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HEAR THE WARNING VOICE OF WASHINGTON!

The following are the warning words of the father of his country to a senator in the Maryland Legislature. It is to be found in Sparks' Life of this great and good man. Read it, ye slaves and mercenaries of the Rag Barons, and blush for your own deeds of darkness and dishonor. Read it, ye Democrats, patriots, and friends of liberty and justice, and rejoice that you are the true defenders of the faith of the Revolution, the disciples of a Washington and a Jefferson, the sworn enemies of the paper swindling monopolists. Let neither be free, or die in the last ditch, struggling for human rights.

Mount Vernon.
Dear Sir, Your favor of the 30th ultimo came duly to hand. To give an opinion in a cause of so much importance as that which has warily agitated the two branches of the Legislature, and which, from the appeal that is made is likely to create great and perhaps dangerous divisions, is rather a delicate matter; but, as this diversity of opinion is on a subject which has, hitherto occupied the minds of most men, and as my sentiments thereon have been fully and decidedly expressed long before the Assembly either in Maryland or this State was convened, I do not scruple to declare, that if I had a voice in our Legislature, it would have been given decidedly against a PAPER EMISSION upon the general principles of its utility as a representative, and the necessity of it as a medium.

To assign reasons for this would be as unnecessary as tedious. The ground has been so often trod that a place hardly remains untouched. In a word, the necessity arising from a want of specie is represented as greater than really is. I contend that it is by the substance not with a shadow of a thing, we are to be benefited. The wisdom of man, in my humble opinion cannot at this time devise a plan by which the credit of our paper money would be long supported, consequently depreciation keeps pace with the quantity of the emission, and articles for which it is exchanged rise in a greater ratio than the sinking value of the money. Wherein, then is the farmer, the planter, and artisan, benefited. The debtor may be, because, I have observed, he gives the shadow in lieu of the substance, and in proportion to his gain, the creditor, or the body politic, suffers. Whether it be a legal tender or not, it will, as has been observed, very truly, have no alternative. It must be that or nothing. An evil equally great is, the door it opens immediately for speculation, by which the least designing and perhaps most valuable part of the community are preyed upon by the more knowing and crafty speculators.

But contrary to my intention and declaration, I am offering reasons to support my opinion: reasons too, which of all others are least pleasing to the advocates for paper money. I shall therefore only observe generally, that so many people have suffered by former emissions, that like a burst child dreads the fire, no person will touch it who can possibly avoid it. The natural consequence of which will be, that the specie, which remains unexported, will be instantly locked up.

With great esteem and regard,
I am, dear sir, &c.
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

PAPER.—Contemplate the various uses to which paper is applied, and reflect upon the material out of which it is manufactured. There goes a fellow wearing an old ragged shirt and pair of breeches—in a trice they may be sold to the paper maker, and perhaps in a very few weeks this old dirty, ragged shirt will be spread before some beautiful angel of a girl in the shape of a neat gilt-edged bill-dollars from her lover. Or, the old breeches will be converted into wrapping paper and envelope some choice confederatory for my lady's wedding! Or, again, the old shirt and breeches may be ground up and converted in printing paper, and maybe, reader, you will some day hold them in your hand, and be thrilled with wistfulness at some soul stirring situation impressed therein through the skill of the papermaker and printer. Old breeches and such like, are not to be sneered at. Papermakers and printers honor and esteem them!

TAKE AWAY THEIR BREAD.
Such is the doctrine of the federalists.—Starve out the working-men and force them to vote as we want them to. Such is the doctrine and now the practice of the federal party.

Last fall the mandate went forth from the Bank of the United States; it proclaimed that 'the time for reasoning with the people had gone by—that conviction must be worked upon the minds of the people by their suffering.'—The same doctrine was reiterated by the federalists of Zanesville through Peter's dirty Paper, in November last. It said—
"Take away their employment, and you deprive them of their bread; and when FAMINE is before them, when starvation is in the midst of plenty is visited upon them they may then come to their senses." &c. &c. Such was the language used by the whig organ and Bank organ of this county in November last—language that ought to bring down the indignation of every American upon the men who use it. Shortly after this, the Banks shipped away their specie, the only basis on which they could issue paper.

But recently the same sentiment has been reiterated at Springfield, at one of the rowdy gatherings of Whiggery. They had one flag stretched across the street which was painted in large letters—"General Harrison or General Ruin." Plainly threatening that they would bring ruin on the country or force the people to vote for Harrison. Freemen of Massachusetts think of these things! Can you tolerate and sustain a party whose leaders proclaim this as a rule of action. Whig farmers, mechanics and working men think of it. Remember that in making the Democrats "feel," they make you "feel," and if they did not, how long may it be before you become the victims of this same relentless policy. It may be that ere long some questions may arise on which you cannot think with these men, and then "starvation in the midst of plenty" may be visited on you, to bring you to your "senses."

Can honorable men act with politicians, who make their principle of action?—They would—they have—paralyzed a nation in financial matters, merely to work conviction on the minds of the people!—Zanesville Aurora.

I'LL CONSULT MY WIFE.—That is what old Judge That her, of Massachusetts said of Blount of North Carolina, when they were members of Congress, at Philadelphia, and when the latter challenged the Judge to mortal combat: "I'll consult my wife, sir," replied the Judge taking off his three-cornered hat, and making a bow, "and if she is willing, I'll favor you with a meeting."

From the Ohio Statesman. GREAT PLOUGHING MATCH.

The annals of agriculture contain no example of a ploughing match equal to that of which I propose to give a brief description.

An old gentleman, familiarly known as "Uncle Sam," has an extensive farm consisting of twenty-six fields; he is in the habit of leaving it out by a vote of his sons every four years; and for a number of years past, it has been in the tenure of the Democratic family. The reason assigned for this is, that the members of that family are mostly good farmers. For eight years it was tenanted by old Andrew, the farmer of Tennessee, and at present it is held by old Martin, the farmer of New York. The federal family, who contend that they have a deep interest in this farm, inasmuch as they declare that they possess at least two thirds of the wealth and capital by which it is operated, have long tried to get some one of their family into its general superintendency; but Uncle Sam's sons have hitherto rejected their application, on the ground that they were too fond of embellishment and display, and instead of improving the soil would spend their time in erecting "light-houses to the sky," gaudy buildings, and in laying it off in flower gardens, orange groves, and so forth.

In this state of affairs, the Federal family became greatly exasperated, and swore that unless some one of their family should be placed at the head of the farm, its affairs would go to ruin—in other words, that they would use their wealth and capital to the derangement of its concerns. This alarmed some of Uncle Sam's sons, who, with all their patriotism, have some seeds of avarice in their hearts, and would sooner the farm should have a bad tenant than get out of pocket money themselves; accordingly some of them evinced a disposition to favor the Federal family, "at least for one term." It was at last agreed, that to test the claims of the two families to the reputation of good farmers, a Ploughing Match should be had on the farm, that each family should choose its ploughman, and the family whose plough team and work, should prove to be the best upon a fair public trial, should have the management of the farm.

The proposition delighted the Federal family, they were at once thrown into ecstasies of joy, some tore the ruffles from their shirts, and flinging them on the ground, with their castors and British broadcloth, crying out, "we there, Antislavery, till after the election,"—others moved out of their splendid mansions, whose vaulted ceilings hung with silk, and rusticated in log cabins instead of pointer dogs and spaniels, they fondled tame raccoons; some who daily feasted on the choicest viands and quaffed sparkling champagnes in private, now made a merit of publicly munching corn cakes and guzzling hard cider, while others, throwing by their silk gloves, thrust their delicate hands into vulgar buckskin mittens, and went to chopping down buckeye trees to be manufactured into political flag-staffs. Meanwhile, the Democratic family manifested no kind of anxiety about the event, as farming and ploughing was no novelty to them, and waited the day appointed with the utmost composure, and without any extraordinary preparation.

When the day arrived, the whole Federal family were in the field. Their team consisted of a huge English bull, as black as jet, called "ABOLITION," and a large English cow; which they named "U. S. BANK." The yoke looked well, but upon close examination, it was found to consist of a kind of timber called "National Debt," covered with gold leaf; it was inscribed "Modern Whiggery." The beam of the plough was a hollow piece of timber of a soft and pliant texture, called "Non-Commitmentism." The point or centre was inscribed with the word "Panic," and the mould board was covered with pieces of paper called "Post Notes." Instead of a chain, they had a thick rope, which they said was very strong, spun out of a sort of stuff they denominated "Confidential Committee." The driver held a long goad, bearing this motto, "The time for reason and argument is gone by."

The ploughman soon made his appearance, surrounded by a host of bank officers, brokers, speculators, panic-breeders and office hunters. He was a spare built, weakly old man, about 70 years of age. He had on an old coat which he wore twenty years ago, and which fit him very well, manufactured of real double-milled federal cloth, and lined and faced for this occasion with a flimsy kind of stuff called "British Whiggery." His hat was half rustic, half military, and on the "tip" was endorsed "Answer to the Oswego and Louisville Committees." Under his arm hung a canteen labelled "Hard Cider."

When he placed himself between the handles of the plough, a hum of mur-

mur ran through the family on account of his age and infirmities, but they were soon silenced by the knowing ones, who said he would have a "plenty of good help from the old federal phalanx."

The Democratic team appeared upon the ground, followed by a throng of plain hard fisted men, who looked as though they had been used to such sport. The ploughman was a short, close-set Dutchman, born and reared on his daddy's farm at Kinderhook, and the way he brought his team on the ground was the right way. Two fine, prancing horses, called LIBERTY and EQUALITY, nicely harnessed, stood before a plough that made the farmer's eyes glister to look upon. The beam was made of seasoned hickory, and inscribed "THE CONSTITUTION;" the collar consisted of a kind of stuff called "Free Suffrage," the share was "Specie," and the broadside was made of "Fixed Principles."

All preliminaries being arranged, the word was given, and the teams started. The bull and the cow worked together remarkably well, and if it had depended upon them alone, the ground would perhaps have been turned up in some sort of way. But the plough proved to be defective in many respects, the beam turning and twisting in every direction, made the furrows crooked, and the "panic" cutter sometimes running in very deep, at other times sliding over the surface without making any impression. Besides, the ground was strewn with a kind of stones called "Republican principles" which, whenever the plough struck one of them, was sure to flirt it, or make it leap out of the ground, and tip the ploughman over.

The soil consisted chiefly of two sorts, Republican ground and Aristocratic ground, with here and there a little admixture of both. In ploughing the eastern fields, the Federal team got along tolerably well, the bull and cow pulling strong, and when the plough struck upon republican ground, the family followed with a kind of mattock, called "Registry law, Alien law, and Property Qualification," with which they scarified the surface. Here, too, the Democratic team did first rate work as far as it went, but in consequence of the numerous "log-rollings" that had been lately made, it could not work to the greatest advantage. But when the mid-lands were entered upon it was then that the Democratic team began to go ahead. Never was work done quicker and better, never were furrows straighter—in short, the whole of N. York, N. Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, were finished before the Federal team could "mark off a land."—The Southern and Southwestern lands were then entered upon through which the Democratic team worked its way, with the utmost ease and regularity, the teamster, Martin, attracting universal admiration of every beholder for his frank and straightforward course. On this ground the black bull began to give out, and finally laid down and refused to budge another step, whereupon the Federal family resolved to supply his place with a colt called "Cotton Speculation," in the hope of being able to do some work; but the colt having never been tried before, they put a boy on his back named Nick Biddle, as Tip had never been used to ploughing with any but "horned cattle."

But the troubles of the Federal family had now begun, and there was no telling where they would end. Their rope began to untwist, their plough had become blunted, whilst all the time the Democratic team was pushing ahead, followed by the plauts of Uncle Sam's children. After these lands had been finished by the Democratic team in the very best style, it could be easily perceived how the match would terminate, and many of the Federal family began fast to lose their temper; but as the Western lands were yet to be ploughed, they rallied their spirits for another effort. The colt was turned out and the bull again yoked up, as the ploughman preferred that kind of team. But here the cow gave signs of failing, and it was the opinion of the doctor, she had murrain, as she had for some time ceased to give milk, or in other words had "suspended payment." The bull, however, stood his ground very well, though it was seen he had lost much of his strength since he left the eastern lands. Old Tip did his best to hold the plough, and kept his eye all the time fixed upon the rope, refusing to answer a question during the whole operation, "either to friend or foe." After scratching along over the wet in rather a bungling manner, with a small log cabin perched on the plough-beam to keep the cutter in the ground, they struck upon a place where an immense quantity of public stores were deposited, called "Fort Stephens." Here the ploughman suddenly let go the plough, and seizing a torch which some one carried, pushed towards the stores and attempted to set them on fire. This was happily prevented by a little fellow named Croghan, which so enraged old Tip, that he immediately broke his long silence, ex-

claiming, "I resign!" and taking to his heels, trotted off to North Bend. All was now dismay and confusion in the Federal family—some followed the ploughman, crying, "Go it Tip!" others screamed out, "the cider is sour"—while others gathered round the cow, as though she was able to afford them some relief; but to add to their grief, she was seized with a sudden malady, and after floundering a while, she "bustled." The bull was then unyoked, which was no sooner done, than to the amazement of every beholder, he bounded like a deer over the plain, to the cry of "Come it, Tyler," and clearing Lake Erie, he made a lodgment on the Canada shore.

The few members of the Federal family that lingered upon the ground, now formed themselves into a procession, and hoisting their banners; determined to make a decent retreat. Daniel Webster placed himself at their head, and after a short speech, in which he boasted of the rapid advance of Whig principles, proposed to carry their "canoes" to the banks of Salt creek, and raising his arm and his voice, he exclaimed, "and then, my friends, we'll row to the head waters of Salt river, and in the next freshet we'll come down upon these rascally Democrats like a torrent!"

PLOUGH BOY.

From the New Y. Era.
OUR PECUNIARY TROUBLES.

It is presumed that no man in his senses will now be so fool-hardy as to deny that all our pecuniary are owing exclusively to the sudden expansion and contraction of our vicious currency by the Banks. The most rampant Whig would not do it, if he had studied attentively the returns of the Banks as made to the Secretary of the Treasury. But as it is well known that they are not very eager for information of the kind, unless they can by deception draw an argument in favor of their desperate cause, we propose enlightening a little on the subject. It appears by the returns thus made, which we copy from a Whig paper, that the loans of all the Banks made in 1837, up to January 1838, amounted to \$479,264,934

From Jan. in 1838 to	492,278,005
January 1839	420,815,025
do to Jan. in 1840	13,002,081
Showing an astounding expansion of 1838 over 1837 of . . .	13,002,081
And the yet more astounding contraction in 1839, amounting to	71,462,994

Seventy one Millions of Dollars taken out of circulation in one year! Seventy one Millions of Dollars of the amount loaned demanded to be paid back in one year by the Banks. Is it done for the benefit of the people? No, for their own exclusive benefit. They found they had gone too far—had loaned too much to speculators—monopolists, &c.—and they suddenly contract and call in their issues, destroying the merchant—the trader, the farmer's hopes, by reducing prices and throwing every thing into utter confusion. That the least initiated may see how this thing is made to operate, let us suppose that a Country bank should loan half of its capital to the farmers in its neighborhood. They have invested it all in stock, lands, &c. expecting to pay by gradual instalments, but all of a sudden, they are informed that a small portion will not answer, they must pay the whole, or half at least next month. What would be the consequence, would it not destroy or cripple every one of these men, would they not be obliged to sacrifice their farms, their stock, their grain to raise the money? But these men alone would not suffer by the iniquity of the Bank—the hard times as it is called, would extend through the whole community, every man owing the farmers a dollar must, of necessity, pay up, for the money must be had; they, in their turn, call in their little debts to pay the farmers, and so the pressure runs through the whole circle of society until one snaps, another breaks, and away they all go, sunk into irretrievable bankruptcy.

Such is the Banking System, and such the result to those who place their dependence upon them. We are astonished at their wickedness—but more astonished that the people do not rise in their might and crush the whole system of fraud and robbery. But there is yet hope for the honest man. The farmer and the laborer, who are the real producers of the wealth of any and every nation are soon to see better times. Let the people persevere in the noble progress of reform, let them not be deluded or turned aside by the false cry of alarm got up by Bank whigs and speculators, and we shall all find the glorious Sub-

Treasury will not only get us out of difficulty, but will keep us out. The people are beginning to understand this great measure—and all honest men will come up to the support of an administration that have done so much and have suffered so much for their cause. For what motive, they will ask, has an administration, supported by one half of the people of the country, to ruin, and bring destruction upon their friends as well as enemies. None whatever. We are doing that which we conceive, and the whole country begin to acknowledge is for the ultimate benefit of the country at large—not for this nor that clique—this or that class—not for merchants or banks alone—but for ALL! Democracy works for the benefit of ALL, then let ALL work for the advancement of Democratic principles.

HARRISON'S ANTIMASONRY.

The proofs of Harrison's Abolitionism are abundant and irrefutable. That he is fully identified with another faction, not less execrable in its design is proved by the following extract from his letter to an Antimasonic committee of Pennsylvania under date of Nov. 24th, 1835.

"Having made this correction, I proceed to state, as an answer to your first question, that I have in every instance when applied to, declared that I was not a MASON, AND THAT I WAS OPPOSED TO THE ORDER. When I wrote the letter of the 6th May, last, I was misinformed as to many of the obligations entered into by masons. I have since seen a part of the evidence in a trial in which Mr Stevens of Gettysburg was a party; and as from the disclosures then made, it appears that the obligations of the members of the order, as understood by a portion of them, are totally incompatible with their duty to the laws of their country. I can not but consider the existence of masonry as an evil both moral and political; however small and I trust and believe that small may be the number of those who hold these destructive and abominable opinions."

The Women of the Revolution.—The following is an extract from a letter written by a lady of high rank, and accomplished, residing in Philadelphia to a British officer living in Boston. I was sent to him soon after the Battle of Bunker Hill, and circulated at the time throughout the colonies, in the Revolutionary newspapers, from which the extract is copied.

"I will tell what I have done. My only brother I have sent to the camp with my prayers and blessings. I hope he will not disgrace me; I am confident he will behave with honor, and emulate the great examples he has before him. Had I twenty brothers and sons, they should. I have retrenched every superfluous expense in my table and family; tea I have not drank since last Christmas; nor bought a new cap or gown since your defeat at Lexington; and (what I never did before) I have learned to knit; with this new acquirement, I am now making stockings of American wool for my servants. In this way do I throw in my mite for the public good. I know this, that as free, I can die but once; but as a slave, I shall not be worthy of life. I have the pleasure to assure you, that these are the sentiments of all my sister Americans. They have sacrificed balls, assemblies, parties of pleasure, tea drinking and finery, to the great spirit of liberty that actuates all ranks and degrees of people throughout this extensive continent."

The Right of instruction.—The right of the people to instruct their representatives is by no means a novel practice, although the whigs call it one of those modern democratic innovations which is to overturn every thing. Our revolutionary fathers considered the right of instruction as one of the privileges they acquired in their great struggle for freedom. The following is copied from the Records of a town in Massachusetts, as entered in 1783:—

"You are to consider the confederacy of these states as sacred, and in no point to be violated."

"You are to use your endeavors that no absentee or conspirator against the U. States, whether they have taken up arms, against these states or not, be admitted to return, and those persons that have returned, you are not to suffer such persons to remain in this Commonwealth. You are to give your attention to all such further instructions as you shall receive from your constituents from time to time."

Harrison a Hero.—The last war was declared June 18, 1812. The first movement of Gen. Harrison with the North Western Army, was in May 1812. He resigned and went home, May, 11, 1813 just one year in service. The war continued, in fact, till January 8, 1815, though the Treaty was signed at Ghent December 24, 1814. The severest struggle, and nearly all the land vic-

tories, were after Harrison resigned. Thus Gen. Harrison was one year in the war, and then left his country to struggle on, in her darkest hour, for one year and eight months, while he, as Maj. Ben. Russell said of him in his Centinel in 1813, had "left the army for the comforts of the settled country." What a hero!—Boston Post.

FREEMEN READ!

From the Globe.
GENERAL HARRISON'S SHIPPING AND SELLING LAWS.

American women! read this, and then let your husbands, lovers, fathers, and brothers, know what you think of making General Harrison President.

"Receive on his or her bare back, thirty-nine lashes, well laid on, at the public whipping post."

Such is a law approved by General Harrison. (See laws of Indiana Territory, page 343.) What would you suppose was the heinous offence which Governor Harrison thought fit to have thus punished, for which a woman was to be stripped at the public whipping post, and receive thirty-nine lashes on her bare back, well laid on?

Will you not be amazed to find that this was the offence? (see the 10th section of the above law, entitled an act concerning servants.)

"If any person shall presume to deal with any servant, without such leave or consent, (that is, of the servant's master or owner,) he or she so offending shall forfeit and pay to the master or owner of such servant four times the value of the thing so bought, sold, or received, to be recovered with costs by an action on the case in any court of common law of this Territory; and shall also forfeit and pay the further sum of twenty dollars to any person who will sue for the same, or receive on his or her bare back thirty-nine lashes, well laid on, at the public whipping post, but shall nevertheless be liable to pay the costs of such suit."

Again, the same law, section 13, page 345 directs that when such servant shall be found "ten miles from the tenement of his or her master," without a pass, "any person may apprehend and carry him or her before a justice of the peace, to be, by his order, punished with stripes not exceeding thirty-five, at his discretion."

Again, the same law, section 14, page 346, directs that "if any slave or servant shall presume to come and be upon the plantation, or at the dwelling house of any person whatsoever," (whether white or black) "without leave from his or her owner, not being sent upon lawful business, it shall be lawful for the owner of such plantation or dwelling-house, to give or order such slave or servant ten lashes on his or her bare back."

And again, the 11th section of this same law concerning servants (page 344) has the following wholesale whipping provision:—"In all cases of penal laws where free persons are punishable by fine, servants shall be punished by whipping, after the rate of twenty seven lashes for every eight dollars, so that no servant shall receive more than forty lashes at any one time, unless such offender can procure some person to pay the fine."

Perhaps you may ask who were these servants who were to be subjected to this merciless code, and for presuming to deal with whom, free white men and women might, if unable to pay in money, be made to pay in lashes, well laid on at the public whipping post? Who were they? Why, they were poor white people, who by another law of this same General Harrison, had been found guilty of any offence (such as an assault, keeping a tavern or ferry without license, or any other petty misdemeanor,) and were unable to pay their fines, and the lawyers', clerks', and sheriffs' fees, and were directed to be sold at public auction to any person.

These were the people who, having no dollars, were to pay in lashes—twenty lashes for eight dollars; and these were the people, with whom, if a poor woman should presume to deal for a chicken or a dozen eggs, without the leave of their lordly masters, she might, if unable to pay twenty dollars, be taken to the public whipping post, and receive thirty-nine lashes on her bare back, well laid on, and then be sold to pay the costs.

If you are women of any spirit or sense—if you are the daughters of freemen—if you deserve to be mothers of freemen, let it be forthwith known what you will think of those who shall vote with this bare-back-woman-whipping party—give them your thoughts of the man who could approve such a law, and of those who support him, and let it be "well laid on."

WHICH IS THE PATRIOT?—While John Davis was shouting at the success of the British arms in Worcester, Massachusetts, James Buchanan, with his musket on his shoulder, marched as a private soldier, to defend Bal. city.

SGMETHING "DISPICIOUS."—"Sambo, I desire you to sleep wid one eye open, dese dark nights—dese's somethin berry dispicious comin!"

"What on arth you mean, Ike! what's de matter? tell us all bout em—don't ke ep poor nigger in de fence."

"Wal, de fac is, dat dese Scroub Treasury bill pas by Washington and Filadelfia, an he ant left a speck of skin on de shin of any nigger side dese deat'ful polk. He'll be here fare long, dat's sartin—den look out for your ole wool, Sambo!"

"Gosh amighty! dat dese critter comin here, —Don't git de chile arter dark widout a Spanish knife—mind dat, Ike!"—Connecticut Times.