

# Star & Republican 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.

VOL. 5--NO. 51.]

GETTYSBURG, PA., TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1835.

[WHOLE NO. 359.]

## The Star AND 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 Numbers,) payable half yearly in advance.  
II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the discretion of the editor—a failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement, and the paper forwarded accordingly.

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

### THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enriched,  
From various gardens culled with care."

The following beautiful lines, from the Charleston (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 growth.

### "IT IS SUNDAY!"

"It is Sunday!"  
"It is Sunday!"  
At any other time as when  
Must Sunday be the only day?"  
Said thoughtful Isabel,  
"I should be very sad if I,  
Who sorrow almost every day  
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,  
Till I forget to sigh.  
"When softly on my downy bed  
I wake, and find the morning there,  
I think to rise and to my chamber go,  
And speak to God in prayer.  
"When day's bright door is shut, I know  
Whose viewless hand forbids her beam,  
And dare not to my chamber go,  
Till I have prayed to Him.  
"Oh, sterner deed, no matter where,  
No matter what the hour of day,  
The solemn ere, 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 roved, I fondly dreamed  
Such vows to none but he 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.

I SAW HER SMILE.—BY A 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 petals' breast,  
The beauty that her brow expressed.  
But woman's like the summer sea,  
With mirrow'd heaven on its breast;  
And darkest depths of treachery,  
Beneath its 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 well!"

Mrs. Crowder had dropped languidly into an arm chair, and sat sighing and smiling with affection, not turning a deaf ear to her visitor, but taking in, with her eyes, a full view of what passed in the shop, having drawn aside the curtain of rose-colored silk, which sometimes covered the window in the wall, between the shop and the parlor.

"Why you see Mr. Berriman," she replied, "our business is a thriving one, and we don't love to neglect it, for one must work hard for an honest livelihood; and then you see, my two girls, Letitia and Lucy, were about to leave their boarding school; so Mr. Crowder and I wished to make the old place as genteel and fashionable as we could; and what with new stone copings to the windows, and new French window frames to the first floor, and a little papering, Mr. Berriman, we begin to look tolerable. I must say, Mr. Crowder too, has laid out a deal of money fitting up the shop, and in filling his cellars."

"Well ma'am," continued Mr. Berriman, "I don't know where you find the needful for all these improvements. For my part, I can only say, our trade seems quite at a stand still. There's my wife always begging for money to pay this or that little necessary article, but I part from every penny with a pang. Dear Mrs. Crowder, how do you manage?"

Mrs. Crowder simpered; and raising her eyes, and looking with a glance of smiling contempt towards the crowd of customers in the shop—"The fools' pence," 'tis the fools' pence, that does it for us," she said.

Perhaps it was owing to the door being just then opened, and left ajar by Miss Lucy, who had been serving in the bar, that the words of Mrs. Crowder were heard by a man named George Manly, who stood at the upper end of the counter. He turned his eyes upon the customer who was standing near him, and saw pale sunken cheeks, inflamed eyes, and ragged garments. He turned them upon the stately apartment in which they were assembled, he saw that it had been fitted up at no trifling cost; he stared through the partly open doorway into the parlor, and saw looking-glasses, and pictures, and gilding, and fine furniture, and a rich carpet, and Miss Lucy in a silk gown, sitting down to her piano-forte; and he thought within himself, how strange it is! by what a curious process it is, that all this wretchedness on my left hand, is made to turn into all this rich finery on my right.

"Well sir, and what's for you?" These words were spoken in the same shrill voice which had made the "fools' pence" ring in his ears.

George Manly was still deep in thought, with the end of his rule, (for he was a carpenter) he had been making a calculation, drawing the figures in the little puddles of gin, upon the counter. He looked up, and saw Mrs. Crowder herself, as gay as the daughters, with cap and coloured ribbons flying off her head, and a pair of gold earrings, almost touching her plump shoulders.

"A pint of ale, ma'am, is what I am waiting for to-night," (no more spirits, he thought within himself, will I touch); and then, as he put down the money for the ale, he looked her calmly in the face, and said, "There are the 'fools' pence,' and the last fools' pence I intend to pay down to you, in a long

rather to say the pence earned by honest industry, and spent in such a manner, that I can ask the blessing of God upon the pence."

When Mrs. Crowder and her daughters were gone, George Manly sat without speaking for some considerable time. He was deep in thought, and his gentle, pious wife felt that she knew on what subject he had been thinking so deeply; for when he woke up from his fit of thought, a deep sigh stole from his lips, and he brushed away the tears which had filled his eyes.

**THE MIDNIGHT SKIES.**  
The midnight skies—the midnight skies—  
Of what a solemn grandeur lies  
Upon their brows' eternal height,  
And yet around them wreathed, there seems  
A halo, brighter than the beams  
Of God's head, so ineffable.

The midnight skies—the midnight skies—  
Millions of ever waking eyes  
Look through their silent starry bowers,  
Watching the wizard twin of death,  
Sleep—thrice moping 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's head, so ineffable.  
As fleeces on his lips the scold.

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

We know that God is every where—  
Beyond the eastern ocean, there  
He girds the moon 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  
A perspective 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  
**MURDER OF MISS MCCREA.**  
The murder of JANE MCCREA has been a theme which eloquence and sensibility have

and produced a lively impression in every part of America; and the glowing language of Burke, in one of his most celebrated speeches in the British Parliament, made the name of Jane McCrea, familiar to the European world.

This young lady was the daughter of a clergyman who died in New Jersey before the revolution. Upon her father's death she sought a home in the house of her brother, a respectable gentleman residing on the western bank of Hudson's river, about four miles below Fort Edward. Here she formed an 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 royalists, went to Canada, received a commission, and was a captain or a lieutenant among the provincials of Burgoyne's army.

Fort Edward was situated 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 McCrea, with whom she was staying as a visitor at the time the American army was in that neighborhood. The side of the hill 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 foot 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 Vechten 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 sending the air with hideous yells. Lieutenant Van Vechten and five others were killed and scalped, and four were wounded. Samuel Standish, one 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 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 assembled.

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 Indians ascending the hill, and with them Mrs. McNeil and Miss McCrea on foot. He knew them both, having often been at Mrs. McNeil's house. The party had hardly joined the other Indians, when he perceived much agitation among them; high words and violent gestures, till at length they engaged in a furious quarrel, and beat one another with their muskets. In the midst of this fray, one of the chiefs, apparently in a paroxysm of rage, shot Miss McCrea in the breast. She instantly fell and expired. Her hair was long and flowing. The same chief

grasped it in his hand, seized his knife, and took off the scalp in such a manner as to include nearly the whole of the hair, then springing from the ground, he tossed it in the face of a young warrior, who stood near him watching the operation, brandishing it in the air, and uttered a yell of savage exultation. When this was done, the quarrel ceased; and as the fort had already been alarmed, the Indians hurried away as quickly as possible to Gen. Fraser's encampment on the road to Fort Anne, taking with them 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 McCrea was wounded in fine places, either by scalping or a tomahawk. A message was despatched to convey the afflicting intelligence to her brother, who arrived soon afterwards, took charge of his sister's remains, and had them interred on the east 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 Miss McCrea should remain as she did in so exposed and unprotected a situation. She had been reminded of her danger by the people at the fort. Tradition relates, however, and with seeming truth, that through some medium of communication she had promised her lover, probably by his advice, to remain in this place, until the approach of the British troops should afford her an opportunity to join him, in company with her hostess and friend. It is said, that when they saw the Indians coming to the house, they were at first frightened and attempted to escape; but, as the Indians made signs of a pacific intention, and one of them held up a rifle intimating that it was to be opened, their fears were calmed and the letter was read. It was from Jones, and contained a request that they would put themselves under the charge of the Indians, whom he had sent to the fort, and who would guard them from the British camp.

The parties of Indians, or at least some of them, were engaged in this enterprise, combining the services of the picket guard. It is said, that Jones should have known this part of the arrangement, or he would have foreseen the danger it threatened.

When the prize was in their hands, the two chiefs quarrelled about the mode of dividing the reward they were to receive; and, according to the Indian rule of settling disputes in the case of captives, one of them in a wild fit of passion killed the victim and carried the scalp. Nor is it the least shocking feature of the transaction, that the savage seemed not aware of the nature of his mission. Uninformed as to the motive of 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 spirit was scathed and his heart broken. He lived but a few years, a prey to 'his sad recollections, and sank 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 McCrea 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 half a century, but revered as marking the spot where youth and innocence were sacrificed in the tragical death of JANE MCCREA.

For the Gettysburg Star and Republican Banner.  
**A PARODY.**  
Sound the loud timbrel, ye patriots that be,  
Geo. Warr has triumph'd! his warmest friends flee!  
Sing, for the power of his "faction" is broken:  
Jackson, Van Buren, Benton & Co.  
How vain was their boasting, the "Wolf" hath but spoken,  
And the pride of their "faction" lies humble and low!  
Then sound the loud timbrel, ye patriots that be,  
Rutsga 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 glory,  
And all his proud faction are dash'd in the tide!  
Then sound the loud timbrel, ye patriots that be,  
Rutsga 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 disposition, and remarkable for his gravity and unaffected piety. He is said to have pleaded on his knees before his inflexible father for the life of King Charles the First. He

succeeded to the Protectorship, and nobly refused the advice given to him by some of his council to retain his power at the expense of blood. He retired to France for some years, and returned to England after the restoration, when party animosities had subsided.

When nearly eighty years of age, he went to the bar of the House of Lords. There Lord Bathurst conversed with him, and asked him how long it was since he had been there before.

"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 Chestnut. 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. He died in 1712, in his 80th year.

Henry Cromwell, the youngest son of Oliver Cromwell, like his brother Richard, was a man of an excellent character, well disposed, and unambitious. He was appointed by his father Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and acquitted himself in that government with great credit. He rejoiced in the restoration, and received some favors from Charles the Second, for which he was indebted to Lord Clarendon. He declared to his brother Richard:

"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 and severe censure of the pally ambition of his father!

TEMPERANCE.—The ladies of Lowell (Mass.) have taken the first in earnest, and in most proper manner, to 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 young men will now have a list of the Temperance girls of Lowell and will know where to find genuine temperance wives.

WHAT DOES A TREAT COST?—On Saturday, when Governor Wolf was nominated, Judge Lewis rose and stated that he was authorized to invite the members of the Convention, and other friends who were spectators, to call at the Governor's room and take a glass of wine with the Governor! This is a new method of signifying an acceptance of a nomination—very much like treating a jury after a verdict.—Har. Int.

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 Westerlo, (N. Y.) was destroyed by fire during the night of the 4th inst. and 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, lodging on the first floor, made their escape.

DISGRACEFUL.—Tarring and Feathering a Female.—A correspondent of Jamesville writes us as follows: "A most disgraceful circumstance recently occurred at Orville, Oneida 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, broke open the door, entered her bedroom, gagged and took her off about a mile and a half to a barn, stripped her and then tarred 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 Caupore, 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, Rotterdam, provided for her Sheffield friends, a 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 geese, four pheasants, eight partridges, two turkeys, four fowls, with upwards of one 100 pounds of best flour.

The Countess of Blessington is writing a memoir of the Duchess de Berri. Venon inditing the story of Calypso!—N. Y. Star.