

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"The liberty to know, to utter, and to argue, freely, is above all other liberties."—MILTON.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., TUESDAY, APRIL 6, 1841.

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THE REGISTER AND RECORDER.

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THE GARLAND.



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

MY NATIVE HOME.

BY ALEXANDER B. KECK, ESQ.
Land of the South—imperial land,
How proud thy mountains rise,
How sweet thy scenes on every hand,
How fair thy covering skies!
But not for this—oh, not for this,
I love thy fields to roam,
Thou hast a dearer spell to me,
Thou art my native home!

Thy rivers roll their liquid wealth,
Unrecolled to the sea,
Thy hills and valleys bloom with health,
And green with verdure be,
But not for thy proud ocean streams,
Nor for thy azure dome,
Sweet sunny South—clinging to thee,
Thou art my native home!

I've stood beneath Italia's clime,
Beloved of tale and song;
On heaven's hills, proud and sublime,
Where nature's wonders throng;
By temple's classic sunlit streams,
Where gods, of old, did roam;
But ne'er have found so fair a land,
As thou—my native home!

And thou hast prouder glories too,
Than nature ever gave;
Peace shed's o'er thee her genial dew,
And freedom's pinions wave;
Fair science flings her pearls around,
Religion lifts her dome,
These, these, dearer than to my heart,
My own, loved native home!

And heaven's best gift to man is thine,
God bless thy rosy girls!
Like Sylvian flowers, they sweetly shine,
Their hearts are pure as pearls!
And grace and goodness circle them,
Where'er their footsteps roam:
How can I then, while loving them,
Not love my native home!

Land of the South—imperial land!
Then here's a health to thee!
Long as thy mountain barriers stand,
May'that to be blest and free!
May dark disunion's banner ne'er
Wave o'er thy fertile loam;
But should it come, there's one will die
To save his native home!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LESSON.

A TALE OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

BY A SKETCHER.

Three young ladies were seated in a rich apartment. They were the Misses Amanda and Emma Ellis, and their cousin Delilah Charleton. The latter was engaged in the womanly occupation of sewing; the two former in discussing, critically, a ball at which all three had been present the preceding evening.

"I don't like that Mr. Barton at all," said Miss Amanda, continuing the conversation. "Nor me either," responded Miss Emma, who was the oldest.

"And why not, cousins?" asked Delilah, "I am sure he is handsome enough—is he not?"

"Yes; but—"
"But what, coz?" said she to Emma, who had spoken last. "Surely his manners are pleasing, and his language polished—without affectation."

"Yes, yes, but for all that, he is vulgar," said Emma, pettishly, "vulgar in his ideas."

"Vulgar!" exclaimed Delilah, "you must allow me to differ with you, coz," she continued, looking in her cousin's face with a winning smile, "I think he is quite refined—more so than Mr. Price or Mr. Brown and many of the other gentlemen."

"Only think of comparing Mr. Barton with Mr. Brown—the gentleman!" exclaimed Miss Amanda Ellis. "Why Mr. Barton is a mechanic!"

"Well, suppose he is dear," said her cousin, "does that make him vulgar, or less respectable? For my part I think a mechanic can be as much of a gentleman (in the true sense of the word) as a millionaire."

"Well I declare, cousin Lilo, you do have some of the funniest notions," said Miss Amanda, "just for all the world like pa: he thinks one man just as good as another, even though he be a laborer."

"Yes," said Emma, "I do wish he would be a little more circumspect, and find better company for his daughters, than mechanics. It is his fault that Mr. Barton comes here; he gives him such pressing invitations. I suppose he wants me, or you Amanda. Would'n't it make a fine paragraph for the papers! Miss Amanda (or Emma) daughter of James Ellis, merchant, to Mr. Charles Barton, mechanic. Oh! dear!" and the spoiled beauty, (for both sisters possessed great personal attractions) threw herself back upon the sofa and laughed heartily, as also did her sister.

"Well, well, girls," said Mr. Ellis, who, hidden by the half open door of the apartment, had been an unobserved listener to the conversation, and who now entered the room, "you may laugh now, but you may yet regret that you did not try to obtain Mr. Barton for a husband. Mark that,"—and the old gentleman, taking up his hat, left the apartment.

"Who would have thought that pa was listening," said Miss Amanda, "but I don't care."

"I declare, if there is not Mr. Barton on the step!" exclaimed Emma, who was looking through the blinds. "Come, come," she continued, addressing her sister, "let us go up stairs into the other parlor, and leave cousin Lilo to entertain him; it will be a pleasure to her, for she is partial to mechanics," and the sisters left the room.

The object of the foregoing conversation was a young man whom Mr. Ellis had introduced to his daughters, and niece some months before, as a master mechanic. But unlike their father, who valued a man for his character, and not for his money, the Misses Ellis were great sticklers for respectability—their standard for which was riches—and the consequence was as we have seen, that Mr. Barton did not stand any too high in their good graces. Mr. Ellis knew this false estimate of respectability was a predominant fault in his daughters' characters, and he determined to give his daughters a practical, and salutary lesson.

How he succeeded, the sequel of our story will show. A few moments after the sisters had left the room, Mr. Barton entered. He was about the middle height; with fine figure, regular features, and an intelligent countenance. His eyes were of deep blue—his eye-brows finely arched, and his forehead high and white, from which the jet black hair was pushed back displaying its fine proportions. He was certainly a handsome man, which fact, even the Misses Ellis did not attempt to deny, and the ease, and politeness, with which he greeted Miss Charleton, spoke his claim to that which that lady herself had awarded him—the title of gentleman.

He was soon seated, and in conversation with Delilah. Delilah Charleton was a charming girl. It is true she did not possess the exquisite proportions and regular features of her two cousins, but then there was over a sunny smile upon her face, and a cheerful spark in her clear light blue eyes and she had such light and bounding spirit, that made her appear, if not as beautiful as her cousins at least more bewitching; at least thought Mr. Barton as he gazed upon her bewitching countenance. How much better, thought he, would it be to possess her for a wife, dependant as she is upon her uncle, and dowless as she would be, than either of the Misses Ellis, with their spoiled tempers and their fortunes. Thinking thus, it is to be wondered at that he left her with a half formed determination to win her love if it lay within his power.

When Delilah appeared at the dinner table that day, many were the meaning and inquisitive glances her cousins cast upon her. At last unable to restrain their loving habit of "running" their cousin, they spoke.

"I hope you spent a very pleasant morning, cousin," said Miss Amanda, with a mock arch look.

"A very interesting tete a tete was it not," whispered Emma across the table.

"I spent the morning very pleasantly," answered Delilah, blushing slightly.

"Oh! I dare say," said Emma sarcastically, "I suppose he gave you a dissertation on mechanics, did he not coz?"

"Well, and suppose he did," said Mr. Ellis who had been listening patiently, but into whose honest face the color now rose. "Is it not better to listen to that, than to the senseless conversation, and sickly sentiments drawn out in affected tones by the sopings, half men, half monkeys, who disgrace humanity?" and the old man cast such a look upon his daughters as made them quail beneath it.

"But never mind, Lilo," he continued in a softer voice, and patting his niece's rosy cheek, "never mind, Mr. Barton is worth three or four such would-be gentlemen as Mr. Price and Mr. Brown, and in more ways than one. Mark that, girls! He is worth two or three such in more ways than one." The last sentence he addressed to his daughters.

Days, weeks, and months rolled by, and Mr. Barton had become a frequent visitor at Mr. Ellis'. It was very evident he was paying "particular" attention to Delilah Charleton, and it was also plain to see that they were not unacceptable. This fact furnished an ample subject for the sister's sarcastic remarks. As for their father, when ever they indulged in them in his presence, a knowing smile would play upon his face,

and he would repeat to them his assertions that they would some day wish they had obtained Mr. Barton for a husband.

Thus things continued for some time.— At last one morning, about three months subsequent to the period when our story commences, Mr. Ellis entered the parlor where his daughters were sitting, with a light step, and sparkling eye.

"Well, girls, what do you think of it?" said he rubbing his hands in glee.

"What!" asked both the young ladies in a breath.

"The wedding we're going to have." "The wedding! what wedding?" "Your cousin's."

"Delilah's!"

"Yes she is going to honor the mechanic with her hand. What do you think of it, ha?"

"I don't think much of it," said Miss Emma, with a toss of her head.

"Nor I," said Amanda.

"You don't? Oh! Well suppose I was to tell you she is going to marry a man worth two hundred thousand dollars, would that alter your opinions?"

"Why what do you mean pa?"

"Listen and I will tell you girls," said the old gentleman, bending upon his daughters a grave, and some what stern look.

"The father of Mr. Barton to whom your cousin is soon to be married was an old friend of mine; we were playmates in boyhood. He was apprenticed to the carpenter trade about the same time I entered the counting house. Soon after he had finished learning his trade he went to the city of Baltimore, and there started business for himself, and there he was married. Being possessed of genius, and having a good education, from a master mechanic and builder, he soon became an architect; and subsequently amassed a large fortune. Knowing the reverses of fortune to which all are liable, he resolved to make his only son Charles a good architect, so that if ever the 'fickle dame' should desert him, he would have wherewith to earn honestly his daily bread. He succeeded. A year or two ago he died leaving his whole fortune—his wife being already dead and Charles being an only child. About six months ago Charles came to this city on a visit. He called upon me as his father's friend. In the course of conversation I asked him why he was not married. He said that he had never yet met with a young lady he thought worthy of calling his wife; that he could find enough who would marry him for the sake of his money, but that such a one he would never marry."

I told him that I would introduce him to some of our city ladies and see if he could not find one amongst them to suit him.— He required then that I should conceal his wealth, and introduce him only as a master mechanic. I acquiesced, and, knowing your false estimate of respectability, I embraced the opportunity of teaching you a lesson, which, I sincerely hope will have a salutary influence. I knew when I brought him home with me, and introduced him, that neither of you would be his chosen, because I was certain you could not stoop so low as to wed a master mechanic; but the event that will soon take place I easily foresaw. Your cousin knew nothing whatever of his wealth until to-day. I see you look surprised girls, but did I not tell you that you would be sorry some day that you did not obtain him for a husband? And did I not tell you that he was worth two or three such ninnny-hammers as Mr. Price, and Mr. Brown in more ways than one? Remember, girls, that wealth is a false standard by which to judge of respectability and worth. Not that a rich man may not be respectable, but that very often he who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, is more of a gentleman than he who courts his thousands."

And they did remember it. For in after years they showed in their choice of husbands that they had not forgotten their honest old father's LESSON.

THE STRATAGEM.

"I really don't know who I love best," said Jane Manvers to her friend Marrian Westell, as she returned from a splendid party where she was the 'admired of all admirers,' William Stanton or Frederick English. Out of a host of admirers that my fortune, now that I am an heiress, has brought to my feet, I have selected them. They are neither rich—both are filled with sentiments of honor as far as expressions and general conduct go. Both love me. Neither have expressed it in strong terms—but either only wait for the necessary encouragement, I am sure, to pop the question. To either my fortune would be an advantage. They may—it is an ungenerous thought—but I cannot help entertaining it, love my fortune and not me. Do you know, Marrian, I have strong thoughts of putting their love to the test?"

"How can you do it?"

"I have thought of a way. You may remember that I had a cousin who was supposed to be lost at sea, and the property which had made a poor unnoticed girl so much courted, was to be his, if he were living."

"Yes, but you have had the full and positive proofs of his decease."

"I know it, but the world does not, nor can my two favorite lovers be acquainted with the fact—I therefore purpose to state in the papers that my cousin is not dead as was supposed. To give you for a time, my splendid establishment, and retire into comparative poverty. It is said that Kings and heiresses rarely hear the truth from the

flatterers by whom they are surrounded. This will at least test my friends. What think you of my plan?"

"Excellent—try it by all means."

The idea was acted upon, and it was curious to see how Jane's admirers dropped off one by one. Her two lovers waited upon her at first in her retirement, and Jane was more puzzled than ever which to choose.

Frederick English's visits in a short time became more like angel's—that is few and far between—while William Stanton's were constant.

Upon one of them he said, "My dear Miss Manvers I have known you long. In the days of your prosperity—surrounded as you were by many lovers who were affluent, and I did not dare to disclose to you a passion which I had felt from the moment I knew you, and which has grown and strengthened with my acquaintance. Now that you are poor, like myself, the diffidence which had else hermetically sealed my lips from divulging my heart's passion is removed. I am not affluent, but I can support you with respectability at least, and if you will accept for your husband one who loves you devotedly, I do not think that you will ever regret the hour that makes you mine. At least I will try never to give you cause."

"I believe you dear William," said Jane, "and if you will accept a beggar, for I am little better—"

"Say not so dearest—I cannot listen to such wrong even from your lips."

"Your fortunes shall not suffer by the union."

"That they never can. When shall our marriages take place?"

"Next week, if you will."

"At your lodgings here."

"No, at the house of a friend. Call for me, and we will proceed together there."

At the day appointed, William was in readiness, accompanied by Frederick English. They were both surprised at the magnificence of Jane's attire, and thought it somewhat out of character with her circumstances, but how much more surprised were they when stepping into a carriage with Jane and Eliza, they were driven to Jane's former residence, and found her still the mistress and the heiress, and learned the plot by which she had tested her lovers. The way Frederick cured himself and his fortune was not slow.

Girls, who possess money, make it a point of finding out, before the irrevocable knot is tied, whether you are loved for yourselves or your fortunes.

PRAYER AFTER SHIPWRECK.—The following affecting incident is detailed in a letter from one of the Sandwich Island Missionaries, to Rev D. Armstrong agent of the Board of Foreign Missions and published in the N. Y. Commercial:

"About the time of our leaving home, a sorrowful providence occurred. The brethren on Honolulu, fearing that we should not venture upon a canoe, engaged a vessel, which was to go to Hawaii for Mr. Lyons, and to call on its return and take us. The vessel made its passage to Hawaii, and when near its place of destination was capsized, and lost. All on board, consisting of thirty souls, were drowned except four.— These seemed to be miraculously preserved to tell the sad tale of the fate of their companions.

When the accident occurred they were near the shore, but the wind and current were against them, and thinking it vain to attempt to reach Hawaii, they congregated themselves upon the rolling billows, and there together in their distress offered up their supplications to Him who alone could preserve them from the threatening deep.

They attempted to swim to Kahoolura, some thirty miles on the opposite side of the Channel. One man and his wife took a covered bucket and tied it to their bodies, and in this was swam until the bucket came to pieces. The female swam for some time, but on turning she saw her husband becoming too weak to support himself. She stopped and rubbed him until he could proceed.

They went on until Kahoolura was full in sight; he then became too feeble to proceed without assistance, and supported himself by holding to the long hair of his wife's head. In this way she towed him for some time; his hand soon let go the hold and she tried in vain to rouse him. She told him he must pray—he commenced, but only uttered a few words.

She put his arms around her neck—held him with one hand and made for the shore. When within about half a mile from the shore, she found he was dead, and she was compelled to let go her hold to support herself. They had then been in water about thirty hours. When she landed she was three days before she saw a human being, and was without food. At length some fishermen found her, and conveyed her to the village, where she is now in good health.

The captain of the vessel was a foreigner, and could swim but little, his wife saved herself by the assistance of an oar. The others disappeared from time to time until all perished but the four."

SPORT IN THE WEST.—The Washington Arkansas, Telegraph says:—"A few days ago," a young man by the name of John Keller, about eighteen years of age, a resident of this county, had an encounter with four panthers at one time. The difficulty occurred about eighteen miles west of this place, near Little river; and resulted in his killing three and putting the fourth to flight. The engagement was a very close one, as the gun was considerably disfigured by the marks of the panthers' teeth."

ARMISTED NEGRO CASE.—The District Court of Connecticut a few months ago, decided that the Armisted Negroes should be freed from the charges preferred against them by the owners of the vessel, and their purchasers, and that they should be sent back to Africa. This decision was appealed from by the prosecution, and the case carried before the Supreme Court of the United States, which on Tuesday week last delivered its opinion as coinciding with the former decision except as to sending them back to Africa. They were discharged as freemen. The most eloquent counsel in the country were employed in this case. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was one, and appeared on behalf of the Captives. Here is an eloquent extract from his closing speech in their behalf:

May it please your Honors: On the 7th of February, 1804, now more than 37 years ago, my name was recorded on the rolls of this Court, as one of its Attorneys and Counsellors on behalf of the Captives. Here is an eloquent extract from his closing speech in their behalf:

Where are they? Where is that able statesman and learned lawyer, who was my associate counsel in the cause, Robert Goodloe Harper? Where is the eloquent counsellor, so long the pride of Maryland and of the American Bar, who was the opposing counsel, Luther Martin? Where is the excellent clerk of that day, whose name has been inscribed on the shores of Africa, as a monument of his abhorrence of the African Slave Trade, Elias B. Caldwell? Where is the Marshall? Where are the cries of the Court? Where is one of the very Judges before whom I commenced my argument in the present cause?—Gone—gone; all gone! Gone from the services which they rendered to their country, to appear before a tribunal where they must answer for all the deeds done in the body. From the excellent characters which they sustained, so far as I have the means of knowing, I fondly hope that they have gone to receive the rewards of eternal blessedness. In taking, as I suppose, my final leave of this Bar and of this Honorable Court I can only ejaculate a fervent petition to Heaven that every member of it may go to his final account with as little to answer for as these illustrious dead, and that you may every one receive the sentence—Well done, good and faithful servants, enter into the joy of our Lord."

A CHILD WITH SIX GRANDMOTHERS.—A gentleman, says the Boston Atlas, who lives in High street, states this remarkable fact in the case of his own daughter. All the names are recorded in the family Bible.—The following is the order:—1st, her mother's mother, aged 42; 2d, her mother's mother's mother, 73; 3d, her mother's mother's mother's mother, 96; 4th, her father's mother, 48; 5th, her father's mother's mother, 75; 6th, her father's father's mother, 80.

THE CASE OF McLEOD.—A letter from the District Attorney of Niagara county, states that in consequence of an error of the Niagara County Clerk in drawing the jury, the court will go over, and that McLeod will not be tried, as had been counted upon.

MORMONISM.—The mormons have established quite a city at Nauvoo, Illinois, and it appears that one of the municipal regulations of the place is, that no whiskey is allowed to be sold in less quantities than one gallon, and any other liquor in less than a quart, unless on the prescription of a physician. The University of Nauvoo has been duly organized by the election of a chancellor and trustees. James Kelly, A. M., an Alumnus of Trinity college, Dublin, has been elected President of the University.—The Nauvoo Legion has also been organized, and the officers have been selected.—The council have passed a vote of thanks to the State government for the favors it has conferred, and to the citizens of Quincy for the protection received when driven from Missouri.

Mr. Ex-Speaker HUNTER, has again reconsidered his determination to decline a re-election for Congress, and is for the third time, in one canvass, a candidate for his old seat.

ANOTHER GREAT INVENTION.—We learn from the New York Sun, that there is exhibiting at the American Institute in the Park, a model of a ship, to be propelled by means of the air pump. On a small scale it works admirably, and it is not improbable that it may yet be carried to such perfection among the many experiments and inventions of the day, as to become greatly useful.

AN INCIDENT ON LAKE ERIE.—Mackenzie in his fight of Commodore Perry, while describing the battle of Lake Erie, and the horrible carnage on board the Lawrence, relates the following incident. In the hottest of the fight, Yarnol, the 1st lieutenant came to Perry, and told him that the officers in the first division under his command were all killed or disabled.—Yarnol had received a wound in the forehead and another in the neck, from which the blood flowed profusely over his face and

person, while his nose, which had been struck by a splinter, was swollen to a most portentous size. Perry, after expressing some good humored astonishment at his tragical appearance, sent him the required aid; but soon after he returned with the same complaint of a destruction of his officers, to which he replied, "You must endeavor to make out by yourself; I have no more to furnish you." In addition to the other oddities of Yarnol's appearance, some of the hammocks were struck in the nettings, and the contents of the mattresses, chiefly stuffed with the down of flag-tops, or cat-tails, were distributed in the air, having much the appearance of falling snow. This substance, lighting on Yarnol's face, and attaching itself to the blood, gave it, as Dr. Parsons describes it, the appearance of a huge owl. When he went below at the close of the action, even the wounded were moved to merriment by his ludicrous appearance, and one of them exclaimed, "The devil is come for his own."—Boston Jour.

THE GOVERNOR FENNER.—John C. Carter, the mate of the ill fated Governor Fenner, and who, besides the captain, is the only survivor of the crew and passengers, is a native of Carlisle, Pa. He, as well as the captain, escaped by leaping from the rigging of the sinking vessel with which the collision took place.

READING.—A proper and judicious system of reading is of the highest importance. Two things are necessary in pursuing the mental labor of others; namely, not to read too much, and to pay great attention to what you do read. Many people pursue books for the express and avowed purpose of consuming time; and this class of readers form by far the majority of what are termed the "reading public." Others again read with the laudable anxiety of being made wiser; and when this object is not attained the disappointment may generally be attributed either to the habit of reading too much or of paying insufficient attention to what falls under their notice.—Blackley's Logic.

Fashion is a poor vocation. Its creed that idleness is a privilege, and work a disgrace, is among the deadliest errors. Without depth of thought, or earnestness of feeling, or strength of purpose—living an unreal life, sacrificing substance to show, substituting the fictitious for the natural, mistaking crowd for society, finding its chief pleasure in ridicule, and exhausting its ingenuity in expedients for killing time, fashion is the last influence under which a human being who respects herself or who comprehends the great end of life would desire to be placed.

As the dew lies longer and produces more fertility in the shade, so woman in the shade of retirement, sheds around her path richer and more permanent blessings than man, who is more exposed to the glare and observations of public life.

THE LAST STORY.—Long Pause.—The Harrisburg Gazette tells of a soldier who, about 150 years ago, was frozen in Siberia. The last expression he made was, "It is ex"—He then froze as stiff as marble.—In the summer of 1840, some French physicians found him after having lain frozen 150 years. They gradually thawed him. Upon animation being restored, he concluded his sentence with "ceedingly cold."

TOO MUCH TRUTH.—A young lady lately observed: "When I go to the theatre, I am very careless of my dress, as the audience are too attentive to the play to observe my wardrobe; but when I go to church, I am very particular in my outward appearance, as most people go there to see how their neighbors dress and deport themselves."

"My lad, are you the MAIL boy?" cried a lady to an urchin who was passing by.

"Why, yes marm! Ye don't spose I'es a FEMALE boy, did ye?"

THE LAST.—The latest O. K. we have seen is, OUT or KASH. According to this the printers are all O. K.

HAPPINESS.—The beginning, middle, and end of happiness is contentment.—There is, therefore, no condition of life in which happiness is unattainable. It may be enjoyed by the peasant who delves the soil, no less than by his wealthy lord. The insect which satisfies its thirst with the dew drop contained in the flower's cup, has as much enjoyment as the elephant which drinks from the stream of some mighty river.

THE BOUNDARY.—The following paragraph from the Kennebec Journal contains a fact which it would be well for all agitators to bear in mind:

"We should not lose sight of the fact that the territory belonging to us on the other side of the St. John, has never been under the civil or military jurisdiction of the States of Maine or Massachusetts. British laws are the only laws which have ever been enforced there. The Aroostook on the contrary, was occupied by Americans when Sir JOHN HARVEY threatened to drive us from thence, but did not attempt to do it.—The river St. John is now commonly understood to be the temporary dividing line contemplated in the arrangement of General SCOTT on the part of President VAN BUREN, Governor FAIRFIELD on the part of Maine, and Sir JOHN HARVEY on the part of Queen VICTORIA."