Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, ADVERTISING, POLITICS, LITERATURE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, ARTS AND SCIENCES, AMUSEMENT, &c. &c.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY E. BEATTY.

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Advertising will be done on the usual terms.

Letters to insure attention must be post paid.

BANK NOTE LIST
And Counterfeit Detector.

PENNSYLVANIA.

CITY BANKS.

Bank of North America, par.

5's, spurious; vignette, figures of Justice and Liberty, reading, we promise to pay, &c., on demand in specie, or paper of the Bank of North America."

5's and 10's, old plate; none genuine remaining out.

10's and 20's, altered from 5's; vignette of 5's and of altered notes, a figure of Commerce sitting, an eagle before her, and ships in the back ground.

20's, letts. D i; Jan. 19, 1813; pay D. Cutboard and D. Vaill; lett. H, April 20, 1817, pay R. Chesney.

Bank of the Northern Liberties, par.

10's lett. C; Oct. 18, 1837; pay J. Taylor; signatures poorly imitated; vignette heavily shaded.

10's, lett. A; July, 4, 1838; pay J. Starr; printing ink pale and yellowish.

20's, altered from counterfeit 10's; badly done.

20's, lett. G; Jan. 1, 1815; pay J. Jenks.

Bank of Pennsylvania. 12 *a* 13

5's, lett. M. 8; April 2, 1836: pay G. W. Warder; a plain white circle around the 5 at top, not in genuine; lett. C; April 7, 1829, pay E. Evans.

5's lett. P. 8; Nov. 6, 1838; pay N. Nolen—coarse.

10's, of various filling up; the E in President considerably larger than the other letters.

10's, lett. F; Sept. 10, 1836; pay J. Hicks, signed E. G. Lewis, Pres.; no such officer; Aug. 6, 1836; pay S. Bray; April 4 1829; pay O. Say; motto on Pa. coat of arms roughly done; others, Sept. 10, 1837, pay C. Clay.

10's, letts. C and E; April 16, 1833; pay H. Clay.

10's, lett. B; April, 1823, and July 10, 1833; engraver's firm & Eo. for Co.: others, Aug. 27, 1838, pay H. Clay; E. Chaunney, Cash., instead of Chauncey.

50's, lett; B; Jan. 1, 1817.

50's, lett. C; March 22, 1821; pay J. Boone.

Bank of Penn Township. par.

10's. Washington on the LEFT instead of RIGHT end.

20's, various dates, well done, except the Franklin on right margin, which is coarse.

50's, altered from 5's; Vignette of 50's, commerce sitting on a bale of goods; right-end piece, Franklin; left, Penn.

Bank of the United States, 55 *a* 56

10's and 20's, letts. A & B, heads and each end coarse.

50's, lett, D; Dec. 2, 1836; end pieces coarse.

50's and 100's, letts A a and G; Oct. 1, 1838; pay Jno. Somerville, Cash., at 10 days; paper thin and reddish.

100's, lett. H; Sept. 1, 1838; pay J. Ross at 10 days.

1000's, altered from 100's; Oct. 11, 1838: pay to and endorsed by R. Buchanan, at 5 months.

Commercial Bank of Pennsylvania, par.

5's lett. D; March 4, 1819; pay T. Astley.

5's, alter from the Commercial Bank of Millington, broken, by substituting Pennsylvania for Millington, which observe; vignette of genuine 5's, Penn's Treaty with the Indians.

10's, spurious; vignette of genuine, Washington and Franklin.

10's, lett. A, Nov. 17, 1830, pay R. R. Lee; March and June 2, 1828, '29 and 30, pay Geo. W. Ash; Sept. 15, 1830, pay S. Girard.

10's, letts. A a, Nov. 17, 1822. pay E. Lyman; Nov. 3, 1829; pay M. Carey; letter C, pay H. Clay.

20's, signed Benj. P. Smith, dated before he was *Cashier.*

100's. altered from Commercial Bank of Millington Md. Railroad cars on one end, denomination of note on the other. Entirely different from genuine

500's, 50's, 20's and 10's, altered from 5's, which only has Penn's treaty with the Indians for vignette. ☞ Genuine 500's are printed in [illegible] ink.

Farmer's and Mechanic's Bank, par.

5's, 10's and 25's, altered from Farmer's and Mechanic's Bank of Wisconsin; vignette of 5's, a female holding a cup in right hand, left arm resting on an eagle; of 10's a female reaper; of 20's, a female spinning. None genuine engraved by Burton & Gurley.

10's, letter E; Feb. 5, 1825; pay P. Saley; letter C; Feb. 5, and 10, 1820, '25; pay A. Moses, C. Dull, J. Roun; letter G, April 2, 1826; pay H. Clay.

20's, well done; paper redder and signature lighter than genuine; some letter A, Nov 20, 1804, pay G. Hurl.

20's, letter E; Nov. 29, 1834; engraving very bad.

50's, letter C; Dec. 25, 1819; pay G. Hirst.

Girard Bank, 46 *a* 48

10's, 20's and 50's, altered from 5's, whose vignette is the Philadelphia Exchange. Hold up to light.

Kensington Bank, par.

Manuf. & Mech. Bank, 5 *a* 7

10's, altered from 5's; vignette of genuine 10; a female and SPINNING WHEEL, which last is not on the altered notes.

50's, altered from 5's; the word FIFTY is crooked, and bunglingly inserted.

Mechanics' Bank, par.

3's, old emission; long since withdrawn.

20's, altered from counterfeits on *Mechanics's Bank,* New Haven; miniature of Washington on the right, and Clay on the left.

50's, altered from 5's, April 1, 1833; FIFTY is placed too close to DOLLARS; small lettering of FIVES around the edge rubbed clear.

Moyamensing Bank, 5 *a* 6

Philadelphia Bank, par.

5's old plate, withdrawn. The plate in use has for vignette a female; and end pieces, Washington on the right, and Robert Morris on the left.

10's, lett. C, Jan. 1, 1819; Sept. 7, 1819; Dec. 8, 1820.

10's, letter D, Feb. and May 8, 1832; pay J. Kam and D. Evans. Vignette, three female figures with a ship in the distance, and a view of the banking-house on the left, very imperfect. Franklin on the right, and Washington on the left end.

10's and 20's, altered from 5's: vignette of 5's, two females sitting; between them, a shield, on which is a ship and plough: of 10's, a female reclining, her right hand resting on a shield, on which is Pa. coat of arms: of 20's, Penn's Treaty with the Indians.

20's, old plate, letter E, May 9, 1814, 1824, 1825, and 1827; pay D. Edwin.

Southwark Bank, par.

500's, altered from 10's, old issue, of large size; "on demand" extracted, and "Five Hundred" substituted.

Schuylkill Bank, par.

5's, old plate, of various filling up. The heads of *Washington and Franklin imperfect and coarse.*

Western Bank, par.

COUNTRY BANKS.

Bank of Chambersburg, 7 *a* 8

Bank of Chester Co., Westchester, par.

Bank of Delaware Co., Chester. par.

20's, altered from 5's, well executed.

50's, altered from 5's, letter A, Jan. 1, 1836; pay T. Clyde; Chas. S. Folwell, Cash. The word FIFTY after bearer is blotted; the circle dark.

Bank of Germantown, par.

20's, altered from 5's; hold the note up to light.

Bank of Gettysburg, 7 *a* 8

5's, Nov. 14, 1828-9, pay R. Smith; without the circular water-mark seen in genuine.

5's, old plate, which reads Gettysburg Bank.

Bank of Lewistown, 17 *a* 20

Bank of Middletown, 7 *a* 8

Bank of Montgomery Co., Nors'wn. par.

5's, letter A, *Oct.* [illegible] 1829, pay E. Litez; Nov. 1, 1823, pay J. Wells; others in 1825-6, some, 2d May.

5's, letters B and F, July 2, 1825, variously filled out. Vignette light and coarse.

Bank of Northumberland, 7 *a* 8

Bank of Pittsburgh, 1 *a* 2

5's, letter C, *old plate, withdrawn from circulation;* vignette, a blacksmith, tools, &c.

5's, letter C; Dec. 4, 1831; pay Wm. Wilkins; others, May 4, 1825; pay H. Baldwin.

10's and 20's, altered from counterfeit 5's; badly done.

20's, vignette, a female leaning on a vase of flowers; of genuine, a blacksmith with his tools.

Bank of Susquehanna Co. Montrose, 8 *a* 10

Berks County Bank, Reading, 55 *a* 60

2's, relief notes, letter B; vignette, State Arms, rather coarsely executed.

Carlisle Bank. 7 *a* 8

5's letter B, April 1, 1829; pay J. Cressler. The heads of Washington light and coarse.

10's and others, altered from 5's; poorly done.

Columbia Bk & Bridge Co. Columbia, 1 *a* 1½

0's, altered from 5's; Mercury and a female resting on bales of goods; of 100's, a large female figure, one arm resting on a shield with a plough and ship, on right end, a figure of Commerce.

Doylestown Bank, par.

Easton Bank, par.

5's, old plate, lett. [illegible], Aug. 1, 1827 and 1830; pay C. Rice; some May 6, 1829; May 1, 1831; pay J. Duntz; engraving much lighter than genuine.

10's, letter C, Feb. 1, 1824; pay J. Post.

Erie Bank, Erie, 6

Exchange Bank, Pittsburg & Branch, 1 *a* 2

Certificates, 1 *a* 2

Post Notes, 1

5's, the vignette is a sailor leaning against an anchor, while the genuine 5's have Justice and another female figure.

5's, letter B, pay R. Nash, R. Lansing, and Wm. B. Wallis; June 1, 1836; paper rather heavy and coarse, and the whole appearance clumsy and indistinct.

10's, altered from fraudulent Exchange Bank and Savinas Institution of Philadelphia; vignette, Perry's victory. The genuine 10's have for a vignette a female figure seated between two chests. All notes signed Thomas M. Howe, Cash., since July, 1839.

10's, letter A, dated Sept. 7, 1839. The names of the Cashier and President are lithographed.

Farmers' Bank of Bucks Co., Bristol, par

5's, dated Bristol, March 1, and April 12, 1828.

10s letter A; Feb. 6, 1815; pay F. Pincor; Mrach 29, 1815, and 3, 1817, at Hulme Ville: pay H. Ely, Sept. 4 and 10, 1819; others, letter B.

50s, altered from 5's the vignette of 20's is a husbandman, horses and harrows.

Farmers' and Drovers' Bank, Waynesburg, 9 *a* 0

Farmers' Bank of Lancaster, 1 *a* 2

5s, letter A; March 7, 1832; pay J. Wind; no genuine notes of this description in circulation; others, March 17, 1831, and other dates; pay Geo. H. Krug, filling up and signature in same hand.

10s, letter A; March 9, 1833; pay J. Wind; vignette, a mill.

10s and 50's, altered from 5's of the above counterfeit.

Farmers' Bank of Reading, Reading, 7 8

5s, letter A; Jan. 1. 1835; pay G. Ludwig. Paper has silk mark; fair appearance.

5s, letter D, Jan. 1, 1833 pay G. Smith; May 20, 1836; pay A. Strong. Course.

100s, lett. A; pay John Harrold; none such genuine.

Franklin Bank, Washington, 3

5s and 10's, altered from the broken "Bank of Washington," by prefixing "Franklin." This Bank opened in 1836. Observe the date.

5's, letter A; Nov. 1, 1836; pay R. Wylie; John Marshall, Cash.; these names engraved. Impression somewhat faint, particularly the lines under signatures which are distinct in the genuine.

Harrisburg Bank, 8 *a* 9

5s, letter D. pay H. Alward, dated May 14, 1819.

5s, letter C, pay J. Ross, dated Nov. 3, 1820.

5s, letter C, *pay R. King, adted Jan. 1, 1823.*

10s, May 4, 1829; letter A. pay J. F. Whiteside.

10s, vignette, a steamboat, railroad cars, &c. The genuine 10's have the goddess of Liberty, and the Capitol in the back ground.

20, altered from counterfeit 10's; vignette, a view of the State Buildings.

Honesdale Bank, Honesdale, 1½ *a*

Lancaster Bank, 1 *a* 2

5's, altered from 5's, letter A, October 3, 1826, No. 4987.

Lancaster County Bank, 1 *a* 2

Lebanon Bank, 7 *a* 7

Merchant's & Manuf. Bank, Pitt'g. 1 *a* 2

Miners' Bank of Pottsville, 8 *a* 9

5's, letter F, pay J. Lyon, June 13, 1841; others, J. White, Aug. 1, 1840. The letter under the K in Schuylkill; *in the genuine, it is below* the L and K; the cross of the TTs in Pottsville inclines upwards, instead of horizontal.

Monongahela Bank, Brownsville, 3

20's, altered from 5's, easily detected.

50's, this Bank has no 50's out.

New Hope Delaware Bridge Co. 20 *a* 25

(Removed to Lambertville, New Jersey.)

Northampton Bank, Allentown, 20 *a* 22

5's, letter B, Aug. 28, 1839; pay S. Lippincott; signatures and filling up engraved; vignette, coat of arms, while the genuine 5's issued since 1837 have a view of Mauch Chunk.

Towanda Bank, Towanda, 75

West Branch b'k, Williamsport, 50 *a* 55

10's of various filling up; some to I. Kellum; T. Coryell, Cash; J. H. Cowden, Pres.; vignette, a flying eagle, railroad cars in the distance. President's signature too light and stiff; general appearance light; the first I in Williamsport resembles more a figuree 1.

50's, altered from 5's; vignette, which is that of the 5's, is a view of the town on the left end of note.

Wyoming Bank, Wilkes Barre, 13 *a* 17

York Bank, 7 a 8

5's, letters A and B; Feb. 2, 1830; old plate; pay W. Wagner, which name is spelt Wagnor. In the word FIVE, on the left hand margin, the I is not dotted. The F of Five, in the body of the note, does not exactly line with the other letters. Vignette imperfect in many places.

10's, alteree from counterfeit 5's. See preceding.

Taylorsville Delaware Bridge Co. 10 *a* 15

CONFECTIONARY.

RAISINS, Figs, Dates, Prunes, fresh currant Grapes, Lemons, Almonds, Cocoa nuts, Filberts, fresh Pickles in jars, Tomato Catchup, Pepper Sauce, a prime article of table oil, Sugar, Butter and water crackers, Candies of all kinds for sale by the subscriber. WM. M. MATEER.

November 2, 1842. tf-53

BROAD CLOTHS, &C.

A FURTHER supply of Low priced BROAD CLOTHS, suitable for overcoats. Also CASSIMERES & SATTINETS, just received at the Store of GEO. W. HITNER.

November 2, 1842. tf-53

HATS & CAPS.

A NEW supply of fine Russia HATS, just received. A large lot of Fur, Cloth, Celette and Hair Seal CAPS, now opening and for sale, very low, at the store of CHAS. OGILBY.

Carlisle, Sept. 28, 1842. tf-48

Boots and Shoes.

THE subscriber will sell a cheaper and better coarse BOOT than can be found in Carlisle.

ALSO—Lady's double soled Morocco and Kid Shoes; Ties and Buskins, a superior article, together with Boys' kip Brogans, womans' low priced Shoes, children's, &c. S. M. HARRIS.

Oct. 19, 1842. tf-51

Ladies Cap Strings.

JUST opening a supply of Steel Cap Springs, for Ladies Caps, Snaps for Cloak Fastenings, Shawl Pins, Hair Pins, Metal Eylets by the gross or dozen Eylet Punches, Purse Trimmings, &c. GEO. W. HITNER.

November 9, 1842. tf-54

NOTICE

To Constables, Retailers of Merchandize, &c.

IN and by the several acts of the General Assembly and the several Supplements thereto, it is made the duty of the Constables of the respective Townships and Boroughs within the county of Cumberland, and they are hereby required, under the penalty of "one hundred dollars to make under oath or affirmation, and deliver to the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions," on or before *Monday the 9th day of January*, 1843, a separate "list of all persons engaged in the selling or vending of Goods, Wares, Merchandize, Commodities, or effects, of whatsoever kind or nature," designating those whose "sales" are "confined" alone "to buying and vending goods, wares and merchandize, the growth, product and manufacture of the United States," and also those who sell or vend "wines or distilled liquors" Merchants, Dealers and others embraced in the foregoing notice are also notified, "that the Associate Judges and county Commissioners" of said county, will attend at the Commissioners office, on Friday the 20th day of January, 1843, between the hours of 9 and 4 o'clock of said day, for the purpose of classifying all persons aforesaid, "when any of the Merchants, Dealers, or their agents or attorneys, may appear before the said Judges and Commissioners, and shew the amount of their annual sales, during the year previous, and if such Merchant shall not so attend, it shall be the duty of the Judges and Commissioners, from the best information they can have or obtain, to class them" accordingly, "which classification shall be final." By order of the Commissioners,

JOHN IRVIN, Clerk.

Commissioners Office, Carlisle,
December 21, 1842. 3t-8

Application for Tavern License.

To the Honorable the Judges of the Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace of Cumberland county, at January Sessions, A. D. 1843.

THE Petition of WILLIAM MOUDY Respectfully represents, that your Petitioner is provided with the necessary requisites for keeping a House of public entertainment, in the house he at present occupies. Your petitioner therefore, prays your Honors to grant him a License for the same, the ensuing year commencing on the 1st January, 1843, and as in duty bound he will ever pray, &c.

WILLIAM MOUDY.

Carlisle, Dec. 21, 1842. tc-8

We the undersigned, citizens of Carlisle, in the county of Cumberland, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named Wm. Moudy, and that he is of good report for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of Strangers and Travellers, and so therefore recomend him to your Honors as well deserving of a License; and further say, that a Tavern at the stand is an accommodation to the public.

Edward Armor,
John M. Good
R. McCartney
George Walt
John Gillen
G. L. Murry
W. Foulk
C. Imhoff
Jacob Zug
William Alexander
Patrict Davidson
John Underwood
Wm. Park.

Application for Tavern License.

NOTICE is hereby given, that I intend to apply at the next Court of Quarter Sessions of Cumberland county, for a license to keep a tavern or public house, in the township of East Pennsborough, now kept as such by the subscriber.

THOMAS WHARTON.

December 21, 1842. tc-8

We the undersigned citizens of East Pennsborough township, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named Thomas Wharton, and that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for lodging and accommodation of Strangers and Travellers, and that a public house there is necessary.

A. Erb,
John P. Quigley
Samuel Boyer
John Sieree
John Fake
Francis McQuine
John Hipple
John Searrer, Sen.
Moses Starey
Andrew Freitzer
William Miller
John Hottz
Jacob Kuntz
Jeremiah Barver.

Application for Tavern License.

To the President and Associate Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the County of Cumberland:

YOUR petitioner intends occupying that commodious House, recently erected, situate at the depot at the Cumberland Valley Rail road in the borough of Mechanicsburg, which will be well calculated for a public house of entertainment, and from its proximity to said Depot and Rail road, is suitable for the accommodation of travellers and for persons wishing to take passage on said Rail road, (which place at present affords next to no accommodations) That he intends to provide himself with all the necessary accommodations for the entertainment of strangers and travellers.

SAMUEL MEILY.

Mechanicsburg, Dec. 21, 1842. tc-8

We the undersigned citizens of the borough of Mechanicsburg aforesaid, being personally and well acquainted with Samuel Meily, and also having a knowledge of the house for which the license is prayed for, do hereby certify that he is a person of good repute for honesty and temperance, and that he will be well provided with house room, accommodation of strangers and travellers.

Wm. C. Houser,
Samuel Coover,
John Coover,
Adam Riegel,
G. S. Farner,
John Swisher,
Lewis Schott,
Michael Hoover, Jr.
John Bosser,
Jno. Riegel,
John Duey,
Lewis Learing,
Michael Garver,
John Palmer,
Samuel Worst,
John Zimmerman,
A. H. Vanhoff,
Michael Hoover.

Application for Tavern License.

NOTICE is hereby given, that I intend to apply at the next term of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the peace in and for the county of Cumberland, for a license to keep a Tavern or Public House, in the house I now occupy as such, in the borough of Newville. WM. H. WOODBURN.

Newville, December 13, 1842.

We, the undersigned, citizens of the borough of Newville, in the county of Cumberland, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named William H. Woodburn, and that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of travellers and strangers, and that a tavern at the stand is an accommodation to the public.

James Kennedy,
John S. Morrow,
Thomas A. McKinney,
Joseph McDermond,
Jacob Zeigler,
John Waggoner,
James Gilmor,
William Barr,
James Hoover,
John Dunfee,
Daniel J. Dunlap,
Jacob Swoyer.

Orphan's Court Sale.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Cumberland County, the subscriber will sell at public vendue on the premises, on SATURDAY the 28th day of JANUARY next, at 12 o'clock, at noon of said day, the following real estate, late the property of Jacob Harnish, of South Middleton township, deceased, to wit:

3 Lots of Mountain Land,

adjoining each other, situate in Dickinson township, in said County, about two miles and a half from Holly Forge, on the Whitestown road, bounded by lands of Jacob Myers, David Glem, Michael Myers, William Moore and others; the first of said lots marked No. 1. A. in the diagram filed in said Orphan's Court, containing 9 Acres and 74 Perches, strict measure. The second No. 2. B. containing 10 Acres and 70 Perches, strict measure, and the third No. 3. B. containing 10 Acres and 59 Perches, strict measure. These lots are well timbered with chestnut and other Timber, and are of convenient size for farmers owning property in the neighborhood.

The terms and conditions of sale will be made known on the day thereof by

JOHN PETERS,
Executor of last will of Jacob Harnish, dec'd.

December 21, 1842. ts-8

Notice

Estate of Jacob Cart, deceased.

LETTERS of Administration on the Estate o JACOB CART, dec'd. of the Borough of Carlisle, Cumberland county, have been granted to the subscriber, residing in the same place. All persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment immediately, and those having claims to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

WILLIAM CART, Adm'r.

November 16, 1842. 6t-5

POETRY.

FROM THE FORGET-ME-NOT FOR 1843.

THE PRESS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

The Press! what is the Press? I cried;
When thus a wondrous voice replied:—
In me all human knowledge dwells;
The oracle of oracles,
Past, present, future, I reveal,
Or in oblivion's silence seal:
What I preserve can perish never—
What I forego is lost forever.

I speak all languages—by me
The deaf may hear, the blind may see,
The dum converse, the dead of old
Communion with the living hold.
All lands are one beneath my rule,
All nations learners in my school;
Men of all ages, everywhere,
Become cotemporaries there.

What is the Press? 'Tis what the tongue
Was to the world when Time was young,
When, by tradition, sire to son
Convey'd what'er was known or done;
But fact and fiction so were mix'd,
That boundaries never could be fix'd.

What is the Press? 'Tis that which taught,
By hieroglyphic forms of thought,
Lore, from the vulgar proudly hid,
Like treasures in a pyramid;
For knowledge then was mystery,
A captive under lock and key,
By *Priests* and *Princes* held in thrall,
Of little use, or none at all;
Till the redoubted Alphabet
Free their own great deliverer set,
At whose command, by simplest spells,
They work their mental miracles.

What is the Press? 'Tis what the pen
Was thrice ten centuries to men,
When sybil leaves lent wings to words,
Or, caged in books, they sang like birds,
But slow the pen and frail the page—
To write twelve folios asked an age;
And a pet babe, in sport, might spoil
The fruits of twenty authors' toil.

A power was wanting to insure
Life to works worthy to endure—
A power the race to multiply
Of intellectual polypi:
It came, all hardships to redress,
And Truth and Virtue hail'd the Press!
What am I then? I am a power
Years cannot waste, nor flames devour,
Nor waters drown, nor tyrants bind;
I am the mirror of man's mind,
In whose serene, impassive face,
What cannot die on earth you trace—
Not phantom shapes that come and fly,
But like the concave of the sky,
In which the stars, by night and day,
Seen or unseen, hold on their way.

Myself withdrawn from mortal sight,
I am invisible as light—
Light which, *revealing all beside*,
Itself within itself can hide;
The things of darkness I make bare,
And, nowhere seen, I'm everywhere.
All that philosophy has sought,
Science discover'd, genius wrought;
All that reflective memory stores,
Or rich imagination pours;
All that the wit of man conceives;
All that he wishes, hopes, believes;
All that he loves, or fears, or hates;
All that to earth or heaven relates;
These are the lessons that I teach
By speaking silence—silent speech.

Ah! who like me can bless or curse?
What can be better, what be worse,
Than language framed for Paradise,
Or sold to infamy and vice?
Blest be the man by whom I bless;
Accursed be who wrongs the Press;
The reprobate, in prose or song,
Who yields the power of right for wrong—
Wrong, to out-last his laurell'd tomb,
And haunt the earth till crack of doom!

THE REPOSITORY.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

It was on the last night of December, 18—, that the family of my friend ELLEN CLAY were lingering over the drawing-room fire, between the hours of eleven and twelve.

There were Ellen Clay and her father and mother. They had lapsed into deep silence, seeming to have retired into the recesses of their own hearts; and, if one might judge from the shadows that were gathering over their faces, there was nothing there particularly light or cheering.—The last hour of the year is one of those marked points of time when Conscience, with a torch glowing with heavenly fire, throws a light over the whole track of the outrun year, showing every wilful departure and every careless deviation from the right path.

Ellen sat on an ottoman beside her mother, her head resting on her mother's lap; both were abstracted. Mr. Clay had been reading at the table. The book was still open before him, but his hands were clasped over its pages.

There sat on the sofa a person who was a remarkable contrast to the other members of the party.

He was a man about sixty, of small stature, and of so delicate a structure, that as you looked in his heavenly face, you wondered how that frail body had served so long to detain its celestial guest. Never was the record of a character and life written more plainly than on that beaming countenance, where peace was stamped, and love and charity seemed every year of life to have been accumulating their treasures. If you would shrink from his far-seeing, penetrating, spiritually discerning eyes, the benevolence enthroned on his serene brow, and the gentle tenderness of his countenance, manner, and voice, would have encouraged you to confide to him sins sedulously hidden from less perfect

and therefore less kind fellow-beings. It is "perfection that bears with imperfection." One might have told him the sorrowful tale of self-condemnation with much the same feeling with which it is poured out in the confession of secret prayer. I shall merely designate him as the Clay's friend—a friend he truly was, and is to the whole human race. He was the first to break the silence of the party by saying in a low thrilling voice—"My friends, I have *ever thought this hour between eleven and* twelve of the closing year, one of the gracious periods of life. Our Heavenly father seems interposing for us—stretching out His arm to us, to help us over the dreary distance that some of us have interposed between Him and ourselves. It is one of those high points of life whence we see before as well as behind, and if the burden of sins, voluntarily borne thus far, weighs heavily, we are incited by its galling to throw it off. We perceive some glimmering of our immortal destiny—we feel that the chords of our true life are interwoven with every thing enduring in the universe, and that when the sun, moon, and stars, whose revolutions now mark to us the periods of our lives, shall be blotted out—the fire of their urns all spent—we shall still live in our spiritual relations to the Divine Being—still be going on with a progressive and unfolding being. Does not this thought," he continued, taken Ellen's hand, and addressing himself to her, "give a dignity to your present life? does it not make existence appear to you an infinite good? It seems so to me."

Ellen looked in his face for a moment, and then said, "it may to you—it should; but to me"—she burst into tears and was again silent.

"My dear child," he said, "I fear there is something wrong here. Clouds should not hang over the closing year. You father and mother look so sad too. There is *sometime much good* in the confessions of the Catholic church—a tangible form is given to the vague and phantom floatings of the mind. An honest priest," he added with a smile, "*may help you to* separate the true charges of conscience from false self-accusations; and perhaps he may suggest to you some availing pilgrimage or penance. Come, my dear Ellen, make me your confessor; tell me what trouble is on your mind."

Ellen looked to her father and mother.

"Do, Ellen," said her mother;" "I will make my confession too."

"And I mine," said her father, "and we will all be upon honor to tell the true story."

We must premise that there is in the technical sense of the word no *story* to tell. There is nothing striking in the history or condition of the Clays. They are wealthy and respectable inhabitants of one of our large cities. Neither are their characters very strikingly marked, though like all other human beings they have their individualities.

Ellen Clay has a pleasing countenance without distinguishing beauty. She is well educated, in the common acceptation of that phrase, having passed through the thoroughfare of English and French schools—but as she has reached unmarried the advanced age in American city life of four-and-twenty, and as, having several joint heirs of her father's property, her share is not enough to attract those worthies who make marriage a money contract, she began to feel the chill atmosphere that surrounds a reserved, modest young woman among the budding or freshly blown young people that constitute the gay society of our drawing-rooms. Ellen went to parties because it would seem odd if she did not; and she gave them in her turn, because she was expected to give them. She had the customary round of home occupations.—She rose late and dawdled through the morning with devising changes in her dress, or reading the morning paper—or running through a new poem, or a new novel. If the day were fine she made visits or received them, or shopped, or took a short stroll in the sunshine. After dinner she took a nap, and if the evening were passed without society, she occupied it with the monotonous varieties of hemming and stitching that fill a young woman's work-box, or she migh be so fortunate as to have on hand that most exciting of the needle-arts—a bit of worsted work. Occasionally she played and sung agreeably a few tunes, or she sketched a head, or painted a flower, but she had no passion for music, nor a talent for drawing that could call forth her energy. Certainly there was nothing in such a life as this to satisfy a creature endowed with a conscience!

"I am to go first to the confessional," Ellen said, following her tears with a smile—"well, I must produce my condemnation book, as I regard it." She left the room, and returned with a little book bound with green morocco, and lettered in gilt letters—"Book of Resolutions for 18—."

"I bought this book," she said, "on the last day of the last year, and I wrote in it, as you see, several pages of very good resolutions. Not one of them have I kept. Please to run your eye over them.

You see I began with sundry resolves in relation to health."

"Which you justly considered, I suppose, my dear Ellen, essential to usefulness and enjoyment?

"Certainly, sir, and accordingly you see what fine plans I laid to keep in the fresh air a certain portion of every day; to prepare my feet for bad walking, and then to defy it; to eat and drink in such modes as I found to contribute to the highest health, &c. &c. After the first month of the year, I never opened my book, and thought only of these resolutions when I was remined of them by a headache or cold, incurred by my own folly." She paused for a moment, and then as she saw and then as she saw her friend turn over leaf after leaf, without dwelling long enough on any one to peruse it, she said, "You do not think worth while to read them, but indeed I wrote them with an earnest desire to shun the faults I specified, and to do the good I proposed."

"I do not doubt it, my dear child, and I rejoice to see in this multitude of things to be done and to be avoided, the evidence of your high aspirations. But there are too many of them. Ellen. You have set fence behind fence, till you can scarcely yourself see the marked and fixed boundary between good and evil. You have proposed to yourself such a multitude of good deeds to do, that you have made a pressure on yourself from every side, so that you could not feel—the force of any one of them. Throw away the book, my dear child, and look into the depths of your own heart—consider your nature and its capacities—your relations to your Heavenly Father, and to his universe; the dignity of the existence which is but beginning to unfold before you, and I think you will soon feel a principle at work that will bring you with the love of Mary to the feet of Jesus. When the fountain is filled and purified, the streams will burst forth on every side,"

Ellen was silent and sad for a few moments. She then said in a low voice, as if breathing aloud her thoughts, "But the year is gone, and here I am, with my broken resolutions and forfeited hopes. Who can give back this lost year?

"Could I by a spell restore it, Ellen, would your purposes be firmer, your hopes renewed?

Ellen was discouraged, and she hesitated before she ventured even to say, "I do not know—I want something to rouse me—something to do."

"Do always the duty nearest to your"

"But I want something more than little every day duties to stimulate me, an action that when done shall make me feel as if I had brought something to pass."

"Well, my dear Ellen, I think I can point out such an employment to you. It was suggested to me yesterday, by your mother telling me what a skilful nurse you were to Anne when she had the bilious fever. You need not go on a mission to find good to be accomplished. Our Heavenly Father has given us a mission of love and mercy, about our very doors. My profession, Ellen, has carried me often among the sick poor; and I have often wished that young women, gifted and instructed as you are in the modes of alleviating the sufferings of illness, would make it their business to go among them to teach them importance of ventilation; of airing their bedclothes, which may be done even if they have but a single change; to show them how best to give their medicines, and to prepare and regulate their food; how much relief might be obtained by rubbing and bathing—means as much within the reach of the poor as the rich. These offices are often performed by the Sisters of Charity, in countries where poverty is most abject and revolting. It would be better if we Protestants derided the Catholics less, and imitated their good deeds more."

The clouds began to clear away from Ellen's face, and her friend continued,—"I leave you to ponder on this, my child; your mother is waiting to come to the confessional, and it is almost twelve o'clock."

Mrs. Clay made her lamentation over resolutions formed at the beginning of the year now expiring—resolutions broken and forgotten, till the recurrence of this solemn period brought them before her conscience with the light of the Judgment hour. The loudest reproach seemed to be that she had done nothing towards subjugating an irritable, exacting temper. She concluded as her daughter had done:—"The year is gone, and nothing accomplished."

"What if I give it back to you?" said her friend. She raised her head, startled by his thrilling tone, and then sank down again in silence and despondence.

Mr. Clay's story was a common one.—"He was the slave of business. He had no time for any thing but business. None for domestic enjoyment—none for friendship—none for social life—none for the great philanthropic objects that are stirring the world's heart—none for his God. At the close of last year he had resolved it should be otherwise, but instead of extricating himself, he had gone on multiplying and complicating his concerns. Now he was utterly dissatisfied with himself, and desperate for amendment."

A thoughtful silence followed, which was broken by their venerable friend quoting those two lines of thrilling philanthrophy—

> "Man's grief is grandeur in disguise,
> And discontent is *immortality*."

"My friends, your souls are uttering in these complaints your wrongs against them—they are all *proclaiming* their *immortal* birth and destiny. I augur much good from your general discontent, from your unqualified and honest confession."

"Alas!" said Mr. Clay, "it is too late—the year is *lost!*"

"To be found," said his friend. The clock struck twelve. "Almighty power and goodness does give you back the year. *A new period of time like that lost and lamented is begun.* Try now the *reality* and force of your repentance, and when the last sand of the year now *opening* is *run* out, may *you, my* dear friends, be among those of whom it may be said, "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he *cometh* shall *find watching*."

May our readers begin the year 1843, with purposes on which this gracious benediction may rest when it closes.

A WIFE.

Sir James Macintosh, the English historian, in a letter to Dr. Paley, draws the following beautiful and affecting picture of his wife, soon after her decease:

"Allow me, in justice to her memory, to tell you what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth, and might have formed a connection in which a short-lived passion would have been followed by repentance and disgust; but I found an intelligent companion, a tender friend, a prudent monitress, the most faithful wife, and as dear a mother as ever children had the misfortune to lose. Had I married a woman who was easy or giddy enough to be infected by my imprudence, or who had rudely and harshly attempted to correct, I should in either case, have been irretrievably ruined; a fortune in either would have been a shorter cut to destruction. But I met a woman who by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them, and rescued me from the doom of a degrading and ruinous vice.

"She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught economy and frugality by her love for me.

"During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the cares of which she relieved me; she gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions which have been useful and creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe that I am not a ruined outcast; to her, whatever I shall be. In her solicitude, for my interest she never for a moment forgot my feelings and my character. Even in her occasional resentment—for which I but too often gave just cause (would to God that I could recall *those moments!*)—she had *no sullenness or acrimony*. Her *feelings* were warm and impetuous; but she was placable, tender and constant. She united the most tender prudence with the most generous *and guileless nature*, with a spirit that disdained the shadow of meanness, and with the kindest and most honest heart.

"Such was she whom *I* have lost; and I have lost her when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years of struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other; when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I lost her, alas! (the choice of my youth and the partner of my misfortunes,) at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days. To expect that any thing on this *side of the grave can make it up*, would be a vain and delusive expectation. If I had lost the giddy and thoughtless companion of prosperity, the world could easily repair the loss; but I have lost the faithful and tender partner of my misfortunes; and my only consolation is in that Being under whose severe and parental chastisement I am cut down to the ground."

A Large Throat.—The Morning Star, published at Cincinnatti, relates the following anecdote of a young gentleman of the South who had expended a large fortune—moneys, lands, negroes—every thing in a course of intemperance and profligacy.

He had just paid a last year's grog bill of $800; one day he was walking in the street very leisurely when seeing a physician on the opposite side, he called out to him saying he wanted him to come over.

'Doctor,' said he, 'I wish you'd just take a look down my throat.'

'I don't discover any thing, sir,' said the doctor, after looking very carefully.

'You don't,' said he, 'why that's very strange—will you be kind enough, sir, to give another look?'

"Really, sir," said the Doctor, after a second look, "I don't see any thing."

"No! why, doctor, there is a farm, ten thousand dollars, and twenty negroes down there!"