

# Star and Republican Banner.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XVIII.—83

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 7, 1847.

WHOLE NO. 897

## NEW GOODS.

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

### GEORGE ARNOLD

HAS just received, and is now opening a LARGE STOCK OF FRESH GOODS as has ever been offered to the public in this place, and will be sold at the very lowest prices—among which are CHEAP

Cloths, Tweeds, Cassimeres, Summer Cloths, and Vestings, with almost every other article calculated for gentlemen's wear.

The Ladies' attention is particularly invited to a selection of beautiful

### FANCY GOODS,

AMONG WHICH ARE

Plaid, Striped, and Plain Silks, Gingham, Lawns, Mus. Delains, SHAWLS, BONNETS, AND

### BONNET TRIMMINGS,

with almost every article in his line of business. Please call, examine, and judge for yourselves.

Gettysburg, April 9.—Gt

## NEW SPRING GOODS.

### D. MIDDLECOFF

HAS just received from Philadelphia a large and well selected stock of British, French, and American

### DRY GOODS,

of the newest styles and richest designs.

### ALSO—GROCERIES,

Hardware, Queensware, Gloves

### HOSIERY, BONNETS,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES

at unusually low prices; making his assortment very full and complete, and to which he respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public, believing that he will be able to offer them first-rate BARGAINS, and which will give entire satisfaction.

Gettysburg, April 23.—Gt

## LATEST ARRIVAL.

### Hats, of the latest style,

CAN be had at the Hat Establishment of J. J. BALDWIN, in South Baltimore street, a few doors above the Post Office, and next door to Wampler's Printing Establishment, TEN PER CENT CHEAPER than at any other Hat Establishment in town—embracing Fine Nutria Beaver, Fine Fur, and Old Men's Broad-brims, and a good assortment of Men and Youth's

### SUMMER HATS,

all of which he is authorized to sell low for cash or country produce, if delivered immediately.

J. J. BALDWIN, Agent.

Gettysburg, March 19, 1847.—3m

## COUNTY TREASURER.

ENCOURAGED by the suggestions of numerous friends, I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of COUNTY TREASURER, subject to the decision of the Whig County Convention. Should my political friends deem me worthy of their confidence, and elect me to the office, its duties will be promptly and faithfully discharged.

### THOMAS WARREN.

Gettysburg, April 23, 1847.—Gt

IN accordance with the wishes of numerous friends, I offer myself as a candidate for the office of COUNTY TREASURER, and respectfully ask the nomination for that office at the next regular Whig County Convention.

### JOHN FAINESTOCK.

Gettysburg, April 23, 1847.—Gt

AT the suggestion of a number of friends, I offer myself as a candidate for the office of COUNTY TREASURER, and respectfully ask from my brother Whigs a nomination for the office at their regular Convention.

### ROBERT G. HARPER.

Gettysburg, April 16, 1847.—Gt

## WOOD WANTED.

THOSE persons who have engaged to furnish the Subscriber with FRESH MEAT, on account, are requested to deliver it immediately at his Foundry, otherwise he will expect the money. Those interested will please attend to the above promptly.

### THOMAS WARREN.

Gettysburg, April 23.—Gt

## 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 Coal-making Establishment.

### DANNER & ZIEGLER.

March 12.—3m

## Varnish! Brushes!

THE subscriber has just received and has for sale a new supply of first quality COACH VARNISH—also a lot of superior Paint Brushes & Wash Tools.

### S. H. BUEHLER.

Gettysburg, March 5, 1847.

## THE FIRST CRIME—A TALE OF IRISH FAMINE.

BY ELIZABETH W. TRACY.

Two days had passed, and still no food had reached their lips. It was now evening, and although the sun had set, the heat of the summer's day remained in all its oppressive fervor. Brian O'Sullivan looked around upon his wife and helpless family, and a momentary gleam of ferocity flashed from his sunken eye—for the first time the murmur of impatience rose from his lips. The cry for food had died away; but when he met the subdued glances of his poor starving children, his heart swelled with intolerable anguish. No sound was heard, save occasionally the stifled groan of the youngest child, the little Nora, who lay on a straw pallet, resting her fevered head upon her mother's breast. Thus the hours passed unmarked by any change. Sometimes, but very seldom, there was a heart-rending appeal for food, and the low cry of hunger burst from the lips of the youngest children. Midnight came, and found the mother still watching by the bed of her dying child; the inmates of the wretched hovel had sunk to rest on the earthen floor. Mary O'Sullivan sat in breathless silence, listening to the uneasy and unrefreshing slumbers of her helpless family, and gazing on the wasted face of her favorite child. Sometimes a heavy sigh, or a low moan, attracted her attention; and directing her eyes to where the sleeper lay, she would desecrate, by the feeble rays of the flickering rushlight, a skeleton arm stretched forth, or the shadowy figure of some child, who had risen to obtain a little water to cool its parched lips. At length, from mere exhaustion, she fell into a heavy slumber, from which she was aroused by the tones of her husband's voice. She started wildly; for never before had words of such fearful meaning met her ear.

"Mary, avillish machree, must I loose you too?" he exclaimed wildly. "God of heaven, she is dying; and I have crouched upon my knees, and begged for a part of the dog's food, a crumb of bread, to save you, darling of my heart; but I was spurned from the oppressor's door, and told to be gone, and work for my food. Even then I could have forgiven the hard hearts that worked our ruin; I could have blessed them on their beds of down, and prayed that the chills of poverty might never reach them; but now the cup of sorrow is filled, and I will not see my treasure die, before I have made another effort to save them."

He rose hastily, and, trembling from exhaustion, quitted the cabin. His eldest son, a boy of fifteen, rushed after him, and, overtaking him a few steps from the door, besought him to return. They were about to bear a little longer, he said; and as soon as the morning dawned, he would seek for some employment.

"My dear boy," said the agonized father, "you cannot change my purpose; return home, and let me away; for if crime must stain this hand, it must be in the darkness of night, when no human eye can see the blush of shame on your father's cheek."

"But the eye of God," said the boy, mildly, "you cannot hide that!"

"O, Shawn, say no more," was the reply. "God will forgive me, for he knows the sore trials I have borne."

The boy still entreated, but in vain; he then begged that he might be permitted to accompany his father; but Brian would not hear of this. He could not bear to be the means of leading his own child into the path of guilt and shame; and, O! how the strong heart of the unhappy father throbbed with agony, as he thought of the time, not far distant, when his children knelt around him, and with their infant voices joined in the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation." Brian O'Sullivan remembered this; and, embracing his son, he besought him, with tears, to turn to the home of innocence, and let him do the errand alone. And thus they parted.

Shawn stood for some moments, listening to the sound of his father's footsteps, as he hastened on his lonely way. His mind was strangely confused by all he had heard and witnessed, and he could not bring himself to believe in the possibility of his father's committing a crime; that father who had seemed to his young imagination, the very emblem of all that was good and holy. He could not believe that the God he had served so faithfully would desert him now, in the hour of trial and danger.

The summer's morning dawned, and brightly the sunbeams fell upon the home of misery. Home, did I say? Alas! how many such homes darken our beautiful and fertile land; how countless now such scenes of desolation. The happy birds, flitting among the green branches, sung their song of praise, and the fragrant breath of the fresh flowers arose on the breeze to heaven. Without, all was joy, peace, and contentment; but within the wretched hovel, there was deep sorrow—sorrow that might not be controlled.

"Where is father?" demanded a low, sweet voice. "O, mother, there is something tearing me!" placing her hand upon her wasted breast.

"Hush, avillish, hush!" whispered her weeping mother, "you will soon be free from pain, aron!"

She knew not how truly her words would be verified. One of the children arose, and hastened to the door, hoping to obtain some tidings of their father. Gloomy and disappointed, he returned to his place by Nora's bed. A convulsive spasm shook the child's frail body; and again her brother sprang to the door, to look in vain for his father's return. The dying sufferer clasped her little hands in agony; she strove, but fruitlessly, to reach her mother, that she might embrace her. Her head fell back, and the glazed eye and parted lip told that all was over. Just then a step was heard on the threshold, and Brian O'Sullivan strode, or rather tottered, into his wretched home. Flinging a small bag of potatoes on the ground, he rushed to the bedside.

"Mary—Nora—*acushla agus asthore machree!*" he cried, wildly. "I have bro't you food. But, Father of Mercies, what is this?" Deaf! O, my darlings, and are you gone forever! gone from the hearts that love you! But your sorrows are over; and perhaps it is better," he continued mildly, "far better, that no forbidden food has stained those spotless lips. I would not have that departed spirit proclaim her father's sin among the angels of heaven. No, *ahugur!* your eyes cannot now upbraid him; and your ears are deaf to the voices that mourn over your early death."

The elder children, aroused from their stupefaction by the sight of food, hastened to spread the scanty fare, consisting of a few cold potatoes, until they had prevailed on their father and mother to share it with them. Brian O'Sullivan, lifting his eyes to heaven, fervently returned thanks to God for his mercies, and besought a blessing on their scanty meal; he had, for the moment, forgotten the means by which that food was procured, but when the remembrance of his guilt crossed his mind, he was paralyzed with horror, that he should presume to lift his hand to heaven, who had broken the commandment of God. The blood rushed to his temples, and, covering his face with his hands, he burst into tears. Deep sobs were only heard; and bitterly did they reproach themselves for having given way to one word of complaint, and thus causing their father such agony of soul. His feelings becoming more composed, he strove to speak some comfort to his children, and with faltering voice desired them to eat. The children looked at each other in silence, then at the food, and their souls recoiled from the idea of touching it; had it been the deadliest poison, they could not have loathed it more. Poor and humble as they were, they had been nourished on the bread of honesty, and they dared not violate their sacred principles.

"Father," said the eldest boy, "we cannot touch that, we would sooner die; it was not done for you own sake, though the hunger was sore on you, but for the sake of your starving children."

"Now I can thank God with an unblushing face," said Brian. "I can thank him for his mercy in keeping you untouched by guilt, among so many trials and temptations, and may he pardon me for my many sins."

The latch of the door was raised. "It is the *soggarth*," exclaimed Brian, hastening to meet his beloved pastor. Joy illumined the countenances of all, on beholding their only friend, into whose faithful bosom were poured their sorrows, and although poor himself, he lost no time in supplying their wants; but one young heart was stifled forever, no human aid could make it throb again. Not in the secrecy of the confessional did Brian O'Sullivan relate the fearful adventure of the previous night; but in his lowly cabin, by the bed whereon his dead child slept, he, on his knees, confessed to the minister of God that crime, which to him appeared of awful magnitude. The good priest was deeply moved, for never before had the lips of that humble penitent breathed forth such a declaration; never before had the soul of the prostrate sinner been stained with guilt; and as he, in agony of spirit, "smote upon his breast," and prayed aloud for mercy, the glance of displeasure faded from the priest's face, and, as the tears rolled down his aged cheeks, he whispered in the poor penitent's ear the welcome tidings, that the broken and contrite heart is not despised in heaven. By the voice of the world, Brian O'Sullivan would be branded as a thief, a midnight robber. O, if those who would thus coldly and heedlessly condemn him could have but entered his poor home, how would their hearts have melted into sorrow! Could they have gazed on the lifeless remains of the child whose spirit was with God, as she lay on her ragged bed, holding, in her cold grasp, a bunch of wild roses—affection's offering to the dead—and listened to the voices that arose to heaven, seeking the forgiveness the cold world would deny, surely, in such a scene, they would have read their own condemnation.

The charitable and anxious priest hastened to restore the stolen food to its owner, and to obtain from him forgiveness of the crime, without exposing the criminal, and thus O'Sullivan was saved from the consequence of that guilt into which want and starvation had plunged him.

This is no exaggerated picture of the sufferings or the virtues of the Irish peasantry. Surely, a brave, moral, and religious people will no longer be permitted, in the midst of plenty, to endure such sufferings. We might have turned a still darker page, and yet not have dealt in exaggeration; we might have consigned the victim to a loathsome prison, and left him to rot there, without a shadow of hope. We might have followed the wretched family through lonely wanderings, and seen them spurred from the door of plenty by pampered menials. Surely, such a state of things cannot last forever! Surely, the peace and comfort may, the very lives of the community, are not to be sacrificed for the sake of the children of prosperity! It is time that the great ones of our land would consider the cause of the people. Fearful is the calamity which is now impending over them; and unless active steps are taken to avert the threatening ruin, we fear much that the virtue of our poor countrymen will fall a sacrifice—the virtue that no trials could hitherto overcome. You, who shudder at the recital of the crimes committed by the Irish peasants, bestir yourselves to endeavor to remove the cause of those crimes. Not from the love of guilt do our poor countrymen resort to the "wild-justice of revenge;" and you, who thoughtlessly condemn them, know but little of the struggles often endured before they stumble in the path of virtue.

THE LATE BATTLE.—Every battle-field is the source of inexpressible grief, and woe, and agony. To say nothing of the gory victims that on such fields yield up their latest breath, who shall attempt to picture their surviving friends? The battle of Buena Vista may be consecrated to fame, and poets may hymn its glories and attune their harps to sing the praise of the survivors and to chaunt mournful requiems over the graves of the gallant dead; but that bloody field will also be consecrated to human woe. Each one of the thousands that were martyred to the fell spirit of war had his friends, by whom his loss will be mourned. Many fathers there fell leaving helpless children to struggle with the stormy tides of life, without the protection of the parental arm. Many husbands there died, leaving trusting wives to lament in bitterness of soul their loss. The dearly beloved sons of hoary-headed sires there sighed their last breath away, to be mourned awhile and soon to be followed to the land of spirits by those to whom their loss is irreparable. When we reflect on the desolation that will be carried to thousands of fire-sides—the gloom that will hang like a cloud over numberless homes, lately bright with the hues of happiness—the tears of orphans, the shrieks of wives, and mothers, and sisters, the groans of fathers and sons, and brothers—the wide-spread and lasting grief that will result from the carnage of the field of Buena Vista, what heart can refrain its sympathy with the bereaved, or refrain from cursing the infatuation which renders such scenes of blood necessary?—*Louisville Journal.*

NAUTICAL SERVICES.—When Whitefield preached before the senate of New York he had the following bold apostrophe in his sermon:

"Well, my boys, we have a clear sky; and are making fine headway over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every seaman to his duty! How the waves rise and dash against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam ends? What next?"

It is said that the unsuspecting tars, reminded of former perils on the deep, as if struck by the power of magic, arose with united voices and minds, and exclaimed, "Take to the longest!"

MAN.—We take the following rich morsel from one of Dow Jr.'s short parables:

Man looks upon life just as he does upon woman—there's no living with them, and he can't live without them. He will run after them, and rather than be held, he will lose his coat-tail and character—kiss them for love, and then kiss them for leading him into trouble. So with life: he partakes of its pleasures, and then curses it for its pains; gathers bouquets of bliss, and when their blossoms have faded, he finds himself in possession of a bunch of briars; which is all owing to a little incident that occurred in Paradise when man was as green as a tobacco worm, and as unsuspecting as a tree-toad in a thunder-storm. He was told to increase and multiply, and so he accordingly increased his cares and curses, and multiplied his miseries, and peopled the world with a parcel of candidates for perdition.

## WASHINGTON AND THE SPY.

BY WM. T. RODGERS, JR.

During the month of May, 1787, New Brunswick was occupied by the British Army under Gen. Howe, while the Americans, having left their winter camp at Morristown, were posted along the mountainous ridge just back of Middlebrook. From the commanding elevation afforded by the ridge, they were enabled to watch the maneuvers of the enemy, who, it was suspected, contemplated a movement across New Jersey to Philadelphia, and to the prostration of this scheme all their energies were directed. General Washington commanded his division in person. He was aware that the British General had some project, which he was preparing to put into immediate execution, but did not know with any degree of certainty, the direction in which the demonstration was to be made. He had given orders to his scouts to hover as near as practicable, and in case of the least sign of a motion in the British camp, to report immediately.

The scouts came in regularly, bringing intelligence that preparations indicative of a change of position were going on slowly and steadily, but nothing of the actual intentions of Gen. Howe, had as yet transpired. At the summit of the mountain, in the rear of the American camp, distant nearly an eighth of a mile, is a very large rock, rising boldly from amidst a clump of cedars, the top of which commands a view of the surrounding country, for a circuit of nearly fifty miles.

At this spot, during the day, at almost any hour, might have been seen a group of Continental officers, anxiously watching, with the assistance of a glass, the movements of the armies at N. Brunswick, Amboy and Staten Island. But when the shades of twilight fell, and darkness drew her sombre veil over the face of nature, the rock was deserted, and all sounds were hushed in the republican camp, except the hoarse challenge and reply of the ever watchful sentinels. At this hour the great General, who while his life was devoted to his beloved country, never forgot his duty to the God who ruled the destinies and guarded the liberties of the oppressed struggling patriots, was accustomed to visit this secluded place where reigned a heavenly and holy calm, to spend an hour in prayer, and to devote the remainder of the day to the enemies of liberty are coldly plotting her destruction, and the hireling thousands of the tyrant king, the Britain, and the mercenary Hessian, are panting for rapine and plunder, the patriotic leader, the hero and the statesman, the warrior and the sage, kneels humbly to the God of battles, and invokes his blessing upon his efforts, his aid and assistance in the hour of need! Well might the cowardly oppressors, while wondering at the success, tremble at the power of such a man, and despair of ever conquering the country, whilst he headed the "rebel army."

The Americans remained quietly encamped at Middlebrook until the early part of June, watching with an eagle eye every movement of the enemy.

On the evening of the 13th, after the sentinels had been posted, and the night patrol commenced their rounds, a solitary horseman, dressed in the guise of a plain country farmer, entirely unarmed, was urging his fatigued and reeking steed along the northern banks of the Raritan, in the direction of the American camp.

When he arrived within half a mile of the outposts, he turned his horse's head to the northward, and having reached the foot of the mountain, he dismounted, and securing his animal to a sapling, took his way on foot, among the thick growth or underbrush up the rocky ascent.

Occasionally he would halt as if listening intently, to learn whether he was in any danger of discovery; then, as though satisfied that he was unobserved, would recommence his walk. After having picked his way for nearly a mile, with the air of one perfectly familiar with the locality, now creeping upon his hands and knees beneath the overhanging and thickly matted vines, now clambering over rugged interposing rocks, again threading the intricate mazes of the cedar brush—he paused to look about him. He had gained the summit of the mountain, and was standing within fifty rods of the clump of cedars growing about the base of the rock. He stood a few moments to contemplate the striking scene.

A new moon shed its pale lustre on the face of reposing nature, and gilded each bush and treetop with a golden glory.

Directly before him lay the Raritan, winding gently between its sloping grass-grown banks, through a section of country as fertile as it is beautiful—each ripple, as it danced to the plaintive music of the mountain breeze, sparkling in the moonbeams like a priceless gem. Farther to the eastward the vast Atlantic, its bosom ever heaving, dashed its foaming surges on the beach with a sullen roar, that, mellowed by the distance, came upon the ear like the dying moan of a mighty wind. At his feet lay an army of heroes, wrapped in profound slumber, and but for the presence of a few dusky figures, slowly and silently pacing to and fro, no evidence of life could have been detected. At his right, the huge rock, covered with the accumulated moss of ages, stood forth in majestic splendor, rearing its proud crown high toward heaven, as if conscious of its superiority over all surrounding objects—the whole forming a scene of unequalled grandeur and beauty.

## WASHINGTON AND THE SPY.

BY WM. T. RODGERS, JR.

For a while he stood as though rooted to the spot, and deeply impressed with the majestic sublimity of the prospect before him. Then, as if conscious that every moment was precious, with a guarded step he approached the cedar bushes. Suddenly he stopped, and uncovering his head, he assumed an attitude of reverent attention, as the clear, full tones of a well known voice, in the accents of supplication, broke upon his ear;—for a few moments he remained motionless, until the voice was heard no more, and uttering a responsive "amen," he stood in the presence of Washington!

The meeting was evidently unexpected by the General, but he immediately recognized the stranger, and a few words sufficed to explain the nature of the business. For some time they remained in close conference when the stranger produced some letters which the General hurriedly perused, and conferring a few moments longer they separated: Washington taking his way down the mountain side to the camp—the stranger returned as he had come—he soon reached the place where he had left his horse, and mounting, he rode directly toward the camp—just before he reached the outpost, he dismounted, unsaddled the horse, and turned him loose to graze—then approaching the sentinels without hesitation, he gave the pass word, was allowed to enter, and was soon sleeping soundly in the officers' quarters.

Early the next morning the whole army was in motion. Gen. Greene was detached to harass the rear of Gen. Howe, who, with nearly the whole of his forces, was leaving Brunswick. The British were divided into columns, one commanded by Cornwallis, the other under Gen. de Heister. Washington appeared to be aware of every movement they were about to make, and having despatched messengers to Generals Wayne, Sullivan, and Col. Morgan, who were at Rocky Hill, Princeton, and Flagtown—he drew up his army on the mountain side, and calmly awaited result.

The advanced guard of the enemy, after severe skirmishing at Van Vechten's Bridge, which was defended by Col. Morgan, Sourland, Millstone, Weston, and Middleburgh, and after making several feints to draw Washington from his strong position, retired to New Brunswick, from whence they crossed the sound by means of a portable bridge, which was originally intended for the Delaware.

Farther we will not follow them, their movements, and the events consequent thereon, are matters of history; it only remains for me to throw some light upon the meeting at the rock.

The stranger was directly from Brunswick, where, disguised as a farmer, he acted as a spy, and succeeded in intercepting some letters containing intelligence of the enemy's intended operations, which was undoubtedly of great importance to Washington.

He was Lieutenant James Green of the Jersey Line, who was afterwards killed while on a scouting expedition in the vicinity of Blazing Star Ferry.

The reason why he should have so sedulously avoided approaching the American Camp until he had communicated his intelligence to the General, I can only account for in this way:—He had probably absented himself from the camp without permission, and having been absent all the day, until his interview with Washington at the rock, was ignorant of the counter-sign, and would inevitably have been shot down had he attempted to enter the lines.

NEW CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—An Irishman recently went into an apothecary's shop for some sun-fish oil to apply to his shoulders for rheumatism. The boy in attendance understood him to say *sulphuric oil*,—and knowing nothing else to meet the demand, gave a pint of oil of vitriol, sulphuric acid. Poor Pat thought it all right, went home and poured the burning fluid on his bare back, setting up a howl that would have effectually extirpated all the snakes in Ireland, if there ever were any there. It cured him, completely; and he has not been within a mile of an apothecary's shop since.

A dealer in Philadelphia advertises an article which he calls "Taylor candles," warranted "not to run."

So long as rum is in hogs-heads it can do no damage, but when it gets into men's heads it plays the very Old Nick.

Locusts.—Dr. Gideon B. Smith announces to the good people in Pennsylvania and Virginia, in the neighborhood of Wheeling, that the Locusts will appear there this spring in great numbers. They will do no harm, however, other than the killing of the small branches of trees and shrubbery.

A suit was commenced against the Postmaster at Gnodonga village, N. York, for refusing to deliver a newspaper to a citizen, for which he offered to pay newspaper rates of postage, but which was charged with 15 cents, in conformity with the Post Office regulations, the wrapper being endorsed with a single initial. The jury gave a verdict against the Postmaster—6 cents damages and costs.

Somebody wants to know if you ever get down to tea where skim milk was on the table, without being asked: "Do you take cream, sir?" Not as we know of.