

# 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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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.

Extract from a Speech, by David Paul Brown, Esq.

"Why, gentlemen, who was it that shed the brightest lustre upon the vast science of astronomy? One David Rittenhouse, a native of Pennsylvania, who followed the plough. Who was it that tore the lightning from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants? One Ben. Franklin, a printer's boy, who protected himself from the inclemency of the winter by exercise alone and lived upon a single roll of bread a day. Who was it when the veteran armies of Great Britain filtered and fled, in the Indian war, safely conducted the retreat, and secured the remnant of the army, though he had never set a squadron in the field, nor the division of a battle knew more than a spinster? One George Washington, a Virginia planter. Who was it that shed the brightest halo around the brightest reign that the world ever knew; the reign of Elizabeth—the age of the Raleighs—the Bacons and Sidney? Why, it was one Ben. Johnson, a quondam apprentice to a bricklayer; and one Will Shakspear, a peasant boy, shrewdly suspected of poaching upon his neighbor's deer. Or, passing from astronomy and poetry to law; who was it that rose from low beginnings, to be Lord Chief Justice of England? One Charles Abbot, whose father was a barber. Who was it that rose to be Lord High Chancellor of England? One Jack Copley, whose father was an American painter. Who was it that became the brightest star in the judicial constellation of Great Britain? One Phil Yorke, whose father no man knew. Or passing to a still further illustration; who was it that subjected three-fourths of Europe, and confident against the world's arms, made the Autocrat of all Russia tremble on his throne? One Napoleon, who rose from a station of corporal to such consummate power, to such dazzling heights to enable him to look down upon emperors, kings, princes, and the other potentates of the earth while he unmade them.

"Although I do not mean to say that there never was a great man among the wealthy curled darlings of the nation, yet I do mean to say, and all history sustains the assertion, that luxury and affluence are calculated to enfeeble the mind, and that those therefore, who are great in despite of them, would probably be much greater if removed from their influence. It is a well known fact among gentlemen of the turf, that blooded horses, who for years have been permitted to browse and career on broken irregular and mountainous pastures, have acquired a much greater muscular strength in sportsman's phrase better bottom, than those who are fed upon a level surface. The application of this, although a physical illustration, is not difficult. Men, whose lives have been an uninterrupted course of difficulty, a perfect uphill work, acquire in time a self-independence, and a self-sufficiency and promptitude in every emergency, which those who have been accustomed to stand for fame on their forefather's feet, or to lean for all pleasure upon another's breast, never have known and never can know."

## ON MORAL INSANITY.

"Some thirty years ago a young lady, the only daughter of a noble house in the north of Germany, from having been one of the most cheerful girls, became subject to fits of the deepest melancholy. All the entreaties of her parents were insufficient to draw from her the reason of it; to their affections he was cold, to their caresses rude, and though society failed to enliven her, she bore her part in it with a power and venom of sarcasm, that were as strange to her former character, as they were unbecoming her sex & youth. The parents contrived, doing her temporary absence from home, to investigate the contents of her writing desk, but no indications of a concealed or disappointed passion were to be found, and it was equally clear that no papers had been removed.—The first news they heard of her was, that the house in which she was visiting had been burnt to the ground; that she had been saved with difficulty though her room was not in that part of the building where the fire had commenced; that her escape had first been taken for granted, and that when her door was burst open she was found seated in her usual melancholy attitude, with her eyes fixed on the ground. She returned home neither altered in manner nor changed in demeanor, and as painfully brilliant in conversation when forced into it. Within two months of her return the house was burnt to the ground, and her mother perished in the flames; she was again found in the same state as on the former occasion; suffered herself to be led away without eagerness or resistance; did not alter her deportment upon hearing the fate of her mother made no attempt to console her father; and replied to the condolence of her friends with a bitterness and scorn almost demoniacal. The father and daughter removed to a spa for change of scene; on the night of their arrival, the hotel was in flames, but this time the fire began in her apartment, for from her window were the sparks first seen to issue, and again was she found dressed, seated, and in a reverie. The hotel was the property of the sovereign of the little state in which the spa was situated; an investigation took place; she was arrested; and at once confessed that on each of the 3 occasions she had been the culprit; that she could not tell wherefore, except that she had an irresistible longing to set houses on fire; at each time she had striven against it as long as she could, but was unable to withstand the temptation; that this longing first supervened a few weeks after she had been seized with a sudden depression of spirits: that she felt a hatred to all the world but had strength to refrain from oaths and curses against it. She is at this moment in a mad house, where she was at first allowed some liberty, but after an exhibition of homicidal monomania towards a child, of ferocity almost appalling, it was found unnecessary to apply the severest restraint. She still possessed her memory, her reasoning powers, her petulant wit, and observes the most scrupulous delicacy.

**Horrible Transaction.**—The Natchez Free Trader states that in the circuit court of common pleas of Copiah county, on the 10th inst. Alva Carpenter was put on trial charged with the murder of Mr. Keller, late judge of probate of that county. The Jury, after being absent a short time, returned a verdict of manslaughter. As the officer of the court was on the eve of taking the prisoner back to jail, a sudden uproar took place, the lights were all put out, and Carpenter was stabbed in three places one of his hands cut off, and he fell a corpse in the 'hall of the court!' It is supposed that the persons who were engaged in the high-handed and horrible transaction, were relatives of Mr. Keller.

An ingenious mechanic of Bangor, Maine, is constructing a beautiful carriage to be propelled solely by the weight of the passenger, applied to treadles.

From the Boston Courier.

## THE VENTRILOQUIST. CHAPTER I.

My friend and chum, Tim Jocely, possessed in an astonishing degree the singular power of ventriloquist. We had entered college together—I was his room mate—and many were the times that my friend, while we were sitting together at an evening, after all had retired to rest, had given me proof of his astonishing faculty, by filling the garret with the screams of turkeys, the squealing of pigs, and with different imitations of the human voice, which he could convey to some remote distance and then gradually bring it nearer and nearer, until it reached the place where he was sitting. It was not known to any of the students except myself, that Tim possessed this power, and he exercised it on so few occasions while at college, and, in one instance made it subservient to the accomplishment of at least his own good, and thwarted the purpose of villainy.

Tim was a humorous, yet frank and noble minded fellow, an excellent scholar, and much beloved by his class mates. There was a fellow in the Sophomore class, of the name of David Benson, the son of a wealthy landholder, who possessed in reality, but little talent, but had that superficial and insolent contemptuous bearing towards all the students, whose circumstances were inferior in wealth to his, that rendered him deservedly unpopular among the class—yet, notwithstanding as he was the son of Major Benson, who was an aristocrat of the old school, and who was desirous that his son should be placed in the highest rank of academic honors, the tutors (as in duty, or rather, in interest bound) made much of David, and did not scruple to exercise a leniency and forbearance towards him, which they did not extend towards others; and although dozens of the farmer's sons, among whom was my friend Tim, out-stripped him in study, and in the attainment of science, still there was evidently a desire on the part of the tutors to put him ahead, and to prophecy that he was destined to become the greatest scholar of them all. This misplaced favoritism, added to the insolent and consequential demeanor of Benson, procured for him the unanimous dislike of all the school, and many were the pranks that were played off upon him. David affected a sentimentality and a romance which was in him perfectly ludicrous—and would sometimes perpetrate doggerel, which he submitted to the criticism of the tutors, and sometimes to the students, deficient in meaning or measure, except where he had stolen entire snatches from Byron's "Hours of Idleness," which never failed to gain him the sneers of the school in the same proportion as his verses were commended by the teachers. On one occasion he appeared at the adjoining village, with a copy of his last effort tacked to the skirt of his coat, which some mischievous student had pinned there during school hours, and before Benson's departure.

During a summer vacation, a ball was given at the neighboring village, and Benson and Tim among other students who had remained during the vacation were invited to attend. Among the young ladies, in attendance at the ball, was Eliza Ayers, a beautiful girl of eighteen, whom report said was a great heiress. She was an orphan, and under the guardianship of her uncle, a miserly old fellow, whose tyrannies, although extended over his own household, had as yet been withheld from his ward.—Benson was here introduced to Miss Ayers, and exercised the whole of his powers to make himself agreeable to her. Tim was also introduced—and before the evening drew to a close, it was easy to discover that the beautiful and intelligent girl had drawn in her own mind the difference between the two young men. She seemed annoyed at the vapid fooleries of Benson, while she listened with a respectful attention, and with a smile, to the conversation of Tim. The amusements broke up for the evening.—Tim was standing by Miss Ayers, who af-

ter some remarks as to the happy manner in which the evening had passed away, concluded by inviting Tim to call upon her at her uncle's. Before she had finished this sentence, Benson came up, and politeness afforded her no alternative but to offer the same invitation to him. He was about to offer to accompany her home, but Tim had been too quick for him there. Tim accompanied the lady home, and Benson returned mortified to his room. He however formed the determination of visiting Miss Ayers, feeling the full assurance that Tim would come off second, when it became known that Tim was the son of a farmer, in moderate circumstances, while he was the son of Major Benson, with a fortune at his command. He accordingly often called on Miss Ayers; and her uncle for reasons which will hereafter be explained, encouraged his visits, and exerted himself to favor him as a suitor to his niece. Benson was fairly in love, and as many lovers do, he assumed a virtue and amiability of deportment which was but ill feigned, and his real character would often appear in spite of himself. Tim had also availed himself of Eliza's invitation and often visited her. A mutual attachment was the consequence, which soon ripened into an affection between the two—an exchange of vows and a promise of her hand was won from Eliza. Benson, under the encouragement of her uncle, still continued his suit, proposed and was rejected. He now grew amazing melancholy, or at least affected to be so; and would wander in this mood to the banks of the river, and gaze upon the stream probably contemplating an acquaintance with suicide, and giving his body to the fishes for dissection. But Benson was not such a fool neither. His disappointment became known to the college, and numerous were the jibes and taunts the poor fellow got from those he had so insolently domineered over. This of course, did not tend to add much to the amiability of his temper, and on one occasion he showed his magnanimity and courage by knocking down a bright eyed lad, some five or six years his junior, for saying—"that a fellow who had been in the habit of taking airs on himself, had found Ayers that was not so easily taken." Tim, who stood by, saw this exhibition of Benson's courage, and in return gave him a blow under the left ear which sent him reeling on the floor. At this the whole school shouted, and Tim was ever after hailed by the youngsters, as a protector against the tyranny of Benson.

But Tim himself was not entirely at ease on the score of Miss Ayers. The old uncle had frowned upon him, as he entered the house, and had given him sundry hints that Eliza was not for him, while at the same time he had attempted to lay his commands upon Eliza respecting her accepting of Benson. This uncle's name was Pell. He had been made sole executor of the will of Eliza's father, himself having the profits of the large estate of the deceased gentleman, after supporting and educating the daughter during her minority or until she should marry. An item in the will was to this effect—that if Eliza married a man of moderate fortune, the whole estate amounting to sixty thousand dollars was to become hers, on her marriage day—but if her husband was himself heir to thirty thousand dollars, half the estate became the property of the uncle—which sufficiently explains the anxiety on the part of Mr. Pell, that Eliza should marry Benson, as he would thereby become possessed of a snug property.

Tim visited Eliza one evening and found her in tears. On his inquiring the cause, she informed him that Benson had on that day repeated his suit, and had been again rejected—that on learning it her uncle had come in and upbraided her, and that if she did not accept Benson, to dispossess her of her property, alleging that he possessed the power of doing so, as nobody had ever read the will of her father excepting himself—that the subscribing witness did not know the contents—that probate had neve-

taken care of it—and that it was in his power to insert therein a clause requiring that if she married, it must be with the consent of him, and as the guardian and executor of the will: and then if she married Tim it would be without his consent, and she would thereby become disinherited forever. "Can't you get possession of the will?" enquired Tim of Eliza.

"I should think it impossible, as my uncle keeps it well secured in an iron safe." "I'll manage it, my dear," replied Tim, "and I'll procure the will of the old tyrant, or I am no conjurer. You have told me, I think, that your uncle was very superstitious."

"He is," said Eliza. "He imagines often that he hears the voice of Mr. Jones, and others of his former tenants who are now dead, and so wonder, for his oppression was the ruin of those poor men."

"In what part of the house does your uncle lodge?" enquired Tim.

"On the first floor of the wing at the extremity of the building," she replied.

Tim bade her good evening, and then went to consult Mr. Fletcher, his attorney. After sometime spent in consultation, Tim departed, and was wending his way in a brown study towards his boarding house, when he was accosted by Peter, the black servant of Pell, with

"Fine evening, Massa Jocelyn, I want 'peak to you."

Tim stopped, and turned round to the negro. He was a stout, humorous looking fellow, somewhat aged, and approached Tim very respectfully. He had been bro't up by Eliza's father, and was a favorite domestic of that gentleman in his lifetime.—Peter commenced—

"Look here Massa Jocelyn, you not know what been goin on at Massa Pell's since I let you out at de gate dis evenin. Dat feller Benson come agin to see young missus out, and she scamperd off to her room and shet herself up; and den Benson went away. Pretty soon Massa Pell (he wicked old chap Massa Jocelyn) come and call young missus out, and tell her she mus marry dat Benson in a month or he turn her out door. Poor young missus cry and talk on so, dat I could't stand it, and so I fell a blubering too—case you see she my old massa's darter, and I carry her in my arm when she little pickaninny. Dat old Massa Pell berry cruel, Massa Jocelyn, and he say she have no property if she not marry Benson. Now Massa Jocelyn, what to be done? Cant you lick dat Benson? Be sure you can."

Peter was here interrupted by Tim, who finding from the tone of the negro's conversation, that he did not like his present master over much, and would therefore be of service to him in furthering the plan he was about to propose, asking him where he slept.

"In little room in de wing; close by master Pell's bed room. He makes me sleep dere cause he feared—and sometimes he talk in his sleep and say he see ghost; and den he call me in de room, and make me sit up all night wid candle."

Tom here informed the negro of the circumstances relating to the will—that he was anxious to obtain possession of it for the purpose of having it proved and recorded, and that then it would be out of old Pell's power to injure his yong mistress. Tim I have said before was a ventriloquist. He explained this to Peter, and they together formed the project of frightening old Pell out of the possession of the will. It was arranged that Tim should come to the negro's room about twelve o'clock that night and their preconceived management when there is about to appear.

It was 5 minutes to 12, the night was dark, and the wind howled over the tops of the trees, and creaked the shutters of the mansion. Old Pell had retired to his room, had undressed himself, put on his night-cap, and was busy in his mind respecting the thirty thousand dollars he was to obtain if Eliza married Benson. He went to the iron safe, and took out the will read it over