EASTON [illegible]AZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-[illegible] Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—
RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—[illegible] makes us Rich, and Politics provides [illegible] the enjoyment of all.

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OLD IRONSIDES ON A LEE SHORE.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

From the Democratic Review.

It was at the close of a stormy day in the year 1835, when the gallant frigate Constitution, under the command of Captain Elliott—having on board the late Edward Livingston, late Minister at the Court of France, and his family, and manned by nearly five hundred souls—drew near to 'the chops' of the English Channel For four days she had been beating down from Plymouth, and on the fifth, at evening, she made her last tack for the French coast.

The watch was set at eight P. M.—the Captain came on deck soon after, and having ascertained the bearing of Scilly, gave orders to keep the ship 'full and bye,' remarking at the same time to the officer of the deck, that he might make the light on the lee beam, but, he stated, he thought it more than probable that he would pass it without seeing it. He then 'turned in,' as did most of the idlers and the starboard watch.

At a quarter past nine, P. M., the ship headed west by compass, when the call of 'Light O!' was heard from the foretopsail yard.

"Where away?" asked the officer of the deck.

'Three points on the lee bow,' replied the look-out-man; which the unprofessional reader will readily understand to mean very nearly straight ahead. At this moment, the Captain appeared and took the trumpet.

'Call all hands,' was his immediate order.

'All hands,' whistled the boatswain, with the long shrill summons, familiar to the ears of all who have ever been on board a man-of-man.

'All, hands,' screamed the boatswain's mate, and ere the last echo died away, all but sick, were upon deck.

The ship was staggering through a heavy swell from the Bay of Biscay; the gale, which had been blowing several days, had increased to a severity that was not to be made light of. The breakers, where Sir Cloudesley Shovel and his fleet were destroyed, in the days of Queen Anne, sang their song of death before, and the Dead-Man s Ledge replied in hoarser notes behind us. To go ahead seemed to be death, and to attempt to go about was sure destruction.

The first thing that caught the eye of the Captain was the furled mainsail, which he had ordered to be carried throughout the evening—the hauling up of which, contrary to the last order that he had given on leaving the deck, had caused the ship to fall off to leeward two points, and had thus led her into a position on a "lee shore" upon which a strong gale was blowing her, in which the chance of safety appeared to the stoutest nerves almost hopeless. That sole chance consisted in standing on, to carry us through the breakers of Scilly or by a close graze along their outer ledge. Was this destiny to be the end of the gallant old ship, consecrated by so many a prayer and blessing from the heart of a nation?

'Why is the mainsail up, when I ordered it set?' cried the Captain in a tremendous voice.

'Finding that she pitched her bows under, I took it in, under your general order, sir, that the officer of the deck should carry sail according to his discretion,' replied the Lieutenant in command.

'Heave the log,' was the prompt command, to the master's mate. The log was thrown.

'How fast does she go?'

'Five knots and a half, sir.'

'Board the main tack, sir.'

'She will not bear it,' said the officer of the deck.

'Board the main tack,' thundered the Captain. 'Keep her full and bye, Quartermaster.'

'Aye! aye, sir!' The tack was boarded.

'Haul aft the main sheet,' shouted the captain, and aft it went like the spreading of a sea bird's wing, giving the huge sail to the gale.

'Give her the lee helm when she goes into the sea,' cried the Captain.

'Aye! aye! sir! she has it,' growled out the old seadog at the binnacle.

'Right your helm; keep her full and bye.'

Aye! aye! sir! full and bye she is,' was the prompt answer from the helm.

'How fast does she go?'

'Nine knots and a half, sir.'

'How bears the light.

'Nearly a beam sir.'

'Keep her away half point.'

'How fast does she go?'

'Nine knots, sir.'

'Steady so!' returned the Captain.

'Steady,' answered the helmsman, and all was the silence of the grave upon that crowded deck—except the howling of the storm—for a space of time that seemed to my imagination almost an age.

It was a trying hour with us—unless we could carry sail so as to go at the rate of nine knots an hour, we must of necessity dash upon Scilly, and who ever touched those rocks and lived during a storm? The sea ran very high, the rain fell in sheets, the sky was one black curtain, illuminated only by the faint light which was to mark our deliverance, or stand a monument of our destruction.—The wind had got above whistling, it came in puffs that flattened the waves and made our old frigate settle to her bearings, while every thing on board seemed to be cracking into pieces. At this moment the carpenter reported that the left bolt of the weather fore-shroud had drawn.

'Get on the luffs, and set them on all the weather shrouds. Keep her at small helm, quartermaster, and ease her in the sea,' were the orders of the Captain.

The luffs were soon put upon the weather shrouds, which of course relieved the chains and channels, but many an anxious eye was turned towards the remaining bolts, for upon them depend- the masts, and upon the masts depended the safety of the ship—for with one foot of canvass less she could not live fifteen minutes.

Onward plunged the overladened frigate, and at every surge she seemed bent upon making the deep the sailors' grave, and her live oak sides, his coffin of glory. She had been fitted out at Boston when the thermometer was below zero. Her shrouds of course therefore slackened at every strain, and her unwieldy masts (for she had those designed for the frigate Cumberland, a much larger ship.) seemed ready to jump out of her. And now, while all was apprehension, another bolt drew! —and then another!—until at last, our whole stay was placed upon a single bolt less than a man's wrist in circumference. Still the good iron clung to the solid wood, and bore us alongside the breakers, though in a most fearful proximity to them. This thrilling incident has never I believe, been noticed in public, but it is the literal fact—which I make not the slightest attempt to embellish. As we galloped on—for I can compare our vessel's leaping to nothing else—the rocks seemed very near us. Dark as was the night, the white foam scowled around their black heads, while the spray fell over us, and the thunder of the dashing surge sounded like the awful knell that the ocean was singing for the victims it was eager to engulph.

At length the light bore upon our quarter, and the broad Atlantic rolled its white caps before us. During this time all were silent, each officer and man was at his post, and the bearing and countenance of the Captain seemed to give encouragement to every person on board. With but a bare possibility of saving the ship and those on board, he relied on his nautical skill and courage, and by carrying the mainsail when in any other situation would have been considered a suicidal act, *he weathered the lee shore, and saved the Constitution.*

The mainsail was now hauled up, by light hearts and strong hands, the jib and spanker taken in, and from the light of Scilly the gallant vessel, under close reefed topsails and main trysails, took her departure and danced merrily over the deep towards the United States.

'Pipe down,' said the Captain to the First Lieutenant, 'and splice the main brace.' 'Pipe down,' echoed the First Lieutenant to the boatswain. 'Pipe down," whistled the boatswain to the crew, and "pipe down" it was.

Soon the "Jack of the Dust" held his levee on the main gun deck, and the weather-beaten tars, as they gathered about the grog tub, and luxuriated upon a full allowance of Old Rye, forgot all their perils and fatigue

"How near the rocks did we go," said I to one of the master's mates, the next morning. He made no reply, but taking down his chart, showed me a pencil line *between the outside shoal and the light house Island*, which must have been a small strait for a fisherman to run his smack through in good weather by day-light.

For what is the noble and dear old frigate reserved!

I went upon deck; the sea was calm, a gentle breeze was swelling our canvass from our mainsail to royal, the isles of Scilly had sunk in the eastern waters, and the clouds of the dying storm were rolling off in broken masses to the northward and westward, like the flying columns of a beaten army.

I have been in many a gale of wind, and have past through scenes of great danger; but never, before nor since, have I experienced an hour so terrific, as that when the Constitution was laboring with the lives of five hundred men hanging on a single small Iron bolt, to weather Scilly, on the night of the 11th of May, 1835.

NOTE.—During the gale, Mrs Livingston inquired of the captain, if we were not in great danger, to which he replied as soon as we had passed Scilly "you are as safe as you would [illegible] of a church." It is singular [illegible] ate Boston. Capt. McNeal, [illegible] of the Revolution, escap[illegible] ger while employed in carrying [illegible] France, Chancellor Livingston, a [illegible] tive of Edward's and also Minister [illegible] Court of St. Cloud. He [illegible] his wife on board, and while the ve[illegible] was weathering a lee shore, Mrs. Liv[illegible] ton asked the Captain—a rough but [illegible] lant old fire eater—if they were [illegible] great danger; to which he replied—'[illegible] had better, Madam, get down upon [illegible] knees, and pray to God to forgive [illegible] your numerous sins, for if we dont [illegible] by this point, we shall all be down [illegible] five minutes."

From the Alexandria Gazette.

WIT—GOOD HUMOR—HAPP[illegible] HITS.—In the North Carolina Legislature, on the introduction of Mr. Rayner's Resolutions of Instructions in the House of commons, the question being on [illegible] day they should be taken up and considered, the Whigs insisted that [illegible] should be disposed of at an early d[illegible] One or two votes having been taken [illegible] the more distant days, in which [illegible] party was in the *rear*, several gentlemen complained of oppression. Among others, Mr Caldwell from Mecklenburg, and Dr. Wilcox, from Halifax spoke upon the subject, and asked what effect the Resolutions were expected to have. One of the gentleman said that the dose had been prepared for them in a caucus and he supposed was to be forced down their throats *nolens volens*. To this Mr. Jones of Rowan, replied, that he was sorry to see the gentleman on the other side exhibit so much nausea at the *dose* which they said had been prepared for them. They forget how they served us, Sir, four years ago. They forget with what prompiness and energy they administered the dose of instructions prepared in like manner by a caucus. Yes, sir, they on that occasion, not only made us swallow their physic in spite of 'lamentations here and elsewhere' but they forced it down our throats [illegible] *and all*. But, sir, we have happily changed places. We are the doctors now, and they are the patients. We began to give them [illegible] One of the gentlemen said, that this dose had been prepared for them in a caucus He is right, sir. We have mixed up this portion with great care, from the very best ingredients, according to the most approved recipe, and I can tell them they have to take it just as it has been prepared. We mean to admit no dilutions nor adulterations; so they may as well swallow it at once without making any more wry faces. I commend it to the gentlemen: no doubt it will be '*good for their wholesome.*'

Doctor Wilcox. I am very much obliged to the gentleman from Rowan, for his merciful consideration of our case.—But I did not know before that he was a physician.

Mr. Jones. Mr. Speaker, I am no *truck* Doctor, mine are political pills.—They are better than Brandreth's or Beckwith's, and just such as I think our Senators and their party in this House stand in need of. I know it will go hard with the gentleman from Halifax to take his share of this medicine; but *he must take it*. But we are asked what effect we suppose this physic will have upon our Senators? I, for one answer, I do not know. I am aware, that our patients are a good deal constipated, and hard to *move*. Nor do I very much care as to the effect it may have. In this particular, I shall adopt the anagram which a London wag stuck on the door of a certain Doctor Isaac Letsom, who used to sign himself 'I. Letsom.'

"When folks they does get sick,
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
If, after that, *they choose to die*—
Why, verily,
I LET'S 'EM.

For my on part, I never believed in the magical effect of Instructions. I believe we have a right to give our opinions upon all and every subject of a general character. I believe moreover, that we have a right to make known those opinions to our Senators in Congress in any form we may think respectful, whether as commands, requests, or simply as our wishes. To my understanding, however, as we have no power to enforce our will, it is, at last, a mere *request*. But I understand that our Senators hold a different doctrine. They say, that they are bound to obey the will of the Legislature, or resign. If they will obey, Sir, I, for one, will rejoice. If, on the other hand, their principles compel them to resign it will be their misfortune not our fault. But it is a misfortune over which I shall not weep. It is not the legitimate effect of our physic to *kill*; but, if the gentleman

Choose to die.
Why, verily, *I let's 'em*

A COURT OF JUSTICE IN GEORGIA

From the Augusta Mirror.

A friend of mine has recently returned from an excursion into the —— circuit of the State. He tells me that while in the county of——, he strayed into the Court house, and was present at the arraignment of a man by the name of Henry Day, who was charged with the attempting to kill his wife. Day was a [illegible] man, and his wife, who was [illegible] a perfect Behemoth. The [illegible] being read, the prisoner was [illegible] whether he was "guilty or not [illegible] He answered, "there's a migh[illegible] of 'lawyer's lies in the papers, [illegible] part is true. I did strike 'the [illegible] but she fit me powerfully first. [illegible] swear 'equal to a little of any [illegible] her kicks are awful. I reck[illegible] you say about the devil mov[illegible] is tolerable correct, seeing as [illegible] moved me. I have told you all [illegible] out the circumstance, Mister. [illegible]uire Jones there a five dollar bill [illegible] he'll talk it out for me."

[illegible] Jones thereupon rose, and [illegible] had a few points to raise in this [illegible] hich he thought conclusive. It [illegible]stablished rule of law that man [illegible] were but one; and he should [illegible] now how a man could be punish[illegible] pping himself; he should be [illegible] what the Solicitor General [illegible] to that. The Solicitor General [illegible] ered that he thought his broth[illegible] had carried the maxim a trifle [illegible] had often been punished [illegible] their wives. If a man should [illegible], it would not be suicide.—[illegible] Jones interposed, and de[illegible] Solicitor General to produce an [illegible] to that effect. The Solicitor [illegible] looked over Green and Lump[illegible] gia Justice for some minutes [illegible] observed that he could not find [illegible] ity just then, but he was sure [illegible] en the principle somewhere, [illegible] called on the judge to sustain [illegible] the enthusiasm of the counsel [illegible] int, they forgot to offer any ev[illegible] to the guilt or innocence of [illegible] the premises.

[illegible] dge being likewise oblivious of [illegible] proceeded to charge the jury. [illegible] em that man and wife were [illegible] were two. If the wife ran in [illegible] used a neighbor, or knocked [illegible] dragged out a fellow citizen, [illegible] and wife were one. If the [illegible] d any of these things, then man [illegible] were two. He remarked that, [illegible] event, the man was legally [illegible] suffer and therefore, come it [illegible] would, Day was undoubtedly [illegible] said he would not decide [illegible] 'if a man kill his [illegible] prepared to express an opinion upon that point. It was a very delicate one, and he had no idea of committing himself. (Some one in the room here observed he was mighty fond of committing others.) He then called up the bailiff, a tremendous looking cracker, wearing a broad brim white hat with crape. (I never saw a man south of latitude 33 that did not wear a white hat with crape) and proceeded to admonish him that the jury were very much in the habit of coming in drunk with their verdicts, and that, if it happened in this case, he would discharge the prisoner and put his punishment upon him (the bailiff. The bailiff, giving a significant glance at the Judge, replied that other people besides the jury came into court drunk; that some people thought other people drunk, when some people were drunk themselves. The jury then retired, and so did my friend.

The next day he returned and found matters *in statu quo*, except that Day and his wife had made up, and were discussing together the merits of a cold fowl, a quart of beer, and now and then interchanging kisses despite of the frowns and becks of the officers. The judge, clerk, and sheriff had been up all night, and looked wolfish, and the bailiff was seated on his white hat at the door of the jury room, and his countenance expressed that he had swallowed the concentrated venom of a thousand wild cats. The most awful curses, oaths, and sounds proceeded from the jury room—some were roaring like lions—some crying like chrildren—mewing like cats—neighing like horses, &c.

At last a consultation was held at the door of the jury room between the foreman and the bailiff, whereupon the latter, putting his white hat one sided on his head, came into the court room and addressed the Judge thus: "Mr. Tom Jakes says the jury can't agree about this here man, and if you keep him (i. e. Tom Jakes) without grog any more, he'll lick you on sight." The judge appealed to the Bar if this was not a contempt of court; and "Green and Lumpkin's Georgia Justice" having been consulted, it was finally decided that, as it was a threat addressed to the Judge as a private individual and was to whip him "on sight, and not on the beach it was not under the free enlightened, and democratic principles of Georgia legislation) a contempt of court. This being settled the Judge directed the bailiff to say to Tom Jakes, the foreman, that the jury should agree, if they stayed there through eternity. The bailiff retired and so did my friend, but he gives it as his opinion from the frame of mind in which he left all parties, that the jurors and bailiffs are still there.

R. M. C.

Success of the Mulberry Patch—*no fiction*.--Some time since, an article headed 'the Mulberry Patch,' was published in the Courier, and copied into several agricultural papers, advising to set a part [illegible] patch of land for the culture of [illegible] mulberry; and now, on the authority of the cultivator, we are enabled to relate one instance of the advice being adopted, by a young farmer in the county of Hampshire, who, in the spring of the present year, planted three-fourths of an acre with mulberry, which he valued at one thousand dollars, and within a few days has sold the crop for *six thousand dollars*!'

It has often been asserted by the incredulous, that the silk business will soon be at an end—that the market will be supplied and over-stocked in a short time. *Be not deceived*—no such event will occur while 'trees grow or water runs.'

[Northampton Courier.

THE MORUS MULTICAULIS FEVER still rages without hope of abatement until it has numbered its thousands of victims, buried them in the charnel house of speculation, and written their epitaphs with the balsom of caouthouc on tablets of malleable iron. There was a sale of Multicaulis at New York on Monday. The New York Star says the throng of purchasers was very great, and the prices throughout were full an advance of 25 per cent. over all previous sales. The large specimen trees sold at $9 each, and some bundles of less size commenced at $3,50 to $4 per tree, and the smaller ones sold at $1.20 down to about 40 to 60 cents. Roots sold from 15 to 16 cents each in parcels of 2 to 4,000, and the entire stock, consisting of about 15,000 trees, good, bad and indifferent; and many of them very much injured during the voyage of importation, found willing and enthusiastic purchasers.

[Boston Trans.

AN IMPROVED METHOD OF MAKING COFFEE.—Put your coffee (after grinding) into a flannel bag, tie it closely, (allowing it sufficient room to boil freely,) put it in the boiler, adding as much water as may be required. After boiling, it will be found to be *perfectly clear*, without the addition of egg, &c. Having likewise the advantage of retaining its original flavour and strength in greater perfection than when clarified.

A GOOD IDEA.—In Connecticut they find a use for almost every thing. An [illegible] political papers she can [illegible] on to make soap of. She says they are a desput sight better than ashes, they are most as good as clear *lie.*'

* * *

LIME USEFUL IN FATTENING HOGS.—It is known that lime—shell-lime I mean—is much relished by fattening hogs, and is very beneficial to them? I think the fact may be relied on. I am, myself, so well satisfied of it, that mine are kept regularly supplied. The discovery was made here accidentally. The remarkable thriftiness of a large number of those animals confined in a barn yard, into which was thrown the refuse lime from the trough used for soaking seed wheat, first led to it. The hogs were observed to eat it with avidity. Its usefulness, like that of ashes, often applied to the same purpose, may consist in its being a corrective of acidity. I have frequently, on crossing the Blue Ridge, been struck with the superior condition of the swine in the 'Great Valley,' and have ascribed it to the abundance of food in that fertile region. May it not be owing, in some degree also, to the healthful tendencies of lime stone water?

LAZINESS.—One fiery day, a farmer went forth to his mowing lot, where he had hired half a dozen hands to cut the grass. He came upon them suddenly, and found them all lying down under an apple tree. 'Ah!' said the indignant farmer, 'I'll give an extra half dollar to the laziest fellow among ye!'—All jumped upon their feet to claim the donation, but *one man*, who laid still. 'Ah!' said the farmer, 'that fellow has won the money.' Here my lad take your money.' To which Indolence answered, 'Won't you please put it in my pocket.'

CERTAIN CURE FOR THE PILES—BY A COUNTRY PHYSICIAN—HIS OWN EXPERIENCE.—It is this: Take a piece of patent lint, or linen cloth, spread upon it some Turner's cerate. (some tallow or any mild ointment would do as well,) in the middle of the plaster put some calomel, say twenty grains, and every night apply it to the piles, letting it remain all night; the relief will be almost immediate. Continue it till cured, and when the disease appears disposed to return, apply it again. I have recommended it to a number. Calomel, to piles, is as certain a cure as tooth-pulling is for the tooth-ache, and the only remedy I know of worth using.

NEW COUNTERFEIT.—A counterfeit ten dollar bill purporting to be on the Hagerstown Bank, and the first of its kind seen in this vicinity, was offered this morning for examination at Mr. Winchester's exchange office. It is of the letter B. No. 3862, payable to A. Young, dated January 2, 1837, and signed Elie Beatty, Cashier, and Otho Lawrence, President. The engraving is tolerable; but the paper is too light compared with that of the genuine note; and the general appearance of the counterfeit will no doubt secure its detection, with those used to handling money. Others should be on their guard against it.

From the New York Express.

WASHINGTON, 2d. April, A. D. 1839.

TO SQUIRE BIDDLE—

I got your letter tellin me you had quit the Bank, and intended, if you could possibly so mannage matters, to go to farming I know this has always been your notion, & that you would do so as soon as you see all things clear ahead;—and a man who has been cyphering so hard as you have for twenty years for the public now I think has some right to go and dig his own potatoes and hoe his own corn, and take a little comfort in his own way. But somehow I feel, Squire, a leetle wamblecrop'd, jist as I did when the Gineral left and went home to the Hermitage; and tho'. you have left in your place as good a man to manage the Bank as the Gineral has to manage the Government, I hope you will keep an eye on matters and things, and give as much of your advice in matters you understand to Mr. Dunlap and his Cabinet, as the Gineral does to Mr. Van Buren and his Cabinet. The fact is, you and the Gineral, I always thought were made out of the same kind of grit, and both on you considerable overwork'd yourselves, tho' the Gineral got the best pay. I used to tell the Gineral—says I, 'Gineral, you are too good natured by half, you not only do Government work, but you dip into pritty much all kind of work that no other President ever thought on,' and the fact is, the Gineral did carry matters so far,—or let other folks carry him so far, that there was few things going he was not mixed up with—till it got so at last that almost every old Lady about the country wouldn't set a hen, without writing or calling on the Gineral to ask him which was the most lucky number of eggs to put in the *nest*, 11 eggs or 13 eggs; and it almost wore him to the skin and bone. I believe you was the only man that was able to outwork the Gineral, and if it hadn't ben that you was a leetle younger than he was, he'd made a tooth pick on you as he did of pritty much all the rest of [illegible] But as I said afore, I am considerable wamblecropt at your leaving public life—for now that the General has gone to home and you too—I feel somewhat cut out. Mr Van Buren dont seem to [illegible] chance 'Down East,' but he selected GINERAL SCOTT—a man that outranks me all hollow, as he does pritty much every man now a days. Howsever, GINERAL SCOTT didn't forget me, and said if there was any fighting to be done among the Loggers, he knew who he could count on, and look'd me strait in the face; and I sat down and writ a Letter mark'd 'CONFIDENTAL' to the 'SECOND BRIGADE,' and tell'd 'em to stand firm and obey no orders but Gineral Scott's that it was a NATIONAL MATTER, and he was a NATIONAL OFFICER; and when he said, Shoulder hoo.' then to march and follow him to HOLTON or HALLIFAX, or any other place begining with H—if he chose to lead; and in that way they would not only have a FAIRFIELD, but would be sure of a 'WIN-FIELD,' and that was more important.

In this matter of fighting, there is one thing I always keep my eye on; and I found Gineral Scott in the same way of thinking: and that is, to depend less on folks who says they are 'ready to shed the LAST DROP of their blood,' than on folks who are ready to shed the FIRST DROP. Give a man eight Dollars a day to make speeches in Congress, with the right of free postage, and you hear enuf of 'LAST DROP' matters; but when it comes o camp duty, and raw beef and stale bread, and bagnut work, then the 'FIRST DROP' folks have to stand the racket at $8 a month. I tel'd Gineral Scott—says I, 'Gineral, I suppose you would about as leave fight as eat, for that is your natur, but for my part, seeing as how things are gittin on remarkably smart now all over the country, and the Spring of the year too, and the new improvements every day, and the green leaves and grass, and the little children all sprouting, and the canals and railroads about half made, and the cotton crops jest about bagging, and the Banks all jest getting into specie payments and every thing looking about slick—to say nothing about the steam boats crossing the Ocean every week—it does seem to me that a war wont help matters no how.' 'I know that,' says he. Major—'War is a great calamity, and there aint only *one thing* worse,' says he. 'What is that' says I, 'National dishonor,' says he—straitenin up pritty nigh like an Aroostook pine. 'Go ahead you crittur,' says I, 'and if there is any chopping to be done Down East, let me know.' Well, you see what he has done; and all I've got to say about it thus far is, that when you come to think a man nigh upon seven feet high and strait as a bean pole, and *all grit* from one eend to tother, is willing to work like a beaver at all points—South and South West, North and North East, and DOWN EAST, to keep an honorable peace; and watching like a [illegible] to see that the nation's honor is [illegible] siled—I do think tho' a war [illegible] me a considerable boost up in [illegible] in military rank, the man who [illegible] peace is, according to the Good Book, entitled to a blessing—especially if war is his trade.

There is one thing I think Mr Van Bu-