

Star & Republican Banner.

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

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.]

GETTYSBURG, PA. TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1883.

[VOL. 9--NO. 4.]

THE GARLAND.

"With sweetest flowers curie'd,
From various gardens call'd with care."

FOR THE GETTYSBURG STAR AND BANNER.
ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE BOY.
FAREWELL, dear Boy, oh, fare thee well,
Thy soul disclud' on earth to dwell,
By Heaven call'd away.

Yes, thou hast left, forever left,
The earth with all its cares;
And we by death's decree bereft,
Will now give vent to tears.

Forgive those tears, sweet Boy, forgive!
We would not mourn for thee;
For thou hast gone with Him to live,
Where thou shalt happy be.

Happier than mortal can conceive,
Thou art forever blest;
And we will no longer grieve,
But bid thee adieu rest.

Yes, rest in peace, until the day
When all the dead shall rise;
Thy body shall not see decay,
Thy spirit never dies.

Farewell, dear Boy, oh, fare thee well,
No more shall we complain;
Prepared for heav'n, with thee to dwell,
We there may meet again.

GETTYSBURG, April 19, 1883.

THE REPOSITORY.

FROM THE LADY'S BOOK.
ALTHEA VERNON;
OR
THE EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF.
[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

CHAPTER VI.

The sun shone brightly through her shutters before Althea awoke, and she found it too late to put in practice her intention of calling on Julia to accompany her in a rattle on the beach to see the first rays of morning gild the ocean. She had just completed her toilet when Mrs. Dimsdale and Julia tapped at her door, and the breakfast bell not having yet sounded, they all three repaired to the little front drawing-room that opens into the corridor or long passage at the head of the first staircase.

"And now, my dear Mrs. Dimsdale," said Althea, "tell us what was seen, and said, and done, last evening in the saloon."

"I saw many well-dressed, fashionable, and agreeable-looking people," replied Mrs. Dimsdale, "and some few that were not so—and I met several of my friends from the city. Mr. Dimsdale, whose acquaintance among gentlemen is very extensive, was of course at no loss. I was introduced by my sister Conroy to several of her prime people, as she calls them, and she took opportunities of giving me their histories. And I heard much conversation through the room about a young lady from Boston, who is daily expected in our city, and it is said, intends immediately visiting Rockaway."

"Miss De Viney is it not," said Julia, "Templeton Lansing was speaking of her last evening as we walked on the beach. He says every one is preparing for a great sensation on her arrival."

"Yes—Miss De Viney," replied Mrs. Dimsdale, "report has described her as a first-rate woman. Having come into possession of an immense fortune at the age of twenty-one, she went to Europe with some of her relations, and has just returned after an absence of four years. The ladies are all impatient to see the beautiful dresses she has brought from Paris, and the gentlemen are equally anxious to hear her play and sing, and to dance with her, and (those that can) to talk to her in French and Italian and Spanish. She is said to be highly accomplished, and to have in every respect a mind of superior order."

"With so many advantages," said Althea, "she must indeed be a delightful woman—I hope, Julia, that Miss De Viney will arrive before our departure, that we may have an opportunity of seeing her across the room, and hearing the sound of her voice at a distance, for I suppose that is the utmost we can expect."

"At least," said Julia, "that privilege will be something—I think we shall find her like Ida of Athens, the beautiful and talented archduchess."

"My idea of Miss De Viney," said Althea, "is that of Armidia, the heroine of the Milestan Chief."

"And I," said Lansing, who had just joined them, "have a presentiment that she resembles Portia in the Merchant of Venice, as played and looked by Fanny Kemble; and she can be compared to nothing more charming."

The breakfast bell now rung, and Mrs. Conroy came sweeping along the corridor with an immensely fat, coarse, over-dressed woman leaning familiarly on her arm. She was followed by her two daughters in very secheche morning dresses; Phebe Maria galled by a foppish, ungentle, pert-faced young man, and Abby Louisa escorted by Selridge, whom the Couroys had chanced to meet on his way from his own apartment and to whom the all-seizing mother had consequently delegated the office of conducting her eldest hope to the refectory—Selridge, whose countenance was always too eloquent, looked annoyed as he bowed to Miss Vernon in passing. Lansing who guessed in a moment how, and by whom the arrangement had been made could not forbear smiling as he offered his arm to Althea, who smiled also at the triumphant glance and the slight wave of recognition that was bestowed on her by the soft and gentle Miss Conroy, whom with her sister she had met once or twice at Mrs. Dimsdale's.

"Do you know the old lady and the young gentlemen that are with Mrs. Conroy and

Miss Phebe Maria," said Althea in a low voice to Lansing; Mr. Dimsdale with his wife and daughter being somewhat in advance.
"They arrived the day before yesterday," replied Lansing; "Their name is Vandunder—they come from Schoppenburgh, one of the townships of the Hudson (I forget on which side) where the father made a large fortune by keeping a store, and by marrying the only daughter of a very rich farmer who was or had been land owner of the whole settlement—and also by giving nothing to any body out of his own family, and as little as possible to those in it. Old Vandunder died a year or two ago—since which his wife and son and daughter have all come out, and are now taking their pleasure at Rockaway. Mrs. Conroy, who always adds to her house every string she can pick up, (whether a silk or cord or a bit of twine,) is evidently desirous of promoting a match between one of her daughters and the young patron of Schoppenburgh—she calls him—and she herself subjects herself to the mortification of scheming the whole family. The life of a scheming mamma must be a perpetual martyrdom."

"Not more so than that of the daughters who are schemed for," observed Althea.
During breakfast Lansing and Althea were tacitly amused with the uncomfortable look of Selridge, whom Abby Louisa had contrived to detain at her side, and on whom she was lavishing her softest smiles and the most amiable attentions at table. Phebe Maria (who sat opposite to her sister) kept up what she considered a lively flirtation with the patron of Schoppenburgh, who esteemed himself a wit, and at whose sides the young lady had been in treated to laugh exceedingly. He was a fresh-mock-eyed, round youth with raven-black eyes and whiskers from which the sea air had taken out all the curl. His dress was in the very extreme of what he believed to be the fashion, and he was followed each with a wig and a twitch of his eye, and a significant jerk of his head, as much as to say—"Do you take," his conversation was interlarded with scraps of French which he mispronounced, and of Latin which he mis-stands, and his English was incorrect and ungentle.

"Allow me," said he, "Miss Phebe Maria, to assist you to a piece of this here split crow," (pointing to a broiled chicken,) "Do you walk or fly?" (Phebe looked puzzled.) "I mean, which will you have a walker or a flyer?" (Phebe now laughed.) "For my part I'm a great hand at flying—but there's no arguing about it—excuse me, I am talking French. But really since it has been a fashion to parody, it comes so natural to me, and slips off my tongue with such such *freight* that I am apt to be quite inconsiderate of them that don't speak it."

"Pray sir," said Phebe, with some asperity, "what puts it into your head that I do not speak French—I can assure you I learned it seventeen quarters at Madame Gard-folle's and of course I must understand it."

"To be sure you must," replied Vandunder, in a tone of conciliation, "it was only a small *jeu de esprit* of mine."

"Are you talking French Billy?" said his mother, who sat next to him on the other side of the table.
"Madam I am," replied Billy.
"That's right," said his mother, "you know your French master ordered you to practice whenever you had a chance," and then leaning over to Phebe, she continued, "I assure you, Miss, my son is a great language. He's classical too, and can talk Latin—Billy says some Latin to Miss Phebe Maria."

"*Cul bono,*" said Billy, whose Latin was sometimes right by accident, but generally wrong by ignorance. And then he whispered to Phebe, "Between you and me and the post, the old lady's a small bit of a twaddle."

Phebe Maria's giggle was rather too audible—"What's the fun?" said Mrs. Vandunder, "Some good joke, suppose, of Billy's—young ladies, Billy's a great joker."

"My jokes always hit the right nail on the head, don't they mar?"—pursued the hopeful son.

"Most always," said the unconscious old lady—Phebe Maria now laughed till her mother frowned.

In the meantime nothing but the habitual politeness of Selridge could have enabled him to endure with patience the die away looks, complimentary insinuations, and persecuting assiduosities of Abby Louisa. Therefore he was very glad when the repast (which had seemed to him interminable) drew towards its close.
"Well," observed Mrs. Vandunder—"if every body's had enough, I don't see no use in setting for nothing—so let's all get up, forthwith."

"*Risum teneatis*,"—said Billy, pushing back his chair—and thinking he had made a most appropriate quotation he looked over to Lansing for applause, and found him already subscribing to the real meaning of the words.

As they quitted the table the patron of Schoppenburgh touched Lansing on the shoulder, and whispered to him familiarly, "I say, Lansing, introduced me to that there pretty girl which sat beside you—she's really the beauty of Rockaway—quite a *prima futie*—between you and me and the post, the Miss Couroys ain't fit to hold a candle to her."

Lansing looked at Althea, who having overheard the whisper, replied by a smile of assent, and the introduction took place, much to the discomfiture of Mrs. Conroy, who now regarded our heroine as a decided rival to her daughters, and a thorn in their path to preferment.

After leaving the refectory, a large proportion of the company assembled in the saloon, the young people to promenade round, and the matrons to sit at the windows or on

the sofas, some talking, and some saying nothing. The husbands and fathers sat about the piazza with the newspapers.
Abby Louisa was just directing a look of invitation to Selridge, and preparing to engage him as her partner in the promenade, when Lansing kindly stepped forward, and relieved his friend by offering his own arm to the young lady, to whom no handsome man ever came amiss. Selridge delighted with his escape, looked round in search of Althea, but was vexed and disappointed to find her already in the midst of the procession and leaning on the arm of Billy Vandunder, whose fatherliness she was repaying with some of her brightest smiles.
"What a riddle is this girl!" thought Selridge, "I don't think I shall take a solitary walk in the parties to-night—she seems quite as well pleased to listen to the stupid nonsense of that ugly idiot as she was last evening with our moonlight ramble and poetical conversation."

He then invited Miss Dimsdale to make the tour of the saloon with him, but she replied that she would rather sit still and look on—Selridge afraid that he might be drawn into a promenade with Phebe Maria (who was seated next to Julia) went out into the piazza, and having resolved on total indifference to Miss Vernon, he was persuaded to join some of the young men on a deep sea-fishing excursion, which they had planned the evening before. Lansing who had previously made arrangements to be of the same party, now looked at his watch, and then excusing himself to Abby Louisa, led her to a seat, and departed.

Althea who was heartily tired of her beau, informed him that she was tired of promenade. The gentlemen (who were not very numerous, many of them having gone to the city early in the morning) began to disperse, and the ladies soon returned, some of them to their former *sister*. Among these were Mrs. Conroy and her daughters at long the first, as Mrs. Conroy's opinion that nothing but filling up the intervals with sleep could enable any real ladies to stand the wear and tear of a watering place without looking the worse for it.

"And I," said Mrs. Vandunder, as they reached the corridor, "will go and look after Willie—don't you have not seen my daughter yet Mrs. Dimsdale. I named her Wilhelm because her brother's name was Wilhelm."

"Is there not some inconvenience in the similarity of the names," enquired Mrs. Dimsdale.
"Oh! not the least—we call her Willy and him Billy, and nothing can be easier said. I'm a going to see if they've sent her up a good breakfast—for yesterday she told me they did not give her half enough of sausage, and quite too little butter."

"Does Miss Vandunder never come down to breakfast?" asked Mrs. Dimsdale.
"Oh! never—she had to rise so early at Mrs. Shacklewell's boarding-school to practice her piano in a cold parlour by candle light, that ever since she hasn't got up till ten o'clock, always has her breakfast in bed. And she likes plenty of good things to make up for the five quarters of bad eating she had at Mrs. Shacklewell's. Then boarding-schools is awful places—to be sure here at this hotel (which is a great shame) they charge for every meal that's set away from the table. But, howsoever, it won't break full handed people that's got above the world, and to my thinking, all them that ain't, had better stay away from sea shores and watering places."

She then entered her daughter's apartment, and was saluted with a whining half-crying voice which sounded to those outside like tones of childish complaint.
"Mrs. Vandunder and her family are not without their peculiarities," said Mrs. Conroy to her sister, apologizingly—"But they all have most excellent hearts, and are highly respectable, and naturally very desirous of being in society—in our republican country one should not be too fastidious, but remember what our grandfathers were, as Mr. Dimsdale just says."

CHAPTER VII.

The day being unusually cool for the season, and the glare of the sunbeams veiled by a frequent succession of passing wind-clouds, Althea proposed to Julia that they should take a stroll on the beach. Julia gladly assented, saying, "As the gentlemen are all away, and the fashionable ladies retired to their rooms, we can enjoy our ramble free and unconstrained."

When they came out into the portico, equipped for their walk, they saw already on the beach, a number of children of all sizes, but with them only one lady, whom, on reaching the place, they found surrounded by a group of little girls, watching with much interest, the progress of the waves as they rolled in to the shore.

The lady was very plainly dressed, her face was conceal'd by a cottage bonnet and a green veil, and her figure by a large shawl. She seemed to enter *con amore* into the amusement of the children.

"Now," said she to the little girls, "let us each choose our own wave, and see which will make the finest burst of foam when it breaks. That little one in the middle is my pet." "And that very large one shall be mine," said one of the children. "And that other large one mine," said another, "I like every thing large." "There is still higher wave coming for me," said a third, "and that mammoth one is my choice," exclaimed a fourth.

There were shouts of delight as the favorite billows rose higher and higher, till, bursting at their ridgy tops, the white foam poured like a minor cataract down their green, transparent sides.

"Ah!" said the lady, "my little wave, like many little people that rise from a small be-

ginning, is steadily increasing in size and consequence. See, now, how it mounts above its companions; here it comes! What an immense burst of foam, like a young Niagara. And what a cloud of spray flies round it as it dashes against the shore, dinging itself far and wide into bubbles of froth."

"After all," said one of the little ones, clapping her hands excitedly, "my wave has left the greatest number of crabs behind it. See, how many it has thrown out on the sand!"

"Poor little black things," said another of the children, "then they are, all lying up on their backs, tumbled head over heels. I am sorry to see them sprawling, and struggling, and looking so frightened. I hope the next wave will wash them all back again into the sea."

"Let us poke them into the water with these bits of stick," said a third little girl, "the boys are coming this way with their baskets, which I dare say are nearly full. We will not let them get these also."

In the sequel the lady had taken up a crab in her hand, and, after making to the children some remarks on its conformation, and making one of them to handle it, (the timid little girl had at first declared that it seemed to her like a monstrous black spider) the animal was returned to its favourite element. The lady then assisted her young companions in searching for shells and sea-weed.

Althea and Julia passed on and found a number of boys dispersed about the beach, apparently the children of families staying at the Marine Hotel. Most of them were, very properly, craved in brown bollard tracks, girt with broad leather belts, and their large straw hats were secured by strings, held under their chins. There were two or three in fine cloth tunics, braided and fringed, and elegant tasseled caps, which they carefully and uncomfortably held fast on their heads with both hands, and the sartorial policy of their unconstrained and conveniently dressed companions. Some of the boys were catching crabs, others were collecting large mussel shells, and admiring the brightness of their rainbow-coloured spots were watching the low and rapid flight of the petrels dipping their pinions into the brine; water-skiers were scalloping round a piece of timber, thrown on shore by the waves. It was evidently the fragment of a wreck, some vestiges of cabin windows being yet apparent, draped with masses of tangled and dripping sea-weed. Of the letters painted on the stern, a few could yet be discerned, but so broken and defaced, and with such chaos between, that nothing intelligible could be made out of either name or place. The right of this melancholy relic of what had been a vessel, threw Julia into a fit of musing on the dangers to which her lover was exposed. Althea smiled, but it was on the vastness of the mighty Atlantic, and on the glories of the European world that lay beyond it.

After extending their ramble round the eastern point of the beach, the two friends turned their steps homeward, and found, as they came back, the same little party of young females. The lady, with her veil thrown aside, and her shawl hanging on her arm, was singing, like another Ariel, accompanied by several of the girls, who were dancing at the same time—

Come into these yellow sands,
And then take hands,
Cutted when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whistle.)
All which directions were gaily obeyed by the young sea-nymphs.

"That charming song!" said Althea to Julia, "even in reading the words, 'the sound is an echo to the sense.' And then it has been so beautifully set, and the air is so sweetly appropriate. Often as I hear it, I wish indeed to be a sea-nymph, and to sing and dance to it for ever."

"Will you join us now," said the lady, "and 'foot it feathery here and there,' among our imitation nereids?"

Julia, at first, timidly drew back, but in another moment followed the example of Althea, who had taken, at once, the offered hand of her invitress. Two lovely girls received them with a courtesy and a kiss, and they danced with an animation and a vivand sense enjoyment seldom known in the ball-rooms of the present day.

It was not till they all stopped to take breath, that Althea found herself at leisure to look at the lady, who did not herself join in the dance, but stood by singing the air delightfully, and now and then directing the movements of her young companions by a graceful gesture of her hand.

At this moment a shout from the boys of "Ships, ships," drew all eyes towards the sea, and they beheld two gallant vessels, their sails set to a fair wind, and their heads directed towards Europe. They were two of the New York packets going to sea on their appointed day, one for France and one for England. The boys, of course, knew the names of both, and, far off as the vessels were, saluted them with three loud huzzas; a ceremony that boys never omit an opportunity of performing.

"Oh!" said Althea, "how I envy the passengers in those ships!"

"I do not," replied Julia, in a low voice, "for they have just had the pain of parting with their friends, and they know what sad hearts they have left behind them, and what a tedious time must elapse before those that they love can be apprized of their safety. Oh! that long, dreary, anxious two months; which must always intervene between a departure for Europe and the arrival in America of the first letters!"

"And now," said the lady, "I think we had best turn our steps homeward, or hotelward, rather. Our attention has been so much engaged that we have not observed the rapid progress of the tide, which is coming in so fast that in a few minutes our late

dancing ground will be a sheet of surf. I must assemble my little friends, for I see they are scattered all over the beach."

Then, calling by name to the pretty little girls, and a fine little boy, who all addressed her as "Cousin Milly," she desired them to collect their companions immediately, as the sands would soon be covered with water. Our heroine retained her companion of the perilous situation of Sir Arthur and Isabella, when overtaken by the tide in their walk home from their visit to the Antiquary.

While the lady was marshalling her little regiment, Althea and Julia took their leave, and proceeded towards the hotel, regretting to each other that *bien-sance* forbade them to presume farther upon an acquaintance so slight and accidental.

"I never in my life," said Althea, "felt so great a disposition to cultivate an intimacy with an entire stranger. I should like to do all in my power to render her situation tolerable."

"Why what do you suppose her situation to be?" asked Julia, smiling at the energetic imagination of her friend, which was always prone to create a romance, or a picture, or a drama, out of every thing.

"I fear," replied Althea, "this young lady is one of those unfortunate beings designated as poor relations; and, as such, sustains the unfeeling offices of companion, governess, and nursemaid to those children that fall her cousin."

"Still," observed Julia, "she does not look at all unhappy. On the contrary, she seems full of life and gaiety, and was very much at her ease with you and I."

"Ugh, no doubt," said Althea, "to escape a little while from the bondage of board-and-board. (By the by, how I hate that vile word!) However, I am happy to see that they do not allow her to go about in the mean attire that generally falls to the lot of humble cousins."

"I should not suppose her to be very humble," pursued Julia, "but her dress, I think, is plain."

"True," resumed Althea, "yet her bonnet, though entirely without a bow, and having no more ribbon than that which crosses the front and forms the strings, is of very fine straw; her collar is of real cambric, edged with thread lace; her gown is cachemire, of the best quality; and as to her *tarrau shawl*, you know every body has one now, for convenience; and the sea air this morning may certainly be called braeing. I think it probable she has another shawl."

"No doubt she has," said Julia, "for warmer weather and greater occasions. Did you see this young lady at breakfast?"

"No," replied Althea, "though she might have been there, notwithstanding, at a distant part of the table. Or perhaps she breakfasted with the children in their eating-room, which you know, at this hotel, is separate from that of the grown persons. Poor thing! I pity her, and should I like to seek her father's acquaintance; as I suppose nobody here will notice her at all. Or if they do, it will be with that air of condescending graciousness which is often more insupportable than downright insolence. I can just imagine her history. How many such I have read!"

"If you had not," said Julia, smiling, "the case you had so readily made out for this stranger lady would never, perhaps, have entered your head."

"See," observed Althea, looking round, "she has brought all the children away from the beach, and some of them are playing about in the vicinity of the house, while others seem to be accompanying the lady and her young cousins on a land ward ramble. She is, evidently, quite au fait in the care of children, and knows well how to keep them amused. Having, doubtless, served a long apprenticeship to the business."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TARDY BUT JUST.—Captain Edmund P. Kennedy, of the navy, was presented on the 4th inst. with a sword, voted to him by the Legislature of Maryland, his native State, for his conduct in the affair of Tripoli under Decatur.

A SERIOUS CHARGE.—The Cumberland (Md.) Advocate states that a man named Fwigg, a brother to the person who murdered Mr. Robinson a few weeks ago, has been committed to prison on the charge of having murdered Mr. R. Hamilton, in Old Town, Alleghany county.

TEMPERANCE.—The Commissioners of Plymouth county, Massachusetts, some time since resolved that they would grant no licenses to retailardent spirits. And at a recent election a ticket was made in opposition to them, to test the feelings of the community on that decision. The result was as follows:
Present board, 2043. Other ticket, 192.

VIGOROUS OLD AGE.—Captain Jonathan Hall of Windsor, Vt. revolutionary soldier, aged 80, on the 27th ult, felled the tree, and cut and corded two cords of four feet wood, maple and birch.

AGRICULTURE is necessary to the prosperity of a powerful nation—indeed the cultivation of the soil may be considered the first great source of happiness and wealth. MANUFACTURES will closely follow, and perhaps keep pace with it. TRADE and COMMERCE are concomitant with it—and it will always be found that a well cultivated country is necessarily great and opulent.

TEXAS.—The Assembly of New York by a vote of 80 to 13, have adopted the following resolution—
Resolved, (if the Senate concur.) That the admission of the Republic of Texas into this union would be entirely repugnant to the will of the people of this State, and would endanger the Union of these United States."

GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR.

On returning the Improvement Bill, with his signature.
To the Senate and House of Representatives of Pennsylvania:
GENTLEMEN—After mature deliberation, I have signed the bill entitled "An act to provide for the Repairs, and to continue the Improvement of the State, and for other purposes." In announcing the performance of this most unwilling act, justice to the State, and to myself, compels me to explain the reasons that influenced me, and to make known the line of conduct that will be pursued in carrying the provisions of the bill into operation.
This Bill appropriates:
To State Works, Repairs, &c. \$1,392,044 13
To State Roads and Bridges, 116,300 00
To Turnpikes, 160,000 00
To Co. Canals and Railroads, 256,000 00
\$1,924,344 18

The objections against the measure are:
1. The magnitude of the sum appropriated. There will be only between \$1,300,000 and \$1,400,000 of a probable and unappropriated balance in the Treasury during the year, after deducting the sums appropriated to other purposes since the beginning of the session. Under such circumstances, neither the present appearance of the times, nor the dictates of common prudence, seem to justify the appropriation of \$1,924,344 18.

2. The injurious effects of the measure on the future prospects of the Public Works. If the practice once become permanently fastened upon legislation connected with the Improvement System, that no public appropriations shall or can be made without an offering of a large portion of the Commonwealth's means to private undertakings, it is impossible to calculate when any one of the State works will be completed and productive.

3. The commencement of new State works before the completion of those now in progress. It may, I am aware, be said that the only really new works authorized by the bill, are the extension of the West Branch Canal, the Kittanning Navigable Feeder, and the Wisconsin Canal, forming altogether a distance of about forty miles, and involving ultimately the expenditure of a million or a million and a quarter of dollars. But, it should be borne in mind, that that sum would go far towards completing the Erie or the North Branch Canal, and would more than complete the Gettysburg Railroad; and would thus render profitable, works now wholly unproductive, in the prosecution of which the State has already so deeply involved herself.

4. The unequal and unusual manner in which the funds of the State are scattered among a great number of local objects. If it were proper at the present time to aid the different local projects and improvements of the Commonwealth, which is by no means admitted, the principle should be carried into practice equally to every county, in proportion to its population and other claims. The local appropriations of this bill, though they are profuse and various, are not made on this principle.

5. The absence from this, or any other bill of the session, of a provision to pay an existing and pressing claim against the State. Last summer when the public works were in the utmost need, and the honor of the State required it, the Bank of the United States agreed to advance \$200,000 at four per cent for one year, under a resolution of a previous session, though not compelled to do so by the terms of the resolution. That money has not been repaid, and I cannot for a moment suppose that the omission to make provision for it, by the Legislature, is owing to anything but accident. If it is, it is the first instance in the history of Pennsylvania, of a neglect to pay or secure a former debt before contracting others.

6. The mode provided in the bill to meet its excess of appropriations beyond the means of the Treasury. With unquestioned power in the Legislature to compel one of the State banks to advance money to the Commonwealth at four per cent, it is with no little surprise that I find a section, authorizing the Governor to borrow \$600,000, at any interest he may see fit to give. Whatever truth there may be in the alleged instances of bank influence, he who would suspect a friendly leaning to the institution in question, in this case, would have at least appearances in his favor. For, when it is recollected that the duty to loan to the Commonwealth a specified sum at four per cent when required by law, was a part of the bonus agreed to be given for her charter, the conclusion is almost inevitable, that refraining to compel her to do so, proceeds not from hostility, but friendship. She, at least, will so understand it; and it will be difficult to convince the people of the State, that agreeing to pay a much lighter rate of interest for money, when it can be had at four per cent, is an act consistent with the best interests of the Commonwealth. It would be in fact, bestowing the difference on the bank in question, were the provision fully executed; and would be justly considered a real subserviency to bank interest.

The objections to the bill, under ordinary circumstances, would be conclusive in my mind. But the circumstances of the present juncture are not of an ordinary character.
In the first place, it will be recollected that most of the reasons now stated against the policy of this measure, were contained and published among those which caused me to refuse the executive sanction to a bill, similar in principle, though more objectionable in many of its features, at the close of the last session. They were fully before the