

LANSINGBURGH DEMOCRAT.

WILLIAM J. LAMB,

OFFICE AT 275 1-2 STATE-STREET, UP-STAIRS.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. VII.

LANSINGBURGH, N. Y., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1844

NO. 1.

POETRY.

The Reason Why.

By Mrs. Stegobry.
I saw a little girl,
With hair uncurled,
And wondered why she wandered thus
Amid the wintery storm.
They said her mother drank of that,
Which took her sense away,
And so she left her children go
Hungry and cold all day.

I see them lead a man.

To prison for his crime,
Where solitude and punishment,
And toll divide the time;
And as they forced him through the gate,
Unwillingly all,
They told me 'twas intemperance
That made him do the wrong.

I saw a woman weep.

As if her heart would break;
They said her husband drank too much
Of what she should not take,
I saw an unfrequented mound,
Where weeds and brambles wave—
They said no tear had fallen there—
It was the drunkard's grave.

They said the dead were not all.

They take the intemperate run,
For there was danger led the soul,
As evermore untone,
Since water, fire, and all, and sweet,
And beautiful to see,
And since it drink do us harm,
It is the drunk for me.

From the Boston Post.

SONG.

BY A MEMBER OF THE STATISTICAL SOCIETY.
It's 45 days since our parting,
I wish took place at 10th Jan. p. m.
The 24th Nov. 40 was our ring,
When you gave me a string,
Of those same 45 days,
I have been free, and all drenching the rest,
Of the wind since the 13th has veer'd
Between N. and N.E. and N.W.

My thermometer showed me one day
87 degrees Fahrenheit,
(About 34° R.—au—) they say
It was down to 15° a one night—

Now 45 days, my dear, just
Make 1060 good hours;
Take 3 off for sleep, and I trust
You know less how revive our young power.

When scarcely past 20, at best—
(For old folks, they say, 8 or 9 rent),
I felt, delecting these hours for rest,
That I remain 7-0.

And showing I thought of your form
Only 5 times 'twixt each hour's chime,
Why, I begot of it leaving and warns,
Just 3000 times.

Then remember your lover, though he
Woes in numbers of your few relations;
Ows his erephing maid, and you see
That was your own that made figures his passion.

The Nobility of labor.

If there is, as many believe, evidence of an approaching improvement in society, it is to be found in the rank which honest labor is taking among us. We are fast getting rid of those pernicious notions, which owe their existence to feudal times when they were slaves to the few, that it is ignoble to work. In crime, deception and wide spread ruin, we have learned the awful effects of idleness, and that wretched pride which is the father of it. What a different state would we now be in, if the whole some maxims inculcated fifty years ago had not been forgotten. Then it was deemed wise for every young man to have a trade, by which with his own arms he could earn an honest livelihood. Even the wealthy obliged their children to have a knowledge of some mechanical art, as a guarantee against the reverses which might come upon them. And if the same plan were to be adopted again, great and glorious would be the result. The polite professions, as they are termed, seem to have too many claimers for our young men. There are lawyers enough in this city to involve the whole world in legal quarrels; the profession is absolutely crowded, and not more than one half can possibly gain a living by the business; there are physicians enough to cup and physic old mothers, earth into claus; there are ministers enough to preach the gospel for half a million of men, instead of sixty-three thousand. The fact is, law, medicine and theology are to get the skilling places for lazy, proud people to bide in. They have a profession, a genteel one, and that saves the poorer part of them from being called loafers; and gives the rich portion the pleasing title of Reverend, Doctor, and Squire. Now, ministers and doctors are wanted, we grant so are lawyers, (alas! that it is so) but every one who does not by his profession make an honest living, is not wanted, and should turn his attention to something else. The supply should be no greater than the demand; the surplus is an encumbrance on society, a leech sucking on the great arteries of community. For all these pursuits, it

should be borne in mind, producing nothing which our animal nature demands. They do not raise a house, nor plant a field, nor launch a ship, nor weave a yard of cloth, but on the contrary they live out of these labors. It is the mechanic and farmer who do those things; they support no more than are absolutely needed. All over that number are drones who eat and drink the fruits of others industry, without return.

This world is beginning to understand this better. The law of God is irrevocable. Thou shalt earn thy bread with the sweat of thy brow; is the command; and the command has made obedience noble, and a blessing accompanies it. Every man who labors with his own hand in some calling that benefits himself or fellow man, is a laborer in the best sense; he performs his duty to his maker and his duty to his race. He who builds up cities, and brings together remote nations, and gathers in the rich treasures of the soil, by his labor, is greater than all the princes and titled schemers who have robbed and oppressed him. In the learned laborer alone can we look for the nobility.—Cin. Messenger.

THE HARVEST PAST.

Who are they, who shall hereafter take up this sad lament? Look at the profligate game. He says, it is no matter how I live in this world; all the punishment I have to fear, I shall receive here. The idea keeps him quiet and indolent now; but in a dying hour conscience bites like a serpent, and stings like an adder. He cannot silence his conscientious visitings. He writes upon his bed's pillow, shaking from him the awful presence of his Judge. He goes before the judgment seat from the midst of his sins; and in the anguish of despair he exclaims: "The harvest is the soil, by his labor, is greater than all the princes and titled schemers who have robbed and oppressed him. In the learned laborer alone can we look for the nobility.—Cin. Messenger."

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WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

Let a man have all the world can give him he is still miserable if he has a grovelling undevout mind. Let him have his gardens his fields, his woods, his laws, for grandeur, plenty, ornament and grandeur, while at the same time God is not in all his thoughts and garden-let him have neither field nor let-let him only look at nature with an enlightened mind—a mind which can see and adore the Creator in all his works; can consider them as demonstrations of his power, his wisdom, his goodness, and his truth,—this man is greater, as well as happier, in his poverty, than the other in his riches. The one is a little higher than an beast, the other, a little lower than an angel.

FACT FOR THE PEOPLE.

Our readers will recollect, that, a short time since, (only about three years,) there were more State prison convicts than there were cells, and that the project was entertained by the legislature of erecting another building for all criminals. At that time, Rev. Jared Curtis, the worthy chaplain of the prison, said that if measures could be adopted to give forward the temperance reform, no additional building would be required, but that, on the contrary, there would soon be cells to let.

And his prediction has been fulfilled. The temperance cause has gone forward and the manufacture of, and traffic in, spirit, has gradually diminished; thousands of inebriates have reformed, and upwards of forty cells in the State Prison are now untenanted.—Boston Journal.

A GOOD STORY.

Col. Johnson, in his talk to the people of Trenton, told a capital story about a Baptist minister by the name of Sacket, who is near relative of the ex-Vice President.

It seems that Sacket had been a dissolute fellow, and a great fighter; but just before the battle of the Thames, he suddenly changed his course, and became pious. He however had a strong inclination for the camp, and volunteered his services to assist the Colonel against the enemy, under condition that he should have the privilege of preaching to the soldiers of the camp. The condition was gladly embraced, and Sacket was installed as major, under a sort of certificate from the commanding officer.

He was a stirring man, a capital officer and zealous preacher. On the day before the battle of the Thames, the Colonel dropped into one of his meetings. He was holding forth with a stentorian voice, and insisting strongly on the doctrine of predestination. "All the destinies of men," said he, "are in the hands of the Almighty; and not a sparrow falls to the ground without his direction. He is too, the God of battles. He directs the bullets in the fight, as well as the peaceful operations of the household; and hence there is as little danger on the field of battle, as in the workshop or at the plough field. If you are to die you will die at all events; but if you are to live, the Almighty can turn the bullet out of its course as easily as he can number the hairs of your head. If your time has come, you will die, whether on the battle field or not." But continued he, "I don't think your time has come. I don't think, my friends, you are to die just now."

The next morning while preparations were making for the battle, Johnson rode the preacher, "you will smile, to-day, and as you think a man can't die till his time comes, and that he is safe in one place as another, I should like to have you charge at the head of your column; and, mark me, don't you fill the enemy with discharged cavalry you; then take aim at the widows' eyes; and having fired, stop for nothing, but grapple them by the throat; and make sure work of it."

"Very well, Colonel," says Sacket. "I'll always be willing to test my faith by my works."

Accordingly, Sacket took his position at the head of his column. He stood like a man, only winking a little, as the balls came whizzing past him in showers. But he obeyed his orders to the letter; and, having received the 700 bullets of the enemy, he advanced forward, poured in a deadly fire, and immediately grappled hand to hand with the foe,—which soon decided the fate of the day.

After the action was over, the Colonel remonstrated with him, good humoredly, for killing so many of the enemy.

"Why Sacket," said he, "this was altogether useless; half the number would have answered every purpose. How could you be so wasteful such a useless waste of human life?"

"Don't know how it was, Colonel," replied the preacher; "we only fired once, and I rather think it was because their time had come."

Sacket is still living, and preaches to this day, in one of the Western States.

KENDALL, in his life of Gen. Jackson, in describing the battle of Hanging Rock; in which Robert and Andrew Jackson took part, says that after the British camp fell in possession of the Americans, most of the victorious troops gave themselves up to plundering and drinking. The British, although driven from their encampment, still continued to fight; and Napoleon, with all his efforts could scarcely raise two hundred men to compose the action. Finding it impossible with so small a force to reap the fruits of a glorious victory almost within his grasp, he retired from the conflict.

"Thus powerful," says our author, "is rum." It robbed Sumner of a victory, and saved a British post. It affects conquests which fire and sword attempt in vain.

A LAFAYETTE MISTAKE occurred at a ball in Washington. A young lady while in the act of turning her partner let go her anchor, which fell on the floor and caused no little bustle. The best of the joke was, nobody would own it; and then she said, "I was so nervous."

Hay like a bomb shell taking its own way, while nimble feet danced round it.

Age—Who can see an old man and not feel disposed to congratulate him? The turmoils of life will soon cease to molest him—the grave will quickly hush his complaints, and place him beyond the touch of wo.

No more will his bosom bleed. No more will trouble fret him. No more will anxiety break his sleep and embitter his waking hours. All are past in a returnless flight.

Happy old man! Sweet to him are his virtuous recollections—bright his heavenly anticipations. The past is pleasant and the future ineffably glorious.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. PUTNAM.

Among the worthies who figured during the era of the American Revolution, perhaps there was none possessing more originality of character than Gen. Putnam, who was eccentric and foxy, blunt in his manners—like a fighting soldier without the polish of his manners. He might well be called the Marion of the North, though he disliked the title, probably from the fact of his being a Quaker, which was very apt to overthrow any trickery he might have in view.

The following anecdote was related to us by an elderly gentleman, who received it from the mouth of his father who served under the General: At the time a strong light called Horseneck, some miles above New York, was in possession of the British, Putnam with a few sturdy patriots, was lurking in its vicinity, bent on driving them from the place. Tired of lying in ambush, the men became impatient and importuned the General with questions as to when they were going to have a bout with the foe. One amongst them inquired how she slept. "Oh, the house is very leaky. The wind whistles through and through, and when any of us are sick or the weather is extra cold, we send our bedding and some of us as an excuse to get a nap." As she spoke, a ragged little girl came in to say,—"Mamma wants to know whether you will lend her your fork?" "To be sure I will," she replied, in the hearing of the General. "She would have been less gracious had her fork been a silver one. Her visitor smiled as he said, "I suppose you borrow your neighbor's knife, in return for your fork?" "O yes," she replied, "and it is as willing to lend as I am. We poor folks must help one another. It is all the comfort we have." The kind hearted creature did not know, perhaps, that it was precisely such comfort that the angels have in Heaven; yet theirs is without drawback of physical suffering and limited means.

CURE FOR GOITRE.

A contemporary pronounces the following cure for the goit, taken from an ancient work, a sure remedy, which we believe.

1st. He must pick a handkerchief from the pocket of a maid of 50 years, who never had a wish to change her complexion.

2d. He must wash it three times in an honest miller's pond.

3d. He must dry it on a parson's hedge that was never convalesced.

4th. He must send it to a doctor's shop that never killed a patient.

5th. He must mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client.

6th. Apply it to the part affected, and a cure will speedily follow.

The top of the renowned Tarpeian Rock of Roman history, is now occupied for a garden by the palace of the Guests in court for a soap-sinner, and used for rope walks—while the Forum, where was thundered forth the eloquence of Cicero is now a pig market.—What a satire on human pride and greatness thus traced by the finger of time.

Logic—Alexander conquered the world; his cock-tails conquered Alexander and the Washingtonians have conquered Gen. Cock-tails, ergo, the Washingtonians are the conquerors of the world.

A planter in Virginia once owned a saw in connection with one of his neighbors. He was a pious man, and would sometimes wind off his prayers by saying, "Oh Lord; in addition to all the blessings I, a sinner, have asked at your hands, will you, in your infinite mercy and goodness, condescend to bless my half of Pompey?"—Chenango Telegraph.

Two physicians, one of New York and one of New Jersey, recently committed suicide by cutting their throats. Even in death they exhibited a want of confidence in their own medicines.

Dandies with immense whiskers and an arch of bristles over the mouth, says an exchange, belong to the hairy-stoeracy.

"WHAT IS IN A NAME?"—One of the most energetic and prompt Judges who state of Pennsylvania is named Donkey.—Iron.

The Express with the Message of the Governor of New York, arrived at Bridgeport, Conn., in 4 hours from Albany, the distance being 120 miles.

THE POOR OF NEW YORK.

The following sketch of a Christmas scene in New York, is extracted from a letter of Mrs Child to the Boston Courier:

A friend of mine who has no money to spend for jewels or silks, or even antique vases, has employed his Christmas more wisely than this and in his action there is more angelic music than in those divine old statues. He filled a large basket full of cakes, and went forth into our most miserable streets, to distribute them among hungry children.

No wonder the stranger with his basket cried out prodigious sensation. Mothers came to see who it was that had been so kind to their little ones.—Every one had a story to tell of health gained by hard work, of sickly children, or drunken husbands. It was a genuine out-pouring of hearts. An honest son of Emerald Isle stood by, rubbing his head, and exclaimed, "Did my eyes ever see the like of that? A gentleman giving cakes to folks he don't know, and never taking a bit of money for the same!"

How little dirty faces peeped after him, round street corners, and laughed from behind open gates! How their eyes sparkled as they led along some shivering bare-footed urchin, and cried out, "This little boy has had no cake yet." "Sometimes a greedy lady would get two shares by false pretences, but this was no conclusive proof of total depravity, in children who never ate a cake from Christmas to Christmas.

In the course of his Christmas rambles, my friend entered a house occupied by fifteen families. In the corner of one room, on a heap of rags, lay a woman with a babe three days old, without food, or fire. In another very small apartment was an aged, weather-beaten woman. She pointed to an old basket of pins and soap, as she said, "For sixteen years I have carried that basket on my arm through the streets of New York; and often have I come home with weary feet, without money enough to buy my supper. But we must always pay our rent in advance, whether we have a loaf of bread to eat or not." Seeing the bed without clothing, her friend inquired how she slept. "Oh, the house is very leaky. The wind whistles through and through, and when any of us are sick or the weather is extra cold, we send our bedding and some of us as an excuse to get a nap."

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Office at 275 1-2 State-street.
TERMS—Two Dollars per annum, in advance.
Advertisements inserted until all arrears are paid.
A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered as a new engagement.
All communications, sent by mail, must be post paid.
Yearly Advertisements inserted at moderate rates.
Incidental Advertisements at common prices.

JOB PRINTING,

NEATLY AND EXPEDITIOUSLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

NEW HARDWARE STORE.

HUMPHREY & LANSING,
IMPORTERS OF HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,
ALBANY.

HAVE opened a Branch Store, under the name and firm of Lansing & Humphrey, in the new brick block of buildings No. — State street, opposite J. Nichols, comprising a very general assortment, also a full supply of *various Hardware,* Sweden iron, flat and square; English do. flat, square and round; Russia do. old and new sable; American round iron, assorted; Iron, scroll, and horse-shoe iron; Horse and spike, and Brazier's rods, English [L] German, American, and cast steel;
Cut, Wrought and Horse Nails; Sheet, Pig and Bar lead; Axletree Arms, Waggon boxes and cleavages;
Anvils, Vices and sledges;
Saws; Hoes; Hay and manure forks; English and American mill and cut stones;
English and American shovels and spades;
Powder and shot;
Brass Kettles, Hollow Ware, &c., all of which will be sold for cash or approved credit, at their Albany prices.
Lansingburgh, 1844.

ASSIGNMENT NOTICE.

JOHN G. SWIFT, having this day made an Assignment of his property and effects to the undersigned, in trust for the benefit of creditors, all persons having demands against him are requested to present the same, and all persons indebted to him are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned without further notice.
DAVID T. LAMB, Assignee.
Lansingburgh, January 12, 1844.

REFINED LARD OIL,

A SUPERIOR article for burning in Lamps and for manufacturers use.
A. L. O.
Mould Candles, and Family Soap, of the best qualities, for sale at the manufactory, corner of River and Rich streets.
J. F. PAMBLEE,
Lansingburgh, January 8, 1844.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in C. Post Office at Lansingburgh, Decem. 31, 1843.
Aldworth Almira Monthly Mrs F
Albion J. C. G. B. C. N
Brooker N 2 Mullen J
Baxter D Morrill Miss Mary
Bebee Ale M J Murray James
Bebee S Northrop Mary
Beckler J A
Bradley J Onank B
Burank J Pratt Mrs F F
Carl Joseph Perry A
Davis Sally Ann Pane Legar
Dormandy Daniel Powers Joseph
Dorr Jonathan Porter George
Dalton Michael Parker S P R
Evans John 2 Ross Isabella
Fellows Adam Rodgers T S
Farrell Michael Sanders Moses
Folk J. J. Simpelter Phoebe
Green Master J Sherman G
Goeybe B Sippy Martin
Hicks John Turner Esther
Hemstreet Charles Tool Mrs Rosana
King Robert Yonnum Aman
King W A
Lape John Webb Samuel
Lockrow Joseph Woodward A M
Lyon J Wickwax James U
Lyon Thomas Wamett James U
Lansing Alida Wickwire Jane
Lamott A Yates Peter A

S. D. SMITH, P. M.

Persons calling for any of the above letters, will please say are advertised.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.

That application will be made to the Legislature at its next session for the passage of an act to revise the charter of the post-offices of this State.
Dated December 6, 1843
J. F. HAYINGTON, President.
John P. Hunt, Sec'y.

WOOD PRINTING

THE subscribers would inform the Typographers and Printers in the State of Canada, that by a newly invented machine, which has been recently patented by the proprietors, they are enabled to print Wood Type of any style and pattern, and which require any number of lines of type 15 to 50 per cent. less than any ever yet been sold. They have now on hand a handsome assortment of Roman, Antique, Gothic, Tuscan, Italian, &c., plain and ornamented, condensed and extended, of various sizes, from 4 to 28 lines. They are of a quality and finish which will bear a comparison with any manufacturer elsewhere. Greenan Border, of various sizes.