

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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POETRY.

From the Mountaineer. POPULAR MELODIES.

[No. 2.]

Tune—"Royal Charlie."

Hard times!—Hard times!—is now the cry,
The country's in confusion!
The Banks have stopped!—and still they try
To mystify delusion;
They give us trash,
And keep the cash,
To send across the waters,
To pay for things
They bought from Kings,
To gull our sons and daughters!—

CHORUS.

Then to the Polls!—ye noble souls!
The Banks may cry for quarters!
But hear their doom!—THEY SHALL RESUME,
Or forfeit all their charters!

Shall Corporations rule the soil,
That Washington defended?
Must honest people sweat and toil,
And see their rights "suspended?"
Must we be slaves,
To pamper knaves?
Shall Bankers be our masters?
Must all our pay
From day to day,
Be nothing but shin-plasters?
Then to the Polls, &c.

Brave JACKSON strove to keep us free,
He loved his country dearly;
His "sound metallic currency"
Was not a "promise" merely:
If "LITTLE VAN'S"
An honest man,
He'll imitate the Hero,
And send the whigs,
To dance their jigs,
At least—as low as Zero!
Then to the Polls, &c.

As CONGRESS is about to meet,
Upon a great occasion,
May no unholy scheme defeat
The common expectation:
If MARTIN will
Be honest still,
The scenes which now are tragic,
Must disappear
Before a year,
For HONESTY is "MAGIC!"—
Then to the Polls, &c.

The "Empire State" may play her pranks,
And e'en the "Old Dominion,"
May white wash all her broken Banks
Regardless of opinion:
The Keystone State
Won't hesitate,
Tho' hills fall thick upon her,
To still maintain,
Without a stain,
Her high and "sacred honor."
Then to the Polls, &c.

We duly understand our rights,
The rights of Law and Nature:
We'll vote no more for paper kites,
To fill our Legislature:
For just Reform
We'll brave the storm,
Bold as Columbia's Seamen,
We'll do or die—
For Liberty,
And prove that we are freemen!
Then to the Polls, &c.

THE REPOSITORY.

PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE. BY AN EYE WITNESS.

On the morning of the 10th of September, 1813, at sunrise the enemy were discovered hearing down from Malden for the purpose of attacking our squadron then at anchor in Put-in-Bay. Not a moment was to be lost. Perry's squadron immediately got under way, and stood out to meet the British fleet, which at this time had the weather gauge. At 10 A. M. the wind shifted from S. W. to S. E. which brought our squadron to windward. The wind was light the day beautiful—not a cloud obscured the horizon. The line was formed at eleven, and Commodore Perry caused an elegant flag, which he had privately prepared, to be hoisted at the most head of the Lawrence; on this flag was painted, in characters legible to the whole fleet, the dying words of the immortal LAWRENCE—"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP." Its effect is not to be described—every heart was electrified. The crews cheered—the exhilarating can was passed. Both fleets appeared eager for the conflict, on the result of which so much depended. At 15 minutes before 12, the Detroit, the head most ship of the enemy, opened upon the Lawrence, which for ten minutes was obliged to sustain a well directed and heavy fire from the enemy's two large ships without being able to return it with cannonades; at 5 minutes before 12 the Lawrence opened upon the enemy—the other vessels were ordered to support her, but the wind was at

this time too light to enable them to come up. Every brace and bowline of the Lawrence being soon shot away, she became unmanageable, and in this situation sustained the action upwards of 2 hours within canister distance, until every gun was rendered useless, and but a small part of her crew left unhurt upon deck.

At half past two the wind increased and enabled the Niagara to come into close action—the gun boats took a nearer position. Commodore Perry left his ship in charge of Lt. Yarnel, and went on board the Niagara. Just as he reached that vessel, the flag of the Lawrence came down, the crisis had arrived. Capt. Elliott at this moment anticipated the wishes of the Commodore, by volunteering his service in bringing the schooners into close action.

At 45 minutes past 2 the signal was given for close action. The Niagara being very little injured, and her crew fresh the commodore determined to pass through the enemy's line; he accordingly bore up and passed ahead of the Detroit, Queen Charlotte and Lady Prevost, pouring a terrible raking fire into them from the starboard guns, and on the Chippeway and Little Belt, from the Larboard side, at half pistol shot distance. The small vessels at this time having got within grape and canister distance, kept up a well directed and destructive fire. The action now raged with the greatest fury—the Queen Charlotte, having lost her commander and several of her principal officers, in a moments confusion got foul of the Detroit—in this situation the enemy in their turn had to sustain a tremendous fire without the power of returning it with much effect; the carnage was horrible—the flags of the Detroit, Queen Charlotte and Lady Prevost struck in rapid succession. The brig Hunter and schooner Chippeway were soon made to follow the example. The Little Belt attempted to escape to Malden, but she was pursued by two of the gun boats and surrendered about three miles distant from the scene of action.

The writer of this account in company with 5 others arrived at the head of Put-in-Bay island, on the evening of the 9th, and had a view of the action, at the distance of only ten miles. The spectacle was truly grand and awful. The firing was incessant, for the space of 3 hours; and continued at short intervals 45 minutes longer. In less than one hour after the battle began, most of the vessels of both fleets were involved in a cloud of smoke, which rendered the issue of the action uncertain, till the next morning when we visited the fleet in harbor on the opp. side of the island. The reader will easily judge of our solicitude to learn the result. There is no sentiment more painful than suspense when it is excited by the uncertain issue of an event like this.

If the wind had continued at S. W. it was the intention of Admiral Barclay to have boarded our squadron; for this purpose he had taken on board of his fleet about 200 of the famous 41st regiment; they acted as marines and fought bravely, but nearly two thirds of them were either killed or wounded.

The carnage on board the prizes was prodigious—they must have lost 200 killed besides wounded. The side of the Detroit and Queen Charlotte were shattered from bow to stern; there was scarcely room to place one's hands on their larboard sides without touching the impression of a shot—a great many balls canister and grape; were found lodged in her bulwarks, which were too thick to be penetrated by our cannonades unless within pistol shot distance. Their masts were so much shattered that they fell overboard soon after they got into the Bay.

The loss of the Americans was severe, particularly on board the Lawrence.—When her flag was struck she had but 9 men on board fit for duty. Her sides were completely riddled by the shot from the long guns of the British ships. Her deck, the morning after the conflict, when I first

went on board, exhibited a scene that defies description—for it was literally covered with blood, which still adhered to the plank, and cloths, brains, hair and fragments of bones were still sticking to the rigging and sides. The surgeons were still busy with the wounded—enough! horror appalled my senses.

Among the wounded were several brave fellows, each of whom had lost a leg or an arm—they appeared cheerful and expressed a wish that they had done their duty. Rome and Sparta would have been proud of these heroes!

It would be invidious to particularize instances of individual merit, where every one so nobly performed his part; of the 9 seamen remaining unhurt at the time the Lawrence struck her flag, 5 were immediately promoted for their unshaken firmness in such a trying situation. The most of these had been in the actions with the Guerriere and Java.

Every officer of the Lawrence, except the commodore and his little brother, a promising youth 13 years of age, were either killed or wounded.

The efficacy of the gun boats was fully proved in this action, and the sterns of all the prizes bear ample testimony of the fact. They took raking positions and galled the enemy severely. The Lady Prevost lost 12 men before either of the brigs fired on her. Their fire was quick and precise. Let us hear the enemy. The general order of General Adjutant Bayner contains the following words, "his (Perry's) numerous gun-boats, (four) which had proved the greatest annoyance during the action, were all uninjured."

The undaunted bravery of Admiral Barclay, entitled him to a better fate; to the loss of the day was superadded grievous and dangerous wounds; he had before lost an arm; it was now his hard fortune to lose the use of the other, by a shot which carried away the blade of his right shoulder; a canister shot made a violent contusion in his hip; his wounds was for some days considered mortal. Every possible attention was paid to his situation. When commodore Perry sailed for Buffalo he was so far recovered that he took passage in our fleet. The fleet touched at Erie. The citizens saw the affecting spectacle of Harrison and Perry leading the wounded British Hero, still unable to walk without help, from the beach to their lodgings.

On board the Detroit twenty-four hours after her surrender, were found snugly stowed away in the hold two Indian Chiefs, who had the courage to go on board at Malden, for the purpose of acting as sharpshooters to kill our officers. One had the courage to ascend into the round top and discharge his piece, but the whizzing of shot, splinters and bits of rigging, soon made the place too warm for him—he descended faster than he went up; at the moment he reached the deck the fragments of a seaman's head struck his comrade's face and covered it with blood and brains. He vociferated the savage interjection 'quon!' and both sought safety below.

The British officers had domesticated a bear at Malden. Bruin accompanied his comrades to battle—was on the deck of the Detroit during the engagement, and escaped unhurt.

The killed of both fleets were thrown overboard as fast as they fell. Several were washed ashore upon the island and the main during the gales that succeeded the action.

Commodore Perry treated the prisoners with indulgence; several Canadians, having wives at Malden, were permitted to visit their families on parole.

The British were superior in the length and number of their guns, as well as in the number of men. The American fleet was manned with a motley set of beings, Europeans, Africans, Americans, from every part of the U. S. Full one fourth were blacks I saw one Russian, who could not speak one word of English. They were

brave—and who could be otherwise under the command of Perry.

The day after the battle, the funeral obsequies of the American and British officers who had fallen in the action, were performed, in an appropriate and affecting manner. An opening on the margin of the bay, was selected for the interment of the bodies. The crews of both fleets attended. The weather was fine—the elements seemed to participate in the solemnities of the day, for every breeze was hushed and not a wave ruffled the surface of the waters. The procession of boats—the neat appearance of the officers and men—the music—the slow and regular motion of the oars, striking the exact time with the notes of the solemn dirge the mournful waving of the flags—the sound of the minute guns from the different steps in the harbor—the wild and solitary aspect of the place—the stillness of nature, gave to the scene an air of melancholy grandeur, better felt than described—all acknowledged its influence—all were sensibly affected. What a contrast did it exhibit to the terrible conflict of the preceding day! Then the people of the two squadrons were engaged in the deadly strife of arms. Now they associated like brothers, to pay the last sad tribute of respect to the dead of both nations.

Five officers were interred, two American and three British. Lt. Brooks and midshipman Lamb of the Lawrence; Capt. Finks and Lieut. Stokes of the Queen Charlotte, and Lieut. Garland of the Detroit. The graves are but a few paces from the beach, and the future traveller of either nation, will find no monument whereby he may distinguish the American from the British hero.

Singular Name.—A good old lady once presented her darling to the parson to receive the ordinance of baptism. The reverend gentleman took the child in his arms, and in a solemn impressive tone said, "name this child," "Acts," replied the mother. The divine withdrew his hand from the holy fount, where it had just been placed, and said, "why madam do you call your boy by that name?" "why sir," said she, "our eldest we called Matthew; we have since had Mark, Luke and John, and intending to go thro' we this one 'Acts.'"

JOHN RANDOLPH.

The late John Randolph, of Roanoke, in the year 1813, when the New York banks suspended specie payments, had a remittance of some thousand dollars made him from England. The sum covered the whole of one of his tobacco crops, and the funds were locked up in the vaults of the bank of America. Mr. Randolph was at the time in the prime of life, in the full enjoyment of unequalled popularity. He repaired to New York, and demanded his funds in specie. It cannot be had was the laconic response of Mr. Randolph. "The bank was incorrigible till the succeeding day, when the columns of the New York Columbian announced by advertisement, that that afternoon at 2 o'clock the Hon. John Randolph of Roanoke, would address the people on the subject of banks and the frauds they had committed, from the steps of the bank of America! It is scarcely necessary to say that before the hour arrived every farthing demanded by Mr. Randolph was paid over in specie.—Pittsburg Intel.

PRINTERS PROVERBS.

1. Never enquire thou of the Editor for the news, for behold it is his duty at the appointed time to give it unto thee without asking.
2. When thou dost write for his paper, never say unto him "what thinkest thou of my piece," for it may be that the truth might offend thee.
3. It is not fit that thou should ask of him, who is the author of any article, for his duty requires him to keep such things unto himself.
4. When thou dost enter into a printing

office, have a care unto thyself, thou dost not touch the type; for thou may'st cause the printer much trouble.

5. Look thou not at the copy which is in the hands of compositors; for that is not meet in the sight of the printer.

6. Neither examine thou the proof sheet for it is not ready to meet thine eye, that thou may'st understand it.

7. Prefer thy country (State!) paper to any other—subscribe immediately for it, and pay in advance, and it shall be well with thee and thy little ones.—*Browns ville.*

An Irishman meeting an acquaintance thus accosted him, 'Ah my dear; who do you think I have just been speaking to?—Your old friend Patrick, faith? and he has grown so thin, I hardly knew him. You are thin, and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together.

Antediluvian Pun.—'Let me have your walking stick,' asked a little child of his father who carried a very heavy loaded staff. 'No, no, child,' was the answer, 'you're not able to carry my Gane.'

A Snake in Ireland.—The virtue of St. Patrick's curse appears to be on the wane. A snake was seen near Carrick, toward the end of May—a fact which we find duly recorded in the Dublin papers.

We have seen two Italians with two monkeys, a drum, some jingling bells, and a set of whistles, attract a larger concourse of spectators than Mr. Webster can by a dinner speech. All this parade is mere nim-doll. As long as the Hartford Convention occupies a place in American history, no man connected with that treasonable conclave, however remotely, can ever be President of the United States.—*Newport (R. I.) Argus.*

The Eastern Argus says that a man can't begin to get into the best society in Middletown, Ct. unless he has failed three times, and the last time for over 40,000.

A late London periodical says: "Balloons now start almost every evening from various parts of the town—and men, women, and monkeys are to be seen ascending and descending. We have less commercial and other distress, probably, in consequence of the world's looking up."

Anecdote.—In calling the roll of the Convention of Business men, yesterday, with the view of ascertaining the occupation of each member, when the President's (Mr. Halsey) name was called, he answered that his business of late had been that of pondering upon the evils of the times and endeavoring to discover some effectual remedy. He had some time ago been engaged, he said, in building small houses for mechanics and trades people, but the pressure had stopped business and driven these away so that his houses were now tenantless, and his occupation was gone. He had no business, which was the very reason why he came here.—*Phila. Herald.*

A lady at sea, full of delicate apprehensions in a gale of wind, cried out, among other pretty exclamations, "we shall all go to the bottom, mercy on us, how my head swims!" "Madam, never fear" said one of the sailors, "you can never go to the bottom while your head swims."

The New Orleans correspondent of the New York Express, says in a letter dated July 30th—

Thirteen duels have been fought in and near the city during the week—five more were to take place this morning.

My Stars!—The following toast was given at a late Railroad celebration in Carlisle, Pa.

Woman.—The Morning Star of our youth—the Day Star of our manhood—the Evening Star of old age. God bless our Stars!