

The Democratic Standard.

DEVOTED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE CONSTITUTION AND LAWS—THE DIFFUSION OF GENERAL INTELLIGENCE—AND THE REFORM OF ALL POLITICAL ABUSES.

BY D. P. PALMER.

GEORGETOWN, O., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1840.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. I. NO. 17.

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TYRANNY OF MEHEMET ALI.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.
The boasted civilization which Mehemet Ali has introduced into the countries under his sway is entirely superficial, and has no origin whatever in any real improvement, or amelioration in the condition, or for the benefit of their respective populations.

In Egypt the whole of the land belongs to the Pacha; besides himself there is no landed proprietor, and he has the absolute monopoly of every thing that is grown in the country. The following is the manner in which it is cultivated: Portions of land are divided out between the fellahs of a village, according to their numbers; seed, corn, cotton, or other produce, is given to them: they sow and reap, and of the produce 75 per cent is immediately taken to the Pacha's depots. The remaining 25 per cent, is left with them, with the power to take it at a price fixed by the Pacha himself; and then resold to them at a higher rate. This is generally done, and reduces the pittance left them about five per cent. more; from this day they are to pay the capitation tax, which is levied according to the real number of the inhabitants of a village, but according to numbers at which it is rated in the Government books; so that in one instance with which I was acquainted, a village, originally rated at 200, reduced by the conscription to 100, and by death or flight to 40, was still obliged to pay the full capitation; and when I went there, 26 of the 40 had been just assassinated to extort from them their proportion of the sum claimed. After the capitation comes the tax on the date trees, raised from 30 to 60 paras by the Pacha, and that of 200 piasters a year for permission to use their own water wheels without which the lands situated beyond the overflow of the Nile, or too high for it to reach, would be barren. Then comes an infinity of taxes, on every article of life, even to the cakes of camels' dung, which the women and children collect and dry for fuel, and which pay twenty five per cent. in kind at the gate of Cairo and the other towns. Next to the taxes come corvée in the worst form, and in continual action; at any moment the fellahs are liable to be seized for public works, for the transport of the baggage of the troops or to track the boats of the Government or its officers, and this without pay or reference to the state of their crops.

When Mehemet Ali made his famous caps from Alexandria to the Nile, he did it by forcibly marching down 150,000 from all parts of the country, and obliging them to excavate with their hands, as tools they had not, or perhaps could not be provided. The excavation was completed in three months, 30,000 men died in the operation. Then comes the curse of the conscription, which is exercised in a most cruel and arbitrary manner, without any sort of rule or law to regulate it. An order is given to the chief of a district to furnish a certain number of men; these he seizes like wild beasts wherever he can find them, without distinction or exemption, the weak as well as the strong, the sick as well as those in health; and as there is no better road to the Pacha's favor than showing great zeal in this branch of the service, he, if possible, collects more even than were demanded. These are chained, marched down to the river, and embarked amidst the tears and lamentations of their families who know that they shall probably never see them again; for change of climate, bad treatment, and, above all, despair, cause a mortality in the Pacha's army beyond belief: mutilation is not now considered an exemption, and the consequence of the system is, that from Assouan, at the first cataract, to Aleppo, you, literally speaking, never see a young man in a village, and such is the depopulation, that if things continue as they now are, for two years more, and the Pacha insists on keeping up his army to its present force it will be utterly impossible for the crops to be got in, or for any of the operations of agriculture to be carried on.

The whole of this atrocious system is carried into action by the cruelest means—no justice of any sort for the weak; no security for those who are better off; the bastinado and other tortures applied

on every occasion, at the arbitrary will of every servant of the Government. In addition to this, the natives of the country are rarely employed—never in office of trust—and the whole government is entrusted to Turks. In short the worst features of the Mameluke and Turkish rules are still in active operation; but the method of applying them is much more ingenious, and the boasted civilization of Mehemet Ali amounts to this—that being beyond doubt a man of extraordinary talents, he knows how to bring into play the resources of the country better than his predecessors did, but, like them, entirely for his own interest, and without any reference to the well being of the people; and that with the aid of his European instruments he has, if I may say so, applied the screw with a master hand, and squeezed from the wretches under his sway the very last drop of their blood.

Such is the state of these two countries. Syria is perhaps the worst of the two; for the Egyptians used to such oppression, bear it without a struggle; whilst the Syrians, who had been less harshly treated in old times, writhe under and gnaw their chains. Mehemet Ali is now 71 years old.

THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH

The introduction into the British Parliament of a Bill to abolish the Punishment of Death has induced the publication of several meritorious works on the subject, and among them of a translation from the French of Victor Hugo's "Last Days of a Condemned." This consists of a series of papers, supposed to be daily writings during six weeks of a condemned criminal, confined during that period in the Bicetre prison, previous to his execution. These present a powerful picture of the hopeless despair of one destined to end his life on the scaffold. We have not space for extracts from the augmentative part of the work, nor yet to present more than one of the many thrilling scenes which Victor Hugo has depicted. From near the close of the volume we copy an account of the prisoner's last interview with his little child, who adds to his grief by not remembering him; it is powerfully written:

"My child looked rosy and happy, and her large eyes were bright—oh! she is so pretty! I drew her towards me, I raised her in my arms, and, placing her on my knees, kissed her dear hair. I asked, 'why is her mother not with her?' and I learned that she was very ill, and my poor old mother also. Mary looked at me with astonishment. Ceased, embraced, devoured with kisses, she submitted quietly; but from time to time cast an uneasy look towards her nurse, who was crying in the corner. At length I was able to speak. 'Mary,' I exclaimed, 'my own little Mary,' and I pressed her violently to my breast, which was heaving with sobs. She uttered a little cry and then said, 'Oh, you hurt me, sir.' 'Sir!' it is nearly a year since she has seen me, poor child! She has forgotten me—face, words, voice; and then who could know me with this beard, this dress, this pallor? What! already effaced from that memory, the only one where I wished to survive! What! already no longer a father, am I condemned to hear no more that word, so soft in the language of children; that it cannot remain in the language of men, 'papa?' And yet to have heard it from the sweet mouth once more, only once more, that is all I would have asked in the payment for the forty years of life they will take from me.

"Listen, Mary," said I to her, joining her two little hands in mine. 'Do you not know me?' She looked at me with her bright beautiful eyes, and answered, 'Oh! no, indeed.' 'Look at me well,' I repeated, 'what! do you not know who I am?' 'Yes, sir,' she answered, 'you are a gentleman.' Alas! while loving one being on earth, loving with all your deep affections, having that being before you, who sees and looks at you, speaks and answers you, and yet knows you not; you wish for consolation but from this one being, who is the only one that does not know that you require it because you are going to die! 'Mary,' I continued, 'hast thou a papa?' 'Yes, sir,' said the child. 'Well, then, dearest, where is he?' She raised her large eyes in astonishment; 'ah, you don't know, sir, papa is dead; here she began to cry; I nearly let the little angel fall. 'Dead!' I exclaimed 'Mary, knowest thou what it is to be dead?' 'Yes, sir,' she answered, 'he is in earth and in heaven.'—and she continued of her own accord, 'I pray to God for him every morning and evening at mamma's knees.' I kissed her on the forehead. 'Mary, say to me thy prayers.' 'I could not say; a prayer you do not say in the middle of the day. Come to night to the house and you shall hear me say it.'

This was enough, I interrupted her. 'Darling Mary, it is I who am thy papa.' 'You!' returned she. I added, 'wouldst thou like me for thy papa?' The child turned away; 'No, sir, my papa was much

prettier.' I covered her with kisses and tears. She tried to escape from my arms, crying, 'Sir you hurt me with your beard.' Then I placed her on my knees, devouring her with my eyes, and continued, 'Mary, canst thou read?' 'Yes,' she answered, 'I can read very well. Mamma makes me read my letters.' 'Well, then, read a little to me,' said I, pointing to a printed paper which she held crumpled in one of her dimpled hands. She shook her pretty head, saying, 'oh! dear me, I can only read fables.' But, try, my darling; come, open your paper.' She unfolded the paper and began to spell with her fingers, 'sen—sen—ence—Sentence.' I snatched it from her hands. It was my own sentence of death she was reading to me. Her nurse had bought her the paper for a penny. To me it had cost more. No words can convey what I felt; my violence had alarmed the child, who was ready to cry—suddenly she said to me, 'Do give me back my paper, I want to play with it.' I restored her to nurse. 'Take her hence. And I fell back in my chair, gloomy desolate in despair. Now they may come, I care for nothing more, that last fibre of my heart is broken.

INCENDIARY RATS.

Miss Roberts, in the last number of her intelligent and interesting "Notes of a Journey through France and Egypt to Bombay," published in the Asiatic Journal, states that:

"Amongst the various accidents to which houses in Bombay are subjected, the one to be most apprehended, that of fire, is often brought about by rats. They will carry off a lighted candle at every convenient opportunity, setting fire to dwellings by this means. They have been also known to upset tumblers containing oil, which is thus spread abroad, and likely to be ignited by the falling wick. It is perhaps, impossible totally to exterminate this race of vermin, which in the fort set cats completely at defiance, but something might be done to keep the population down. I have been told that there are places in the more crowded portion rendered perfectly impassable at night in consequence of the effluvia arising from the immense quantities of muskrats, which, together with the common sort, and hanticoats of an incredible size, abound, the narrow close lanes being apparently built for the purpose of affording accommodations to vermin of every description. Nevertheless, some of the native houses of the fort would form very agreeable residences to persons accustomed to the utmost refinement. Being exceedingly lofty, the upper apartments have the advantage of every breeze that blows, while the views both of the sea and land are splendid. The immense size of these houses, and the elegance of their decorations, evince the spirit and wealth of their owners; they become absolutely beacons at night, in consequence of the frequency and extent of their illuminations. Numerous are the occasions, either holidays or other rejoicings, in which the natives of Bombay light up their houses; rows of lamps hung along the front of the verandahs, upon every floor, produce a good effect, which is often heightened by the flood of light poured out of apartments decorated with chandeliers and lamps of every description. In passing through the bazaar at night, every third and fourth house is lit up by some festive occasion; one favorite and very pretty method consists of a number of small lamps, arranged to resemble bunches of grapes, and hung up in a court-yard. Sometimes in the evening, a sort of market is held in the native town beyond the Esplanade, and every stall is profusely lighted; the hawkers who carry about their goods in an humble way, upon their heads, in baskets, have them stuck with candles, and the wild shadow effects produced, amid the quaint buildings thus partially lighted, afford a continual phantasmagoria. They must be destitute of imagination, indeed, who cannot find pleasure in the contemplation of the night scenes at Bombay, either from its native shadows, or the delicious solitude of its sylvan cradles. The ear is the only organ absolutely unblest in this sonny island, the noise being incessant, and most discordant; the shrieking of jackalls by night is music, compared to that from native instruments, which is the most remote places, are continually striking up: the drums, trumpets, bells, and squeaking pipes, of a neighboring village, are now indicating their torments upon my distracted brain in the most barbarous manner possible. The exertions of the performers never appear to relax, and by night or day it is all the same—and make themselves heard at any distance, parading along the roads for the sole purpose, it seems, of annoying the more peaceable inhabitants. Certainly, the sister arts of music and painting have yet to make their way into India, the taste for both being at present perfectly barbarous. The European bands, when playing on

the Esplanade, attract a very considerable number of natives; but whether congregated for the purpose of listening to the music or merely for the sake of passing the time, seems very doubtful. A few, certainly, manifest a predilection for "concord of sweet sounds," and no difficulty is experienced by land masters in recruiting their force from natives, the best learning readily, and acquitting themselves very well upon instruments foreign to the country. There is however, no manifestation at present of the spread of a refined taste, and many years will probably elapse before anything like good music will be common in this part of Asia.

"The great variety of religious extant in Bombay, each being distinguished by numerous festivals, all celebrated in the same manner—that is, by noise and illuminations—sufficiently accounts for the perpetual recurrence of lamp lighting and drumming in all directions. Every week brings round the anniversary of some day of rejoicing of the Mohamendans, Hindus, Parsees, Jews, Roman Catholics, or Americans, and Bombay may therefore be said to present one universal holiday. Passing the other evening one of the handsomest pagodas in the island, an oblong square build of yellow stone, with a mitre-shaped tower at one end, I was surprised by the number of European carriages in waiting. The exterior had all the air of a christian church, the situation beautiful, a platform of rock overlooking the sea; and I could not help indulging the hope, that the substitution of chariots and buggies for palanquins and raths would lead to the introduction of a purer and better creed."

DESTRUCTION OF LIFE IN ANCIENT WARS.

Accustomed as we are to the effects of war in civilized times, when the most bloody contests are followed by an increase in the numbers of the people, it is difficult to form a conception of the desolation which it produced in barbarous ages, when the void produced by the sword is not supplied by the impulse of public tranquility. A few facts will show its prodigious influence in former ages. It is ascertained by an exact computation, that when the three great capitals Khorassa were destroyed by Timour, 4,347,000 persons were put to the sword. At the same time 700,000 people were slain in the city of Monsal, which had risen in the neighborhood of the ancient Nineveh; and the desolation produced a century and a half before by the sack of Genchis Khan, had been at least as great. Such were the ravages of this mighty conqueror and his Mogul followers in the country between the Caspian and the Indus, that they almost exterminated the inhabitants, and five subsequent centuries have been unable to repair the ravages of four years. An army of 500,000 Moguls, under the sons of Genchis, so completely laid waste the provinces to the north of the Danube, that they have never since regained their former number; and in the famine consequent upon the irruption of the same barbarians into the Chinese empire, 13,000,000 are computed to have perished. During the invasions of Timour, twelve of the most flourishing cities of Asia, including Delhi, Spahan, Bagdad, and Damascus, were utterly destroyed; and pyramids of human heads, one of which contained 90,000 skulls, erected on their ruins. During thirty-two years of the reign of Justinian, the barbarians annually made an incursion into the Grecian empire, and they carried off or destroyed at an average on each occasion 200,000 persons. Nor was the depopulation of the southern and western provinces less during the same disastrous period. In the wars of Belisarius in Africa, 5,000,000 of its inhabitants are computed by a contemporary writer to have perished; and during the contests between that illustrious warrior and his successor Narses, the barbarian arms in Italy, the whole Gothic nation and nearly fifteen millions which followed those sanguinary contests, carried off still greater numbers than the sword; and during the fifty-two years that it desolated the Roman empire, it is said to have destroyed a hundred millions of inhabitants.—*Alison's Principles of Population.*

APPROPRIATE.—It appears from the returns that there is in Illinois a new county, called *Suspension* county, and it will be some comfort doubtless, in the midst of all disasters in that State, for federal whiggery, to learn that "*Suspension*" county is their's. As our opponents go for *Suspension* it is no more than fair that *Suspension* should go for them.—*Pennsylvania.*

POPULATION OF NETHERLANDS.—On the 1st of Jan. 1840, was 2,832,489 souls, of which 1,698,942 were Protestants, 910,082 Roman Catholics, 51,127 Jews, and 2,938 of other denominations.

NEWSPAPERS.

A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads of names and things which are familiar, and he will make a progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year says Mr. Weeks, is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with its advancement. The mother of the family being one of its heads, and having a more immediate charge of children, ought to be intelligent of mind, pure in language and always cheerful and circumspect. As the instructor of her children, she should herself be instructed. A mind occupied, becomes fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for any emergency. Children amused by reading and study, are of course considerate and more easily governed.

How many thoughtless young men have spent their evenings in a tavern or a grog shop, which ought to have been devoted to reading? How many parents who have never spent twenty dollars for books for their families, would gladly have given thousands to reclaim a son or a daughter, who had ignorantly and thoughtlessly fallen into temptation.

Weekly newspapers can be had at from one to three dollars per year, being from two to five cents per week. Each paper costs the printer before it is printed, about one cent. He, therefore, obtains from one to four cents for his editorial duties, and for printing, distributing, composition, &c. This is extremely low. It is the price paid for advertisements which must keep newspapers alive. Thus the reader of newspapers get the cheapest of all possible reading.

From the Saturday Courier.
SKETCHES OF AN INDIAN CHARACTER, &c.
[Continued from a Coasting Journal in a bark canoe on Lake Michigan, in 1839.]

INDIAN SUPERSTITION.

On a bill overlooking Mequico cove, is the burial-ground. I noticed some recent graves, with a low frame or arch constructed of split cedar, and roofed with a kind of rude shingle. At the head of the grave a small aperture was cut, to allow the spirit of the deceased to pass freely in and out. Near the spot it is customary for the friends to burn sugar, honey, or aromatic herbs, the essence of gas which is evolved being deemed the proper food for spirits while they linger near the places of sepulture, and before their final exit to the happy hunting grounds of the West, far away beyond the setting sun. The "spirit bird," here over this romantic and hallowed spot, is wont during the still night to pour forth the funeral lays; strains of melancholy music are heard by the natives, the mournful requiem of the souls of departed braves. The "spirit bird" descends only low enough in the air to be heard; it is never seen, nor does it ever rest foot upon tree or earth—yet will it remain the live long night, floating about the consecrated spot, and warble notes of unceasing melody, to mingle in unison with the Eolian harmony and celestial song.

In one of the wigwags, we found a girl very ill. She was evidently in the last stage of a fatal fever. Her friends had endeavored to employ natural remedies to arrest the disease, and the Medicine men were preparing to try their power. When this is the case, there is but little hope; natural means are neglected, and a supernatural agency invoked. The incantation is uttered in a wild and solemn chant, expressive of grief and despair, and inspiring feelings of peculiar awe and solemnity. The incantation, but rarely proves successful in exorcising the bad spirit from the body of the unfortunate patient. The panacea is said to consist in the rapturous power, and the howling of sorcery is deemed to cease with the breath of the dying victim.

I have wondered at the strange superstitions of these people. Some of them beautiful and interesting, conforming to original and primitive habits of thought and experience, and originating in the beclouded reason of unenlightened humanity, yet manifesting a deep, convincing sense of dependence upon a higher power. Some times ago we were driven ashore in a storm. We saw smoke at a little distance, and behind a small hill, where it was placed to shield it from the wind, we found a wigwag. After covering our things in the canoe, and making all safe, we took shelter with the Indians. An old man told us we must bring our canoes and things over the hill, and the young men would help us—that there would be a dreadful storm and no canoe could live in the lake. He said he had been on the beach early in the morning, and had seen the storm spirit. He thus described it. It is embodied in the shape of a female, with long hair flowing over the neck and shoulders. It floats upon the waves, with the body erect and the head thrown back. It commences blowing with the mouth, and making a whistling noise, which grows louder and louder, and the gale increases. Presently water is spouted profusely from the mouth and nostrils—the spray is thrown up from the heaving billow, and the storm rages in its fury. Nor does it subside until the point spirit of the storm, satisfied with the sport of bursting clouds and the tempests rage, chooses to seek her cave in the depths of the lake.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

A young lady, whom we knew by sight, once concluded a love letter thus: 'I shall rite to you agin ear long, jo cummins told me a orful story about suke tyler but i didnt pay no attention at all to his sikenen tale yourn till deth paris both on us'

PRINCES.—A prince wants only the pleasure of private life to complete his happiness; a loss that nothing can compensate but the fidelity of his select friends, and the applause of rejoicing subjects.—*Brayere.*

PRESERVING APPLES.

Apples intended for long keeping, should be such as ripen late, and if they hold on well, as is usually the case with those that ripen late, they should remain on the tree as long as they can safely with regard to frost.

They should be gathered in clear, dry weather, and in the warm part of the day, and if the cellar be dry, it is better to put them immediately into it, than they may be kept close and cool, than to put them where they will be much exposed to the air, and to the warm weather that ensues.

We have found by experiment that this method is best, but if the cellar be damp, the moisture will affect the apples, especially while the weather is warm, and there may be nothing gained by putting them into the cellar immediately after gathering.

Apples will keep better if they are enclosed in a close box or cask, as all substances, subject to decay, decompose the faster the more they are exposed. If apples could be enclosed in air tight casks they will keep the better for it.

Various methods of keeping apples have been recommended. Many dry substances are used that pack closely around apples and absorb the moisture that exudes from apples, and protect them from the effects of moisture in the cellar. In some cases dry substances have been used to preserve apples without any good, when not well secured in a close cask; as the dry stuff soon becomes moist in a damp cellar, the apples are continually surrounded by a body which causes their decay.

Apples are occasionally packed down in layers with some of the following substances, for the purpose of preserving them—Dry sand, fine cut straw, dry brakes, grain of any kind, flaxseed chaff, ground plaster, fine joiners shavings, cotton and other dry stuffs. Whatever is used should be pure and dry, and free from any unpleasant odor. Saw dust and ground cork are excellent for preserving grapes, and are doubtless good for saving apples.

We have kept apples in a fine condition in the ground in the manner of saving potatoes, by burying them below the region of the frost, enclosed in straw or boards, in dry ground. The earth should be heaped up at the top and beaten close to throw off the water, and it is best to lay some boards over the top. Apples keep better in this way when there is but a small quantity in one place.

Apples have been so well kept in pulverised plaster that they were as fair the next summer as when taken from the tree.

Apples packed closely in any of the above substances will be less likely to freeze, and may on that account be kept in a cooler place, and this will cause them to keep better; the colder apples can be kept without freezing the better they will be preserved.—*Yankee Farmer.*

GALE AND SHIP-WRECK ON LAKE HURON.

The Detroit Free Press of Saturday contains the following distressing account of a shipwreck on Lake Huron:

STORM AND STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT.

The Missouri met a tremendous gale in Saginaw Bay on Friday night last—during the early part of which the connections of the boilers gave way, and let off the whole of the steam. The boat, of course, became unmanageable, and was drifted more than 75 miles by the hardest blow ever known upon the lake.

The seas were overwhelming—racking the boat at every seam, and dashing immense quantities of water into the hold at every swell. The passengers manned the pumps and kept her above water until the storm abated.

The smoke pipes were blown away—the lower portion of the wheel-house dashed in and other injury done, but no lives lost.

Ten tons of goods were thrown overboard to lighten the vessel, during the gale.

After the gale subsided, the injuries to the machinery were temporarily repaired, and the boat came in last evening. Three or four days will be necessary to place her "upon her feet" again.

MORTALITY IN LONDON.—The number of deaths from all causes for the week ending the 12th September 1840, was 857. The average weekly number for the year 1838 was 1013. The population as enumerated in 1831 was 1,491,690. The average weekly number for the year 1838, was obtained by dividing the deaths registered in that year by 52. In comparing it with the weekly deaths in 1840, it must be born in mind that the metropolis increases nearly two per cent. annually, and that if the population had been the same in 1838 as in 1840, the deaths would have been 1/27th part more numerous.