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 M. BRATTY.

VOLUME XLVI. CARLISLE, PA. NOVEMBER 15, 1843. NUMBER LII.

HERALD & EXPOSITOR.

Office, Centre Square, S. W. Corner, at the Old Stand.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION:

The HERALD & EXPOSITOR is published weekly, on a double royal sheet, at TWO DOLLARS, per annum, payable within three months from the time of subscribing; OR TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS, at the end of the year.

No subscription will be taken for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher, and a failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement.

Advertising will be done on the usual terms.

Letters to insure attention must be post paid.

Pro bono publico! Call and save a Dollar!

HATS! HATS!

ALL ye who wish to suit yourselves in in first rate HATS of every kind, just give a call at the new Hat Manufactory of the subscriber, No. 3, Harper's Row, two doors north of Angney and Anderson's store, where he intends keeping constantly on hand, and will manufacture to order of the best materials and at the very shortest notice,

BEAVER, NUTRIA, BRUSH AND FUR HATS

of every description, in the neatest and most fashionable style, warranted to have as good and permanent a color as any of the Hats manufactured in the cities. Also,

Chapeaus and Military Caps,

of every description made in the best style, and at very moderate prices.

For Cash, he will sell lower than ever Hats have been sold in this Borough—and, indeed, his prices generally will be such as to suit the depression of the times. Although he prefers selling for Cash—yet he will, as usual, be willing to take Country produce at the market prices in exchange for Hats.

The subscriber returns his sincere thanks to a generous public for the encouragement he has received since he first commenced business about three years ago, in the old shop in Louther street, and hopes by strict attention to business to merit and receive a continuance of their patronage.

Call and judge for yourselves.

WILLIAM H. TROUT.

Carlisle, May 24, 1843. tf-30

S. ELLIOTT

OFFERS for sale at very reduced prices, a full assortment of

Drugs, Medicines, Dye-Stuffs,

PAINTS, &c. together with

tationary, Fine Cap Paper, for the Ream, Letter do Slates by the dozen, Silver Pencils, Drawing do Sable hair do., Drawing Paper, Sealing Wax, Wafers, Penknives, of a fine quality, Painting brushes, Graving do. Shaving do. Teeth do. Flesh do., Shaving and Toilet Soaps in great variety, Varnish,

Spices Ground and Unground,

Together with every other article in the Drug line, the attention of Physicians, Country Merchants and Dyers, is solicited as I am determine to sell at very low prices for Cash.

Carlisle, March 15, 1843. tf

Small Profits & quick Sales.

THE subscriber has just opened his new GOODS, which he will sell low for Cash, composed of Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, Drillings, Vestings, 6-4 sheetings for 12½, 5-4 do. 10, beautiful 4-4 Bleached Muslins for 12½, 12-4 Bleached sheeting, handsome new style 6, 8, 10, 12½ chintzes, gloves, stockings, wish linens, sun shades and parasols, beautiful 4-4 hair cord muslins, and lawns, cheap Muslins, Laines, with a variety of other goods which he invites the good folks of Carlisle to call and examine for themselves. Also, Braid, straw and lawn Bonnets. Ladies, Misses and Childrens Morocco and kid slippers. Best Rio Coffee, best black, imperial and other Teas. Superior Cavendish Tobacco, so pronounced by the best judges, all of which he will sell at prices in accordance with the times.

S. M. HARRIS.

Carlisle, May 3, 1843. tf-27

Forwarding & Commission BUSINESS!

GEORGE FLEMING

RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he is prepared to receive, forward and dispose of **Produce of every description,** either at the Philadelphia or Baltimore Markets, or at any other point necessaire by Rail Road. As he will attend in person to the delivery and sale of all articles entrusted to his care, the most satisfactory and speedy returns may at all times be expected, and the utmost promptitude in the transaction of all business entrusted to him.

Farmers and others having any article which they wish disposed of, will do well to call on him, immediately opposite the Mansion House, and Rail Road Depot, West High street, Carlisle.

G. F. is authorized to purchase several hundred bushels of Grain, for which the highest price will be given.

Carlisle, May 17, 1843. tf-29

Selling off at Cost,

WITHOUT RESERVE.

THE subscriber, determined to close her Business, will sell her entire stock of Goods AT COST. Persons wishing to purchase may rely on getting goods precisely at cost; her stock consists of a large assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, China, Glass and Queensware, Shoes and Boots of every kind; Paints and Dye Stuffs.

Country Merchants and others are invited to call and examine for themselves, as she will sell her whole stock of any part of it to suit purchasers.

Store in South Hanover street, Carlisle. If the entire stock is disposed the Room, Warehouse and cellar can be had with it.

S. CLARK.

August 16, 1843. tf-42

FARMERS' HOTEL.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the

PUBLIC HOUSE,

lately kept by Mr. Simon Wonderlich, in East High Street, a few doors east of the Court House, where he will at all times take pleasure in administering to the comforts of those who may favor him with their custom.

His BAR shall be constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and his TABLE with the best the market can furnish. A careful OSTLER always kept in attendance—and nothing shall be left undone to please all who call with him.

BOARDERS taken by the week, month or year.

WILLIAM BROWN.

Carlisle, April 12, 1843. tf-2

JOHN W. HENDLE, DENTIST.

RESPECTFULLY tenders his services to the citizens of Carlisle and its vicinity, that he will attend to and perform all dental operations such as *Cleaning, Pluging and Extracting natural Teeth*, and inserting incorruptable artificial teeth from a single tooth to an entire set

☞ Office opposite M'Farlane's Hotel.

Jayne's Family Medicines.

AN additional supply of the above valuable Medicines, consisting of

Jayne's Expectorant,
" Tonic Vermifuge,
" Hair Tonic,
" Sanative Pills,
" Carminative Balsam;

received and for sale by

S. ELLIOTT,
Agent for Carlisle.

POETRY.

SILENT LOVE.

BY SUSAN WILSON.

The grave has victims—and the sunny earth
Has many a one who hopelessly lives on,
When all that gave to early life its worth,
When all that made the future bright, is gone.
The early dead!—Oh call them not the *lost*,
No more by storms of grief or passion tost,
They are the early blest—to them is given
The changeless calm, the endless bliss of Heaven.

Within a quiet village rose
A house of social prayer,
Where those who worship'd met with one
Aiding their pastor's care.
Each Sabbath morn they saw him come,
Then turn to seek his distant home—
He was a stranger there!

A stranger young and eloquent,
Who nobly bore his part—
Warning the sinner to repent,
Cheering the contrite heart
With many a blessed promise, given
To those who seek a home in Heaven.

Among his hearers there was one,
Whose eye was fixed on him alone.
Who seemed to watch each word and tone,
As from his lips they fell;
And soon, her mild, expressive face,
Her beaming eye, and native grace,
With pleasure he had learned to trace,
And found them when he left the place,
Upon his memory dwell.

Her name he knew not, ask'd not—yet
With deep and deeper feeling met
That thrilling glance, and owned its power
When higher duties claim'd the hour.
His thoughts were of the sacred cause,
In which he came to labor there,
But when the anthem rose,
And when he knelt in prayer,
He *felt* her spirit join with his,
He *knew* that beaming face was there.

Months glided by, until a year
In secret thought, in hope, and fear,
Had passed since first she met his sight;
And though her eye became more bright,
Less firm her step, more pale her cheek
And pensive brow, appear'd;
While wishing, half resolved to speak,
He doubted, paused, and feared.

Still that mysterious interest grew
More strong, and he resolved at last,
That ere another Sabbath pass'd,
Her name, her dwelling, should be known;
And then, Hope whispered he might woo,
Might win her for his own.

A message came,—a soul had been
Called from its earthly home away;
And he was asked to minister
The last rites to the shrouded clay.
He went—the coffin lid was raised,—
With soul-felt agony he gazed,—
It was *her* face,—the one that shone
Upon him in the house of prayer;
But oh! the kindred soul was gone,
The still cold face alone was there!

His dearest tie to life was broken,—
By other lips the words were spoken,
The solemn words of "dust to dust,"
He felt his heart, his spirit crushed
With speechless anguish; but there yet
Was more to suffer—to regret.

Her father told that she had been
A silent sufferer, until death
In her fixed eye and lip was seen,
And then, that with her latest breath
She breathed *his name*,—and thus reveal'd
A secret until then conceal'd,
That hopeless love its poison gave,
Short'ning her passage to the grave.

His heart was deaden'd; that one ray
So fondly cherished quench'd in night;
And never on his darken'd way,
Arose another star so bright,
On hope alone to cheer his path,
His solitary path, was given—
That when his spirit rose from earth
'Twould be to meet with her's in Heaven.

She was released from earth, while he survived,
One cherish'd feeling's deathless strength to prove,
She died an early victim,—and *he lived*
A victim, through long years, to SILENT LOVE.

MISCELLANY.

HOME.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

This is a sweet word. Who is not charmed with its music? Who hath not felt the potent magic of its spell?

By home I do not mean the house, the parlor, the fireside, the carpet, or the chairs. They are inert, material things, which derive all their interest from the idea of the Home which is their locality. Home is something more ethereal, less tangible, not easily described, yet strongly conceived—the source of some of the deepest emotions of the soul, grasping the heart-strings with such a sweet and tender force, as subdues all within the range of its influence.

Home is the palace of the husband and the father. He is the monarch of that little empire, wearing a crown that is the gift of heaven, swaying a sceptre put into his hands by the Father of all, acknowledging no superior, fearing no rival, and dreading no usurper. In him dwells Love—the ruling spirit of home. She that was the fond bride of his youthful heart, is the affectionate wife of his maturer years.

The star that smiles on their bridal eve has never set. Its rays still shed a serene lustre on the horizon of home. There, too, is the additional ornament of home; the circle of children; beautifully represented by the spirit of inspiration as "olive plants round about the table." We have been such. There was our cradle. That cradle was rocked by a hand ever open to supply our wants, watched by an eye ever awake to the approach of danger. Many a livelong night has that eye refused to be closed for thy sake, reader, when thou, a helpless child, wast indebted to a mother's love, sanctified by Heaven's blessing, for a prolonged existence through a sickly infancy. Hast thou ever grieved that fond heart? No tears can be too freely—too sincerely shed, for such an offence against the sweet charities of home. If there was joy in the palace at thy birth, oh, never let it be turned into sorrow by any violation of the sacred laws of home.

We that had our happy birth, like most of the human race, in the country, can recall many tender and pleasant associations of home. There is earnest poetry in this part of our life. We remember with delight the freshness of the early morn; the tuneful and sprightly walk among the dewy fields; the cool repose amid the sequestered shades of the grove, vocal with the music of nature's inimitable warblers; the "tinkling spring," where we slaked our thirst with the pellucid waters as they came from the hand of the Mighty One—the bleating of the flocks, the lowing of the herds, the humming of the bees, the cry of the whip-poorwill, the melancholy, monotonous song of the night bird, relieved only by the deep bass of that single note, which he uttered as he plunged from his lofty height into a lower region of atmosphere—these are among our recollections of home. And they come softened and sobered through the medium of the past, but without losing their power to touch the heart, and still endear that word *home*.

There, too, perhaps we saw a father die; having attained to a patriarchal age, he bowed himself on his bed, saying "Behold I die, but God shall be with you," and was gathered to his people. Nor can the memory ever forget that mother in her meek and quiet age, walking through many a peaceful year on the verge of heaven-breathing its atmosphere, inhaling its fragrance, and reflecting its light and holy beauty, till at length she left the sweet home of earth for her Father's home in heaven.

"So gently dies the wave upon the shore."

Home, too, is the scene of the gay and joyous bridal. When the lovely daughter, affianced to the youth of her heart, stands up to take the irrevocable pledge. What an interesting moment! I saw, not long since, such an one. She stood unconscious of the blended charm which innocence and beauty threw around her face and person; her soft, smooth, polished forehead was circled with a wreath of flowers; her robe was of purest white, and in her hand was held a boquet of variegated roses. Beside her stood the happy man, for whom she was to be

"A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing."

As I pronounced the words *that made them one*, adding the nuptial benediction, a tear fell from the eye of the bride on the wreath in her hand! It was a tribute to "home, sweet home." Not that she loved father and mother less, but husband more. That piece of music, "The Bride's Farewell," plunges deeper into the fountain of emotion in the soul, than any other combination of thought and song, to which I ever listened. Was the bride ever found who was equal to its performance on the day of her espousals—or rather in the hour of her departure from her long-loved home, when the time had arrived to bid farewell to her father, mother, brothers and sister? Perhaps in looking at the picture of domestic life, as exhibited in such circumstances, we should not omit to notice some of the least prominent traits and coloring, for they never escape the keen and practised eye of the true poet. Thus Rogers, in his graphic and natural poem of Human Life, in which he snatches so many graces "beyond the reach of art," does not, in describing the wedding scene, forget the younger portion of the family, even the little daughter, so often the gem and the joy of home.

"Then are they blest indeed, and swift the hours
Till her young sisters wreathe her hair in flowers,
Kindling her beauty—while, unseen, *the least*
Twitches her robes, then runs behind the rest,
Known by her laugh, that will not be suppressed."

But even this picture must be shaded. If the cradle be one of the things of home, so is the coffin! The bridal robe is, alas! too often succeeded by the funeral pall.—"Six years ago," heard I the minister of God say at the funeral of a young and lovely member of a friend's family, "she who lies there stood here to take the marriage vows. She is now the bride of Death."

Striking thought! How short the passage from the home of love and felicity to the grave! A few years since I sat amid a domestic circle of father, mother, three sons and a daughter. It was the home of hospitality. Where are they now! The solemn churchyard will tell. They have all sunk into the long, dreamless repose of the grave. Silent are those halls that once echoed to the cheerful sound of their voices. They have gone to their "loving home." And we follow. In the fine language of Paul, "it becomes those who have wives, to be as though they had none, and those that weep, as though they wept not, and those that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not."—let us add, and those who have a home, to be as though they had none, for "the fashion of this world passeth away!"

From Atkinson's Casket.

COUSIN SALLY DILLIARD.

SCENE. *A Court of Justice in N Carolina.*

A beardless disciple of Themis rises and thus addresses the court:—May it please your Worship, and you gentlemen of the Jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never before befallen me to be obliged to prosecute so direful, marked and malicious assault—a more wilful, violent, dangerous, and murderous battery, and finally a more diabolical breach of the peace has seldom happened in a civilized country, and I dare say it has seldom been your duty, to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings as this, which took place over at Captain Rice's in this county, but you will hear from the witnesses.' The witnesses being sworn, two or three being examined and deposed—one that he had heard the noise and did not see the fight—another that he saw the row but did'nt know who struck first—and a third, that he was very drunk and could'nt say much about the scrimage—

Lawyer Chops.—I am sorry gentlemen, to have occupied so much of your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance, who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood by the court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed on your time and patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn. So forward comes the witness, a fat shuffy looking man, a 'leetle' corned, and took his corporal oath with an tif.

Chops.—Mr. Harris, we wish you to tell all about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's, and as a good deal of time has been already wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious, and at the same time, as explicit as possible.

Harris.—'Edzactly,' giving the lawyer a knowing wink, at the same time clearing his throat—Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she mout'nt, go; I told Sally Dilliard, that my wife was poor, being as how she hed a touch of the Rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately, but howsomever as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dilliard then asked me if Mose, he mout'nt go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard that Mose, he was the foreman of the crop, and the crop was smartly in the grass; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose he mout go.

Chops.—In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rigmarole.

Witness.—Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she mout'nt go, I told cousin Sally Dilliard—

Chops.—Stop, sir, if you please: we don't want to hear any thing about cousin Sally Dilliard and your wife—tell us about the fight at Rice's.

Witness.—Well, I will sir if you will let me.

Chops.—Well, sir; go on.

Witness.—Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard, she came over to our house, and asked me if my wife she mout'nt go—

Chops.—There it is again—witness, witness please to stop.

Witness.—Well sir, what do you want?

Chops.—We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed to this important story—do you know any thing about the matter before the court.

Witness.—To be sure I do.

Chops.—Will you go on and tell it and nothing else?

Witness.—Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat—

Chops.—This is intolerable, may it please the court—I move that this witness be committed for a contempt—he seems to be trifling with the court.

Court.—Witness you are now before a court of Justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail, so begin and tell what you know about the fight at Captain Rice's.

Witness.—(alarmed,)—Well gentlemen Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dilliard—

Chops.—I hope this witness may be ordered into custody.

Court. (after deliberating.)—Mr. Attorney the Court is of opinion that we may save time by telling the witness to go on in his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.

Witness.—Yes, gentlemen, well, Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she mout'nt go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife she was poorly being as how she had the Rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was up; but howsomever as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, my wife she mout go.—Well cousin Sally Dilliard then axed me if Mose he mout'nt go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard as how Mose, he was the foreman of the crop, and the crop was smartly in the grass; but howsomever, as it was sne, cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose he mout go. So they goes on together, Mose, my wife and cousin Sally Dilliard, and they comes to the big swamp, and the big swamp was up as I was telling you; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, cousin Sally Dilliard and Mose, like genteel folks they walked the log, but my wife like a fool, waded, and gentlemen that's the height of what I know about it!

THE PRESS—ITS POWER AND INFLUENCE.

We make the subjoined extract from the Address of the Rev. Dr. SPRAGUE, delivered before the Society of Phi Beta Kappa, in Yale College, on the 17th of August last. It claims an attentive perusal:

"We talk of the press until it has become a threadbare topic; and yet with all our talk, we have really no practical estimate of its importance. Time was when men's thoughts could be communicated only by being spoken; and some have conjectured that even the works of Homer were originally committed only to the memories of men, and that generations passed away before they were written on any material substance. And when Demosthenes thundered, and Virgil sung, it was for the few, and not for the many; and their lofty productions were indebted to the dogged labors of the transcriber.

But the art of printing has operated in respect to the ancients like the word which will accomplish the great resurrection—it has brought them up from the grave of ages, and pledged to them an existence every where and through all time. And the same art now advanced to a degree of perfection which casts into the shade the best improvements of the past, is embalming men's thoughts in our days; aye, and giving them wings by which they fly all over the world. You may sit in your closet now, and without opening your lips, speak to those who dwell nearest the poles.—You may multiply yourself, in a single week, into ten thousand agents either for good or evil. You may scarcely ever look into the world, and yet even thrones and principalities may feel the influence of your thoughts.

The simplest view of a subject is often the most impressive. Estimate then the press, by the acknowledged influence of any great mind that has spoke through it. Do you see that man, in the eccentricity of his genius, prostrate upon the floor,—laboring to recall one of the noblest efforts in the annals of intellect? It is Robert Hall, busy with his sermon on modern infidelity.—His friends have asked him to publish it, and he will not decline; but as yet it has no existence except in his own mind; and though he loathes the labor of writing, he is turning his hand at intervals to the work. Wonder of the age as he was for modesty as well as for genius, he dreamed not of the influence that sermon was destined to exert; but when it came forth, the whole world recognized it as the masterpeice of a master mind; it puts itself into communion with the greatest intellects of the age; it threw around Christianity a new wall of fire; and infidelity, as she bent over its pages, resolved that silence was prudence.

Turn now your eye to yonder villa on the shores of the Mediterranean, and see another mighty mind pouring out upon paper its brilliant thoughts, to be given ere long into the printer's hands. It is Byron—the Heaven-favored, and yet foul-minded Byron—in the act of producing one of his licentious poems. Peradventure he is dreaming of nothing but his own fame;—but he is in reality opening a new fountain of death upon the world; he is making provision to perpetuate his existence as the enemy of his race; he is rendering the splendors of his genius subservient to the wild and desperate purposes of his heart. Both Hall and Byron are stars that must always shine; but in the beams of the one there is life—in the beams of the other there is death.

I know not whether it is possible to gain a higher idea of the power of the press and the consequent responsibility of those who wield it, than by looking at the effects which it produces in connection with the political struggles which occasionally occur in our own history. A member of Congress may rise in his place, and speak five minutes by the watch,—and yet he may have said that which in one week shall well nigh convulse the whole nation. A convention may assemble to propose a candidate for the Presidential chair and scarcely shall the result be announced, before the remotest village in the most distant state shall have responded to it, and millions of hearts shall be beating, and millions of hands busy, for the success or defeat of the nomination. An emergency may occur in the administration of our government that looks portentous of evil; and yet it shall scarcely have transpired from the councils of the cabinet, before the details of the whole matter have passed under the eye of the nation, and men of every class and every character are speculating in regard to the policy that should be pursued. And *whenever* the waves of public lie feeling, are wrought up like the mighty ocean in a storm, it will always be found that the press has had a principal agency in producing the commotion.

I cannot leave this branch of my subject without adverting briefly to our periodical literature; though I regret the necessity of dismissing so important and fertile a topic with a passing remark. What was at first a gentle rill that flowed so silently as scarcely to be observed, ere long became a majestic river; and that has been gradually widening until it has lost its distinctive character in a mighty deluge, that flows within no definable limits. If there is a single corner in any of the departments of human speculation or human action, which our periodical press does not cover, I know it not. You may be a philosopher, or a statesman, a physician or a divine, a farmer or a merchant, an artisan or an artist, a friend of the muses or a friend of the graces,—and you have only to step into one of our periodical depositories to supply yourself with the latest, if not the brightest, thoughts in the department to which you are devoted. And you are fortunate indeed if there is no attempt made to set aside your moral agency in this matter;—for it has come to pass, in these days, that periodicals come to us unbidden; and what comes at first with the editor's compliments, is followed up in due time by the publisher's bill.

But without hazarding any speculations upon the trade, I may say with confidence that the man who conducts a widely extended periodical, presides at one of the chief fountains of public influence. He keeps himself in constant, though invisible, contact with thousands and thousands of minds. They may take little note of the effect which he produces upon them, and may even silently congratulate themselves that their opinions are their own; and yet he may be holding them spell-bound under his magic influence. While he determines the manner in which no small part of their time shall be spent, he imperceptibly helps to mould their taste, guide their judgement, fix their prejudices, and give complexion to their character. Yonder is the respectable quarterly, devoted to the interest of science and literature of philosophy or religion. It goes abroad to do a glorious work: and posterity will see that the name of its editor has a place on the list of the world's benefactors. Yonder is a weekly sheet, designed as a vehicle of slander and falsehood, of pollution and impiety. Its issues are like the opening of a cage of unclean birds. The vulgar, herd together at the corners of the streets, to glut themselves over it. Its editor is a scourge to his generation.

Who then can estimate the influence for good or evil of the periodical press? Who can estimate the number of individuals whom it reaches, the amount of time which it engrosses, the expenditure of thought and feeling to which it leads, the decisive bearing which it has upon our individual, social, and national interests? It is not a small matter, my friend to be the conductor even of a country newspaper; and I would say to every man who aspires even to *that* vocation, "Sit you down first, and count the cost."

THE DOOM OF THE CONDEMNED.

We take from the Knickerbocker for October, the following mournful picture of prison life. It is from the "Editor's Table," the most delightful portion of the Magazine.

"If the unhappy young man who has so recently filled the journals of the metropolis with the details of his folly and crime could, before yielding to temptation, look in upon the State Prison at Sing Sing, as we did the other day, surely he would have shrunk back from the vortex before him.—Poor wretches, in their best estate! How narrow their cells; how ceaseless their toil; what a negation of comfort their whole condition! It was a sweltering August day, breathless and oppressive; but there was no rest for the eight hundred convicts who plied their never ending tasks within those walls. Stealthy glances from half-raised eyes; pale countenances, stamped with meek submission, or gleaming with powerless hate, or impotent malignity; and "hard labor" in the fullest sense, were the main features of the still-life scene, as we passed through the several work shops. But what a picture was presented, as their occupants came swarming into the open court yard at the sound of the bell, to proceed to their cells with their dinner! From the thick atmosphere of the carpet and rug shops, leaving the clack of shuttles, the dull thump of the "weaver's beam," and the long confused perspective of cords and pullies, and multitudinous "harness," they poured forth; from murky smithys swarmed the imps of Vulcan, grim as the dark recesses from which they emerged; from doors which open upon interminable rows of close benches, burst forth the knights of the awl and hammer; the rub-a-dub of the cooper's mallet, the creak of his shaving knife, were still; the stone hammer was silent; and the court yard was full of that striped crew!

God of compassion! what a sight it was, to see that motley multitude take up, in gangs, their humiliating march! Huge negroes, sweltering in the heat, were interspersed among "the lines;" hands crimson with murder rested upon the shoulders of beings alike young in years and crime; the victim of bestiality pressed against the heart-broken tool of the scathless villain; and *all* were blended in one revolting mass of trained soldiers of guilt; their thousand legs moving as the leg of one man, all in silence, saving the peculiar sound of the sliding tread, grating not less upon the ear than the ground. One by one they took their wooden pails of dingy and amphibious looking 'grub,' and passed on, winding up the stairs of the different stories, and streaming along the narrow corridors to their solitary cells. It was too much for the tender heart of poor E., this long procession of the ganga. As they passed on in slow succession, her lip began to quiver, and one after another drops of pity rolled down her cheek. 'All these,' said she to the keeper, 'had a mother, who looked upon their childhood, and blessed their innocence! Ah! how many infant feet, softer than velvet to the touch, have been pressed to maternal lips, that now shuffle along these prison aisles."

IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

"About the year 1610, the telescope, then newly invented, was for the first time applied to astronomical investigation by Galileo; he, with his refracting telescope with a power of about thirty times, observed thousands of stars invisible to the naked eye. Since the days of Galileo the telescope has been very much improved.—The large 40-feet reflecting telescope of the late Sir William Herschel was frequently charged with the great magnifying power of 6450 times. With such a power the heavens seemed, as it were, to dissolve before its strength; on directing it to that peculiarly white track in the sky commonly called THE MILKY WAY, it was instantly perceived that *'its ground work was of stars.'* In one proportion of this track 116,000 stars swept over the field-view of this telescope in fifteen minutes; at another time 251,211 stars in forty-one minutes! It has been calculated that the Milky Way alone contains at least 18,500,000 stars, which are equal to 5314 times the number of visible stars in the heavens, or about 10,000 times the number visible to the eye at one glance in the most favorable evening. Although the other parts of the celestial canopy are not so densely crowded, yet it is astonishing to consider the increased number the telescope unfolds to view in every constellation.

"It may safely be asserted, *that the telescopic number of the stars is at least* 80,000,000 (eighty millions,) some of which must be upwards of *thirty-one thousand billion* of miles distant from the Earth. It is well known that the late Sir William Herschel concluded from very unquestionable evidence that his telescope enabled his eye to reach and rest on portions of space 497 times farther distant than Sirius. Suppose the distance of Sirius to be as great as the star 61 Cygni, or 62,528,490,691,900 miles; this multiplied by 497 = 31,076,659,873,874,300 miles for the probable radii, 62,153,319,757,748,600, miles for the diameter, and about 195,000,000,000,000,000, (one hundred and ninety-five thousand billions) of miles for the circumference of the universe, as developed by the telescope alone! At such enlarged views of the amazing distance and number of the worlds, as sounded by the telescope, the pious and contemplative mind may well exclaim, 'Great and marvellous are His works!' yet these are but part of His ways.' There is every reason to conclude that these are 'but as the small dust in the balance, compared with the overwhelming number of worlds located in every nebulæ. Up to the present year there have been reckoned about 3,275 nebulæ. Nebulæ is a name given to a singular celestial appearance, cloudy in aspect, somewhat resembling small patches of froth swimming on the surface of water. It is not improbable that each of these 3275 nebulæ may contain at least 80,000,000 of stars.—What must we then think of the vast extent of the universe and its innumerable host of stars? Even although these nebulæ contain the great number of stars mentioned, they are but only be considered as a very small part of an overwhelming whole—only as a few groups clustering on the *'frontiers of the Creator's dominion.'*"

A DOUBLE MEANING.—A French priest who was exceedingly corpulent, coming late one evening to a fortified town, asked a countrymen whom he met, "if he could get in at the gate?" "I should think you might," replied the peasant, surveying his proportions, "for I saw a load of hay go in this morning."