

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

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TERMS:

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Select Poetry.

TO APPAQUOQUE.

BY MOZ. JOHN A. DIX.

Fair Appaquoque! how I've trod,
In dreamy thought, thy sand-girt plain,
Pondering the wondrous works of God—
The earth, the sky, the trackless main.

In other days it pleased me more
To scale the cloud-capped mountains high,
And hear the raging torrents roar—
Types of the great Creator's might.

But no in placid scenes I love
The same creative power to trace—
The plain, the sea, the skies above—
Emblems of endless time and space.

That misty line, where sinks the sky
And leaves the ocean's breast unbound,
Seems like the bound, to Fancy's eye,
That parts eternity and time.

Behold that narrow zone of sand
Circled the never-resting sea,
That pours its pillows o'er the strand
In loud majestic minstrelsy.

Full barrier to the 'tis given
To give the mighty waves round,
To hold them back, when tempest-driven,
They seek to pass thy fragrant bound.

With man's proud wealth the bridal sea
That sandy girdle loves to deck;
Here sleeps the sunken argosy,
Here marks the sea, the buried wreck.

When bursts the sea-storm on the shore,
And piles up mounds of glittering sand,
In these we see, in these adore,
The work of an Almighty hand.

From these bleak sands spontaneous shoot
Fresh forms of recreated life,
The spear-shaped grass (the clustering fruit)
Born of the elemental strife.

But chiefly in thy calmest moods
Fair Appaquoque! thy fields I love,
Where regis a gentle quiver
O'er lands, and seas and skies above.

When the cool breezes from the sea
Pour freshness o'er thy sunny plain,
I turn my willing steps to thee,
And feel myself a boy again.

Appaquoque is a part of the township of East-hampton, Suffolk county, New York.
*The brig Mars of Portland, Maine, was wrecked during the fall of 1828, and part of her lies partly buried up in sand.
† Beach grass.
‡ Beach plants.

Miscellaneous.

The Beautiful Maniac.

"The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic blaze—
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile."

In the morning train from Petersburg, there was a lady closely veiled, in the same car with ourselves. She was dressed in the purest white, wore gold bracelets, and evidently belonged to the higher circles of society. Her figure was delicate, though well developed, and exquisitely symmetrical; and when she occasionally drew aside her richly embroidered veil, the glimpse of the features which the beholder obtained, satisfied him of her extreme loveliness. Beside her sat a gentleman, with deep mourning, who watched over her with unusual solicitude, and several times when she attempted to rise, he excited the curiosity of the passengers by detaining her in his seat.

Outside of the cars, all was confusion; passengers looking to baggage, porters running, cabmen cursing, and all the usual hurly and bustle attending the departure of a railroad train. One shrill, warning whistle from the engine, and we moved slowly away.

At the first motion of the cars, the lady in white started to her feet with one heart-piercing scream, and her bonnet falling off, disclosed the most lovable features ever contemplated. Her raven tresses fell over her shoulders in graceful disorder, and clasping her hands in prayer, she turned her dark eyes to heaven! What agony was in that look! What beauty, what heavenly beauty, had not so much misery stamped upon it. Alas! that one glance told a melancholy tale.

"She was changed
As by the sickness of a soul her mind
Had wandered from its dwellings and her eyes
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of earth; she was become
The queen of fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjunct things,
And forms, impalpable and unperceived,
Of other's sight, familiar were to her."

Her brother, the gentleman in black, was lamenting in his attention to soothe her spirit. He led her back to her seat; but her hair fell unbound, and her beauty unveiled. The cars rattled on, and the passengers in groups resumed their conversation. Suddenly, a wild melody arose, it was the beautiful maniac, rich, full and inimitable. Her hands were crossed on her bewitched bosom, and she

waved her body as she sang with touching pathos—
"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing,
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!"

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking
Alas! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!"

Her brother was unmanned, and he wept as only a man can weep. The air changed, and she continued:—
"Has sorrow thy young heart shamed,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That even in sorrow were sweet!
If thus the unkind world wither
Each feeling that once was dear;
Come child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with you 'till you tear!"

She then sang a fragment of a beautiful hymn—
"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

Another attempt to rise up was prevented, and she threw herself on her knees beside her brother, and gave him such a mournful, entreating look with a plaintive "save me, my brother! save your sister!" that, scarcely a passenger could refrain from weeping. We say scarcely, for there was one man (was he a man) who called on the conductor to "put her out the car!" He received the open scorn of the company. His insensibility to such a scene of distress almost defies belief; and yet this is every particular, an "ever true tale."

Should he ever read these lines, may his marble heart be softened by the recollection of his brutality!

Again the poor bewitched beauty raised her bewitching voice to one of the most solemn, sacred airs:
"O! where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?"

And continued her melancholy chant until we reached the steamer Mount Vernon, on board of which we descended the magnificent James River, the unhappy brother and sister occupying the "ladies cabin."

We were standing on the promenade deck, admiring the beautiful scenery of the river, when at one of the landings, the small boat pulled away from the shore with the unhappy girl, for the asylum at—She was standing erect in the stern of the boat, her head still uncovered, and her white dress and raven dresses fluttering in the breeze. The boat returned and the steamer moved on for Norfolk. They were gone, the brother with his broken heart, that sister with her melancholy union of beauty and madness.

Andrew Jackson's Mother.

The Rev. Dr. Hawks recently delivered a lecture before the Historical Society of N. Y., when he related the following story illustrative of female heroism.
"Among those (he observed) who formed a part of the settlement during the revolutionary war struggle, was a poor widow, who, having buried her husband, was left in poverty with the task upon her hands of raising three sons. Of these, the two eldest, ere long, fell in the cause of their country, and she struggled with the youngest as best as she could. After the fall of Charleston and the disastrous defeat of Col. Buford, of the State of Virginia, by Tarleton, permission was given to some four or five American females to carry necessities and provisions, and administer some relief to the prisoners on board the prison ship and in the jails at Charleston. This widow was one of the volunteers upon this errand of mercy. She was admitted within the city and braving the horrors of pestilence, employed herself to the extent of her humble means in alleviating the deplorable sufferings of her countrymen. She knew what she had to encounter; but notwithstanding she went bravely on. Her mission of humanity being fulfilled, she left Charleston on her return—but alas! her exposure to the pestilential atmosphere she had been obliged to breathe had planted in her system the seeds of a fatal disease; and ere she reached her home, she sank under an attack of prison fever, a brave martyr to the cause of humanity and patriotism. The dying mother, who now rests in an unknown grave, thus left her only son the sole survivor of her family to the world's charity; but little did she dream as death closed her eyes, the future of that orphan boy.—That son became President of this free republic—for that widow was the mother of Andrew Jackson."

"How to make Money Fast and Honestly." Enter into a business of which you have a perfect knowledge. In your own right, by the aid of friends on long time, have a cash capital sufficient to do at least a cash business. Never venture on a credit business on commencement. Buy all your goods or materials for cash; you can take every advantage of the market, and can pick and choose where you will. By careful not to overstock yourself. Rise and fall with the market on short stocks. Always stick to those who you prove to be strictly just in their transactions, and shun all others even at a temporary disadvantage. Never take advantage of a customer's ignorance, nor equivocate, nor misrepresent. Have but one price and a small profit, and you will find all the most customers—the cash ones—or they will find you.

If ever deceived in business transactions, never attempt to save yourself by putting the deception upon others; but submit to the loss and be more cautious in future. According to the character and extent of your business, set aside a liberal percentage for printing and advertising, and do not hesitate. Never let an article, parcel or package go out without a handsomely printed wrapper, card or circular, and dispense them continually. Choose the newspaper for your purpose; and keep yourself unceasingly before the public; and it matters not what business of utility you make choice of, for if intelligently and industriously pursued, a fortune will be the result.

Revolutionary Anecdote.

At the siege of Yorktown, on the 19th October, 1781, blinds or breast works were made of pipes and hog-heads filled with sand. There were four hundred American troops in a redoubt in which Hamilton and Knox were stationed. A general order had been given, that when a shell was seen coming the troops should cry out a "shell"—but not to cry a shot when a shot was seen. The reason of this distinction was, that a shell might be avoided, but to cry a shot would only make confusion and do no good. This order was just being discussed, Hamilton remarking that it seemed unsoldier-like to halloo "a shell"; while Knox contended the contrary, and that the order was wisely given by Gen. Washington who cared for the lives of men. The argument, thus stated, was progressing with a slight degree of warmth, when suddenly, spat! spat! two shells fell and struck within the redoubt. Instantly the cry broke out on all sides, "a shell—a shell!" and such a scrambling and jumping as there was to reach the blinds and get behind them for defence. Knox and Hamilton were united in action, however different in words, for both got behind the blinds, and Hamilton, to be yet more secure, held on behind Knox. (Knox being a very large and Hamilton a small man.) Upon this, Knox struggled to throw Hamilton off, and in the effort Knox himself rolled over, and threw Hamilton off towards the shells. Hamilton, however, scrambled back again behind the blind. All this was done rapidly, for in two minutes the shells burst and drew their deadly missiles in all directions. It was now safe and soldier-like to stand out. "Now what do you think, Mr. Hamilton?" said Knox, "about crying shell!"—but let me tell you not to make a breast work of me again!" On looking around and finding not a man but more than four hundred, Knox exclaimed: "it is a miracle!" This anecdote was told by the late Dr. Eneas Monson, and first published in the New Haven Courier.

"Out Loose Again, Mister."

A friend of ours, who is a most accomplished salesman, and who is kept very busy in one of the up-down dry-goods houses, was complimented, not long since, in manner and form as follows:

"He had a countryman in the store and was showing him a very handsome piece of ladies' dress goods, not with any great hope of selling it; still there was some slight chance, and besides, it is necessary—so our friend avers—to keep constantly in practice. So he dashed ahead in fine style, praised the richness of the pattern, extolled the texture of the fabric, held it up to a favorable light avouched for its ultra-fashionableness, and in short let loose a torrent of eloquence, in which it was difficult to distinguish which was more flattered, the taste of the admiring rustic or the quality of the magnificent mousseline."

Bumpkin's eyes flashed with gratified pride at the complimentary allusions to himself and unceasing astonishment at the development of beauty in the goods and fluency in the salesman. Catching our friend by the arm, he exclaimed: "Stop right here for one minute!" and dashed out of the store with two or three rapid bounds. Grosdenap stood, a little bewildered, holding the bolt of goods across both hands, just as though he had "frozen" in the attitude in which he had so thoroughly impressed the rural gentleman. Meantime this last mentioned individual whisked two bounding girls out of a carryall which stood in front of the store and half pulling, half pushing them, brought them up in front of him of the fluent tongue:
"Gals! stand there—right there, Sally, and now Mister, cut loose again! I just want the girls to hear you!"
It is almost needless to say, in view of the peculiarity of the circumstances, that our friend was overwhelmed with his emotions, and for once in his utterance—to the great disappointment of the father and both daughters.

Too Honest.

"Mr. Slocum, I believe, sir?"
"Yes sir, James Slocum."
"Some six months ago, Mr. Slocum, you gave me credit for a pair of boots—price five dollars. I have now called to pay the demand."
"Owe me five dollars? Why, really, I have no remembrance of the fact."
"Be that as it may, the debt is honest, and must be paid."
Here the middle aged gentleman in pepper and salt-cassimere took out a well filled pocket-book, and handed Slocum a twenty dollar bill, Slocum balanced the account, and handed to the middle aged gentleman, in the seasonable wearing apparel, fifteen dollars, being the balance on the boots."

The middle aged gentleman left, while Slocum went off in a reverie.
"Well, the world is not so bad after all; here, at least, is one genuine honest man, I will never speak ill of the human family again."
Scene Second.—An exchange office.—Enter Slocum.
"Bullion, my boy; just discount that lot of money and give me current."
"Certainly, sir."
Bullions runs over the "pictured blotting-paper," and throws out a twenty dollar bill.
"What do you throw that out for?"
"Not worth a cent—one of the new counterfeit came out yesterday."
Slocum once more goes off in a reverie, very ill.
"Curse that scoundrel! That's the very bill that honest man paid me yesterday for the boots. What a vile world! I don't believe that there is one upright man on earth!"
The last we saw of Slocum he was putting off for a "police," to enter a complaint.
Moral.—Don't allow yourself to be done by too much virtue.

The Murders of the Innocents.

If still milk factories had existed in Judea in the days of Herod, that potentate would have been spared the trouble of sending armed men over the country to murder the children, and his fame might have come down to these times redolent of the odor of sanctity instead of reeking with infamy. Had he operated in a legal manner, as our modern poisoners do, his own design would have come quite as near success, and Rachel would as certainly have mourned her children, though without heaping curses upon the head of the Tetrarch. The bills of mortality in this city present a uniform report from week to week, of sixty per cent of the whole number of deaths as occurring among very young children, and about fifty per cent, under the age of two years, the mark fixed by Herod for his slaughter. It were preposterous to assert that this excessive infant mortality is natural or necessary. It arises from many different causes, all or at some time or other under human control, and all the result of ignorance, carelessness, or willful wickedness. Of the varied causes we propose to present to advert to a single one—namely, the fact that the north avenue there exists a great distillery, of itself an intolerable nuisance, but so strongly entrenched by the wealth and influence of its proprietors that all efforts to break it up have failed. It has been presented to the Grand Jury we believe more than once, but no law has been found strong enough to put a stop to it; probably because of the magnitude of the nuisance, as the man who robs by millions is likely to go unpunished, while the ragged piper of a dollar gets his full allowance of justice. But it is not in its immediate filth and stench that this distillery is most pernicious. Its ultimate effect, the substance it produces and sends all over the city in the form of poisoned milk, is a curse of much more fearful nature.

We have heretofore described the premises, the stables, cows, milk and other matters therewith; but an official report just made to the Health Officer by the Sanitary Inspector, which we print in another column, is worthy of attention not so much for new facts as for recalling those heretofore set forth in Grand Jury presentments and Police Reports. The Inspector found in three rows of stables reaching from Tenth to Eleventh avenue, more than fifteen hundred cows, each one tied in a stall but three feet wide, surrounded with filth, panting for air, and nearly all of them in advanced stages of disease. There cows are fed exclusively on warm swill, made for the purpose in the distillery. The Inspector says the stench in which the cows live was so potent that his assistants were forced to quit the stables for a time in order to recover from its sickening effects. These poor diseased animals are milked twice a day, and the nasty milk that comes from them is doctored with chalk, burnt sugar and other drugs, until it has the appearance of good milk, and is then put into wagons labeled "Westchester County Milk," "Pure Country Milk," and other lying devices, and sold throughout the city. Of course, the greater portion of it goes to the poorer classes, those who through ignorance or inability cannot be sure of getting real milk.

We take it that no stronger evidence of the respect of our people for law can be required than the simple fact that with a full knowledge of the above facts they have neither burned the distillery nor the stables, nor lynched a single one of the heartless creatures engaged in this wholesale destruction of children. No words of condemnation are equal to the enormity of their offense. If they were to distribute through the town a solution of prussic acid for Croton water, the crime would be none the less heinous than the selling of such reeking corruption under the name of milk. Suppose the fifteen hundred cows yield but two quarts each per day; more than 20,000 quarts of the venomous mixture will be sold weekly. It would be safe to calculate that from seventy-five to a hundred children are killed every week by having this "pure country milk" administered to them; while hundreds of adults are afflicted with fevers and serofulous complaints springing from the same cause.

The Russian Possessions.

We sometime ago mentioned that the British Government had notified the United States of their intention to take possession of the Russian Possessions in America and those in Asia, bordering on the Pacific. This, a correspondent of the "London Shipping Gazette" contends, ought to be done at once. Nicholas would thus be confined to his ports of the Bering, White Sea and Baltic, which are closed six months in the year, and prevented from injuring British shipping in the Pacific. We copy what the writer says further, as it is a matter of some interest to our country:—"The population of Okhotsk and Kamtschatka do not exceed 14,000, of which about 3,000 are Russians, living chiefly in the seaports of Petrolonsky, Bolcheresk, N. Kamchatka, Gamet and Okhotsk, all which would be easily taken. It is thought that the Russian fleet in the Pacific has taken refuge in one of these harbors. 'What is to prevent our squadron on the China station being sent there? and they might kill two birds with one stone, capturing the fleet as well as the country. The distance about 1500 miles; time for steamers nine, and for sailing vessels sixteen days. It borders on Japan, and would give us great facilities in opening up the trade with that rich and populous country. We should take the islands between Asia and America. The Americans catch most of the whales in these seas. As at present held by the Russian Fur Company, but reserving the sites of towns on the coast, the mineral fisheries. The Hudson's Bay Company would thus get rid of a powerful rival, and be sole masters of the fur trade, as at present divided among them and the Russian Fur Company. If the government offered such terms as these they ought to be accepted by the company; and with free grants of lands in British Oregon and Vancouver's Island to bona fide settlers, these colonies would soon rival their neighbors south of 49."

Correspondence of the Democrat & Sentinel.

The Celebration at Swaney.

Mrs. Easton.—The celebration of the glorious 4th, came off at Swaney, in fine style. It will be impossible for me to give you a full account of all that took place on that day, at that particular village. An outline, however, I will try to give.

About the hour of 3 1/2 o'clock, A. M., long before Sol had shown the face, or had even mantled the eastern sky with the rosy blush of morn, our citizens were roused from their slumbers by the firing of a heavy brass 74, taken at Saratoga; a field on which American prowess shone forth clear as a rotten hickory by moon-light, and by the flight of rockets and roman candles, and the yells of young America. These was no use trying to sleep, so by common consent we left our lazy couches and came to a perpendicular position, and each patriotic citizen might have been seen at his door in say five minutes from the time the firing, &c., commenced. I need hardly inform you, that most of us took time to put on our gaiters, before coming out. Some, however, neglected this precaution, the result was, as the sequel will show, that they had to go to the ground SANS CULOTTES. The cannon was manned, or rather boyed, by Tom Jones, aged 11 years and 8 months;—Jim Brown, aged 11 years, 6 months and 16 days; and the Rev. Josiah Howard, aged 84 years, 22 hours, 10 minutes, and some odd seconds.

The sixteenth fire after my arrival upon the ground, passed off well; but on the 17th, the grass and sods near by having become scarce, a young American some 7 or 8 years of age, broke into Emanuel Darlington's Dry Goods store near by, and brought out a bag of cotton, the greater part of which was rammed into the Old Saratoga. The match was applied, and off she went with a crash that shook the western continent, (this accounts for the earthquake at San Salvador.) I found myself lying beyond the Hoosack, and strange to say I was not seriously hurt, but my clothes had been mostly ruined by the concussion. I jumped up, because I could not afford to be idle on the 4th, and ran back to Swaney, dived about eight furlongs; I wish I had stayed away and let the town to its fate. A grand illumination had been got up. The cotton had set fire to Mr. Darlington's Store, and the flames had communicated to the large tailor-landier establishment of the Messrs. Sturms. Well, we went to work to try to put out the fire before we should commence celebrating the day. The engines worked very well so long as there was any one to attend to them. About 20,000 panes of glass were smashed by the "Hercules" alone. I did not count the number broken by the "Salamanca" and the "Phoenix," but it is reported that each of these companies behaved admirably.

About this time, that is to say about half-past four, A. M., the procession formed for the grove. Gen. Jonathan Fish, distinguished for his services in Mexico, acting as Chief Marshal, and moved off in excellent style, large additions being made at each principal street as the procession advanced. I jumped up, because I could not afford to be idle on the 4th, and ran back to Swaney, dived about eight furlongs; I wish I had stayed away and let the town to its fate. A grand illumination had been got up. The cotton had set fire to Mr. Darlington's Store, and the flames had communicated to the large tailor-landier establishment of the Messrs. Sturms. Well, we went to work to try to put out the fire before we should commence celebrating the day. The engines worked very well so long as there was any one to attend to them. About 20,000 panes of glass were smashed by the "Hercules" alone. I did not count the number broken by the "Salamanca" and the "Phoenix," but it is reported that each of these companies behaved admirably.

Horrible Murder.—We find in the London Standard, brought by the Atlantic, an account of a horrible murder committed by a mother upon no fewer than six of her own children, whose throats she cut one by one as they lay in bed. She afterwards cut her own throat, but not so deeply as to produce death. This terrible affair took place on the night of the 4th inst., at a cottage at West end, about a mile from the west of Essex, and on the borders of the royal domains of Claremont. The murderer was a Mrs. Brough, who was the nurse of the young Prince of Wales. Her age was 47 or 48, and the ages of the children ranged from 24 months to 10 years. It seems the husband of the murderer had seen cause to suspect her fidelity, and had upbraided her and declared he would not live with her any longer.

This is supposed to be the cause of the murder. The following confession of the wretched creature was read at the inquest:
"On Friday last I was had all day; I wanted to see Mr. Izod, and waited all day. I wanted him to give me some medicine. In the evening I walked about, and afterwards put the children to bed, and wanted to go to sleep in a chair. About nine o'clock, George (meaning Georgian) kept calling me to come to his bed, and to get up to bed, and they kept calling me to bring them some barley water, and kept calling till near 12 o'clock. I had no candle lit on the chair. I went and got another, but could not see; there was something like a cloud, and I thought I would go down and get a knife and cut my own throat; but could not find the rope about the master's room for a razor. I could not find one. At last I found his keys, and then found his razor. I went to George, and cut her first; I did not look at her. I then came to Carry and cut her. Then to Henry. He said 'don't mother.' I said, 'I must,' and did cut him. Then I went to Bill. He was fast asleep. I turned him on his side, but never awoke. I never heard him the same. I nearly tumbled into this room. The two children Harriet and George, were awake. They made no resistance at all. Harriet struggled very much and gargled. I then laid down and hid myself. I can't tell what occurred for some time after that, as I found myself weak and lying on the floor. That night I went and lay on the bed, and they kept calling me to bring them some barley water, and kept calling till near 12 o'clock. I had no candle lit on the chair. I went and got another, but could not see; there was something like a cloud, and I thought I would go down and get a knife and cut my own throat; but could not find the rope about the master's room for a razor. I could not find one. At last I found his keys, and then found his razor. I went to George, and cut her first; I did not look at her. I then came to Carry and cut her. Then to Henry. He said 'don't mother.' I said, 'I must,' and did cut him. 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