COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"That Government is the best which governs least."

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Columbia Democrat.

The Drunkard's Remorse.

BY PROF. LONGFELLOW.

AIR—"*I'm sitting on the stile, Mary.*"

I'm thinking on thy smile, Mary—
Thy bright and trusting smile—
In the morning of our youth and love,
E're sorrow came, or guile.
When thine arms were twined about my neck,
And mine locked into thine,
And the heart that throbbed for me alone
Was nestling close to mine.

I'm thinging of the night, Mary,
The night of grief and shame,
When with drunken ravings on my lips,
To thee I homeward came:—
O, the tear was in thy earnest eye,
And thy bosom wildly heaved,
Yet a smile of love was on thy cheek,
Though thy heart was sorely grieved.

O, my words were harsh to thee, Mary,
For the wine-cup drove me wild,
And I chid thee when thine eyes were sad,
And curs'd thee when they smiled,
God knows I lov'd thee even then,
But the fire was in my brain,
And the curse of drink was in my heart
To make my love a bane.

Thou'rt resting in the church-yard now,
And no stone is at thy head;
But the sexton knows a drunkard's wife
Sleeps in that lowly bed;—
And he says the hand of God, Mary,
Will fall with crushing weight
On the wretch that brought thy gentle life
To its untimely fate.

But he knows not of the broken heart
I bear within my breast,
Or the heavy load of vain remorse
That will not let me rest:
He knows not of the sleepless nights,
When dreaming of thy love,
I seem to see thine angel eyes
Look coldly from above.

Thou'rt slumbering in the peaceful grave,
And thy sleep is dreamless now,
But the seal of an undying grief
Is on thy mourner's brow;
And my heart is chill as thine, Mary,
For the joys of life have fled,
And I long to lay my aching breast
With the cold silent dead.

THE FISHERMAN.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

There lived an honest fisherman,
I knew him passing well,
Who lived hard by a little pond,
Within a little dell.
A grave and quiet man was he,
Who loved his hook and rod;
So *seen* ran his *line* of life,
His neighbors thought it *odd*.

For science and for books, he said,
He never had a wish,
No school to him was worth a fig,
Except a "school of fish."
The single minded fisherman
A double calling had,—
To tend his flock in winter time,
In summer fish for shad.

In short, this honest fisherman
All other toils forsook,
And though no vagrant man was he,
He lived by "*hook and crook*."
All day that fisherman would sit
Upon an ancient log,
And gaze into the water, like
Some sedentary frog.

A cunning fisherman was he,
His *angles* were all *right*,
And when he scratched his aged *poll*,
You'd know he'd got a *bite*
To charm the fish, he never spoke,
Although his voice was fine,
He found the most convenient way
Was just to "*drop a line*."

And many a "gudgeon" of the pond,
If made to speak to day,
Would own, with grief, this angler had
A mighty "*taking way*."
One day, while fishing on a log,
He mourned his want of luck,
When suddenly he felt a bite,
And jerking—caught a *duck*.

Alas! that day the fisherman
Had taken too much grog,
And being but a landsman, *too*,
He couldn't *keep the log*
In vain he strove with all his might
And tried to gain the shore:
Down, down he went to feed the fish
He'd baited off before!

The moral of this mournful tale
To all is plain and clear:
A single "drop too much" of rum
May make a watery *bier*,
And he who will not "sign the pledge"
And keep the promise fast,
May be, in spite of late *stiff Cold* water man at last!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

Ellen Thomson, The Tailoress.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

Let others sing of lips and eyes,
As more than half divine;
The virtues of the heart I prize,
And these, I know, are thine.
The noble virtues of the heart
In every look I trace;
The graces smile where'er thou art,
And 'tis a pleasant place.

'As the times are are hard, mother, and you find it difficult to get along, I have been thinking of learning a trade.'

'Learning a trade, Ellen! Your father would never consent to it I know.'

'Why not?'

'Because he has repeatedly said that none of his daughters should go into a tailor's shop. He believes it to be injurious to a female's health, to be confined all day in a close shop, and obliged to work as hard as some of the poor girls do. And then, your father is a proud-spirited man, and would think it too humiliating to have a daughter learn a trade.'

'I believe father would consent to it; I will ask him at dinner time. Why, mother, if I could get a trade, only think how much I could earn—and every dollar helps in a family like ours—more especially as we have become somewhat reduced in our circumstances.'

'You may ask your father, but I have no idea that he will give his consent.'

When Mr. Thomson, Ellen's father, came home to his dinner, his daughter remarked—

'Father, what do you suppose I've been thinking about?'

'I'm sure I cannot tell;—what is it?'

'If you will not object to what I want to do, I will tell you.'

'That I cannot do, unless I know about it.'

'Well, I will tell you then. You know you have to work hard to get along, having an expensive family to support. I've an idea of learning a trade.'

'Pshaw, child—you know I will never consent to it.'

'And why not, father?'

'Because, I am not so poor as to be obliged to come to that. How do you think I should feel to have a child at work in a tailor's shop, among I don't know who. No, no—as long as I can support my children, they shall never become slaves to others, and drag out a miserable existence at the needle.'

'Why, father, I could go with Mr. Chase, and he would not make me work hard. Clara White is learning her trade of him, and she tells me it is a pleasant shop to work in, and that Mr. Chase is one of the kindest of men.'

'No matter for that: I am decided upon it—I cannot give my consent.'

'Think how much I could assist you, after I had learned my trade. I could buy all my own clothes—help pay our pew tax, and bring a great many things into the family. I wish you would think about it a little while—perhaps you may be disposed to let me go.'

'I don't think I shall ever give my consent. I have too much regard for my children's health and future welfare, to permit them to do any thing that will injure them. You have no idea how hard and difficult a tailor's trade is.'

'I'm sure, father, 'tisn't hard. I should not have to do half as much as mother does. The work would not be half as hard. Now you think of it a little while, and let me know. I do hope you will give your consent.'

'Well, I'll think about it.'

Dinner being nearly ready, Mr. Thomson and his family sat down to the table.

Mr. T. had been an extensive merchant, but on account of bad debts, speculations and misfortunes, he became somewhat reduced. At the time of which we are speaking, he was employed on a salary, which, only by strict economy, he was able to make support him. Had he been entirely free from debt, he could have gone into business again; but there were a few men who were not disposed to favor him, and would come to no terms, except he should pay the whole amount of his debts. On this account, he was obliged to write on a comparatively small salary.

About a week after the conversation we have recorded, as the family were sitting around the hearth, Ellen remarked, addressing her father—

'What do you think about my learning a trade?'

'I hardly know what to think. If I thought you could stand it, and would not be obliged to work hard, or stay at the shop after dark, I don't know but I might be induced to give my consent.'

'I'm sure, father, I am strong and hearty, and work would not injure me in the least. As for staying at the shop evenings, I could easily make arrangements to leave at dark. Perhaps I might be longer learning the trade.'

'I will see Mr. Chase about it, myself.'

'Can't you see him to-morrow?'

'I will endeavor to.'

The next day Mr. Thomson called upon the tailor, and made known to him his daughter's request. Mr. Chase stated that he should be pleased to learn Ellen a trade, and would not oblige her to work evenings. The understanding was that the girl should learn to make vests, and give about three months of her time for the purpose.

On the following Monday, Ellen arose early, assisted her mother in washing, and getting breakfast, and then prepared for the shop. Mr. Chase was a pleasant man, and he gave her instructions about her work, which Ellen performed to the utmost of her ability. She had always been expert with her needle, and had the name of doing as neat work as any female in the neighborhood. Now she took hold of her new business as if she understood it, and in a very short time, some of the nicest vests for customers were put into her hands to make. Ellen rose early every morning, so as to render her mother all the assistance she could, before going to the shop, and her evenings were as profitably spent. In sewing or knitting, or in work taken home from the shop, she employed every moment, and never was there a girl more cheerful and contented.

'I shall soon be through my trade,' she would often remark to her father, 'and then I shall earn something myself.'

When the mind and hands are agreeably employed, a few months slip away almost imperceptibly. They certainly did to Ellen Thomson.—She had completed her trade, and Mr. Chase remarked to her—

'I shall depend upon your working for me. I never had a better vest maker in my shop, and I shall give you the highest wages.'

Pleased with her trade and her employer, Ellen gladly engaged to work for Mr. Chase, and every moment of her time was diligently employed.

Mr. Thomson, instead of regretting that his daughter had learned a trade, was pleased at her success, more especially as the first money she earned, went for the purchase of a vest, which she cut and made, and presented to her father.

One morning, a gentleman called upon Mr. Chase. 'I have a vest which I wish to have cut and made to day,' said he. 'I wish it to be done well, by one of your best hands. Can you do it?'

'Yes, sir—I think we can accommodate you.'

And Mr. Chase took the gentleman's measure, cut the garment, and carried it to Ellen. 'Here is a very nice vest,' said he, 'which must be done to-day. I want you to finish it in your very best style. It is for a gentleman who will call for it to-night.'

Ellen commenced on the vest, and worked diligently all day upon it, and just at sunset, completed her task. In a few moments it was called for by the gentleman, who paid for the work and took it away.

Every nice vest that was brought to the shop, was given to Ellen to make. Everything she did was neat and strong, and many were the encomiums that were bestowed upon her.

Ellen Thomson continued to work at the shop till late in the fall, when her parents advised her to take her work at the house, as during the winter season the weather would be such that much of the time she would be obliged to stay at home. Mr. Chase sent her work as often as he had it to do, and as usual, found it neatly and faithfully done.

One cold morning, as Ellen was assisting her mother in ironing clothes, some one rapped at the door. Mrs. Thomson went to see who it was, and on returning said—'There is a gentleman in the parlor who wishes to see you.'

'See *me*, mother—who is it?'

'I'm sure I do not know. He is a well dressed gentleman.'

'What in the world does he want?'

'He has a little bundle under his arm—it may be he wants some work done.'

Ellen instantly entered into the room without asking—'How do I look?' or changing her dress, or arranging her hair before the glass.

'Are you the young woman that formerly worked for Mr. Chase?' the gentleman inquired, as soon as Ellen entered the room.

'I am one who worked for him.'

'Is your name Miss Thomson?'

'Yes sir.'

'Then you are the lady I want. About eight months ago, you made a vest for me that I left at Mr. Chase's, and I have just been there to get another made. I requested him to give it to the same person; but when he said you were not in the shop, I took the liberty to inquire your residence and bring you the vest. Is it convenient for you to make this for me by to-morrow night?'

'Yes, sir, I can do it, and thank you for the work.'

Bidding her good morning, he left the house, while Ellen put aside her ironing, and commenced working on the vest.

'Do you know that gentleman?' inquired her mother.

'I do not recollect of ever seeing him before.—He appears to be a fine man.'

'He dresses neatly, certainly.'

'I shall take pains with this vest, and perhaps it will be the means of bringing me more work.'

'I shouldn't wonder. You will get better pay than for what you do for Chase.'

Long before tea time, Ellen had completed her vest. 'There, mother,' said she, 'there's a great deal of work in that—every part is done well, and I think it will give the gentleman satisfaction.'

Taking the vest, embracing her mother, she exclaimed—'Yes, it is enough nicely well done.'

After supper, when the family were seated around the fire, Mr. Thomson called upon his daughter to know the gentleman's name, and the price. He was politely treated by some individual, who handed him out twenty dollars.

'The vest is worth more,' said Ellen, 'and I hope it will give you satisfaction.'

The gentleman looked at it, and remarked—'It is very neat. How much am I to pay you for it?'

'About fifty cents, sir, I suppose I must charge you.'

"Only fifty cents! I paid Mr. Chase more than double, and I will give you the same. It is well worth it, considering the work you put into it.—I never had a neater vest in my life than the one you made me last spring." The stranger took one dollar and fifty cents from his pocket, and offered it to Ellen.

'It is too much sir. I should be glad to make vests all the time for fifty cents apiece."

'Here—you shall take this, and by and by I shall have more work for you."

'I thank you, sir,' said Ellen, as she took the money from the stranger.

After conversing a few moments, the gentleman left the house without giving his name. He promised, however, to call again, as he should have another vest to make in the course of a few weeks.

'He is a very liberal man,' Mrs Thomson remarked; 'I should like to know who he is.'

"I don't know when I have seen a man more pleasant and agreeable,' said Ellen. 'He is quite handsome, too—don't you think so, mother?"

'Yes—he is very fine-looking.'

When Mr. T. returned from his business, the mother and daughter tried to describe the gentleman, to learn whether he was not acquainted with him. But from the description given, he could not tell his name.

With her wanted industry, Ellen continued to work when she could get it to do, and whatever she earned was given to her parents.

One afternoon, her mother being out, as she was washing the floor, Ellen heard a slight rap at the door. Without stopping to roll down her sleeves or take off her apron, she ran to see who it was, when to her astonishment it proved to be the gentleman for whom she made the vest.—Without blushing at her appearance, or fainting away because she was found in the suds, she invited the stranger in.

'You see,' said she, 'how I am obliged to work. My mother has feeble health, and I had rather do the hard work myself, and we are not able to employ help.

'It pleases me much to see you industrious,' remarked the gentleman. 'I would much rather find you so employed, than see you tramping to join a piano from morning till night. I admire your industrious habits. My mother always taught me to work, and none of her children were ever indolent. I cannot endure idleness, and when I cannot get employment at my trade, I love to do housework.'

'Well, Miss Ellen, I have brought you another job. If you can do it, I will send for it in a day or two.'

'I thank you, sir. I shall be pleased to do it.'

Leaving the work, the stranger took his leave.

The more Ellen saw of the gentleman, the better was she pleased with his appearance; and when a little boy came for the vest, she inquired of him the name of the individual who left it.

'Don't you know him?' said the boy; 'why, it is Mr. Jameson."

'Who is he?'

'The rich Mr. Jameson's son, who lives in that great house in —— street.

'Is it possible?'

'And he is the finest man I know of,' said the boy 'he is always willing to pay me when I go of his errands, and he makes me a great many presents.'

Handing Ellen the amount which was paid her before, which the boy had been instructed to do by the gentleman, he took the vest, and left the house.

Ellen, as well as her parents, were astonished to learn that it was Mr. Jameson's son for whom she had been doing work, for he was heir to a large property; his father being the wealthiest man in the place, and one of the best of citizens.

A few evenings after, Mr. Jameson called at Mr. Thomson's, and during the conversation, he remarked, 'There are several young men and women who contemplate visiting Pirate's Neck to-morrow if it should be pleasant, and I have been invited to make one of the party, and have called this evening to ascertain if I can have the pleasure of company'—addressing Ellen.

With a slight blush, Ellen looked up, and replied—'I should be pleased to go. I have heard a great deal about Pirate's Neck, but have never visited the place. Mr. Beckett, our neighbor, is charmed with it, and I have often told me that he should prefer it to any other resort.'

'There is no pleasanter ride that I know of.—We shall come in by the way of the Bowery, and perhaps spend a short time at the Cape Cottage.'

'O, that will be delightful!'

After spending a pleasant evening, Mr. Jameson took his departure, remarking to Ellen as he left the door, 'I shall call about eight o'clock in the morning.'

Miss Thomson hardly dared to hope that the excellent young man had any serious intentions in inviting her to ride with him; and yet to tell the truth, she felt an interest in him that was more than ordinary. The parents appeared to be as well pleased with the attention and kindness of Mr. Jameson as their daughter.

The morrow arrived. Punctually at eight, a fine carriage was seen to stop gently opposite Ellen and her companion. Then down to the Neck over the new bridge, were at once the prospect. Passing through Jamesville, and around the lake, the party took the road near the Neck, they rode off by way of Old Town, and drove along the beach by the waters edge. Mr. Libby, at the Neck, gave them a fine dinner. At an early hour, they returned—stopping at Glynn's at the Bowery, and at Stevenson's at the Cape.

From that day, Mr. Jameson was a constant visitor at the house of Mr. Thomson, and never was there a man more welcome.

Before a twelvemonth passed, there was a wedding in Federal street. Mr. Condit was called to perform the ceremony, and Charles Jameson and Ellen Thomson were pronounced man and wife. Two happier hearts—two more congenial spirits, never came together.

The old gentleman gave his son a pleasantly situated house, into which Mr. Jameson removed, where he now resides, enjoying all the bliss that flows from kind hearts and benevolent acts.

The World in a Nut-Shell.

☞ Maj. FRANCIS L. BOWMAN, of Luzerne county, is recommended in the Pennsylvanian, for the office of Canal Commissioner.

Scandal, like the Nile, is fed by innumerable streams, but it is extremely difficult to trace it to its sources.

It is a good horse that never stumbles and a good wife that never grumbles.

Our enemies increase with our conquests, and our property with our possessions.

If you would destroy your own repose, distrust that of your own neighbor.

Quarrels leave scars which cannot be so well closed to the sight, but they will be open to the memory.

WELL SAID.—A short time since, in Hardfortshire, were written on a grave rail, these lines:

"Remember me as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I;
Therefore prepare to follow me."

Underneath some one wrote—

"To follow you I'm not content,
Unless I know which way you went?"

☞ "Has your son Timothy failed?" inquired Gubbins of Stubbins, the other day.

"Oh, not at all; he has assigned over his property, and *fallen back to take a better position.*"

A MYSTERY.—The other day our friend Ackerman was called upon to paint a sign on the brick in front of a store in Third avenue. He began as follows, between the second and third story windows: "*Dealer in all sorts of ladies,*"—These words occupied a line, the entire width of the building, and he therefore took down his ladder, which was now too long, and went home to get a shorter one. Something called him from the job, and the sign remained thus:

"DEALER IN ALL SORTS OF LADIES."

Towards night the next day, the proprietor of the store got "after him with a sharp stick," for ruining him and his family's reputation.—Whereupon the painter went forthwith and finished the sign, which now reads in this wise: *Dealers in all sorts of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Ready made Clothing—Cincinnatti Advertiser.*

Visit to a City of Prairie Dogs—Singular habits of these Animals.

A recent traveller in the interior of Texas, gives a particular account of his visit to a Canine Republic in the prairies of that beautiful region. The curious habits of the prairie dogs are very little known, and this account will be found extremely interesting:—

"We had proceeded but a short distance after reaching the beautiful prairie, before we came upon the outskirts of a commonwealth of the canine race. A few scattered dogs were seen scampering in, and, by their short and sharp yelps, giving a general alarm to the whole community.

The first cry of danger from the outskirts was soon taken up in the centre of the city, and now nothing was to be seen in any direction but a dashing and scampering of the uneasy and excitable citizens of the place, each to his lodge or burrow. Far as the eye could reach was spread the city, and in every direction the scene was the same. We rode leisurely along until we had reached the more thickly settled portion of the city, when we halted, and after taking the bridles from our horses to allow them to graze, we prepared for a regular attack upon its inhabitants.

The burrows were not more than fifteen yards apart, with well-trodden paths leading in different directions, and I even thought I could discover something like regularity in the laying out of the streets. We sat down upon a bank under the shade of a tree, and leisurely surveyed the scene before us. Our approach had driven every one to our immediate vicinity to his home, but some hundred yards off, the small mound of earth in front of a burrow was each occupied by a dog sitting straight up on his hinder legs, and vainly looking a-kean him to ascertain the cause of the recent commotion. Every now and then some citizen, more venturous than his neighbor, would leave his lodge on a flying visit to a companion, apparently to exchange a few words, and then scamper back as fast as his legs would carry him.

By-and-by, as we kept perfectly still, some of our nearer neighbors were seen cautiously poking their heads from out their holes and looking cunningly, and at the same time inquisitively, about them.—After some time, a dog would emerge from the entrance of his domicile, squat upon his looking out place, shake his head, and commence yelping.

For three hours we remained watching the movements of these animalas, and occasionally picking one of them off with our rifles. No less than nine were obtained by the party. On a circumstance I will mention as singular in the extreme, and which shows the social relationship which exists among these animals, as well as the regard they have one for another.

One of them had perched himself directly upon the pile of earth in front of his hole, sitting up and offering a fair mark, while a companion's head, too timid, perhaps, to expose himself farther, was seen poking out of the entrance. A well-directed shot carried away the entire top of the head of the first dog, and knocked him some two or three feet from his post, perfectly dead. While reloading, the other daringly came out, seizing his companion by one of his legs, and before we could arrive at the hole, had drawn him completely out of reach, although we tried to twist him out with a ramrod.

There was a feeling in this act—a something human, which raised the animals in my estimation; and never after did I attempt to kill one of them, except when driven by extreme hunger.

The prairie dog is about the size of a rabbit, heavier perhaps, more compact, and with much shorter legs. In appearance, it resembles the ground hog of the north, although a trifle smaller than that animal.—In their habits, the prairie dogs are social, never live alone like other animals, but are always found in villages or large settlements. They are a wild, frolicsome set of fellows when undisturbed, restless, and ever on the move. They seem to take especial delight in chattering away the time, and visiting about, from hole to hole, to gossip and talk over one another's affairs; at least, so their actions would indicate.—Old hunters say that when they find a good location for a village, and no water is handy, they dig a well to supply the wants of the community.

On several occasions, I have crept up close to one of their villages, without being observed, that I might watch their movements. Directly in the centre of one of them, I generally noticed a very large dog, sitting in front of his door, or entrance to his burrow, and by his own actions and those of his neighbors, it really looked as though he was the president, mayor, or chief; at all events, he was the 'big dog' of the place.

For at least an hour, I watched the movements of this little community; during that time, the large dog I have mentioned received at least a dozen visits from his fellow-dogs, who would stop and chat with him a few moments, and then run on to their doodledoos. All this while he never left his post for a single minut, and I thought I could discover a gravity in his deportment, not discernible in those by whom he was addressed. Not being learned in the canine vernacular, of course I cannot say that the visits he received were upon business, or having any thing to do with the local government of the village; but it certainly appeared as if such was the case.—If any animal is endowed with reasoning powers, or has any system of laws regulating the body politic, it is the prairie dog.

In different parts of the village the members of it were seen gambolling, frisking, and visiting about, occasionally turning heels over head into their holes, and appearing to have all sorts of fun among themselves. Owls of a singular species were also seen among them; they did not appear to join in their sports in any way, but still seemed to be on good terms, and as they were constantly entering and coming out of the same holes, they might be considered as members of the same family, or, at least, guests. Rattlesnakes, too, dwell among them; but the idea generally received among the Mexicans, that they live upon terms of companionship with the dogs, is quite ridiculous, and without any foundation.

The snakes I look upon as *loafers*, not easily shaken off by the regular inhabitants, and they make use of the dwellings of the dogs as more comfortable quarters than they could find elsewhere. We killed one a short distance from a burrow which had made a meal of a little pup; although I do not think they can master full-grown dogs.

This city of the dogs, which we visited, was several miles in length and at least a mile in width. Around and in the vicinity were smaller villages, suburbs to the town. We kindled a fire, and cooked three of the animals we had shot; the meat was exceedingly sweet, tender and juicy, resembling that of the squirrel, only that there was more fat upon it.