

Star & Republican Banner

"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."—SHAKS.

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.]

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THE GARLAND.

"With sweetest flowers enriched,
From various gardens culled with care."

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY CHRONICLE.

NATURE.

BY ROBERT MORRIS, ESQ.

"Nature
That formed this world, so beautiful, that spread
Earth's top with beauty, and life's smallest chord
Strung to unchanging union; that gave
The happy birds their dwelling in the grove;
That yielded to the wanderers of the deep
The lonely silence of the unfathomed main,
And filled the meadow with the crocus in dust
With spirit, thought, and love."—P. B. Shelly.

Heaven's earliest born and still unsoiled child,
Whose smile is morning and whose frown is night,
Around whose brow Earth's earliest roses smile—
Thine was the glow of beauty—thine the light
That beamed o'er Paradise, when Woman there
Fresh from her Maker's hand—a faultless thing—
With dove-like eyes, and shadow golden hair,
From grovelling beast, or bird on tireless wing,
Won homage as she passed! Thine too the glow
That flushed her cheek, or beamed from her white brow

Beauty is thine in all her changing dyes—
Color, and light, and shade, and sound, and song,
Morn's purple hues, and Evening's golden skies—
The whispering summer breeze—the whirlwind strong;

Night with her starry train, a shining band,—
Each wandering meteor of yon trackless deep—
Illia's greenest spot—Zahara's burning sand—
The thunder's roll—the lightning's livid leap—
The lark's light note—the murmur of the bee—
All speak of Heaven, of Order and of Thee.

The Seasons are thy handmaids, and the flowers
Fair emblems of thy beauty,—bending grain
Made golden by the sunshine's magic power,—
The howling tempest—and the gentle rain
Of Summer's softer mood,—blossom and fruit—
The bending willow and the creeping vine—
The rattling hail-storm, and the snow-fake mute—
The time-worn oak, the cedar and the pine—
Niagara's roaring Fall—the noiseless rill
Were Nature's at the dawn—are Nature's still.

Mighty or gentle as may suit thy mood—
The whirlwind and the earthquake tell thy power:
Thy hand scoop'd out old Ocean—Etna a pill'd;
Bent the first rainbow—painted the first flower;
But loveliest is thy face in Spring's glad hour—
The meadows green, the waters leaping free—
The earth wet with morning's dewy shower—
The sunlight beaming o'er the distant sea—
When new-born winds their freshness first disclose,
And waltz with the violet and the rose.

Thy temples are upon the lofty steeps
Of Andes and the Apennines—and where
The coral insect toils beneath the deep,
Or the lean Arab pours his soul in prayer,
The meanest intellect—the mightiest mind—
Master and slave alike admit thy power—
Monarch and nation—hero, prince and hind,
Must yield at Nature's tributary hour—
Before Thee, forests tremble, mountains nod;
How feeble Art to Thee—"a worm, a god!"

Oh, Nature! is it through the forest child,
The tawny tent of the boundless West—
With sons to lead his mind beyond the wild,
Or point his thoughts to regions of the best—
Should deem Thy glories god-like, and fall down
A savage worshipper? Should see in Thee
The spirit of the leaping cataraet—
The power of Life, and Death, and Destiny—
Should, as the lightning flashes through the sky
Believe its fire from some immortal eye?

No—rather marvel that the letter'd fool—
The worm whom Heaven has given the power of
thought,
Seeing thy glories, and the magic rule
That governs all Thy works—should set at naught
The lessons that they teach—should mock the Power
That call'd from chaos all that mingles here—
The loftiest mountain and the lowliest flower—
Earth, Air, and Ocean—each celestial sphere—
Should look from sea to sky—from dust to man—
And see no God in all the wondrous plan!

THE WIDOWER'S WOOING.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

It was a bright spring morning, when the air
Was what the poets call genial, that in high spirits,
and half-mourning, I set out from the metropolis,
to seek in the vale of Wight, the young lady to whom
I had been somewhat prematurely engaged in the
life of my lamented Becky. That unfortunate
impediment to our union was now removed,
and though she had been gone many months I
clung to my remembrance, because, in my singular
case, I thought that on my again beholding Anna
Maria and her mother, my black gloves and the
crape round my white hat, would speak volumes of
love, hope, and constancy, and serve as signals for
rejoicing.

As the Southampton coach, on the top of which
I was seated, flew rapidly along, I gave myself up
to blissful anticipations, and though it did occur to
me that upwards of two years and a half had elapsed
since I had heard of Mrs. Millington and her
daughter, and that such a lapse of time brings many
changes, still the small cloud turned to no "its silver
lining," and the anxious hurry of my feelings
made me think my conveyance, though if went at
the rate of nine miles an hour, a slow coach. The
Coves steam packet vividly revived scenes that
were past, and I sat upon the deck recalling one by
one the events of my first union with Becky, my
imaginary widowhood, our reunion, and my second
bereavement, but which there could be no mistake;
I saw her as she sat for her picture—I saw her
sick on board the sinking Duck, and then, dreadful
retrospection! I saw her private box! But from the
private box which she now occupied, she could
never again come forth to claim me, so I lightly
stepped upon terra firma, and looked about me at
Coves, with the air of a single man without incumbences.

My first walk was to the post office to ascertain
the address of Mrs. Millington; I then returned to
the hotel, dressed myself with great care, and having
cast a glance at the long mirror in the coffee-
room, I drew on my black gloves, and with a palpitating
heart proceeded to the house to which I had
been directed. It was a very small habitation, quite
in the cottage style, standing in an extremely little
bit of garden—some of those slim dwellings which
indicate the slender means of the proprietor. I had
been aware that Ann Maria was dependent on her
mother, and that her mother was not rich, when I
had been so nearly united to her two years and a

half ago. But on very long voyages, when two people
are thrown together as we were, they are apt to
forget earth and its dross, while fully engrossed by
amorous anticipations. Besides, though I should
certainly have liked my wife, just for the look of
the thing, to have had a little independence of her
own, still I could afford to marry whom I pleased
—and though I stood for a moment at the door of
the exceedingly small cottage, with the knocker
in my hand, before I gave the signal which was to
summon the servant, I cannot allow it to be supposed
that the idea of withdrawing from the pursuit
of Anna Maria, on account of her humble abode,
entered my imagination.

After twice repeating my knock, a foot woman
opened the door and apologized for delay, saying
that she was "a-washing;" to the truth of which
statement her red hands and arms, lathered and
sloppy up to the elbows, bore ample testimony.
"Is Mrs. Millington at home?" I falteringly in-
quired.

"No, Sir—not at home!" replied the maid.
"Is—Miss—Millington within?"
"Both gone out, Sir."

"I should be sorry to disturb them if they are
engaged, but I am so old and intimate a friend, that
if they are at home, and visible to any one, I am
sure they would see me."

"Oh, they're not invisible no where to-day to
no one here," said the maid shaking her head.
"Pray take my card," said I, and she looked at
her wet finger and thumb with some compunction
as she took it.

"And here's half a crown for yourself," I added
and she took that without hesitation or compunc-
tion, for half-crowns are not the worse for wetting.

"Thank you kindly, Sir; Missis shall have your
card when she do come back from Lunnon."
"What!" I exclaimed, "gone!"
"Went this morning to meet Missis's maiden
sister, Miss Chumps, what is just come from the
Injies."

"This morning! and how long will they stay?"
"A week, Missis said, or ten days at longest."
"Oh, well, it can't be helped," said I, "I shall
remain at Coves till they return. Are they quite
well?"

"Why, tollable. Mrs. Millington has had the
fenny, and so was bad Sunday come so'nigh, that
Mr. Morbid the potecary gave her epidemic in
her gruel; but she be better and stronger now,
and means to insult somebody in Lunnon."

"And your young mistress, how is she?"
"Oh! she'd a touch of the fenny, too."
"Not serious, I hope?"
"Oh, no! young folks don't so much mind, Mr.
Morbid said her's was little more than a common
guitar; but then he told her a cold an't a thing to
play with."

"And is she looking as lovely as ever?"
"Oh, charming! such a face! and then her fig-
ure's perfect scymitar! You heard of her luck, I
suppose?"

"No, what luck—unless you mean—my arrival."
"I thought every body knew, My Missis's maid-
en sister, Miss Chumps, brought home the news
from the Injies."

"I've heard nothing."
"Only to think and an old friend, too! and I to
have the telling on! Why Miss Anny Marier's
father's only brother that survived, had died at
some queer place in those parts; and he's left all
his fortune to she!"

"To Miss Millington?"
"Oh, yes!—no end to it!"
"You don't say so! have you their address in
London."

"Oh, yes. The British Hotel, Cockspur street."
"Very well," said I, "and now, can you tell me
where I can find furnished lodgings?"

"How luckily things do turn out!" replied my
interesting friend. "There's Mr. Morbid has just
the apartments to suit you; there, up the street,
he's Missis's potecary, and you see blue and red
bottles in his shop-window."

I thanked her, and proceeded to Mr. Morbid, a
pale thin, meek little man, who having walked me
about his house, agreed as the lodgings suited me,
to let me have them with cooking and attendance
for three guineas a week. I dined at the hotel, and
had my luggage moved to my apartment, when I
drank tea, and then wrote a letter to Mrs. Milling-
ton expressive of my regret at not finding her at
Coves, and my anxiety for their return. Not a
word did I say about that which was uppermost in
my thoughts Anna Maria's accession of fortune; but
with an assurance of my disinterested attach-
ment for her daughter, I brought my epistle to a
close, and directed it to Mrs. Millington, British
Hotel, Cockspur street.

The next morning I ordered a dinner, plain, but
good, and then went forth to enjoy the beauty of
the scenery. At my dinner hour I returned with a
very excellent appetite, and ordered up my roast
fowl, oyster sauce and potatoes. Up they flew, or
rather I should say that I wonder my fowl did fly
into the apartment, for it had never been trussed
but had been simply suspended by its head before
the fire, in a state of unsophistication, with its legs
and wings hanging loose; and now it lay sprawling
on the dish more like an expiring frog than a
barn-door fowl; the potatoes, though heated, certainly
were not boiled and the oysters, plunged in melted
butter, gave evidence that the individual who
called herself cook (if there really was such a pre-
tender in the house) had no intention of giving me
any of her sauce.

This won't do, thought I, so I, walked down to
Mr. Morbid's back parlour, and requested to speak
with him. He entered the apartment, stroking
down his hair on his forehead in the solemn manner.
I began to explain my culinary distresses, and
Mr. Morbid listened with a patient countenance,
when the door opened and in came a lady taller by
a head and shoulders than Mr. Morbid, whom he
falteringly introduced to me as his wife. I bowed
and then continued my complaint; and Mr. Morbid,
perhaps struck with the hungry look which I
involuntarily wore, began an apologetic reply, but
Mrs. Morbid stopped him with a vehement exclamation.

But expostulation was vain; and Mrs. Morbid,
in the absence of the real cook, who, I believe had
the fenny, was to perform the part as an amateur.
Alas! day after day, I grumbled over an ill-dressed
dinner. On inquiry, I found that the kitchen grate
had been unfairly diminished, by the insertion of
iron plates on either side. The fire, in fact, looked
as if it had been ticed into a tight pair of stays, the
rugs seemed compressed, and the vital spark almost
extinct. "I needed no moralist to remind me of the
littleness of the grate." I ascertained that, at the

apothecary's lodgings, I had no chance of a dinner
unless I could make up my mind to live upon rhu-
barb tart.

But what are all these minor anxieties to one
who daily looked for a letter from his soul's idol
Could I expect to relish food?

At length it came, not precisely the reply I had
expected, but still nothing actually to damp my ar-
dent. We had parted suddenly, and in circumstan-
ces most painful to all parties. Nearly three years
had since elapsed; and it was something to find
her still unmarried; still disengaged, still willing to
meet me at her mother's house. In fact, what more
could I expect? I read the letter a second time,
kissed it, and sat down to a medicated mutton pie
with a very tolerable appetite.

Mrs. and Miss Millington, accompanied by Miss
Chumps, in due time arrived from London; and I
was summoned to their temporary residence, Pigmy
Villa.

Again I stood in the very little garden; again I
knocked at the door of the very small house; and
again it was opened by the handmaid, who had al-
ready indulged me with an interview. I was ad-
mitted, and shown into the smallest parlour I ever
saw in my life. I sat there in great agitation for
some time; and then the door opened, and Miss
Anna Maria, my *ci-devant* betrothed, stood before
me. I was very much agitated, and for the first
ten minutes I could talk of nothing but the weather
and the "fenny;" but she had more courage than
myself, and she soon came to the point.

"It is some time since we met, Mr. Daffodil,"
said she.

"Nearly three years," I replied sighing deeply.
"You have experienced various vicissitudes."
"True," I answered; "wonderful ups-and-downs.
But she I once thought down, and who suddenly
rose up, as now, as I suppose your mamma in-
formed you, at rest."

"Poor thing!"
"Yes; and so I come to you for consolation."
"When I first knew you, sir," said Anna Maria,
with provoking coolness, "you seemed to require
little consolation; you thought proper to pay me
marked attention during the voyage, and being very
young and very inexperienced, I complied with my
mother's wishes, and accepted you."

"I now am free to claim your plighted hand."
"Since that period," she added, "I have become
three years older, I have thorough more experience,
and I hope, more sense; you, Sir, are also three
years older, and you look it."

"Ma'm; Miss Millington: Anna Maria—"
"Do not interrupt me. I certainly promised to
marry you, when you proposed for me, you were
not aware of an impediment to our union; therefore,
if your attachment was real, the circumstances
which separated us must have given you pain.—
As no obstacle now exists, and as you have
again sought me, I do not think I should be just-
ified in retracting the consent which I formerly
gave; that is, if you persist in your determination
to wed a portionless girl."

"When I came to see you here, sweet idol of my
beating heart," I replied, "I might have been in the
smallest degree in the world started at the very
little house in which I found your very small es-
tablishment."

"That is candid; then, adieu."
"Nay, I said not that; and you are endeavour-
ing to conceal from me a circumstance which
(though nothing could render you more dear) is
still, in a worldly point of view, highly gratify-
ing to any individual about to be—that is, I don't
mean to say, that—in fact, I'm aware of the ac-
cession of fortune."

"Oh, you are! Well, isn't she lucky!"
"Who?"
"My aunt!"
"What aunt?"
"Miss Chumps."

"Oh! your mother's maiden sister, who brought
the news! Yes, yes, she and indeed all in any
way connected with you, must rejoice in your good
fortune."

"Mine?"
"Yes, yours."
"Oh, yes, certainly; any thing advantageous to
one so near and dear as an aunt, must of course
gratify me; not that I have any selfish reason to
rejoice, for though aunt Chumps is not young, she
will of course marry."

"I beg your pardon," said I; "it seems to me that
I do not clearly comprehend this matter; and now I
remember it was but an ignorant girl that spoke to
me on the subject."

"If she told you that my aunt, Miss Chumps
had unexpectedly come into a large fortune, she
told you the truth."

"Your aunt?"
"Yes; was that what you heard?"
"No—yes—that is—I really—I forget."

"Oh, of course, you were thinking of other
things. But do you know I never was so surpris-
ed as when I heard you had recollected me after
such a lapse of time. You must not forget the
disparity in our ages, I am many years younger
than yourself, and you may by-and-by think me
gay and giddy. Visit us, if you please, but think
no more of love until you have seriously recon-
sidered the matter."

I retired to my lodgings, startled, disappointed,
disorganized; and as prevention is better than cure,
I sent down to Mr. Morbid for a anti-bilious pill;
but notwithstanding my precaution my slumbers
that night were feverish and disturbed.

The next day I was introduced to Miss Chumps,
and I really thought her a very interesting wo-
man. A long residence in a tropical climate had
tinged her with deep yellow, and the lines under
her eyes and round her mouth were peculiarly
dark. Her form, tall and erect, was perhaps what
critical people would have called meagre, but still
there was a certain something about her, far from
disagreeable. She had been sent out to India to
seek a husband when she was very young (which
must have been a long time ago), and the search
having been fruitless, she now came back again,
possibly to establish a similar look-out in her na-
tive land.

I don't know how it happened, but I saw very
little of Anna Maria or her mother during my
daily visits to Pigmy Villa. Miss Chumps always
received me, and now and then we strolled to-
gether by the sea-shore. She had left England so
early in life, that her notions were all oriental—she
certainly must have been little bit vulgar before she
set out; and I am inclined to think that a long
residence in India, unless the individual is natu-
rally elegant, and has been early associated in
England with persons of refinement, is not par-

ticularly calculated to give ladies what we are
in the habit of considering ladylike ways and notions.

The Chumpses, were persons of low origin.—
An early marriage with a most gentlemanlike man
had made Mrs. Millington presentable in any so-
ciety; but her spinster-sister, Miss Chumps, look-
ed so odd, and had such odd manners, that one
would not have been anxious to incur the respon-
sibility of presenting her anywhere. Still what
Anna Maria had told me about accession of fortune
rendered her somewhat interesting in my
eyes, and being, as I thought, rather neglected by
the niece, I was glad to avail myself of the excuse
to try and get into the good graces of the aunt.

"I have been in India myself," said I to her one
day.

"So they tell me," she replied. "Oh, India's
the place for us women! I remember at R in—and
pore the hall that Lord Peffing gave us. He was
dressed as a Rajah, and I and five other ladies (the
handsomest you could pick out) were his six
wives! I wish you could have seen me with my
shawls, and my tissue-turban, and my beetle
wings!"

"But you like England, I hope?"
"Oh, London's pretty well, if they would but
wash it clean. I arrived some days before I was
expected, and stayed by myself at the Golden
Cross, until sister Millington and my niece joined
me."

"Unpleasant for a single lady."
"Yes, especially for one accustomed to the man-
ners of the East. But I recollected that I had
a cousin Chumps in trade, one my sister don't wish
to hear talked about, and looking in the Directo-
ry I found him out and wrote him a note, and he
came and called with his wife, and they asked
me to tea, which was civil and obliging; they lod-
ged at a pork-shop in the strand, called Devonshire
House."

"I've not the pleasure of knowing it," said I;
"but I've seen the advertisement."
"Well," proceeded Miss Chumps, I was not sorry
to have an opportunity of seeing a little of
London society; so I put on a beautiful bright
yellow China-cape dress, with a handsome scarlet
India shawl, my beetle-wing turban, and my ban-
gles, and ordering a hackney-coach at 8 o'clock in
the evening, I desired the man to drive to Devon-
shire House."

"Pray go on," said I, beginning to take an inter-
est in the adventure.

"Well, away we went and arrived at some gates
which were thrown open; there seemed to be some
demour about admitting the vehicle; but the mo-
ment my beetle wings glittered at the window, the
porter allowed us to proceed. We drove up to a
magnificent mansion, from every window of which
lights were beaming, and we stopped at a splen-
did portico; the folding doors were open, crowds of
liveried menials stood ready to receive me, and the
interior of the hall blazed with magnificence. Am
I in a dream? thought I. People approached; the
door of the coach was opened; the steps led down;
and I descended. I thought I heard the words
'hackney-coach' whispered by a gentleman in full
dress, and another also in a whisper replied, 'Oh,
a foreigner of distinction, a stranger no doubt; and
with much ceremony I was escorted to the door of
a saloon, and I immediately found myself in a cir-
cle of distinguished individuals one of whom—
really the most gentlemanlike man I ever beheld
—came forward to receive me, but started back
after he had advanced a few steps, as if overcome
by the oriental splendor of my appearance. I
could not quite understand all this; I looked round
in vain for cousin Chumps, and instead of seeing
preparations for tea and smelling buttered toast, I
thought I heard 'dinner' mentioned by a gentleman
in powder, who walked in at another door and made
a graceful bow!"

"Good gracious!" said I, "what a sad mistake!"
"So it appeared," replied the spinster; "for the
gentlemanlike man spoke to the man in powder,
and he spoke to me, and enquired whom he had
the honor of addressing; I certainly was agitated,
but distinctly articulated 'Miss Chumps, from In-
dia,' when a tall handsome man in regimentals
said something about deranged intellect, and some
of the young people laughed, while others looked
on me with an eye of compassion. I fainted dead
away, and knew very little what happened until
I found myself in my bedchamber at the golden
Cross."

It was evident from Miss Chumps's story that
she had appeared in the first circles in London;
yet it was with difficulty I could resist laughing
at her adventure. To change the conversation,
however, I touched on a tender matter; and ere
a quarter of an hour had elapsed, false to the fair
maiden; I had breathed vows of unalterable love to
the more affluent aunt. She seemed much aston-
ished at my offer.

"You must make my peace with Anna Maria,"
said I.

"Why, to tell the truth," she replied, "I do not
think she will regret your desertion; I believe,
after what passed between you three years ago, she
considered herself bound in honor to accept your
hand if you persisted in your suit; though, between
ourselves, I think she has been rather attached to
a very handsome officer, of her own age, quartered
at New port."

"So much the better," I replied.

"But I must do you the justice to say that your
giving her up now is a proof of disinterested hon-
orable feeling, which does you credit. You court-
ed her when she was comparatively poor, and there
are few who would have voluntarily withdrawn
their claims at the very moment when she became
rich, and bestowed those affections on one portio-
less as myself."

I stood aghast. Had the servant-girl then told
me the truth, and had Anna Maria merely misled
me to try the disinterestedness of my motives? So
it proved. I had been engaged to dine with Mrs.
Millington that day, and at dinner I was placed by
Miss Chumps, the antiquated possessor of forty
pounds a year unencumbered property, while An-
na Maria, who now possessed five thousand a year,
sat radiant with smiles and beauty by the side of
Captain Beaumont of the Dragons.

So much for a widower's Wooing. There was
now no Becky to come forth and claim me, and
voluntary apostasy was likely to be rewarded with
an action for breach of promise of marriage. De-
prived of the smiles of Miss Millington I found
small consolation in the ogles of Miss Chumps;
and perhaps I may hereafter make public some
more of the *miss* adventures of a Widower.

May Temptation never conquer Virtue.

VARIETY.

LAZY RICH GIRLS.—The editor of the Orion,
says—"lazy rich girls make rich men poor, and
industrious poor girls make poor men rich." He
does not mean by flattery to sacrifice truth.

"Have you any good plates?" said a woman,
stepping into Mr. —'s store a few days since.
"Yes ma'am; we have every thing—which will
you have Madam? Put you up some of the gilt
Ma'am!" "No," said the lady, "I want some that
won't show dirt."

Love.—The editor of the Methuen Gazette
makes the following sweeping assertion: "What
a man! and never love! Pah! Such a man must
have a heart of iron, a soul as lifeless as a corn cob,
the gizzard of a goose, and a head as sappy as a
cocoa nut."

Something Curious.—Fish Story!
On Saturday last, Mr. David Lupfor, who
had gone to Clark's Ferry for shad, returned
in the evening, bringing with him a rock
fish, which weighed nearly 11 pounds, and
measured 2 feet 4 inches in length, and 16
inches round the thickest part of the body.
The size of the fish was not very remark-
able, as larger rock fish than this are frequen-
tly caught at that place. There was nothing
in its appearance indicating that it had
shared any other than the lot common to
its kind. As soon as it was brought home
it was cleaned, and, on opening it, there
were found in it three pebbles or stones; one
weighing 7½ ounces, the other two weighing
2 ounces each. The stones are nearly ob-
long, rather resembling a potatoe in shape,
and very smooth; each stone was enclosed
in a separate bag or sack, which was drawn
perfectly tight around the stones, and this
envelope appeared to be much thicker, firm-
er, and stronger than the intestines. How
are we to account for these stones being
found in a rock fish? Is it common for fish
of this kind to swallow stones, or were they
swallowed by accident? The thickness of
the skin, composing the sack or bag, being
thicker and stronger than the intestines,
would lead us to the conclusion that they
had not only been swallowed at different
times, but that they had been in the fish
a considerable time before it was caught.—
Nature, no doubt, covered each stone sepa-
rately in order to prevent abrasion, and to
confine each to its particular place. If they
were not swallowed by accident, but by de-
sign, can any of our learned friends give us
the why and wherefore? If by design, was
the poor rock fish driven to it by sheer ne-
cessity, arising from the calamitous pressure
which is now so extensively felt through
the country, or were they only taken in for
bait?

This reminds us of the 'Extraordinary Case,'
mentioned in the Pickwick Papers, where
the child swallowed a necklace; but it was
not followed by the like tragical circum-
stances; inasmuch as the stones were each
developed in a separate bag, which prevent-
ed their rattling.—Perry Forester.

A lady named Sykes was recently turned
out of Church in Vermont for kissing a gen-
tleman. It was certainly a pressure which
any honest woman ought not to regret.



Constitutional Convention.

Remarks of Mr. Stevens,
On the 12th instant, in Committee of the Whole,
on the 2d Art., the question being upon an
amendment requiring the advice and consent of
the Senate relative to appointments by the Gov-
ernor.

Mr. STEVENS said: Having reluctantly
but inevitably come to the mournful conclu-
sion, that all the vital parts of this venerable
and hitherto venerated Constitution of ours,
are given over to immolation, as a sacrifice
to the restless spirit of change which has
taken possession of this Convention, I do not
address you on this occasion with the hope
of staying the hand of destruction which is
raised against it; but simply to offer the rea-
sons which, to my mind, are all-powerful
for resisting the depredations which are
making upon this article of the great charter
of our rights. The amendment proposes
two things; to take away from the Governor
all agency in the appointment of all officers,
except the Secretary of the Commonwealth
and the judicial officers; and secondly, to
curb and restrain his action, by the super-
vision of the Senate, in the appointment of
those which remain to him. I am opposed
to both of these amendments to the extent
proposed. I am willing and desirous of tak-
ing the appointment of all the county officers
—Registers, Recorders, Prothonotaries, and
Clerks of the courts from the Governor, and
giving their election to the people. I would
not object to putting the justices of the peace
into the same hands, if this would stake the
burning thirst of the reformers. But I can-
not, and my constituents will not, consent to
go much further in mutilating and destroy-
ing a Constitution, under which we and they
have found a full and perfect protection of
all their civil and religious rights—of their
lives, their persons, and the titles to their
property. Experiments in governments are
dangerous things, when the lands and the
houses, and the personal estate of a whole
people, depend upon the result. I am oppos-
ed to this amendment, not only because it
proposes too great and radical a change, but
because we can hardly perceive, and the peo-
ple will scarcely know, the full extent of its
operation. By the present Constitution, the
Governor has the appointment of all officers
under it, which are not expressly taken from
him. The present amendment proposes to

take from him all that are not expressly
granted. What will be the result? How
many officers now existing and not enumer-
ated in the amendment, will there be to be
provided for by legislation? Can any of you
tell? I presume not. There are certainly
many. But if you cannot tell, how long will
it be before the Legislature will discover
and provide for them? How many omitted
cases will arise after the most diligent scruti-
ny? How many imperfect executions of the
duties of those officers will arise, in con-
sequence of such omissions? How many
questions of private rights will grow out of
such imperfect executions of official duties?
How many remedial laws will be required
to cover the defects? And how many law
suits to determine the constitutionality of
such laws will have to be tried, to settle
questions arising under this amendment, be-
fore the people will feel safe in the enjoyment
of their estates, which have grown up under
and been protected by the present Constitu-
tion? Sir, I can see much; but my imagina-
tion cannot conceive the full extent of the
confusion and distress, which we are likely
to bring upon a happy and hitherto contented
people.

If we were to enumerate those officers
which the Governor should not appoint, and
provide for their election, and give him the
appointment of all other officers, whether
now existing, or hereafter to be created, no
omissions, no mistakes, no errors or difficul-
ties could arise to create litigation, or unsettle
the tenure of property. The extent of the
change would be perceptible at once, and no
occasion for numerous law suits, which, how-
ever profitable to counsel, are ruinous to
clients. But why take the appointment of
the heads of the departments, the Surveyor
General, Attorney General, Secretary of
the Land Office, and Auditor General, from
the Governor? They are essentially a part
of his cabinet. His own comfort, and the
comfort of each of them, as well as the pub-
lic interest, require, that there should be
perfect harmony, and unity of views and ac-
tion among them. But, if you take the ap-
pointments from the Governor, it may, and
probably often will happen, that he will be
of one party, and entertain one set of prin-
ciples, and they be of another party, and
hold entirely opposite principles; discord
and opposition must then disturb their coun-
sels, and injure the interests of the State.

If the appointment of the canal commis-
sioners, or managers of the public works, is
taken from the Governor and given to the
Legislature, it seems to me that the most
injurious consequences must ensue. If the
Legislature happen to be hostile to the Ex-
ecutive, they will elect canal commissioners,
who are his enemies also. Instead of har-
mony, and a friendly desire to aid each other
in their several