

# 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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## POLITICAL.

From the Lancaster Intelligencer.

### THE VOICE OF THE PAST. HARRISON'S CLAIMS TO BE A "HERO" CONSIDERED.

Apart from the raging whirlpool of party—distinct from the active men of either political sect—is a large body of quiet citizens who read both sides, and from the truth thus elicited make up their convictions. These are the seekers after light; the men who stand aloof, regardless of the violence and din of party strife. Argument, no matter by whom uttered, they read, and it is to this class that we may safely trust the destinies of the country. It is to them that we unfold our Democratic principles, which they never fail to adopt, and sustain at the polls. We now desire to call the attention of men of all parties to the following powerful testimony against the claims set up by Wm. Henry Harrison to the glory of being "a Hero." We commence with the following extracts from Marshall's History of Kentucky, written in 1824—more than fifteen years ago—and for which we are indebted to our friend of the Pittsburg Manufacturer. This, although written with much severity, was prepared with an eye solely to General Harrison's Military exploits, the contingency of his being nominated for the Presidency, making, at that time, of course, no part of the policy which dictated this "masterly review of the Battle of Tippecanoe.

After the battle, says the history, "His vanity more than fermented, it blattered over; the country was filled with his letters—and the press teemed with his accounts of the battle, in which he sometimes forgot to be consistent."

In reviewing the first plan of Harrison's encampment, the History says:

"Well, then, it was in the face of an enemy, that we look for the penetration and skill of a GENERAL. What does our governor-general, whose name is fabled and blared about as a modern Hannibal?—Why, truly,—after having determined to encamp on a prairie, one and a half mile, or less, from town, where the army had been drawn up in order of battle, without seeing an enemy, as we understand him, he is diverted from his object, on the report of the Indian insolence and hostility."

And for what purpose did General Harrison relinquish his camp he had begun to trace in the prairie, and march toward the Indian town on the Wabash?

"Why, doubtless," says Marshall's history, "to read to the Prophet and his warriors, which he could not get them to hear before, some lowering message of the President, in the nature of a riot act, ordering them to disperse, to abandon their town, and save their lives."

But listen to this cautious and circum-spect General's description of his "camping ground" which "affords great facility to the approach of savages." "It was," says he, "a piece of dry oak land, rising about ten feet above the level of a marshy prairie in front (towards the Indian town) and nearly twice that height above a similar prairie in the rear, through which and near to this bank ran a small stream clothed with willows, and other brushwood. Towards the left flank this bench of high land widened considerably, but became gradually narrow in the opposition direction, so at the distance of one hundred and fifty yards from the right flank, terminated in an abrupt point."

"If the God, whom the Indians adore in war," (exclaims Marshall's history,) had made a piece of ground for the camp of an enemy, it was this, and to this his worshippers directed General Harrison. And General Harrison, seeing the kind and quality of the ground, and that it afforded great facility to the approach of savages, the ve-

ny enemy he had to oppose, most judiciously, like General Harrison quietly encamps on the ground without trench or palisade."

Who does not respond to the following burst of indignation after this?

"And this man would be thought a General! And there are simpatous weak enough to call him a consummate General!" We shall hereafter give further extracts from this History.

In the same battle, however—massacre, it has been called—there was one gallant action the remembrance of which cannot be lost even in Harrison's certificates and the false Lives of his unscrupulous biographers. We allude to the onset of Col. John P. Boyd—the gallant Yankee, whose determined regulars, saved the whole army, from the almost fatal predicament into which, by Harrison's blindness and indiscretion had not room to work out its fatal result—the folly of Harrison was arrested by the bravery of Boyd.

We are told in Duane's Aurora, the leading Democratic paper of the country, during the war, in an article published immediately after this transaction, that Boyd's "gallant band of Yankees formed the rallying point and stood the burst of savage warfare"—that Boyd "was the man whose skill and coolness sustained the American standard from reproach, and saved the western frontier from a savage foe, instigated by an enemy as savage and remorseless." The following extract of a letter written by the heroic Boyd himself, when he found his claims slighted, will tell out the tale itself:

"Or was it on the plains of Tippecanoe that I merited disgrace and neglect? On those plains where the commanding General, against my express advice, trusted to the dissembled honesty of Indians and fell into their snares; where the savage war-cry burst upon the stillness of the midnight camp, and the discipline of undaunted regulars saved the existence of an army? It was a different inference I drew from the plaudits of the military, bestowed upon me, and not upon their General.—There was nothing like reproach in the tones of their voices, when the Indian howl was lost in the distance, ascribing their safety to those brave regulars." The thanks of a Territory, for preventing the desolation of a frontier, had taught me to think, on one occasion, at least, I had not failed in my duty. But to my government I submit the decision, if I was mistaken; I wish not even the poor acknowledgement of having risked my life for my country; of aiming at least, at her benefit, if I should have failed in promoting it.

With much consideration,  
I have the honor to be, sir,  
Your obedient servant,

JOHN P. BOYD.

Boston, January, 1810.

The Battle of the Thames is another of the fields on which General Harrison "gathered his well-earned laurels!" And how? Let the gallant Johnson speak. Recently, at Wheeling, Va. Colonel Allen (who is now travelling through Ohio with Colonel Johnson) stated that "while Colonel and his brother James were charging the Indians and British, under Tecumseh and Proctor, Gen. Harrison was a mile in the rear." This was immediately pronounced "a lie" by the British Whigs, and Col. Johnson appealed to. He stated "that his friend Allen was indeed mistaken; for General Harrison was three miles instead of one, in the rear." He continued, in reply to the question, "Where was Harrison?"

"I DO NOT KNOW; I DID NOT SEE HIM FROM THE TIME HE STARTED TO THE REAR UNTIL THE BATTLE WAS OVER, WHEN HE CAME TO WHERE I WAS LYING WOUNDED AT THE ROOT OF A TREE."

The correction satisfied the Whigs!—And yet, this man (Harrison) is called the hero of the Thames!

The next "victory" for which Harrison, and his friends for him, demand credit, is the achievement at Fort Sandusky. Never, in the history of any nation, was there a case, involving an amount of imbecility, weakness, and treachery, equal to that exhibited by Harrison on the occasion. We have, at this present writing, a map of the whole affair before us; and we could wish that every man of common sense were present to see and judge for himself. General Harrison lies at Fort Seneca, nine miles distant from Fort Stephenson, with a force of two thousand men, and yet does not reinforce the gallant one hundred and fifty under Colonel Croghan, then attacked by three thousand British and Indians, at Fort Stephenson! He hears the Cannouading—he is certain that destruction must fall upon the little band—and yet, though distant but an hour and a half's gallop from Fort Stephenson, he suffers Croghan to be besieged thirty-six hours, and "washes his hands of the whole transaction!" God of

Justice! is this man "a hero?"—the author of this business a soldier? Is this the man, in whose behalf the patriotism of the country is invoked? But more. While Harrison lay, trembling and cowering, at Fort Seneca, he had made preparations to fly to Upper Sandusky, and thus leave, in Croghan's own language, "a smoking frontier of five hundred miles in extent," on which the tomahawk and torch of the Indian might do their work! Such is the "Hero" of the British Whigs! Freemen! is he worthy of your confidence?

But criminal as was Harrison's conduct on this occasion, his conduct afterwards is still more objectionable, in giving authority and sanction to a lying account of the brilliant achievement at Lower Sandusky.

Do we do him wrong? To show that we do not, we refer to Colonel Croghan's own letter to Harrison, a copy of which is subjoined. It appears, for the first time, in connexion with others from the same source, in a late number of the Globe. We ask the attention of every man to this burst of indignation from a brave but injured soldier, who writes from his heart, burning under the insulting ingratitude of this transcendent British Whig "Hero." If this does not open the eyes of hundreds of those who now think Harrison a hero, then have we mistaken the power of truth!

NEW ORLEANS, May 24, 1825.

Sir: I unwillingly renew our correspondence, which I had thought finally closed with my letter of the 13th August, 1818, and that I do so will be received by you as an evidence that my feelings towards you are at least not hostile. You will call to mind the particulars of our recent conversation at Washington City, and cannot therefore be surprised at my entering without circumlocution, upon the subject which then occupied us. Strict justice has never yet been done to the brave men who served with me at Lower Sandusky, and I require it for them at your hands. It would be needless for me to point out in what particulars they have suffered; to you, at least, it should be enough to be referred to McAfee's History of the War in the West, and your own biography, recently published in Cincinnati. What is said in either of these books, calculated to place the transactions at Lower Sandusky in a higher point of view before the world than is claimed for the most insignificant affairs of that day?—Your answer must be that of every other reader—nothing. I ask no more for myself General Harrison, than I have a right to claim for every soldier who served under me. But might I not ask for more at your hand? If you have one spark of grateful recollection, you will answer yes—more, much more. Did I not literally sacrifice myself to save you? Did I not at a moment when the excitement against you throughout the Whole State of Ohio, amounting to general clamor, when there was almost mutiny in your very camp at Seneca, do every thing that you and your friends required of me as necessary to reinstate you in the good opinion of the people and of the army? The success of our army required that you, the general in chief, should have the confidence of all; and to insure that, I signed addresses, without reading them, because I was told that it was necessary; wrote letters approving throughout your conduct, and subject to your corrections, without asking what they might be, because I was assured by members of your family that you yourself believed that on my expressions in relation to you much depended. But of what I did for you, enough—of what you have done for me, there is nothing to be told.—You have personally pledged yourself to correct any false impressions that may have been created by the publication of the two works above mentioned: in a word, to speak of all things in relation to the transactions in Sandusky as they deserve.

We are told in McAfee's History, "General Harrison, discovering from the fire of the enemy that he had nothing but light artillery, which could make no impression upon the work, felt not a moment alarmed for the safety of the garrison, well knowing that a breach could not be effected, and that without affecting a breach every attempt at escalation could be successfully repelled." General Harrison, is this the fact? Did you not, during the whole of the bombardment of thirty-six hours, evince more emotion than could have been induced by a belief that the garrison was not in danger? Did you not, in the extremity of your apprehensions, cry out, "THE BLOOD BE ON HIS OWN HEAD; I WASH MY HANDS OF IT!" And was there one man of all your camp at Seneca (the gallant Wood excepted) who believed that, without the most desperate resistance, the garrison could prevail against the attacks of the enemy? Answer these queries, and fairly. I demand it of you as a right. If the statement in McAfee's book be correct, then where is the merit of the

defence of Sandusky? State candidly the facts, without eulogium on any of us; for each one who served there would be judged by his works. Tell to the world that, when you fell back on Seneca, leaving, as a garrison for Sandusky, but 150 men, the works of the place were measurably defenceless—that the picket which connected the block houses were so loosely planted, that the efforts of a single man could pull many of them up—that there was no ditch about the work, nor any outward defence to oppose to an assailing force—that but few entrenching tools were left behind, and those unwillingly—and to all this, that there was spared to us scarce 40 rounds of musket cartridge per man without a single prepared cartridge or one ounce of powder for the only piece of artillery in the place.—Then state the appearance of the defences, on your coming down immediately after the defeat and flight of the enemy. The brave men who toiled there during ten days and nights to put themselves in a posture of defence, are as much entitled to credit for it as they are deserving of praise for their gallantry after the coming of the enemy.

Having enlarged on these points as far as may be due to the truth, I would then have you speak of every other circumstance in relation to the affair of Sandusky (both anterior and subsequent) calculated to place it in its proper light. I have been told it already occupies its proper place—that every thing in relation to it is well understood and duly appreciated. Can you join in any expression of this kind? Surely you cannot, for you know too well what was done on that frontier, and how much immediately around Sandusky, that has never come to light. If my services had been duly appreciated, then truly have I been resting too contentedly upon what I have done; for no public expression, conveying an assurance of the grateful sense in which my services are held, has ever yet reached me. You may say that I received a sword from the ladies of Chillicothe, and that I was also breveted by the President; for the first I feel as a soldier ought to feel for a gift which he should prize as his life; as for the latter, I regard it as a thing of no value and not to be considered, for brevets had been dealt out by the dozen, and often times to those who had never seen an enemy. My name was once before Congress for a vote of thanks, and it was rejected as unworthy an expression of its approbation.

When I was thus so flatteringly passed upon, was Congress, in your opinion, informed of all that I had done in the North West? You will say that it was not. And when, at a very recent period, too, I was compelled, by my necessities, to ask a place, and an important one, and found difficulties and vexations when I had expected every thing the reverse, had I not a right to believe that my claims to preference were considered but of the same rank with those of every other applicant for office? The world knows that there was a repulse of the enemy at Lower Sandusky; but what further does it know calculated to enhance it above the most trivial affairs of the war? Does it know that I disobeyed your orders to abandon the place, and that this disobedience SAVED YOUR ARMY FROM A PRECIPITATE RETREAT and perhaps THE WHOLE FRONTIER FROM THE INCURSIONS OF A SAVAGE FOE? A council of your general and field officers decided upon the propriety of falling back upon Upper Sandusky; every arrangement was made for a precipitate retreat, and the signal of departure was to be given at the moment of my joining. I earned not. Your order was disobeyed, and you were thus saved from the danger of a retrograde step. The consequences of the repulse of the enemy at Lower Sandusky were, as you have long known, more important than can be conceived by any one acquainted with the topography of the section of country under view, and the position of the opposing forces. How you would have fared had I been captured, you can best conjecture; at all events, it did appear that, at the time, you believed the enemy more than a match for you. And what would have been the consequences of your defeat? A smoking frontier of more than five hundred miles in extent. What saved the boats and the immense stores concentrated at Cleveland under the direction of Major now General Jesup? What also prevented a combined attack of land and naval forces upon the fleet of Commodore Perry at Erie, at a time when its destruction must have been certain? My disobedience of your orders—my subsequent defeat and repulse of the enemy at Sandusky. Gen. Proctor, on leaving Detroit in July, 1813, had no other object in view than the destruction of the fleet of Commodore Perry, at Erie, and of the military stores and boats at Cleveland. He blockaded Fort Meigs merely as a cover to his real intentions, and to afford him an oppor-

tunity of ascertaining what reinforcements were marching out, that he might be assured of the safety of Detroit during his absence. Satisfied of this, he left Fort Meigs with a force of at least 3,000 (Indians included) in furtherance of the grand objects of the expedition. On reaching the point of crossing, at the entrance of Sandusky bar, his Indian force refused to go further on the lake, without first taking the scalps and plunder at Fort Sandusky. General Proctor, from his own written statement, (now in your hands,) unwillingly indulged them. An attack was made—it failed—and with heavy loss. The Indians deserted to a man and thus an expedition, originally well planned, and fraught with deadly consequences to our cause, was completely defeated by a force of 150 men, of whom nothing was expected, and for whom nothing further in praise has been offered than was extracted from McAfee's History of the War in the West.

Respectfully,  
G. CROGHAN.  
Gen. W. H. HARRISON,  
Cincinnati, Ohio;

From the Pennsylvanian.

We have some knowledge of political struggles, yet we remember none which have been marked by the peculiar characteristics of the present. The democratic party presents the same front and avows the same principles that secured its triumph more than forty years ago. These principles are precisely those, which during all that time entitled it to the fierce hate and unmeasured denunciations of any and of all the fragments of opposition that happened to be floating upon the political ocean.—They are few, but they are vital to the system under which we live. The surrender or overthrow of any of them—would bring with it—a thorough and radical change in the distinctive features of our Government. While their ascendancy is complete, the substance as well as the forms of freedom remains. The moment they cease to control the destinies of the country—the country would be converted into an oligarchy or something equally as bad, and as anti-Republican.

We have said that these principles were few—but vital. They are as we understand them—a strict construction of the constitution of the United States—state rights in their fair extent—no national improvements without the consent of the states—equal rights and to secure these—suffrage only limited by birth, age, residence, and taxation—the right of instruction—in the people and by the people—who are the fountain of all power.

Now the opposition which is a combination of the worst elements, for the worst purposes—in other words a temporary and accidental confederacy to effect an anti-Republican object—avows NO PRINCIPLES—but deny and denounces all these. They have contended, and if clothed with power, would contend again for the doctrine of implication—in other words for the right of altering the constitution to suit their purposes.

They are the enemies of state rights—and particularly of the right of suffrage, which they have always endeavored to narrow down to a property standard.—They treat the doctrines of the right of instruction with the utmost contempt, and thus place the representative above the constituent. They give the agent not only the power of the principal—but more.

The people in the approaching election have therefore to choose between a set of democratic republican principles which secure their dignity and freedom, and the wild anti-republican notions of an opposition compounded of all parties, and possessing the merits of none. We await the result in confidence. The opposition are full of hope—let them enjoy the pleasing delusions. Their dream will be short. They hurry on—

Regardless of the sweeping whirlwinds away,  
That lashed in grim repose, expects its evening prey.

People are much more liberal with their advice to editors than with their money. Advice costs nothing. Money is money.—Editors can have an abundance of advice gratis. Subscriptions would be much more acceptable, and by no means so annoying. A little less of the former and a considerable more of the latter would not come amiss in these hard times.

Absent Mindness.—The last case of this kind, that has come to our notice, is the unfortunate belief of the Whigs, that Indiana and Kentucky are the whole Union, and elect the President of the United States "solitary and alone." We predict they will recover from the illusion about the 4th of March 1841, when MAURIN delivers his second inaugural address—perhaps sooner.  
Magician.