

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 III.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1839.

Number 20.

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT,
OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MAIN-ST.

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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Educator is the title of a publication recently made in England under the sanction of the General Society of Education, and of which the object is to devise the best means of raising the social position of teachers. From this work the following are extracts:—

What Education is.—Education does not mean merely reading and writing, nor any degree, however considerable, of more intellectual instruction. It is, in its largest sense a process which extends from the commencement to the termination of existence. A child comes into the world, and once his education begins. Often at his birth the seeds of disease or deformity are sown in his constitution; and while he hangs at his mother's breast, he is imbibing impressions which will remain with him through life. During the first period of infancy, the physical frame expands and strengthens, but its delicate structure is influenced for good or evil by all surrounding circumstances—cleanliness, light, air, food warmth. By and by, the young being within shows itself more. The senses become quicker. The desires and affections assume a more definite shape. Every object which gives a sensation, every desire gratified or denied, every action, word, or look of affection or unkindness, has its effect, sometimes slight and imperceptible, sometimes obvious and permanent, in building up the human beings or rather in determining the direction in which it will shoot up and unfold itself. Through the different states of the infant, the child, the boy, the youth, the moral nature on the various circumstances of his condition incessantly acting upon him—the unhealthfulness of the air he breathes; the kind and the sufficiency of his food and clothing; the degree in which his physical powers are exerted; the freedom with which his sense are allowed or encouraged to exercise themselves upon eternal objects; the extent to which faculties of remembering, comparing, reasoning, are tasked; the sounds and sights of home, the moral examples of parents; the discipline of school; the nature and degree of studies, rewards and punishments; the personal qualities of his companions, the opinions and practices of the society, juvenile and advanced, in which he moves, and the character of the public institution under which he lives. The successive operation of all these circumstances upon a human being from his earliest childhood, constitutes his education; an education which does not terminate with the arrival of manhood, but continues through life—which is itself, upon the concurrent testimony of revelation and reason, a state of probation or education for a subsequent and more glorious existence.

Importance of Physical Education.—The influence of the physical frame upon the intellect, morals, and happiness of a human being, is now universally admitted.—Perhaps the extent of the subject is examined. The train of thought & feelings is perpetually affected by the occurrence of sensations arising from the state of our eternal organs. The connection of high mental excitement with the physical system is obvious enough, when the latter is under in-

fluence of stimulants, as wine or opium; but other mental states—depression of spirits, irritability of temper, indolence, and the craving for sensual gratifications, are, it is probable, no less intimately connected with the condition of the body. The selfish, exacting habits which so often attend ill health and the mean artifices to which feebleness of body leads, are not, indeed, necessary results; but the physical weakness so often produces moral evil, that no moral treatment can be successful which overlooks physical causes. Without reference to its moral effects, bodily pain forms a large proportion of the amount of human misery. It is therefore of the highest importance that a child should grow up sound and healthful in body, and with the utmost degree of muscular strength that education can communicate.

Advantages of Strength.—It should be an important object in education to give a child a considerable degree of bodily strength. It is not merely of high utility in the laborious occupations in which most persons must spend their lives; it is often a great support to moral dispositions. We should excite good impulses in children, and also give them the utmost strength of mind and beauty to carry them out. A child ought to be able to withstand injustice attempted by superior strength. Nothing demoralizes both parties more than the tyranny exercised over younger children by elder ones at school. Many good impulses are crushed in a child's heart when he has not physical courage to support them. If we make a child as strong as his age and constitution will permit, he will have courage to face greater strength. A boy of this kind resisting firmly the first assumption of an elder tyrant, may receive some hard treatment in one encounter, but he will have achieved his deliverance. His courage will secure respect. The tyrant will not again excite the same troublesome and dangerous resistance. This is certainly not intended to encourage battles at school; far from it. But until a high degree of moral education is realized, the best security for general peace among children of different ages is to give each strength and spirit which no one will like to provoke. It will further give each a confidence in his powers, and a self-respect, without which none of the hardy virtues can flourish.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

HINTS TO PARENTS.

The proper regulation of the imagination is a duty of unquestionable obligation. Women, especially, are prone to act upon mere feeling, and it is a kind of beneficent provision of Providence that their feelings are so often as correct as they are acute, and therefore, in some sort, stand them in the stead of the judgement and principle of men.—But then it is plainly a radical and dangerous error to educate them rather to feel than to reason. By their very constitution, they naturally possess feelings more quick and susceptible, with judgement less strong and disciplined, than men. Hence their conduct generally will be guided rather by feeling than by reason. Their education should, therefore, be conceived, be shaped to strengthen that which is weak in them, and to regulate that which is too apt to be sensitive to excess. This is one great reason why very much novel-reading of any kind and all bad and trashy novels, should be carefully interdicted. They are far more pernicious to women than to men. Almost every man has, of necessity, so much collision with the realities of life, going forth to his work and labor till the evening, in this draggletail dreary dun of a work-day world, that the interference and disturbance of real business and worldly interests must serve to rouse him perforce from idle dreams, and disenchanted him from any spell of romance in which he may have sillily entangled his imagination. But with a girl it is not so.—Living at home, with no property to manage, no interest to cultivate, no family to provide for, no contention at the bar, no designs to forward at court, in the camp, or in the county—no bargains to manage there

"where merchants most do congregate;" nothing, in short, which she cannot, in some measure, transform and accommodate to her own ideal world, she may very easily, if she yield to her imaginative impulses, live as it were, in a dream, a stranger to her real duties, and wasting all her energies and sympathies on unattainable combination of circumstances, or undesirable combinations of qualities. Thus she may regard her first suitor (a short, fat, good-natured, red faced man, of no particular age, and an excellent estate in the country) as a repulsive and detestable wretch, to whom she is to be sacrificed for money; or she may array the tall, lathy curate of the neighboring parish, or the sighing subaltern of a marching regiment, whom she meets at a county ball, in all the glories of one of her favorite knights of romance. In any case she stores up much unhappiness for herself. For, at the best, and supposing no actual imprudence to result, she must, at length, wake up, as a married woman, to butcher's bills and brewing, to suckle babes and chronicle small beer, to plaguey servants, smoky chimneys, squalling children, and, above all, to imagined neglect or want of tenderness and lover-like attention on the part of her good man. Cause and effect then carry on their usual action and re-action. But the natural death of love is an ungrateful and ungracious theme, on which we desire not to dwell.—It frets and worries (and injures us too) to depict all that seems best and most amiable in our nature, as only hollow, and fugitive, and illusory. But it is quite another thing to guard against misapprehensions and mistake—to teach the fanciful and, perhaps, the wayward girl that she must open her eyes upon the ups and downs, the clouds and sunshine of married life, which, for our lasting good, are so diversified, and from which solid happiness may be extracted by a well regulated spirit, with really reasonable expectations; but which yet is so unlike the cloudless paradise of a dreamy girl's imagination that the houri who has dwelt in that intoxicating atmosphere is a creature helplessly unfit to live and breathe in the terrestrial air of conjugal reality.

PITY AND CHARITY

The very pirate, that dyes the ocean with the blood of his fellow beings; that meets with his defenceless victim in some lonely sea where no cry of help can be heard, and plunges his dagger to the heart that is pleading for life—which is calling upon him by all the names of kindred, of children, and home, to spare—yes, the very pirate is such a man as you or I might have been. Orphanage in childhood; an unfriendly youth; an evil companion; a resort to sinful pleasure; familiarity with vice; a scorned and blighted name; seared and crushed affections; desperate fortunes—these are steps which might have led any one among us to unfurl upon the high seas the bloody flag of universal defiance: to have waged war with our kind; to have put on the terrific attributes; to have done the deed; and to have died the awful death of the ocean robber. How many affection relationships of humanity plead with us to pity him. That head, that is doomed to pay the price of blood, once rested upon a mother's bosom. The hand that did that accursed work, and shall soon be stretched cold and neverless in the felon's grave, was once taken and cherished by a father's hand, and led in the ways of sportive childhood innocent pleasure.

The dreaded monster of crime has once been the object of sisterly love and all domestic endearment. Pity has blighted hope and his crushed heart. It is a wholesome sensibility. It is reasonable; it is meet for frail and sinning creatures like us to cherish. It foregoes no moral discrimination. It feels no crime—but feels it as weak, and tempted and rescued creature should. It imitates the great monster, and looks with indignation upon the offender, and yet is grieved for him.

I'm into you like a thousand of brick,' as the wall said ven it came tumbling down upon the man's head.

Original Anecdote.—A few days since a jolly tar who had just returned from a long cruise, employed a cartman, known about the town as Dutch Yacob, to carry his baggage from on board the ship to a boarding house. After every thing was stowed on the cart to his satisfaction, Jack seated himself on the top of his chest and for the want of better amusements, spliced the end of the cart rope together. When arrived at the stopping place, Yacob, attempted to cast off his rope, preparatory to unloading. After searching in vain for the end of it, he threw his hat on the ground in a rage, exclaiming, "Dunder and blixen, some tam Yankee's cut off bote de ends of mine ropes and poot dem were the tyvel com'nt vind him!"

Times.

An Accommodating Chap.—A long-haired youth yesterday applied to an intelligence office for a situation. "What sort of a place would you like?" was the business inquiry. "Why," said Johnny Raw, "I should like to get a chance in a dry good store, but I would work in a tan yard."

"Daddy, I reckon as how I might go a courtin' now."

"Yes, son, I reckon so."

"Well, if I don't go to see somebody's gal next Sunday, then saw my old hat in two."

A Spanish proverb says that the Jews ruin themselves at their passovers, the Moors at their marriages, and the Christians in their lawsuits.

A lady with a flushed face and carbuncled nose, consulting Dr. Cheyne, exclaimed,—"Where in the name of wonder, doctor, did I get such a nose as this?"—"Out of the decanter, madam, out of the decanter," replied doctor.

Last Case of Absence of Mind.—A young lady in B— street, came home from a ride the other evening, and left her horse at the door of her father's house, walking herself to the stable and taking the horse's place in the stall. She did not discover her mistake till the ostler began to rub her down.

Bost. Post.

"Wha'll yer take for yer dog?" asked one darky to another who was leading a dirty looking little cur along with a tow string, the other day.

"Five dollar," was the prompt reply.

"Can't offer to gib more'n two dollar for 'em."

"O hoo! dat's not fues cos—I'd loose by de specklylashum. Dat too hard—couldnt stan 'em."

"Wall, the dog law's on an dogs not quite so valuable."

"Nebber mine, when's dog law's dun, den dogs 'ill riz agin. Yer no 'absquatulate' dis nigger out 'o tree dollar so ezy, darky mine dat."

Red Hair.—A tinpenny, only a tinpenny, your honor, exclaimed a sturdy beggar, at a stage-coach door in Ireland, to a Scotchman with fiery ringlets, but who was quite insensible to the appeal: "A fippenny, your honor: a fippenny, or a penny, or a half-penny, please ye." Finding the Scot inexorable, the beggar altered his tone, and said, "Will your honor please to lend me a lock of your hair to light my pipe with."

A Lynch Case.—In Warren county, Ohio a short time since, two very respectable ladies were met by two black fellows, who insulted them with gross and unmentionable proposals. The ladies had sufficient presence of mind to plead off, by promising to meet them there at sundown. Arriving at home, they told the affair to a brother of one of them, who raised a party of twenty men, and two boys dressed in female apparel, who proceeded to the appointed spot, followed by the men. Upon seeing the disguised boys, the negroes issuing from the woods caught them and were leading them off, when they were seized by the men, who tied them to a tree and castrated them.

The writer was surveying London from the cupola of St. Paul's. It was a gloomy day, the fog rolled up its heavy curtains in a limited radius, so that the thousand spires of the metropolis were shut from the circumference embraced by the eye. As he looked around, he was aware of another spectator, standing by his side, who accosted him—"Well, I guess this era is a pretty great place from what I see!" Our tourist took him at once for a fellow countryman. "Yes," he replied, with affected ignorance "You Englishmen ought to be proud of it."

"Oh," said he in return, "I guess I aint an Englishman; I rather expect that I'm principally from the United States."

"So am I," was the rejoinder. "We are looking, though, upon an immense metropolis, as you intimated, but we do not see its immensity to-day. It needs as clear a light as possible, for the wide and general view."

"Well, yes, I expect it does. After all, it must be a desperate sizeable place, including the outskirts and water privileges; for it looks to be dreadful thick settled jest a-long here, round the meeting house."

This quotation is from hearsay and memory, but substantially faithful, in fact and scene.—Knickerbocker.

EPIGRAM—Steam versus Horses.

Ye country squires, ye hunting race,
Who scarce, for love of dogs and chase,
To sober life can settle;
Say, if thro' all the equestrian breed,
You e'er beheld so fine a steed,
Possessed of so much mettles.

Eastern Anecdote.—As a woman was walking a man looked at her and followed her. The woman said "why do you follow me?" he answered, "because I have fallen in love with you." The woman said, "Why are you in love with me?" "My sister is much handsomer; she is coming after me, go and make love with her." The man turned back and saw a woman with an ugly face: being greatly displeased he turned to the first woman and said, "Why do you tell me a falsehood?" The woman answered, "Neither do you speak the truth, for if you were really in love with me, why do you leave me to look upon my sister?"

A man seeing an old woman in the street who drove some asses, said, Adieu, mother of asses!" "Adieu, adieu, my son," answered she. The man felt his ears grow as he walked along.

When you hear a young man speaking lightly of family attachments, and ridicule his old relations—infer that he is a weak minded youth and will make a perverse and uncomfortable companion.

When you hear a young lady declare that she hates all men—infer that some particular one has touched her fancy.

"Your dress, madam, is a beautiful bottle green," said a gentleman the other morning to a lady. "And your face is a bottle blue, sir," was the reply.

Lorenzo Dow was an oddity of the oddest kind. The best anecdote of him is, that being one evening at a hotel kept by one Bush, in Delhi, N. Y. the residence of the celebrated Gen. Root, he was importuned by the latter gentleman, in presence of the landlord, to describe Heaven. "You say a great deal about that place," said the General, "tell us how it look." Lorenzo turned his grave face, and long waving beard towards Messrs. Root and Bush, and then replied with imperturbable gravity, "Heaven, friends, is a vast extent of smooth and rich territory; there is not a Root nor a Bush in it, and there never will be."

At a meeting for the choice of the town officers, a Mr. Shote was chosen hog-reeve, which occasioned the following impromptu: The wisdom of the town stands confest, One Shote was chosen to govern all the rest.