

BY E. J. VAN CLEVE.

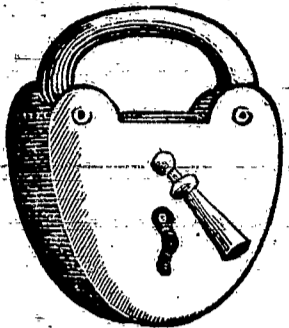
LANSINGBURGH, TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1828.

VOL. II..NO. XVII.

LANSINGBURGH: PRINTED AND PUBLISHED ON TUESDAYS, AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM...

JOB PRINTING, OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, DONE AT SHORT NOTICE, AND ON REASONABLE TERMS.

NEW Hardware Store, LANSINGBURGH, Wholesale and Retail.



Fall Hardware, Iron and Steel.

SLEIGH SHOES, Nail Rods, Axle-ry Drafts, Crow-Bars, Swedes, English Blister, German, Spring and Cast STEEL.

Waldron & Stout

Fine Cutlery, Staple Hardware, House Keeping Articles, Plate, Jap'd and Tin'd Sallery, Cabinet Furniture, and Sape Maker's Tools, which they offer for sale, at a moderate advance, on the importing prices.

30 Casks Cut and Wrought NAILS, assorted from 2 1/2 to 4 1/2... 100 lbs. Sheet Lead, 20 bags Shot, assorted sizes...

Hollow-Ware, Tea Kettles, Pot, Kettles, Bake Pans, High Pans, Griddles, S. -lers, Skillets, Basons, Fire Dogs, &c. of every description.

Iron and Steel, 20 Tons flat Swedes and English IRON, from 1 1/4 to 4 in. 2 do. Old Sable, PSI. 3 do. Square and Round Iron...

J. C. Filkin & Co. HAVE Just Received, from New-York a large and well selected assortment of

Groceries, Consisting of Cogniac, Spanish, American and Raspberry BRANDY... Holland, Pierpont, Baltimore and Swau GIN... Malaza, Maderia, Port and Cherry WINES... CORDIALS... London and American PORTER... BOTTLED CIDER... St. Croix, New-Orleans, Boston, Jamaica and Cherry RUM.

MOLASSES, New-Orleans, Sugar-House, and English-Island

SUGARS, Hyson, Young-Hyson, Tonkey, Hyson-Skin and Bohea

TEAS, Coffee, Chocolate, Rice, Curants and Figs.

20 Boxes Fresh Oranges and Lemons.

Flour, 100 BLS. FLOUR just received and for sale by the subscriber, manufactured from Geneva Wheat.

THE CASKET, OR FLOWERS OF LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

THE patronage that has already been extended to the CASKET, has not only exceeded our most sanguine expectations, but, in our estimate, is unprecedented in the annals of monthly literature.

It is our intention to render the Casket interesting to the various classes of readers to whom periodical literature generally addresses itself; we shall then feel called upon to search, with renewed attention and assiduity, for the most interesting contents of foreign magazines, while a proper inducement will be held out for native writers to contribute a portion of their labours to enrich our Casket.

These regulations can be effected without any sacrifice of that light reading, and general magazine of small paragraphs, that must enter into all literary works; inasmuch as the size of the work will be very considerably enhanced...

The price of the Casket will be \$3 50 per annum, payable within three months after the receipt of the first number...

The arrangements that we have made for the publication of the Casket, warrant us in assuring its patrons, that it shall equal, in attraction, any work of the kind that has been published; while its price is scarcely half that of the most ordinary monthly publications.

The Patrons of the Casket, who intend to continue the work after the present year, will please to intimate their wishes by sending us the subscription in advance...

It may be well to state, that the "Casket for 1827" will form a distinct volume, at \$2 50 per annum; and, on its completion, contain 30 splendid engravings, with nearly 500 pages of letter-press printing, constituting one of the cheapest publications in the United States.

Woollen Factory FOR SALE, A Great Bargain.

THE establishment lately owned by the Farmers Cambridge Woollen Manufacturing Company, situated in White Creek, now occupied by BRIGGS & STARKS, is offered for sale by the subscribers, on very accommodating terms.

Norman Squires, HAS just received, in addition to his former stock, which he offers for sale low for cash, or country produce:

25 bbls. ST. RUM, 15 do. N.E. do., 10 do. Molasses, 5 pipes Anchor and Swan Gin, 5 do. Brandy, old, and very fine, 4 bbls. brown Sugar, 4 do. Lump do., 10 qr. casks Lisbon, Teneriff, } WINE. Malaga, and Coimbra

DRUGS & MEDICINES, Dye-Staffs, Paints, Oils, &c.

John Kennedy, AT his old stand, next door south of Messrs. Lausung and Alford's, has lately made considerable additions to his assortment of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, IRON, FISH, SALT, &c. &c.

THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

[From the London Courier.] There is in all the works of Mr. Montgomery a deep religious feeling—an anxiety to make his genius subservient at all times to the most moral purposes. No man can rise from the perusal of his poetry without having received lessons calculated to make him a better Christian.

Thou uncreate, unseen, and undefined, Source of all life, and fountain of the mind; Pervading spirit, whom no eye can trace, Felt thro' all time, and working in all space, Imagination cannot paint that spot, Around, above, beneath, where Thou art not!

Before the glad stars hymn'd to new-born Earth, Or young Creation reviv'd in its birth, Thy Spirit moved upon the pregnant deep, Unchain'd the waveless waters from their sleep, Bade Time's majestic wings to be unroll'd, And out of Darkness drew the breathing world!

Thou wert form'd at thy creative tone, Thou wert!—Omnific, Endless, and Alone; In thine own essence, all that was to be—Sublime, unfathomable Deity!

Thou said'st—and to!—a universe was born, And light flash'd from Thee, for its birth-day morn!

A world unshrouded, all its beauty now! The youthful mountain rear'd its haughty brow, Flowers, fruits, and trees, felt instantaneous life, And Ocean chafed her billows into strife!

And next, triumphant o'er the green-clad earth, The universal sun burst into birth, And dashed from off his altitude sublime, The first dread ray that mark'd commencing time!

Last rose the moon—and then th' array of stars, Wheel'd round the heavens upon their burning cars?

But all was silent as a world of dead, Till the great Deep her living swarms outspread! Forth from her teeming bosom, sudden came imping'd monsters—mighty, without name; Then plumed tribes, wing'd into being there, And played their gleamy pinions on the air,— Till thick as dews upon a twilight green, Earth's living creature rose upon the scene!

And now the gorgeous universe was rife, Full, fresh, and glowing with created life! And when th' Eternal from his starry height, Beheld the young world basking in his light, And breathing incense of thanksgiving,— He bless'd it, for his mercy made it good! Creation's master-piece! a breath of God, Ray of His glory, quicken'd at his nod, Immortal man came next,—divinely grand, Glorious and perfect from his Maker's hand; Lo! softly beautiful as Music's close, Angelic woman into being rose!

And thus, thou wert, and art, the fountain soul, And countless worlds around thee live and roll; In sun and shade, in ocean and in air, Diff'rent, though never lessen'd—every where! All life and motion from thy source began, From worlds to atoms, angels down to man!

ON TILLING GROUND.

[From the Connecticut Courant.] With timely care I'll sow my little field, And plant my orchard with its master's hand, Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield, Or range the sheaves along the sunny land.

The labors of the field rank first in point of utility. To these all classes of human beings from the king on the throne to the peasant in the cottage are indebted for the necessities of life. They also lay the surest foundation for national independence and wealth.

Our great and good Washington, and our venerable Lincoln, were practical farmers; the latter, if I have been rightly informed, used before the revolution to drive his own team, and labor daily upon his farm with his own hands.

The pursuit of agriculture, with diligence and prudence seldom fails yielding, if not wealth, a moderate independence. For the farmer who is not in debt, and the produce of his farm is sufficient his industry and frugality to support his family is really as independent in his circumstances as though he were worth a million.

This calling is the least dependant of any, and the least exposed to fatal accidents, affords on the whole the greatest sum of contentment. Gilbert Burns, of Scotland, himself a laboring farmer, remarks in a letter written in the year 1800,

"I have always been of opinion, that if a man bred to habits of a farmer life, who possesses a farm of good soil on such terms as enables him to pay all demands, is not happy, he ought to look somewhere else than to his situation for the cause of his uneasiness."

A practical farmer whose livelihood depends on his calling—should make it the pinnacle of worldly ambition to excel in it. If he neglects his farm for almost every thing else, he is generally a miser both in interest and credit.

It is not the abundance of land, but the thorough and skillful cultivation of it, that fills the barn with hay, the cribs with corn, and the mansion house with plenty.

If a farmer neglects his farm, his farm will neglect him. The husbandman must first labor else he partakes not of the fruits. He must be vigilant else carelessness will waste and lose what industry gains.

He must be economical and frugal else his outgoes exceeding his income, he is sure finally to come out of the little end of the horn. He must not feel above his business, else he will find himself below it.

He must always mind to do every thing in its season, else he will have double work and half crops. Finally, he must study agriculture as practical science, and make use of the means in his power to increase; else will he neither shine in his calling nor reap the profits from it, which he might and which others actually do.

Farmers, venerate the hoe, the scythe and the sickle. If you exchange the implements of husbandry for means of livelihood, you venture where there are several blanks to a prize!

Look over your lands, and see what parts may be cultivated to more advantage—how you can raise more grain and flax, keep more cows and sheep; fat more cattle—sell more beef and pork, and other articles of produce.

Study agriculture; carry it to the greatest perfection. It is the basis of our wealth, of manufactures and commerce.

TURKISH MARRIAGES.

When a Turk has determined on marriage, he makes his wishes known to his mother, or any other near female relation, and gives a description of the appearance he would wish his wife to possess. The lady applied to sets out immediately in search of a bride, calling at the house of her female acquaintances where there are unmarried women.

Those who are supposed to answer the description contained in her instructions, are made to undergo a severe examination. Their hair is regularly combed, that it may be seen whether it is all their own; their mouth is kept open some minutes to show whether the teeth be good; the breath is smelt that it may be ascertained if it be sweet; the body handled all over for fear of some hidden deformity; and finally, they are made to walk up and down the room that it may be seen that they are exempt from lameness.

Thus young ladies undergo a more scrupulous examination than horses in this country when they are to be bargained for. The good qualities and defects of the ladies visited are then reported to the proper quarter; the choice is fixed, and the same messenger returns to make the formal proposals. She arrives with two slippers on her feet of different colours, by which the object of her visit is at once understood, and she is received with open arms.

When the proposal has been formally mentioned, betrothing is considered as having taken place, and the proposer is referred to the father or guardian of the lady, with whom the amount of dowry,

value of mutual presents, and other necessary particulars are discussed and settled.

I was invited by the Haratshee Bashee, or capitation tax gatherer general, to attend the nuptials of his daughter. The feasting and rejoicings were to be conducted on a scale of unusual splendor, and to be continued three successive days.

I found the extensive court yard in front of the house filled with a crowd of people of the lower ranks, in the midst of whom were squatted on the bare ground, three Turkish musicians. One was exerting all the powers of his lungs, to squeeze out of a hautboy certain goose-like notes, which were intended as the leading melody.

His next neighbour was beating an accompaniment on an enormous drum, and the third had before him two very small kettle drums, which he was striking with two sticks, in such a manner as to strike the time for the trio—being as it appeared, the conductor of the orchestra. Every part of the house was crowded with male visitors of all ranks and descriptions, the married couple having a few hours before arrived from Molla's court, where the marriage contract had been mutually agreed to by the parties interested.

It was with the utmost difficulty I made my way to the upper end of the principal apartment, at one corner of which sat the bride on a velvet covered ottomana. Her face was without a veil, but completely concealed under a thick paint or paste of divers colors, which closed her mouth and eyelids so effectually as to prevent her opening either.

A wax mask could not have disguised her features more completely. Conformable to custom, as a friend of the house, I brought my present, which consisted of a diamond ring and a mahmoodly. The one I placed on the bride's little finger, and the other I fastened under the tight part of her head dress to her forehead.

I had been preceded by others in similar donations, and many more followed my example. But as all the gold pieces which were applied to the bride's face could not stick there many minutes, they fell into a muslin embroidered handkerchief, which had been widely spread on her lap for the purpose; and I calculated, before I took my leave, that she had already made a collection of at least two hundred mahmoodlys, which with the presents of other descriptions, must have formed a very handsome extra dowry.

The principal garment of the bride, was an amole robe made of rich gold tissue. Her fingers were literally covered up to her nails with diamond rings. On her head dress there were heaps of diamond ornaments, some of which were her own, and others borrowed for the occasion.

She wore round her neck several very rich necklaces of pearls joined with diamond clasps, and her long hair hung in manifold tresses on her shoulders and back, intermingled with a profusion of gold tinsel. In this condition, exposed to the excessive heat of the weather, and of the crowded room, and having to endure the miseries of thirst and hunger, was this poor creature to remain two whole days, unattended by any of her sex, except at night.

At the close of the second day the paste and paint were to be taken off. Finally on the third, she was to undergo a ceremonious purification at the vapor bath, attended by a host of female relations and friends, after which the bridegroom was at liberty to claim her as his wife.

Hardly a marriage takes place in Turkey in which similar ceremonies are not observed with more or less splendour, in proportion to the station in life and opulence of the parties.

THE GRAVE.

Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error; covers every defect; extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regret and tender recollections; who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctions throb, that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

But the grave of those he loved—what a place for meditation! Then it is we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavishing upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy—then it is we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn and awful tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all the stifled grief; its noiseless attendance, its mute watchful assiduity; the last testimonies of expiring love; the feeble, fluttering; thrilling—Oh! how thrilling is the pressure of the hand; the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence; the faint, faulting accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affections!

—Aye, go to the grave of buried love and meditation! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past endearment ungracified of that departed being who never—never—never can return to be soothed by contrition!—If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kind-