

THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. WEBB.

Volume II.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1838.

Number 28.

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT,
NEXT DOOR TO ROBISON'S STAGE OFFICE.

TERMS:

The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable half yearly in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; nor any discontinuance permitted, until all arrearages are discharged.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be conspicuously inserted at One Dollar for the first three insertions, and Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year. LETTERS addressed on business, must be post paid.

POETRY.

From the New Yorker.

STANZAS.

Speed thee, sweet bird! speed thee
Far o'er the ocean wide—
Fly—fly away to other lands
Beyond the billowy side!
Oh, search the world's wide circle,
From tropic to each pole,
And find for me a freedom
That man doth not control!
Onward, sweet bird! speed thee
To yonder glittering star,
That sends its twinkling lustre
To other worlds afar.
Tell me, oh! is there Freedom
Whence those bright sparks emerge?
Or doth the soul of man there bower
Beneath the monarch's scourge?
Onward, sweet bird! onward
To creation's farthest bound,
Where nought but solitude exists
The universe around!
Prepare me there my dwelling
Where life nor light, is known—
Where tyranny can never rear
His base unrighteous throne.

AGRICULTURAL.

[EXTRACTED FOR THE DEMOCRAT.]

From the Franklin, (Ky.) Farmer.

BOOKS ON AGRICULTURE, FOR SCHOOL BOYS.

We have thought the cause of agricultural improvement would be greatly promoted by the publication of a series of elementary books on agriculture, destined for the use of the school boys. Why should not our children have facilities for the acquisition of knowledge applicable to this pursuit as well as on less useful ones? If education is designed to fit us to engage in the practical duties of life, why is it that the most important of all earthly subjects, and one which occupies the labors of a vast majority of our people, is not the leading object of the school boy's education? We have elementary books on every other subject; we have schools wherein are taught the rudiments of every science, schools of law, medicine, divinity, of fighting, dancing, and of every thing but of agriculture. There is something wrong in the national practice on this subject. We ought to give to the most important subjects, the highest degree of attention—we must graduate various branches of education, by the standard of their relative importance, and give to those having the nearest relation to our most important interests, the greatest share of favor. We ought to have the principles of husbandry taught in every common school and a chair of agriculture endowed in every college. And we think the first step to the introduction of this new branch of education is, to have the necessary elementary school-books. We have many men in our country, eminently capable of compiling such works and adapting them precisely to the capacity of the school boy. And he who would prepare a set of works on agriculture for the use of schools, such as would give to the boys of the country destined for the pursuits of husbandry, a thorough knowledge of the principles and the outline of the practice of agriculture, would do no more for the general good and for his own literary fame, than in any other walk

of science or learning. Let it not be supposed that we deary other branches of science of learning. We are in favor of all; and especially those which contribute useful aids in the practical labors of life. We would render all subservient to man's use; and it is only in this view that they should be appreciated. But it is admitted on all hands, that agriculture is the most universal, the most dignified, the most congenial, virtuous and productive pursuit of mankind—the substratum of all other pursuits—the life and soul of commerce and manufactures—the mother of the arts and sciences—the basis of civilization; and we insist, it is not seeking too much when we seek to give to her own child, the husbandman, a higher grade of education. Whatever description of knowledge relates nearly or remotely, to the multifarious labors of the agriculturist, should be an object of his study and constitute a portion of his exercises at the primary school and the college, and employ his reflections in all the riper years of after life. One of the most absurd and mischievous errors of the day, is that of the father, who gives to the son destined for a farmer, an education, inferior to that he bestows upon the one destined for a profession. The husbandman deserves a better education than a lawyer, or a doctor; because his occupation requires the exercise of more knowledge, but it is too generally the case, that he is only allowed some snatched intervals between the crops, "to learn to read, write and cipher"—and this is deemed education enough for a farmer! Oh, what a wretched miserable error is this—what a foe to the improvement and dignity of the class! It ought, it must be banished, and the practice which results from it abolished, and a wiser and better one substituted. Now, however the remark may seem to censure the general opinion and practice on this subject, and although we may be even ridiculed by many farmers themselves, for the apparent ultraism of the sentiment, we are bold to declare, nevertheless, that the farmer has need of a better education, and he actually more often requires the aid of more various branches of science, in his ramified operations, than the member of any profession; and we sincerely believe, that if any discrimination should be made in the education of two sons, one destined for a farmer and the other for a profession, it should be in favor of the former. Let us not be misunderstood—the boy destined for a profession or trade, should be thoroughly educated in all the branches pertaining to his distinct calling; while the boy intended for a farmer, should be thoroughly instructed in all the principles to which the intelligent and scientific agriculturist stands indebted for the successful result of his labors. We could easily show that those principles are drawn from a wider range of sciences, than are necessary to be consulted by one destined for any of the so-styled learned professions; and consequently it would be shown, that the husbandman needs a more extended education. A young man preparing for the bar, is ready to enter upon his legal studies, on attaining some smattering of Latin (or it may be Greek) and many do not even go thus far, before taking up Blackstone. A short course of reading elementary works on the principles and practice of law, and the student enters upon the practical field of his profession. The physician requires more preparation to qualify him for practice. He, too, learns the dead languages and studies the principles and practice of his art, but those principles involve a knowledge of various abstract sciences, and he is constrained to invoke the aid of anatomy, physiology, chemistry, mineralogy, botany, &c. &c., before he enters upon the practice of his profession. We are speaking of those studies only as they relate to the professional qualifications of the student, and of course we are not to be understood, as denying either the possession or the importance of other branches of learning to professional men. They, as well as agriculturists and others, in their social and politi-

cal relations to community, are equally required to discharge the duties of citizens; and we hold that all classes should avail themselves of every accomplishment which learning of sciences can bestow, in aid of the performance of those high duties. But we need not array comparisons or illustrations on the subject; our opinions may be presented at one view. We would give to every one, of whatever pursuit, precisely the education adapted to it—and it should be thorough and perfect in all its branches, or at least so far as any or all the branches relate to the peculiar pursuits adopted by the student. It should thus qualify him for the intelligent prosecution of the labors of his life and ensure his complete success.—It would render the farmers as illustrious, and certainly as useful, in his sphere, as the profoundest statesman or professor. But the subject is too interesting to be treated satisfactorily in the narrow limits to which we are circumscribed; and we mean to pursue it. In the meantime we submit to the board of education and to the commissioners of common schools, the propriety of of early considering the importance of adopting a series of agricultural works, as text books in the schools about to be put in operation, under the excellent common school law of the state. They may do incalculable good to the children of Kentucky, which will flow to other generations, and they may render the system far more useful and effective, by seasonably directing their earnest attention to the subject.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COURTSHIP ON A FRAGMENT OF THE WRECK OF THE POLASKI.

Many interesting as well as painful incidents connected with that awful disaster, are related to us by those who have seen and conversed with persons saved from the wreck. Among them the following is told of a Mr. Ridge, from New Orleans, and a Miss Onslow, from one of the Southern States, two of the unfortunates who were picked up on the fifth day, about 50 miles from land. It is stated of the gentleman that he had been sitting on the deck alone, for about half an hour previous to the accident. Another gentleman who was walking near him at the time of the explosion, was thrown overboard, and himself was precipitated nearly over the side of the boat, and considerably stunned. He recovered immediately as he supposed, when he heard some one exclaim "get out the boats, she is sinking." He was not acquainted with a solitary individual on the boat. Under such circumstances it is natural to suppose he would feel quite as much concern for himself as for any one else. He was consequently among the foremost of those who sought the small boat for safety, and was about to step into it, when he discovered a young lady, whose appearance had sundry times during the passage attracted his attention. Her protector was the gentleman who was walking on deck and blown overboard. He sprang towards her to take her on board the small boat, but in the crowd and confusion he lost sight of her, and he supposed she was with some other friend. During his fruitless search, the small boat shoved off. The night rang with the shrieks and prayers of the helpless and drowning. He turned away in despair and stumbled over a coil of small rope.—Hope, like the expiring spark, brightened again. He caught up the rope—lashed together a couple of settees—threw them upon a piece of old sail and a small empty cask, and thus equipped, launched upon the broad ocean.

It was all the work of a moment. He believed death inevitable, and that effort was his last grasp at life. His "vessel" bore him up much better than he expected, and he was consoling himself with his escape, such as it was, while others were perishing all around him when he discovered a female struggling for life almost within his grasp. He left his "ark"—swam about twice his length—seized his object, and returned safely to his craft again, which proved suffi-

cient to sustain them both, but with their heads and shoulders barely above water. The female proved to be the young lady for whom he had lost a passage in the small boat. She fancied their float would be unable to support them both, and said, "You will have to let me go and save yourself." He replied, "We will live or die together." Soon after, they drifted upon a piece of the wreck, probably a part of some floor or partition torn assunder by the explosion. This with the aid of the settees fastened beneath it, proved sufficient to keep them out of water. About this time one of the small boats came towards them, but already heavily loaded. He implored them to take in the young lady. But she refused, saying she could but die—he had saved her life, and she could not leave him. They were now fairly at sea, without the least morsel to eat or drink, in a scorching climate—the lady in her night-clothes, and himself with nothing on him but his shirt and a pair of thin pantaloons, already much torn. Of the steam boat, which bore them all in quiet and safety but a half an hour before, nothing was to be seen but scattered fragments of its wreck. The small boats were on their way towards the shore—their own craft, being light and lightly loaded, drifted swiftly away from a scene indescribably heart-rending, and which they still shudder to think of.

At daylight nothing was visible to them but the heavens and a boundless waste of waters.—In the course of the day they came in sight of land, and for a short time were confident of reaching it—but during the succeeding night the wind changed, and soon after daylight next morning, it vanished again and with all their cheering hopes of escaping from their dreadful dilemma. On the third day a sail bore in sight, but she was entirely beyond hailing distance. When found they were sadly burned by the sun—starved, and exhausted, though still in the possession of their faculties, and able to move and talk.—But their pain and suffering were not without their pleasure and enjoyment. The romantic part of the story is yet to be told, and there is no telling how much longer they would have subsisted on the same "food" that seems to have at least aided in sustaining them so well such an incredible length of time.

The intrepidity he displayed, the risk he ran, the danger he incurred, and above all the magnanimity he evinced in saving her life, strangers they were to each other, impudently hazard of his own, elicited with her at once the warmest and strongest feelings of gratitude towards him, and before the tortures of hunger and thirst commenced, kindled that passion that burns nowhere else as it burns in a woman's bosom. On the other hand, her good sense, fortitude, and presence of mind in the most perilous moments, and particularly her readiness to meet and share with him the fate that awaited them excited on his part an attachment which was neither to be disguised nor deferred. And there upon the "water's wild," amidst the terrors which surrounded, and the fate which threatened them, in the presence of an all-seeing God, did they pledge their mutual love, and declare, if their lives were spared, their destiny, which misfortune had united, should then be made as inseparable, as escape from it was impossible.

After their rescue, he informed her that a sense of duty impelled him to apprise her, that by the misfortune that had befallen them, he had lost every dollar he possessed on earth, (amounting to about \$25,000,) that he was steeped in "poverty to the very lips," a beggar among strangers, without the means of paying for a single meal of victuals, and painful as was the thought of separation to him he offered to release her from her engagement, if it was her choice to leave him. She burst into tears at the very thought of a separation, and asked him if it was possible for the poverty of this world to drive them to a more desperate extremity than that which they had thus suffered together. He assured her of his wil-

lingness to endure the same trial again, and of the joy more than he could express, which he felt at finding her willing to fulfil her engagement, which it is said is soon to be consummated. It was not till then that he was made acquainted with the fact, that his lady love is heiress to an estate worth \$200,000.—Who would not be shipwrecked; and henceforth, who will say—that "matches are not made in Heaven!"—*Delaware Gazette.*

HOME.

No man of sensibility, after battling with the perplexities of the out door world but retires with a feeling of refreshment to his happy fireside; he hears with joy the lips of the cherub urchin that climbs upon his knee to tell some wonderful tale about nothing or feels with delight the soft breath of some young daughter, whose downy peach like cheek is glowing close to his own. I am neither a husband nor a father, but I can easily fancy the feelings of supreme pleasure which either must experience. Let us survey the world of business. "What go we out to see?" the reed of ambition shaken by the breath of the multitude, cold hearted traders and brokers, traffickers and over-reachers, anxious each to circumvent and turn to his purse the golden tide in which all would dabble. Look at the homes of most of these.—There the wife waits for her husband, and while she feels that anxiety for his presence, which may be called the hunger of the heart, she feeds her spirit with the memory of his smile, or perhaps looks with fondness upon the pledges of his affection as they stand like olive branches around his table.—*Poughkeepsie Telegraph.*

Egyptian Mummies.—Mr. Buckingham gives it as his opinion that there are not less than one hundred millions of mummies entombed in Egypt, and he describes three singular uses that are now made of them.

For fuel.—The peasantry of Egypt procure them, break them in pieces, and use them for fuel—and as they have little or no wood, those dead human bodies serve them in its stead. The resinous matter and spices were used in embalming them render them quite inflammable and the odour which it gives out at the period of burning, is said to be quite delightful.

For medical purposes.—In most of the bodies there is found solid portions of bitumen, or resinous drug which was used in embalming. This is taken out of the bodies and sold in large quantities to merchants at Cairo, and from thence it is sent to Portugal, Italy, France, and even England, where it is pulverized by the apothecaries, done up in small papers, and sold as a most excellent drug to cure inward bruises—and for this purpose hundreds of pounds of this stuff is eaten every year, taker from the inside of Egyptian mummies.

Another use made of them is for painting.

Well Hit.—A backwoodsman, in undertaking to describe the habits of the gentry, said:—"They eat so late they must always be hungry. They have their dinner at eight o'clock in the evening, and don't eat their supper till after breakfast in the morning."

Texas Compliment.—"Captain," said a rough looking personage. "I don't wish to hurt your feelings, but you surely stole that barrel of flour." Up to the latest accounts, the captain was inquiring of all his friends, whether the affront or the apology were the greater.

A clergyman, one Sabbath, in his sermon had been supporting the doctrine, that "what ever is, is right," and that "what God has made was well made." One of the overseers of the parish, who had a protuberant back, and was short and crooked, followed him out of the church, and in the porch thus addressed him: "If all things, sir, are well made, how came I not to be so? The parson instantly ascertaining the mensuration of his figure told him that he considered him well made—for a cripple.