

# 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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## TERMS:

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## AGRICULTURAL.

From the Genesee Farmer.

### WHEAT WORM.

No apology can be necessary for introducing this subject so frequently into the columns of the Farmer. The extent of the interest involved in the progress of York, and witnessed the quantity of wheat annually sown in this district.—We make the following extract from the Seneca Observer, for the purpose of calling the attention of farmers to the statements made in it, and particularly the one that the worm continues its ravages after the wheat is ripe and put in the barn.

We have had the impression, in common with most others, that after the berry had become hard, the ravages of the worm ceased; or was only continued on such kernels as were attacked before the wheat had become ripened. We have within a few days examined wheat in which worms were found in abundance, and could find no kernels injured, except such as form their shtinken and pale appearance had evidently suffered when in the milk, or before the berry had become ripe. That the weevil, the product of the bug, destroys the grain in the mow or the granary, is well known; but that the worm, the product of a fly, does the same, we think requires further examination and proof before it is fully admitted. Should such prove to be the fact, it would indeed prove to be an alarming feature in the history of the wheat worm. At the east, where its ravages have been the most extensive and the longest continued, we have never heard any apprehensions of injury after the wheat had ripened and was gathered. We have instituted some experiments having a bearing on this matter, and we hope farmers generally will lend their aid in elucidating this point. Is not the noise spoken of occasioned by the crawling of the worm and the rustling of the chaff, rather than by its feeding? and does not the speedy death of fat the greater part of the worms in the gathered grain? It is well known that when wheat is threshed immediately after gathering, the worms will be many times more numerous than in the same wheat, if left in the barn for one or two months before threshing.

"It is curious as well as alarming to observe the operations of this destructive worm. It commences its work early, and continues it late. When in the field, it can be heard making a noise much resembling that of the silk worms while eating. After it commences it devours with all greediness, until the crop is gathered; and, what is still worse, and perhaps not generally known, it continues its work of destruction, after the crop is gathered. Of this fact there can now be no doubt. It has been witnessed by many of the most observing farmers of our neighborhood. This insect can be heard in the mows and stacks, and on examining the heads of wheat, they are found to contain many of these destroyers. This is the more alarming to the wheat grower, as it is next to impossible for him to thresh out his grain as soon as harvested, owing to the other necessary labor that is pressing upon him at this season of the year—the completion of his haying, and the preparing of his fallow ground for another crop. Yet he

must thresh his wheat or lose a goodly portion of what has been gathered."

We do not allow ourselves to indulge in the gloomy anticipations of the concluding paragraphs of the article in the Observer. We remember that when the Hessian fly became so destructive, and its ravages extended so rapidly, many were found who fancied that wheat could never again be grown in the United States. Such predictions have been utterly falsified by the event; and such we doubt not will be the result in regard to the grain worm. As yet we see no reason for deserting the fair fields of Western New York, or abandoning the culture of wheat. Partial failures may indeed be expected; but the beautiful wheat that finds its way in such quantities to our markets affords conclusive proof that our fields yet yield their increase, and that Providence has not ceased its kindness and its blessings.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### A NIGHT WITH THE FIENDS.

Founded on fact.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

I would have given worlds to recall the action. I had no excuse. It was a deed done with my eyes open. The beggar who steals to save his wife and children from starving, has the sympathy of the judge who condemns him—and the homicide, whose crime is committed in a gust of passion, may find consolation in repentance, and in the consciousness of the infirmity of human nature. Men sin from ignorance, from temptation, from want of experience. I had perpetrated this deliberately, with my eyes open to the consequences. I knew the nature of what I was doing. There was no explain it on the grounds of innate depravity. I, who professed a scorn of wrong—who was accustomed to self-examination and self-discipline—who knew what guilt was—who felt, while I did it, that I was laying up a store of repentance—I had yielded, and I regarded myself with contempt and horror.

Nothing could be more pleasing than the scene in which this incident took place. It was at a ball, amid music, dancing, and pretty women. All the elements of happiness seemed to lie around. Was I happy? No. Remorse filled my bosom. I felt that I had recorded in the book of fate a deed not to be erased—from which was to spring shame and suffering. I felt like the ghost of "buried Denmark."

"Confined to fast in fires,  
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,  
Are burnt and purged away."

Night came. Night! At this mysterious period, the guilty have a foretaste of their punishment. In summer I should have gone out and walked till morning. But it was a cheerless November night. I went to bed. In a little while a sort of oblivion descended upon me, faintly lighted with images of the gay scene where I had spent the evening, and where I had unfortunately laid this sin upon my soul. My imagination retained a dim sense of music and dancing, and careless voices, and flashing light, till their repeated and repeated impressions pained me; and over the whole, mysteriously and darkly, like a cloud, or an impending danger, lay the definite conviction and shame of that act—a sense of remorse, apprehension, guilt, and folly, from which I strove to recoil and creep away, and hide myself in sleep, or even death. And, in those vague moments, wavering between the real and the unreal, grotesque beings, whose shapes were drawn in lines of light upon the black air, darted around, and made faces at me, and held a sort of devilish revel over my torments as I lay powerless on my back. Such visitations might come to a dead man in his coffin. And a power seemed whispering, "This it is to commit a sin!" "I did not think of it," said I; "I could not help it." And for a moment, this seemed a triumph to me, and I shouted the fact sturdily in the faces of the fiends, and I called the good angels to help me, a poor, misused mortal, set upon in this fashion by a parcel

of infernal devils. But a voice, after a pause, answered, as if with a silent smile, "You knew what you did!—you gratified your wish—you agreed to pay the price—you scorned consequences—you have no excuse—you are bought and sold—you are curs!" And I answered, "It is true!" and strove to hide myself. I would have crawled into any cave; and all the while the dancing went on, and the music played one continual tune—and gay crowds moving and bowing around, and beautiful female faces, with radiant smiles and careless words, came and went in throngs and masses, with a floating change and a mocking contrast. Then I fell abruptly off a precipice—started—and awoke.

I groaned aloud. The chamber was lighted by the faint beams of a night lamp, casting grotesque and giant shadows upon the walls and ceilings. There was something unearthly about them. I had not thought that chairs and tables—those homely and familiar objects—could look strange and impressive. There was a bar lying huge and black across the room—a massive semi-circle, broken by an angle of the cornice, appeared like a segment of Saturn's belt—and a rugged profile, that frowned like the spectre of some giant, held forth a threatening arm, and impressed me with a solemn sense of the monstrous and the preternatural.

And soon, amid these huge shadows and that deathly silence, (broken only by a sound from some warping panel, or, perhaps, a wall settling more heavily into its foundation, secret tokens of time, unheard by the sleeping millions around,) the fatal act which had marked my past evening, appeared before me like a ghost, aspects of life presented themselves, as I turned on my pillow and strove to sleep. All that I had ever done wrong, or unkind, or doubtful, sat around my bed like a company of devils, each event converted into a fiend, and at the head of this agreeable *leuee* the deed of yesterday, a mocking, heartless demon, and then came the dancing and that old tune again.

At length this awful ordeal was varied by a gleam of comfort. Something which resolved itself at last into a soothing and most gentle spirit, seemed to steal in unobserved among this set of chattering devils, and whispered in my ear:

"Patience, mortal, and receive this hour as a lesson. You shall not sink beneath your burden, but you must bear it yet a little longer. When the cock crows your persecutors will disperse. Take care you do not put yourself in their power again.—The earth is inhabited by two races—man, a traveller on his way to heaven, but sore beset by the other race, the devils. There is but one method of escaping these gentlemen, who now crowd your chamber so hilariously. It is by following the ways of right and wisdom. They have, comparatively, no power over those charmed paths, but it is the condition of your existence that, when you err, you are exposed to their mischievous malice. Indeed each error creates its own tormentor. Each man, according to his deeds, is honored with a retinue of these disagreeable companions, who acquire more power the more they gain.—They retire from around you during the day to watch the effect of new temptations, as an angler keeps himself concealed to catch the fish; even, when hooked, gives him the line in order to plunge the barb the deeper into his victim. In crowds, in moments of passion, and times of pleasure, they leave their prize apparently free; but in solitude, illness, and during the night, they assume their dominion; and wo to him who becomes entirely their slave. As for you, you have committed an action for which you must bear the penalty. Yield with patience and be wiser to-morrow."

The face of my instructress was near me as she spoke, and she kissed my forehead. Then came the dancing and the old tune, and the crowds and the demons, and in the pressure I was nearly suffocated. Strug-

gling, attempting in vain to call out, I was at the point of dissolution, when, in frightful convulsions, I once more awoke. At that instant the cock in the neighboring barnyard gave a sudden loud, and exultant crow, and I distinctly heard the slapping of the fellow's wings. It was followed by the cheerful cry of a milkman. A taint silvery light fell upon the wall through the openings in the shutters and curtains. The night-lamp burned lower and yet more dim—Saturn's belt was scarcely visible opposite the pitcher-handle. The huge bar had lost its sharp outline, but retained enough to identify it with the poker, and the frowning giant had dissolved into the outlines of an old robe de chambre, carelessly flung over the back of a chair. Blessed human shapes, all after the unearthly images of night. I turned over with a sense of safety, of being among my fellow creatures, and on the earth again, of having expiated my crime, and of having now life before me to try a new path of virtue and wisdom, and so I fell into a quiet sleep.

"But what was the crime!" demanded my wife when I read the essay.

"The reader will know it," said I.

"Not at all," said she. "Assure you I have not the slightest idea of it."

"Let them guess then!" said I.

"They will think you have been robbing the mail," said she, "or committing murder. What is it you have done to bring on yourself such terrible torments?"

"I drank three cups of strong tea!" said I, with a blush.

"And it serves you perfectly right!" said my wife, with a look of indignation.

### ENIGMAS OF NATURE.

ten times, the terms of the material reversion are unaltered. Does Africa furnish a thousand ruleless languages? Does Asia forsake her venerable tongues? Is America, the modern Babel, forming a new race of languages, from refuse of the old families. Nature changes not hers; she owns no authority, she suffers no provincialism in her universal speech. The larks now carol the same song and the same key as when Adam first tuned his enraptured ear to catch the moral. The owl first hooted in B flat, and it still loves the key, and screams thro' no other octaves. In the same key has ever ticked the death watch; while all the three noted chirps of the cricket have been in B, since Tubal Cain first heard them in his smithy, or the Israelites in their ash ovens. Never has the buzz of the knot risen above the second A, nor that of the house fly's wing sunk below the first F. Sound had at first the same connexion with color as it has now; and the right angle of life's incidence might as much produce a sound on the first turrets of Cain's city, as it is now said to do on one of the Pyramids.—The tulip, in its first bloom in Noah's garden, emitted, heat four and a half degrees above the atmosphere, as it does at the present day. The stormy petrel as much delighted to sport amongst the first billows which the Indian ocean ever raised as it does now. In the first migration of birds they passed from north to south, and then fled over the narrowest parts of the seas, as they will this autumn. The cuckoo and the nightingale first began their song together, analogous to the beginning of our April, in the days of Nimrod. Birds that lived on flies laid bluish eggs in the days of Joseph, as they will two thousand years hence, if the sun should not fall from his throne, or the earth not break her harness from the planetary car. The first bird that was caged of man sang in *adagio* than its natural spirit.

Corals have ever grown edgeways to the ocean stream. 8,280,000 animals could as well live in a drop of water in the days of Seth as in ours. All flying insects had on their coats of mail in the days of Japhet, over which have ever waved the plumes of more gaudy feathers than the peacock ever dropped. The bees that afforded Eve her first honey, made their combs hexagonal; and the first house fly produced 20,080,329 eggs in one year, as she does at present

The first jump of the first flea was two hundred times its own length, as it was the last summer. That concubinal sinner, the urine sloth, who scorns at all the anathemas against polygamy, kept ten or twelve wives before Moses was born, as he will when we are forgotten. There was iron enough in the blood of the first forty-two men to make a ploughshare, and there is to-day, from whatever country or men you select. The lungs of Abel contained a coil of vital matter 150 feet square, as mine; and the first inspiration of Adam consumed 17 inches of air as do those of every adult reader. The rat and the robin followed the footsteps of Noah, as they do ours.—Rayley.

**A true Gentleman.**—A true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man—his virtue is his business—his study, his recreation—contentness his rest, and happiness his reward—God is his father, and the Church is his mother—the Saints his brethren, all that need him his friends, and Heaven his inheritance—Religion his mistress, Loyalty & Justice his two maids of honor, Devotion his Chaplain, Chastity his chamberlain—Sobriety his butler, Temperance, his cook—Hospitality his housekeeper, Providence his steward, Charity his treasurer, Piety his mistress of the house, and Discretion his porter, to let in and out as is most fit. Thus is the whole family made of virtues, and he is the true master of the family. He is necessitated to take the world in his way to Heaven, but he walks through it as fast as he can—but all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him all in two words, he is a man and a Christian. *Christian Magazine.*

**Israelites of Mount Lebanon.**—Edward travellers, and whose lamentations were red in 1822, in the course of his life visited various countries, and has left behind him many works of great interest. About the beginning of the present century he travelled through Russia, Egypt, and Palestine, every where making such observations on the character and manners of these nations as might have been expected from a gentleman of refined feeling and a scholar. When in Palestine, he visited Jerusalem, Nazareth, Bethlehem, and the Lake of Genesareth, near which he enjoyed an opportunity of conversing with a party of Druzes. Almost every traveller in Syria has given us some new particulars respecting this curious people. "They are," says Clark, "the most extraordinary people on earth—singular in the simplicity of their lives, by their strict integrity and virtue.—They only eat what they earn by their own labor, and preserve at this moment the superstitious brought by the Israelites out of Egypt. What will be your surprise to learn, that every Thursday they elevate the molten calf, before which they prostrate themselves, and having paid their adoration, each man selects a wife from amongst the women present. The calf is of gold, silver or bronze. This is exactly that worship at which Moses was incensed in descending from Sinai. The cow was the Venus of the Egyptians, and of course the calf was a cupid, before which the sacrifices so offensive to Moses were held. For it is related that they set up a molten calf, which Aaron had made from the earrings of the Israelite women, before which similar sacrifices were made. And certainly the Druzes on Mount Lebanon are a detachment of the posterity of those Israelites who are so often represented in scripture as deserters from the true faith, falling back into the old superstition and pagan worship of the country from whence they came. I took every method necessary to ascertain the truth of this relation—and I send it to you as one of the highest antiquities, and most curious relics of remote ages, which has yet been found on earth.

One of the New Orleans papers mention a rumor that a Texas loan of \$3000,000 had been obtained in the United States.