

Star and Republican Banner.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XVIII.—10.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 14, 1847.

WHOLE NO. 894.

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, Queen Ware, 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.—4t

NEW GOODS.

CHEAPER THAN EVER!
GEORGE ARNOLD
HAS just received, and is now opening as LARGE A 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,
Ginghams, 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.—6t

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 Tinning Establishment, for less than elsewhere than at any other Hat Establishment in town—embracing Fine Nutria Beaver, Fine Fur, and Old Men's Broadbrims, 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.

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 FAHNESTOCK.
Gettysburg, April 23, 1847.—4t

COMPLIANCE WITH THE REQUEST OF A NUMBER OF FRIENDS, I RESPECTFULLY PRESENT MYSELF AS A CANDIDATE FOR THE OFFICE OF COUNTY TREASURER, AND SOLICIT THE NOMINATION AT THE NEXT WHIG COUNTY CONVENTION.

GEORGE LITTLE.
May 7.

THE SUGGESTION OF A NUMBER OF FRIENDS, I OFFER MYSELF AS A CANDIDATE FOR THE OFFICE OF COUNTY TREASURER, AND SOLICIT THE NOMINATION FOR THAT OFFICE AT THE NEXT REGULAR WHIG COUNTY CONVENTION.

ROBERT G. HARPER.
Gettysburg, April 16, 1847.—4t

ENCOURAGED BY THE SUGGESTIONS OF NUMEROUS FRIENDS, I HEREBY ANNOUNCE MYSELF AS 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, MY DUTIES WILL BE PROMPTLY AND FAITHFULLY DISCHARGED.

THOMAS WARREN.
Gettysburg, April 23, 1847.—4t

WOOD WANTED.

THOSE persons who have engaged to furnish the Subscriber with WOOD, 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.—4t

TO BLACKSMITHS.

THE subscribers have on hand a very large stock of STONE COAL, which they will dispose of by the single bushel or otherwise, at their Coach-making Establishment.
DANNER & ZIEGLER.
March 12.—3m

THE MARTYR OF THE SOUTH.

There is a gloom to-day in Charleston. It is not often that a great city feels, but when this great heart of humanity, whose every pulsation is a life, can feel, the result is more terrible than the bloodiest battle. Yes, when those arteries of a city, its streets, and lanes, and allies, thrill with the same feeling, when, like an electric chain, it darts invisibly from one breast to another, until it swells ten thousand hearts, the result is terrible. I care not whether that result is manifested in a riot, that fills the streets with the blood of men, and women, and little children, that fires the roof over the head of the innocent, or sends the church of God whirling in smoke and flame to the midnight sky; or whether that feeling is manifested in the silence of thousands, the bowed head, the compressed lip, the stealthy footsteps, still it is a fearful thing to see.

There is a gloom to-day, in Charleston. Every face you see is stamped with gloom; men go silently by, with anguish in their hearts and eyes. Women are weeping in their darkened chambers, in yonder church old men are weeping before the altar, praying in low, deep, muttered tones. The very soldiers whom you meet, clad in their British uniform, wear sadness on their faces. Those men, to whom murder is sport, are gloomy to-day. The citizens pass hurriedly to and fro; cluster in groups; whisper together; glide silently into their homes.

The stores are closed to-day—as though it were Sunday. The windows of those houses are closed as though some great man were dead; there is silence on the air, as though a plague had despoiled the town of its beauty and its manhood. The British banner—stained as it is with the best blood of the Palmetto State—seems to partake of the influence of the hour; for, floating from yonder staff, it does not swell buoyantly upon the breeze, but drops heavily to the ground.

The only sound you hear, save the hurried tread of the citizen, is the low, solemn notes of the dead march, groaning from muffled drums. Why all this gloom that oppresses the heart and fills the eyes? Why do whig and tory, citizen and soldier, share the gloom alike? Why this silence, this awe, this dread?

Look yonder, and in the centre of that common, deserted by every human thing, behold—rising in lonely hideousness—behold a GALLOW.

Why does that gibbet stand there, blackening in the morning sun? Come with me into yonder mansion, whose roof rises proudly over all other roofs. Up these carpeted stairs, into this luxurious chamber, whose windows are darkened by hangings of satin, whose walls are covered with tapestry, whose floor is covered with elegant furniture. All is silent in this chamber.

A single glow of morning light steals through the parted curtains of yonder window. Beside that window, with his back to the light, his face in the shadow, as though he wished to hide certain dark thoughts from the light, sits a young man, his handsome form arrayed in a British uniform. He is young, but there is the gloom of age upon that woven brow, there is the resolve of murder upon that curling lip. His attitude is significant. His head inclined to one side, the cheek resting on the left hand, while the right grasps a parchment, which bears his signature, the ink not yet dried.

That parchment is a death-warrant. If you will look closely upon that red uniform you will see that it is stained with the blood of Paoli, where the cry for "quarter" was answered by the falling sword and the reeking bayonet. Yes, this is none other than Gen. Grey, the butcher of Paoli, transformed by the accolade of his King into Lord Rawdon.

While he is there, by the window, grasping that parchment in his hand, the door opens, a strange group stand disclosed on the threshold. A woman and three children, dressed in black, stand there gazing upon the English lord. They slowly advance; do you behold the pale face of the woman, her eyes, large and dark, not wet with tears, but glaring with speechless awe? Or one side a little girl, with brown ringlets, on the other her sister, the year older, with dark hair, relieving a pallid face.

Somewhat in front, his young form rising to every inch of his height, stands a boy of 13, with chestnut curls, clustering about his fair countenance. You can see that dark eye flash, that lower lip quiver, as he silently confronts Lord Rawdon.

then you hear his deep yet melodious voice:

"Madam, your brother swore allegiance to his Majesty, and was afterwards taken in arms against his King. He is guilty of Treason, and must endure the penalty, and that, as you well know, is DEATH."

"But, my lord," said the brave woman, standing erect, her beauty shining more serenely in that moment of heroism, "you will know the circumstances under which he swore allegiance. He, a citizen of South Carolina, an American, was dragged from the bedside of a dying wife, and hurried to Charleston, where this language was held by your officers: 'Take the oath of allegiance, and return to the bedside of your dying wife; refuse and we will consign you to gaol!' This, my lord, not when he was free to act, ah, no! but when his wife lay dying of that fearful disease, small pox, which had already destroyed two of his children. How could he act otherwise than he did? how could he refuse to take your oath? In his case, would you, my lord, would any man refuse to do the same?"

Still the silent children stood there before him, while the clear voice of the true woman pierced his soul.

"Your brother is condemned to death!" he coldly said, turning his head away. "He dies at noon—I can do nothing for you."

Silently the woman, holding a little girl in each hand, sank on her knees; but the boy of thirteen stood erect. Do you see that group? Those hands upraised, those voices, the clear voice of the woman, the infantile tones of those sweet girls, mingling in one cry for "mercy!" while the British looks upon them with a face of iron, and the boy of thirteen stands erect, not a tear in his eye, but a convulsive tremor on his lip!

Then the tears of that woman came at last—then, as the face of that stern man gloomed before her, she takes the little hands of the girls within her own, and lifts them to his knee, and begs him to spare the father's life.

Not a word from the English Lord. The boy still firm, erect and silent—no tear dims the eye which glares steadily in the face of the tyrant.

"Ah, you relent!" shrieks that sister of the condemned man. "You will not deprive these children of a father—you will not let him off in the prime of manhood for this heinous death! As you hope for mercy in your last hour, be merciful now. Spare my brother, and not a heart in Charleston but will bless you—spare him for the sake of these children!"

"Madam," was the cool reply, "your brother has been condemned to die. I can do nothing for you."

He turned his head away, and held the parchment before his eyes. At last the stern face of the boy was melted. There was a spasmodic motion about his chest, his limbs shook, he stood for a moment like a statue, and then fell on his knees, seizing the right hand of Lord Rawdon with his trembling fingers.

The brave officer there, who has charge of the murder, pulls his chapeau over his eyes, to shield them from the sun, or—can it be?—to hide his tears.

All is ready. He has bidden the last farewell to his sister, his children in yonder goal; he has said his last word to his noble boy, pressed his last kiss upon the lips of those fair girls. All is ready for the murder.

At this moment a citizen advances, his face convulsed with emotion—

"Hayne!" he speaks in a choking voice, "show them how an American can die!"

"I will endeavor to do so," was the reply of the doomed man.

By this time the hangman advanced and placed the cap over his brow. A cry was heard in the crowd, a footstep, and those soldiers shrank back before a boy of thirteen, who rushed forward.

"Father!" he shrieked, as he beheld the condemned with cap over his brow.

"A groan arose from that crowd—a simultaneous expression of horror.

The father drew his cap from his brow, beheld the wild face, the glaring eyes of his son.

"God bless you, my boy," he spoke, gathering that young form to his heart. "Now go, and leave your father to his fate. Return when I am dead—receive my body, and have it buried by my forefathers!"

As the boy turned and went through the crowd, the father stepped firmly into the cart. There was a pause, as though every man in that crowd was suddenly turned to stone. The boy looked back but once, only once, and then beheld—ah, I dare not speak it, for it chills the blood in the veins—he beheld that manly form suspended to the gibbet, with the cap over his brow, while the distorted face glowed horribly in the sun.

That was his FATHER.

The boy did not shriek, nor groan, but instantly—like a light extinguished suddenly—the fire left his eye, the color his cheek. His lips opened a silly smile. The first word he uttered told the story—

"My father!" he cried, and then pointed to the body, and broke into a laugh.

Oh, it was horrible—that laugh, so hollow, shrill and wild. The child of the martyr was an idiot. Still, as the crowd gathered round him, as kind hands bore him away, that pale face was turned over his shoulder toward the gallows.

"My FATHER!"

And still that laugh was borne upon the breeze, even to the gibbet's timbers, where, in hideous mockery, a blackened but not dishonored thing, swung the body of the martyr Hayne.

"This death will strike terror into the hearts of the rebels!"

Poor Lord Rawdon!

Did that man, in his fine uniform, forget that the voice of a martyr's blood can never die!

"This death will strike terror into the heart of the rebel!"

It roused one feeling of abhorrence thro' the whole South. It took down a thousand rifles from the hooks above the fire-side hearth. It turned many a doubting heart to the cause of freedom; nay, tormented hundreds came flocking to the camp of liberty. The blood of Hayne took root and grew into an army. There came a day when George Washington, by the conquest of Yorktown, had in his possession, the murderers who did this deed—Lord Cornwallis, who condemned and commanded it—Lord Rawdon, who signed the death warrant. Here was a glorious chance for Washington to avenge the martyr Hayne, who had been choked to death by these men. The feeling of the army—the voice of America—may, certain voices that spoke in the British Parliament would have justified the deed. The law of nations would have proclaimed it a holy act. But how did Washington act?

He left each murderer to God and his own conscience. He showed to the whole world a sublime manifestation of forgiveness and scorn. Forgiveness for this humiliated Cornwallis, who, so far from hearing Washington home to London a prisoner in chains, was himself a prisoner in the midst of his captive army.

But this Lord Rawdon, who, captured by a French vessel, was brought into Yorktown, this arrested murderer, who skulked about the camp, an object of universal loathing, how did Washington treat him?

He scorned him too much to lay a hand upon his head; from the fullness of contempt he permitted him to live.

Poor Lord Rawdon!

Who hears his name now, save as an object almost forgotten in the universality of scorn?

But the martyr—where is the heart that does not throb at the mention of his fate, at the name of ISAAC HAYNE?

Two millions of human beings, according to the Dublin Nation, are destined to perish by this year's famine in Ireland; a population sufficient for a powerful State—and two thirds of our own at the time of our Revolutionary struggle. The mind shudders at the bare contemplation of the fact: what then must be the feelings of the spectators of the horrible calamity.

The Cheap Postage System seems to be working admirably. The receipts at fifty-five of the principal offices in the Union for the last quarter show an increase of 17 per cent. over that for the corresponding quarter last year.

"Anti-Licence" has been carried in Louisville, Ky., by a majority of 407 votes; the vote being 678 for licence, 1085 against licence.—But two counties in Iowa have voted in favor of granting licence.

Behind the Alps is the world of adventures; and such a one as only happens to genius, took place in Bologna, in the year 1834.

The poor Norman, Ole Bull, whom at that time no one knew, had wandered thus far southward. In his fatherland some persons certainly thought that there was something in him; but the most part, as is generally the case, predicted that there would be nothing in Ole Bull. He himself felt that he must go out into the world in order to cherish the spark into a flame, or quench it entirely. Every thing at first seemed as if the latter would be the case. He had arrived at Bologna, but his money was expended, and there was no place where there was a prospect of making any—no friend—no countrymen stretched forth a helping hand towards him—he sat alone in a poor attic in one of the small streets. It was already the second day that he had been here, and had scarcely tasted food; the water jug and the violin were the only two things that he cherished the young and suffering artist.—He began to doubt if he were in possession of that gift with which God had endowed him, and in his despondency breathed into the violin those tones which now seize our hearts in so wonderful a manner; those tones which tell us how deeply he had suffered and felt.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF OLE BULL.

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The same evening a great concert was to be given in the principal theatre. The house was filled to overflowing; the Grand Duke of Tuscany was in the royal box; Madame Malibran and Mons. de Beriot were to lend their able assistance in the performance of several pieces. The concert was to commence, but matters looked inauspicious—the manager's star was not in the ascendant—M. de Beriot had taken umbrage and refused to play. All was all was trouble and confusion on the stage; when in this dilemma the wife of Rosini the composer, entered, and in the midst of the manager's distress related that on the previous evening, as she passed through one of the narrow streets, she had suddenly stopped on hearing the strange tones of an instrument, which certainly resembled those of a violin, but yet seemed different. She had asked the landlord of the house who lived in the attic whence the sound proceeded, and he replied that it was a young man from the North of Europe, and that the instrument he played on was certainly a lyre, but she felt assured it could not be so; it must either be a new sort of instrument, or an artist who knew how to treat his instrument in an unusual manner. At the same time she said that they ought to send for him, and he might perhaps supply the place of M. de Beriot by playing the pieces that must otherwise be deficient in the evening's entertainment.

The advice was acted upon, and a messenger was despatched to the street where Ole Bull sat in his attic. To him it was a message from heaven; "now or never," thought he; and though ill and exhausted he took his violin under his arm and accompanied the messenger to the theatre.—Two minutes afterwards the manager informed the audience that a young Norwegian—consequently a 'young savage,'—would give a specimen of his skill on the violin, instead of M. de Beriot.

Ole Bull appeared; the theatre was brilliantly illuminated; he perceived the scrutinizing looks of the ladies nearest to him; one of them who watched him very closely through her opera glass, smilingly whispered to her neighbor, with a mocking mien, about the different manners of the artist. He looked at his clothes, and in the strong blaze of light they appeared rather the worse for wear. The lady made her remarks about them, and her smile pierced his very heart. He had taken no notes with him which he could give to the orchestra; he was consequently obliged to play without accompaniment, but what should he play?

"I will give them these fantasies which at this moment cross my mind!" and he played improvisatorial remembrances of his own life, melodies from the mountains of his home, his struggles with the world, and the troubles of his mind; it was as if every thought, every feeling passed through his violin, and revealed itself to the audience. The most astounding acclamations resounded throughout the house.—Ole Bull was called forth again and again; they still desired a new piece, a new improvisation. He then addressed himself to that lady, whose mocking smile had met him on his appearance, and asked her for a theme, to vary. She gave him one from "Norma." He then asked two other ladies, who chose one from "Othello," and one from "Moses." "Now," thought he, "if I take all three, unite them with each other, and form one piece, I shall then flatter each of the ladies, and, perhaps, the composition will produce an effect." He did so. Powerfully as the rod of the magician his bow glided across the strings, while cold drops of perspiration trickled down his forehead. There was fever in his blood; it was as if the mind would free itself of the body; fire shot from his eyes—he felt himself almost swooning; yet a few bold strokes—they were his last bodily powers.

Flowers and wreaths from the charmed multitude, fluttered about him, who, exhausted by mental conflict and hunger, was nearly fainting. He went to his home accompanied by music. Before the house

CITY OF PUEBLA.

The city is walled and fortified. It is built of stone, and the streets are well paved. Here water is abundant, but from the National Bridge to this place no water can be obtained—the natives substituting pulque as a beverage. From Jalapa to Puebla there are occasional heights near the road, which, if fortified, might annoy the invaders. In fact, from Vera Cruz to Puebla this is the case, the travel being alternately over broad, unobstructed roads and narrow passes, commanded by heights.—The road passes through Puebla. The Pueblanos have a peculiar character; they are cunning and courageous, and the most expert robbers and assassins throughout Mexico, where there is no lack of such.—Yet, Mr. Thompson calls Puebla "the Lowell of Mexico." If an offender is brought before the alcalde, any where else, and is known or ascertained to be a Pueblano, his condemnation is sure. Puebla is situated at the extremity of a large plain on the Vera Cruz side; its population is estimated at 50,000 souls; the streets are parallel, and very wide and well paved—the houses, built with stone and covered with terraces, and two and three stories high, are remarkably fine. The public place would be admired in almost any part of the world; it forms a perfect square; facing it stands the cathedral; on three other sides are magnificent palaces.—There are many other edifices strongly admired for their beauty.

There are few churches in the world more magnificently ornamented than the cathedral of this city. All the chandeliers and lamps, which are in great numbers, are of massive gold and silver; the dome is in marble of the country, of great beauty and fine workmanship. There ten chapels, richly decorated, and closed each of them with an iron gate door of very great height and of the finest finish. This church was finished in 1808, and it is said to have cost \$6,000,000. There are also many other fine churches. The Almeida, or public walk, is very well kept. It is composed of three alleys (of 600 to 600 feet each) of poplars and other fine trees, and is surrounded by a wall, at the foot of which runs a fine little stream of water.—There are a good many fountains in different parts of the city, and a few jets d'eau, or water spouts.

Few cities in Europe are finer than Puebla; but much cannot be said for the population, which, since the late expulsion of the European Spaniards, who were by far the most intelligent and industrious portion of it, leaves a curious contrast between the present occupants of public and private edifices, indicating the highest state of civilization. The same may be said of the entire population bordering on the road from Vera Cruz to the city. Time will no doubt correct this. Puebla is distant from the capital about 78 miles.

THE ROUTE FROM PUEBLA TO THE CAPITAL.—The only town of any note between Puebla and the city of Mexico is Cholula, the ancient capital of a great independent Republic, which contained, during the time of Cortez, according to his own account, 40,000 houses. It has declined into a town of 6,000 inhabitants. The noted pyramid here is a work of art which, next to the pyramids of Egypt, approaches nearer to those of nature in magnitude and vastness. Its base covers upwards of forty-eight acres of ground, or about four and a half times more than the largest Egyptian pyramid. Cholula is 70 miles from Mexico. The capital is a walled city, but is not supposed to be susceptible of a stubborn defence. It is a very wealthy city, and contains a population of 140,000, abounding in fine buildings, costly churches, public squares, and broad and regular streets.

GEN. LA VEGA IN LOVE.—According to the Courier des Etats Unis, it would appear that Gen. La Vega, at the very time he was fighting our countrymen in Mexico, was subdued by one of our equally irresistible countrywomen.

Says the Courier, speaking of the captured Mexican Generals, "among them was Gen. La Vega, who, doubtless calling to mind his previous captivity, appeared delighted to return to the U. States, and chatted quite gaily with Gen. Scott the very evening of the battle.

"It is a certain chronicle is to be believed, which we think is predicated on good information, Gen. La Vega goes to New Orleans to reconnoitre a pleasant, sweet romance which his release and return to Mexico had interrupted, and the denouement of which seemed postponed to the conclusion of the war. This is the explanation of the resignation with which he meets his new captivity."

A public debate came off on Monday evening between Mr. Casser, the Mayor of Gettysburg, and J. S. Freeman, a Republican member of the latter of our county, on the subject of the draft.

Gov. Shunk has determined not to sign the fugitive Slave Law, and by the way of the