

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 Spirit of the Times.

THE BUCKEYE BLACKSMITH.

Tune—"Rosin the Bow."

TO BE SUNG IN CHARACTER AFTER THE RELECTION.

Now since the election is over,
I'll sing of my humbugging rig,
How I have been living in clover,
All at the expense of the Whigs.
I shut up my shop in Ohio,
Bought out by the Whigs it is true,
To fight like another Goliath,
In the ranks for old Tippecanoe.

A speech was composed by the party
Which I was to learn and to read,
Intended to sink little Marty,
And raise the poor tool of North Bend.
As the fly is ensnared by the spider,
They thought to catch the Democrats too,
In the webs of Log Cabins and Cider
And songs of Old Tippecanoe.

My purse being filled, I was posted
Away on some humbugging tour,
Wherever I went I was toasted
As the friend of the laboring poor;
Through country and town I was greeted
By thousands who furiously flew
To hear my oration repeated,
And songs for Old Tippecanoe.

And here they arranged a Committee
To honor the great Mr. Bear,
And escort him into the city,
Received by the Councils and Mayor.
And here was a mongrel collection,
Impatient to hear something new
Concerning the coming Election
And hopes of Old Tippecanoe.

The whigs for effect, simple fellows!
Had fixed on the stage for parade,
A forge, and an anvil and bellows,
And set me to work at my trade.
I hammered away and I spouted,
And I sang as my bellows I blew,
And the rabble huzzed and shouted
For Buckeye and Tippecanoe.

The Federal force is now ended,
And Harrison sinks in despair,
Old Buckeye's fortune is mended,
And Martin remains in the chair.
Oh Whigs when ye meet in convention
The contest again to renew,
For decency's sake never mention
Old Granny of Tippecanoe.

Madam Tippy won't rub, you've tried her,
Though sporting a petticoat red,
With pictures of cabins and cider
You never could fores her ahead,
Farewell to the federal party,
And the Whigs of Connecticut blue,
With a health to little Dutch Marty,
And a tear to poor Tippecanoe.

GROGAN.

Choose good Company.—Young men are in general but little aware how much their reputation is affected in the view of the public by the company they keep.—The character of their associates is soon regarded as their own. If they seek the society of the worthy, it elevates them in the public estimation, as it is an evidence that they respect others.

POLITICAL.

From the Doyl we Democrat.

THE SUB TREASURY ILLUSTRATED

OR,

THE CONVERSION OF A WHIG.

Democrat. Do you approve of the Sub Treasury?

Whig. No, certainly not, think I would approve of so monstrous a thing as that?

Dem. 'Tis often called monstrous, I know, destructive and ruinous, a scheme to create executive power and influence, calculated to destroy credit, lower prices, &c. &c., but I think it is calculated to prevent all this.

Whig. It will prove all that its opponents have predicted. Does it not take away the funds of the Banks and thereby cripple them, and make them less useful?

Dem. Why has a bank any better claim to the Government money than you or I have?—supposing that you or I should demand the funds of the Government, to loan out to our friends, to speculators, to monopolists, &c.,—should we not be laughed at for our arrogance?

Whig. Perhaps so.—But the Banks you know.

Dem. Have been the cause of all our difficulties? But how is the Government money raised?

Whig. By a tariff or duty on goods principally.

Dem. Who pays this duty?

Whig. The merchant.

Dem. Does the merchant have to lose the amount so paid?

Whig. No, he gets it back by charging an extra price for his goods.

Dem. Ah, he does—then who does this tax or duty come out of?

Whig. The purchaser.

Dem. The consumer you mean—the man who wears the goods—he pays the profits to the manufacturer, to the importer, to the retailer, and the duty beside—in short you and I, those mechanics you see yonder, they all pay their proportion of the revenue to the Government, do they not?

Whig. Oh yes, it all comes out of them eventually, the merchant does not have to lose any thing—the consumer pays it all, but it is not well, you know to let them understand it.

Dem. Yes it is. I do not approve of keeping the principle and operation of Government from the people as you whigs do—give them light is wanted to make them Democrats.

Whig. If they understand it don't you suppose they would find fault with it.

Dem. Yes with a tax or tariff that is exorbitant and made for the purpose of protecting as you call it, rich manufacturing companies, &c., but when it is raised merely for the support of the Government, we all pay it freely and willingly. Now you acknowledge that it is the consumer, of all classes and conditions, that support the government—and not the rich men alone.

Whig. According to your doctrine they do, and I really believe you are right.

Dem. Then if we pay it for the support of the government why do you say we ought to pay it into the banks for their support and profit. Why should they enrich themselves and their particular friends with the money that we pay exclusively for the support of our republican government.

Whig. But it would be safe in the banks, and they would loan it to the people.

Dem. To speculators you mean. But what right have they to loan it at all?—'Tis the people's money and how are you going to manage to loan to the people their own money—how should I manage to borrow my own money. If the people are going to have it, they had better keep it in the first place, not pay it to the government at all.

Whig. But the Banks can make a profit out of it, you know.

Dem. Are you a Bank Director?

Whig. Yes, so is my brother.

Dem. I thought so. Those mechanics and laborers we see yonder pay their proportion of the revenue, you acknowledge. If it was deposited in your bank would you loan it back to them?

Whig. Oh no—that would be ridiculous.—We should be afraid to trust them.

Dem. But you say the banks would loan it back to the people; have they not as good right to their proportion as any body else has? And who do you call the people. The dear people I suppose you mean.

Whig. Why we generally like to loan it to those who want the largest sums, and will pay the heaviest interest—to stock brokers—speculators—monopolists, and a little to the merchant.

Dem. Yes; and then you call the dear people—the first is a gambler—the next a swindler—and the third an extortioner and clutter all the products of the earth that he may get his own price for it—and the other lives on the profits he can get out of the consumer. And you would have the poor as well as the rich to pay their money for the support for the government, which money, you say, ought to go into the Banks, to be loaned out to such persons as these.

Whig. Well perhaps it is not quite right—but then we must all live you know.

Dem. No sir tis not right. You must live, but you must not be allowed to live at the expense, and on the money of the people. You may do banking business, but you must do it with your own funds not DEMAND the money of people to cheat and distress them with.

Whig. Well, really, I have never taken this view of the case. What will the Government do with the money—will they lock it up and keep it? Our folks say so.

Dem. Your folks say a great many things that are not true. Do you think that the Government pay their employees as our hardy whalers are paid off—at the end of the cruise. No sir. What they receive to-day they pay out to-morrow, and it circulates throughout the country—keeps moving about doing us all good. It will not be allowed to jump back into the vaults of the banks, to be loaned out to their friends again; they must wait until the regular process of trade brings it to them, then they will keep regular in their business—not expand and blow up the credit system to-day only to have it burst to-morrow and ruin the whole country.

Whig. There is some reason in this after all, but it is not dangerous in having so many Sub-Treasurers?

Dem. How many?

Whig. Two or three hundred I suppose there must be.

Dem. Ha! ha! ha! You Whigs who think the people don't know any thing, are the fools yourselves, in trying to deceive them, you are deceived and made ignorant yourselves. Why, there are only SIX Sub-Treasurers—one in Boston, one in New York, one in Philadelphia, one in Charleston, one in St. Louis, and one in New Orleans.

Whig. Is that all? I had been told by my paper that there were many more. Do you think they will prove as honest as the banks?

Dem. Honest as the Banks!! Is Stephen Allen, the receiver or Sub-Treasurer, as you Whigs call him, as honest as your bank Presidents and Directors think you?

Whig. Oh, yes, Mr. Allen, I believe, is a very honest man. But Swartwout, Price, and others, you know, ran away with the government money?

Dem. Yes, sir, I know they did, and if you Whigs had allowed us to pass the Sub-Treasury Bill at first they never could have got it to run away with. It was by having a connexion with the banks that they were enabled to steal. Instead of their putting it all in the banks, they put a portion in their own pockets, and the banks were never the wiser for it. But now they must deposit every day with Receiver General,

and his duty is to watch and see that he gets it all; and when he gets it, 'tis safe.—It was not safe even when it was in the banks.

Whig. Why? What do you mean?

Dem. Mean. Don't we have accounts every day of the officers or the clerks of the banks running away with their thousands, tens of thousands, aye, millions.

Whig. Yes, there has been some rogues, I acknowledge.

Dem. Some! Did not Lewis, the Cashier of the Schuylkill bank run away with one million two hundred thousand dollars—Dabney, of Richmond, with half a million—Smith, of Philadelphia, with one hundred thousand—Newman, of your own Manhattan Bank, with fifty thousand dollars, besides hundreds of others whom I cannot now recollect? Talk about the honest banks!—Did they not all suspend, and refuse to pay the government a cent when they had thirty millions of dollars in their vaults belonging to the government? Supposing we had been at war then, we should have found our selves in a pretty situation—money enough, but could not get a mill, because the banks did not feel disposed to pay. Now when the government wants their own money, they can get it without asking the permission of the banks.

Whig. Well, I must acknowledge that I have never seen the Sub-Treasury in this light before. I think much better of it, and believe that I will support it. Good morning.

THE WORKINGMEN.

Among all the flimsy disguises assumed by the Federal party, now arrayed against the Democratic Administration, under the assumed and prostituted name of Whigs, that of sympathy for the working classes is the most open and palpable. The whole course of that party, from first to last, has been one of contentious and inveterate hostility to the working classes. By opposing on all occasions, an extension of the right of suffrage, to deprive them of a voice in the choice of public officers, of those who make and those who administer the law; and I have added insult to injury, by openly and at all times proclaiming, that this opposition to their rights was based on the ground that they were incapable of exercising them, either for their own good, or the welfare of the State. "Property" they affirm, "is the test of merit," and property alone should entitle a man to a voice in the government of his country. Personal rights, these which are inherent in every citizen, by the law of God and nature; those rights by which he is enabled to protect and defend himself against the oppression of wealth and power, are nothing, worse than nothing, in the estimation of this party, which places you on a level with the beasts of the field, yoked to the plough, and having no agency whatever in directing its course. Their fundamental principle is, that you are incapable of self-government.

On this great principle is founded their uniform policy. From this has originated all their schemes of monopoly and special privileges. Physically, you are too strong to be conquered by force, and therefore they resort to fraud and deception. They cannot subdue you by the strength of their arms. But holding you, as they do, entirely divested of reason and intelligence, they have the presumption to believe that they can cheat you with your eyes wide open; and that, after a career of more than half a century, of open, undisguised hostility, and during which they poured on your heads every epithet of contempt and scorn, you are so blind and so stupid as to believe they have all at once become your best and only friends.

Presuming on that low and base standard of intellect and morals at which they have always rated you, they imagine you to be equally divested of the recollection of facts, and the faculty of drawing conclusions from them. They believe, that with a smile, a bow, and a few civil speeches, they can

obliterate the memory of the past, and all rational anticipations of the future, derived from its history. They believe that all the evidences of kindness and sympathy, all the acts of the Democratic Administration, distributed through a long series of years, all its efforts to circumscribe those vast monopolies, which, while they enhance the price of all the necessaries of life, at the same time giving new facilities to combinations to reduce the wages of labor; all its endeavors to give security to those wages, by causing them to be paid in money that will not perish in your hands; all its strivings to prevent those ruinous fluctuations of the paper system, which one day delude you with apparent prosperity, the next plunge you into poverty and distress.—They believe that all these are either forgotten by you, or may be perverted by specious duplicity, or bold misrepresentation, into proofs of hostility to that class for whose especial benefit the Democratic Administration has staked its very existence in the contest with Federal principles and Federal money.

The Federal party, now arrayed against that administration, has undertaken this Herculean task. It has, all of a sudden, been smitten with an overwhelming sympathy for those whom it has always, in time past, dignified with the epithets of "Sans Culottes," "Swinish multitude," "Throglydites," "Big-Paws," "Cattle," and what not? Just on the eve of a great election, involving in its issue all the rights and principles, nay, the very existence, of the Democracy of which you constitute so large a portion—just at this critical moment, the party that has, on all occasions heretofore, laughed you to scorn, and spurned your just pretensions, all at once pulls off his hat, makes you a low bow, and exclaims: "Gentlemen, your most obedient, humble, servant! How do you do, my dear friends? My heart yearns for your distress, and I would give all I am worth in the world to relieve you!" shaking hands, at the same time, with the Sans Culottes, the Swinish Multitude, the Throglydites, the Cattle; and the Big Paws, most cordially. After which the lordly Federalist goes to a meeting of twelvemonth employers, convened for the purpose of screwing down the wages of their workmen to the lowest minimum possible. From thence he goes to the log cabin, drinks hard cider, makes wry faces, partakes in all the Federal mummeries, and staggers home, rubbing his hands in ecstasy at having so successfully "humbugged the Throglydites."

Will the workingmen realize these insulting anticipations? Will they be cheated by these exhibitions of hollow sympathy, these low and base appeals so degrading to the morals and intelligence of the most enlightened Democracy of the world? Will they permit the advocates and defenders of their rights and their principles to be sacrificed to a combination of those who have been at all times heretofore, and will be hereafter, their most inveterate enemies?—Will they, last and worst of all, give damning evidence of the truth of the Federal assumption, and demonstrate their incapacity for self-government, by showing that they cannot distinguish their friends from their enemies?

We answer, firmly and confidently, NO. Such a party and such a cause, so advocated and sustained, is destined to certain defeat and inevitable disgrace. A few gleams of sunshine may break through the thick mass of clouds that overhang its prospects, relieving them for a moment from the agonies of despair; but these are but indications of the coming storm, which will level their towering hopes with the dust. That they anticipate success, we verily believe. Their processions of log cabins and ebon skins, their songs and shouts of triumph, and their daily and nightly debauches on hard cider, have, all combined, produced a delicious excitement, a drunken phrenzy, that obscures their perceptions of probability, and renders them blind to every thing but the visionary triumph they anticipate. Like drunkards, they reel and see double; and!