

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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MISCELLANEOUS.

A DREADFUL MUTINY!

It takes a great deal to make a sailor mutiny: it is not done by merited punishment. A sailor knows as well as his officers do when he deserves a flogging, but if he knows he does not deserve it, the lash cuts deeper in the flesh, and leaves a scar which it takes a long time to wear out if it is ever effaced. Men in that ship were expected to do what was impossible; a whole watch of fore-top-men would sometimes be flogged for being a few seconds after the main-top-man, and the last man on the topsail yard was sure of it. John Simmons was second captain of the top, and as smart a sailor as ever hauled out reef earing.

One evening, some time after my being disgraced, I was at the lee helm; as there was a fresh breeze of wind. The Captain came upon deck, and I could see by his dejected face, that the devil was in him; his nostrils were compressed, and his upper lip curled up like a scowl. He took two or three hurried turns, looked aloft, and swore at the officer of the watch for having slackened the lee fore-top sail brace, called the quartermaster an old lubber, and gave symptoms of the return of his madness. He then roared out, 'Turn the hands up, reef topsails, and I'll flog the last half dozen on the lower deck.'

The men came rushing up from below as if the devil himself had been driving them.

'Now,' said he taking out his watch, 'I'll allow you one minute, and I'll flog every man of you if you are not in time—' way aloft, lower the topsails.'

The men flew up the rigging like lightning, and the command, 'trice up lay out, take two reefs,' was hardly given when it seemed the sail was reefed, the men of the yard, and the sail at the mast head again.—It was done within the time allotted; but on looking up, a point was discovered unlit on both fore and main top sails. The Captain very humanely gave them another trial, and the reefs were shaken out and the sail reefed, as quickly and as well as before; but poor John, who was at the lee yard arm, in his anxiety to avoid being the last man on the yard, made a spring at the lee rigging, he missed his hold, and fell upon the deck!—poor fellow! every bone in his body was broken.

'What—lubber is that?' demanded the Captain of the fore-castle officer.

'The second Captain of the fore-top sir,' replied the Lieutenant.

'Pitch him overboard; and be—then,' returned the Captain.

This horrid mandate was not obeyed; the doctor was aft, and ran forward to see what could be done, but his promptitude was useless; poor John was dying. When he fell, I was close by him, and ran to meet him, and raised his head gently from the deck, and supported it on my arm. The doctor wished him to be removed to the back bay, but he said faintly, 'Don't touch me—good buy, shipmates—God bless you all,' and as the glaze was coming over his eyes, he recognized me, and his last wishes were—'Poor Jane, give—give—' his head

fell back powerless on my arm, and he yielded up his last breath.

'Shipmates,' murmured a hollow sepulchral voice close at hand, 'remember!'

Had you witnessed the countenance of the men on the lower deck at supper that night, you would never have forgotten it.—I never have; and although perfectly ignorant of what was in contemplation, I saw they were at the highest pitch of desperation. That night poor John Simmons was sewed up in his hammock; the officer of the watch read the funeral service over him, by the light of a lantern, and as the awful words, 'We, therefore, commit his body to the deep, pealed upon my ears, and the sullen roar of the waves, as they received the corpse,—which followed, the same voice before mentioned, in a still more awful manner, called out, 'Remember!' The officer of the watch looked around him before he re-commenced reading the latter part of the service, but all the men near appeared to be as ignorant as to whom the sound came from, as himself. A solemn 'Amen!' pronounced, echoed by the same voice, which concluded this melancholy ceremony.

I think it was the next day, (a man of war brig, the D— was in company,) I observed several of the men going from one mess to the other, whispering something. One in particular a man who had been a boatswain's mate, but disgraced and flogged, because the Captain thought he was not laying on the lash as he ought to have done, was very active. It was his voice, I am almost certain, that I heard repeat the words 'remember;' but every thing was so conducted that I knew nothing of what was brewing. It was the night for scrubbing and washing clothes, always done in the middle watch. I was between two of the guns abaft on the main deck, scrubbing a pair of duck trousers, I thought there was an unusual noise with the wash deck buckets, and looking up. I saw several of the men apparently larking—throwing the buckets at one another. The Captain sent out of his cabin word for the men to keep less noise, but they took no notice of what was said; on the contrary they made more noise than before, taking the shot out of the racks, and throwing them about the deck. At last the First Lieutenant came up, to enquire into the cause of the disturbance, when one of the men insulted him. He returned to his cabin and brought a sword, with which he went forward among the men, and endeavored to restore order. He was nocked down and run through the body with his own sword, and thrown out of a port.

Seeing this horrid murder, I left my trousers unfinished, ran on deck, and aloft to the main top. From this place I heard the shouts of the infuriated mutineers, and the groans of the dying; and every now and then the splash of mangled victim committed to the waves. The men had broken open the gunner's store room and possessed themselves of arms and ammunition.

The captain hearing the uproar increase, opened the cabin door and came out. He was no sooner seen,—than one of the men gave him a blow with a hand spike, and he retreated to his cabin. Four or five of the men rushed in after him, armed with cutlasses, boarding-pikes and muskets, with fixed bayonets. The Captain endeavored to defend himself with a short sword, and for a time kept them at bay. So much did they dread him, that they shrunk back; and were afraid to strike, when one of them—John Morris, called out, 'What do you fear, men? spike the—' and gave them an example by running him through with a bayonet.

They all followed his example, each one seeming anxious to statiate his bloody vengeance. He was covered with a hundred wounds, and after cutting and hacking the body, and treating it with every possible indignity, they threw him out of the cabin windows.

My late antagonist, if it was done on my account I am very sorry—was another of

the victims, and only two or three of the officers were exempted from the carnage; among them was a midshipman, and at the time sick in his cot; his life was saved by one of his countrymen. I was soon joined by two or three others of the peaceably disposed, who, like me, were horror-struck at the bloodshed going on below; and we did not quit our station until after the day broke. The main deck was covered with the blood of our officers many of whom was as good men as ever lived.

I have often since that time, stood upon a bloody deck, and thought light of it, for it was blood shed in our country's cause, and in fair fight. As to the Captain, if he had a thousand lives, he deserves to have lost them;—but blood-thirsty cruelty alone called for the murder of the rest. A boatswain's mate now took the command, and called a council of war. Some were for prizes as a pirate; some wished to leave the West Indies, and take the ship into a French port, but the greatest number voted to run her into the first port they came to on the Spanish Main, and give her up to the Spaniards. The latter plan was carried into effect, and the next day found us at anchor under the guns of a heavy battery.

POLITICAL.

From the Western Carolinian, SECRET COMMITTEE OVER GENERAL HARRISON.

We last week published a correspondence between the Union Association of the village of Oswego, N. Y., and the Confidential Committee of General Harrison, and at the time, made some comments on its extraordinary character. We again advert to the subject, to show in a clearer light the general policy adopted by the secret committee, as disclosed through the correspondence of that Committee.

It would seem that the General is no longer permitted to sit down to his desk and answer his own letters, addressed to him by his fellow-citizens, calling for his opinions, as to the policy he may adopt, should he be elected President, but must hand them over to his Guardians, appointed for the purpose, and let them dictate answers for him!

The first development from this Honorable Committee, that has as yet met the public eye, was the correspondence alluded to, in which it declared that, 'the policy is that the General make no further declaration of his principles for the public eye, whilst occupying his present position,' as a candidate for the Presidency.

The second is, that whatever he has said written, or done, on the great political topics of the day, must be all taken for granted; and that they are to be hunted up from all quarters of the country, collected and published under the eye of his Guardians, and palmed on the public for his opinions now.

Was there ever such a political manoeuvre attempted to be palmed upon the American people before?

Here is a man, a candidate for the highest office in the American Republic, and when he is asked by letters or otherwise, what his present views are on certain points touching the dearest interests of our common country, he keeps mum, and says go and ask my committee and they will tell you, or give you pamphlets on the subject.

If he be asked, are you in favor of receiving and referring abolition petitions to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia? he says, go and ask my committee.

Are you in favor of a United States Bank? The response is the same—ask my committee. Are you in favor of assuming the State debts by the General Government, or taxing the people to raise a surplus revenue to emancipate our slaves? he answers as before—go and ask my committee.

Hitherto, it has been the practice, not only to ask, but to know of those who seek office, what their political opinions are at

the time when questioned—not what they were in days that are past and gone; and if this has been the policy of the country heretofore, why should an exception be made in the case of old Gen. Harrison?—Is his situation so very peculiar that it ought not, nay, must not, be inquired into at present? Are not even his friends permitted to ask and to know what they may expect from him, provided he should be elected President of the United States?

Certainly, there must be something wrong in this matter, or his Confidential Committee would not have adopted this new and extraordinary mode of electioneering. The truth is, the whole scheme from his nomination down to the secret policy adopted by this Committee, is nothing more nor less than a labored effort to conceal from the American people a definite plan of his Administration. And thus keep together the whole mass of politicians and others composing the party opposed to the present Administration. Therefore to publish his true position, or 'make any further declaration of his principles for the public eye,' would blow up the whole scheme, and leave the old General as he now is, a very worthy and eminent citizen of Ohio, and 'the Farmer of North Bend.'

In the South, his supporters affirm that he is not an Abolitionist, and by this means, many are induced to go for him who otherwise would not. In the North, the Abolitionists unite upon him, and boast of his being their candidate, and by this means the Abolitionists are secured, and thus the game is played.

But if a definite policy were to be adopted by the party supporting Gen. Harrison, and a Southern man asks him—*are you an Abolitionist?* and he answers as a plain honest man should, if he is—*yes, I am*—he would then say to him; *sir, I cannot support you. If, on the contrary, he says—no, I am not; then the Abolitionists would drop him as they would a hot potato.* So you see, gentle reader, the only plan is, for the 'Hero of Tippecanoe' to keep dark, and to have his confidential committee speak for him. But will the high-minded and honorable portion of any party tolerate such a course of deception? In short, will the people give their votes to any man who is afraid or ashamed to avow his real sentiments on questions involving the interest and happiness of the American people?—If such should prove to be the case, we are greatly deceived in the American character.

From the Lancaster Intelligence. THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION—THE RESULT.

To a man of calm and deliberate judgment, there can be but little hesitation about telling, from the signs of the times, how the contest now waging between the People and the British Whigs will result. The gasconade of log cabin and hard cider will do very well to amuse General Harrison and his friends, and to intoxicate them with the belief that the whole country is at their mercy, and that nothing can keep them from conquest; but to those who are used to this sort of political fanaticism, it is nothing more than food for mirth. We have more confidence now in the certainty of the Election of Martin Van Buren than we have ever had before; and to show that our confidence is founded on something tangible, we ask attention to the following summary, in which our reasons for this belief may be found:

Pennsylvania.—In 1836 the majority for Van Buren was small. The reason was, that the Ritner party, as is usual with them on all occasions, turned the public works into an electioneering engine, by which means, it is presumed, at least ten thousand British Whig votes were polled. This power, however, is now on the other side; and while the Democrats will make no effort to force men to vote against their opinions, it is to be presumed, that, by this very course, a large Democratic vote will be polled. The State is safe for Van Buren by, at least, Fifteen Thousand. The feel-

ing in the west now indicates that Harrison will not get, by five thousand, as many votes as he did, in 1836. We saw a gentleman the other day who assured us that Westmoreland will give Van Buren a majority of twenty-five hundred, where he only got a majority of five hundred in 1836. Fayette held a tremendous county meeting a week or two ago, more than four thousand people being present, at which she promised to increase her vote, compared with 1836, more than a thousand: And Allegheny, a decided Harrison county, at her recent spring elections, elected a large majority of Democrats, on political grounds, justices of the Peace! The signs, elsewhere, are not less auspicious.

Ohio.—Our readers have seen the result of the spring elections in this State, at which Democrats were victorious to the fall. In 1838, Shannon was elected over Vance by a majority of six thousand; notwithstanding General Harrison took the field himself, and attempted to stir up the hard cider. Besides, Harrison has been beaten several times since his great unfought battles, of which nobody heard until his nomination. The spirit of the People now—the daily accessions to the ranks of the Democrats—prove that he is not more popular at the present day, and that his defeat is not less certain, than when he wanted to be Governor but failed in the attempt.

Virginia.—The results of the recent Elections, while they show nothing of which we have any cause to fear, are admitted, on all hands, to be no test of the Election for President. No Southern State, let it be remembered, can, without injury to its most revered institution give its vote to the candidate of the Abolitionists. This may be considered a settler. But, as if to strengthen and most influential sons—prominent Harrison men heretofore—one of them a Harrison elector in 1838—coming forward and renouncing all allegiance to British Whiggery and its sister Abolition.

New York.—Martin Van Buren was never defeated in New York for a public office! The recent spring elections prove, too, that the Democrats are fast recovering their lost ground, and that, when his name, which has always been 'a tower of strength' in the Empire State, is submitted to the People, the same verdict will be rendered upon it that was rendered in 1836.—We ask attention to the following from the Albany Argus:

THE TOWN ELECTIONS. Democratic Nett Gain of FIFTY-FOUR Towns since last fall.

The official returns of the general election in November last, show that the democrats carried then 411 towns, and the federalists 407 towns. The actual returns of the town elections in March and April of this year, show that the democrats have succeeded in 436 towns, and the federalists in 438. Being a federal loss of 29 towns, and a democratic gain of 25 towns—and a net Democratic gain of Fifty-four Towns.

The aggregate federal majority last year, was 3,600 votes in a poll of 452,000. If, as the Evening Journal assumes, the town elections may be taken as an indication of the popular sentiment, (and they never were more generally or sharply contested upon party grounds than at the present time,) the change in favor of the democracy since last fall, is decisive of the approaching election. It is a difference of fifty-four towns, or one-seventeenth of the whole number—or, if calculated by aggregate majorities, one seventeenth assumed as the ratio, the gain is upwards of 20,000 votes, or a difference to the democratic party, beyond the federal majority last fall, of more than 16,000.

Maine.—Our enemies themselves admit Maine will go for Van Buren.

New Hampshire.—Which is like no-where to be of the right stamp by friend and foe.

Vermont.—Harrison may get Vermont.