

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

NEW SERIES—NO. 48.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 21, 1848.

VOL. XIX.—6.

## LIST OF RETAILERS

OF GOODS, Wares and Merchandise, within the County of Adams, returned and classified by the undersigned, Appraiser of Mercantile Taxes, in accordance with the Act of April 22, 1846—for the year 1848:

Class.	Dealers.	Amount.
13	David Middlecott.	\$10 00
14	Coburn and King.	7 00
14	John M. Sturtevant & Co.	7 00
12	George Arnold.	12 80
12	Samuel Fabnestock.	25 00
14	George Little.	7 00
14	Marcus Sampson.	7 00
13	David Ziegler.	10 00
13	Henry Sell.	10 00
14	Samuel H. Doughter.	7 00
14	Keller Kurts.	7 00

## CUMBERLAND TOWNSHIP.

14	John Weikert.	7 00
14	Wm. B. Riley.	7 00

## STRAWBERRY TOWNSHIP.

13	Abraham King.	10 00
13	David Smith.	7 00
14	Ephraim Zuck.	7 00

## HEMLOCK TOWNSHIP.

14	James Snodgrass.	7 00
14	Jesse Houck.	7 00
14	Edward Shubler.	7 00
14	John Burkholder.	7 00
14	John M'Knight.	7 00
14	O. P. House.	7 00
14	Henry W. Cauffman.	7 00
14	Abel T. Wright.	7 00
14	Peter Hulick.	7 00

## TYRONNE TOWNSHIP.

14	Jacob Hollinger.	7 00
14	David Deatrick.	7 00
14	Jesse Chize.	7 00

## WATERBURY TOWNSHIP.

14	Jacob S. Hildebrand.	7 00
14	Charles Spangler.	7 00
14	John Aulbaugh.	7 00
14	Wm. Wolf.	7 00
14	John Ruff.	7 00
14	John Heagy.	7 00

## FRANKLIN TOWNSHIP.

14	Abraham Scott.	7 00
14	Thomas J. Couper.	7 00
14	Philip Hann.	7 00
14	Jacob Lower.	7 00
14	Peter Mickle.	7 00
14	Stick & Witmore.	7 00
14	Beecher & Hoover.	7 00

## HAMILTOWN TOWNSHIP.

13	Jacob Brukerhoff.	10 00
14	John Heagy.	7 00
14	C. T. Weigley.	7 00
14	Jacob Heighigh.	7 00

## LIBERTY TOWNSHIP.

14	John Nunnemaker.	7 00
14	Joseph & J. Riddlemeyer.	7 00

## HUNTINGTON TOWNSHIP.

12	Wm. & B. Gardner.	12 50
13	Holtzinger & Ferree.	10 00
13	John B. McCreary.	10 00
14	Wm. Kettlewell.	7 00
14	Jacob A. Myers.	7 00

## LATROBE TOWNSHIP.

13	David Newcomer.	10 00
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## NEWTON TOWNSHIP.

13	Jacob Martin.	10 00
14	Lilly & Riley.	10 00
14	B. Sullivan.	7 00
14	John Clunk.	7 00

## BERWICK BOROUGH.

14	Ambrose M'Farlane.	7 00
14	William Bunting.	7 00
14	Eichelberger & Hollinger.	7 00

## MOUNTAINTOP TOWNSHIP.

13	John Miller.	12 50
14	John Shely.	7 00
14	Jonathan Young.	7 00

## MOUNTAIN VIEW TOWNSHIP.

14	William Walker.	7 00
14	Simon Reader.	7 00

## NEARBY TOWNSHIP.

14	David White.	7 00
14	Jacob Aulbaugh, Jr.	7 00

## GERMANTOWN TOWNSHIP.

13	Henry Shriver.	10 00
13	Sueringer & Co.	10 00
13	George Myers & Sons.	10 00
14	Edward C. Bishop.	7 00
14	Samuel Berlin.	7 00
14	Isaac Snyder.	7 00
14	Ephraim Harner.	7 00

## CONOWAGO TOWNSHIP.

14	E. J. Owings.	7 00
14	John Busby.	7 00

## UNION TOWNSHIP.

14	Peter Long.	7 00
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Those who sell Liquors, will pay 50 per cent. in addition to the amount of their respective classifications.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in the above return and classification, that I will hold an Appeal at the Commissioners' Office, in Gettysburg, on Thursday, the 27th day of April next, between the hours of 10 and 3 o'clock, to hear all persons that may see themselves aggrieved by said classification.

JACOB AUGHSINBAUGH,  
Mercantile Appraiser.

March 31, 1848.—4t

## NOTICE

THE partnership heretofore existing between JOHN BRINGMAN & BOB HAZELIUS, and Chas. M. Brinkman, is hereby dissolved by mutual consent. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said firm are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

The senior partner still continues to manufacture all kinds of work in his line, at the shortest notice, at his old stand in South Baltimore street, second square, opposite Wampler's Tanning establishment.

JOHN BRINGMAN,  
GEO. E. BRINGMAN.

March 31, 1848.—4t

## HAZELIUS' CHURCH HISTORY

A well digested compend of the History of the Methodist Church in the U. States, by Rev. Dr. HAZELIUS, President of the General Conference, S. Carolina, 1847. For sale by  
D. A. BUEHLER,  
Gettysburg, March 17, 1848.

## SUMMER HATS

A large assortment as cheap as possible—just received and for sale by  
J. I. SCHICK,  
April 7, 1848.

## THE LIP AND THE HEART.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

One day between the Lip and Heart  
A workless strain arose,  
Which was expected in the art  
His purpose to disclose.  
The lip called forth the vocal Tongue,  
And made him vouch—a lie!  
The slave his servile anthem sung,  
And bray'd the listening sky.  
The heart to speaking in vain essay'd,  
Nor could his purpose reach—  
His will, nor voice, nor tongue obeyed,  
His silence was his speech.

## A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"Thrust up the window! 'Tis a morn for life  
In like a breathing from a rural world;  
And the south wind is like a gentle friend,  
Parting the hair so softly on my brow.  
It has come over garden, and the flowers  
That bloom in the sunny nook, for as it parts,  
With its invisible fingers, my loose hair,  
I know it has been trifling with the rose  
And stooping to the violet. There is joy  
For all God's creatures in it. The sweet leaves  
Are stirring at its touch, and birds are singing  
As if to breathe were music, and the grass  
Sends up its modest odor with the dew  
Like the small tribute of humility."

The delicious morning which is glowing  
around me, and which has recalled the ex-  
quisite description of our countryman,  
brings also to my mind the recollection of  
one as fresh and beautiful, "in the days  
that are gone." I will remember how the  
sense of that morn's exceeding loveliness  
burdened my heart with a sweet weight,  
—and how, at last, flinging aside the dull  
book which I had been attempting to study,  
I caught up my light sun-bonnet, and  
bounded out of the house, which outward  
blow and beauty had rendered prison-like.  
I then turned my steps towards a fine old  
manor, the home of a very lovely girl,  
who had been endeared to me by years of  
constant and intimate intercourse. Of late  
there had been formed a new tie to bind  
our hearts—she had become the betrothed  
of "one of ours," a favorite cousin, and  
the engagement was a joyful event to all  
concerned.

Annie Moore, sweet Annie Moore, how  
thou glidest before me, in thy soft, ethereal  
loveliness, like a gentle spirit from a holier  
climate! With thy form of lily-like grace,  
and all its waving curls of gold,—  
with thine eyes of softest violet, and thy  
cheek of delicate rose-blend.

"Oh, gentle! as I knew thee well and long,  
A young, glad creature with a lip of song,  
Singing sweet snatches of some favorite tune,  
Or wandering by thy side beneath the sky of June."  
William Gordon, the lover of Annie  
Moore, was an exalted, yet most lovable  
character, an embodiment of intellect, gen-  
erosity, faithful affections, and fervent piety.  
He was a young student of Divinity, had  
been self-sustained, almost self-educated,  
and at the time of the commencement of  
this sketch, was in the expectation of en-  
tering upon the ministry in the course of a  
year.

And this man, poor, unknown, and de-  
voted to a holy calling, was the choice of  
Annie Moore, the wealthy, the beautiful,  
the luxuriously reared! "Twas passing  
strange"—our worldly ones wondered at  
it, and our sewing circle gossiped about  
the matter for a month or two, and then  
the ruffled side of our village bowed on as  
usual. But I was on my way to pay An-  
nie a morning visit.

William Gordon, the lover of Annie  
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year.

"When will William return?" I present-  
ly inquired.  
"And then?"  
"And then we are to be married—so  
hold yourself in readiness to be my brides-  
maid."  
The summer passed—a season of earnest,  
uniting and prayerful toil, with the  
young student and patient, hopeful, and  
interesting love, on the part of his betrothed.  
Then came the chill of autumn, followed  
by a winter of uncommon severity. Our  
dear Annie, while on a night visit to a  
dying friend, was exposed to a sudden and fear-  
ful storm—took cold—ah, does not my  
reader anticipate the mournful consequence?  
Her mother and elder sister had died of  
consumption, and soon, very soon, the seal  
of death was on her blue-veined brow, and  
the very voice of the grave sounding in  
the hollow cough which shook her fragile  
frame. We knew that she must die, and  
she, unlike many consumptives, knew it  
also; yet she was strangely averse to ac-  
knowledging her absent lover with the fearful  
truth. She wrote to him that she had  
been ill—was still suffering from debility,  
but that she must not be troubled about it,  
nor be painfully surprised by her changed  
appearance, when he should return in the  
spring. Not one word of the dread, last  
parting before them—of the grave, which  
might

cough; the hectic flush was more startling  
bright than usual on her cheek, for she  
had suffered much that day, and as she  
thought how very near might be the dark  
wing of God's dread angel, he took her  
washed hand in his, and said—  
"Oh, my Annie, let me call you wife,  
before you leave me. You would not be  
so utterly lost to me then, for I would know  
you bearing that sacred name in Heaven.  
Refuse me not, love."

"Oh, William, William, urge me no  
longer," she replied, "it must not, cannot  
be. I am the bride of Heaven, you must  
not be my husband's near me—your love is  
most no longer be near me—your love is  
precious, but it is earthly, and it comes as  
a cloud between me and the glories of that  
world, to which I hasten. Your  
upper room is sweeter to me than the  
hymns of the angels, heard in my dreams  
of Heaven! We must part, now—for  
every hour renders you dearer, and how can  
I leave you at last!"

With heroic and martyr-like firmness  
spoke the mistaken girl—mistaken, for a  
pure love for one worthy, is the holiest  
and sweetest preparation for His presence  
who "is love."

William Gordon saw her firmness, and  
she was weak and trembling from the ex-  
citement of the scene, and  
"In close heart shutting up his pain,"  
resolved to yield instant and uncomplaining  
obedience to her wishes. He rose up  
calmly, and imprinting on her forehead a  
kiss of mingled love and anguish, turned  
and was gone. Annie buried her face in  
her thin, white hands, and remained in  
her room, in prayer and grief. Then came  
a vague regret for the course she had taken,  
and painful doubts of the necessity of the  
sacrifice she had made. Presently she  
heard a well-known step—William had  
returned! His calmness had forsaken him,  
and he murmured imploringly—  
"If I must leave you to die alone, An-  
nie, let me fold you once more to my heart  
before I go—it will give me strength."

He knelt on one knee beside her, reach-  
ed forth his arms, and sobbed like a child,  
while she leaned upon his bosom.  
No word was spoken by that pair, loving  
and faithful unto death, while the flood  
of sorrow swept over their souls' spirits, as  
if the fountains of the south's great deep  
were broken up. Yes, silent, but not tear-  
less, knelt William Gordon, with his lips  
pressed against the dear hand that lay upon  
his heart. At last he raised his eyes heav-  
enward and those lips moved in whisper-  
ed prayer—he unloosed his arms and  
would have risen, but Annie moved not—  
she was clinging to his breast! A smile  
of joy irradiated his face, and his arms  
once again enfolded her. She looked up  
and murmured with something of her old  
playful tenderness, more touching than the  
wildest grief:  
"Are you not stronger, dear William?"  
"Ah, I fear not, my love."

"This is strange, for when I felt the  
strength ebbing from my own heart, I  
thought it had flowed into yours."  
"Thank God for the weakness which is  
lovelier than strength! I must never leave  
you Annie."  
"Never!"

The morning of the wedding day had  
come, and I was arraying Annie in her  
bridal dress, a beautiful muslin, guileless  
of lace or tulle. I wished to twine in her  
hair a small string of pearls, which was  
once her mother's,—but she gently put it  
from her.

"What, no ornaments?" I inquired.  
"None," she replied, "but yes, if you  
will go into my garden, you will find a  
lovely white-rose tree, which William  
planted when I first knew him,—bring me  
one of its buds, and I will wear it in my  
hair."  
I have seen brides radiant in healthful  
bloom—glittering in jewels—dazzling in  
saints, rich veils and costly wreaths, but  
never have I beheld one so exquisitely, so  
wonderfully beautiful, as that dying girl,  
with her dress of simple white, her one  
floral ornament, the dewy lustre of her soft  
blue eye, and the dearest hectic of her  
cheek! When the ceremony was  
performed, she wished to rise, and  
as she was too weak to stand alone, I stood  
by her side, and supported her. She smiled  
sadly as she whispered—"You remember,  
Grace, I promised you should be my brides-  
maid."

At the beautiful marriage ceremony,  
(that of the English Church,) proceeded,  
the face of the bride became expressive al-  
ternately of earthly and of heavenly love,  
of softness and of sublimity, of the woman  
and of the angel, till it grew absolutely  
adorable.

At the last, she received the tearful con-  
gratulations of her friends with a graceful  
manner, and with the most cheerful smiles  
flashing about her lips.  
It was a morning—a morning born of  
bloom and beauty—so soft, so glowing, it  
seemed  
"Like a rainbow clasping the sweet earth,  
And melting in a covenant of love."

Annie Gordon was lying on her couch by  
an open window, with her fair head sup-  
ported on the breast of her husband.  
And she, a father's joy, a mother's pride,  
the wife of two short weeks, was leaving  
us now. Every unseemly which looked  
into her eyes, saw their violet hue grow  
paler, and every soft air which breathed her  
faded lips, bore back a fainter kiss on its  
light pinion. Her doating father knelt in  
a deep trance of grief at her side—I stood  
holding one of her hands in mine, while at  
her feet sat her youngest brother, Arthur  
Moore, weeping with all the uncontrolled  
passions of boyhood.  
Annie had lain for some moments appar-  
ently insensible, but she looked up sweet  
upon more than William, with her own sweet  
smile, and murmured:  
"Pray, once again, my beloved—it will  
glorify my spirit's wing for its upward  
flight; but place your hand upon my heart,  
that you may know when I am gone!"  
And William Gordon lifted his voice in  
a prayer, all saint-like submission and  
a child-like love. He solemnly and tenderly  
committed the passing soul of the wife, the  
daughter, the sister, and the friend of her  
Saviour and her God, and meekly implored  
for the stricken mourners, the ministrations

of the blessed Spirit. Suddenly he paused  
—her heart had ceased its beatings! His  
brow became convulsed and his voice was  
low and tremulous, as he added, "She has  
left us; oh! Father, she is with Thee,  
now!"

"Gone! our Annie dead!" exclaimed  
poor little Arthur Moore, and springing  
forward and casting one look on that still  
face, he stretched his arms upward and  
cried—"Oh! sister, sister, come back to  
us, come back!"

We arrayed her in her bridal dress, even  
to the white rose-bud, twined in her golden  
hair. We laid her to rest by her mother's  
side, in a lovely rural grave-yard, and a  
few months after, I took her favorite rose-  
tree from the garden, and planted it over  
her breast.

Our Annie had been gone from us a  
year, and the rose was in its first bloom,  
when William Gordon came to bid us a  
long, it might be, a last adieu. He was  
going out as a missionary to India. On  
the last evening of his stay, I went with  
him to the grave of our lost one. We re-  
mained till the grass was glittering with  
dew, and the stars were thick in heaven.  
Many times turned poor William to depart,  
and returned again. We both had remark-  
ed a single rose-bud very like the one An-  
nie wore on her marriage day, and at that  
second bridal, when she was wedded to  
the dust,—and when at last William sum-  
moned strength to go, he plucked this, and  
placed it in his bosom, with many tears.

I doubt not that in his distant home,  
that darkened land, where he is toiling for  
Christ's sake, that flower is still a cher-  
ished memento of his sadly beautiful past,  
and a touching reminder of a shore to which  
he has not returned, and an unfolding glime  
where ever liveth the rose of love, in the bloom  
of immortality in the sunlight of God's smile.  
I, too, am far from her grave, but I know  
it is unfolding over her rest—how it loads  
the air with perfume, as it aways to the  
passing breeze! And at evening, how the  
starlight trembles around it, and how sweetly  
it sleeps the cold dew-drop in its glowing  
heart!

ANECDOTE OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.—  
He always dared to do right, or what he  
thought to be right. When minister at  
the Netherlands, and comparatively a youth,  
he was invited to join the several ambas-  
sadors of different nations at that Court,  
in a gathering for social enjoyment, in  
which cheerful conversation, and gaming  
for amusement, we believe, bore a part.  
Once they adjourned to a Sabbath evening.  
The time came, and the ambassadors col-  
lected; but the American Minister was  
missing. It occasioned inquiry and dis-  
appointment; but presenting some special  
or inevitable object preventing his atten-  
dance, they said little of the circumstance,  
and adjourned again to Sabbath evening.—  
But the American ambassador did not at-  
tend. The next meeting was on a week  
day evening, and the American was in his  
place. They were glad to see him, and sig-  
nified their disappointment at his previous  
absence. Instead of an apology or assign-  
ing a fictitious reason, he frankly stated to  
them, that his principles would not allow  
him thus to employ any part of the Sab-  
bath. He was born in a country settled  
by Puritans, of Puritan parents, who re-  
garded the Sabbath as a divine ordinance.  
He had witnessed the good influence of  
its religious observance in the greater in-  
dustrious, the pure morals, the energy, the  
firmness, and orderly habits of his coun-  
trymen. As a friend of his country, there-  
fore, he could not permit the day, or use  
it for other purposes than those to which  
he had been taught to devote it, and  
seen it devoted—in whatever part of the  
world he might be,—by whatever differ-  
ent customs surrounded!

Now, to those who know the "sneering"  
character of most Sabbath-breakers, and  
think of the age, high rank, and splendor  
of Adams, it would be difficult to name an  
instance of moral courage superior to this.  
And it completely overrode his distin-  
guished companions, and by instant and  
general consent they met no more on Sab-  
bath evenings.

This anecdote we have not derived from  
any written reminiscences of Mr. Adams.  
We received it from an American stono-  
year ago, who has few superiors as to his  
knowledge of both the written and tradi-  
tional history of his country, and indeed  
of the world, and of the characters who  
have figured in it.—Christian Mirror.

REPUTATION.—If you have earned a  
good reputation by virtuous acts and hon-  
est deeds, let that reputation be kept bright.  
If you lie still upon the strength of one or  
two glorious achievements, you will lose  
the honor you have gained, and at last rest  
out. Poor is he who can look back only  
on one bright spot in his career, while dark-  
ness and indifference have settled like a  
thick cloud upon his life. Let our achieve-  
ments over passion, pride and error, tend  
to other glorious accomplishments. A re-  
ally good man is never stationary. The  
past is but an incentive to the future. He  
yet hopes to win more laurels, and perform  
more glorious deeds. How true is the lan-  
guage of the poet: "For who but one who  
spoke the words of truth—  
"The reputation  
Of virtuous actions passed—if not kept up,  
By an excess and fresh supply of new ones,  
For want of habitation and repair,  
Disolves to heaps of ruin."

There are thousands who if they had  
died in early life, would have left behind  
them an untarnished reputation and a glori-  
ous name. They had built the tops of  
their renown upon too feeble a foundation,  
or they were carried away by ambition and  
ruined. Had Arnold died before the sur-  
render of Corowallis, his name would have  
shown brightly on the page of history.—  
Had Cromwell fallen by the side of John  
Hamden, would not the bare name send  
a thrill of pleasure through the bosom?  
"Though Cromwell erred through ambition  
and power, he was not the worst tyrant  
who sat upon England's throne."  
Let your reputation be kept bright—  
lose not what you have gained by a single  
misdeed; but persevere in the path of vir-  
tue and honor.

## EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.

All our readers are more or less familiar with  
the bloody scenes of the French Revolution, and  
doubtless will be interested in the following sketch  
from that awful drama:

"On the 15th of January, the Con-  
vention proceeded to vote what the punish-  
ment should be, death or banishment.—  
Every member advanced singly to the tri-  
bune, and openly gave his vote. For forty  
hours the voting continued, during which  
time the galleries were crowded, the bar of  
the Assembly besieged with depositions,  
and the Jacobin club maintaining the ex-  
citement by continued inflammatory har-  
angues. At such of the more celebrated de-  
putees proceeded to give their vote, the interest  
was absorbing; but when Orleans (Louis  
Philippe's father) uttered the appointed  
phrase, with a face pale as death, a silence  
perfectly pervaded the hall. "Ex-  
clusively governed by duty," said the un-  
happy man, "and convinced that all those  
who have resisted the sovereignty of the  
people deserve death, my vote is death."  
Another breathless silence succeeded the  
conclusion of the voting.

"Citizens," at length said Verginard,  
the President, "I announce the result of  
the vote—there are 721 votes; a majority  
of 28 have voted for death. In the name  
of the Convention, I declare that the pun-  
ishment of Louis Capet is death." Paralyzed  
at the very unexpected division,  
which had been occasioned by the secession  
of their own party, the Girondins  
made but one more struggle, and that was  
for a delay in the execution of the sentence.  
The vote had made their opponents too  
strong for them, and their last proposition  
was negatived by two-thirds of the depu-  
ties. Fully prepared for his fate, the King  
received the result of the vote with unshak-  
ing firmness. "For two hours," said he,  
"Malesherbes, I have been revolving in  
my memory whether, during my whole  
reign, I have voluntarily given any cause  
of complaint to my subjects; with perfect  
sincerity I can declare, when about to ap-  
pear before the throne of God, that I do  
not reproach at their hands, and that I  
never formed a wish but for their happi-  
ness."

On the 20th of January, Santarre, with  
a deputation of the municipals, read the  
sentence to Louis. He received it with  
the same firmness as before, and asked a  
respite of three days to prepare for death,  
the solace of an interview with his family,  
the consolations of a priest. "The conven-  
tion would not accede to the request for a  
respite; the hour of ten on the following  
morning was irrevocably fixed for the exe-  
cution; the other demands were granted.  
From that time the King seemed resigned  
and tranquil. "Did they suppose I could  
be base enough to kill myself?" said Lou-  
is, when they removed the knives at din-  
ner. "I am innocent, and can die without  
apprehension." At half-past eight in the  
evening, the Queen and her children enter-  
ed the King's department. The scenes  
that ensued during those two hours, the  
two last hours of their united lives, cannot  
be described. At ten the King rose, and  
sought to separate for the night. "I will see you  
to-morrow in the morning at eight o'clock,"  
said the King, as his children clung around  
him, with tears and shrieks. "Why not  
seven?" exclaimed they all. "Well, then,  
seven—at seven—adieu!"

So mournful was the accent with which  
Louis uttered these words, that the child-  
ren redoubled their lamentations; and the  
Princess Royal fell fainting at her father's  
feet. With one tender embrace to each  
beloved one, the King tore himself from  
his agonized family. The rest of the eve-  
ning was devoted to his confessor, the Ab-  
be Edgeworth, that heroic priest who dared  
to offer the last office of religion to the King.  
At midnight the King retired to his cham-  
ber, and at that hour last instructions to his  
last words to his wife and children,  
and the few relics he had to distribute a-  
mong them. He wished to cut off his hair  
with his own hands, and thus escape  
the degradation of that operation on the  
scaffold; but the guards refused his re-  
quest, with tears and shrieks. "Why not  
seven?" exclaimed they all. "Well, then,  
seven—at seven—adieu!"

Louis then received the sacrament, at a  
small altar prepared in his chamber, and  
heard the last service for the dead, while  
the noise of the firing thronging the streets,  
and the rolling of the drum announced the  
preparations for the execution. At nine,  
and Santarre came to the Temple. "You come  
to seek me," said the King. As he said  
this he entered his little chamber, and  
brought out his last will, which he asked  
Santarre to take; the creature refused