

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 N. Y. News.

THE OLD CLOCK.

"Here she goes, there she goes!"—Some years ago there came to this country a family from England, which settled on the upper part of this island, and opened a public house. Among their chattels was an old family clock which they prized more for its age than its actual value, although it had told the hours for years with commendable fidelity. This clock is now situated in one of the private parlors of the house, and many a time has it been a theme of remark in consequence of its solemnly antique exterior.

A few days since, about dusk, a couple of mad wags drove up to the door of the hotel, seated in a light and beautiful wagon, drawn by a superb bay horse. They sprang out, ordered the hostler to pay every attention to the animal and to stable him for the night. Entering the hotel they tossed off a glass of wine a piece, bemouthed a cigar, and directed the landlord to provide the best game supper in his power. There was a winsome look in the countenance of the elder—a bright sparkling in his eyes which occasionally he half-closed in a style that gave him the air of "a knowing one," and a slight curving of the corners of the mouth that showed his ability to enjoy, while his whole demeanor made every acute observer sure of his ability to perpetrate a joke. Now and then, when his lips parted and he ran his finger through his hair with a languid expression, it was evident he was eager to be at work in his vocation, that of a practical joker! The other was a dapper young man, although different in his appearance, yet with features which indicated that his mind was well fitted to be a successful copartner with his mate, and a dry pun or gravely delivered witticism was frequently worked off with an air of philosophy or unconcern that gave him at once the credit of being a first rate wit. Supper on the table, these two Yankees were not dull as a couple generally will be at table, but made mirth and laughter, and wit their companions. and as Wine in his parti-colored flowing robes presided, there was a "set out" fit for a prince and his associates. The Yankees ate and drank and were right merry, when the old family clock whirred and whizzed as the hammer on the bell struck one, two, three, four, five six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve! The elder looked up at the old monitor before him, stuck his elbow on the table and looked again steadily for a minute and then laughed out heartily, awakening the waiter, who was just dozing by the window-sill.

"What in the name of Momus are you laughing at?" asked the dapper Yankee, as he cast his eyes now over the table, now over and around himself to ascertain where the nest of the joke was concealed. The elder winked slyly, and yawning lazily, slowly raised the fore-finger of his right hand and applied it gracefully to his nose. The dapper man understood the hint.

"Oho! I understand—no you don't come over this child! waiter, another bottle of champagne." The servant left the room and our heroes inclining themselves over

the table held a long conversation in a low tone, when the elder of the two raised his voice, and with an air of satisfaction, exclaimed.

"Clocks always go it!"

Then both cautiously rose from their chairs and advancing to the clock, turned the key of the door, and looked within, the elder in a half decided manner saying

"Won't it!"

The waiter was on the stairs, and they returned to their seats in a thrice as if nothing had happened—both scolding the waiter, as he entered, being so lazy on his errand.

Having heard the clock strike one, they were shown to their beds, where they talked in a subdued tone, and finally sank to sleep. In the morning, they were early up, and ordered their horse to be harnessed and brought to the door.

Descending to the bar-room they asked for their bill, and with becoming promptitude paid the amount due over to the keeper. The elder perceiving the landlord through the window, placed his arm upon the bar, and in a serious tone enquired of the bar keeper if he would dispose of the old clock. The young man hesitated—he knew not what to answer. The old clock seemed to him such a miserable piece of furniture that he had an impression that it might as well be his as his employer's, yet he could not comprehend why such a person should want such a hideous article.

While he was attempting to reply, the good natured landlord entered, and the question was referred to him for an answer.

"I wish to purchase that clock up stairs! Will you sell?" asked the elder Yankee, while the younger lighted his cigar, and cast his eye over the Sunday Morning News, which lay upon the table. The landlord, who had set no great value on the clock, except as an incense, began to suspect that it might possess the virtues of Martin Heywood's chair and be filled with dollars; and, almost involuntarily, the three ascended to the room which contained it.

"The fact is," said the Yankee, "I once won a hundred dollars with a clock like that!"

"A hundred dollars!" ejaculated the landlord.

"Yes! You see there was one like it in a room over in Jersey, and a fellow bet me he could keep his forefinger swinging with the pendulum for an hour, only saying "here she goes, there she goes." He couldn't do it. I walked the money out of him in no time."

"You did? You couldn't walk it out of me. I'll bet you fifty dollars I can do it on the spot."

"Done," cried the Yankee.

The clock struck eight, and with his back to the table, and the door, the landlord popped into the chair—

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his finger waved in a curve, his eyes fully fixed on the pendulum. The Yankees behind him interrupted—"Where's the money? Plank the money."

The landlord was not to loose in that way. His forefinger slowly and surely went with the pendulum, and his left disengaged his purse from his pocket, which he threw behind him on the table. All was silent. The dapper man at length exclaimed,—

"Shall I deposit the money in the hands of the barkeeper?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the only answer.

One of the Yankees left the room. The landlord heard him go down stairs, but he was not to be disturbed by that trick.

Presently the bar-keeper entered, and touching him upon the shoulder, asked—

"Mr. B——, are you crazy? What are you doing?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" he responded, his hand waving the forefinger as before.

The barkeeper rushed down stairs; he called one of the neighbors and asked him to go up. They ascended, and the neigh-

bor seizing him gently by the collar, in an imploring tone said—

"Mr. B——do not sit here. Come, come down stairs; what can possess you to sit here?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the sole reply, and the solemn face and slowly moving finger settled the matter. He was mad.

"He is mad," whispered the friend in a low voice. "We must go for a doctor."

The landlord was not to be duped, he was not to be deceived, although the whole town came to interrupt him.

"You had better call up his wife," added the friend.

"Here she goes, there she goes!" repeated the landlord, and his hand still moved on.

In a minute his wife entered, full of agony of soul. "My dear," she kindly said, "look on me. It is your wife who speaks."

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his hand continued to go, but his wife would not go; she would stay, and he thought she was determined to conspire against him and make him lose his wager. She wept, and she continued—

"What cause have you for this? Why do you do so? Has your wife?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his finger seemed to be tracing her airy progress, for any thing she could ascertain to the contrary.

"My dear," she still continued, thinking that the thought of his child, whom he fondly loved, would tend to restore him, "shall I call up your daughter?"

"Here she goes, there she goes?" the landlord again repeated, his eyes becoming more and more fixed and glazed, from the steadiness of the gaze. A slight smile, which had great effect upon the minds of those present, played upon his face, as he thought of the many unsuccessful resorts to win him from his purpose and of his success in baffling them. The physician entered. He stood by the side of the busy man.—He looked at him in silence, shook his head, and to the anxious inquiry of the wife, answered—

"No madame! The fewer persons here the better. The maid had better stay away; do not let the maid!"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" yet again, again, in harmony with the waving finger, issued from the lips of the landlord.

"A consultation, I think, will be necessary," said the physician, "will you run for Dr. W——ms?"

The kind neighbor buttoned up his coat and hurried from the room.

In a few minutes Dr. W——ms, with another medical gentleman, entered.

"This is a sorry sight," said he to the doctor present.

"Indeed it is, sir," was the reply. It is a sudden attack, one of the"—

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the sole reply.

The physicians stepped into a corner consulted together.

"Will you be good enough to run for a barber? We must have his head shaved and blistered," said Dr. W——ms.

"Ah, poor, dear husband," said the lady; "I fear he never again will know his miserable wife."

"Here she goes, there she goes?" said the landlord with a little more emphasis, and with a more nervous yet determined waving of his finger in concert with the pendulum; for the minute hand was near the twelve—that point which was to put fifty dollars into his pocket, if the hand arrived at it without his suffering himself to be interrupted.

The wife in a low bewailing tone continued her utterance—

"No! never, nor of his daughter!"

"Here she goes, there she goes," almost shouted the landlord, as the minute hand advanced to the desired point.

The barber arrived; he was naturally a talkative man,—and when the doctor made some casual remark, reflecting upon the

quality of the instrument he was to use, he replied—

"Ah ah! no Monsieur, you say very bad to razor—tres beautiful—eh?—look—look—very fine is n't she?"

"Here she goes—there she goes!" screamed the landlord, his hand waving on, and his face gathering a smile, and his whole frame in readiness to be convulsed with joy.

The barber was amazed. "Here she goes, there she goes!" he responded in the best English he could use—"Vare, vare shall I begin? Vat is dat he say?"

"Shave his head at once!" interrupted the doctor while the lady sank into a chair.

"Here she goes, there she—goes! for the last time," cried the landlord, as the clock struck the hour of nine, and he sprang from his seat in an ecstasy of delight, screaming at the top of his voice as he skipped about the room—

"I've won it—I've won it!"

"What?" said the bar-keeper.

"What?" echoed the doctor.

"What?" re-echoed the wife.

"What, the wager—fifty dollars!" But casting his eye, around the room, and missing the young man who induced him to watch the clock, he asked his bar-keeper—

"Where are those young men who stopped here last night? eh? quick, where are they?"

"They went away in their wagon nearly an hour ago sir!" was the reply.

The truth flashed like a thunderbolt thro' his mind. They had taken his pocket book with one hundred and seventy dollars therein, and decamped, a couple of swindling sharpers, with wit to back them! The story is rife on all men's tongues in the neighborhood where this affair occurred, and the facts are not otherwise than here set down; but we regret that the worthy landlord in endeavoring to overtake the rascals, was thrown from his own wagon, and so severely injured as to be confined to his room at the present moment where he can watch the pendulum of his clock at his leisure.

From the U. S. Gazette.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CASE.

A gentleman of the bar, in his prudence we have great confidence, has, at our request, supplied us with a notice of the case which closed yesterday. It will be seen that the verdict of the jury is for the Relators, or New School. The Counsel for the Respondents, or Old School, moved for a new trial.

IN THE SUPREME COURT.

BEFORE HON. M. C. ROGERS, AND A SPECIAL JURY.

Commonwealth—At the suggestion of of James Todd, John R. Neff, F. A. Raybold, Geo. W. McClelland, Wm. Darling and Thomas Fleming.

Asahel Green, Thomas Bradford, Solomon Allen, Cornelius C. Cuyler and Wm. Lata, not summoned.

Information in the nature of *quo warranto*, and ordered by the Supreme Court to a Jury to try questions of fact to inform the conscience of the Court.

The proceeding in this interesting cause is founded upon the statutory power given to the Supreme Court declaratory to the common law, by act of Assembly of Pennsylvania passed 14th of June, 1836, entitled "an act relating to writs of *quo warranto* and *mandamus*. That act provides that the writ of *quo warranto* may issue in a designated description of cases, among which is the present viz: "In case any question shall arise concerning the exercise of any office in any corporation created by authority of law," &c., and "in case any association or number of persons shall exercise any of the franchises or privileges of a corporation within the respective county without lawful authority."

On the 20th of May, 1838, on relation of the complainants, it was suggested to the Supreme court that the defendants were

since the 24th May, 1838, exercising and did still exercise the franchises and privileges of corporations without lawful authority, viz: the franchises and privileges of trustees of a certain corporation called and known by the name of "Trustees of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America;" that on said 24th May, 1838, the relators were duly elected trustees of the said corporation, agreeably to the provisions of the act of 28th March, 1799, incorporating said body, but notwithstanding said elect on the defendants still usurped said office, and praying for process of law &c.

On the 31st July, 1838, the defendants put in separate answers: that of Asahel Green asserted that he was one of the original trustees and had ever since acted as such and denying the election of the Relators, & claiming that his right as trustee had never been vacated, determined or abridged; and that of T. Bradford, alleging that on the 27th May, 1822, he was duly elected by the General Assembly a trustee, and had ever since acted as such; also denying the election of the relators and asserting his present right.

On the 10th October, 1838, the relator replied to the plea of Asahel Green, that true it was he was originally a trustee of the General Assembly, but that by an act of incorporation, the corporate body had power to change one third of the whole body of 18 trustees, as often as they should hold their sessions, and that, in exercise of such authority, said body did on the 17th May, 1838, at an Assembly held in this city, duly elect James Todd in place of the Asahel Green, and the said James Todd accepted said office, and thereby the said General Assembly avowed, disfranchised and discharged the said Asahel Green, &c. and thus replied to the plea of Thomas Bradford, in like form alleging that George W. McClelland was duly elected in his place, &c. In like form, the relator asserted that Thomas Fleming was elected in lieu of Cornelius C. Cuyler, and William Darling in lieu of Solomon Allen.—William Lata was not summoned, and his right, opposed to that of F. A. Raybold, is only incidentally in question. In the pleadings the several parties appealed to the country, viz a jury trial, and the issue of fact became ripe for a trial on the 7th Nov. 1838.

Accordingly, a jury was empanelled on the second Monday of March, 1839, and charged to enquire of the matters of fact contested in the pleadings. The relators were represented on the trial by Josiah Randall, W. M. Meredith, & George Wood, Esqrs.—the defendants by F. W. Hubbell, J. R. Ingersoll, John Sergeant and W. C. Preston, Esqrs.

The facts of the cause covered much ground, and were extracted from the course and proceedings of the General Assembly during a long period of years, but the most striking, interesting and important points of consideration were the *Excision* of May, 1837, and the *Secession* of May 1838.

It seems that the organization of the Presbyterian Church as to government, is this. First, the session, composed of pastor and elders who enjoy a life tenure; next, in rank the presbytery, consisting of all the pastors and one elder from each session within a particular district; next, still higher, the Synod composed of a number of Presbyteries not less than three, within a prescribed district in which, as in the Presbytery, all the pastors and one elder from each session hold seats; and last the highest tribunal is the General Assembly, composed of pastors, and delegated elders from all the Presbyteries.

In 1838 the presbyteries of Oneida, Albany and Columbia, N. Y. composed the synod of Albany. In 1821, this synod having increased in numbers, was divided into two synods, called Albany and Geneva.

In 1821 the synod of Geneva was parted and its presbyteries of Niagara, Genesee, Rochester and Ontario were formed into the synod of Genesee. In 1825 the synod of