

Star and Republican Banner.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XVIII.—2.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 26, 1847.

{WHOLE NO. 886.

IN THE MATTER

Of the intended application of Geo. Snyder for license to keep a tavern in the township of Mountjoy, Adams county, it being an old stand.

WE, the undersigned citizens of the township of Mountjoy, Adams county, do hereby certify that we are personally and well acquainted with Geo. Snyder, the above named petitioner, that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and that he is well provided with house room and other conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of citizens, strangers and travellers; and we do further certify, that we know the house for which license is prayed, and from its situation and neighborhood, believe it to be suitable for a tavern, and that such inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

Robert M. Kinney, John Reek,
Peter Arendorf, Jacob Baker,
Henry Drenler, Isaac Hertzog,
Jacob Baumgartner, John Horner,
John Werley, Hugh G. Scott,
Joseph Zuck, William Walker,
Lewis Norbeck, Joseph Arntz.

March 12.—3t

IN THE MATTER

Of the intended application of John D. Becker, for license to keep a tavern in Franklin township, Adams county, it being an old stand.

WE, the subscribers of the township of Franklin, Adams county, do hereby certify, that we are personally and well acquainted with John D. Becker, the above named petitioner, that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and that he is well provided with house-room and other conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of citizens, strangers and travellers; and we do further certify, that we know the house for which the license is prayed, and from its situation and neighborhood, believe it to be suitable for a tavern, and that such inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

Conrad Walter, Hugh D. Heagy,
Israel Young, D. Chamberlin,
William Sattel, John Walter,
David M. Murdie, Daniel Newman,
Levi Pitzer, Samuel Loyer,
James W. Wilson, And. Heintzman.

March 12.—3t

IN THE MATTER

Of the intended application of Oliver P. Newman for license to keep a tavern in Mountjoy township, Adams county, it being an old stand.

WE, the subscribers, citizens of the township of Mountjoy, do hereby certify, that we are personally and well acquainted with Oliver P. Newman the above named petitioner, that he is, and we know him to be of good repute for honesty and temperance, and that he is well provided with house-room and other conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of citizens, strangers and travellers; and we do further certify, that we know the house for which the license is prayed, and from its situation and neighborhood, believe it to be suitable for a tavern, and that such inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

Lewis Norbeck, Simon Reeder,
Andrew Sheehy, jr. Jonas Bowers,
James H. Collins, Jacob Roarback,
Bernhart Sheehy, Jacob Baker,
Henry Jacoby, John Wilson,
Samuel Little, Joseph Sents,
John Larimer.

March 12.—3t

TO BLACKSMITHS.

THE subscribers have on hand a very large stock of STONE COAL, which they will dispose of low by the single bushel or otherwise, at their Coach-making Establishment.

DANNER & ZIEGLER.
March 12.—3m

A TEACHER WANTED.

SEALED Proposals will be received until the 27th of March, by the Board of School Directors, for a teacher to take charge of one of the public schools of the Borough of Gettysburg to commence on the first of April next. By order of the Board. H. J. SCHREINER, Sec'y.
March 1, 1847.

Tax Collectors, Take Notice.

ALL Taxes on duplicates in the hands of former Collectors up to the present year will be required to be paid at or before the approaching April Court. All Collectors who shall not then have settled their duplicates may expect to be proceeded against according to law.

J. CUNNINGHAM,
JOSEPH PINK,
A. HEINTZELMAN, } Comm's
J. AUGENBAUGH, Clerk.
March 12.—4t

Garden Seeds.

A fresh supply of first-rate GARDEN SEEDS just received from Risley's & the Quakers' Gardens, N.Y., and for sale at the Drug Store of
S. H. BUEHLER.
Gettysburg, March 5, 1847.

Flower Seeds.

RISLEY'S celebrated FLOWER SEEDS, a large variety and best quality, received and for sale by
S. H. BUEHLER.
Gettysburg, March 5, 1847.

THOUGHTS FROM JEAN PAUL.

CHILDREN.—The smallest are nearest God, as the smallest planets are, nearest the sun.

Rejoice now in your play, blooming children! When you again become children through age, you will bend beneath infirmities and gray hairs; and in that melancholy play the days of infancy will be remembered. The Western sky may indeed shut down the Aurora, and the Eastern glow be reflected in the West; but the clouds become darker and no second sun arises in life. Oh, rejoice, then, children in the rose color of the morning of life that gilds you like painted flowers fluttering to meet the sun.

Were I only for a time almighty and powerful, I would create a little world especially for myself, and suspend it under the mildest sun. A world where I would have nothing but lovely little children, and these little things I would never suffer to grow up, but only to play eternally. If a seraph were weary of Heaven, or his golden pinions drooped, I would send him to dwell for a while in my happy infant world; and no angel, as long he saw their innocence, could lose his own.

After all, children are the truest Jacob's ladders to a mother's heart.

POVERTY.—Who is poor, makes poor; the ruined ruins; were it only that he has every day to invent a new lie, or to make another creditor.

HYPOCRISY.—None are more liberal in presents than those who hesitate not to defraud others. Nothing is more deceptive than a fair moras, where, if any one ventures, one sinks. Tyrants and sentimental robbers can sing and complain like seraphims; but if there is any thing hateful upon earth, it is this union of stealing and giving, of plundering and presenting.

DREAMS.—Like flowers of heaven, dreams often pass through the whole nights of men, leaving only a strange summer perfume, the traces of their vanishing.

One enchanting dream after another folded its wings over me, and they soon became flower-petals upon which I rocked in sleep.

Some dreams are borne to us by good angels, others by the spirit of evil. The last perplex and distress our sleep; the first are as soft strains of music, that comfort and soothe, until we are forgetful of waking misery.

VIRGIL.—The everlasting hills will crumble to dust, but the influence of a good act will never die. The earth will grow old and perish, but virtue in the heart will ever be green and flourish throughout eternity. The moon and stars will grow dim, and the sun roll from the heavens, but true religion and undefiled will grow brighter and brighter, and not cease to exist while God himself shall live.

A DRUNKARD ON FIRE.
Dr. Not, in his lectures, gives the following account of a young man, about 25 years of age:

"He had been an habitual drinker for many years. I saw him about 9 o'clock in the evening on which it happened; he was then as usual, not drunk but full of liquor; about 11 o'clock the same evening I was called to see him. I found him literally roasted from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. He was found in a blacksmith's shop, just across from where he had been. The owner, all of a sudden, discovered an extensive light in his shop, as though the whole building was in one general flame. He ran with the greatest precipitancy, and on throwing open the door, discovered a man standing erect in the midst of a widely extended silver-colored flame, bearing as he described it, exactly the appearance of the wick of a burning candle in the midst of its own flame. He seized him (the drunkard) by the shoulder and jerked him to the door, upon which the flame was instantly extinguished. There was no fire in the shop, neither was there a possibility of any fire having been communicated to him from any external source. It was purely a case of spontaneous ignition. A general sloughing soon came on, and his flesh was consumed or removed in the dressing, leaving the bones and a few of the larger blood-vessels; the blood, nevertheless, rallied round the heart, and maintained the vital spark until the thirteenth day, when he died, not only the most loathsome, ill-favored, and dreadful picture that was ever presented to human view, but his shrieks, his groans, and his lamentations also, were enough to rend a heart of adamant. He complained of no pain of body; his flesh was gone. He said he was suffering the torments of hell; that he was just upon the threshold, and should soon enter its dismal caverns; and in this frame of mind he gave up the ghost.

O, the death of a drunkard! Well may it be said to beggar all description! I have seen other drunkards die, but never in a manner so awful and affecting.

CURE FOR COUGH IN HORSES.—Half pound of nitre, quarter pound of black regulus of antimony, two ounces of antimony; mix well in a mortar and make it up into doses of one ounce each. Give the horse one dose in a cold mash mixed every night in mild weather, for three nights, then omit it for a week. If he does not get better of his cough, repeat it.

Care is necessary that the animal should not be exposed while warm, to stand in a cold wind; otherwise exercise him gently, and heat him as usual.

A LEAF FROM LIFE.

"Truth is strange—stranger than fiction."—Bacon.

The time of year was winter in its most sullen mood; a thick fog, pregnant with a stifling smoke, hung over the face of this modern Babylon, making the few lamps that were to be seen at the time we write burn with a ghastly flickering flame; and, as if to make outward things wear a more miserable aspect than the fog imparted, a drizzling rain came slowly down, drenching those who had the misfortune to be out of doors to the skin—when the door of a miserable tenement, in a narrow, squalid court, ran between two rows of poor and ruinous houses on the banks of the river, turned on its hinges, and a man, poorly clad, and in aspect, made his way, with a rapid pace, towards some light indistinctly seen through the fog.

In a few minutes he had crossed Old London Bridge, and stood before a comfortable looking mansion, in a street immediately adjacent to the Temple, from the lower rooms of which bright lights shone, and now and then, "by fits," loud peals of laughter were borne on the wind. The man passed up and down the street some few times, and then knocked timidly at the door, which was opened by a red-faced, buxom female, who had thrown a capacious shawl over her head and shoulders, to avoid the inclemency of the weather, and to her pert summons, what he wanted at that late hour—it was night twelve o'clock—he said he wished to speak to Mr. Jeffries upon important business, which would admit of no delay.

She bade him wipe his feet as the streets were dirty, and step into the passage, while she went to inform her master that a fierce looking man wished to say a word to him. She shortly returned, saying that Mr. Jeffries was then too much occupied to attend to any visitor at that late hour.

"Tell him," said the man, in an earnest but feeble voice, "that one allied to him by every tie that should bind one man to another, must speak to him."

He was shown into an office, and told to wait until the master of the house could find it convenient to speak to him. In a few minutes the door was opened, and a respectfully attired elderly man stood before him.

"You have come, sir, he said, in a cool, even tone, without recognizing his visitor, "at a most unseasonable hour. In what way do you wish me to serve you? You must be back as my time is in such great demand that I cannot wait it upon trifles, far less on you, whom I hate far more than the vilest wretch that crawls these London streets."

"Edward, said the other, in a hollow, unearthly tone, "we should not meet like this, when so many long and tedious years have passed away since last we met—but let that pass. My wife and child are, at the present moment, perishing of want, in an obscure garret on the other side of the Thames, and I have come to supplicate from you a small sum of money to save them from the grave—every moment is of consequence to them and me. Even now I feel the thorny pains of hunger gnawing at my heart; but that is naught compared to the suffering of those who are dearer to me than my life.

"Know this, then," said the other, in the same unrelenting tone, "that were you and yours on the brink of the grave, as I had hoped you were ere this, I would not give one farthing of my hard-earned gains to save you all from perdition. You come here no more; your way lies there—mine here; good night!" and the speaker coolly left the room.

The brother, who had drunk to the dregs of the cup of adversity, said no more, but with clenched hands and distorted features, rushed from the house; while his kind relation returned to an adjoining chamber, there to drown care in the Lethean nectar.

In a garret, devoid of every essential to the enjoyment of life, a pale-faced woman and her child were sleeping on a miserable pallet stretched on the floor. By their side sat a man who was the very personation of death itself—a lone, friendless being; one with whom the world had long been on unfriendly terms. The dense fog which had enveloped the metropolis two nights ago, had given place to a bright sky and moon, which threw a pallid lustre on the walls of the dismantled chamber. The man was gazing with a distracted air upon the sleepers, and, passing his hand across the woman's face, to assure himself that death had not yet set his grasp upon the lovely, care-worn being, who was all his world—the subject of his thoughts by day and dreams by night. Sharp misery had worn the young mother to the bone; a hectic flush, the undeniable precursor of the body's exhaustion and premature decay, covered her face; the grave and she were surely soon to be boon companions.

The broken man—for such he was—had long been on ill terms with the world, buffeted to and fro by adverse winds on the great ocean of life, for many, many years, and at last dashed upon a desolate rock, from which there appeared to be no retreat. He had been unfortunate in trade; hurried, in one little day, from a respectable tradesman to a friendless outcast of society—a wandering vagabond. He had, by every means in his power, supported himself and family, until sickness and want laid their heavy hands upon him, and prevented him from holding a menial office which he had obtained through the instru-

mentality of the man from whom he rented his miserable apartment.

He had been forced, much against his will, (but stern necessity overlaps apparently unsurmountable difficulties), to beg from a rich brother who had pursued him through life with a fiendish hatred, a trifle wherewith to support life. The rest is in the possession of the reader.

The night was bitter cold—a keen and nipping air was blowing from the North, and the large flakes of snow began to fall, when the man of whom we have spoken at some length stooped over the bed in which his wife and child were sleeping, and muttering something like an oath, rose up and hurried into the street.

The time was three in the morning, and the well-told jest and sprightly laugh were heard at the rich brother's stable. Presently the guests, one by one, began to depart, and soon Edward Jeffries sat alone in his splendid drawing-room. He was alone, both in mind and body—a conscience-stricken man. A letter, edged with black, lay open before him, which told of a man having destroyed his wife and child while asleep, and afterwards leaping from Blackfriar's Bridge into the Thames.

TOUCHING STORY.
The following beautiful and touching story was related by Dr. Schnebey, of Maryland, at a meeting held in New York, to hear the experience of twenty reformed drunkards:

A drunkard who had run through his property, returned one night to his unfinished home. He entered his empty hall—anguish was gnawing at his heart strings, and language is inadequate to express his agony as he entered his wife's apartment and there beheld the victims of his appetite—his lovely wife and darling child.—Morose and sullen he seated himself without a word—he could not speak, he could not look upon them. The mother said to the little angel by her side, "Come, my child, it is time to go to bed," and the little babe, as was her wont, knelt by her mother's lap, and gazing wistfully into the face of her suffering parent, like a piece of chiselled statuary, slowly repeated her nightly orison; and when she had finished, the child (but four years of age) said to her mother, "Dear ma, may I not offer up one more prayer?" "Yes, yes, my sweet pet, pray; and she lifted up her tiny hands, closed her eyes and prayed—

"O, God! spare, oh, spare my dear papa!" The prayer was wafted with electric rapidity to the throne of God. It was on high—'twas heard on earth. The responsive "Amen" burst from the father's lips, and his heart of stone became a heart of flesh. Wife and child were both clasped to his bosom, and in penitence, he said, "My child, you have saved your father from the grave of a drunkard. I'll sign the pledge."

FRANKLIN—THE HOME OF HIS BOYHOOD.
The racy description which follows of the house which was the home of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S boyhood, will be read with universal interest, not only in this country, but throughout the civilized world. It is copied from the Boston correspondence of the National Anti-Slavery Standard:

There are a few places yet left in Boston of universal interest. I passed one of the chiefest yesterday, in Hanover street, which I suppose suggested the train of thought (if such discursive ramblings deserve the name) in this letter. Do you see that house at the corner of Hanover and Union streets, with a gill ball protruding from its corner, diagonally into the street? It has no architectural pretensions to arrest a passer-by. It is a plain brick house, of three stories, with small windows, close together, and exceeding small panes of glass in them, the walls of a dingy yellow.—Yet it is a house swarming with associations interesting to well-nurtured minds throughout the civilized world. Read the name upon the ball and you will get an inkling of my meaning—"JOSIAS FRANKLIN, 1698." Yes, that is the very roof under which Benjamin Franklin grew up. He was not born there, but his father moved thither when he was but six months old, so that all his recollections of home must be connected with those walls. The side of the house on Union street remains as it was in the days of Franklin's boyhood; but that on Hanover street has been shamefully treated. Nearly the whole front has been cut out to make room for two monstrously disproportioned show-windows. And this house, so full, as I have just said, of associations, is fuller yet of bonnets! Yes, by the head of the Prophet of bonnets! It is a Bonnet Warehouse, and from the inordinate windows, aforesaid, bonnets of all hues and shapes ogle you with side-long glances, or else stare you openly out of countenance, while mountain piles of band-boxes tower to the ceiling of the upper story, eloquent like Faith, of things unseen. Heaven forbid that I should say any thing in derogation of bonnets, any more than of the fair heads that wear them, but I would that they had another Repository.

It was my good fortune to have gone over the house before it had undergone this metamorphosis. It was occupied, in part at least, some eight or ten years ago, by a colored man, of the name of Stewart, a dealer in old clothes, who thought of buying the premises, and wanted my advice about it. I gladly availed myself of the opportunity to view them. The interior of

the house was then. I should judge, in the same condition that it was when the worthy old soap boiler and that sturdy rebel, (in youth as in age) his world-famous son, lived there. There were the very rooms in which the child-Franklin played, the very stairs, up and down which he romped, the very window-seats on which he stood to look into the street. The shop on the street, was unquestionably the place where he used to cut wicks for the candles, and fill the moulds, and wait upon the customers. I pleased myself with imagining which room it was in which his father sat, patriarch-like, at his table, surrounded by his thirteen children, all of whom "grew up to years of maturity and were married."—And you may be sure I did not fail to take a peep into the cellar, where Poor Richard, in his infantile economy of time, proposed to his father that he should say grace over the whole barrel of beef they were putting down in the lump, instead of over each piece, in detail, as it came to the table! A proposition which inclined the good brother of the Old South Church to fear that his youngest hope was given over to a reprobate mind, and was but little better than one of the wicked.

And I would have given a trifle to know which of the chambers it was that was Franklin's own, where he educated himself, as it were, by stealth. Where he used to read "Bunyan's Works, in separate little volumes," and "Barton's Historical Collections—small chapman's books, and cheap; forty volumes in all"—and Plutarch's Lives, not to mention "a book of De Foe's, called *An Essay on Projects*," and "Dr. Mather's, called *An Essay to do Good*," and where, too, his lamp (or more probably his candle's end) was "oft seen at midnight hour," as he sat up 'till the greatest part of the night devoting the books which his friend, the bookseller's apprentice, used to lend him over night; out of the shop, to be returned the next morning. How the rogue must have enjoyed them! Seldom have literary pleasures been relished with such a gust as by that hungry boy.

When I say "rogue," I use the term metaphorically not literally. I mean "no scandal about Queen Elizabeth," nor do I allude to any of the gossip of sixty years since. But I shall never forget the shock given to my early prejudices, and the bouleversement of all my preconceived ideas at hearing, when I was a boy, a very celebrated gentleman, distinguished in the field and in the cabinet, whose public life was mostly of the last century, say in a careless manner, as if it were the tritest truism in the world he was uttering, "Why, madam, you know Franklin was an old rascal!" He added some specifications, which I do not now remember, but the amount was that he had feathered his nest well at the public expense. Franklin was no saint in his private life, and he never pretended to be one; but I believe it is now pretty well understood that he was 'indifferent honest,' as Hamlet says, in his public life, and that Prince Posterity has dismissed the charges preferred by some of his contemporaries against his political honesty.

It will not be many years before this monument of the most celebrated man that Boston, not to say America, ever produced, will be demolished, and the place that knows it will know it no more, unless something be done to save it. It will be a burning shame and a lasting disgrace to Boston, with all its wealth and its pretensions to liberality, and its affectation of reverence for its great men, to suffer the most historical of its houses to be destroyed, when the rise of real estate in that neighborhood shall seal its doom. It is a shame that it has been left so long to take the chances of business. It should have been bought years ago, and placed in the hands of the Historical Society, or some other permanent body, in trust, to be preserved forever in its original condition. It is not too late, to restore it to something like its first estate, and to save it from utter destruction. If it be not done, it will be a source of shame and sorrow when it is too late.

The house in which Franklin was born has been destroyed within this century—to the infinite discredit of the rich men of the "Literary Emporium of the New World"—as the great Kean christened it, when it was in the height of its delirium in the "Kean Fever." That house stood in Milk street, a little below the Old South Church, on the other side of the way, and the spot is marked by a "Furniture Warehouse," five stories high, which forms a fitting pendant to the Bonnet Warehouse in Hanover street. The printing office of James Franklin, where Benjamin served his apprenticeship, where he used to put his anonymous communications under the door, where he used to study while the rest were gone to dinner, and where he used sometimes to get a flogging from his brother—("perhaps I was too saucy and provoking," as he candidly, and with great probability, says of himself)—James' printing office was in Queen, now Court street, nearly opposite the Court-house, on the corner of Franklin avenue, which, if I am not mistaken, derives its name from this curious circumstance. D. Y.

VALENTINES.—The Home Journal publishes two or three columns of Valentines. There is epigrammatic point in the following:

TO MISS —
Ah, traitress fair, expect no more;
Your beaux have turned their backs before—
But you had turned their heads before—
And now they're as they ought to be!

TO MISS —
Your beaux have turned their backs before—
But you had turned their heads before—
And now they're as they ought to be!

TO MISS —
Your beaux have turned their backs before—
But you had turned their heads before—
And now they're as they ought to be!

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And now they're as they ought to be!

TO MISS —
Your beaux have turned their backs before—
But you had turned their heads before—
And now they're as they ought to be!

TO MISS —
Your beaux have turned their backs before—
But you had turned their heads before—
And now they're as they ought to be!

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