

Star & Republican Banner.

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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

VOL. 7--NO. 9.]

GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, MAY 30, 1836.

[WHOLE NO. 321.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROBERT F. McCONAUGHY, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

OFFICE in York Street, next door to the Public Offices, in the room lately occupied by John L. Fuller, Esq. Gettysburg, April 18, 1836. 3m-3

REMOVAL.

DANIEL M. SMYSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

HAS removed his Office two doors North of the tavern of Mr. John Barrett, (formerly Ziegler's) in South Baltimore Street—and three doors North of Middle Street.

The Law partnership between T. Stevens, Esq. and D. M. Smyser will continue as heretofore, business in the criminal courts excepted.

April 25, 1836. 1f-4

HAT MANUFACTORY.

REMOVAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has

REMOVED HIS SHOP

to the new building in South Baltimore Street, nearly opposite Mr. David M. Creary's Saddle Manufactory,

WHERE HE WILL AT ALL TIMES HAVE ON HAND, AND BE PREPARED TO MANUFACTURE AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

Beaver, Otter, Castor, Rorani, and Wool HATS,

SILK HATS,

EQUAL TO ANY THAT CAN BE PROCURED IN THE CITIES.

His hats are good and substantial, as well as neat and fashionable; and all hats that do not wear as warranted, will be reduced in price. He hopes, by strict and careful attention to business, still to merit and receive a share of public patronage.

SAMUEL S. MCGREARY

Gettysburg, May 16, 1836. 1f-7

NEW & CHEAP GOODS

SAMUEL WITHEROW,
INFORMS his Friends and the Public, that he has commenced business at the old stand of MILLER & WITHEROW, and has just returned from the city with

A LARGE AND SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF GOODS,

SUITABLE FOR THE SEASON, CONSISTING OF EVERY VARIETY OF Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, &c. &c.

All of which he is determined to sell cheap for CASH or Country Produce.

April 4, 1836. 1f-1

BOOTS & SHOES.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF BOOTS AND SHOES

Just received and for sale by J. GILBERT, Gettysburg.

Having made arrangements at home for that purpose, BOOTS and SHOES can be made to order in a workmanlike manner and at the shortest notice.

April 4, 1836. 1f-1

COACH, SADDLE AND TRUNK FACTORY.

THE Subscriber returns his thanks to the Public for the very liberal support extended to him, and would respectfully state that he is at all times prepared, at his old Stand in Chambersburg Street, at a few doors West of the Court-House, to

Make, Trim and Repair

GIGS, Barouches & CARRIAGES

of all kinds, in a neat, fashionable and substantial manner, of GOOD MATERIALS and at the shortest notice.

He is also prepared to manufacture, and has now on hand,

SADDLES, BRIDLES, MARTINGALES, Saddle-bags, Portmanteaus, Trunks, Harness,

AND EVERY OTHER ARTICLE IN HIS LINE OF BUSINESS

The Public are respectfully invited to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

All kinds of Marketing taken in exchange for work at fair prices.

EDWIN A. ATLEE, Gettysburg, May 2, 1836. 1f-5

Apprentice Wanted. An Apprentice will be taken to the above business, if application is made immediately. One from the Country, aged about 15 or 16, would be preferred.

THE GABLEND.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care."

MAY.

Oh, the merry May has pleasant hours,
And drowsily they glide,
As if they floated, like the leaves,
Upon a silver tide.
The trees are full of crimson buds,
And the woods are full of birds,
And the waters flow to music
Like a tune with pleasant words.
The verdure of the meadow land
Is creeping to the hills,
The sweet, blue-blossom'd violets
Are blooming by the rills;
The lilack has a load of halm
For every wind that stirs,
And the larch stands green and beautiful
Amid the sombre firs.
There's perfume upon every wind—
Music in every tree—
Dews for the moisture loving flowers—
Sweet for the sucking bee;
The sick come forth for the healing breeze,
The young are gathering flowers,
And life is a tale of poetry.
That is told by golden hours.
If 'tis not true philosophy,
That the spirit when set free,
Still lingers about its olden haire,
In the flower and the tree,
It is very strange that our pulses thrill
At the teints of a voiceless thorn,
And our hearts yearn so with tenderness
In the beautiful time of spring.

OBITUARY.

FOR THE STAR AND BANNER.

MEXICO, May 12th, 1836.

Ma. Editor.—Sir: Being a reader of your paper, I a short time ago, cast my eyes upon an article in it treating of the Contest of the Philomathean and Phrenokomian Societies of Pennsylvania College.—So far as the article extended it was correct, and agreed pretty well with my sentiments on the subject; but yet, methinks, that whenever any thing of the kind is mentioned in the public papers, it would be well enough for the person who hands it to the printer, to state to the public also what faults there have been, both as regards the performers and the performances. Therefore, as the author of the article alluded to, did not observe any, or at least did not mention any, I, as a spectator of the occasion, will proceed to state, in a few words, in so far as I can recollect, what appeared to me to be faulty.

First, then, as regards the performances, I would say, as a general matter, I was pleased with the whole of them; but as regards particulars, I would remark, and this remark I consider applicable to all, they were too long. None of them should have exceeded fifteen minutes in time.

The Essay of CHARLES L. bordered a little too much on Abstraction, and was almost too metaphysical for an audience, composed principally of young persons, who, I suspect, have never paid any attention to that branch of literature. That of GEORGE'S was more adapted to the taste of the young; for it was entirely of a flimsy, figurative character; but as there were a good many present whose deep-searching geniuses wait for substance of a weightier nature, he should not have so entirely slighted and disappointed them.

Next came GUTHRIE, who gave us some very beautiful descriptions of the great public edifices of Rome, and of the persons who occupied them; and who, I suppose, by his flaming elocution and vehement gesticulation, was thought by many of the hearers to have borne the palm of the evening; but when CHRISTIAN arose, he soon, by the calmness of his speech and manliness of his gesture, showed me, and I have no doubt, the majority of the audience, the folly of Guthrie's wishing to thwart nature herself by introducing, or at least trying to introduce too much art. The substance of the oration I do not sufficiently remember to state any thing about particulars in it.

Now comes old JAMES R., and with the number and variety of his figures and allusions almost enchanted the assembly, especially the female part of it, whose tender passions are generally very much lifted up by such descriptions as the gentleman, just mentioned, gave us; but yet, if I understood the question of debate rightly, and the side which he supported, I must say, that I thought he was generally pretty far from proving his point. His arguments were all the more Asymptote, a line which approaches a curve nearer and nearer, but though extended ever so far would never, never meet; so it was here—the arguments proceeded in the way of a climax, nearer and nearer the point, but owing to a thing the gentleman could not touch, viz. Christianity, they would not prove it; but, on the other hand, Tobias W. showed clearly wherein lay the fault of James R.'s arguments, and also established his own pretty well. The chief fault that I observed in Tobias W.'s performance was, that he utterly neglected his pauses, or rather, he placed all wrothly. But we must cease with this part of the subject, and for the sake of brevity merely touch upon the other—which is, what we thought fairly about the Performers.

I will but make general what I have to say on this point; because I believe what suits one in one respect, suits another in another respect. The performers on this occasion, as on all such occasions, attended too much to (use a common expression) to the rigging off of body, the external man. There was too much of the white stock, the new black dandy-coat, the red and white waist-coat, the diamond, or at least the imitation of the diamond breast-pin, the golden or yellow guard, the green spectacles, &c. &c. &c.—Now, these things may do among the gay and the fashionable of our cities and towns; but let me tell you, when the Country-man or Mountaineer is present, who comes to see the mind well dressed and the body in a more natural plainness, such things look rather a little disgusting than pleasing, and have too much the appearance of wishing to make, at least, the body shine, if even the mind is not so bright. Some one will, no doubt, say, there's the exhibition of a country-man's taste; but the country-man replies, if my taste for things that feed the mind is correct, I care not how corrupt it may be as regards those of the body.

A FARMER'S SON.

*The article alluded to was an Editorial notice of the "Contest," and referred only to the performances wholly, not particularly.]—Ed. STAR.

THE REPOSITORY.

FOR THE STAR AND BANNER.

A Scrap for the Curious.

"Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding, count the number of the least; for it is the number of a man; and his number is Six hundred three score and six"—(Rev. 13th chap. 18th verse.)

It will appear from the following that the Emperor NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE is the man!

KEY.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 20 30 40 60 70 80 90
a b c d e f g h i k l m n o p q r s
100 110 120 130 140 150
t u v w x y z

LE EMPEREUR NAPOLEON.

L—20
E—5
M—5
N—30
P—60
F—5
R—80
B—5
U—110
K—80
H—40
A—1
P—70
O—50
I—20
G—5
C—50
N—40

Petersburg, (V. S.) 666!

CURIOSITY.

FOR THE DOCTOR.

QUICK COURSHIP, OR THE WOOD AND WOLF.

A remarkable example, showing that a wise man, when he rises in the morning, little knows what he may do before night.

—Now I love
And so as in so short a time I may,
Yet so as time shall never break that so,
And therefore so except of Elisor."—ROBERT GREEN.

One summer evening, the Doctor, on his way back from a visit in that direction, stopped at such opportunities he usually did at Mr. Bacon's wicket and looked in at the open casement to see if his friends were within. Mr. Bacon was sitting there alone, with a book open on the table before him; and looking round when he heard the horse stop, "Come in, Doctor, for," said he, "if you have a few minutes to spare, you were never more welcome."

The Doctor replied, "I hope nothing ails either Deborah or yourself?" "No," said Bacon, "God be thanked, but something has occurred that concerns both."

When the Doctor entered the room, he perceived that the wonted serenity of his friend's countenance was overcast by a shade of melancholy gloom. "Nothing," said he, "I hope has happened to distress you?" "Only to disturb us," was the reply. "Most people would probably think that we ought to consider it a piece of good fortune.—One who would be thought a good match for her, has proposed to marry Deborah."

"Indeed," said the Doctor, "and who is he?" feeling, as he asked the question, an unusual warmth in his face.

"Joseph Hebblethwaite, of the Willows. He broke his mind to me this morning, saying that he thought it best to speak with me before he made any advances himself to the young woman; indeed he had no opportunity of so doing for he had seen little of her; but he had enough of her character to believe that she would make a good wife, and this he said, was all he looked for, he was well to do in the world."

"And what answer did you make to this matter of fact of proceeding?"

"I told him that I commended the very proper course that he had taken, and I was obliged to him for the good opinion of my daughter which he was pleased to entertain; that marriage was an affair in which I should never attempt to direct her inclinations, being confident that she would never give me cause to oppose them; and that I would talk with her, and inform him of the result. As soon as I mentioned it to Deborah, she coloured up to her eyes, & with an angry look, of which I did not think those eyes had been capable, she desired me to tell him that he had better loose no time in looking elsewhere, for his thinking of her was no use."

"Do you know any ill of him?" said I. "No," she replied, "but I never heard any good and that is all I know. And I do not like his looks."

"Well said, Deborah," cried the Doctor, clapping his hands so as to produce a sonorous token of satisfaction.

"Surely, my child," said I, "he is not an ill looking person." "Father," she replied, "you know he looks as if he had not one idea in his head to keep company with another."

"Well said, Deborah!" repeated the Doctor.

"Why, Doctor do you know any ill of him?"

"None."

"But as Deborah says, I know no good; it must have come within my knowledge. I cannot help knowing who the persons are to whom the peasantry in my rounds look with respect and good will, and whom they consider their friends as well as their betters. And in like manner I know who they are from whom they expect neither courtesy nor kindness."

"You are right my friend and Deborah is right. Her answer came from a wise heart; and I was not sorry that her determination was so promptly made and so resolutely pronounced. But I wish, if it pleased God, the offer had been one which she could have accepted with her own willing consent, and with my full approbation."

"Yes," said the doctor, "I have often thought how sad a thing it would be for you ever to part with her."

"Far more sad will it be for me to leave her unprotected; as it is but too likely, that in the ordinary course of nature, I one day shall; and as any in that same ordinary course, I so possibly may. Our best intentions, even when they have been

most prudently formed, fail often in their issue. I meant to train up Deborah in the way she should go by fitting her for that state of life in which it pleased God to place her, so that she might have made a good wife for some honest man in the humbler walks of life, might have been happy with him."

"And how was it possible, replied the doctor that you could have succeeded better? Is she not qualified to be a good man's wife in any rank? Her manner would not do discredit to a mansion; her management would make a farm prosperous or a farmer comfortable, for her principles and temper, and cheerfulness, they would render any home a happy one."

"You have not spoken too highly in her praise, Doctor. But as she has from her childhood been all in all to me, there is a danger that I may have become too much so to her, and that while her habits have properly been made comfortable to our poor means, and to her prospects, she has been accustomed to a way of thinking, and a kind of conversation which has given her a distaste for those whose talk is only of sheep and oxen, and whose thoughts never get beyond the range of their every day employments. In her present circle, I do not think there is one man whom she would not have the same intellectual objections as to Joseph Hebblethwaite; though I am glad that the moral objection was that which first instinctively occurred to her."

"I wish it were otherwise, both for her sake, and my own; for hers, because the present separation would have more than enough to compensate it, and would in its consequences, mitigate the evil of the final one, whenever that may be; for my own, because I should then have no cause whatever, to render the prospect of dissolution otherwise than welcome, but as willing to die as to sleep. It is not owing to any distrust in Providence that I am not thus willing now—God forbid! But if I gave heed to my feelings, I should think that I am not long for this world; and surely it were wise to remove the only cause that makes me fear to think so."

"Are you sensible of any symptoms that can lead to such apprehensions?" said the Doctor.

"Of nothing that can be called symptoms. I am to all appearance, in good health, of sound body and mind, and you know how unlikely my habits are to occasion any disturbance in either. But I have indefinable impressions—Sensations they might also be called—which as I cannot but regard them."

"Can you describe those sensations?"

"No better than by saying that they hardly amount to sensations, and are indescribable."

"Do not," said the Doctor; "I entreat, give way to any feelings of this kind. They may lead to consequences which without shortening or endangering life, would render it anxious and burdensome, and destroy both your usefulness and your comfort."

"I have this feeling, Doctor, and you shall prescribe for it, if you think it requires either regimen or physic. But at present you do me more good by assisting me to procure for Deborah such a situation as she must necessarily look for on the event of my death. What I have laid by, even if it should be most advantageously disposed of, would afford her only a bare subsistence; it is a resource in case of sickness, but while in health it would never be her wish to eat the bread of idleness—You may have opportunities of learning whether any lady within the circle of your practice, wants a young person in whom she might confide, either as an attendant upon herself, or to assist in the management of her children or her household—You may be sure this is not the first time that I have thought upon the subject, but the circumstance which this day occurred, and the feeling of which I have spoken, have pressed it upon my consideration. And the inquiry may better be made, and the step taken, while it is a matter of foresight, than when it has become a matter of necessity."

"Let me feel your pulse!"

"You will detect no other disorder there," said Mr. Bacon, holding out his arm as he spoke, "than what has been caused by this very interesting conversation, and the declaration of a purpose which though for some time intended, I have never till now fully acknowledged to myself."

"You have never, then, mentioned it to Deborah."

"In no other way than by sometimes incidentally speaking of the way of life which would be open to her, in case of her being unmarried at my death."

"And you have made up your mind to part with her?"

"Upon a clear conviction that I ought to do so—that it is best for herself and me."

"Well then, you will allow me to converse with her first, upon a different subject. You will allow me to see whether I can speak more successfully for myself than you have done for Joseph Hebblethwaite. Have I your consent?"

Mr. Bacon arose in great emotion, and taking his friend's hand, pressed it fervently and tremulously. Presently they heard the wicket open, and Deborah came in.

"I dare say, Deborah," said her father composing himself, "you have been telling Betsey Allison of the advantageous offer you have this day refused."

"Yes," replied Deborah, "and what do you think she said? That little as she likes him, rather than I should be thrown away on such a worthless man she could almost make up her mind to marry him herself."

"And I," said the Doctor, "rather than such a man should have you, I would marry you myself!"

"Was not I right in refusing him, Doctor?"

"So right that you never pleased me so well before, and never can please me better unless you will accept of me in his stead."

She gave a little start, and looked at him half incredulously and half angrily withal, as if what he had said was too light in its manner to be serious, and yet too serious in its import to be spoken

in jest. But when he took her by the hand and said, "will you, dear Deborah?" with a pressure, and in a tone that left no doubt of his earnest meaning, she cried "Father, what am I to say? speak for me." "Take her my friend," said Mr. Bacon, "my blessing be upon you both, and if it be not presumptuous to use the words, let me say for myself, Lord, now lestest thou thy servant depart in peace."

VARIETY.

From the Baltimore Transcript.

A RIVER ALTERING ITS COURSE.—The Hartford Times expresses some fears that the Connecticut river is about to alter its course so as to run away from that city entirely, and leave before it nothing but a black and stagnant bayou. The east bank for a few miles above Hartford is said to be rapidly wearing away, and the editor predicts that the water will soon make a short cut from Olmsted's bend, about two miles above the city, to the mouth of Solomon's river, the same distance below.

NOBLE.—At a recent meeting of the Board of Aldermen, at Boston, \$56,500 were appropriated for the salaries of the teachers in the public schools; \$22,500 for the usual expenses of the primary schools, and \$12,000 for the completion of two school houses. Total, \$91,000.

A MAGNIFICENT PROJECT is on the tapis at New York. It is proposed to build a pier in the North River for the accommodation of the shipping which shall cost about \$4,284,000.

FIRE AT GREENBUSH.—Fires have been very frequent within a few days. At Greenbush, opposite Albany, one occurred May 13th, which consumed 30 buildings, laying a large portion of that village in ruins.—Loss \$25,000.

Margaret McCue, a woman 26 years of age, died in New York on Sunday in consequence of addiction to excessive use of ardent spirits.

The City Council of Philadelphia have passed an ordinance, authorising the city to subscribe \$300,000 for the completion of the Danville and Pottsville Rail Road.

It is said that in one district of the state of Missouri, within a circumference of sixteen miles, there are seventy-three mines of lead and iron, which had produced in one year more than 70,000,000 pounds of ore.

ROBINSON behaves himself very well at Bellevue. Yet he shows a prodigious flow of spirits. An old friend from Connecticut called upon him a few days at the prison. He found him engaged in smoking segars, drinking coffee—and reading novels. He is excessively addicted to segars and novels during his imprisonment.—N. Y. Herald.

NOVELTY.—We understand that a steamboat is fitting out in England, having two retorts, which are to be placed in the fires under the boilers, to generate gas with which the boat is to be lighted up in her cabins, engine rooms, and about deck. Pipes are also arranged to carry the gas to the mast heads, where large flames are to be kept during the night.—Hudson.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK, &c.—Two Eagles were lately seen fighting in the air in fierce combat, in Woodbury co. on Tuesday. After a deathly grapple they both fell to the ground. One was picked up dead, covered with blood, and with a deep wound under the wing. He measured six feet from tip to tip. The conqueror flew away.

The Miner's Journal says,—"Mechanics, miners, and laborers, in fact operators of all sorts, are in demand here, and will find plenty of employment. This is a state of things in which every one must take pride and pleasure because a sure evidence of growing importance and prosperity."

A SPECULATION.—About a year ago, says a New York Paper, a merchant of this city purchased a farm on the banks of the river in Hallett's Cove, known as Judge Lawrence's farm. The purchase money was thirty thousand dollars. A few days since he sold the same farm for fifty-five thousand dollars cash.

HORRID EFFECTS OF INTemperance.—A man in Delaware county, named Thompson, was lately sentenced to the Penitentiary for biting off a piece of the upper lip, the eyebrows, and ears of his father, in a drunken frolic.

Scene at a Temperance Meeting.

An amusing scene was exhibited by Doctor Underhill during his lecture at the Temperance meeting held last Tuesday evening. Imagine that the Doctor, anticipating that his sturdy constitution would sink under the fatigue of an hour's lecturing, without some artificial stimulant to cheer his spirits and strengthen his nerves, had taken a bottle of "Old Madeira," to church and hid it behind the pulpit, for use when his flagging spirits should require the drunkard's nerve to sustain him. In the course of his lecture, the Doctor gave a chemical analysis of the properties of alcohol, of the process of separating it from its adjuncts, and the different proportions of it in brandy, wine, &c. The Doctor was proceeding to show the effects of "the critter" on the human system; when, to give more buoyancy to his spirits and more fluency to his tongue, he drew forth his bottle of wine, and proceeded to fill a glass with the delicious beverage. At this moment a wag, who, unknown to the Doctor, had taken to the meeting a bottle of brandy, and some water and sugar, that he too might refresh himself with his favorite beverage, drew forth his bottle and pitcher, and placed them on the other end of the

table. The Doctor was about to raise the glass of wine to his lips, when his eye caught the wag as the latter was preparing to mix his brandy sling. The doctor started back with horror, and sat down his glass upon the table, and the following dialogue ensued:

Dr.—Stop, sir: stop! do you know what you are doing! That brandy is half alcohol!

Wag.—Si—sir.

Dr.—I say it is worse than Opus, and it will bring you to a drunkard's grave!

Wag.—Ah! but what have you got there, doctor, in your bottle?

Dr.—Why? why, its Madeira wine—"good old Madeira"—the pure juice of the grape.

Wag.—Doctor, do you understand chemistry?

Dr.—Why, yes, I make some pretensions to it.

Wag.—Well, then, can you tell me what per cent. of alcohol this brandy contains?

Dr.—Fifty per cent at least—perhaps fifty-three.

Wag.—Well how much does your Old Madeira contain?

Dr.—Only twenty-five per cent.

Wag.—Very well; I have some excellent water here, and will reduce my brandy to a par with your wine and offer you good health, sir.—But stop, does your wine contain any other ingredients?

Dr.—Why, yes; there are some unde-composed particles of sugar.

Wag.—Good! I always like my brandy water sweetened, here is some excellent sugar; and now sir, I give you my best respects, with a truce to your palaver about Opus and Old Madeira—and confusion to all ultra temperance men. Clug—clug—clug—clug

The argument, if not the illusion, was complete. The Doctor shoved aside his wine bottle, and renounced all invidious distinctions between the articles, the constituent parts of which are the same, and the ill-effects of which are only distinguished by the deleterious substances with which most of our wines are compounded.—Cleveland (Ohio) Whig.

AN ANXIOUS HEARER.—A parishioner complained to his parson that his pew was too far from the pulpit, and that he must purchase one nearer.

"Why," said the parson, "can't you hear distinctly?"

"No, yes, I can hear well enough."

"Can't you see plainly?"

"Yes, I can see perfectly well."

"Then what can be the trouble?"

"Why, there are so many in front of me, who can catch what you say first, that by the time your words reach my ears they are as flat as dishwater."

From the Baltimore Patriot.

INDIAN MURDERS.

We mentioned yesterday that Maj. Wm. B. FLOWNOX, formerly of Putnam county, Ga. but lately a resident of Alabama, had been slain by the Creek Indians. It appears that Major F. was on his way to Fort Mitchell, to complain of Indian depredations, when he was intercepted, murdered, and scalped by a party of Creeks, a few miles below that place. A Mr. Hoops has also been murdered by the same treacherous foe. A young man, in the same bed with Mr. Hoops, made his escape by raising a plank in the floor and creeping under the house. According to the Columbus (Ga.) Herald of the 10th instant, more than one hundred individuals, including all colors, have fled to Georgia for safety. These individuals, among whom are Rev. J. E. Dawson, Rev. E. Glenn, Dr. Richardson, Col. A. B. Dawson, Mr. Pitts, Dr. Battle, Col. Richardson, &c. are stated to have "left behind them several hundred acres of land in a high state of cultivation—to become a desolation and waste."

A postscript in the Columbus Herald states that the settlers had nearly all come in, and that several had been murdered on the road the previous day. The same paper contains the following letter from Col. Caswell to Gov. CLAY, of Alabama:

FORT MITCHELL, Ala. May 9, 1836.
Sir—I arrived at home yesterday, and found the neighbors considerably alarmed about Indian depredations; and in order to satisfy myself of the intentions of the Indians, I dispatched a messenger after some of the principal chiefs to come and see me, for the purpose of ascertaining from them what their people intended. The Chiefs have not come, but