

Star & Republican Banner.

APPEARLESS J. D. FREE. CA

ROBERT S. PATON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. X--NO. 7.]

GETTYSBURG, WEDNESDAY MAY 10, 1839.

[WHOLE NO: 475.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

To the Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:
I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the office of *Register, and Recorder* (under such combination as may be adopted by the Legislature) at the ensuing election.
Under a knowledge acquired from attending to several of the duties appertaining to said offices, and practical skill as a conveyancer, I hope (if nominated and elected) to be able to execute the duties thereof personally, in a prompt and correct manner.
Yours respectfully,
JOHN L. GUBERNATOR.
March 12, 1839. te-50

To the Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:
I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the offices of *Register, Recorder and Clerk of the Orphans' Court*, at the ensuing election.
Having, from practical experience acquired a perfect knowledge of the duties of those offices, I hope (if nominated and elected) to be able to do the business promptly, correctly and in person.
The Public's Humble Servant,
WILLIAM KING.
Gettysburg, Feb. 26, 1839. te-49

To the Independent Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:
I offer myself to your consideration, at the ensuing General Election, as a candidate for the offices of *Register, Recorder, and Clerk of the Orphans' Court*: And pledge myself, if elected, to discharge the duties of those offices with fidelity and promptitude.
JACOB LEFEVER.
March 10, 1839. te-51

SHERIFFALTY.

To the Free and Independent Voters of Adams County.
FELLOW CITIZENS:
Through kind persuasions from many of my friends, I have been induced to offer myself as a candidate for the *Office of Sheriff*, at the ensuing Election, and respectfully solicit your votes. And should I be so fortunate as to receive your confidence, by being elected to that office, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of the office with fidelity and impartiality.
FREDERICK DIEHL.
Franklin township, }
March 19, 1839. te-51

SHERIFFALTY.

To the Voters of Adams County.
FELLOW CITIZENS:
Through the encouragement of many of my friends, I offer myself as a candidate for the *Office of Sheriff*, at the ensuing Election, should I receive the nomination of the Convention to settle a county ticket, and be elected, I pledge myself to perform the duties of that office promptly and impartially.
JACOB KELLER.
Moutjoy township, }
April 23, 1839. te-4

SHERIFFALTY.

GEORGE W. McLELLAN,
Returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public in general, for placing him on the returns with the present and former Sheriff, and again offers himself once more as a candidate for the *Office of Sheriff*, at the ensuing Election. Should he be honored with their confidence in placing him in that office, no exertion on his part shall be wanting to a faithful discharge of the duties of that important trust.
March 19, 1839. te-51

SHERIFFALTY.

To the free and Independent voters of Adams County.
FELLOW CITIZENS:
I offer myself again to your consideration as a Candidate for the *Office of Sheriff*, at the ensuing Election. (If I receive the nomination of our next General County Delegation) I would then, warmly solicit your suffrages. And should I be so fortunate as to become the Honored Candidate of your choice, I would evince my gratitude to you all, by a faithful discharge of the duties of said Office, and by adhering to punctuality, and to impartial, humane, and social feelings.
The Public's Humble Servant,
WM. ALBRIGHT.
Conowago Township, April 23, 1839. te-4

To the Voters of Adams County.

THE Subscriber, offers himself to the consideration of his fellow citizens of Adams county, as a candidate for the office of *Prothonotary* of said County, (provided he shall receive the nomination of the Convention to settle a county ticket.) And respectfully solicits their support.
B. GILBERT.
Gettysburg, Feb. 26, 1839. te-45

Office of the Star & Banner:

Chambersburg Street, a few doors West of the Court-House.
I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 52 numbers,) payable half-yearly in advance; or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS if not paid until after the expiration of the year.
II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months; nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement, and the paper forwarded accordingly.
III. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted THREE TIMES for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertions to be marked, or they will be published till forbidden and charged accordingly; longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.
IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

THE GARLAND



—“With sweetest flowers enriched,
From various gardens culled with care.”
THE DYING GIRL TO HER LOVER.
Farewell beloved, the evening breeze is stealing softly around us, and the low, sweet sigh of waters murmuring by
Falls on my soul, in gentle tone revealing,
Visions of future hours, when I shall be
Thine but in memory.
Wilt thou not sometimes wander forth alone
Beside this tranquil lake and fondly dwell
On all we've loved as well!
And, as the breeze bears forth such plaintive tones,
Will not my spirit seem to hover near,
Thy cherished voice to hear!

Yet must I leave thee, tho' thy saddened brow
Grew paler than thy wont, and each fond smile
Fades from thy lip awhile!
Still would I see thy soul less troubled now,
Least mine be won from latter feelings back
Unto its erstward track.
Fain would I watch the lonely couch beside
When sickness bath o'erpressed thy pallid cheek.
With fever's fearful streak!
Oh! have I prayed, let good or ill betide,
That I might live to catch each breath and tone,
In joy or grief, thine own.
Yet hast thou deemed my warmest love grow cold,
When all my soul's fond hopes to thee were given,
Too much estranged from heaven;
But there are thoughts and feelings still untold,
That flow like hurried streams, for ever on,
Unchanging and unknown.

I had not said such in by-gone hours,
But now my soul beats freely, and each breath
Seems to me fraught with death;
And if to call thee mine, when sorrow tears
Can brighten once again thy sunken eye,
Then can I calmly die.
Calmly could I leave this fair and glowing scene,
Of eve's soft shadows and of morning's beams—
The bliss of earthly dream—
If less of sorrow on thy brow were seen,
And hope of future hours could chase the gloom
That shrouds the lonely tomb.
Methinks the night grows chill, and the breeze
Seems not to pour its wailing fragrance round;
Still fainter grows the sound
Of night-birds warbling in the moonlit trees
While on my soul fond hopes are fading awail.
Mine own is death, farewell! S. C.

THE RED ROVERS.

From the Knickerbocker.
Dr. S—, of Countland, Alabama, a native of Virginia, raised a company of eighty young men who were called the “Red Rovers,” from the color of the blanket great coats which they wore. In this company were a son and nephew of the captain Dr. S—, with his “Red Rovers,” was with Fanning when he surrendered, and in common with the other officers, having no confidence in the Mexican faith. But Fanning was resolved; and when he made known the decision, the captain and one or two other officers shed tears. Their fate is well known. They were sent out from a fort, where they were confined, under various pretenses; now that they were to be taken to Copano, a neighboring sea port, to be shipped back home to the United States; and again they were “sent out to arrive in cattle to the fort.” They had not proceeded far, however, before they were ordered to halt, and next to wheel to the right about, so as to stand with their backs to the Mexican line. The orders were given in Spanish. The number of the Texan volunteers were about four hundred, and of the Mexicans about the same. The two lines stood about three feet apart, there being only a brush fence between them. Nearly all the prisoners were massacred—a few made their escape. Among the victims of this slaughter, were the Red Rovers; and among them the son of the commander, who was himself spared, probably for the sake of his professional services; and his nephew owed his escape to sickness, which prevented his marching, although he was anxious to accompany them, supposing they were about to return home. Fanning, poor fellow! received the melancholy distinction, as commander, of being shot alone.

He was a brave man, and died like a soldier, merely requesting not to have his eyes bandaged, and desiring his watch and miniature to be given to his mother. He was a graduate of Princeton College. There was a jealousy subsisting between Fanning and Houston, and a want of concert; Houston frequently sent word to him to join him; but he refused, declaring that he wished to fight on his own hook. This was the grand faux pas in Texas. The scattered parties ought to have concentrated under Houston; they did not, and were cut off “singularly.”

I was walking the streets of Tusculum, shortly after the massacre of Copano, when I saw a dense crowd of people around a young man, one of the “Red Rovers,” who had escaped. He had lost a brother in the massacre, and spoke with great bitterness of the Mexicans. He gave some account of his adventures, and answered diverse questions that were propounded to him. He owed his safety to the fact, that he belonged to the vanguard of Fanning's corps, consisting of some twenty or thirty who were separated from in the main body, at the time of the surrender. I met, on the same occasion, another Texan volunteer, who had also belonged to the advance guard, whom I recognized as a former acquaintance. He was a native of South Carolina; but at the time the Texan fever was at its height, he quitted school, bought a rifle, and marched with the “Red Rovers,” in search of land and glory! His brother, who went out with him, had also escaped, with two wounds. He was among the massacred, but being only slightly wounded, ran; he was pursued by a Mexican soldier, who was fast gaining upon him, when he threw down his gold watch, which the Mexican, with characteristic gold greediness, stopped to pick up, and he succeeded in making his way to the tall grass, that officiously concealed him. After enduring many hardships, he at length effected his return to the United States.

I subsequently saw Dr. S— at Tusculum, on his return. He had a hard time of it. He looked pale and emaciated, and bore the marks of the galling fetters he had worn on his ankles. The people of the town flocked around to shake hands with him, and welcome his return. It was deemed certain that he had shared the fate of his companions in arms, and he was regarded as one arisen from the dead. He was spared on account of his being a surgeon aide by a little fitness on his part. “He was traveling in Texas,” he said, “merely to look at the country, when he was pressed into the service, in the capacity of surgeon.” The Mexican commander, at the fort, when he was confined, promised to discharge him on parole; but when applied to for a passport, put him off, from time to time. At length he sent the commander word “if you will not grant the passport you promised, then let me be taken out and shot; I had rather you would do this, than detain me here any longer in suspense. You are welcome to all the credit you may gain by either course.” This produced a favorable effect on the officer, who at once agreed to furnish him with a passport to some town in the interior; one, however, which it was impossible to reach, without great risk from the Indians on the way.

At this conjuncture, suddenly came news of the battle of San Jacinto. Reader, you have seen a pebble hurled by a mischievous school-boy, into the centre of a hornet's nest dependent from the bough of some tall pine! Such was the panic among the wounded and prisoners. Our captain then formed, with a fellow physician and prisoner, a plan of escape. They armed themselves “cap a pie,” with arms belonging to officers of the fort, each bearing a rifle, a brace of pistols, and a bowie-knife. They borrowed two fine horses, ready caparisoned from the stables, mounted them and fled. They lay concealed in the woods, or in the tall grass of the prairie, during the day, traveling in the night; and thus, after suffering many privations and dangers they at last entered the happy limits of their own country. Shortly after his arrival in Tusculum, the drum was heard, and a party of the militia assembled to accompany him home. A cannon was mounted on a car, and fired every mile to his residence, twenty-two miles distant. When he arrived, the whole population came out to meet him, and among them his wife and children. He bore the whole scene with composure, until a little son came up and grasped him by the knees. At this he shed tears. Painful return! Of his “Red Rovers,” few survived. Nearly all, and among them his son, were sacrificed. They had not died amid the “shouts of battle, and the shock of arms;” they were slaughtered like cattle; immolated in a Mexican hecatomb!

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.—Mr. B. a merchant of Providence, Rhode Island, and a man quite celebrated afterwards for his liberality and public spirit, was the owner of a most fortunate privateer which sailed out of the port of Providence. On one occasion, when she had just unshipped a cargo of sugar, taken from a very rich prize, in rolling it into the yard, one of the hogheads stove, and a quantity of sugar fell out. A poor woman in the neighborhood, seeing the disaster, ran and filled her apron. Mr. B. from the aloft of the store, called out, “What are you doing there?” The poor woman looking up answered, “Privateering, sir.”

A PRIZE FOR THE LADIES.—The Iowa News says, the bachelors of Du Buque will give a premium of a husband to the Miss who first makes her appearance in that place dressed in silk of her own manufacture.

JAMES BIRD.

“And his mangled corpse lies buried
On lake Erie's distant shore.”

Few individuals, perhaps, have received a greater share of public sympathy than he, whose name heads this article; and none have acquired a greater share of posthumous fame, on account of the manner of his death than James Bird.
To the people of the valley of Wyoming everything connected with the history of this man has become doubly interesting, from the fact that the harsh and sanguinary discipline of the navy seems to have been administered, in his case without a due regard to the dictates of mercy.

The writer of this article some years since, spent a summer in the neighborhood of Erie, and while making a visit to the grave of Bird, on a Sunday morning, met an old marine, who gave him the particulars of the last days of poor Bird.
It would seem that Bird owed his death more to the personal hostility of his immediate commanding officer, than to any great necessity, existing at that time, of enforcing the strict discipline of the navy. He had conceived a strong desire to visit his native place, and frequently solicited a furlough for that purpose, which was uniformly refused; and, to those who were acquainted with his daring and reckless character, it will not be surprising that he should have sought this desire to overcome his sense of duty as a soldier. He was not a man to be balked in his purposes; and, in the absence of Capt. Sinclair, he, in company with another marine, deserted from the brig Niagara, then lying in the harbor of Erie. He was pursued and taken within forty-eight hours, and immediately a Court Martial was detailed, by a lieutenant of marines, who had inherited a strong antipathy to Bird. He and his companion were tried, condemned, and, it is believed, executed, before the return of the commanding officer of the squadron.

Soon after the execution of Bird, the lieutenant of marines showed evident symptoms of dejection and not unfrequently punished the sentinel stationed at his quarters, for permitting Bird to enter his room; his health began to decline, and it was apparent that he was laboring under some strong mental excitement, which public opinion attributed to remorse for the active part he had taken in the trial and execution of Bird. In a few weeks from the death of his victim, the crew of the Niagara were alarmed in the night by the report of a pistol, and the officer on duty, on entering the lieutenant's room, found him a corpse; he had literally blown out his own brains!

Bird lies buried, near the lower end of the harbor of Erie, a few rods from the water's edge, and nothing but a rude stone marks the place of his repose. It is, however, a place of considerable interest to every person visiting Erie, who has ever read the beautiful ballad from which the couplet at the head of this article is extracted.

I well remember the day when the Kingston Volunteers took up their line of march for the west, and in alternations, when I have stood upon the deck of the brig Niagara; and within sight of poor Bird's grave, I could not but reflect upon the instability of all earthly prospects. Bird left his father's house to meet the enemies of his country; his hope for fame and distinction ardent, and his patriotism prompting him to deeds of noble daring. He subsequently fought side by side with the gallant Perry, and shared in the glorious victory of the 10th of September. The wounds which he received on that day bore ample testimony of his bravery, and when gentle peace had once more shed her influence over his country, it was noted that his heart should yearn towards his native vale, where dwelt the friends and companions of his boyhood; but, alas! his home, his parents, and his friends he was to see no more. His iron duty had fixed the termination of his mortal career; on the wild shores of lake Erie, alone and unaided, he met his death with the same firmness that had marked his life.

C.—Wilkesbarre Advocate.

Penn-Haven, April 9, 1839.

The following is from “A history of a Striped Pig,” written by L. Sergeant, recently published in Boston:
“Pha,” said one of his boys to the Deacon, “I had a funny dream last night.”
“Well Tommy, what was your funny dream?”
“Why I dreamed that the Devil came in to your store.”
“The Devil?”
“Yes pa, the devil, and that he found you drawing a glass of gin for poor Ambo James, who has fits, and who broke his little baby's arm the other day, because she cried when he came home drunk. And I thought the devil came up to the counter, and laid the end of his long tail down on a chair, and leaned over towards the barrel of gin where you were stopping to draw it out, and asked if you want a deacon. And I thought you didn't ask up but said you was, and then he said n't and shook his tail like a cat that has a mouse, and said: ‘That ere's the deacon for me!’ and ran out of the shop laughing so loud that I put my fingers in my ears and woke up.”

CURIOS RELATIONSHIP.—According to the Danbury (Vass) Times, there is a boy in that town whose mother is his cousin, whose cousin is his niece, whose uncle is his father, and whose grand-father is his uncle. There is one question we should like to ask, if the boy has got such a thing as an aunt, how is she now.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

Governor Cannon of Tennessee, and the late Speaker Polk, are opposing candidates for the next gubernatorial term in that State; and, as is the custom of that region, they are stump speaking in the different counties.
At Murfreesboro, Mr. Polk made a speech, and the Governor replied; from this reply we extract the following portrait of the man who never forgave.—
Peta. Gaz.

“You observe, fellow countrymen, that my competitor appears to take pleasure in referring you to General Jackson's military achievements—to his having fought the Indians successfully, and to the manner in which he pointed that long significant finger, at Washington, whenever he wished to make it understood that his will was to be obeyed! Well, gentlemen, said the Governor, I and some of you had something to do in fighting with the Indians also. As you will know, I never have been a favorite with my opponent's highly eulogized “Old Chief.” His popularity never bore me along to smiles and fortune. I never clung to the skirts of his coat, or when danger approached, jumped into his pocket.

I have known him long, and met his displeasure before now. If my competitor can boast of having rode smoothly upon the billows of the Old Chief's popularity, I can say with truth that I have had to stem the billowings of his wrath. Fellow citizens, some of you remember the time when our army was reposing on this side of the Coosa—that General Jackson deputed my regiment and another to cross that turbulent stream and attack the enemy in his strong holds—that we went as we were ordered, while Gen Jackson lay on this side in security—that we suffered much from fatigue and hunger—that we found the enemy strong and powerful, but beat him triumphantly—and returned conquerors! But suppose we had been beaten, cut off slain, how long would it have been before General Jackson would have been found on this side of the Tennessee? I may be mistaken, but I have always thought there was a motive which governed the selection of those who should cross the Coosa on that perilous occasion.

I have been opposed to the Old Chief on many occasions. I remember the time that emphatic finger, my competitor loves so well to describe, was first pointed at me. I was on the jury to try, in Williamson, old Mr. Magnus, on charge of murdering Patton Anderson, (Gen Jackson's friend.) We were sworn to bring in a true verdict we did so, according to our judgments, and when I handed the verdict, General Jackson pointed that “long, significant finger” at me and said, in his peculiar manner,—“I'll mark you young man!” And, said the Governor, I believe he has kept his promise pretty faithfully to this day. He used to think that General Jackson was a tyrant by nature and education. He had witnessed his movements on many occasions—seen his various plans of operations when he had his claws about him—and he always would have his claws, but no man in town to follow him, who would not be his tooth and his slave.”

STRENGTH OF ENGLAND.—England can bear more mismanagement, luxury, and corruption, than any nation under heaven; and the prophecies of those glib politicians who have built their predictions on the downfall from analogies taken from other nations have all fortunately failed, because Great Britain has four points of strength and revivescence, not common to those examples from which these analogies have been drawn. Two of these sources of strength are *physical*; her coal and her iron; and two of them *moral*; the freedom of the press—which constitutes her Fourth Estate—and the trial by jury; and they are sensibly and mutually conservative of each other, for should any attempts be made—treated—to do by the last two, the first two are admirably adapted to defend them.—
English Paper.

A TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.

I rise, Mr. President to argue the case of the rich man, and the poor man; and I believe that before I shall have concluded you will allow that it admits of no argument. The rich man Mr. President, declines his emaciated form on a mahogany sofa cut down, hewed out, carved, and manufactured from the tall cedars of Lebanon, which grows upon the lofty and cloud-capt summit of the ever memorable mountain of Jetho-saphat. Then Mr. President, he hits his cadaverous lip the golden chin cup—manufactured, as is well known, Mr. President, in Cleft, Peru, and other unknown and uninhabitable parts of the universe. While on the other hand, Mr. President, the poor man declines his expectant in a cottage, from which he retreats to the shade of some umbrageous stream—there to contemplate the incomprehensibility of the vast creation and other fixed and immovable satellites that develope around the celestial axis of this ferocious firmament on high.—Then, Mr. President, after calling around him his wife, and the rest of his little children, he teaches them to pre-prepare to scenes of immortality beyond the grave.—
New Orleans Sun.

I meant to have told you of that hole, said an Irishman to a friend, who was walking with him in his garden, and stumbled into a pit full of water.
“No matter,” said Pat, blowing the mud and water out of his mouth, “I've found it.”

ANECDOTE.

The following characteristic anecdote of a British sailor will be read with feeling of deep interest. The subject of it was the father of Sir T. Trowbridge, now one of the Lords of Admiralty. “A curious scene occurred on board the Sans Pareille on the morning of the 1st of June (Lord Howe's action.) Capt. Trowbridge, who had been recently taken in the Custor, with his consort bound to Newfoundland, was a prisoner on board the French ship just named, where Rear Admiral Neuhly had his flag flying. After Lord Howe had obtained his position, and had drawn his fleet in a line parallel to that of the enemy, he brought to, and made the signal to go to breakfast. Trowbridge knew the purport of the signal, and telling it to the French Admiral, they took the advantage of the time allowed them for the same repast. Trowbridge (whose appetite never forsook him on these occasions, was helping himself to a large slice from the brown loaf, when the French captain observed to him by an interpreter, (for Trowbridge would never learn their language) that the English Admiral showed no disposition to fight, and was certain did not intend it. “What!” said the English hero, dropping his loaf, and laying his hand almost too emphatically on the Frenchman's shoulder, while he looked him furiously in the face, “but fight! stop till they have had their breakfast; I know John Bull well, and when his belly is full you will get it.” In a few minutes after this the fleet bore up to engage. Trowbridge was sent into the boatswain's storeroom, where for a length of time he looked against the foremast, and amused himself in pouring out every invective against the French, and the man appointed to guard him. Suddenly he felt the vibration of the mast, and heard it fall over the side; when, grasping the astonished Frenchman with both hands, he began to jump and caper, with all the gestures of a maniac. The Sans Pareille soon after surrendered, and Trowbridge assisted in setting her to rights and taking her into port.—
Bretton's Naval History.

Tuesday week, Andrew Cinas, Esq. delivered a lecture on atmospheric electricity, at Taunton, illustrated by a number of beautiful experiments. He illuminated 400 feet of iron chain, hung in festoons about the room, the whole extent being brilliantly lighted at the same instant by the passage through it of the spark from a battery, and united several feet of wire. Mr. C. afterwards detailed the results of many experiments on thunder clouds and meteors. By means of a wire apparatus suspended in his park, he had discovered that a driving fog sweeps in masses, alternately negatively and positively electrified; and once the accumulation of the electric fluid in a fog was so great, that there was an incessant stream from his conductor of sparks, each one of which would have struck an elephant dead in an instant.

FORCE OF HABIT.—A toper in New Orleans taking a check to a bank to be cashed, was asked by the teller, how he would have it? he answered instantly “cold if you please, and without sugar.”

Among all the rhymes perpetrated against spring this season, the editor of the Connecticut News has poured forth his sublime conceptions in this tide of song:
And now the merry ploughboy
Whistles his morning song
Along the dale, and through the vale
‘Tis echoed loud and long;
The farmer's trucks are moving free,
And on the budding strawberry
His spouse's
Cresses
Browzes,
And the martins have returned, and found
A welcome at our houses;
And the little niggers run around
Divested of their trowsers!

THE FISHERIES.—The Alexandria Gazette of Tuesday says:—“The weather has lately been very fine for the Potomac Fisheries, and great quantities of shad and herring have, we understand, been caught, especially on the Maryland shore. Shad have been selling at the Fish wharf, in Alexandria, (the great Fish depot,) at from \$8.50 to \$10 per hundred, and herring at from \$2.25 to \$3.25 per hundred. The demand has not yet been supplied.”

Mr. Bennett, a feeble old man, one of the few remaining survivors of the Wyoming massacre, by the British and Indians, was lately turned out of a leak at Wilkesbarre, by Gov. Porter's annual officers, to give place to somebody else, who only recommended that he vote for Porter.

There is a woman now living in Ohio lately emigrated from Connecticut, who is so fat that her husband was obliged to go back twice after her.

A dandy, who was strutting around a bar-room in Buffalo, with his pantaloons strapped down so tightly that they threatened to burst at the knee, rudely justified a member of that anomalous class known as “runners.” “Take care,” said the runner, turning upon him, “or I'll cut your straps and let you up.”
THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.—“Thunder,” observes Sir John Herschel, “can scarcely ever be heard more than 20 or 30 miles from the flash which produces it. Lightning, on the other hand, may be seen—or at least its reflection in the cloud, forming what is called sheet lightning—at the distance of 100 or 300 miles.”