The Long-Islander.

Reason is Man's distinguishing attribute — The Freedom of Speech is his inalienable birthright — The Liberty of the Press is his impregnable Safeguard. — Jefferson.

PUBLISHED BY E. O. CROWELL. HUNTINGTON, L. I. JULY 12, 1839. VOLUME I.—NUMBER I.

Proposals for Publishing

THE PLAINDEALER,

A WEEKLY POLITICAL AND LITERARY PAPER.

IT is proposed, in compliance with a desire very generally expressed, to revive the Plaindealer which, under the conduct of Mr. Leggett, attained so high a reputation.

The peculiar claim of support which this paper presents to the reading community, is derived from the ground which it takes as a free and independent journal, shackled by no consideration of party or sect.

Notices of interesting publications will regularly form a portion of the contents. A department will be devoted to theatrical criticism. The paper will also contain a weekly summary of intelligence, and such other miscellaneous matter as will form an agreeable variety. If in aught the plan of the original Plaindealer should be departed from, it will be in the attempt to give it a more miscellaneous and lively character, and to interest a greater number of readers by something suited to every taste.

In the mean time, the public are assured that the journal will not be issued until such a number of subscriptions is obtained as to render certain its success and the permanence of its publication.

It is in contemplation to commence the publication of the Plaindealer early in March, or as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall be procured.

It will be published in the octavo form, each number containing sixteen large and closely printed pages in double columns.

TERMS—Five dollars per annum, payable in advance. Communications relating to the business will be addressed to the undersigned, No. Pine street, where subscriptions will be received.

WM. C. BOGGS.

PROSPECTUS OF THE

CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE AND APPENDIX.

THESE works have been published by us for six years. There are now more subscribers to them, probably, than for any other paper published in the United States, certainly more than there are for any other paper published in this country. The large and increasing subscription is conclusive evidence of their usefulness. They are invaluable to all who feel an interest in the proceedings of Congress. No other publication gives them so full nor half so cheap. It is, indeed, the cheapest publication in the United States—perhaps in the world. Our position at the seat of Government enables us to print at so low a rate. We are compelled to publish the proceedings of Congress in detail for our daily paper. This done, it requires comparatively but small additional expense to change them to the forms of the Congressional Globe and Appendix. If it were not for these circumstances, we could not publish them for four times the sum charged.

The Congressional Globe is made up of the daily proceedings of the two houses of Congress and the speeches of the members condensed. The yeas and nays on all important subjects are given. It is published weekly, with small type, on sixteen royal quarto pages.

The Appendix contains the speeches of the members at full length, written by themselves, and is printed in the same form as the Congressional Globe. It is published as fast as the speeches can be prepared. Usually there are more numbers printed for a session than there are weeks in it.

Each of these works is complete in itself. But it is desirable for every subscriber to have both, because if there should be any ambiguity in the synopsis of a speech in the Congressional Globe, or any denial of its correctness, it may be removed at once by referring to the speech in the Appendix.

TERMS.—For one copy of the Congressional Globe, $1
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Six copies of either of the above works will be sent for $5, twelve copies for $10, and a proportionate number for a larger sum.

Payments may be transmitted by mail, postage paid, at our risk. The notes of any incorporated bank in the United States, current in the section of country where a subscriber resides, will be received. But when subscribers can procure the notes of banks in the northern and middle states, they will please send them. To insure all the numbers, the subscriptions should be here by the 11th of December next.

No attention will be paid to any order unless the money accompany it, or unless some responsible person, known to us to be so, shall agree to pay it before the session expires.

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PROSPECTUS OF "THE CORSAIR."

A Gazette of Literature, Dramatic News and Criticism, Fashion and Novelty.

N. P. WILLIS and T. O. PORTER propose to issue in the city of New York, a paper of the above description and character. It is the design to present as amusing a periodical as can be made from the current wit, humour, and literature of the times; to collect the spirit not only of the English, but of the French and German belles lettres; to give dramatic criticisms with vigilant impartiality and care; in short to picture the age in its literature and fashion, its eccentricities and amusements.

As the piratical law of copyright secures to them free of expense, the labors of Bulwer and Boz, Scribe and Balzac, with the whole army of foreign writers they cannot at present (consistently with the pocket wisdom so well understood by American publishers) offer any thing for American productions.

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POETRY.

THE BURIAL OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY JOHN S. DILLON.

Where shall the dead and the beautiful sleep?
In the vale where the willow and cypress weep;
Where the wind of the west breathes its softest sigh;
Where the silver stream is flowing nigh,
And the pure, clear drops of its rising sprays
Glitter like gems in the bright moon's rays—
Where the sun's warm smile may never dispel
Night's tears o'er the form we loved so well—
In the vale where the sparkling waters flow;
Where the fairest, earliest violets grow;
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair,
Bury her there—bury her there!

Where shall the dead, and the beautiful sleep?
Where will flowers bloom in the valley deep;
Where the sweet robes of spring may softly rest
In purity o'er the sleeper's breast;
Where is heard the voice of the sinless dove,
Breathing notes of deep and undying love;
Where no column proud in the sun may glow,
To mock the heart that is resting below;
Where pure hearts are sleeping, forever blest,
Where wandering Peris love to rest;
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair,
Bury her there—bury her there!

MISCELLANEOUS.

BURIAL OF A LIVING GIRL.

The following thrilling description of the Hindoo burial of a living girl, in the tomb of a dead lover, is from the Oriental Annual for 1839:—

She was, consequently, now fully persuaded that he was dead—for at the first she had some doubts—even though she had been so many hours in the presence of his corpse—and the idea of being buried in the same grave with him, was to her a matter of rejoicing rather than of grief. For her death had no fears, since the object of her attachment was no more; and she therefore cheerfully resigned herself to the fate that awaited her.

That very afternoon the [illegible] Pariah was placed in a [illegible] with the corpse of the [illegible] young Youghal wrapped in a cerement. The doom pronounced against her [illegible] grave with the body of her lover, in the neighbourhood of the mountain village where her father dwelt, and in which she was born. The persons who accompanied her had sufficient compassion to allow her to pass a few hours with her disconsolate parents, previously to her being consigned to that tomb prepared for the reception of one for whom she had entertained an earnest attachment. She passed the night under the parental roof, and in the morning early, accompanied by those that had been appointed to conduct the interment of the living with the dead, proceeded to the place of sepulchre. It was at the foot of a lofty cone, which, rising among a cluster of small hills, lifted its proud head to the clouds, and seemed to stand there a monument of the stupendous exercise of omnipotent power. The body of Youghal had been sent forward to this place of burial, and the unhappy victim of usurped and pampered tyranny was allowed to follow rather than accompany an object, which, tho' concealed from sight, we still loathe one to a more delicate sense, in one of the cerement by which it was enveloped. The party slowly ascended the hill. In front was an officer on horseback, who had the charge of conducting the melancholy business, attended on either side, by a man armed. The innocent maiden followed between two persons, likewise armed, who had neither respect for her sorrows, nor compassion for her condition. Having arrived in sight of the hill, which had been fixed upon as the scene of cruel punishment, the party reached a rude wooden bridge, thrown over a gully presenting a frightful aspect of turbulence and danger.

It had a steep, irregular channel, through which the mountain current poured with frightful impetuosity, occasionally impeded in its precipitous descent by projecting masses of rocks and other impediments collected there in the more temperate season of the year, when during the prevalence of tempestuous storms, portions of the hill are loosened from their parent mass, and thrown into the water courses, then dry, or only changed to shallow or gentle streams.

The bridge consisted of a single wide plank of teak, about half a foot in thickness, and nearly two feet wide, sustained under one end by beams inserted in the inequalities of the bank, and affording actual support to a rude fabric secured on the other side by two thin but strong uprights, that kept it sufficiently steady to afford a safe, yet fearful footing. The torrent roared ominously as the procession passed over the bridge, which vibrated at every step. Manatalla's father accompanied her to the gully, and then turned homeward from the scene of distress which he had not the firmness to encounter. After a silent march of about two hours, the victim and her guards reached the place of interment. In a small hollow between the two rocks, a large deep hole had been dug, about 3 feet square. Upon its brink was placed the corpse of Youghal, in a state of sickening decomposition, covered with a ragged palampore. The wretched girl advanced to the side of the pit without shedding a tear, and strewing some flowers over the corpse, expressed her satisfaction at the privilege of being laid beside him in death, whom she had so fondly loved in life. Having completed the preliminary ceremonials, she desired that the ceremony might proceed. Her manner was solemn, though gentle, exhibiting a calm yet lofty determination to meet death with the spirit of resignation, which best become beings who are born to die.

At length, declaring that she was ready to suffer the dreadful penalty to which she had been doomed by an unjust and selfish tyrant, the body of her late lover was lowered into the sepulchre, and Manatalla having again scattered some flowers into it, descended into the dreary chamber of death. Her dress consisted of a tight vest of coloured silk, under a loose flowing drapery of thin white calico; her black hair was rolled up in a large knot on the top of her head, secured by a large brass pin, tapered and polished with gold. Upon her wrist she wore thin bangles and armlets of buffalo's horn. The tips of her nails were slightly tinctured with henna. Having been lowered into the vault, she seated herself upon a projecting ledge, purposely left in the head wall of the grave, and placed the corpse upon her knees. At the bottom of the pit a horizontal opening had been dug to admit the dead body, so that its legs were forced into the hole, and its head rested on the lap of its living companion. A few bamboos were now crossed above the latter's head and fixed firmly in the side of the pit, upon whose slender beams the branches were thrown, and a canopy being thus formed, which prevented the earth from falling in, the innocent girl was thus consigned to a living sepulchre, without one expression of sympathy at her horrible doom. The soil, from which the sun had caused to exhale every particle of moisture, was lightly strewed with the bamboos, at once covering the living and the dead. After the task of inhumation had been performed, the delegates of Vermakien left its victim to her fate, and returned to the capitol, where they announced the completion of their mission. Upon hearing it, the counterfeit sovereign expressed [illegible] coming the lips of a saint, but a timely bribe rendered his hearers deaf to so unjustifiable a profanation.

THE WRONG HUSBAND.—*A genuine comedy of errors* occurred in New York some time since, which is related in the New York Dispatch. A foreign gentleman, named Fanigantus, about a year since, paid his addresses to a young lady named Devlin. He was accepted and led her blushing to the altar, where the matrimonial knot was tied, not sufficiently tight, however, to effectually secure the husband, who, in three weeks time, gathered about eight hundred dollars in money belonging to his wife and her brother, and then ran off. All the means the forsaken one had recourse to failed to discover the place of his retreat. On Saturday last, as she was returning from church, she discovered Mr. Fanigatus standing upon the steps of a hotel employed in picking his teeth with a quill. Miss Devlin hastened to a magistrate, stated the case, obtained a warrant, and had it served upon a gentleman who was picking his teeth on the hotel steps. He was brought before the justice and accused of his cruel desertion of her. The gentleman was astonished to find that he had a wife, as he had always suspected himself of being an incorrigible bachelor, but was still more surprised to hear that his name was Fanigantus—as he had been christened Cox, and had only been in this country four months from London. As the lady persisted he was her husband, Mr. Fanigantus, and he was equally positive that he was Mr. Cox, the husband of nobody, the magistrate was perplexed how to decide, until the lady recollected that there was a certain mark upon her husband's body by which he could be identified. A committee of investigation was immediately appointed to examine the gentleman's person, but all their scrutiny was unable to detect the mark described. This settled the magistrate's doubts, half satisfied the lady, and the gentleman departed, with a stronger determination than ever, to keep clear of the females.

The Boston Times says a chorister lately pitched a tune so high that the choir had to adjourn to the belfry to reach it.

"I'm laying down the law," as the client said when he floored his counsellor.

"Yesterday, a young 'un said to his father: 'Pa, you must give me a quarter of a dollar to day.' 'Why, I never gave you more than ninepence on other holidays,' was Pa's cool answer. 'Yes, Pa, I know that,' said the lad, 'but provisions is riz since last year, and a quarter don't go any farther than ninepence used to.'"

Advice to the Young.—The youth who is early tutored to have an invincible moral regard for his own character, will soon perceive the duties imposed upon him by society; and will have pleasure in fulfilling them, as much for his own satisfaction as for the sake of his fellow men; if the seeds of morality and patriotism are early sown, they will spring up and ripen to maturity, in a confirmed love of truth, integrity and honour, and without these for his guide no man can do credit to himself or his country. This consideration is of vital importance, as our comfort and happiness through life greatly depend upon a strict adherence to the rules of morality and religion; for when the latent powers of the mind are neglected, or not directed into the paths of rectitude, by good precepts and worthy examples, vice and folly enter in, and lead their victim to evils and errors, which render his life miserable, and sometimes hurry him into [illegible] morality are blended together in the mind, they impart their blessings to all who seek the aid of the one and obey the dictates of the other, and their joint effects are seen and felt in the perpetual cheerfulness they impart. They excite the ploughman at his plough and the song of the milkmaid at her pail is cheered. In whatever situation of life a person may be placed, if these principles are imbibed in youth and firmly embraced and maintained through life, they will assuredly prove the greatest source of happiness and comfort in old age.

The Mother.—Heaven has imprinted on the mother's face something which claims kindred with the skies. "The waking, watchful eye, which keeps its tireless vigils over her slumbering child—the tender look and the angelic smile, are objects which neither the pencil nor the chisel can reach, and which poetry fails in attempting to portray—upon the eulogies of the most eloquent tongue we should find tekel written." It is in the sympathies of the heart alone, where lives the lovely [illegible] and the eye may look abroad in vain for the counterpart in the works of art.

A mother's love—oh what a joy is in the sound—entwined around our very souls in our earliest years—we cling to it in manhood and almost worship at its shrine in old age. To use the language of a celebrated writer we say, that he who can approach the cradle of sleeping innocence without thinking of such is the kingdom of Heaven—or view the fond parent hang over its beauties, and half retain her breath lest she break its slumbers—without a veneration beyond all common feeling—is to be avoided in every intercourse in life, and is fit only for the shadow of darkness and the solitude of the desert.

The Pawn Broker.—Visiting the Pawn Broker's shop in Chatham st. for the purpose of redeeming some articles left by an unfortunate friend, the following circumstance arrested my attention.

A middle aged man entered with a bundle, on which he asked a small advance, and which on being opened was found to contain a shawl and two or three other articles of wearing apparel. The man was stout and sturdy, and I judged from appearance, a mechanic; but the mark of the destroyer was on his bloated countenance, and in his heavy, stupid eyes. The pawn broker was yet examining the offered pledge, when a woman whose pale face and attenuated form bespoke long and intimate acquaintance with sorrow, came hastily into the shop, and with the single exclamation "Oh Robert!" darted, rather than run, to that part of the counter where the man was standing. Words were not wanting to explain her story; her miserable husband, not satisfied with wasting his own earnings, and leaving her to starve with her children, had descended to the meanness of plundering even her scanty wardrobe, and the pittance for the obtaining of which this robbery would furnish means, was destined to be squandered at the tippling house. A blush of shame arose even upon his degraded face, but it quickly passed away; the brutal appetite prevailed, and the better feeling that had apparently stirred within him for the moment, soon gave way before its diseased and insatiated cravings.

'Go home,' was his harsh and angry exclamation, 'what brings you here, running after me with your everlasting scolding? go home, and mind your own business.'

'Oh Robert, dear Robert,' answered the unhappy wife, 'don't pawn my shawl. The children are crying for bread, and I have none to give them. Oh let me have the money; it is hard to part with that shawl, for it was my mother's gift; but I will let it go rather than see my children starve. Give me the money, Robert, and don't leave us to perish.'

There is no prettier sight in the world than a young lady, simply and elegantly dressed, standing in twilight in the door of a [illegible] which looks out upon a garden. The mind is instantly filled with thoughts of love, flowers, caresses, and domestic felicity.

"No evil lasts forever," as the poor man said when the Legislature adjourned.

VARIETY.

A recruiting officer, [illegible] checked damsel, as she was putting on her bonnet at the close of a quilting party, "will you allow me to see you home?" "No, sir, I am engaged," said she, in a loud tone, so as to give notoriety to the transaction. "You mistake my meaning," said the military man, "for I've got both pockets full of gingerbread."

It is stated that in the neighborhood of Grosvenor Square, London, there reside four surgeons, all enjoying excellent practice, whose names are Blood, Slaughter, Death and Churchyard.

This is the way to get up a fight. "I say," said an urchin to another in the street, "You're the fellow what stole my marbles." "No I an't." "Then I'm a liar, am I?" and without more ado, he pitched right into him.

A dog was found [illegible] on his door step with a broken leg. The apothecary took him in, splintered his leg, and finally let him go. In a short time after the apothecary heard a scratching at the door, and on opening it found there the dog with another in company, whose leg was broken. This was getting into dog practice expeditiously.

"Have you ever seen a snail?" "Yes." "Then you must have met him, for it is impossible for you to have overtaken one."

There is a man down south who celebrates his birth day by paying for all his newspapers.

"Come in, children—its going to rain," as the shark said ven he sucked in the little fishes.

"I feel as if I should fly," as the dove said ven he saw a boy pick up a stone in the street.

Cato said "the best way to keep good acts in memory, is to refresh them with new."

The editor of the New Orleans Times says, the corsets worn by the ladies of that city will bear a monstrous strain, [illegible] a lady he saw in the streets who was nearly [illegible] in size that a man [illegible] amenable for bigamy [illegible]

"Still gently o'er me stealing," as the man said to the bed bugs.

An English paper says [illegible] than fifty pair of boots [illegible] Queen's service [illegible] kick Lord Palmerston out [illegible]

It appears to me [illegible] where [illegible] the man [illegible] lector called on him [illegible] for money.

"Custom cannot stale [illegible]" Over the stall of a [illegible] Bar, of Paris, [illegible]

[illegible]

How [illegible] only discovered [illegible] ships [illegible] to the conclusion [illegible] with human beings.

A western editor [illegible] married says, "Every [illegible] regard for his country [illegible]

When the [illegible] had been married [illegible] with his lady [illegible] I am a lawyer [illegible] determined to divide [illegible] ey; you shall have the [illegible] have the inside; now, if that [illegible] what is?"

A countryman [illegible] hastily accosted a shepherd boy, [illegible] you see a hare running by here?" [illegible] sir?" "Yes, fool." "What [illegible] run fast, with long ears?" [illegible] hoppety, hoppety [illegible] "What, very long [illegible]" "Ah, then," said the boy, [illegible] see it."

"Lord, stranger, you're drunk [illegible] nough and have been so [illegible] years; my brother and I [illegible] temperance cause [illegible] lecture, and I give example [illegible]"

The Legislature of [illegible] favor of a proposition [illegible] drunkenness [illegible] divorce. There are few [illegible] adequate.

A countryman [illegible] said that [illegible] during the honey moon, and [illegible]

"Here's the [illegible]" as the drunken fellow [illegible] felt his way around the [illegible]

It is the mark of [illegible] to be polite [illegible]