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2-21-1839

## **Letter from George Tompkins to George Sibley, February 21, 1839**

George Tompkins

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George C. Sibley Esq.  
St. Charles  
Missouri

G. Tompkins  
21st FebY. '39  
Recd 26 FebY  
Salt Humbug  
letter of  
A. B. Chambers

21<sup>st</sup> FebY 1839 City of Jefferson

Dr Sir,

Some few years ago we were delighted and instructed by the essays of a person who from his frequent productions appearing in the St. Louis papers we must suppose lived at no great distance therefrom. His name not recollected; his age, complexion & station in life never known to me being incurious about these as many other important matters. I have heard however that this person was an intimate of yours; he pretended great intimacy with the great high priest of democracy in & for the state of Mo. and often gave us copies of his letters to the said sovereign pontiff. But whether his infallible holiness ever honored with his private correspondence the said author I do not now remember to have been informed. So it is however that to me it seemeth that this author might now with honor to himself and interest to the publick commence anew his labors; for not withstanding all the salt speeches of the great Senatorial high priest we of the Boonslick country have been compelled to pay this winter from two to three dollars pr bushel for salt not measured according to the good old custom but absolutely weighed, and frequently dripping, as I am told from the very few salt pans in our country. Surely he does not ---(?); otherwise the senate chamber will have resounded with more salt orations- Nay he might have shipped for our relief a few thousand bushels (from the state honored with his residence) to be distributed gratuitously among his faithful friends and admirers till the affairs of the union



could be properly regulated.

One life is often too short a time to accomplish great national reforms: accordingly our great man tells the legislature, in his last instructions given them, that as yet he has been able to do but little for them. Eighteen years have however elapsed; and it would be extravagant to ask of heaven to send us the same agent for another space of 18 years; and if little has been done in 18 years past- probably not much more can be done in the next 18. What then is to be done? It would be rash and presumptuous to expect the laws of nature to be suspended for our political purposes. Let then the democracy of Missouri earnestly intreat the Great Rep. in the U. S. senate to educate one of his sons in his own political faith and imbue him with the genuine democratic principles. The Good people of Missouri ever true to themselves would not fail to bestow on the son the love and confidence earned by the father: they are and will continue to be too just to fail to do so: thus in a just and legitimate manner the father may live and save the people in the person of the son. Now you know that a Great democratic convention assembles next fall at the Capital of the state; and what subject more worthy of their deliberations than this? The governor, that the better informed supposed he was training up in the right way for the good people of Missouri, we all know was lost in the bloody swamp of Florida: and the wailings of the assembly for the winter past have not retrieved the loss. The Mormon campaigns even have failed to produce a warrior of note enough for governor. Something must be done for the good cause.

There are yet living some wicked people that remember the Territorial Bank of Missouri and say that it issued immense amounts of notes of one dollar each- nay it is even said for fifty cents. These

things will surely come to the ears of the democracy together with the fact that this said bank was the protégé of our Senator. He ought to be asked to explain all these matters lest the Federalists make mischief of them. Some one wrote on the desk of Boileau at the French Academy "Brutus t--(?) do-()"

Yet how much more important are these matters than the paltry scribblings of Boileau and Perrault about the relative excellencies of ancient and modern writers.

You ought to rouse your friend from his slumbers

Adieu and may you prosper

G Tompkins