

Star & Republican Banner

"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION.—SHAKS"

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.]

GETTYSBURGH, PA. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1838.

[VOL. 8—NO. 48.]

Office of the Star & Banner:
Chambersburg Street, a few doors West of
the Court-House.

CONDITIONS:

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

ADVERTISEMENTS.



The Fashionable Hats, Caps and Bonnets.

Wm. W. Paxton,
HAS now on hand a very large assortment of

HATS, CAPS & BONNETS
at his old stand in Chambersburg Street,
two doors from the Court House.

CONSISTING AS FOLLOWS:

Men's Castor HATS,

“ Koram do.

“ Spanish body do.

“ Silk do.

“ Plain Russia do.

Youth's Fur do.

Old Men's Broad Brims do.

“ Low Crown do.

Also Second hand HATS.

Ladies FUR BONNETS,

“ SILK do.

Also—A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

FUR CAPS, of different kinds;
HAIR SEAL CAPS for MEN
and BOYS.

All of which he will sell at Low Prices,
wholesale and retail—for Cash and Country
Produce—such as Wheat, Corn, Rye, Buck-
wheat, Oats, Wood, Wool, &c. &c.

Call and judge for yourselves.

November 17, 1837. (f-33)

Kettlewell, Wilson & Hillard
GROCERS & COMMISSION
MERCHANTS,
Corner of Commerce and Pratt Streets,
BALTIMORE,

OFFER to the Country trade for Cash
or prompt payment, the following

GOODS:
TO WIT:

50 bbls. S. H. Molasses

200 lbs. West India & N. Orleans ditto

200 bags Rio Coffee, (part strong scented)

100 “ Laguna do.

100 “ Havana do.

50 lbs. N. Orleans & Porto Rico Sugar

10 pipes and half pipes Champagne and

Rochelle Brandy

5 “ Gin

50 tierces Honey

200 boxes Raisins

100 quarto do.

150 eighth do. } Fresh importation.

50 kgs do. }

TOGETHER WITH

Cinnamon, Cloves, Pepper, Teas in chests,
half chests and boxes, &c. &c.

Baltimore, Nov. 17, 1837. (f-33)

NOTICE.
THE subscriber, residing in Gormany
township, hereby gives notice to all persons
indebted to the Estate of

CATHARINE REEVER,

Late of Germany township, Adams County
Pa. deceased, to call and make immediate pay-
ment; and those having claims against said Es-
tate, will present them without delay, prop-
erly authenticated for settlement.

JONATHAN C. FORREST, Adm'r.
January 30, 1838. (f-44)

NOTICE.
THE subscriber wishing to close his Mer-
cantile Business as soon as possible,
would hereby give notice to all who know
themselves indebted to him, by note or book
account, to call and settle the same between
this and the first of March next, as further
indulgence cannot be given.

THOMAS STEPHENS,

Petersburg, (Y. S.) Jan. 5, 1838. (f-40)

NOTICE.
THE subscriber, residing in Liberty town-
ship, hereby gives notice to all persons in-
debted to the Estate of

DAVID BEARD,

Late of Liberty township, Adams County, Pa.
deceased, to call and make immediate pay-
ment; and those having claims against said Es-
tate, will present them without delay, prop-
erly authenticated for settlement.

SAMUEL BEARD, Adm'r.
January 30, 1838. (f-44)

PUBLIC NOTICES.

Fresh Goods

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

SAMUEL WITHEROW

HAS JUST RETURNED FROM THE CITY,
WITH A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF

GOODS,

Suitable to the Season, comprising every

variety of

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,

Hardware & Queensware;

which have been selected with great care,
and purchased on such terms as will justify
him in offering them to the Public

CHEAPER THAN EVER. He

invites public attention to his Stock of

Goods, assured that it needs but a "peep"

at them to convince any one that his Cor-
ner is the place for BARGAINS!

Gettysburg, Dec. 1, 1837. (f-35)

COACH LACE, FRINGE AND TASSELS.

THE Subscriber has now on hand a large
stock of very superior

COACH LACE,

FRINGE AND TASSELS,

OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE,

which he will dispose of on the most reason-
able terms.

Orders from a distance will be prompt-
ly attended to. Any Pattern made to order.

Address

JOHN ODELL,

Gettysburg, Pa.

N. B. All kinds of MILITARY work
done to order.

November 17, 1837. (f-33)

Notice is hereby Given,
TO all Legates and other persons con-
cerned, that the ADMINIS-
TRATION ACCOUNTS of the deceased per-
sons hereinafter mentioned, will be presented
to the Orphans' Court of Adams County, for
confirmation and allowance, on Tuesday
the 27th day of February next, viz:

The Account of Eli Horner, Executor of
the Estate of Alexander Horner, deceased.

The Account of Eli Horner, Administrator
of the Estate of John W. McKee, de-
ceased.

The Account of Eli Horner, Administra-
tor of the Estate of John W. McKee, de-
ceased, who was Administrator of the Es-
tate of the Rev. James G. Breckenridge,
deceased.

The Account of Levi Osborne and Wm.
Vanorselle, Executors of the Estate of Sam'l
Osborne, deceased.

The Account of John Deardorff, Admin-
istrator of the Estate of Daniel Diehl, de-
ceased.

The Account of Joseph Sneeringer, Jr. and
John Kubn, Executors of Joseph Sneeringer,
deceased, who was one of the Executors
of the Estate of Peter Shanefelter, de-
ceased.

The Account of Philip Bishop, Adminis-
trator of the Estate of Polly Bishop, de-
ceased.

The Account of Jonathan C. Forrest,
Administrator of the Estate of Philip Long,
deceased.

JAS. A. THOMPSON, Register.
Register's Office, Gettys-
burg, Jan. 30, 1838. (f-44)

FOR SALE.
THE Subscriber is desirous of disposing
of his Property in and near Gettys-
burg, and offers it for Sale, on very favor-
able terms.

IT CONSISTS OF A

HOUSE & LOT

situated in the borough of Gettysburg,
on West York street, third Lot from the
Diamond. The house is a large, weather-
boarded one; and the situation eligible.

—ALSO—BETWEEN

8 and 9 Acres of Land,

within the western limits of the borough,
between the Millerstown Road and Middle-
street, and south of Middle-street. This
land will be sold either by the acre or in
Town Lots, to suit purchasers.

—ALSO—

A FARM,

situate in Cumberland township, about 1
mile from Gettysburg, adjoining lands of
Rev. C. G. McLean, Jacob Herbst, E. Pitzer
and others, containing **140 Acres,**
more or less—on which are

A TWO STORY

HOUSE,

and good Barn.

Possession of the above Property will be
given on the 1st of April next.

For terms of Sale, apply to the sub-
scriber, residing in Hancock, Washington
county, Md.

ROBERT TAYLOR,

December 8, 1837. (f-86)

NOTICE.
THE subscriber, residing in Mountpleasant
township, hereby gives notice to all persons
indebted to the Estate of

MARY C. YENOWINE,

Late of Mountpleasant township, Adams Co. Pa.
deceased, to call and make immediate pay-
ment; and those having claims against said Es-
tate, will present them without delay, prop-
erly authenticated for settlement.

SAMUEL HOFFMAN, Adm'r.
with the will annexed.

January 16, 1838. (f-42)

AN APPRENTICE
TO THE
PRINTING BUSINESS

Will be taken at this Office, if applica-
tion is made immediately.

THE GARLAND.

"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care."

A POET'S EPITAPH.

BY E. ELLIOTT.

Stop, mortal! Here thy brother lies,
The Poet of the Poor.

His looks were rivers, woods and skies,
The meadow and the moor;

His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
The tyrant and the slave—

The street, the factory, the jail,
The palace, and the grave!

Sin met thy brother every where!
And is thy brother blamed?

From passion, danger, doubt, and care,
He no exemption claimed.

He meant thee, earth's feeblest worm,
He feared to scorn or hate;

But, hearing in a peasant's form
The equal of the great,

He blest'd the steward, whose wealth makes
The poor man's little more;

Yet loath'd the haughty wretch that takes
From plunder'd labor's store.

A hand to do, a head to plan,
A heart to feel and dare—

Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man
Who drew them as they are.

THE REPOSITORY.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

Burning of the Richmond Theatre.

"Many and many is the house, in which a chasm
has been made which can never be filled up."

Richmond Enquirer.

In the days of the gay Buccaccio, "Paris
was a place to know the reasons of things,
and the causes of the same, as became a gen-
tlemen." It still freshly bears this label of
wit and philosophy; and a Parisian finish at-
tracts, even in our utilitarian age, the same
respect which the fair story-tellers of the
Decameron yielded to it. To its seductive
vortex I rushed with the crowd of frivolity
and fashion; yet I was chilled, exotic, droop-
ing amid the hollow splendor which blazed
around me. The glitter of thronged cities
—the rich historic ruin—the speaking mar-
ble, and the thrilling canvass, soon glut the
appetite of curiosity, and every object which
is presented to us becomes darkened by our
prejudices or discolored by the associations
of our education. We travel to find some-
thing new. Alas! man is the same creature
of tear moulded clay in every clime. And in
the beautiful land of France, I turned from
the blood-stained trophies of kingly ambition
to feel for the maimed soldier; and forgot the
glory of the Corsican, in the gushing tear
which stained the boyish cheek of the sacri-
ficed conscript. I looked not on society as
a mass—I thought of each unit of character
which composed the gilded fabric, and my
heart hourly brought before me, in busy com-
parison, the tranquil prosperity of my own
forest-gut land. I reasoned as a republican;
and therefore I took no rank among the lead-
ers of fashion; and should have left the tra-
itor's blush, had I surrendered those national
manners which, springing from our free in-
stitutions, are alike the support and pride of
our liberty.

At Paris I found a letter from my uncle,
informing me of Pilton's unexpected recovery,
and requesting me to return home. I
lost no time in obeying the welcome sum-
mons, and I was soon on the confines of
France. A clerical error in my passport gave
me some alarm, as I was informed that it
would be rigidly examined at the last town
through which I passed. On reaching it, I
was taken before a youthful officer for exam-
ination. My passport, folded like a lawyer's
brief, lay in my hat, and when I took it up for
the purpose of submitting it to him, my name,
with the addition, "of Virginia," was discov-
ered. "Pays du Washington," he exclaimed
—at the same moment motioning to me to
replace the passport and courteously bowing
to my departure.

I was again in Virginia!—and as we as-
cended the wondrous stream of the James river,
the stillness of its sleeping banks excited the
passion, without the repulsive feeling of soli-
tude. There it lay before us, an earth-born
giant! The midnight moon rode joyously
through the sapphire sky. Her massy, cold
and silvery light spread itself over the deep-
ening chasms of the woods, and her flicker-
ing beams danced among the shadowy vistas
of the leafless forest. An eagle perched on
a towering oak, the diadem of the woods,
mingled his wild scream with the freshening
breeze, while ever and anon that solitary
cry gently died away in the mazy shade of
cloud and forest. A holy and subdued still-
ness brooded over the slumbering earth. In
that solemn hour, I forgot for one moment
the treasured hate of my life, and the gush-
ing syn-pathies of father-land hushed the
fierce whisper of revenge.

When I reached Richmond, I took lodg-
ings at the old and venerable "Swan," under
the hope of meeting my uncle at that place.
He had not yet left home; for he still believ-
ed that I had not embarked at France. I
lounged in the porch; and while in that situ-
ation, a play-bill, with the usual garniture of
ink, attracted my listless eye. The theatre
—a crowd—and Ellen Pilton rushed on my
fancy, and the idle hope of meeting her there
instantly occurred to me. My toilet was
soon made, and I walked to the theatre; but
did not reach it until the play was nearly
performed. The beauty, the intelligence, the
chivalry of Virginia, were gathered in a dense
mass on that fatal Thursday. Old age, smil-
ing youth, and blooming infancy filled the
tier of boxes and crowded the rude benches
of the pit; and as I gazed on that brilliant
assembly of genius and of beauty, I forgot the
glare of Parisian society, in the gems and
flowers of my own native land. With much
difficulty I forced my way to the centre of
the pit; and, turning around, I saw Ellen Pil-
ton. Her face was pale, and sadness had set
a funeral seal on that brow where genius was

went to hold his proudest festival of thought.

Her wavy hair was bound loosely with a tress
of its own, and a sickly flower languished
amid her dishevelled locks. The box in
which she sat was full of gloom, spirit and joy.

She alone was silent; and though her eye
wandered, it yet failed to catch my ardent
gaze. The curtain dropped, and the pan-
tomime of the "Bleeding Nun" was announc-
ed as the concluding piece. Placing my-
self directly before her, the curtain had no
sooner risen, than her large and lustreless
eyes fell on me. A sudden flush athwart
her cheek—a tremulous movement of her
snowy hand—and the quivering of her coral
lips, declared the stormy memory of her
heart. She looked on me but for a moment;
and in her averted glance, I read a sentence
of contempt and abhorrence!

The pantomime was now commenced; and
in the first act, the cottage of Baptist the
robber was illuminated by a large chandelier,
which oscillated fearfully over the stage—
When the curtain fell, at the conclusion of
the first act, this chandelier was lifted among
the scenery which was suspended to the ceil-
ing. The fatal lamp was not extinguished!

and it was carelessly suffered to remain a-
mong the canvass paintings and paper scen-
ery which were deposited in the roof of the
house. At the opening of the second act,
every impulse of soul and sense conspired to
strew with flowers that path of pleasure
which was fast leading to the grave!

The gloom—the sorrows—the despair—the
brooding passions of our nature, were
hushed in that swelling torrent of joyous
mirth. The barque of life, its pennons gaily
floating in the breeze, departed itself on the
sunlight bosom of a summer's sea. Full of
spirit, harmony and hope, it passed on the
verge of the gaping sepulchre which await-
ed it—and in a moment, it was dashed head-
long into an abyss of irremediable woe and
wretchedness.

The second act had now commenced; and
turning my eyes towards the stage, I observ-
ed several sparks of fire fall on the floor, and
each second they increased with frightful
velocity. A broad, steady and unwavering
flame gleamed from the top of the stage, cast-
ing a huge column of muddy light on the
horror-stricken countenances of the multi-
tude below. Suddenly, a mass of fire, about
the size of a man's hand, fell from the burn-
ing roof. It caught for a moment, on a part
of the disappointed scenery, which quickly blaz-
ed up, and, with the rapidity of the serpent,
the ball sped its hissing course, until it de-
scended on the stage, and burst into a thou-
sand fragments of fierce and uncontrollable
fire. A player came forward, earnestly ges-
tulating to the audience to leave the house.
The flame increased rapidly behind him; and
in a voice whose electric tone penetrated the
heart of every human being in that assembly,
he exclaimed, "the theatre is on fire!" In a
moment the whole roof was a sheet of living
flame. It burst with irresistible force through
the windows. Fed by the vast columns of
air in the hollows and passages of the the-
atre—increased by the inflammable panels
of the boxes, by the dome of the pit, and by
the canvass ceiling of the lower seats—like
a demon of wrath it converged its hundred
arms to the centre of human life. A wild
and heart-rending shriek burst from the
devoted multitude. Women, frantic with ter-
ror, screaming for help, and tossing their
arms and dishevelled hair amid the curling
flame—fathers and mothers shrieking out
for their children, brothers for their sisters,
and husbands for their wives, while the plain-
tive scream of childhood rose like the knell
of hope above that billowy volume of flame,
whose approach was despair, and whose em-
brace was death. All who were in the boxes,
and most of those in the pit, immediately
rushed for the lobbies. Many escaped
through the windows; but the greater por-
tion had no other retreat than to descend the
stairs. Here the pressure became closer and
closer; each retarded the escape of the other,
and every addition (for rarely all sought that
mode of escape,) more and more swelled that
crowd of devoted victims. The stairways
were instantly blocked up, and the throng
was so great that many were elevated several
feet above the heads of the rest. Hundreds
were trodden under foot; and over a prostrate
multitude I vainly attempted to reach the
box in which Ellen Pilton sat. Twice was
I thrown down on the floor of the pit, and
the iron heel of a boot crushed my cheek
into a stream of blood. One moment more,
and impious suicide would have relieved my
victive despair, for I had drawn a loaded
pistol, and with a firm hand had placed it
against my heart. Suddenly the throng a-
bove me swept itself away, and arising, with
a violent effort of strength I leaped into the
box where I had seen Ellen Pilton. She
was lying on the floor, her head supported
by the seat from which she had fallen. Her
countenance betrayed neither terror nor
alarm, and woman's fortitude seemed in that
stern death to have found its only refuge
in her placid brow. The conventional rules
of etiquette were laid aside in that hour
of wretchedness, and without speaking, I grasp-
ed her waist with my left arm. The warm
blood from my cheek fell on her face and
hair and stained her palpitating bosom. "You
are hurt!" she exclaimed; "save yourself!—
go! leave me!—dear Lionel, I forgive you!"

I had no time to reply to the endearing
tenderness of her language, nor to wonder at
those circumstances of horror which discov-
ered the secret of her heart. Her brother's
blood was on my hands, yet she would not
bear to a speedy grave the spontaneous for-
giveness of a confiding heart. She was wom-
an and the early bud of affection, whose
opening pride represses, ever finds its sen-
sation of bloom in the winter of adversity, and
bursts into fragrance only on the precipice
of the grave. A current of flame now hiss-
ed over the box, and redoubling my grasp, I
attempted to reach a window in the lobby of

the lower boxes. I bore my precious burden
over the bodies and heads of a dense crowd
reached me and the window, and finally
reached it, surrounded by the screams and
unwailing cries of the multitude who were
suffocating and dying around. I stepped
within the window, and with great exertion
raised its lower sash. My feet were thrust
into the opening, and I was gradually escap-
ing, when the sash fell, and my feet were
pressed down. My grasp on Ellen was not
relinquished, and she fell with me on the
floor. A hot and scorching vapour swept
over my face, and I felt its breath coursing
through my hair. I rescued one foot from
its fatal prison; the other remained fixed and
immovable, while my body, partially sus-
pended from the window, became bruised
and trodden down by the rushing multitude.
Ellen's head sank drooping and convulsed on
my bosom, and a plaintive wail issued from
her lips. Every limb was wrung with agony,
and her labored respiration exhibited the
struggle of relentless death. Moving my
hand to elevate her head, it passed a rent in
the wall, through which streamed a current
of cold and untainted air. With great labor
I moved my position to this welcome fount
of life, and a breeze, fresher than a meadow
gale of spring, slaked our bitter thirst, and
whispered hope. The crowd above me had
now greatly decreased—wounded, bruised
and suffocated, they had dropped away like
forest leaves in autumn's frost—and the win-
dow having been burst open, my foot fell
from its fearful position. The grasp of a
strong and powerful hand wound itself in my
hair, and a voice whose animated tones bro-
ke back, even in that terrific hour, the fadeless
memory of childhood, exclaimed, "You are
safe, Miss Lionel!" My preserver leaped
into the window, drawing me with him—
Suspended to the outside of the house by one
hand, resting on the eavesment of the window,
with the other he received the lifeless form
of Ellen. I saw them reach the earth in
safety; and ere I leaped beside them, I in-
voluntarily looked behind. A few feet from
the window the floor had fallen in. An ocean
of flame spread its greedy waves as far as
the eye could reach. Like a huge serpent,
raging for food, the swelling volume of fire
gathered its gigantic bulk and wreathed its
spiral course in a thousand hideous and ter-
rific shapes. A low, deep and piercing
moan of human suffering arose from the cen-
tre of the flames. On, on, rolled the fiery
torrent, hissing and gasping in a cloud of
sulphureous and scorching vapour. Vain
was the arm of valor—impotent the energy
of courage—helpless the power of mind!
The suffocating groan, the faintly uttered
prayer, and the shriek of horror mingled
themselves in the swooping surge of fire!
Heaved from their flimsy foundations, the
walls tottered, staggered, and fell into an
ocean of molten flame! A crushing sound
—a hideous crash—a wild and agonizing
cry—and all was over!

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.—It is a matter of
record that about one hundred years ago, an
Indian was conducted by a discreet burgess
to witness the service of the sanctuary on the
Lord's day. When their services were
ended, the citizen on their way homewards,
in order to impress upon his tawny friend
the superiority of Christianity over heath-
enism, entered in detail of the money appro-
priated by the congregation of which he was
a member for the support of public worship,
the erection of the house, the salary of the
minister, &c. To all this the son of the
forest, who had observed the drowsy dis-
position which pervaded the assembly, re-
plied, "Ugh! Indian sleep just as sound
under a tree, and not pay any thing!"

Clerk's office of Frederick County.—In
consequence of the dilapidated and danger-
ous appearance of the walls of the building
heretofore occupied as the office of the Clerk
of Frederick County court, that officer, acting
upon the advice of the Judges and attorneys,
and other citizens, has removed to the room
in the Court House, which was formerly
occupied as the Clerk's Office.

A BRILLIANT WEDDING.—A Boston cor-
respondent of the New York Whig writes
—"There was quite a splendid scene at the
Trinity Church on Thursday last. Miss S.
S. Perkins, daughter of the late James Per-
kins, one of the most wealthy and lovely of
her sex, having 500,000 charms, was united
to Mr. Cleveland, a Latin grammarian of
celebrity. The ceremony was witnessed by
an array of female beauty seldom assembled
together on such or any other occasion."

RETRIAD.—We learn that John Ran-
dolph, Esq. formerly of this city (we believe)
who murdered Dr. Watts at the Vicksburg
hotel, some seventeen months ago, was lately
murdered by his own slaves in the lands,
near Baton Rouge, Louisiana, on the 28th
ult. A man and woman had been tried, found
guilty, and sentenced to be hung for the
murder. The 10th inst. was appointed as
the day of execution.—Vicksburg Sen.