

# 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, OCTOBER 17, 1843.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. IV. No. 12.

## TERMS OF THE STANDARD.

FOR ONE YEAR, IN ADVANCE, \$2 00  
WITHIN THE YEAR, 3 50  
AT THE EXPIRATION OF THE YEAR, 3 00  
Payments will be considered in advance.  
If made within three months after subscribing, the price will be discontinued, (unless at the option of the publisher,) until all arrears are paid.

## PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square (12 lines) three insertions, \$1 00  
For each subsequent insertion, 25  
For six months, 5 00  
For twelve months, 10 00  
Larger advertisements will be charged in the same proportion.

A reasonable deduction will be made on yearly advertisements.  
All orders for advertising or job-work must be accompanied by the cash, except from those who have open accounts with the office.  
Office in the south end of the Market Building.

## HENPECKED HUSBANDS.

We often hear the name of Henpeck applied to men, who, having the good fortune to be united to women of strong sense, consult them on all matters of importance, and follow their advice. As for ourselves, we think the nickname misapplied in such cases; and that we can distinguish, at first sight, a family where is a woman with fine taste, and as it were, with an intuitive quickness of perception, which in men is more subject to error.

Historians have often remarked that all great and distinguished men were indebted for their early education to excellent mothers. Tacitus relates of the ancient Saxons, that they paid the highest respect to the counsels of their women; that they never commenced war, or undertook any business of importance, without admitting their wives to their counsels. Their advice appeared to them sacred, believing that nature had endowed woman with the faculty of foreseeing future events; no doubt because they knew how to inspire the hearts of their men with confidence—with that undaunted courage which despises every danger, even death—and which, as such, will nine times in ten insure success.

In a state of barbarism, women are treated like slaves, and the men are little better than brutes. As society gradually becomes more improved and refined, the influence of women increases: they become the equals and associates of men whose manners they soften and improve. In the most polished circles—for instance, at courts—it is not always birth or wealth, but women who assign to each man the rank which he is to hold in that society. No man of sense will ever attempt to govern in his family by arbitrary commands, nor will a sensible woman obey them. It will only set her inexhaustible invention at work; and, after all, she will do just as she pleases.

For the edification of those who can penetrate the designs of the ladies, we have translated a little story from a French volume of Oriental manners. To understand this story, we have to inform our readers that among the Orientals, it is customary among friends, or a man and his wife, to stipulate a certain time—during which they will not accept anything from each other, without first pronouncing the word *diadeste*: or if they omit, to pay a forfeit, which may perhaps, have been the origin of a somewhat similar custom among ourselves. It may be supposed that each party practices the greatest ingenuity to throw the other off his guard.

A philosopher, residing in that country, who was by no means insensible to female charms, had often worshipped at their shrine; and as often, as he thought suffered from their wiles and caprices.—But he determined to get wiser; he collected manly stories of female cunning, which he copied in a book, and carried with him to consult as an occasion might require.

One evening, while passing through an Arab camp, he noticed, at the entrance of one of the tents, a female of uncommon beauty. She saluted him as he passed, and made him the customary offer that he might rest himself if fatigued. Scarcely had he taken his seat on the carpet, and near so beautiful a creature, when he became alarmed. He drew his volume from his pocket, and continued to read without daring to cast a single glance at his beautiful neighbor.

"That must be a charming book," said the lady, "which can engage your whole attention so."

"Indeed it is," replied the philosopher, "but it contains secrets."

"Which you certainly could not conceal from me?" said the lady with an irresistible smile.

"Since you will have it so," retorted the philosopher, "it contains a complete description of female arts and wiles; but it would not interest you, for I dare say you could not learn anything from it."

"Are you certain that your book is complete?" Here the conversation commenced, the philosopher pocketed his

book, and so far forgot himself and his system of philosophy, that, without premeditation, he found himself on his knees, holding the delicate hand of the fair one between his own; just then, the lady espied her lord and master. Struck with terror, she exclaimed, "we are lost! My husband is returning home; and if he finds you here, he will put both of us to death; I see but one chance for you, which is by concealing yourself in this box, of which I have the key." It may be supposed that the philosopher did not hesitate to avail himself of the only apparent chance. As the Arab entered his tent, the lady met him. "You come in a good time," said she, "for, not long since, a stranger, who called himself a philosopher, stopped at our tent, and asked permission to rest himself, but so far forgot himself as to speak to me of love."

The Arab became enraged; but who can describe the agony of the philosopher, who overheard every word that was spoken? "Where shall I find the wretch?" said the Arab, foaming from his mouth, "that by one blow I may put an end to him and his presumption?" "Here in this box," replied the lady tendering him the key.

The enraged Arab tore it from her hand; but the lady in a fit of laughter, exclaimed, "Have I caught you at last!—Have you not taken the key without pronouncing the word *Diadeste*? Instantly pay me the forfeit." For some moments the Arab stood as if petrified; then quietly returned the key to his wife. "I shall pay the forfeit," said he; "but let me advise you to gain your ends without giving me unnecessary vexation. Soon after the Arab again left his tent, and the lady opened the box, in which she found the poor philosopher almost dead with fear; but when she pronounced the word "You are safe!" he nimbly vaulted from his retreat.

"Deeply learned and wise man," said the lady, "depart in peace; but do not forget to record the occurrence of this day in your book.—*Noah's Messenger.*"

## SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.

One of our oldest and most learned divines on Sunday morning suffered a temporary and rather serious absence of mind; but before the hour of morning service arrived, was supposed to have entirely recovered, and went to his church to perform the duties of his calling. He proceeded regularly with the services of the day, and preached an extemporaneous discourse, which was declared by many who heard it, to be one of the most eloquent, perspicuous and argumentative sermons they had ever listened to.

After the clergyman arrived home, it was noticed that his mind was again wandering, and proper medical treatment was resorted to, and he has since in a great measure recovered. He states that he has not the slightest recollection of preaching on the last Sabbath, or even of being at church so that he must have delivered an eloquent and lucid discourse while in a state of suspended intellectual action, a phenomena certainly of a curious and unusual character. The only discrepancies observed in the services of the day were two; after reading the commandments, the clergyman repeated the sixth, and when giving out the second hymn, he gave out the same one which had been previously sung.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## AN EAST INDIA NOTION.

Hon. J. S. B. Thatcher, of Natchez, then a boy, was in Calcutta when the first cargo of Boston ice reached the strand. Thousands of the native merchants had never seen, and perhaps never heard of such an article; and as the blocks were rolled out on the sands, they began to handle it to see what it was. It was laughable to see every one jerk back his hand and declare that it burnt him.—The sensation produced by cold was unknown to them, and they scribbled the unpleasant feeling to the opposite cause, heat. When the properties of ice became known to them, they soon got accustomed to its feel, and were delighted with its grateful taste, they gave it a native name, which signifies "solid water," and the use of this luxury is now general throughout Hindostan and the Birman Empire. Fresh pond, Cambridge, near Boston, is more productive of riches to the owners than all the gold mines of Georgia and Carolina; and the ice taken from that pond is as much superior to the Alleghany ice, as the Damascus to the Brazil diamond. It is as cold as is charity, and has a real New England mulish sort of a dogged propensity to stand firm without running away. Boston ice has done more for the South than all the whiskey and wine in the world could have done.

The editor of the Detroit Advertiser has received as a present, a water-melon growing near Chicago, weighing ninety-four pounds.

## WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER.

We were boys together,  
And never can I forget  
The school house 'mid the hether,  
In childhood where we met—  
The humble home, the memory dear,  
Its sorrows and its joys,  
Where woke the transient smile or tear  
When you and I were boys.

We were youths together,  
And castles built in air;  
Your heart was like a feather,  
And mine weighed down with care.  
To you came health with manhood's prime,  
To me it brought alloys,  
Fore-shadowed in the primrose time  
When you and I were boys.

We're old men together;  
The friends we loved of yore,  
With leaves of autumn weather,  
Are gone for evermore.  
How bliss'd to age the impulse given—  
The hope time ne'er destroys—  
Which led our thoughts from earth to heaven  
When you and I were boys!

## THE SPIDER.

Habitant of castle gray,  
Creeping thing in sober way,  
Visible sage mechanic,  
Skillfullest arithmetician,  
Aged animal at birth,  
Without joy or idle mirth,  
Clothed in lacinous tunic old,  
Vestments black, of many a fold,  
Spotted mightily with gold;  
Weaving, spinning in the sun  
Since the world its course has run;  
Creation beautiful in art,  
Of God's providence a part,—  
What if none will look at thee,  
Sighing for the humming bee,  
Or great moth with heavenly wings,  
Or the nightingale who sings?  
Curious spider, thou'rt to me  
Of a mighty family.

Tender of a mystic loom,  
Weaving in my silent room  
Canopy, that happily vies  
With the mortal fabric wise;  
Adam wondered at thy skill,  
And thou persevering wilt,  
That continence to spin,  
Caring not a yellow pin,  
For the mortal's dire confusion;  
Sadder in profound conclusion  
Than astronomer at night  
When he brings new worlds to light  
Heaven has furnished thee with tools,  
Such as ne'er a heap of fool  
Have by dint of sweat and pain  
Made for use, and made in vain.

When mild breezes hither stray,  
Sweetest music kindly playing  
Reize on high the whispering leaves,  
And the covering of the sheaves,  
Thou art rocking, airy thing,  
Like a proud exalted king;  
Conqueror thou surely art,  
And majestic of heart.  
There are times of loneliness  
When a living thing we bless;  
Thine of misraole sin,  
Cold without, and dark within:  
Then, old spider, happily I  
Seek thy busy factory;  
Always finding thee at home,  
Too foreca sting e'er to roam;  
So we sit and spin together,  
In the gayest, gloomiest weather.

## WESTERN ANTIQUITIES AND THEIR AUTHORS.

In a letter to the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser dated at Detroit the 15th inst. Mr. Henry R. Colcraft presents, among other things, the following views respecting the remains at the west, and the race to which they owe their origin: "Michigan connects itself in its antiquarian features with that character of pseudo civilization, or modified barbarism, of which the works and mounds and circumvallations at Grave Creek Flats, Marietta, Circleville, and other well known points, are evidences. That this improved condition of the hunters state had an ancient but partial connection with the early civilization of Europe appears now to be a fair inference, from the inscribed stone of Grave Creek, and other traces of European arts discovered of late. It is also evident that the central American type of the civilization, or rather advance civilization, of the red face, reached this length, and finally went down, with its gross idolatry and horrid rites, and was merged in the better known and still existing form of the hunter state, which was found, respectively, by Cabot, Cartier, Verrazani, Hudson, and others, who first dropped anchor on our coasts. There is strong evidence furnished by a survey of the Western country that the

teocalli type of the Indian civilization, so to call it, developed itself from the banks of the Ohio, in Tennessee, and Virginia, westward northwesterly across the source of the Wabash, the Muskingum, and other streams, towards Lake Michigan and the borders of Wisconsin Territory. The chief evidences of it in Michigan and Indiana consists of a remarkable series of curious garden beds, or accurately furrowed fields, the perfect outlines of which have been preserved by the grass of the oak openings and prairies, and even among the heaviest forests. These remains of an ancient cultivation attract much attention from observing settlers on the Elkhardt, the St. Joseph's, and Kalamazoo, and Grand river of Michigan. I possess some drawings of these anomalous remains of bygone industry in the hunter race, taken in former years, which are quite remarkable.

It is worthy of remark, too, that no large tumuli, or teocalli, exist in this particular portion of the West, the ancient population of which may heretofore be supposed to have been borderers, or frontier bands, who resorted to the Ohio valleys as their capital, or place of annual visitation. All the mounds scattered through Northern Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan, are mere barrows, or repositories of the dead, and would seem to have been elected posterior to the fall or decay of the gross idol worship and the offer of human sacrifices. I have within a day or two received a singular implement or ornament of stone, of a crescent shape, from Oakland, in this State, which connects the scattered and outlying remains of the smaller mounds and traces of ancient agricultural labor with the antiquities of Grave Creek Flats."

**THE MOTHER'S HAND.**—A pious mother, in her prayers with her little son, was accustomed to lay her hand upon his head. She died while he was yet too young to realize the loss which he had sustained. He grew up an uncurbed and wayward boy, whom none seemed to understand, and a few to love, yet in his most reckless and passionate paroxysms, something seemed partially to restrain and rule him. He said it was a hand upon his head like his mother's hand.—Often he yielded to its touch and wept bitterly. In the flush and fever of youth, he travelled widely over foreign lands.—Vice tempted him, and the virtue which should have withstood it, had but a frail footing. Still, something withheld him. It was the same hand upon his head, a soft cool hand. He dared not utterly to cast off its control. In his old age he said to some children—"A hand is upon my head, upon my hoary locks, the same hand that used to rest in prayer among the fresh sunny curls of my infancy.—And if I am ever saved, it will be by that mother's hand, and my Redeemer's mercy."

**QUEER CALCULATION.**—Some singular genius has perpetrated the following calculation which we think will do.

I have been married 32 years, during which time I have received from the hands of my wife three cups of coffee each day, two in the morning and one at night, making 35,040 cups of half a pint each, or nearly 70 barrels of 30 gallons each, weighing 17,520 lbs, or nearly 6 tons weight. Yet for that period I have scarcely varied myself in weight from 160 lbs. It will therefore be seen that I have drunk in coffee alone 248 times my own weight. I am not much of a meat eater, yet I presume I have consumed about 8 ounces a day, which makes 5,808 lbs., or about ten oxen. Of flour I have consumed in the 32 years about 50 barrels. For 20 years of this time up to 1831 I have drunk two wine glasses of brandy each day making 900 quarts. The port wine, mediera, whiskey, punch, &c., I am not able to count, but they are not large. In champagne I have been extremely moderate, as I find from my bills that I have paid for 53 baskets in the last 13 years, which is about one bottle a week, and this not all consumed by me. When we take into the account all the vegetables in addition, such as potatoes, peas, asparagus, strawberries, cherries, apples, pears, peaches, raisins, &c., the amount consumed by an individual is most enormous. Now my body has been renewed more than 4 times in the 32 years, and taking it for granted that the water of which I have drank much, acts merely as a diluent, yet all taken together, I conclude that I have consumed in 32 years about the weight of 1,100 men of 160 lbs each. This is small compared to the goinancizers.

The man is yet living, and lately attended an Agricultural Fair at Rochester, who sowed the first field of wheat in Western New York. He is ninety-two years of age.

**JOHN BULL'S NOTIONS OF AMERICA.**—The ignorance of the English of every thing respecting America is gross enough now, but a few years ago it was past belief. When the eminent American poet, Halleck, was in England some years since, a gentleman informs us that he was riding on a stage coach, and holding an animated conversation with a clergyman of his acquaintance. Directly behind sat an English farmer apparently a man well to do, and of considerable intelligence, who could not avoid overhearing the conversation, and seemed to take interest in it. At the first opportunity he asked Mr. Halleck, "You are an American air?" "Yes." "Why you talk very good English?" said he wonderingly. "Yes," said Halleck with his habitual turn for pleasantry, "I flatter myself I do speak it pretty well.—I learned it for the purpose of travelling in this country." "Oh!" exclaimed the Englishman, serious and satisfied, and without the remotest suspicion of a joke.—*N. Y. Sun.*

**CHARITY—A FABLE.**—There is a good moral in the following extract:

"When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning upon his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age; he received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper and caused him to sit down; but observing that he ate and prayed not, he begged for a blessing on his meat; he asked him why he did not worship the God of Heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At this answer, Abraham grew so zealously angry that he threw the old man out of the tent. When the old man was gone, God called Abraham and asked him where the stranger was. Abraham replied, "I thrust him away because he did not worship thee. God answered him, have I not suffered him these hundred years, although he has not honored me, and wouldst thou not endure with him one night, when he gave thee no trouble?" Upon this Abraham brought him back and gave him hospitable entertainment and wholesome instruction.

**POTATOES.**—The town of Montdidier, in the Department of Somme, in France is about erecting a bronze statue in honor of the philosopher and philanthropist, Parmentier, who introduced into France the culture of potatoes. It was to him and in reference to his introduction of the potato that Louis the 16th, once said: "France one day will thank you for having found bread for the poor."

The subscription for the statue is headed by Louis Philippe, and is circulating throughout France.

This reference to Parmentier, recalls the name of the celebrated American Benjamin Thompson, better known as Count Rumford, who introduced the potato into Bavaria, towards the close of the last century, not far, if we mistake not, from 1790. For this and other important services at Munich, whither he had been invited by the Elector of Bavaria, he was created by that Prince, a Count of the Empire, selecting for his title the name of the town of Rumford, now Concord N. H., where he had in early life been employed as a teacher. He was born at Andover, Mass., in 1753; and died at Antrouil, in France, in 1814.

**TOADS.**—Never destroy the toad, he is a benefit to the farmer, and one of the cleverest and most efficient "operatives" he can possibly employ. In the season of bugs and flies, a toad will do more towards the preservation of a garden than a man, and all he requires of your hands for his valuable assistance, is the freedom of your garden walks and beds, and the paltry shelter of a chip of turf! He meddles with no one's business but his own—constantly avoiding company, and intent only on extirpating those voracious insects by whose jaws the beauty of the garden is so frequently laid low. Farmers who cannot conveniently keep hens for the protection of their garden vegetables, can raise no reasonable objections against keeping a few toads. They will not necessarily diminish the treasury of the exchequer, nor intrude themselves into scenes where they are not desired.

*Maine Cultivator.*

**CRANBERRIES.**—Mr. Hayden of Lincoln Mass., is said to raise 400 bushel cranberries yearly which brings him \$400 in the Boston Market—sometimes more. An acre of cranberries, in full bearing, will often produce 200 bushels; although a moist soil is best suited to the plant, yet with suitable mixtures of bog earth or mud, it will flourish, producing abundant crops, even in a comparatively dry soil.

## THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

Almost daily we hear the particular friends of each individual, whose name has been mentioned as a Democratic candidate for the next presidency, set forth the claims of their candidate, and advance such objections as appear to them of the most importance against the others. In some instances, the friends of all the candidates are present at the same time, and refer to the subject of the next Presidency. In this case as in the previous one, whatever is advanced or objected is done in the most cheerful manner, and strict conformity to the decision of the convention is invariably acknowledged as a point not to be questioned. Doubtless every democrat is often a witness of such scenes. They show most clearly that the purpose is at present strong, determined, and general to abide the decision of the convention. This purpose so agreeable and so important, the good sense of the people will preserve and maintain. The spirit that is manifested by these individuals, and their intercourse on this subject, will preserve them united—that is a spirit of fairness and candor, patience under objections, tolerance of expression of approbation, and determined to act with a united spirit. This is the true and sound course. It will preserve a permanent union, secure an ultimate triumph, and what is of far more consequence, the advancement of those high principles for which we first of all things contend.—*New York Ev. Post.*

**SHEEP IN ORCHARDS.**—A writer in the N. E. Farmer, states that a "butcher at Brighton put his sheep into an orchard, and while the next orchard, separated only from his by a stone wall, was infested with canker worms, his had none." From this the writer concludes that "there is an odor to sheep so offensive that the canker worms are driven by it, or that is a deadly poison to them."

**THREE BOTTLES LEFT.**—Well, Mrs. Moody, how are you this evening? "Oh! Mrs. H.—, I am very unwell; I am quite out of spirits."

"Bless you ma'am, don't take on so," said her servant, "there's three bottles left yet."

"Go down stairs directly, Betty."

A feller has been caged in Albany for marrying a variety of girls. His last spouse was Miss Gunn, who found a letter from another wife in Philadelphia, and went off to a magistrate and had him arrested. He confessed the corn.

There is more truth than poetry in the following, from the philosophizing editor of the Mobile Herald. A true picture of human nature.

Sett is!—When a person doesn't stand in need of friends, they are as plenty as mosquitoes in the latter end of July; but when he really wants them, they are as scarce as grasshoppers in winter! Would a porpoise and his comrades are sure to attack him. So it is with men in misfortune—they need not expect any mercy from their fellow men—but to God alone must they look for success.

**ANECDOTE OF GEN. LEE.**—When the General was prisoner at Albany, he dined with an Irishman. Before entering upon the wine, the General remarked to his host, that after drinking, he was very apt to abuse Irishmen—for which he hoped his host would excuse him in advance. "By my soul, general, I will do that," said the host, if you will excuse a trifling fault which I have myself. It is this—when ever I hear a man abusing ould Ireland, I have a sad fault of cracking his sconce with my shellals! The General was civil during the whole evening!

**"A TEMPERANCE STORY."**—Two young men, with a humming in their heads, retired late at night to their room in a crowded inn; in which as they enter are revealed two beds; but the wind extinguishing the light, they both (instead of taking, as they supposed, a bed apiece) get back to back in one, which begins to sink under them, and come around, at intervals, in a manner very circumambient, but quite impossible of explanation. Presently one observes to the other:

"I say, Tom, somebody's in my bed."

"Is there?" says the other; "so there is in mine, d—n him! Lets kick 'em out!"

The next remark was: "Tom, I've kicked my man overboard." "Good!" says his fellow-doper; "better luck than I; my man kicked me out-right on the floor!" Their relative positions were not apparent until the next morning.