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THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—Jefferson.

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From the New York Observer.

## Compliment to American Authorship.

We have already mentioned that the Royal Geographical Society of London, had awarded to our distinguished countryman, Rev. Dr. Robinson, one of the gold medals placed at their disposal by the Queen. By the last steamer the medal was received—of elegant design and workmanship, valued at 25 guineas—and we take pleasure in publishing the following remarks made on the occasion of presenting the medal to the American Minister, Mr. Everett, who received it in behalf of Dr. Robinson.

W. R. HAMILTON, Esq. President of the Society, said:

Mr. Everett—It is with peculiar satisfaction that I perform on this occasion the most grateful of the duties imposed on the President of the Royal Geographical Society. I see before me the honored representative of a nation bound to our own by all the dearest ties of kindred, of name, of language, of commercial pursuits, of a love of daring adventure—above all, by an attachment to a constitutional form of Government, and to real genuine liberty. And this representation is kind enough to present himself in this assembly to show his regard for science, in receiving for his countryman, the Rev. Dr. Edward Robinson, Professor of Biblical Literature at New-York, the gold medal recently awarded to that gentleman by the Council of this Society, for the rich treasure of geographical knowledge contained in his work entitled "Biblical Researches in Palestine, Mount Sinai, and Arabia Petraea." Dr. Robinson tells us that for many years previous to this journey it had been the object of his ardent wishes, and had entered into all the plans of life; and it is plain that he brought to his task a mind richly stored with all the materials for travelling with profit. Leaving Trieste in the winter of 1837, Dr. Robinson proceeded hastily through the Ionian Islands to Greece, and thence to Egypt, where he was joined by Rev. Eli Smith, his former pupil, long a resident in the East, not only in Syria and Palestine, but also in Armenia, Persia, and Egypt, and already familiar with the inhabitants and their language, to the advantage of whose society and assistance Dr. Robinson is on all occasions happy to bear the fullest testimony, "whose long and peculiar acquaintance with the language, and whose tact in conversing with and managing the Arabs, he never could too highly appreciate." Dr. Robinson pictures to us most graphically the aspect of the Desert between Egypt and the western head of the Red Sea, the peculiarities of that spot, the various valleys and mountains between Suez and Mount Sinai, and the large plain now first noticed in front of Mount Horeb. He then proceeds to the eastern head of the Red Sea, where Eziongabar and Eilah have given place to the puny fortress of Akabah: from which he follows the long and in great part new route across the great desert El Tib, on the elevated watershed between the Mediterranean and the valley or basin of El Ghor; and to him we first owe the identification of the sites of Eboda, Elusa, and Beersheba, on the road from Egypt to Hebron and Jerusalem. Of such identifications of ancient sites, now for the first time explored, there are at least 120 throughout the volumes.

Dr. Robinson's description of Jerusalem and its valleys, its ancient remains, its reservoirs, ports, and aqueducts, in the city and throughout its environs, occupying a large portion of a N. and E. ridge, situated between the Mediterranean and the Dead Sea, is, beyond all comparison, the best we have; and it would be difficult to name any book on any subject in which the author has more steadily kept in view the real importance and sterling value of truth; no preconceived notions, no fanciful theories seem to have led him astray from the path of personal and unbiased investigation: a warm and sincere belief in the main objects of the history which he illustrates is in no instance warped, or prejudiced, or affected in the one direction or the other by monkish traditions or incredulous scoffings; and we rise from the perusal of the book with a conviction that the Christian world is at length in possession of a work, under the guidance of which (however some may differ from a few of its conclusions on points of minor topographical importance) they may make large and satisfactory advances towards an accurate knowledge of the geography of the Scriptures. This remark is especially applicable to Dr. Robinson's survey of the towns and villages in the immediate vicinity of the Holy City, few of which had been visited or identified by any preceding traveller.

Dr. Robinson's first visit to the Dead Sea, at Ain Jedi, or Engaddi, almost due E. of Kurnul, is particularly interesting. This fountain appears to be the main source of sweet water on the western side. The first view of the sea above this point was from the summit of a perpendicular cliff 1500 feet above its waters. It has the appearance of a long estuary with many shoals and islands; but this optical illusion, which has deceived many travellers, is occasioned by so many spots of calm smooth water, around which the rest of the sea is covered with a ripple. The rock by which they descended to the water's edge is described as a compact reddish or rose-colored limestone, smooth as glass, but with an irregular surface. Dr. Robinson estimates the Dead Sea as between 38 and 40 geographical miles long by 9 in breadth. (Josephus had given to it 72 in length and 18 in breadth.) From Ain Jedi Dr. Robinson coasted the western shores of the Dead Sea, by proceeding along the heights to the mouth of the Jordan; and describes very minutely the double and triple ranges of banks which enclose the waters of this celebrated stream. On a subsequent journey he explores the southern shore of that sea, a large portion of the El Ghor, the Wadis El Jeib and Arabah, the former of which he describes as a deep torrent valley worn by water along the wide plain of the latter; and he fixes on grounds only short of positive certainty the important site of Kadesh Barnea at Ain El Weibeh, over against Edom and Mount Her.

As far as Dr. Robinson's travels extended in this region, (and they comprehended Wadi Musa, or Petra, on the western flanks of Edom, from which spot he was unfortunately prevented by the violence of the native Arabs from penetrating farther south,) the result of his observations is most satisfactory, in proving the non-existence of a supposed continuous valley descending from the Dead to the Red Sea; and that the former sea is the centre of a long basin called El Ghor, reaching in its fullest sense from its commencement at the sources of the Jordan in Mount Hermon, to its termination at a ridge of elevated land somewhere south of the Southern Wadi Ghurundel, about three-quarters or fourth-fifths of the way from the Dead to the Red Sea, and which acts as a watershed between the two seas.

It is also clear, from the authorities quoted by Dr. Robinson, that in ancient times no allusion is made to this supposed Valley of Arabah in a regular slope from one sea to the other; and that the term which frequently occurs in the Scriptures is applied to the plains and deserts in the regions more or less adjoining to the Asphaltite Lake.

North of Jerusalem, Dr. Robinson visited and described with the same care Shiloh and Mount Gerizim, with the valley and environs of Naplous or Neapolis, the Sychar of the Samaritans, the city, valley, and fountains of Jexreel, the plain of Esdraelon, Nazareth, Mount Tabor, Tiberias and its lake, Bethsaida, the ancient Julias, on the eastern slopes of the upper valley of the Jordan, Safed, Tyre, Sidon, and Beirut.

Indebted as we are for the number of places which Dr. Robinson by his zeal and industry has identified with ancient sites, we owe him almost an equal measure of thanks for those which he has stripped of designations erroneously attributed to them: the detection of an error is as useful as the establishment of a truth; and in this respect his remarks on Ramleh and Eleutheropolis, for fulness of detail and precision of argument, are models of topographical criticism.

One of the greatest proofs of the value of Dr. Robinson's researches must not be overlooked. In visiting Berlin on his way home, the information he had collected attracted the attention, and engaged the assistance of a learned individual, whose name can never be mentioned here without respect, Dr. Carl Ritter, of whose advice and unwearied kindness Dr. Robinson speaks in the highest terms; and he adds that the many months of cherished intercourse to which Ritter's friendship admitted him will ever remain amongst the brightest recollections of his life. In all great undertakings much of the success, even of the most successful, depends on the co-operation of others; and the measure of a man's success and merit may often be appreciated by the readiness with which such co-operation has been tendered, and by the liberality with which it is acknowledged. With this feeling, Dr. Robinson will thank us for adding to the names of his friends Smith and Ritter, that also of Mr. H. Kiepert, of Berlin, a young scholar, he says; of great talents and promise, who, under his inspection, constructed the very beautiful and detailed maps which accompany his work, and who has attached also in the appendix to the third volume a very learned memoir, treating of the elements on which is based each of the maps, viz: of Mount Zion, Arabia Petraea, Jerusalem and its environs, Palestine south and north of Jerusalem, the environs of the Lake of Tiberias, those of Beirut and Mount Lebanon respectively. This memoir is a model for all similar works.

Mr. Everett, I ought, perhaps, to apologise for so long detaining you on this subject, but we are too happy to see you amongst us not to be tempted to dwell on the occasion which has brought you; and I have only farther to request, that you will be kind enough to convey to your learned countryman our best wishes for his health and prosperity, and that he may live to fulfil the great object which he says he has still in view, namely, the adaptation of all the materials collected by himself and by the Rev. Eli Smith into one systematic work on the physical and historical geography of the Holy Land.

In placing in your hand the patron's medal, awarded by the Council of the Royal Geographical Society to the Rev. Dr. Robinson, of New-York, for his valuable services in the promotion of geographical research, I beg leave to add the expression of our warmest thanks to yourself individually for the honor you have conferred upon the Society by your presence on this occasion.

To which Mr. EVERETT, replied:

Mr. President and Gentlemen.—I perform a very agreeable duty in appearing as the representative of my learned and ingenious countryman, Dr. Robinson, to receive this beautiful medal which the Royal Geographical Society has been pleased to award him for his late valuable work. I beg leave, on his behalf, to make to you, sir, and to the Council of the Society, those grateful acknowledgements which are due for this distinguished honor, and for the emphatic and discriminating commendation which you have bestowed on the "Biblical Researches." The favorable opinion of the Royal Geographical Society, expressed in this public and authentic manner, will give the character of a standard work to a production which had already been received with no ordinary degree of public favor. I am sure that my learned countryman will feel himself encouraged and stimulated by the Society's flattering notice to the still more zealous pursuit of the studies and researches of which he has already reaped so brilliant a reward.

Permit me to say, sir, as the official representative of the United States of America in this country, that the circumstance which has procured me the honor of your kind invitation this day is of the most gratifying character. It affords me high satisfaction that a countryman of mine should have produced a work deemed worthy of these testimonials of approbation, in reference to a land which more than any other on the surface of the globe concentrates the affections of the Christian, that is, the civilized portion of mankind: a land which, to the interest of a long series of the most extraordinary incidents and revolutions going back to the dawn of history, unites that higher and more sacred interest which belongs to it as the theatre of events, compared with which the vicissitudes of human things sink into insignificance.

Allow me, sir, in conclusion, to observe that this act of the Royal Geographical Society will be viewed with pleasure by my countrymen at large. They will consider it as a proof that our two countries, though politically distinct, are regarded by this most respectable association as members of one community of letters; and that you are disposed to cherish and strengthen those good feelings which ought to prevail,—and, I trust, ever will prevail,—between two nations of common language and kindred blood. This disposition, let me say, sir, is cordially reciprocated by the men of science and literature in America: and on their behalf, as well as that of the individual immediately concerned, I again repeat my thanks for the honor done him by the Society, and the eminently kind and courteous manner in which you have been pleased, Mr. President, to carry their purpose into effect. I shall lose no time in conveying their medal to Dr. Robinson; and I am sure that I have but imperfectly anticipated the grateful sentiments with which its reception will be acknowledged by him.

## A Stump Exquisite.

The following speech, credited to "The Dollar Democrat," is well worth a dollar in itself:—"Fel-lah Cit-ah-zens!—Oim foh leek-wee-dating those Bonz! I am, dem-me! The Oh-hah! the Ghor-hah! and the Dig-ni-tah! of Mis-ses-seepah! all re-qui-ah that their pee-pal pay those Bonz! Eh—they do, split me. Here, fel-lah! fetch me some wat-lah! in a clean tumb-ah! Oim foh putting the Mis-ses-see-pah Union Bank in lee-kwah-dation! I am, dem-me! Oh-hah among thieves! is my mot-tah! Fel-lah cit-ah-zens, Oim fit-tah!d by yer attention—I am, split moi whis-kah! Oive no more to say to the awjence. Let's lik-wah!"

At a late Bible class examination, the master having asked, "what is said of John, the Baptist?" received the following answer:

"And this ere John came up out of the wilderness, and he was clothed in cammioniles hair, and he was girt about the neck with a leather bridle, and his meat was locos and wild onions."

"Daddy, is you got much bank stock?"  
"No, Tom, not a bit."  
"Well, then, has bank stock got any father—hey?"  
"Fudge, boy, what nonsense."  
"Nonsense! hey?—arn't this paper got som'thin, as says the Virginia Bank stock went for par, no how you can fix it? Fury and seissors! don't I know what par is?"

A young man stepped into a book store and said he wanted to get "A Young Man's Companion." "Well, sir," said the bookseller, "Here's my Daughter."

"George Washington Napoleon Jackson Han-nibal Harrison?" "Ma'am!" "Tell Josephine Rosina Cleopatra Matilda Victoria to bring up the slop pail." "Yes ma'am."

"Jack, did you see that fat lady fall in the mud yesterday?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"What did you think?"  
"I thought she went down like a star in the midst of the ocean."

Who does not understand a look, will not comprehend a long explanation.

## The New Partner.

"Well Julia, suppose I ask your father; his refusal cannot make things much worse than they are at present? Suspense is the cause of the most miserable feelings."

"We must not be hasty, Robert; our situation requires caution; by a little management we may possibly succeed, gloomy as the prospect may seem to be. Now don't say any thing to Pa about it, yet—I had much rather you would not. The best possible way for us to accomplish our wishes, is not to advance too soon."

"Too soon—too soon, Julia! have we not waited two long years, and more? and you have been all the while preaching the same doctrine, too soon! Too soon indeed!"

"Well, now, don't be angry; throw that frown from your countenance and look pleasant, and we will immediately set about some plan by which to effect what you desire. Come, smile away your anger—the smiles of love are sometimes clear."

Robert Moultrie loved Julia Hallowell and she loved him; two years and more had passed since they had agreed—come weal come woe—they would trudge thro' life together. Two long years! Two years seemed an eternity to wait upon the eve of bliss, and to delay a happy consummation.

Julia's father was a wealthy shipper of the port of Charleston, S. C. Some old inhabitants remember the firm of Hallowell & Haddington. He was an upright and highly honorable man; but whose *ipse dixit* was law supreme wherever his power could be exercised.

Robert Moultrie was a clerk in the counting room, and his salary, which was his sole dependence, though above the pittance usually allowed to young men similarly situated, and amply sufficient to warrant his assuming the expenses of a family, did not elevate him to that importance in society which would justify him in presuming upon the hand and heart of the daughter of a wealthy shipper.

The character of this young gentleman was unimpeachable, and he was as much respected for his talents as for his correct deportment; but (but is a wicked word) the curse of Gebaza was upon him—he was poor.

Robert had been in the counting room of Mr. Hallowell since he was fourteen years of age; he had grown up in his family and by the side of this lovely heiress, who had been promised to a thing of wealth and show. That thing was in the Indies, amassing riches to lay at the feet of his bride, but his soul had on it the stain of dishonor, and Julia had vowed before God she would never be his wife.—Mr. Hallowell knew that Robert generally attended his daughter to church, and that he went and came with her when she visited her acquaintances, and so on; but he never dreamed that the wily cupid was winking his darts successfully into the bosoms of both—and the arrows of the little god were firmly fixed, and he dealt out the silken cord until they were far out upon the sea of love, too far to proceed or return without each other.

"Do tell me Robert, what is the matter with you. I have been a witness to your downcast looks and sorrowful appearance, until I have grown melancholy myself. What's the matter boy?"

This question was asked by Mr. Hallowell one day when he and Robert were in the counting room alone, and if any individual has every passed through a like fiery trial, he can have an idea of Robert's feeling when the man whose daughter he had loved, was contriving the best plan to get from him the secret cause of his downcast looks and addressing him in such kind and affectionate language. It was too deep however, into the recesses of Robert's bosom for him to return a quick reply. Mr. Hallowell plainly saw that something was working upon the mind that made him unhappy, and he wished if possible, to remove the cause; he urged candid revelation of all that affected his feeling, and promised his assistance to relieve him, whatever it required. Robert succeeded, however, in putting him off that time, and trembled at the thought when at their next meeting he related the matter to Julia.

"I thought," said she laughing, you were not so anxious to ask the old gentleman as you appeared to be. Now that was a stumper Robert. Why did you not tell him? Why did you not? Ha! ha!"  
"Julia, do you think he suspects?"

"Not a whit more than he does the king of the French!"

"Well, Julia, to tell the truth about the matter, I left this morning with the intention of telling him all about our affection for each other; and if he refused, I was determined to act for myself, without further advice; and when I came before him, I felt something in my throat choking me, and I could hardly speak to him about business, much less about love affairs."

The lovers met often and the voyage from the Indies being threatened, it became necessary that they should prepare for the trials that seemed to await them. In short Mr. Hallowell was endeavoring to discover the cause of his clerk's unhappiness, more for the good of the young man than because he cared for the unimportant mistakes made by him in his accounts. The next opportunity that offered, he repeated the former question, and insisted upon an immediate reply.

Robert stuttered and stammered a great deal, and at last came out with it—"I am attached to a young lady of this city, and have reason to believe that she is much attached to me but there is an obstacle in the way, and—"

"Ah, indeed. And does the obstacle amount to over a thousand dollars? If it does not, you shall not want it. I'll fill up a check now. Have all the parties consented?"

"Why, sir, the cause of my—the reason—she that is—the cause of my uneasiness, is, I am afraid her father will not consent!"

"Why, who is he? Refer him to me; I'll settle the matter."

"He is a rich man, sir, and I am not rich."

"His daughter loves you, does she?"

"I think—a—yes, sir."

"She says so, any how, don't she?"

"Why—l—yes—she—she—yes, sir; she has said as much."

"Is the old fellow very rich?"

"And he won't consent?—By the powers of love he must be an old Turk—he won't hey! Here give me his name—I'll soon settle the matter—But stop, has he anything against you? Does he know me?"

Here the old gentleman went over a string of questions which Robert felt no disposition to answer, and which it is not worth our while to relate. The conclusion of the conference left Robert in the possession of the check for a thousand dollars, a letter of introduction to Parson Green of the Presbyterian church and the following advice from the lips of his father-in-law in prospective. He was to run away with the girl, to use Mr. Hallowell's carriage, and George, his black waiter, was to drive and so forth.

Robert governed himself in strict accordance with the advice given; and before dark the parties were before Parson Green, whose scruples of conscience were quieted by the introductory letter. They were soon pronounced husband and wife, and jumped into the carriage, followed by the blessings of Parson Green, whose fee was a small part of the thousand dollar check; George was directed to drive to a rich old childless uncle of Robert's who lived about five miles from the city, and to whom the secret was told. The old man, thinking the joke too good a one to be enjoyed, sent out for some of his neighbors. Midnight still found the jovial assembly destroying the good things the aunt had provided, upon the wealthiest shipper at the South.

Early in the morning Robert and Mrs. Moultrie were attended by their uncle and aunt to the house of Mr. Hallowell; the young couple anxious for the effervescence of a father's wrath to be over, and the antiquated pair to act as moderators on the question. They were met in the parlor by Mr. Hallowell, whose first words were, "You young rogue, you; little did I know how my advice was to act upon me. Well Robert," he added, laughing heartily, "you caught me that time; and you deserve to be rewarded for the generalship you have displayed. Here, my boy—my son, I suppose I must say; here are deeds for property worth eleven thousand dollars, and henceforward you are my partner in business."

There is a man in Wetumpka, Alabama, so polite that he never passes a petticoat hanging on a clothes line, that he don't bow to it.

Kissing a girl is now rendered "being electrified by a gal-vanic battery."