# tar schublican Banner.

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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

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CHTTIBBURG, PA., TYBIDAY, MAROH 24, 1885.

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## The Star

#### REPUBLICAN BANNER. BY ROBERT W. MIDDLETON.

CONDITIONS OF THIS PAPER: I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published every Tuesday morning, at Two Dollars per annum, (or Volume of 52

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III. Advertisements not exceeding a square, will be inserted THREE times for ONE DOLLAR, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion-longer ones in the same proportion. The number of insertions to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.

IV. Communications, &c. by mail, must be post-paid-otherwise they will not mee with attention.

THE GARLAND.



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

10- The following beautiful lines, from the Charles ton(S. C.)"Rose-Bud," contain a useful and interesting moral to the comprehension of children, and may not be devoid of interest to minds of older

"IT IS SUNDAY!" --- the lader doing there.

. . . gr.) with a librar

At any other time as went Must Sunday be the only day?" Said thoughtful Isabel. "I should be very sad if I,

Who sorrow almost every day

e de la companya de la co

For something, must wait and sigh, Till Sunday comes, to pray. "When I have erred in deed or word. And tears arise and blind my eye,
My heart and lips with prayer are stirred,
Tin Horget to sigh.

"When softly on my downy bed I wake, and find the morning there, I think tehose smile that morning made, And speak to God in prayer. "When day's bright door is shut, I know Whose viewless hand forbids her beam, Till I have prayed to Him.

"Oh, sister dear, no matter where, No matter what the hour of day, The solemn eve, the morning fair— Tis always good to pray."

I SAW HIM SMILE,-BY A LADY. I saw him smile, and oh! it seemed So like the sunny smiles of Heaven, That when he vowed, I fondly dreamed

Such yows to none but me were given. But man is like the fickle breeze, That fawns around each lovely flower, And steals a kiss—then onward flees, To revel in some gayer bower.

ANSWER. I SAW HER SMILE.—BYA GENTLEMAN I saw her smile—the opening flower,
Distilling fragrance from its stem,
And claiming earth and air for dower,
And taunting all the toys of them,
Had not upon its petal'd breast,
The beauty that her brow express'd.

But woman's like the summer sea,
With mirrow'd heaven on its breast;
And darkest depths of treachery,
Beneath a smiling crest,
And we to him whose hand shall dare To grasp the glories gathered there!

### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FOOLS' PENCE. A little mean-looking man sat talking to Mrs. Crowder, the mistress of the Punch Bowl: "Why Mrs. Crowder," said he, "I should hardly know you again! Really I must say you have things in the first style. What an elegant paper! what noble chairs! what a pair of fire screens! all so bright and so fresh! and yourself so well and looking so

Mrs. Crowder had dropped languidly into with affectation, not turning a deaf ear to money to night, and would not leave the thing and every one in the room, suddenly an arm chair, and sat sighing and smiling her visiter, but taking in, with her eyes, a loaves without mother paid for them, and started forward, and cried out, addressing full view of what passed in the shop, having though he was cross and rough to mother, herself to the master of the house, upon drawn aside the curtain of rose colored silk, he said it was not her fault, and that he was which sometimes covered the window in sure you had been drinking away all the last fixing her stare, "Why, my good man, the wall, between the shop and the parlor.

over her work, but she did not say any "Why you see Mr. Berriman," she replied, "our business is a thriving one, and thing. I did not know she was crying till I we don't love to neglect it, for one must saw her tears fall, drop, drop, on her hand, work hard for an honest livelihood; and and then I said bad words, and mother sent then you see, my two girls, Letitia and Lu. me to stand in the corner." cy, were about to leave their boarding school; so Mr. Crowder and I wished to coals," said Susan, "there's a fine lump in make the old place as genteel and fashiona. | the coal box." ble as we could; and what with new stone copings to the windows, and new French window frames to the first floor, and a little I hope?" papering, Mr. Berriman, we begin to look tolerable. I must say, Mr. Crowder too, has laid out a deal of money fitting up the bad man! I said, bad father." shop, and in filling his cellars."

Well ma'am," continued Mr. Berriman, "I don't know where you find the needful for given, and so you may get me the coals." all these improvements. For my part, I you manage!"

PENCE, that does it for us," she said. his eyesupon the customers who were stand- | read a chapter of the Bible to you and the | which had filled his eyes. inflamed eyes, and ragged garments. He work." turned them upon the stately apartment in had been fitted up at no trifling cost; he to kneel down on the spot where she had stared through the partly open doorway into knelt almost heart-broken, in prayer-prayrich carpet, and Miss Lucy in a silk gown,

this rich finery on my right. "Well sir, and what's for you?"

shrill voice which had made the "fools" ence" ring in his ears. and with the end of his rule, (for he was a daughters, and when he thought of his own carpenter) he had been making a calculation, | hard-working, uncomplaining Susan, and his drawing the figures in the little puddles of children in want, and almost rags—while he gin, upon the counter. He looked up, and was sitting and drinking, night after night, saw Mrs. Crowder herself, as gay as the more like a beast than a man: destroying daughters, with cap and coloured ribbands his own manly strength, and the fine health flying off her head, and a pair of gold ear God had given him, he was so struck with within himself, will I touch;) and then, as humble and watchful dependence upon Him he put down the money for the ale, he look- from whom "all holy desires, all good couned her calmly in the face, and said, "There are the "fools' pence," the last fools' pence I intend to pay do many a long of the Punch Bowl, had first missed a

ent just while you jump up, and throw your

"Either your eyes are very weak to-night

ed her head and beckoned with her finger

tell me what you have been doing."

say no more about what is past."

"Why John, what's this I see?" said his

John close to him. "Come, tell me what has

John was a plain spoken boy, and had a

"And now, John, you may bring me some

candle light."

to her little boy.

been the matter."

about it.

point wis the state of the stat

contempt towards the crowd of customers in fools' pence, that I paid for a glass of ale can ask the blessing of God upon the pence." clude nearly the whole of the hair, then his council to retain his power at the exthe shop-"The fools' pence, 'tis THE FOOLS' to night. Keep the whole, and lay it out to Perhaps it was owing to the door being hope this will be a beginning of better doings ing for some considerable time. He was him watching the operation, brandishing it the restoration, when party animosities had. just then opened, and left ajar by Miss Lu- on my part and happier days on yours; and deep in thought, and his gentle, pious wife in the air, and uttered a yell of savage exuley, who had been serving in the bar, that now put on your bonnet and I'll walk with felt that she knew on what subject he had tation. When this was done, the quarrel

ing near him, and saw pule sunken cheeks, girls, while you get on with the needle Susan went up stairs, to put on her bonnet which they were assembled, he saw that it | and shawl, and she remained a little longer,

the parlor, and saw looking glasses, and pic- ing that her Heavenly Father would turn tures, and gilding, and fine furniture, and a her husband's heart first to his Saviour, and then to his wife and children; and that, in sitting down to her piano forte; and he tho't the meantime, he would give her patience. within himself, how strange it is! by what a She knelt down this time to pour out her curious process it is, that all this wretched- heart in thanksgiving and praise. The ness on my left hand, is made to turn into all | pleasant tones of her husband's voice called her from her knees.

George Manly cold his wife that evening, These words were spoken in the same lafter the children were gone to bed, that when he saw what the pence of the poor could do towards keeping up a fine house, George Munly was still deep in thought, and dressing out the landlord's wife and rings, almost touching her plump shoulders. sorrow and shame that he seemed to come 'A pint of ale, ma'um, is what I am waiting to himself at last. He made his determinafor to-night," (no more spirits, he thought | tion from that hour: and as he made it in

one his commitments. In this was to applicable about the collection of

There exist is read been castly because of each transfer on all and because of the following control of the Care to the factor of the following the second control of the factor of the following the second control of the factor of the factor

finer the was a some that he was not was those, and death and and specifically, and the same of man as observed freely, that the following size is must have been struck with the beatiless and | got on as in the cleanliness of the apartment, and every thing and don't stop for me—your beautiful dresses and produced a lively impression in every this part of the arrangement, or he would young men will now have a list of the Temwill be quite spoilt; never mind me, for my "This is indeed a treat, girls! to have levantine is a French silk, and wont spot." dear father home so soon to-night," said Su- These words were screamed out as loud as san Manly, and she looked up at her hus- her haste would permit her, by Mrs. Crowband, as he stood before the table, turning der, who was accompanying her daughters, his eye first upon one and then upon anothis one Saturday evening, to the tea-gardens. er of the little party; then throwing himself | She was answered by Miss Lucy, "you know into his large arm-chair, and lying back, and ma, we can't run, for our shoes are so tight."

"Then turn into one of these houses,dears," "Well children ain't you glad to see me? said the mother, who was bustling forward May not those busy little fingers stop a mo- as fast as she could. "No indeed," replied the other daughter, who found time to cur arms about your father's neck and kiss him?" her lip with disdain, notwithstanding her "O ves we have time for that," said one of haste and her distress, "I'll not set a foot in the girls, as they both sprang up to kiss their such filthy hovels." "Well, dears, here is father, "but we have no time to lose, dear a comfortable, tidy place," cried the mother father," said Sally, pressing her cheek to at length, as they hastened forward; "here his, and speaking in a kind of coaxing whis- I'll enter, nor will I stir till the rain is over; per close to his ear, "for these shirts are come in girls, come in." The rain was now the last of the dozen we have been making | coming down in torrents, and the two young for Mr. Farley, in the Corn Market." | ladies gladly followed their mother's exam-"And as no work can be done to-morrow," | ple, and entered the neat and cleanly dwelladded Betsey, gravely, who stood with her ing. Their long hair hung dangling about small hand in her father's "we are all work- their ears, their crape bonnets had been ing as hard as we can, for mother has pro- screened in vain by their fringed parasols, mised to take them home on Monday after- and the skirts of their silk gowns were drag-

gled with mud. They all three began to stamp upon the floor of the room into which dear-wife," said George, "or you have been they had entered, with very little ceremony; crying, I'm afraid you work too hard by but the good natured mistress of the house felt more for their disaster than for her floor, Susan smiled, and said, "working does not and came forward at once to console and hart my eyes;" and as she spoke she turnassist them. She brought forth clean clothes from the dresser-drawer, and she had her two daughters set to work to wipe off, with quick and delicate care, the rain drops and father,"what, you in the corner! Come out mud splashes from the silken dresses of the as mother beckons for you; but come and three fine ladies. The crape hats and the parasols were carefully dried at a safe dis-"Nay,never mind it, dear husband; John tance from the fire, and comb was offered to will be very good, I hope, and we had better arrange the uncurled hair, such a white and delicately clean comb as may seldom be seen

"Yes, but I must know," said he, drawing upon a poor woman's toilet. When all had been done that could be done, and Miss Lucy said, "they began to look like themselves again," Mrs. Crowder He came up to his father and looked full in and comfortable arm chair, and amusing his face, and said, "The baker came for his herself by taking a good stare at every whose Bible and at whose face she had been certain, still there is some change in you,

though I can't exactly say what it is." "I used to be in ragged clothes, and out of health." said George Manly, smiling, as he looked up from his Bible, "I am now, bless- bled. ed be God for it, comfortably clad, and in excellent health."

"But how is it," said Mrs. Crowder,"that

"But first tell me what your bad words we never catch a sight of you now?" were, John," saik his father; "not swearing "Madam," said he, "I am sure I wish well to you and all people; nay, I have rea-"No!" said John, coloring, but speaking as bluntly as before, "I said that you were a " And they were bad werds, I am sure,' said Susan, very calmly, "but you are for-George looked at the face of his wife, and now; for, so far as sweet contented looks go, and violent gestures, till at length they encan only say, our trade seems quite at a as he met the tender gaze of her mild eyes, and decent raiment, befitting their station, gaged in a turious quarrel, and beat one anstand still. There's my wife always beg. now turned to him, he felt the tears rise in I'll match them with any man's wife and other with their muskets. In the midst of ging for money to pay this or that little ne his own. He rose up; and as he put the children. And now, madam, I tell you, as this fray, one of the chiefs, apparently in a position, and remarkable for his gravity and cessary article, but I part from every penny money, into his wife's hand, he said, "These you told a friend of yours, one day last year, paroxyism of rage, shot Miss M'Crea in the unaffected piety. He is said to have pleadwith a pang. Dear Mrs. Crowder, how do are my week's wages, dear mother. Come, that 'tis the Foots' Perce which have done breast. She instantly fell and expired. Her ed on his knees before his inflexible father memoir of the Duchess de Berri. come, hold out both hands, for you have not all this for us. The Foels' Pence! I ought hair was long and flowing. The same chief for the life of King Charles the First. He inditing the stery of Calypso!—N. Y. Ster.

THE MIDNIGHT SKIES. The midnight skies-the midnight skies-O! what a solemn grandeur lies Upon their brows' eternal height;

And yet around them wreathed, there scems A halo, brighter than the beams.

Caught from the smiles of life and light.

The midnight skies—the midnight skies—Millions of ever waking eyes
Look through their silent starry bowers,
Watching the wizard twin of death, Sleep—thinly moving on the breath
Of mortals—in this sphere of ours.

The midnight skies-the midnight skies-In vain the unbeliever tries
To laugh their shadowy tears off;
For o'er his soul they cast a spell Of God-head, so ineffable
As freezes on his lips the scoff.

The midnight skies—grand boundless deep—Halls, where the watching angels keep The passes of eternity.
Religion's mysterious and sublime,
Stretched out upon the wings of time—
Dominions of a Deity!

We know that God is every where-Beyond the eastern ocean, there He girds the morn with wings of light— He spreads upon the sunny hour The dark pavilion of his power, And then we say, Behold 'tis night!

But oh—'tis in the skies alone—
The skies of midnight, God hath shown
Perspectives to the deathless mind—
Mansions, that all the breeze of day
Could never to the mind display
Afar in distant Glory shrin'd.

Extracts from the Life and treason of Benedict Arnold by Jared Sparks. MURDER OF MISS McCREA

The murder of JANE M'CREA has been a The murder of JANE M'CREA has been a quest that they would put themselves under theme which eloquence and sensibility have the charge of the Indians, whom he had sent ation continued.

Reference to make a to the star all

and to the Arthurson the recent. part of America; and the glowing language of Burke, in one of his most celebrated sperches in the British Parliament, made the terve of Jano M'Cres, familiar to the European world.

intimacy with a young man named David Jones, to whom it was understood she was engaged to be married. When the war broke out, Jones took the side of the royal ists, went to Canada, received a commission, and was a captain or a lieutenant among the provincials of Burgoyne's army.

Fort Edward was situate on the eastern margin of Hudson's river, within a few yards of the water, and surrounded by a plain of considerable extent, which was cleared of wood and cultivated. On the road leading to the north, and near the foot of the hill about one third of a mile from the fort, stood a house occupied by Mrs. McNeil, a widow lady and an acquaintance of Miss M'Crea, with whom she was staying as a visitor at the time the American army was in that neighborhood. The side of the fill was covered with a growth of bushes, and on its top, a quarter of a mile from the house, stood a large pine tree, near the root of which gushed out a perennial spring of water. A guard of one hundred men had been left at the fort, and a picket under Lieutenant Van Vetchen was stationed in the woods on the hill a little beyond the pine tree.

Early one morning this picket guard was attacked by a party of Indians, rushing through the woods from different points at the same moment, and rending the air with hideous yells. Lieutenant Van Vechten and five others were killed and scalped, and four were wounded. Samuel Standish, one straight forward way of speaking the truth. who was lolling back at her ease in a large of the guard, whose post was near the pine tree, discharged his musket at the first Indian he saw, and ran down the hill towards the fort; but he had no sooner reached the plain, than three Indians, who had pursued him to cut off his retreat, darted out of the bushes, fired, and wounded him in the foot. One of them sprang upon him, threw him money; and when he was gone, mother cried we are old friends; I know your face, I'm to the ground, pinioned his arms, and then pushed him violently forward up the hill.-He naturally made as much haste as he could, and in a short time they came to the spring, where several Indians were assem-

Here Standish was left to himself, at a little distance from the spring and the pine tree, expecting every moment to share the fate of his comrades, whose scalps were conspicuously displayed. A few minutes only had elapsed, when he saw a small party of son to thank you, for words of yours were Indians ascending the hill, and with them the first means of opening my eyes to my Mrs. McNeil and Miss M'Crea on foot. He own foolish and sinful course. You seem to knew them both, having often been at Mrs. thrive, so do we. My wife and children McNeil's house. The party had hardly were half naked and half-starved, only this joined the other Indians, when he perceived time last year. Look at them, if you please, much agitation among them, high words

When Mrs. Crowder and her daughters springing from the ground, he tossed it in pense of blood. He retired to France for the best advantage, as you always do. I were gone, George Manly sat without speak- the face of a young warrior, who stood near some years, and returned to England after the words of Mrs. Crowder were heard by you to pay the baker, and purchase a bushel been thinking so deeply; for when he woke ceased; and as the fort had already been as to the bar of the House of Lords. There a man named George Munly, who stood at or two of coals, or whatever else we may be the upper end of the counter. He turned in want of; and when we come back, I'll from his lips, and he brushed away the tears by as possible to Gen. Fraser's encampment on the road to Fort Anne, taking with them | there before. Mrs. McNeil and Samuel Standish.

The bodies of the slain were found by a party that went in pursuit, and were carried across the river. They had been stripped of their clothing, and the body of Miss M'-Crea was wounded in fine places, either by scalping or a tomabawk. A message was despached to convey the afflicting intelligence to her brother, who arrived soon atterwards, took charge of his sister's remains, and had them interred on the east | He died in 1712, in his 80th year. side of the river about three miles below the fort. The body of Lieut. Vechten was buried at the same time and on the same spot.

History has preserved no facts by which we can at this day ascertain the reason, why disposed, and unambitious. He was appoin-Miss M'Crea should remain as she did in so ted by his father Lord Lieutenant of Ires exposed and unprotected a situation. She land, and acquitted himself in that governhad been reminded of her danger by the ment with great credit. He rejoiced in the people at the fort. Tradition relates, howover, and with seeming truth, that through | Charles the Second, for which he was insome medium of communication she had debted to Lord Clarendon. He declared to promised her lover, probably by his advice, his brother Richard: to remain in this place, until the approach of the British troops should afford her an onportunity to join him, in company with her hostess and friend. It is said, that, when they were at first frightend and attempted to his father! escape: but, as the Indians made signs of a pacific intention, and one of them held up a letter intimating that it was to be opened, their fears were calmed and the letter was read. It was from Jones, and contained a re-

e, and who would guard them e British camp. Unfortunateare seemed e parties of Indians, or at least or ender the ing independently of each othand mated in this enterprize, combining 

that Jones should have known have foreseen the danger it threatened.

two chiefs quarrelled about the made of dividing the reward they were to receive: and, according to the Indian rule of settling clergyman who died in New Jersey before disputes in the case of captives, one of them in a wild fit of passion killed the victim and authorised to invite the members of the sought a home in the house of her brother, ing feature of the respectable government of the members of the ing feature of the transaction, that the sav. spectators, to call at the Governor's room tern bank of Hudson's river, about four miles below Fort Edward. Here she tormed an his employer for obtaining the person of the lady, or not comprehending it, he regarded her in the light of a prisoner, and supposed the scalp would be an acceptable trophy.-Let it be imagined what were the feelings of the anxious lover, waiting joyful anticipation the arrival of his intended bride, when this appalling proof of her death was presented to him. The innocent had suffered by the hand of cruelty and violence, which he had unconsciously armed; his most fondly cherished hopes were blasted, and a sting was planted in his soul, which time and forgetfulness could never eradicate. His spir-

it was scathed and his heart broken. He

lived but a few years, a prey to his sad re-

collections, and sunk into the grave under the burden of his grief. The remembrance of this melancholy tale is cherished with a lively sympathy by the people who dwell near the scene of its principal incidents. The inhabitants of the village of Fort Edward have lately removed the remains of Miss M'Crea from their obscure resting place, and deposited them in the public burial ground. The ceremony was solemn and impressive. A procession of young men and maidens followed the relics, and wept in silence when the earth was again closed over them, thus exhibiting an honorable proof of sensibility and respect for the dead. The little fountain still pours out its clear waters near the brow of the hill, and the venerable pine is yet standing in its ancient majesty, broken at the top and shorn of its branches by the winds and storms of broke open the door, entered her bed-room, half a century, but revered as marking the gagged and took her off about a mile and a spot where youth and innocence were sacri-

#### For the Gettysburg Star and Republican Banner. A PARODY. Sound the loud Timbrel, ye patriots that be,

Sing, for the power of his "faction" is broken: Jackson, Van Buren, Benton & Co. How vain was their boasting, the "Wolf" hath bu spoken.

GEO, WOLF has triumph'd! his warmest friends flee!

And the pride of their "faction" lies humble and low Then sound the loud timbrel, ye patriots that be RITNER will Triumph! the People be Free! Praise to their Delegates, to their bargain and sale,

Their "party's" prostration, we joyfully hail! Who shall narrate to Van Buren the story Of those he reign'd o'er, in the hour of his pride, For the Wolf hath look'd out from the pride of his

nd all his proud faction are dashid in the tide ! Then sound the loud timbrel, ye patriots that be RITNER WILL Triumph! the People be Free! York Springs, March 11, 1835.

### SONS OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

Richard Cromwell, the eldest son of Oliver Cromwell, was a man of excellent dis-

Mrs. Crowder simpered; and raising her got all yet. Well, new you have every far- rather to say the pence earned by honest grasped it in his hand, seized his knife, and succeeded to the Protectorship, and nobly eyes, and looking with a glance of smiling thing, except a few pence, and they were industry, and spent in such a manner, that I took off the scalp in such a manner as to in-

When nearly eighty years of age, he went Lord Bathurst conversed with him, and aska ed him how long it was since he had been

"Never, my Lord," said he, "since I sat

in that chair," pointing to the throne. He spent many of his last years in obscurity at Cheshunt. He gave a striking and laudable proof how much retirement and peace are to be preferred to the splendor and pomp of power. He enjoyed sound health to the last, and was so strong and active that at the age of fourscore he was seen to gallop his horse for many miles together.

Henry Cromwell, the youngest sott of Oliver Cromwell, like his brother Richard, was a man of an excellent character, well restoration, and received some favors from

"I will rather submit to any sufferings with a good name, than be the greatest man upon earth, without one!"

What a virtuous declaration! what a just they saw the Indians coming to the house, and severe consure of the guilty ambitten of

Transaction.-The balles of Lowell Mans.) have taken the field in earnest, on selectiof the good cause of Comperance and it must prosper. They have sent a petition to the Massachusetts House of Delegates, having upwards of 2500 lady signatures, in which it is declared, in substance, as their firm belief that drinking ardent spirits is no longer a proper accomplishment, for their husbands, fathers, brothers, or lovers. The House had ordered the petition to be printed together with the names attached: so that, as the Boston Advocate observes—the perance zirls of Lowell and will know where to find genuine temperance wives. When the prize was in their hands, the

> WHAT DOES A TREAT COST!-On Safurday, after Governor Wolf was nominated. Judge Lewis rose and stated that he was treating a jury after a verdict .-- Har. Inf.

> As an evidence of the perfection to which reporting and printing has been brought, in London the proceedings at Guildhall, nominating candidates for parliament, and occupying eight columns, were published in the Sun newspaper within an hour and a half of their occurrence!

> FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—We learn from the Albany Evening Journal, that the dwelling house of Mr. John Griffin, of Westerloo, (N. Y.) was destroyed by fire during the night of the 4th insteand that one of his daughters and another young girl, perished in the flames! The daughter aged 11, and two young women named Carle, were asleep in an upper room when the alarm was given. One of the Misses Carle threw herself from the window and escaped with a dislocation of the ankle; the other two remained in the chamber and perished. The other members of the family, ludging on the first floor, made their escape.

DISGRACEFUL. Turring and Feathering a Female.—A correspondent of Jamesville writes us as follows: "A most disgrace. ful circumstances recently occurred at Orville, Conoudaga county, N. Y. About 20 persons assembled at the house of Mrs. Tyler, (whose husband is in the State prison,) between 8 and 9 o'clock in the evening, half to a barn, stripped her and then tarred ficed in the tragical death of JANE McCREA. and feathered her all over. She was found in this state in the barn, on the following morning, and assisted to return to her dwelling. It is said that the cause of such disgraceful proceedings was the fact that Mrs. Tyler's fame was considered doubtful in the neighborhood. Most of the offenders are bound over in \$1500 each to appear and answer.'

> HORRID.-By accounts from Caunpore, we learn that the sales of children have become very extensive in upper India, and hundreds have been eaten by their starving parents!

> Mrs. Dirk of the Old Ship Inn, Rotherham, provided for her Sheffield friends, & Christmas Pie, which when taken to the oven weighed upwards of seventeen stone. or 238 lbs.; it consisted of one rump of beef. two legs of veal, two legs of pork, three hares, six rabbits, three goese, four pheasants, eight partridges, two turkies, four fowles, with upwards of one 100 pounds of best flour.

> The Countess of Blessington is writing a