

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.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Asiatic Journal.

HUMAN FOOD.

When man is considered with reference to his intellectual part, it is not without reason that he is styled by Shakspeare, "beauty of the world—the paragon of animals." A being that is able in some degree to scan the work of creation,—that measure the globe on which he lives, calculate the motions of the mighty spheres which roll in the immensity of space, that has subjugated the elements to his will, and made fire, air and water his vassals, may be said to be in "apprehension of a god." To bring down our admiration of his "paragon" to a juster standard, however, it is unnecessary to enter upon an estimate of his moral imperfections—specks which darken and extinguish the brightness of his understanding—it is sufficient to contemplate him in his animal nature. In his intellectual pretensions, he is allied to the brutes. How mortifying is it to human vanity, to think that there is scarcely any species of matter, animal or vegetable in any state of immaturity or corruption, which is not eaten by the human animal, and capable of assimilating to his substance and thus forming an integral part of the compound machine of mind and matter called man! Mr. Donovan in his treatise on Domestic Economy, has devoted a portion of the last volume to the subject of human food, and has enumerated the various substances animal and vegetable, which constituted it amongst different nations. A more disgusting catalogue it is scarcely possible to read.

In his "account of animals used as food by the various nations of the world," he has it convenient to arrange them in a natural order, beginning with man himself. It has long been doubted, he observes whether human beings could feed on their fellow creatures for the mere sake of the flesh, without any other incentive, but it has been incontrovertibly established, that and often with a higher relish; that feasts of human flesh are resorted to as sources of animal gratification; that the cannibal has not only his favorite parts of the human body, but prefers certain modes of cookery. Our own ancestors were of the number of these voracious epicures. Diodorus Siculus charges the Britons of Iria with being enthralled to the human flesh; and St. Jerome (who lived so late as the fifth century of the Christian Era) accuses a British tribe from his own personal knowledge, not only with a partiality for human flesh, fastidious taste for certain delicate parts of it. Not only in the Polynesian, but in Africa, human flesh is still consumed, as ordinary food; and Steudhamer states that, in the interior of the African continent, human limbs are hung upon shambles for sale, like butcher's meat in London market.

This is revolting enough, but it is little less offensive to consider the other animal food which serves to allay the undistinguishing voracity of man. Monkeys are esteemed delicate eating; the Chevalier de Marquis says that in South America, monkey flesh is allowed to be nourishing and very delicate. The heads are made into soup

and are served with it; and although a person at first experiences some difficulty in accustoming himself to see heads which resemble those of little children; when this repugnance is once conquered, he finds that monkey soup is as good as any other. Amongst other animals, the following are eaten in different parts of the world: "bats and vampire, the sloth, the rhinoceros, the elephant, the seal tribe, the dog, the wolf, the fowl jackal, the voracious hyena, the rank fox, the fetid skunk, the cat, the rat, the hedgehog, the camel, the horse, the ass, the tiger, the lion, the whale, the shark, the crocodile, lizards, frogs, the *boa constrictor*, (which is preferred by the negroes to any other food,) the rattlesnake, the viper or adder. Mr. Donovan might have added to his list of nations who are serpent eaters, the Chinese, who fatten snakes as we do oysters, for the table.

More discrimination appears to be used in the insect tribe. A peculiarly disgusting insect is eagerly devoured by the Chinese and Hottentots; caterpillars are cooked into a dish in some parts of Australia, and the people of New Caledonia eat spiders. Ants and their eggs are eaten by several nations, and this kind of diet has been eulogized by Europeans who have partaken of it. In some parts of the east Indies, it is said that vast quantities of termites are collected and made with flour into a variety of pastry; but that an immoderate use of this food occasions colic, dysentery and death. Mr. Smeathman states that the Africans eat these ants roasted by handfuls, and several European have declared that they are most delicious, like sugared cream or paste of sweet almonds. Locusts are eaten in almost all the countries where they appear, either fried, pounded with milk, ground into flour, and baked into cakes, or made into Of fishes and birds, there appears to be scarcely any species excluded; and Mr. Donovan observes that "although particular animals have been reported by travellers to constitute the food of nations whose history they write, we might perhaps extend the catalogue to all living creatures, with the exception of a few that are actually poisonous."

The object of Mr. Donovan was merely to detail those articles which were the ordinary food of large classes of men. But there are many, of a disgusting kind, which he has not thought it necessary to notice which are the ordinary aliment, or delicacies, amongst nations. The Cochinchinese are fond of hatched eggs, the Chinese and other Eastern people of putrid eggs.

There are nations of dirt eaters,—the Ottomans, for instance, who diet upon clay. Worms, grubs, and maggots are the food of others. The Dyaks and Battaks, of Sumatra and Borneo drink human blood. Raw blubber, is prized by the Esquimaux, and game in a state of putrefaction gratifies the palate of the polished European gourmand.

When we select instances of peculiar and depraved appetite, they are disgusting indeed. We have seen individuals in Europe who can devour vast quantities of raw liver, tallow candles and tobacco pipes, but what are they to the eaters of carrion, putrid offal, and excrementitious substances amongst the religious ascetics in India!

Perhaps the most repulsive, as well as prodigious instances of outrageous voracity is the sheep-eater of Oude, described by General Hardwicke, in the *transactions* of the Royal Asiatic Society. This man, or rather monster, in the presence of several gentlemen and ladies ate, at one meal, two sheep, weighing from twelve to thirteen pounds per quarter. His mode of devouring the animal was this. He seized the live-sheep by the fleeces with his teeth, and lifted it from the ground; then, by a swing of his head flung it on its back upon the ground. In this position he held the animal down, pulling the leggs apart with each hand. He then tore the abdomen with his teeth, by stripping off the skin from the flank to the breast, removed the intestines, and buried his head in the body to drink

the warm blood, which clotted round his hair and beard. He next stripped off the rest of the hide, separated the joints, and rubbing them in the dust, tore the meat from the bones, swallowing one mouthful after another with all the dust and dirt adhering to it, laying aside the ill-picked bones for his supper!

The cruelty which this indiscriminate voracity of man inflicts upon the inferior animals, is frightful. The horrors of the Roman kitchen are detailed in Mr. Donovan's book. Vitellius and Heliogabalus regaled on a dish composed of the tongues and braids of peacocks, the bodies being thrown to the hogs.

The combs torn from live cocks, were a dish of excellent relish to the latter, because seasoned with cruelty. The heads of parrots were served up at his feasts. Vitellius had a large silver dish, the filling of which, for one of his entertainments, occasioned wholesale slaughter, being composed of insignificant parts of various small and rare birds and fishes. Veditus Pollio, a gentleman of Rome; and a favorite of Augustus Cæsar, contrived a method of giving a favor to lampreys, which all his friends and Augustus himself relished, whilst a secret; it was by feeding them on human flesh! One Claudius Æsopus, a tragedian, was renowned for serving up, on a large platter, worth 4,800*l.*, all kinds of singing and speaking birds. At a feast given to Vitellius, by his brother Lucius, there were 2,000 different kinds of fish, and 7,000 of birds. The celebrated Apicius expended nearly a million sterling on his kitchen, and finding his property reduced to only 8,000*l.* fearful that he should starve, he took poison. A small dish of his, called *Minutal Apicianum*, or 'Alpicus Mince,' is made up of the excerpts of three or four dozen animals.—When Apicius administered to himself the salutary draught. His successors have caught his spirit.

Dr. Kitchen, quotes from Wecker's *Secrets of Nature*. "How to roast and eat a goose alive." The goose after being plucked, is to be surrounded by burning fuel, and cups of water are to be placed within the circle: "She is to be larded and basted, but she is to be roasted slowly. By walking about, and flying here and there, being cooped in by the fire that stops her way out, she will fall to drink the water, and cool her heart; and when she roasteth and consumes inwardly, always wet her head and heart with a wet sponge; and when you see her running, and beginning to stumble, she is roasted enough. Take her up, set her before her guests, and she will cry as you cut off any part from her, and be almost eaten up before she is dead; it is MIGHTY PLEASANT TO BEHOLD!"

After reading this, what a satirist does Shakspeare seem, in the passage which we quote at the beginning!

HINTS TO YOUNG FARMERS.

We are in the daily habit of hearing the casualties and misfortunes of life, and particularly in the management of the farm, ascribed to bad luck; and on the contrary, of hearing the blessings, comforts and enjoyment of life, imputed to good luck,—as though these things were casual, and did not depend upon the indiscreet conduct of those whom they befall.

If we will but scan this matter probably we shall be convinced that our good and bad luck most generally comes through our own agency, and that we are in a great measure left to choose our own fortunes as far as this matter is concerned. The faithful practice of known duties; with due restraint upon our baser passions, seldom fails to produce good will to our fellows, are almost the certain precursors of bad luck. And even though our crops may grow from the exuberant bounty of nature, and although our patrimonial wealth may extort for us the feeble applause and sycophancy of the multitude, the pleasures which they afford are unstable, and are not to be compared with those that result from prudent industry and rectitude of conduct—from a consci-

ousness of having performed, and performing the high duties imposed upon us, to our families, to society, and to our God.

Let us trace some instances of good and bad luck, in the business of the farm to their palpable causes.

The diligent farmer, who personally superintends his own business—who rises before the sun, sees that his laborers are at their appointed business, that his farm stock are in good condition, his implements and fences in order, and his work timely and properly done is pretty certain of enjoying a good round of good luck in all his farming operations. He will have good cattle and good crops, and good profits—and if he takes care to bring up his sons in the way of their father, he will have good luck with his family.

On the other hand look at that man who gossips away a portion of his time at public houses, political clubs, and among his neighbors—and who trusts the management of his affairs entirely to the discretion and fidelity of others, and ten to one but you find him an heir to ill luck; that his land is annually becoming poorer, his crops lighter, his cattle diminishing, his fences and buildings dilapidating, and his fortune going to wreck. Who does not see in such a man a fountain of bad luck.

Our young readers have most of them, perhaps, heard of the bad luck that befel the man who neglected, in time, to get a nail in the horse shoe; the horse became lame, and ultimately died—so that the owner lost his horse for want of a nail. The same bad luck attends him who neglects his fences; a rail or a board is down the cattle get in and destroy his crops, and he is obliged to buy bread for his family.—The drone too is generally late with his work—he plants and sows late and suffers the harvest to be gleaned or mowed.

The diligent farmer destroys the weeds that rob his crops, and the bushes that uselessly encumber his grounds. He carefully economises and applies his manures, destined to feed his crops, and keep up the fertility of the soil; and he brings the best production of it, though naturally wet and unproductive, into a productive state by a system of judicious draining. All these are certain precursors of good luck.

Now mark the farmer of almost inevitable bad luck upon that farm down yonder, who, although in the harvest time, is from home, gone to attend a petty lawsuit, in which he is a party. Look at the fences, the buildings, the bushes, the weeds, the swamps and the crops—at every thing.—Do they not all betoken bad luck? and speak in language not to be misunderstood, that the unfortunate master is going down hill.

We have one more suggestion, which may extend to the fair sex. Idleness is the parent of tattle—of mischief. Now the man or woman who attend to their own business as they ought to, have no time nor disposition officiously to intermeddle with the domestic affairs of others—they have no interest in sinking the reputation of their neighbors; but would rather raise them to their own level, their habits, therefore tend to diffuse good luck to all around them.

Cultivator.

From Mr. Stephens' new "Incidents of Travels."

BATTLE OF GROKOW.

The battle of Grokow, the greatest in Europe since that of Waterloo, was fought on the 25th of February, 1831, and the place where I stood commanded a view of the whole ground. The Russian army was under the command of Deibitsch, and consisted of one hundred and forty-two thousand infantry, forty thousand cavalry and three hundred and twelve pieces of cannon. This enormous force was arranged in two lines of combatants, and a third of reserve.

Its left wing, between Wavre and the marshes of the Vistula consisted of four divisions of infantry of forty-seven thousand men, three of cavalry of ten thousand five hundred, and one hundred and eight pieces

of cannon; the right consisted of three and a half divisions of infantry and thirty-one thousand men, four divisions of cavalry of fifteen thousand seven hundred and fifty men, and fifty two pieces of cannon. Upon the borders of the great forest opposite the Forest of Elders, conspicuous from where I stood was placed, the reserve, commanded by the Grand Duke Constantine. Against this immense army the Poles opposed less than fifty thousand men, and a hundred pieces of cannon under the command of General Skrzyneck.

At break of day the whole force of the Russian right wing, with a terrible fire of fifty pieces of artillery and columns of infantry, charged the Polish left; with the determination of carrying it, by a single and overpowering effort. The Poles with six-thousand five hundred men and twelve pieces of artillery, not yielding a foot of ground, and knowing they could hope for no succor resisted this attack for several hours, until the Russians slackened their fire. About ten o'clock the plain was suddenly covered with the Russian forces, issuing from the cover of the forest, seeming one undivided mass of troops. Two hundred pieces of cannon, posted on a single line, commenced a fire which made the earth tremble, and was more terrible than the oldest officers, many of whom had fought at Marengo and Austerlitz, had ever beheld. The Russians now made an attack upon the right wing, and failed in theirs upon the left; Diebitsh directed the strength of his army against the forest of elders, hoping to divide the Poles into two parts. One hundred and twenty pieces of cannon were brought to bear on this point and fifty battalions, incessantly pushed to the attack, kept up a scene of massacre unheard of in the annals of war. A Polish officer were so choked with the dead that the infantry marched directly over their bodies. The heroic poles, with battalions for four hours defended the forest against the tremendous attack. Nine times they were driven out, and nine times, by a series of admirably executed manoeuvres, they repulsed the Russians with immense loss. Batteries now concentrated in one point, where in a moment hurried to another, and the artillery advanced to the charge, like cavalry, sometimes within a hundred feet of the enemy's columns, and there opened a murderous fire of grape.

At three o'clock, the Generals, many of whom were wounded, the most of whom had their horses shot under them and fought on foot at the head of their divisions resolved on a retrograde movement, so as to draw the Russians on the open plane. The Russian troops then debauched from the forest a cloud of Russian cavalry, with several regiments of heavy cuirassiers at their head to the attack. Colonel Pientka, who had kept up an unremitting fire from his battery 5 hours, with a perfect sang froid, upon a disabled piece of cannon remained to give another effective fire, and then left at full gallop a post which he had so long occupied under the terrible fire of the enemy's artillery. This rapid movement of his battery animated the Russian forces. The cavalry advanced on a trot upon the line of a battery of rockets. A terrible discharge was poured into their ranks, and the horses, galled to madness by the flakes of fire, became wholly ungovernable, and broke away, spreading disorder in every direction; the whole body swept helplessly along the fire of the Polish infantry, and in a few minutes were so completely annihilated that, of a regiment of cuirassiers who bore inscribed on their helmets the 'Invincibles,' not a man escaped. The wreck of the routed cavalry, pursued by the lancers, carried along in its flight the columns of infantry. A general retreat commenced, and the cry of Poland forever! reached the walls of Warsaw, to cheer the hearts of its anxious inhabitants. So terrible was the fire of the day that, in the Polish army there was not a single general or staff officer who had not his horse