 89
		35,622,052 16
Liabilities in excess of assets, November 30, 1861		$28,148,060 36
Liabilities in excess of assets, November 30, 1866		22,536,018 89
Improvement in Treasury since 1861		$5,612,041 47

The extraordinary expenditures, during the war and since its close, in payments growing out of it by authority of Acts of Assembly, have 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 $10,612,000, 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 public debt, within the period of fifteen years.

The time fixed for the redemption of $23,108,626 24 of the indebtedness of the Commonwealth having expired, I recommend 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.

I recur, with much satisfaction, to the wisdom, prudence and economy of the representatives of the people, in the management of the finances of the Commonwealth, during a period of much embarrassment, uncertainty and distress, and congratulate you and them on the near approach of the entire liquidation of the public debt.

Since my last Annual Message, I have drawn from the Treasury, two thousand dollars of the fund placed in the hands of the Governor for secret service and other extraordinary expenses, which I have expended, in payment of my personal staff, and for other purposes, as heretofore, except five hundred and sixty-three dollars and forty-eight cents, which I have returned into the Treasury.

I present, for your consideration, the amendments to the Constitution of the United States, proposed to the Legislatures of the several States by a resolution of both Houses of Congress, passed on the 16th day of June last. I was glad that it was possible, without delaying the final adoption of these amendments, to ascertain the opinion of our people upon them, at the general election, in October last. By the election of a large majority of members openly favoring and advocating the amendments, that opinion seems to me to have been abundantly expressed, Indeed, the amendments are so moderate and reasonable in their character, that it would have been astonishing if the people had failed to approve them. That every person, born in the United States, and free, whether by birth or manumission, is a citizen of the United States, and that no State has a right to abridge the privileges of citizens of the United States—these are principles which were never seriously doubted anywhere, until after the insane crusade in favor of slavery had been for some time in progress. What is called the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the Dred Scott case, has made it expedient and proper to re-assert these vital principles in an authoritative manner, and this is done in the first clause of the proposed amendments.

The right of prescribing the qualifications of voters is exercised by the respective States. Under the Constitution of 1789, three-fifths of the slaves were counted in ascertaining the representative population of the several States. The amendment to the Constitution abolished slavery in all the States and Territories. Though it was formerly otherwise in most, if not all, of the old Southern States, yet for many years past free Negroes have not, in any of these, been permitted to vote. At present, there fore, the late slave States would be entitled to count the whole of their former slave population, as a basis for representation, instead of three-fifths thereof. That is to say, they would have in the existing ratio about twenty more members of Congress than they had before slavery was abolished, and the free States would lose the same number, making a difference of about forty members of Congress, or, say, one-sixth of the whole body In other words, the treason of the rebellious States, the suppression of which has cost us so many hundreds of thousands of precious lives, and so many thousands of millions of treasure, would be rewarded by giving them a vast increase of political power.—This absurdity the second clause of the proposed amendments designs to prevent, by the just, equal and moderate provision, that in future, the representative population of each State shall be ascertained by making a proportionate deduction from the whole population thereof, if its laws exclude from the privilege of voting, any male citizens, not criminals, of the age of twenty-one years. I have yet to learn that any plausible objection can be offered to such a provision.

The third clause of the proposed amendments excludes from Congress, and from the College of Electors, and from all offices, civil and military, of the United States, or of any State, persons who, as functionaries of the United States, or as Executive or Judicial officers of any State, have heretofore sworn to support the Constitution of the United States, and afterwards violated their oath by engaging in rebellion against the same, unless Congress, by a vote of two-thirds, shall have removed the disability of any such persons.

The fourth clause affirms the validity of the debt of the United States, and prohibits the assumption or payment of the rebel debt, or of any claims for the loss or emancipation of any slave.

The fifth clause provides that Congress shall have power to enforce the provisions of the other clauses by appropriate legislation.

That these wise and moderate provisions will meet the hearty approbation of the Legislature, I cannot doubt. If proposed by two-thirds of each House of Congress and ratified by three-fourths of the Legislatures of the States, the Constitution provides that they should stand as adopted amendments of that instrument.

A question has been raised whether the States lately in rebellion, and not yet restored to their privileges by Congress, are to be counted on this vote—in other words, whether those who have rebelled and been subdued shall be entitled to a potential voice in the question of the guarantees to be required of them for future obedience to the laws. So monstrous a proposition is, it appears to me, not supported by the words or spirit of the Constitution. The power to suppress insurrection, includes the power of making provision against its breaking out afresh. These States have made an unjust war upon our Common Government and their Sister States, and the power given by the Constitution to make war on our part, includes the power to dictate, after our success, the terms of peace and restoration.

The power of Congress to guarantee to every State a Republican form of Government, would cover much more cogent action than has yet been had.

The duty imposed upon Congress, to provide and maintain republican governments for the States, is to be accepted in the broadest meaning of the term. It is not a mere formal or unnecessary provision. The power was conferred, and the duty enjoined, to preserve free institutions against all encroachments, or the more violent elements of despotism and anarchy. And now that treason has, by rebellion, subverted the governments of a number of States, forfeiting for the people all the rights guaranteed by the Constitution, including even those of property and life, the work of restoration for these States rests with the National Government, and it should be faithfully and fearlessly performed.

By their passage by Congress, and the declaration of the people at the late elections, the faith of the nation is pledged to the amendments, and they will be fairly carried out, and their benefits given to the rebellious States. But when the amendments shall have passed into the organic law, should the people lately in rebellion persist in their rejection, and in continued disobedience, and the obstruction of the execution of the national laws, it will be an admonition to the nation that the *animus* and force of treason still exist among a people who enjoy none of the privileges of the government, save of its generous tolerance. With their rejection, all hope of reconstruction, with the co-operation of the rebellious States, on a basis that would secure to the Republic the logical results of the war, will have vanished, and the duty must then devolve upon the government, of adopting the most effectual method to secure for those States the character of governments demanded by the Constitution.

They are without lawful governments—they are without municipal law, and without any claim to participate in the government.

On what principle of law or justice can the rebellious States complain, if after they have rejected the fair and magnanimous terms upon which they are offered brotherhood with us, and a participation in all the blessings of our freedom, and they have refused, if the government, in the exercise of its powers, should enter anew upon the work of re-construction at the very foundation, and then the necessity will be forced upon us to discard all discrimination in favor of the enemies of our nationality, to give us and them enduring freedom and impartial justice.

The Constitution has defined treason, and has given express power to suppress insurrection, by war, if necessary. It has not provided, in detail, the terms to be granted after such a war. How could it do so? It would probably not be contended by the wildest partisan, that these States had a right to be represented in Congress at a time when they were carrying on open war against the government, or that Congress was not then a lawful body, notwithstanding their exclusion. How then have they re gained the right of representation? Surely not by simply laying down their arms when they could no longer hold them. The United States have the right, and it is their duty, to exact such securities for future good conduct as they may deem sufficient, and the offenders, from whom they are to be exacted, can have no right to participate in our councils in the decision of the question of what their punishment shall be.

Practically, common sense determined the question of their right so to participate, when Congress proceeded in the enactment of laws, after the surrender of the last rebel military force. It was determined again, when the now pending amendments were proposed by Congress. If two-thirds of Congress, as now constituted, could lawfully propose those amendments, then three-fourths of the States, not excluded from representation in Congress, form a sufficient majority to effect their lawful adoption. It was determined again by the formal sanction of both the great political parties, when Congress, by an almost unanimous vote, declared the rebellious States without the right of representation in the Electoral College in 1864.

We ought to go on resolutely and rapidly with all measures deemed necessary to the future safety of the country, so that all parts of it may, at the earliest day, be restored to just and equal political privileges.

The annual report of Hon. Thomas H. Burrowes, Superintendent of the maintenance and education of the soldiers' orphans, will exhibit the present condition and the result thus far of that undertaking. Nearly three thousand of the destitute children of the brave men who laid down their lives that the nation might live, are now not only comfortably provided for and guarded from temptation, but are receiving an education which will fit them to repay the care of the State.

The appropriation made for this purpose, at the last session, has been sufficient to meet all expenses of the financial year just closed. And I recommend whatever appropriation may be necessary, to continue and perfect the system under which the schools are conducted.

There can be no doubt that the appropriation will be made. Were I to select any State interest which I would more warmly commend to your prompt attention and liberality than another, it would be this. All Pennsylvanians are proud of it, and it lies near the hearts of all true men.

Owing to their greater destitution and want of information on the part of their relatives, the orphans of our colored soldiers may require some special attention. Perhaps authority to the State Superintendent, to use, for a short time, the services of an agent, to ascertain their number and claims, and bring them into the schools that may be provided for them, will be sufficient. The whole number in the State is not large, of whom a few have already been temporarily provided for.

I recommend that provision be made for the maintenance of such of our soldiers as are in poverty, and have been so maimed as to prevent them from securing a livelihood by their labor, by renting buildings at once, or such other means as you may deem wise and proper, until the arrangements proposed by the National Government for their support are completed. They are probably few in number, and it is due to the character of the Commonwealth, that they should not remain in, or become the inmates of, poor houses, or pick up a precarious subsistence by begging. Patriotic and charitable citizens have done much for them, but speedy and proper relief can only be given them by the systematic and continued benevolence of the Commonwealth. The Legislature can only afford immediate relief to all of this class of our citizens, and in thus exhibiting gratitude to heroic and faithful men, who did so much for the country, the burden will fall equally on all her people.

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

It is impossible to provide, in all respects, for the increasing and changing interests of our people, by the enactment of general laws, but to a large extent it is practicable to relieve the Legislature from special legislation which is demanded and occupies so much of its sessions. Special legislation is generally passed without due consideration, much of it at the close of the session, and is chiefly objectionable from the partiality with which powers and privileges are conferred.

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.

There are at this time, in the various prisons, a number of persons under sentence of death, some of them for many years, and as it has become a custom that an incoming Governor should not issue a warrant of execution in cases unacted on by his predecessor, it not unfrequently happens that in many cases, some of which are recent, while some punishment should be inflicted, that of death may appear to the Executive to be too severe.

I earnestly repeat my recommendation heretofore made, that provision be made for the reception of such persons into the penitentiaries, who may be pardoned on condition of remaining a limited time therein.

I re-appointed Hon. C. R. 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, 1,863 school districts in the State; 13,146 schools; 16,141 teachers, and 725,312 pupils, with an average attendance of 478,088. The total cost of the school system, for the entire State, including taxes levied and State appropriation, was for the year 1866, $4,195,258.57. The increase in the number of school districts 26; in the number of schools, 222; in the number of children attending school, 19,932; in the average attendance at school, 18,945, and in the total cost of the system, $581,020.02. I invite your attention to the valuable suggestions made in his report, and that of Col. Wickersham, and commend our system of public instruction to the continued fostering care of the Legislature.

I herewith present the reports of Col. F. Jordan, Military Agent of the State, at Washington; of Col. H. H. Gregg, Chief of Transportation; of S. P. Bates, on military history of our volunteers; of trustees of the Soldiers' Gettysburg National Cemetery; of the proceedings and ceremony of the return of the flags, on the 4th of July, in the city of Philadelphia, and of Colonel James Worrell, commissioner appointed under an act relating to the passage of fish in the Susquehanna, and invite your attention to them, and the reports of the Surveyor General and Adjutant General.

The Agency at Washington should, in my judgment, be continued. It has proved very useful in all respects, and especially to our volunteers and their families.

Four thousand six hundred and ninety claims have passed through the Agency during the past year, and three hundred and eleven thousand seven hundred and three dollars has been collected from the Government and transmitted to the claimants free of charge.

It will be necessary to continue the office of Chief of Transportation, as there are unsettled accounts with railroad companies and the National Government, and duties to be performed in the removal and care of bodies of the dead, which require it. An additional appropriation will be required for this Department.

I earnestly recommend, in justice to the living and the dead, that our military history be pushed forward vigorously, and that money for that purpose be appropriated.

The Trustees of the State Lunatic Hospital represent that it is impossible for them to accommodate and care for the number of patients committed to them under the laws regulating admissions into the hospital, and earnestly recommend that provision be made for increased accommodation.

I need not say that the institution is carefully and economically managed, or to refer to the great good it has produced; and that I cordially unite in the statement and recommendations of the memorial herewith presented.

I invite your attention to the condition of the Arsenal.

It is too small—unsafe as a depository for the large amount of valuable military material to be kept in it, and is, in all respects, inconvenient and not adapted to its purposes.

Much inconvenience was experienced during the war for want of sufficient room and safety, and I recommend that ground be procured and a new and commodious arsenal be erected in or near the Capital of the State.

Since the adjournment of the Legislature I drew my warrant on the Treasury for five thousand dollars, appropriated to the National Cemetery at Antietam, and appointed Major General John R. Brooke, trustee to represent the State. Before the warrant was drawn I appointed Colonel Wm. H. Blair and Captain J. Merrill Linn, who examined the ground and made a full investigation, their report of which accompanies this message. It will be noticed that they report seven hundred and ninety-seven bodies of Pennsylvanians that will be removed into the cemetery, and recommend an additional appropriation, in which I most cordially unite.

I cannot close my last Annual Message, without renewing the expression of my gratitude to the freemen of the Commonwealth, for the hearty approval with which they have cheered the labors of the Executive Office. To have earned such approval by my official conduct, during the last six years, must always be a source of pride to myself and children. Without the consciousness that I was endeavoring to deserve their approval, and without a hope that I should succeed in attaining it, I must have sunk under the responsibilities of my position. It was only a reliance on Divine Providence, and the active, resolute, hearty support and zeal of the people, and their representatives, that encouraged me during the dark and terrible crisis through which the country has passed. I tried to do my duty to my country, and know I was at least faithful to her in her deep distress, and I conceived that duty not to be limited to the merely putting of men into the field to suppress treason and rebellion, and maintain the national life, and doing of everything in my power to sustain the just war forced upon us. I felt also bound, so far as I could, to protect and promote the rights and comforts of our volunteers, after they had left the State, to aid and relieve the sick and wounded, and to care for the transmission, to their bereaved families, of the precious bodies of the slain, and the maintenance and education of their orphans as honored children of the country.

To have been the Chief Magistrate of this great Commonwealth, during the period through which we have passed, and to have earned and maintained (if indeed I have done so) the confidence and affection of her people and their representatives, are quite enough to satisfy the highest ambition, and in my retirement from the high trust given me, I pray God that the State may continue to grow in power and strength, and her people in prosperity and happiness. A. G. CURTIN.

Executive Chamber,
Harrisburg, January 2, 1867.

A New Year's Story for Young Men.

As an incentive to save, and an evidence of how rapidly capital, judiciously invested, will increase, we may mention a little incident that had just come to our knowledge. A few days ago the circle of active business men was shocked by the announcement of the sudden death of Edward C. Dale, Esq., president of the Norristown Railroad Company, and vice president of the Franklin Fire Insurance Company. In 1850, sixteen years ago, Mr. Dale retired from the office of prothonotary of the District Court of this city, with $14,900 as the net proceeds of his tenure in office, and, as he at the time avowed, about all of his earthly possessions. This sum he placed in the hands of Amos Phillips, a personal friend and shrewd manager of money, without written acknowledgement, to be used as his own, and to make return to him or to his heirs when called on. The fact of this deposit, thus made sixteen years ago, was known in Mr. D.'s lifetime only to the parties immediately connected with it, and Mr. D. having died suddenly, leaving no will or other record of this particular investment, from which he had never drawn anything, and which had steadily increased, his heirs, a son and daughter, on Friday last, were not a little surprised to receive from Mr. Phillips, in first-class securities and cash, the handsome sum of $50,416. Though Mr. Dale had subsequently made and saved since his deposit of $14,900 with Mr. Phillips, in 1850 a handsome estate, these unknown securities passed over by Mr. Phillips was a perfect windfall. The growth of the deposit was mainly in interest—the securities invested in being entirely of a reliable character. At six per cent. the sum would double in about eleven years, making, say, $30,000, and in seven years since, about two-fifths more would be added to the $30,000, making, without speculative ventures, the sum paid over to the heirs. This simple transaction demonstrates the important fact that fifteen thousand dollars saved and invested at thirty years of age, is worth as much as sixty thousand at fifty-two years. Thus let the young remember the important fact of beginning to lay up early.—*Phil'a Ledger.*

Congress.

It is not likely that a quorum of the House will be present at the reassembling on Thursday. The general impression is that no business will be transacted in that body until Monday, the 7th instant. The Senate will go on with the Nebraska bill immediately upon reassembling, and will doubtless dispose of it within two or three days. The bankrupt bill will be next in order in that body. It has strong opposition among leading Senators, but will probably pass.

The Finale of the Grand Mass Welcome.

The Washington *Intelligencer* says: "It appears that the grand mass welcome to the Radical majority in Congress, which signalized the first day of the present session, has ended in grief. It is stated that Mr. Rullman, who was engaged to furnish the supper upon that occasion for twenty-five hundred dollars, has been obliged to bring suit for his pay. As very few partook of the supper, except the committees and the Congressmen whose superlative patriotism was thus advertised, it has been suggested that these Congressmen should make up the amount out of the extra pay they are so loth to accept."