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ROBERT S. FAYTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Bearding a Lion in his Den.

The following is an extract from an article in the last Knickerbocker, from the pen of J. N. Reynolds. Our readers are probably aware that the Sea Lion is a species of seal, which grows to an enormous size, and inhabits the shores of the South Atlantic and Pacific Ocean:

"Near the entrance of Port Hatches, is a cavern, long known as a retreat of a few patriots of the ocean to whom its deep recesses had been, until the period of which I am about to speak, a safe protection. The opening of this sea lion's den is about thirty feet in width, its base being on a level with the sea at low water mark. The whole length of the cave, beneath the base of the precipice, is two hundred and twenty paces, beautifully arched over with stalactites, and in some places changing its course from a direct line, and forming 'title apertures,' which communicate with the main entrance.

To enter this cavern, explore its secret chambers, and provoke a combat with the ancient holders and proprietors of this wild citadel, was the object of one of our boat excursions. Preparatory to our advance into this

—cavern hoar,
That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore,
Fires were placed one after another, within a distance of thirty yards between each two, to answer the double purpose of guiding our progress and of securing a speedy retreat should we be too roughly received by the old fiends, who with a number of claps in his suite, had taken up position in the farthest corner of the den.

With lighted torches, we now advanced into the abyss, which the ancient Romans would have consecrated to deified nymphs, and the Persians have assigned as the seat of their god Mithras. The fires cast a dim flickering light, which rendered visible the darkness in our rear. Every thing around us seemed to partake of the gloomy silence of the tomb, until the stillness was suddenly broken by the roar of the old lion more appalling by far, than that of his fierce namesake of the Moorish plains. Having approached so near that we could see the monster's glaring eye balls, we discharged our muskets, and continued alternately retreating to load and advancing to fire, until our ears were stunned and our heads bewildered with the reverberations of the reports, mingled with the roaring of the whole madened group now closely pressed and severely wounded.

Our lights failing for an instant, we retreated to replenish them. The labing of the waves at the mouth of the cavern, though distant, echoed and rumbled through the vaulted passages, and we could not here each others' voices. As we again moved forward, to discharge our pieces, the old sea lion broke out into a new paroxysm of rage, tearing up the gravel and rocks with his claws and teeth. The white foam mixed with blood, dropped from his large red tongue; while so hoarse, so loud and deafening was his howl, that we were obliged to stop our ears to prevent being pained by it.

The scene around us had now indeed become one of inconceivable wildness and horror. Two hundred paces within the mouth of a cave which man had never before entered, the dim flickering light of our torches, and the decaying fires in our rear, together with the suffocating smoke from our frequent firing, which rendered it necessary to retrograde. Nor did we commence to retreat a moment too soon. Wounded and infuriated, the old lion began to move towards us; we gradually returned, step by step, throwing stones and fire brands, to keep him in check, until we had reached so near the mouth of the cavern, that with deliberate aim, Capt. Palmer, of the Pinguin, shot him. This was his death-wound, although he had previously received no less than ten balls.

After recruiting our fires with the blubber of our victim, we returned to the charge and soon succeeded in taking the remaining five females and their pups. The old sea lion (*phoca jubata*) measured ten feet six inches in length, and eight feet round the shoulders; and, as we supposed could not weigh less than 700 pounds. The females were from six to seven feet in length and of a waxy slender form.

The yellow wife of Col. R. M. Johnson, the same that ran away with the Indian, has just been sent down to New Orleans to be sold. The Colonel thinks her too good a rib for his use.—*Louisville Jour.*

SO WAS FRANKLIN

"O, you're a 'prentice!" said a little boy the other day tauntingly to his companion. The addressed turned proudly round, and while the fire of injured pride and the look of pity were strongly blended in his countenance, coolly answered—"So was Franklin."

The dignified reply struck me forcibly; and I turned to mark the disputants more closely. The former, I perceived by his dress, claimed a higher rank in society, than his humble but more dignified companion. The latter was a sprightly, active lad, scarcely twelve years old, and coarsely but cleverly attired. But young as he was, there was visible in his countenance much of genius, manly dignity, and determined resolution—while that of the former showed only fostered pride, and the imagined superiority of riches.

The little fellow, thought we, gazing at our young hero, displays already much of the man—though his calling be an humble one; and though poverty extends to him her dreary, cheerless reality, still he looks on the brightest side of the scene, and already rises in anticipation from poverty and wretchedness! Once, 'so was Franklin!' and the world may one day witness in our little "prentice" as great a philosopher, as they have already seen in his noble pattern. And we passed on, buried in meditation.

The motto of our infantile philosopher contains too much to be forgotten, and should be engraved on the minds of all.—What can better cheer a man in an humble calling, than the reflection that the greatest statesman—the highest philosopher—and the proudest warriors—have once graced the same profession!

Look at Cincinnati! At the call of his country, he laid aside the plough, and seized the sword. But after wielding it with entire success—when his country was no longer endangered, and public affairs needed not his longer stay, he beat his sword into a plough share, and returned with honest delight, to his little farm.

Look at Washington! what was his course of life? He was first a farmer—next Commander-in-Chief of a host of freemen, fighting for the liberation of his country from the thralls of despotic oppression—next called to the highest seat of government, by his ransomed brethren, a President of the highest republic on earth—and lastly a farmer again!

Look at Franklin! He who—With the thunder talked, as friend to friend, And wore his garland of lightning's wing In sportive twist!

What was he? a printer!—once a mortal in a printing office! Poverty stared him in the face—but the blank hollow look nothing daunted him. He struggled against a harder current than the most are called on to encounter; but he did not yield. He pressed manfully onward—bravely buffeted by the billows of adversity—and gained the desired haven!

What was the famous Ben Johnson!—He was first a bricklayer or mason! What was he in after years? 'Tis needless to answer!

What was Burns? An Avonshire ploughman! what was he in after life, in the estimation of his countrymen, and the world? Your library gives the answer!

But shall we go on, and call up in the proud array, all the mighty host of worthies that have lived & died—who were cradled in the lap of penury, and received their first lesson in the school of affliction? No; we have cited instances enough already—yes, more than enough to prove the point in question—namely, that there is no profession, however low in the opinion of the world, but has been honored with earth's greatest and her worthiest.

Young man! Does the iron hand of misfortune press hard upon you, and disappointments well nigh sink your despairing soul! Have courage! mighty ones have been your predecessors—and have withstood the current of opposition that threatened to overwhelm their fragile bark?

Do you despise your humble station and repine that Providence has not placed you in some noble sphere? Murmur not against the dispensations of an all-wise Creator!—Remember that wealth is no criterion of moral rectitude, or intellectual worth—that riches, dishonestly gained, are a lasting curse—that virtue & uprightness work out a rich reward—and then

"An honest man's the noblest work of God"
And when dark disappointment comes! Do not wither at her stare—but press forward—and the prize is yours! It was thus with Franklin—it can be thus with you. He strove for the prize and won it! So may you:—"Tis worth contending for—and success will attend you! and the 'stars' will be brighter as the 'stripes' were deeper!"
C. W. EVERETT.

NON-COMMITTAL.—"Who struck Jim Patheron? who struck Jim Patheron?" demanded a wee voter from the land of turf and glory, elbowing himself through the crowd assembled at the poll, and intimating a bloody nose and black eyes to any one who dared to use the first person singular number in his reply—"ounly show me the man who knocked down Jim Patheron!"—his little red hands resolved themselves into fists, and his little voice struggled up from his belly in an attempt to be deep—"ounly show me the man that knocked down Jim Patheron!"—"I knocked him down," said a voter stepping from the crowd, "and what have you to say about it?"—"By my soul, and yer did it like a man," replied our Mars, bowing very courteously.

How to tell a Drunken Man

If you wish to ascertain whether a man is really in liquor, put the word "municipality," in his mouth. If he can shell that out—pronounce it plain and distinct—he is sober enough to deliver a temperance lecture, take our word for it. The words "National-Intelligencer" are even hard to get over, and may be given as a test to any one where the least suspicion is entertained that he is "how come you so."

Some fifteen years since, there lived in a pleasant "down east" village a worthy minister of the Presbyterian persuasion, Dr. H.—The Doctor had a hard case of a son, a wild, hurum scurum dog as ever lived, named David. David was a good hearted fellow, fond of stories and Santa Cruz rum slings, and seldom came home at night without betraying that he had rubbed hard against every tavern in the village. Frequent were the admonitions and excellent the advice his worthy father gave David, and one night, after a lecture rather more severe than common, the young scape grace faithfully promised amendment.

Some few days after this, while the minister was out visiting his flock, he saw his hopeful mounted on a young colt with a large bush tied to his tail, riding furiously down the road towards him. By whistling his hat and cane and shouting the old gentleman arrested his progress, and brought him to a halt.

"Why, David!" said the minister, "you told me faithfully you had sown all your wild oats."

"So I have father; I'm only brushing them in now," & away he went down the street as fast as ever, the brush top tied to the colt's tail whisking about in every direction.

That night David came home, as the saying is, "rather the worse for liquor." It is a known fact that a drunken man, in trying to make himself appear sober, always overdoes the thing, and by the very means he uses detects himself. So it was with David.

"Father," said he, "has the *Nacial Intelligencer* come yet?"

"Ah! you dog, you have been to the tavern again. You are drunk, sir; get out of my house, and never enter that door again."

David went as he was bid, but the next morning his father was astonished at seeing him walk down the chamber stairs, and seat himself at the breakfast table.

"Sirrah! Did't I tell you never to enter that door again?" said the father.

"Yes, sir, I know you did; so I got up on the shed and came in at the chamber window. I did'nt com' in at the door at all."

David is still living, and has sons who bid fair to become as wild as ever he was himself.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The "Committee of Safety."

By Senator Williams, of Allegheny.

Who were the members of this Committee of Safety? Of what material was it composed? Was it made up of men of high character acting under the generous impulse of a lofty patriotism, as has been so frequently asserted? I have the honor of knowing very few of them personally, but on the faith of the information which I have been able to collect, I take it upon me to deny this claim in the face of the Senate, and in the face of the whole people of Pennsylvania as false and unfounded in each and every particular. I venture to affirm that so far from being entitled to the panegyrics which have been lavished upon them, they were generally men of depraved morals, and of broken and desperate fortunes; men who had every thing to gain and nothing to lose by revolution; such men, in short, as Cataline is represented by his historians to have raked from the sewers of ancient Rome in the most profligate and degenerate era of that republic. If there were any exceptions to this description, they were "like angels' visits, few and far between." The men of the revolution were of a different character, and acted under a different impulse. They fought for their altars and their firesides, and pledged their private fortunes on the struggle. These men, without risk to private fortunes, were fighting only for "the spoils," and they have been rewarded; some with offices and others in the character of assistant door-keepers of the House of Representatives, by "the eternal gratitude of the country," to which the Senator from the county has declared them to be entitled, computed in money at the round sum of one dollar and a half a day! Patriots at one dollar and a half a day! Eternal gratitude reduced to arithmetical measurement!—And these are the men who have been compared with the worthies of the Revolution!

Sir, I could have borne, almost anything but this; but when I hear such men as these compared with Washington and Hancock, and Adams—when I hear the name of General Dillor gravely associated with that of the immortal Washington, I want language to express, as an American citizen, my deep abhorrence and indignation, at the insults thus offered to the memories of the great patriots, and statesmen, and warriors of the revolution! It is too much for any man, possessing the feelings which ought to animate every American bosom, to hear patiently the declaration that these men acted under the same impulses of patriotism which directed and governed the armies of the revolution. Sir, they acted under no other than such as could be purchased by rewards and rum. These men engaged in a struggle like that of our forefathers! Our forefathers made resistance to parliamentary usurpation. Was this the fact with regard to these would be patriots? No, sir; their resistance was to the laws of their own enactment, to those very principles which were then established by our ancestors, and

entrusted for safe keeping, to their prosperity. Aye, sir, they were recreant to the principles for which the men of the revolution contended, they were traitors to the cause in which La Fayette bled on the plains of Brandywine, and Warren died on the field of Bunker Hill. Was it not enough, then, that the image of the immortal Washington, which looks down upon us from your door wall, placed there as it would seem, in order that his spirit might preside over our deliberation, should have been scandalized by the exhibition which we have witnessed here, and that the Senator from the county should have turned his back on that image, as he did upon the principles of the man whom it was intended to respect, when he addressed his fellow citizens in the galleries? Was it not enough that this sacred hall, which has been provided for our reception, and dedicated to a high and holy purpose, should have been turned into a pandemonium, by the presence of an unhallowed mob? Was it not enough that the principles of the revolution had been disregarded, and the constitution and the laws trampled under foot? Was all this not profanation enough, that our ears must be habitually offended with the blasphemy which would place these men on a level with the Washingtons and Hancocks and Adamses of the revolution? Sir, this is too much for my patience. I flatter myself that I am blessed with as much equanimity, and as much philosophical forbearance as other men; but I cannot listen in silence, when such blasphemies as these are uttered of the father of our common country, and those who co-operated with him in the great work of American independence.

If it be considered in order to refer to what has occurred elsewhere, I will take the liberty of stating now, because the occasion seems to be altogether appropriate, that I have enjoyed the privilege of cross examining on oath a distinguished member of this same Committee of Safety, in reference to the purposes of its organization. The replies with which I was favored were of the same vague and indefinite character, and in the same general language as the remarks of the Senator from Adams on the same subject. Like the Senator from Adams, he declared the object of the committee to have been the support of the constitution and the laws! Aye, Sir, the support of the constitution and the laws in accordance, I suppose, with the tragical Jackson and Van Buren doctrine—that is to say, as they understood them! Not the constitution and laws as they were interpreted by those tribunals to which that trust had been confided; but in accordance with the construction which had been placed upon them by a few individuals who had never read the constitution or studied the principles of the other? They prate about supporting the constitution and the laws! Sir, the member of that committee whom it was my fortune to examine, after declaring the foregoing to have been the purposes for which the committee was raised, was obliged to confess that he was entirely ignorant of the appropriate provisions either of the constitution or the laws! And yet these are men who are worthy to be compared with the Hancocks and the Adamses of the revolution—who are to be elevated for all future time in the affections of the people of Pennsylvania, and who have deserved the "eternal gratitude" of the country—arithmetically computed at the value of one dollar and a half a day! Ample payment be ye doubt for the whole of this band of heroes—ample indeed, considering that it would furnish food enough to sustain their bodies, and drink enough to keep alive their patriotism.

From the National Intelligencer.
SKETCHES
OF THE PERSONAL & PUBLIC CHARACTER OF
DANIEL WEBSTER.
R—, Mass. July, 1839.

DEAR SIR:—You remark that Mr. Webster is cold and distant in his manners.—Have you been accustomed to view him, through the magnifying glass of his great reputation, and has not this magic of your own fancy thrown over him a false coloring, which belongs rather to you than to him?—Have you not been accustomed to see him at Washington, where, while other great men are smiling, and smiling, and playing the villain, Webster is deeply pondering upon his duties; where, while others are trying to make friends and flattering their way to preferment, he is care-worn from laboratory of thought, where he has been subjected to "Nullification," or the "sub-Treasury," or some similar scheme, to the crucible of truth? In either of these cases, you could not see Mr. Webster in a right light. Let me take you in imagination, to his residence, which you know is Marshfield, near the seashore, and some twenty miles southeast from Boston.

A few years since, Mr. Webster was near his grounds, and close to the bank of a small stream. The showers had been plentiful, and this river was now full to the brim.—An old man came along on foot and meeting Mr. Webster, without knowing him, inquired the way to a certain house in the vicinity. Mr. Webster told him that he must take a path which led across the stream.—The old man remarked that the river appeared to be deep, and asked if there was no other way of reaching the place of his destination. Being informed that there was no other, he seemed to be in some anxiety, when Mr. Webster offered to carry him over.—After some parley, this offer was accepted, and, mounting a pair of broad shoulders, the old man rode safely across the stream on Daniel Webster's back. But there was nothing in the circumstances which seemed to strike him as peculiar, save the good nature of the act; and in this way he mentioned it

at the place he was going to. The story led to some inquiries, and the old man soon learnt who it was that, as a friend in need, had been a friend indeed.

Perhaps, my dear sir, if you have found Webster haughty at Washington, you could learn better at Marshfield.

The late Mr. Wirt was a man of elegant, yet winning manners. He had not the sunny address of HENRY CLAY, which melts every man's heart as he approaches; but he had the firm and energetic resolution of CALHOUN, which would be irresistible, were it not for the sinister rattle that comes faint but distinct to the ear; nor had he the elaborate and bloated politeness of BENTON; nor the smooth and flippant courtliness of VAN BUREN; but he had the best style of Virginian manners of the old school; he was hearty, yet dignified; sincere, though polite. He had often met Webster, and as they were of the same politics they had a mutual respect for each other. Wirt remarked, however, that, in spite of the many circumstances likely to draw them together, there was a kind of distance between them.

At length, Webster had occasion to call on Wirt, at his office, for he was then Attorney General. Being engaged in writing at the moment, he asked Mr. Webster to sit down a few minutes at the fire, while he continued writing at the further end of the room. Webster took his seat, and gazed intently into the mass of glowing anthracite. Presently, Wirt's daughter, a beautiful child of five or six years old, came in, and, not seeing Webster's face, mistook him for her father. She walked round, and placing her arms over Webster's knees, looked up familiarly in his face. At this instant he withdrew his gaze from the fire, and looked into the eyes of the child, who shrunk back in fear. As soon, however, as the image of the child had reached Webster's brain, a smile came over his face, and the little girl, completely won by it, smiled back again, & instantly returned to her former position of familiarity and confidence. Wirt noticed this little scene, and his bosom was of a nature to feel it. He did feel it; and coming forward, shook Webster's hand heartily, the tears brimming in his eyes. From that time according to the report of his own words, he felt that to suspect Webster of coldness, either of manner or heart, was to do him injustice; and he himself confessed that he believed the kind of non-conductor which had separated them before was a want of simplicity and naturalness in his mode of approaching him.

I have but this remark to make, that if Webster is distant and haughty in his manner to the courtly, add at court, it seems not to be indulged either to an old man who wishes to cross a stream, or a child whose face reflects the soul as the lake gives back the image of Heaven. May we not suppose that Webster has not forgotten his village breeding, and that, being simple in his feelings, simplicity is best adapted to draw out his kindly nature?

Gen. Harrison.
In our late excursion to Columbus we were gratified to find in the coach with us the venerable Farmer of North Bend, and still more to find him in excellent health and spirits. As evidence of his vigorous constitution, it may not be amiss to state a fact which occurred on the way. The stage left Xenia about sundown, & drove all night. The night being chilly, and some of the passengers thinly clothed, several were complaining of cold. About 2 o'clock in the morning, when the stage stopped to change horses, Gen. Harrison proposed that we get out and walk until the stage should overtake us. He and some others did so, and we were surprised to witness the lightness of his step. When the stage overtook us, we found, by inquiring of the driver, that we had walked three miles, and although the road was very rough, being newly paved with stone, the General showed no signs of fatigue. On being asked how long he would tarry in Columbus, he replied, he "was called there as a witness in a case pending in the U. S. Court, and would leave as soon as the Court would allow him; he had a pretty large harvest, and had just set hands to work in cutting it on the morning he left home, and must return as soon as possible." Thus while Mr. Clay is visiting the Niagara Falls, Saratoga and other watering places, Gen. H. is in the harvest field. With qualifications equal which of those two men, in the Presidential Chair, will be most likely to think of the great interest of the nation? Of the answer of the people we have no doubt, but we fear the answer of the National Convention will be different.

ALLIGATOR VERSUS STEAM.—This was a forced, and unavoidable combat and a brief one.—The captain of a steamboat, while, at his post, perceived one of the inhabitants of the river pushing his way directly across before the boat. At its approach, the animal sank, & rose immediately before the wheel. He rushed at the shaft, which struck him with great violence, dragged him upwards in its revolution, and flung him through the shivered boards of the wheel house, a mangled and quivering victim upon the deck. This anecdote was told us by the captain himself, and struck us as being very horrible.—*Darien Herald.*

A CHANCE FOR SOME SMART YANKEE.—A man on the Maumee advertises some lands which are not only very fertile for corn and other produce, but he says that an active, smart man can make a fortune in two years, by catching and training rattlesnakes for the northern market?

From the New Orleans Picayune.
Texas and Mexico.
We are indebted to the polite gentleman of this city for the perusal of a letter dated City of Mexico, June 18, 1839. It contains a proclamation of Gen. Tornel, Minister of War, and Chamber of Deputies. It is a wind, dictated, no doubt by Santa Anna.

The principle features of this proclamation are, that some months since the President, *ad interim*, took the reins of government with a firm and energetic hand, and the result of his measures, which have been by favour of Providence the exterior and interior peace of the Republic. Santa Anna thinks, or says, that as he has done little for his country, while any thing calculated for good remains undone, he has therefore on his views on the "Department" of Texas, and is anxious that she may again be brought into the bosom of the great Mexican family.

In order to bring this stray child back to the fold, Santa Anna proposes that the plan meet with the approbation of the Mexican nation whose wishes are known, to fit out another expedition which shall offer the Mexicans peace or war, indulgence or punishment. In this way he thinks the Mexicans show that they are less love to their country, honor, virtue and stanchy and bravery.

He admits that fortune was capricious in one instance, (San Jacinto,) but thinks she will not treat him or the Mexicans another scurvy trick. He says that the nation knows the joys, sufferings and indignities he underwent on his former visit of Texas but that it is not to assuage the chains and contempt he suffered, nor to silence the calumny which dared to tarnish his name, nor private interest, nor mean resentments that animate him, but all for the glory and good of Mexico.

The proclamation then advises the deputies to empower Santa Anna to incur in the pacification of the aforesaid Department of Texas, and to dictate all measures which may be considered necessary to attain that end. The proclamation ends with "God and Liberty," and is signed by Jose Maria Tornel.

From all this it appears that Santa Anna has "shown his hand," and is anxious to get up another crusade against Texas. Thus the rascal will succeed in raising an army he will have little doubt, as since his recent successes he is as high in favor as ever, but that he will ever succeed in pacifying Texas by force we cannot believe. The proclamation, army Santa Anna and all, will meet with a similar reception, the Swedes at Fort Christina gave the proclamation and force of the celebrated Dutch Governor of New York in old times, with this exception, that there will be a little more fighting. Santa Anna will make the Mexicans all sorts of offers of peace and pardon if they will lay down their arms, and threaten them with utter annihilation in a most bombastic style, in case they do not. After the manner of the Swedes, "they will see him d—d" before they lay down their arms, and as for annihilation, they will tell him to "go ahead."

The Mormons have excited a good deal of interest in Cincinnati, where one of the sect has been giving a history of that people, and of the persecutions to which they have been recently exposed in Missouri. It is stated, in the report given in the Cincinnati News, that they were ruthlessly driven from their homes, their property destroyed, the women and children forced into the woods without shelter from the inclemency of the weather of January, where they roamed about till their feet became so sore that their enemies tracked them by their foot prints of blood. The Mormons stated that there were instances where men were murdered in cold blood, and boys who had taken shelter from the fury of the mob, were dragged from their hiding places, and after being cruelly maltreated, deliberately shot. In one case, an old man, a soldier of the Revolution, was pursued by a mob, but finding he could not escape, turned and supplicated their mercy. The reply he received was a shot from a rifle which wounded him mortally; he still besought them to spare him, when one of the party picked up a scythe or sickle, and literally hacked him to pieces as he lay on the ground.

THOMAS MORRIS, formerly U. S. Senator, addressed the meeting.

He said he had been in the vicinity of these transactions, and had taken some pains to acquaint himself with the facts; and from all he could learn, the Mormons were an industrious and harmless people; that no specific charge had been brought against them by the Executive of Missouri, but that their persecution was for no other reason than that their religion gave offence to a mob—for causes which may, at any time, induce the same persecution of any religious sect in our land. He said he believed the statements made to be true, and that they were corroborated by those who resided in the vicinity of their occurrence.

Nat. Intell.
There is an old instance illustrating the commercial mistakes which happen from neglecting the proper positions of points: The lady of a mariner about to sail on a distant voyage, sent a note to the clergyman of the parish, expressing the following meaning: "A husband going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation." Unfortunately, the good parson was not skilled in punctuation, nor had the mariner quick vision. He read the note as it was written: "A husband going to sea his wife desires the prayers of the congregation?"

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