

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.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. WEBB.

Volume III.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1839.

Number 2.

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT,
OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MAIN-ST.

TERMS:

The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable half yearly in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year.

No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; nor any discontinuance permitted, until all arrearages are discharged.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be conspicuously inserted at One Dollar for the first three insertions, and Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year. LETTERS addressed on business, must be post paid.

WISCONSIN.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

THE FIFTIETH YEAR.

The 4th of March, (of the past month,) was the fiftieth anniversary of the government of the United States, under the present constitution. Finding that the old articles of confederation were not strong enough to bind the States together, and that when relieved from the external pressure of common danger, the binding force of those articles was little stronger than a rope of sand, the Convention of 1787 was convoked by the patriotism of the country, and our present glorious constitution was the result of their wisdom. During the year 1788, the States were engaged in discussing the new constitution, and proposing the amendments, made conditions precedent to its adoption. The consequence of the delay was, that the constitution itself did not go into effect till the 4th of March, 1839. The semi-centennial anniversary of this event, therefore, came upon us on the 4th of the present month, and the event itself was celebrated at Washington on that day, by many distinguished gentlemen, Senators, Representatives and others, by a dinner, and appropriate toasts and speeches.

But although the constitution became of full force and virtue on the 4th of March, 1789, the wheels of the government were not brought into full play until nearly two months afterward. The inference is, that in those days of pure patriotism, men were less greedy of office than at present. For although both Houses of Congress attempted to assemble on the day prescribed by the new constitution, which was the 4th of March, yet a quorum of neither houses appeared, and both Houses were obliged to adjourn over from day to day, week after week before either could be organized.—Thrice did the attending members of the Senate address circulars to the absentees, urging them to come and take their Seats. It was not therefore, until the 1st of April that a quorum appeared in the House of that month, that by the arrival of Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, the Senate was enabled to organize and proceed to business. John Langdon was elected President of the Senate, pro tempore, and Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, Speaker of the House.

The first act of Congress was to count the votes of President and Vice President. Only ten States had placed themselves within the pale of the Union by ratifying the constitution. The whole number of votes given was sixty-nine, every one of which was spontaneously given to GEORGE WASHINGTON, for President. The vote for Vice President stood—for John Adams 34; John Jay 9, Robert H. Harrison 6, John Rutledge 5, John Hancock 4, George Clinton 3, Samuel Huntington and John Milton 2 each, and one each for Edward Telfair, James Armstrong and Benjamin Lincoln.

The result having been ascertained, Chas. Thompson, the Secretary of the old Congress, was despatched to Mount Vernon, as commissioner to notify the chief of his election, and accompany him to New York to enter upon the duties of his exalted sta-

tion. His progress was one of triumph, and his arrival in New York, on the 23d of April, was hailed with a degree of patriotic enthusiasm which has never been equalled since—and but once approached. That approach was made on the arrival of La Fayette, in the summer of 1824. The marshal who conducted the pageant of the day yet survives—General Morgan Lewis.

The inauguration of the President did not take place till the 30th of April. The Vice President, John Adams, had been inducted into office a few days before without public ceremony. The oath of office was administered upon the terrace in front of the ancient City Hall, at the head of Broad street, by Chancellor Livingston, dressed in a full suit of black. The Secretary of the Senate held the Bible upon a rich cushion of crimson velvet. The man on whom all eyes were fixed, stretched forth his hand with simplicity and dignity. The oath was administered. The Bible was raised, and his head bowed upon it to kiss the sacred volume. The Chancellor then proclaimed that it was done, in a full distinct voice, and in the following words:—"Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" The silence of thousands was at an end—the air was rent with acclamations, dictated by reason, and bursting from the hearts and tongues of men, who felt that the happiness of themselves, their posterity, and their country was secure.

From the Hall, the President, Vice President, the members of both houses of Congress, and a large concourse of people, proceeded to Trinity Church, where the august ceremonies of the day were closed by solemn religious services conducted by Bishop Provoost. Such was a bird's eye glance of fifty years ago; and in view of the fact that the inauguration of the first President took place in this city, and that the wheels of Government were first set in motion here, the New York Historical Society has very properly resolved to celebrate the day on which the crowning work was done, by appropriate exercises and festivities. A committee has been appointed with instructions to procure the delivery of a discourse on the 30th of April ensuing, and to make such other arrangements as may be judged expedient.

THE WEALTH OF A COUNTRY DEPENDS UPON ITS FARMERS AND MECHANICS.

What is wealth? Those things which are convenient and necessary to use, and which administers to our wants and comforts. Money alone cannot, therefore, be considered as wealth, because if the articles or things above mentioned are not to be had or not in existence, a man would be poor indeed, though he was loaded with gold and silver. If he were hungry, and there was no bread to be bought, his gold would be of little service.

It is true, mankind, by common consent, have agreed that gold and silver should be the signs and evidence of property, or in other words, the measure of property: and he who has a certain amount of it, has evidence of so much wealth. He can change it for the very things which do in fact constitute wealth.

Thus a man who has a hundred dollars in his pocket, has a ticket, as it were to entitle him to enter into the possession of 100 bushels of corn, or 100 yards of cloth, or 100 acres of wild land, or a yoke of oxen, or a horse and wagon, as the case may be. But if these things do not exist, and he needs them, his ticket is of no more use, than if he had a ticket to go into a theatre, and it should be burned down before he used it.

She elements of wealth therefore consist in material productions brought together, changed and modified by the hand of man, of the Farmer and Mechanic. Commerce, though necessary and honorable, is nothing more than the moving or changing of these productions from place to place.

It has always appeared singular to us, that

merchants should consider themselves, as too many, far too many of them do, above the farmers and mechanics, merely on account of their profession, when they are indeed only teamsters to the others. They are the agents to transport their productions hither and thither, as calls may exist for them.

But to return to the subject. If we are right in the position we have taken, that wealth consists in natural productions changed and wrought upon by the labor of man, it follows that the country which possesses the most of the elements or materials to work upon such a good soil—abundance of water power—forests of timber—quarries of different kinds of stone, mines, and beds of different kinds of materials, &c. &c. must have the most natural wealth.

It then requires the hand of industry and skill to put these materials into shape, and to put them together form real, substantial wealth.—This is the duty of the farmer and mechanic.

The more industrious and skilful this class is, the more wealth will be accumulated in the country. Do farmers and mechanics consider these things rightly? Are they not too apt to think themselves mere plodders and servants in the increase of wealth? And, indeed, is there not a false standard of respectability too much in use in society, and are not the productive classes apt to measure themselves by it?—This standard appears to be idleness and a fine coat; and consequently, the more idle a man can be, and finer the dress, the more of a gentleman. Not so. Respectability should consist in an improved mind, and skilful and industrious hands. Moral qualifications being equal, he should have the most honor, who, by the combination of the efforts of his mind and physical powers has contributed more largely to the increase of those things which contribute wealth.

Such a one has done more for the amelioration of Society, than a thousand unproductive dandies, who loiter in the shade and wash in Cologne. And society should bestow upon such, a corresponding meed of honor.—Maine Farmer.

ESTERINE, OR THE BANDIT'S DAUGHTER.

BY WM. R. LINDSAY.

'Look out upon the heavens, Esterine, and tell me how fares the night!'

The individual thus addressed, was a young lady apparently about nineteen years of age, and of interesting appearance.—Her lofty forehead; her dark and intellectual eye; and her glossy ringlets that fell in luxuriant tresses over her fawn-like neck—combined with her fairy form, all tended to make her an object worthy of adoration.—She arose from the sofa, on which she had been reclining and going to the mouth of the cave, she immediately returned, and resuming her position, replied—

'Tis dark as midnight—the wind whistles through the ruins of the chapel, wherein 'tis said the murdered Jaquez holds his revels; and save the hooting of the owl, tranquility assumes the sway.'

'Alas! poor Henriquez!' murmured the dejected Bandit, 'cold and solitary will be thy dungeon bed to-night—thou who knowest no fear—and whose loftiest ambition was to save thy captain from the capture of his foes.'

'But thinkest not, father, we can avert his fate?' asked Esterine, as a tear trickled down her rosy cheek.

'Nay, Esterine, would that it could be so! But, alas! the tyrants have ensnared their prize—and even now the King may have signed the instrument of death—and ere the return of our noble comrades, Henriquez will be no more! Oh, that these wounds would permit me, alone would I attempt his rescue.'

'But, father, sure our comrades return, ere two suns from this.'

'True, but the going down of to-morrow's sun, will find Henriquez no longer among the living. Already is his death

warrant on the road—and the executioner awaiting but its receipt.

What hour brings the postman there?'—asked Esterine.

'The hour of seven will find him on the scraggy moor. The bloody corpse lies but a few rods therefrom—'twas there, my child, we twice routed our pursuers, and returning as oft to the charge, covered with blood and dust, did Henriquez deal death around him—like a lion the brave youth broke into their ranks, encouraging his firm comrades to strike for victory and Hildebrand! Such deeds, Esterine I can never forget.'

At seven he scours the scraggy moor! thus far 'tis well. And now, father, commend thyself to sleep—this night the deed is done, which prolongs the life of Henriquez. Good night.'

This said, she retired to an inner chamber to prepare for a daring enterprise.

The iron tongue of time had told ten upon the drowsy ear of night, when Esterine again made her appearance. She was habited in the garb of a way-faring man—her countenance appeared hideous from the manner in which she had arranged the different shades of paint—in her hand she carried a pilgrim's staff—whilst concealed in the folds of a leather jerkin, could be distinctly seen a brace of silver-mounted pistols. Hildebrand was reclining on a couch, seemingly wrapped in a deep study. He started at the entrance of Esterine, for under her disguise he recognized her not.—Quick as thought his sword gleamed from the reflection of the fire, above the unconscious girl—when with a tremulous voice she cried out, 'Do you not know your Esterine? The arm of Hildebrand fell, as he demanded, 'What means this attire? art thou crazy?' 'Nay, father, but I have sworn to prolong the life of Henriquez, or die in the attempt! I know the danger I run into, but the death of Henriquez adds another victim to the grave!' The eyes of Hildebrand glistened with delight as he gazed upon his heroic daughter, and clasping her to his bosom, whilst the tears of joy rolled down his weather-beaten cheek, he proudly said, 'Go my child, and may God crown yours efforts.'

Esterine, after taking farewell of her parent, hurried on her matured mission. The rain poured down in torrents—the loud roaring of the mountain billows broke upon the stillness of the night—tremendous thunder rolled in the distance—the angry waves dashing against the shore threw the white surf high in the air—and the lightning's blue flames like lighted fire danced the ocean. She had left the forest far behind, and was now winding her way round a narrow path which led past the tower of the condemned. At length she paused: shrill was the blasts of wind that swept over the turrets of that lofty tower, and echoed through the leafless limbs of the aged oaks. How memorable was the scene before her. At this tower many a heart sunk with horror—many a doating mother parted with her darling son—and many a tender bride hung weeping on the bosom of her husband. Again she pursued her journey, and as she neared the tower, the sentinel demanded, 'who goes there?'

'A pilgrim, returned Esterine, 'bound for the holy Mecca, to seek absolution of his sins.'

'God protect those who thus seek forgiveness at the Mecca such a night as this. But a poor prisoner needs holy prayers within this dungeon. Poor Henriquez! will you not pray with him holy father?'

'In God's name I will! Lead me to the prisoner,' replied the pseudo pilgrim.

The sentinel conducted Esterine through the gloomy vaults of the tower, and stopping at a loathsome dungeon, he threw open the door which led to the ill-fated Henriquez. The light of the lamp fell upon the victim, who started from his pallet of straw, on the entrance of the sentinel, and in a firm voice, demanded if his hour had come!

'Nay,' returned the sentinel, 'I have brought with me a holy father to prepare you for your coming fate. I will now leave you

to your devotional exercises.' So saying, he retired, turning the key in the door of cell.

'Henriquez,' said Esterine, as she heard the last faint foot fall of the sentinel leave the sounding corridor, 'I have come to save you!'

Henriquez started. He gazed upon the person who stood before him: could he be deceived? that look—that voice! no he could not—it was his beloved Esterine, and rushing into her arms, he pressed her to his heart.

'And you come to visit the condemned brigand—oh, Esterine, how can I repay your grateful love?—in a few more hours the green sod will be heaped upon my lifeless corpse; and a cold shudder shook his manly frame.

'No, Henriquez, rather say that a few more hours will find you at the head of your comrades, to save the life of Esterine!'

'Alas it cannot be!' replied the youthful brigand, 'surely you would not remain a hostage within these damp walls?'

'Tis for that I have come,' returned the devoted girl; 'But, quick! there is no time to lose! doff thy prison habiliments, and array thyself in this disguise! I have long been anxious to see how convict costume would become the frame of Esterine Tyler.'

Henriquez expostulated with her on the danger of her situation, but to no avail; she seemed determined to maintain the stand she had taken; and Henriquez, seeing that she could not be shaken in her purposes, reluctantly conceded to her wishes.

After they had metamorphosed themselves in the change of attire, Esterine scanning herself from head to foot in a broken mirror which hung against the dingy wall laughingly said, 'This garb befits me as though I were a queen—what's your opinion, coz?'

Henriquez was about to reply, when the approaching foot fall of the sentinel struck upon their ears, and Esterine, seizing him by the arm, softly whispered to him, 'Hold tight your chains—let not their clanking betray us!' and falling on her knees, with her face buried in her hands, she seemed devoutly engaged in prayer.

Again the huge door grated on its hinges and the sentinel entering, announced it time for the pilgrim to take leave of the prisoner. Henriquez unhesitatingly followed the sentinel to the door, and turning on the threshold, murmured in a feigned voice, 'God bless the unfortunate Henriquez!' A stifled sob from the supposed prisoner, was the only answer.

When the door had again closed, Esterine instinctively placed her ear to the floor and listened attentively to the receding steps until they could be no longer distinguished, when to her great joy she heard the sentinel proclaim in his usual tone, 'How's the morn,' and Henriquez immediately replied, 'All's well.'

'Thank God!' exclaimed Esterine, 'he's past the Rubicon—and all is safe!'—and stretching herself upon her pallet of straw she was soon locked in the embrace of Morpheus.

The morning of the fatal day had at length arrived; and the glimmering stars were fading on one by one, when a band of bandits were seen winding around the cliff which led to the tower of the condemned. Henriquez was at their head—and anxiously did he await the orient rays of the rising sun, which was the signal of his mistress' rescue, or of the death of his valiant band. Already did he hear the chanting of the death song floating on the breeze, and the clear voice of Esterine, as if inspired with hope, arose in prayer. The signal time had come—each hand grasped its rapier—each eye was riveted upon the tower which contained the object of their affections—when the deep rolling of the pistol of the infuriated Henriquez told plainly the unerring aim of the marksman. The sentinel reeled and fell as the ball passed through