

# 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

H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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**TERMS:**

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## POETRY.



From the Boston Times.

### Whig Picture Book.

The Cay Club of this city are about publishing a book for children (of larger growth) illustrated with cuts, and intended to glorify the "Mill-boy of the Slashes," in the eyes of millions. A few proof sheets have fallen into our hands. The frontispiece presents Henry Clay as the Farmer of Ashland, mounted on a splendid horse, and dressed in a suit of superfine broadcloth, bowing to an imaginary Clay Club. To this is appended the following lines:

Oh, who is here so fine and grand,  
With spur on heels and hat in hand?  
'Tis he—the Farmer of Ashland—  
My Harry.

It follows a practical illustration of the wisdom and consistency of the "Farmer," preceded by and mingled with some resolute stanzas:—

Who rode on Dobbin, old and kind,  
Mill-ward his father's corn to grind,  
With shirt tail fluttering behind?  
My Harry.

[Effigy of Shirt Tail]

Who wants to reach the Union's summit,  
But still as far as ever from it— [?]  
Who tried three times and could not come  
[Engraving of Jack and Gill in their involuntary descent from the hill-top, after the alteration of their pail of total abstinence.]

Who is in peace than Moses meeker,  
Yet in debate a whole hog steaker?  
Who said G—d—n you! to the Speaker?  
My Harry.

Who once denounced a monster bank  
And thought its charter treason rank—  
And now stands up for it, point blank?  
My Harry.

[Portrait of a gentleman looking two ways for Sunday.]

Who healed the protective clan,  
And on free trade pronounced his ban?  
Yet now he is no tariff man?  
My Harry.

Who once abused old Johnny Q.  
And said his statements were untrue,  
Yet helped to elect him chief?  
My Harry.

Who joined the masons long ago,  
Took six degrees—he liked it so—  
Yet tries to dodge the Order now?  
My Harry.

Who lands religion—frowns on vice—  
Sets high on coxks, and shakes the dice?  
And thinks a "Hel" a Paradise?  
My Harry.

Oh, who to station high was born—  
(Though adverse facts his flags have torn)  
Who'll be elected—in a horn!  
My Harry.

\*Gambling house.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From Goly's Lady's Book.

### THE CONFIRMED BACHELOR.

BY MYSELF.

**BENEDICK.** I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviour to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love.—*Much Ado about Nothing.*

"Will Mary, is there no end to that letter you are reading? I have been waiting fifteen minutes for my second cup of coffee."

"Excuse me, brother—I am really so overjoyed at its contents that I forgot your cup."

"Overjoyed! strange kind of overjoy crying as fast as you can. But that is the way with you women, there is no understanding you—pshaw, sister, you have emptied the sugar bowl into my cup. If," said her brother rising from the table, "people would write letters of proper length, there would not be such waste of valuable time in reading them—as if a half dozen lines could not say all that was necessary."

"You don't ask whom my letter is from, brother. You do not know how much you are interested in its contents."

"Oh! from some love sick girl, telling you of all the conquests she made at the last ball, and how many declarations followed."

"You were never more mistaken in your life, there is not a word about lovers in the whole letter. Fanny Thorn is no love sick maiden, but a—"

"Oh! no doubt a very charming interesting lady, like all your sex, Mary.—But it's nine o'clock and I must go; a man of business stopping to chat with a girl like you."

"But business or no, brother," said Mary, with an affectionate smile, "you must waste a little time to hear my letter—and a woman's letter too."

"What can a bachelor like myself have to do with your letter; but hurry, child, I have a dozen things to attend to before court opens."

"Well, then," said Mary a little diffidently, "my letter says, my dear friend Fanny Thorn will be here the day after tomorrow to pay me a visit of two months."

"Let her come, Mary. I do not wish to interfere with your plans, your happiness. Only remember I am a man of business; and besides, I am a confirmed bachelor—in unchangeable Benedick; so that you and your friend must take care of yourselves—no attentions from me, sister. Do as pleases yourself; and let me do the same. Two young ladies in the house," said her soliloquizing brother, "how the deuce am I to get along with them? and with this puzzling point in his mind Henry Dorrance, attorney at law, entered his comfortable office rooms, and in a few minutes had totally forgotten that there was such a thing as women in the world."

Henry and Mary Dorrance were brother and sister, and had been separated from each other ever since the death of their mother, which took place when Mary was ten years old. Henry was the eldest of several children, all of whom died except Mary, the youngest the darling of her mother and the plaything of the tall handsome man, her brother, who for some years had been established as a lawyer in the town of Bedford. Mrs. Dorrance, on her death bed, called her son to her and told him to write to his aunt, a widowed sister of his mother who lived about two hundred miles distant, and to say that her dying request was to fulfil a promise long since made, that if her child was left motherless she would become a mother to her and that now she committed to her the sacred trust, with full confidence in her affection and faithfulness. Henry wept bitter tears before he could comply with her commands; for his mother was dearer to him than "aught beside;" and now to realize that he was to lose her, his best counsellor, his affectionate friend and parent, one who had so often cheered and sustained him under difficulties, wrong his heart with grief; and the man and the lawyer were overpowered by the deep affliction of the son. After a few days of suffering Mrs. Dorrance died; her last look of affection rested upon her two children who stood by her

bedside. She had placed her hand for a moment on the head of the bewildered Mary, and ere it was raised she had ceased to breathe.

After the sad ceremonies for the departed were ended, Henry had another painful duty to perform, to take his little sister to her new home. How much did he wish she was to remain with him, and how sorrowful and lonely did he feel, as he saw the preparations for her departure. On the journey he found her becoming dearer to him than ever, and he was only induced to leave her with his aunt by the remembrance of his mother's request. Mary threw her arms round his neck, and said he should never leave her; but when the violence of her grief overcame her she was gently forced away, Henry kissing her again and again, and telling her that when she was a woman she should come and keep his house.

Years passed on and the brother at first wrote frequently and tenderly to his sister, but as the duties of his profession increased, he became so absorbed by them, as to become forgetful of his sister, and regardless of the claims which society had upon him. He avoided marriage, and though proverbial for his indifference to female fascinations, the eminent lawyer of Bedford was still regarded by the ladies as a matrimonial speculation of first quality. When his letter of a half dozen lines was sent to Mary it still bore the same heading, "My dear little sister," for in his abstraction he had totally forgotten that she was any thing else; so that he was surprised and somewhat bewildered on receiving a letter from the town where she lived, stating the sudden decease of his aunt, and requesting that he would immediately come to his sister, who was overwhelmed with grief at her loss.

His kindly feelings were moved at the mention of his sister's sorrow, and he set out on the journey with alacrity; and when he found in that sister, a tall, graceful, handsome girl of twenty two, with all the intelligence of his mother in her face, he felt like a new being, and it seemed as if he was once more the young man leaning again on a mother's counsel and love. In her aunt, Mary Dorrance found all that she had lost in her mother, so that under her wise, pious direction, she was one charming both in person and mind, free from affectation of manners. There was now no relative left to her except her brother, and under his roof she must henceforth obtain protection. With a comfortable fortune of her own she was independent; but there she must be, notwithstanding the bachelor had a great many embarrassing thoughts as to how it would be possible for him to get along with one of that sex that he had classed as troublesome and trifling. He did not hesitate, however to assure the weeping girl that he would both protect and love her, with a brother's true affection. He immediately wrote to a friend to have a house prepared for his return so that it might suit a "bachelor" and his sister, and leaving the arrangement wholly to his taste and judgment.

After an absence of about two weeks he returned to Bedford, and established Mary as mistress of his house, and she had been in that office nearly six months when the conversation we have related took place at the breakfast table.

Mary had felt deeply her aunt's death and with it the loss of the society of all those dear friends among whom she had lived so happily. The sister of Mr. Dorrance did not want for civilities of a flattering character in her new position, and she received and reciprocated them with good breeding and gratitude; but still her affectionate heart missed the old friends she had been taken from, and in the necessary loneliness of a bachelors home, sighed often for their pleasant society, and for none more so than that of Fanny Thorn. No wonder then that her joy was great, to learn that it was now in Fanny's power to visit her.—They were congenial in taste and character, had been companions from childhood, and were friends out of pure esteem for the worth which each saw in the other to possess. When Mr. Dorrance returned to dinner, he appeared to have no collection of Fanny's intended visit, though Mary asked him many questions about the weather, the safety of railroads and the time of the cars coming in.—He answered her, and then said it was natural he believed for ladies to ask questions, and yet as he left the room

he was struck by the very happy and lovely expression of her countenance.

The next morning proved fair and bright as Mary's hopes, she had slept soundly and fancied she had much to do.

As she handed her brother his coffee she said, "To-morrow we shall be a trio at breakfast, and I hope my brother is prepared to be very agreeable to my friend Fanny."

"Agreeable, Mary! What do you mean? That I am to flatter and talk nonsense to your friend? Suppose I take breakfast in my own room. With you, Mary, I have managed to get along with another lady, I cannot see how it is to be done. She will expect me to bow, compliment and offer my arm on every occasion. I cannot do it. My mind must not be cowed by such trifles. Do not look so sad, Mary.—Make Miss Thorn as welcome as you can. Act freely, only no attentions from me."

"But brother, Miss Thorn will not feel pleasant to know she has driven you from your breakfast table; besides, it will be uncivil."

"Miss Thorn, my dear Mary, will have to learn that I am a man of business, and have no time to waste on ladies. I told you, sister, that you would not like a bachelor's ways. Women do so many things that there is no use of doing, that a man of business who knows the value of time can scarcely get along with them. Women ought to live a great deal longer than men; for twenty years of their life is not equal to ten of a man's, they trifle so."

"But still, Henry," said Mary, her beautiful eyes involuntarily filling with tears, "I must insist upon you not altering your old practice of breakfasting with me; do not for my sake, I entreat you."

"Well, if that will satisfy you, I won't." And heaving a deep sigh, as if he had a presage of further evils, he said, "I hope that this is all."

"All for the present, brother," said Mary, laughing. "I shall see you at dinner."

"No, not at dinner, for I am obliged to go out of town on the Green-Hill business, and will not be in until late in the evening."

Fanny Thorn arrived safely in the town and was welcomed amid the smiles and tears of the warm-hearted Mary.—They embraced again and again and kissed each other with all the ardor of the purest of love. Mary conducted her friend to the apartment she had prepared for her reception, and there they poured out their hearts, the one totally forgetting that her brother was to be no abettor in all her plans, and the other unconscious that she was an inmate of the house of the most important gentleman in the neighborhood—the celebrated Mr. Dorrance—still a bachelor in defiance of the ladies.

It will be not worth while to tell what the ladies said between their meeting and tea-time, lest some of my readers might charge the fair couple with trifling, which Mr. Dorrance pronounced to be the province of women; but never tea-table was graced by two lovelier maidens than that of the invulnerable Mr. Dorrance.

"I must apologize for the absence of my brother. Business of importance has called him out of town, and I shall not have the pleasure of presenting you to him until morning; but he desired me to make you perfectly at home."

"He is very kind, Mary, but he is not at all like you. What must I expect to see? You wrote me word that he was a confirmed bachelor." Has he been deceived by one of our sex, and therefore empties his ink bottle on the whole of us?"

"Oh no—he has lived apart from the influence of females since the death of my dear mother, and has denounced us all as a body of triflers—harmless I believe he thinks we are, but rather an unnecessary part of creation."

Well then, what do we do will make no impression on him—he is good or ill—he will range it under the gems, trifles—and so let it pass."

"Oh yes—he is very kind to me; but as he says in his old way, I am his sister and take attention or do without it as a matter of course."

"And that circumstance is no fault of his. But your house is in very good taste, and your piano of excellent tone,"

said Fanny, as she rose from the table and ran her fingers over the keys.

Mary was soon at their side and they sang together all their old songs as they were wont to do in the large old fashioned parlour, of their aunt at Tarran.

On entering the breakfast room the next morning, Mary was somewhat surprised to find her brother already there reading the morning paper. She led Fanny forward, and with a sweetness and affection that might have awakened a sympathy in the bosom of old Kate, said, "My dear brother, allow me to present Miss Thorn to you, or in other words, my friend Fanny, that you have heard so much about."

Mr. Dorrance rose, bowed, and lawyer as he was, stammered and was embarrassed by the presence of the lovely girl who stood before him. He soon, however, regained his composure, and made the usual enquiries as to Miss Thorn's journey, her health, and hoped Mary would make her visit agreeable. They were soon seated at the breakfast table. Mr. Dorrance seemed scarcely to know whether he was to pursue his old plan of reading as he sipped his coffee. The ladies talked as if he were not present, and had he looked up he would have seen a mischievous smile in Mary's eyes occasioned by his perplexity, which she vain tried to conceal. He got through the breakfast, and Mary thought she heard him give a sigh of relief as he closed the door. Certain it is that he looked round his office rooms that morning with an air of peculiar satisfaction to find nothing that in any degree resembled a woman, and turned over the pages of his books with a feeling of luxury "These speak," said the bachelor, "with tongues."

"Your brother is by no means an ogre, Mary, or any thing like the beast that Beauty lived with, but a handsome, intelligent looking gentleman. When I know him better, I shall venture to inquire to 'what dread cause' we owe his aversion to our sex."

"Not only intelligent looking, but really so. If we could open his eyes to regard Heaven's last best gift as he ought, what a charming addition he would be to our society."

Days passed by, and Miss Thorn had become quite accustomed to the grave manner of Mr. Dorrance. She could laugh as lightly and sing as sweetly in his presence as if he were some lifeless statue "who had ears and heard not." But ears he had, and eyes too, and though he took no notice of her, she was always in his hands, yet his thoughts were often occupied with the two ladies of his house than with the contents of either. They were problems he could not solve. They talked so much about incidents unworthy a thought, their movements were so rapid and light, and they were always pleased. It was a mystery to him what they were made of.

One morning as Mary and he were alone Fanny having gone out, her brother remarked, "I thought you said Miss Thorn was entirely unacquainted in our town."

"So she was, before her visit."

"Why, Mr. Grey speaks of her as though he knew her very intimately, and detained me a long time yesterday with a tirade of congratulations on my having so delightful a lady an inmate of my house, asking me what I thought of the contour of her face—her voice—her conversational powers—her form—when, in fact"—

"When, in fact, my dear brother did not know that she possessed any thing worth looking at, or listening to. Mr. Grey is not so insensible to female charms as Mr. Dorrance and yet Mr. Grey is no trifler. Fanny is riding with him this morning."

"Riding! Has Grey nothing more to do than ride with the ladies? His prospects are fine, but such proceedings will ruin him. And moreover, he is, he told me, far from expert at driving. Miss Thorn is not safe with him."

"Do not be concerned; they are on horse back; and if you could have seen how exceedingly lovely Fanny looked when mounted, even you would have wished Mr. Grey anywhere else than by her side."

Mr. Dorrance was silent for a few moments. "It is strange, Mary, when I have a carriage, that you should not have mentioned the pleasure I would have in driving her out. It seems you have no proper idea of things. I am acquainted with all the drivers round the country, and Miss Thorn ought to see them before she leaves you."

"Oh Fanny has been to them all."

"A! When and with whom?"

"Mr. Grey and other gentlemen," said Mary, laughing as her brother closed the

door muttering, "The deuce take Grey—he had better have been in his office."

We cannot divine why, but during dinner Mr. Dorrance certainly looked very often at Fanny while she talked of her pleasure ride with Mr. Grey.

"Miss Thorn, my carriage is at the service of yourself and my sister whenever you desire to ride," said Mr. Dorrance, with an easier and more so, iable manner than he had ever yet assumed towards her.

Fanny thanked him, and insensibly they fell into a conversation concerning scenery and buildings, and the difference between the town and country pursuits, until Mary said it was four o'clock, and the bachelor, with an embarrassed air, at the thought of conversing an hour with a lady, rose and bowed to them as he left the room.

While Mr. Dorrance had been so indifferent to Miss Thorn and her charms; they had been fully appreciated by his friends. Mr. Grey was not the first who had spoken to him of her beauty, and whether he feared he had not been sufficiently polite to an inmate of his own house, we cannot say; but certainly henceforth he lingered longer at the table, and even was guilty of a few little acts of gallantry to the ladies.

After dinner, one day, he threw some concert tickets on the table and said, "The concert of to night promises much. There are tickets for Miss Thorn and yourself."

"Oh thank you, brother, but how shall we get there? unless Mr. Grey or some one comes in, we shall have no escort."

"Why, is it too entirely unfashionable for one gentleman to attend to two ladies?"

"But we have not one," said Mary, hesitating, "unless you spend an evening for one in so useless a manner."

"Of course, Mary, I intend going. I once thought you had more quickness than most of your sex; but I do not know what is the matter with you; you are dull at comprehending the most simple thing."

"Oh, remember I am only Miss Dorrance not Mr.," said Mary laughing, as she ran up stairs to Fanny.

"What wonder next, Fanny? My brother asks you to sing after breakfast, brings concert tickets after dinner, and accompanies us in propria persona after tea. Oh, my confirmed bachelor brother; I begin to have hopes of you after all."

The concert was delightful; Fanny and Mary two of the greatest beauties there, and Mr. Dorrance the most envied of men.

As they prepared for sleep, Fanny said, "Really, Mary, your brother was almost as agreeable as Mr. Grey."

"I had little opportunity of judging," replied Mary in a sleepy tone, and the conversation ended.

To Mary's deep regret there remained but one week of Fanny's visit; nearly two months since she came. Why does time when we are so happy travel on so quickly? How they counted the hours when they must part to meet again, under such pleasant circumstances; perhaps no more.

"With your approbation, Henry, I shall have a number of friends, to spend Wednesday evening with me before my dear Fanny leaves me."

"Just as you please, my little sister, but why must Miss Thorn go so soon?—Is she weary of this place and its gaieties?"

"Fanny has only one sister, and she is a deeply afflicted one. To be away any longer, she says would be heartless and unkind. I suppose I shall have your company if not your assistance on Wednesday.—Mr. Grey knowing your distaste for such things, has offered his services."

"Mr. Grey has grown officious," said Mr. Dorrance, pettishly; "I don't see how he can know any thing of my tastes or distastes."

"Oh," said Mary, coloring, he meant no offence; I thought you esteemed Mr. Grey as one remarkable for every virtue."

"Esteem him? So I do; but he need not interfere with my duties."

Every thing in the way of preparation went on well; but a few refusals came, and Fanny and Mary were beyond description beautiful as they stood together to receive their guests for the evening. Many bright