// THE COLUMBIA SPY.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.] AND LITERARY REGISTER. [$1,50, PAYABLE AT SIX MONTHS.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 1, NO. 42.] COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1848. [WHOLE NUMBER, 933.

CHARRICK WESTBROOK,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Office—Front Street, three doors above Locust.

TERMS.—The COLUMBIA SPY is published every Saturday morning at the low price of ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE, or one dollar and fifty cents, if not paid within one month of the time of subscribing. Single copies, THREE CENTS.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING—Advertisements not exceeding a square three times for $1, and 25 cents for each additional insertion. Those of a greater length in proportion. ☞A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

JOB PRINTING—Such as Hand-bills, Posting-bills, Cards, Labels, Pamphlets, Blanks of every description Circulars, etc. etc., executed with neatness and despatch and on reasonable terms.

HERR DRIESBACH,

THE Great Lion Tamer, upon being asked the other day, "in what manner he was enabled to have such wonderful influence with H'animals," replied with great truth: "Be firm in purpose and keep your eye steady upon what you undertake and you must be successful!" This then explains the extraordinary success at the

"BEE HIVE,"

where it is crowded with the lovers of CHOICE BARGAINS

Here Heavy Unbleached Muslin worth 10 cents, is now selling for 6¼ cts. per yard.

Fine bleached 4-4 mus.	worth 10	cts.	selling for	6¼
Fast col. Mane Ginghams	" 18	"	"	12½
Good Pocket Handkfs.,	" 12½	"	"	6¼
Linen Cambric "	" 25	"	"	12½
" "	" 15	"	"	10
Calicoes, - - -	" 10	"	"	6¼

A lot of Hoisery very cheap.
Ladies' open worked White Cotton Hose, 25 cts ; they are very desirable and worth 50 cents per pair.
A lot of heavy Irish Linens, a great bargain, they were bought subject to a few water stains and will be sold off very cheap.
Mus. de Laines for the Spring worth 25 cents, now selling for 12½.
Mode col. Lustres.
Satin striped Quakeranies—a beautiful article for dresses.
The above goods, together with a large lot of desirable bargains, have just been received and will be sold immediately at a small advance for cash.

CHAS. E. WENTZ & BRO.

AT THE BEE HIVE, North Queen street, 10 doors north of the Post Office.
Lancaster, February 26, 1848.—tf

DOCTOR

CULLEN'S INDIAN Vegetable Panacea.---Messrs. Rowand & Walton: Gentlemen.—Having experienced the extraordinary efficacy of your Dr. Cullen's Indian Vegetable Panacea upon my own person, a feeling of gratitude for your wonderful discovery, and a desire that your Medicine should be known and appreciated by the public, has induced me thus voluntarily to give you an account of my case, hoping that others who may be so unfortunate as I have been, may be induced to throw prejudice aside and give your Panacea a fair trial.

In February, 1846, a lump or Tumor first appeared upon the spine of my right leg, and another on the lower part of my breast near the junction of the ribs; they increased gradually until the early part of June, about which time they became very painful. In July, the Tumor on the leg ulcerated and became a running sore, extending itself, until it was half the size of a man's hand, and had eaten into the bone, and one or two smaller ulcers appeared below, near the ancle. My physician and others pronounced it Scrofula. Up to this time every remedy used gave no relief; the leg continued to get worse; during the early part of August my sufferings were intense: I neither went to bed nor slept regularly for nearly two weeks, being compelled to set up, with my leg supported on a chair. About this time, my son brought home with him from Cincinnati market one of your Circulars, which had been thrown into the wagon. I read it, and knowing some of the signers to the Certificate of the case of Mr. Brooks, and believing from my knowledge of their characters, that they would not lend their names for the purpose of palming an imposition upon the public, I concluded to try what effect it would have upon me. On the 20th of August, I procured the first bottle, commenced taking it according to directions, and in four hours the pain was so much relieved that I fell asleep, and enjoyed that greatest of blessings, a few hours repose. I continued using it until the 28th of August, when I found myself so much better, that I went to Cincinnati to your Agent, Mr. J. W. Danenhower, with whom I made arrangements to take 20 bottles, provided he would guarantee it to cure me. He agreed to do so, and gave me the privilege of stopping short of the 20 bottles, whenever I considered myself well. I now felt encouraged, and continued to use it under Mr D.'s instructions, until I had taken 12 bottles, (using no other medicine whatever,) when I found myself entirely well, the Tumor on my breast having softened, opened, came out, and was healed up when I had taken 6 or 7 bottles. I will here observe, that for many years I had been troubled with a kind of dry Tetter, which greatly annoyed me, particularly when heated or warm in bed: I have felt nothing of this since taking your medicine, and have no doubt that my system is now entirely free from disease, my general health never having been better.

On the 3d of December, I again called upon Mr Danenhower. I then pronounced myself well, and offered to give him a Certificate to the effect, which I promised to send him in a few days. A short time after this, whilst killing my hogs, I hurt the same leg badly, in consequence of which I postponed giving the promised Certificate, wishing thoroughly to test the permanency of the cure. I now used nothing but the usual simple remedies for fresh wounds, and found my flesh perfectly healthy, and in the usual time for such cases my leg healed. Sufficient time elapsed to convince me that I am now a sound man, and that I have been cured by your Panacea alone. In short, I have every confidence in its virtues. Persons desirous of obtaining further particulars, can be gratified by calling at my residence

DAVID KIRGAN.
Mudy Creek, Hamilton county, Ohio.

CITY OF CINCINNATI, ss.—Personally appeared before me, the subscriber, Mayor of the said city, David Kirgan, who being sworn, deposes and says that the facts set forth in the foregoing satement are true. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my name, and caused the Corporate Seal of the said City to be affixed, this, the 4th day of March, 1847.

H. E. SPENCER, Mayor.

Wholesale and Retail, by ROWAND & WALTON, Proprietors, 376 Market St., Philadelphia, WM. A. LEADER, Columbia, Pa ; J. T. ANDERSON, Marietta, Pa, and GEORGE ROSE, Elizabeth Pa.
March 4, 1847.—2m.

NEW GOODS.

WM. & S. PATTON. - After returning thanks to the citizens of Columbia and vicinity, for the very liberal share of patronage bestowed upon them during the past spring and summer would again call their attention to their new stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, consisting of Cloakings, French, English and German do—Coburg's Paramettas and Plaids, Dress Goods, Plain, Plaid and Fancy colored Cashmeres, California and Lama Plaid Bombazines, Alpaccas, Mexican, Buena Vista and Cerro Gordo Plaids, Woolen do. Superior quality London Glassy Alpaccas, Lustre Plaid and striped do. SHAWLS, Cashmere, Terkerra, Embroidered, &c. Plain Thibet, Silk and Wool Fringes, Blanket, Plain and Plaid Cloth do. New style Belgian Shawls.

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES.—A large assortment of Cloths, West of England and French Cloths and Cassimeres, very fine, and extra width—Blue, Brown, Drab, Olive, Invisible Green, Mixed and Black, British and American Cloths—Plain and Fancy Cassimeres, Satinets, Kentucky Jeanes, both plain and striped, Beverteens, Velvet Cords coarse Cloths and satinets, very low.

Complete assortment of Boys' Wear, woolen and worsted, velvet and satin Vestings, plain and figured, Tickings and Drillings, Flannels, Welsh Gause and shrouding Flannels, assorted colors, domestic and canton Flannels, assorted. Gloves and Hosiery, kid, silk, buck and woolen Gloves and Mitts, silk, lamb's wool and cotton Hose, French Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, very low. Furnishing Goods, Blankets, Wool and Rag Carpets of the best quality, floor and table Oil Cloths, Feathers, Looking Glasses, Umbrellas, China and Queensware. Fresh Groceries, superior Teas, just imported, Camphene and Lamp Oils, Mackerel by the barrel, Salt by the sack, new crop Sugars, strained Honey, &c.

Our Goods have been selected with great care for cash, besides are all new and free from moth eat or damage. We therefore feel ourselves able and willing to sell low for cash, and give every satisfaction to those who may call to examine our goods at the New Cheap Cash Store, corner of Front and Locust street

Columbia, Nov. 6, 1847.-tf W. & S. PATTON.

STOVES.

THE Subscribers have constantly on hand a full assortment of wood, coal, and cooking Stoves of every size and description, cannon stoves. Also, Hendenburg's patent Air-Tight Parlor Stoves, which has given full satisfaction in all cases. The public are invited to call and examine for themselves, at the Hardware store of Oct9---tf HUMPLE & HESS.

WRIGHT'S

INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, or Indian Purgative, and Indian Vegetable Syrup, warranted genuine. For sale by [au21'47-tf. R. WILLIAMS.

ANTI-AGUE

MIXTURE.---A Warranted cure for Fever and Ague. For sale by. R. WILLIAMS.
N. B. There is none genuine but that sold by me.
au21'47-tf.

Select Stories.

MRS. PRINGLE.

"Cleanliness next to Godliness."

Nothing could exceed the prettiness of the suburban cottage to which Mark Pringle took home his newly married wife, except (and such a comparison is indeed odious) the prettiness of the lady herself. What a picture she was! with her dark sparkling eyes, sharp, clear, and regular features, and "we bit mou'," fresh as a rosebud, but thin as its leaf, and her skin so silken in texture, and lucid in complexion. Oh! those English women! What a debt of amiability they owe nature for her favoritism. Then her neatness was exquisite—such hair-breadth nicety—such unrumpled placitude in cuffs and collars,—always looking, as the vulgar say, (the term is a very apt one) as if she was in print. How she mannaged I know not, for she was by no means one of those persons who sit in a room, like waxen ladies in a glass case, merely to be looked at; on the contrary she was a very active, bustling little person, even in her father's house; but exert herself as she would, no soil was ever contracted—no crease incurred—she was still perfect—still in *print*; every fold falling just as it should do, every plait precise, as if laid so, with the fixture, that kept unmoved the glossy bands of her hair.

Everybody has seen Mark Pringle's place, or its ditto, so great a likeness exists in all subarban cottages—the stuccoed front, Swiss roof, Elizabethan chimneys and Gothic windows; the always-green, trimly-kept grass-plot; with its pretty flower-beds, whereof the mould looks rich-colored and smooth as the dust in our grand-mother's agate snuff-box, the park-wire-fence, the polished door, the shining knocker, the glittering windows, with their exterior *jalounies*, and muslin relief curtains; the scrupulously pipe-clayed path, with the locked gate at the end of it; these things are as familiar to my readers as the figure of Achilles, to the keepers of Hyde Park.

And now fancy Mrs. Pringle "at home," the newness of wifehood a little worn off, and a natural disposition for setting to rights beginning to develope itself. Poor Mark! how happy he was watching her move hither and thither, like a very incarnation of order, putting in form the chaos of a month's bachelor's housekeeping; how good-naturedly he stood by to see odd gloves, song-books, bits of string, cigars, old letters—the rogue had taken good care not a single line in a feminine hand should be amongst them—thrown out from the well-filled drawers, to make room for the snowy linen and delicately scented sachets of Mrs. Pringle's regime; and what a world of importance was in the arched eyebrows and compressed lips of the new wife—the queen despotic in her little empire of housewifery. Order certainly looks very pretty in a week-old bridal cap and with peignoir, and so Mark Pringle fancied; by-and-bye, however, he began to think a little rest would be as well—she was *always setting to rights!*

There are some women (and Mrs. Pringle was one of them) who start in life with the idea that the golden rule of domestic comfort is comprised in two words—cleanliness and economy. Instead of considering them as mere appliances, they put them in the place of the principal, and believe themselves exceedingly ill-used when their practice is found unproductive of the expected effect. If one be neat and thrifty, they say, what excuse can a man have for leaving his home and neglecting his wife? Alas! will these cold characteristics, wanting the sweet and simple influence of a loving and intelligent nature, satisfy the heart, or make a man's home happy? I am certain not; but let Mrs. Pringle's story tell for itself.

It was a love match on Mark's side—one of interest on the lady's; her pretty face and neat person, joined to her character for notableness, had arrayed her in is eyes with all the attributes one wishes in the being he loves; and blinded by her preference (for Rose Cottage and the adjuncts) into a belief of her affection for him, he conceived himself, on the day of his marriage, fairly started on the high-road to domestic happiness, "fireside enjoyments," &c., &c. On the other hand, Mrs Pringle labored under no such poetical hallucinations. She entered upon her *duties* as if they were such *only*; determined, however, to be faultless in the fulfilment of them—to be the most correct, most economical, most cleanly—in fact the model wife of the neighborhood! To the working out of these principles, she brought out a most extensive knowledge of abstergents—no end of receipts for furniture polish, and the concoctions of family dishes upon a system of frugality that might make Mrs. Child's young housewife blush for her extravagance. Thus, with cleanliness on one side, and economy on the other, she took the seat of honor at her husband's hearth. And from such supporters much might be expected; but she overworked them to opposite ends from those they were intended to produce.

The wedding visits received and paid, Mrs. Pringle felt herself at liberty to commence her alterations, and emendations *ad libitum*. The drawing-room (as of most importance) was attacked first; with the physical aid of her one servant, a rapid revolution was effected. Talk of rule and compass regularity, here it was developed to its utmost practicableness. Mirrors were moved, pictures transposed from an artistical light to the very worst, because they wanted an azimuth of her nice perception of uniformity; the cozy fire-side conches decorously drawn back to the walls; the scattered chairs called to order, and made to fall in side by side, with regimental precision, while the ottoman force was disposed of altogether, as being too irregular; and lastly having lavished no end of drugget on the carpet, and brown holland on the chairs and sofas: the curtains were bagged, the blinds drawn down, and Mrs. Pringle, taking one bland view of the subdued twilight interior, turned the key in the door, and withdrew it to be placed in one of those undiscoverable depositories that somehow mistresses of families contrive, unknown to every one else.

Then, her out-door touches were upon the same equable principles. Plants were tied up, and branches pruned into patterns of floral propriety, and not even a straggling *pensee* (things that are so hard to be restrained) could be found peeping its iris eye over the boundary of the harebell bordering. Morning after morning, with a little basket on her arm, and scissors in her carefully gloved hand, might Mrs. Pringle be seen threading the little knots of flowers, decolating the drooping blossoms before they had time to die, and cutting off decayed leaves *as if there was no bleeding sap* to follow. I have strange fancies with regard to vegetable life. They have sexes and sympathies; are childless when separated; instincts, too, approaching almost to intelligence, they sleep. Who shall say they are not sentient? By my word, in these days of discovery, 'tis worthy the attention of scientific societies, and the magnifier at the Polytechnic! Let gardeners look to it—there may be more in cutting off the head of a cabbage than has hitherto come between "heaven and their philosophy."

"Sally," said Mr. Pringle (he had just returned by omnibus from his office in the city) to the maid who ran down to unlock his own gate to him,

"Sally, is'nt your mistress well?"

"Law, yes, sir," answered the girl, perfectly astonished at the question.

"I thought," said Mr. Pringle, "from seeing the drawing-room blinds down she might have had a head-ache, and laid down."

"Oh! no, sir, only missus was afraid of the sun's taking the damask curtains."

"Oh!" said Mark, walking on, pondering, in likelihood, the capabilities of the sun for petty larceny, and not altogether sceptical on the point himself—though he added, in an undertone, "It has a cold, uncomfortable look from the road; but a wife cannot be too careful."

It happened that mark Pringle had left his home *on this morning at an earlier hour* than he had ever done since their marriage. Business required his presence some distance from town, and the hours of absence had appeared really long to him; and, as he crossed the threshold of his home, his heart seemed bounding in to meet his wife; but Mrs. Pringle had not yet finished the adjustment of a supernumerary cover for the sitting-room sofa, and instead of going forward to meet and welcome him as she had hitherto done, she continued to pin and unpin the difficult affair, in a vain endeavor to make it sit like upholsterers; but Pringle was neither an exacting, nor very sensitive man, and seeing her so busy, he was going to take the kiss she was too engaged to give him, when she suddenly exclaimed, wholly unheeding his affectionate intention, and with a look and tone of absolute disdress:

"Oh! Pringle, do look at your feet-marks; you are so careless in walking, and have actually come in without wiping your boots!"

Mark very quietly slipped into the hall, and relieved his soles of the power of making any impressions; but he made no effort to carry off the intended caress—though this circumstance proved no bar to his lady's intensity of application in finishing *before dinner* her task of covering the sofa squads.

That day, for the first time, Mark Pringle analyzed the dishes; and highly creditable as the investigation must have turned out for the invention and economy of the contriver, it said but little for the state of the larder, and less for the skill of the cook; and Pringle, who was rather curious in his *cuisine* in the days of his bachelorship, ventured to hint that the sum allowed for house-keeping ought to afford better dinners. Mrs. Pringle laid down her knife and fork, took them up again, looked earnestly at her husband, and burst into tears.

"She was sure she did the best she could with the money; she had laid none out that he did not know of; nothing for herself; it was all in the house, and intended for his comfort."

And the lady pushed away her plate, sat back in her chair, her bosom heaving, her brow gathered up with every evidence of marital affliction, and her little foot beating the floor, with a rapidity an Edward Turner might have envied.

Mr. Pringle, in his turn, was greatly moved; he rose from his seat, assured her that for a moment he never doubted *that*, but that such a continuation of stews did not do for him; he thought a soup and joint, with variation of fish and poultry could be afforded; and he seconded the amendment by wiping away these first tears from the smooth cheek of his young wife with his own cambric, and pressing her, very re-assuringly, to his breast. 'It was but a word—he meant not to find fault with her management—it was really wonderful in-one so new to all that sort of thing, but his ride had made him hungry, and there was little or noting to eat."

N'importe, Mrs. Pringle felt that she had conquered—she played with her pocket handkerchief, —looked down at her little fingers, and up at her husband's face, and finally finished her dinner, and took wine with him. And, though for a day or two, the bill of fare was altered, it soon returned to its primal two joints a week, with certain dishes of the genus "hotch-potch," but what particular species Mark Pringle never satisfactorily ascertained.

Time wore on, and the Mistress of Rose Cottage fully established her reputation as the most notable person in the neighborhood. "As particular as Mrs Pringle," became a sort of domestic by-word; and "Look how beautiful Mrss. Pringle's windows are kept," or, "Just see the way in which the Pringle's path is cleaned," the daily charge of mistresses to their maids.

But, in the meantime, poor Pringle began to grow sceptical as to the reality of "cleanliness being next to godliness," an axiom on which Mrs. Pringle worked in the most literal way imaginable.

It filled the place of every other virtue, and purified, in her self-loving eyes, many an actual vice. Old friends (who serve, by association, to keep awake *old affection and human sympathies*) were soon banished from their hearth. Who would visit where the drawing of a chair from its accustomed place, or putting down your hat or parasol on one forbidden, so discomposed the hostess that she scarcely restrained herself from removing them in your presence, and looked unhappy till your departure gave her an opportunity of putting things straight again? Of course, hospitality was out of the question; and, as for *twice blessed charity* in keeping the entrance gate locked, she boasted of having shut out the annoyance of beggars, and had at the same time, closed her ears to the appealings of want, and her eyes from the sweet exercise of benevolence.

Her husband's comfort was as nothing to the ridiculous exactions of her white-washed and polished Penates; every appliance of enjoyment was turned into a source of discontent, and that quality that can make rugs decent, and the meanest cot respectable, became (by being carried to the extreme) the bane of a home replete with every means for domestic happiness. Upon the principle of a "place for every thing, and everything in its place," china and plate, &c., were locked up for show, and common article substituted for their own use. Willow-pattern delf did duty for a double service of china, and the worst specimens of pottery-ware for the elegant equipage of Mark's bachelor tea-table; the house was sheeted from the attics to the hall, for fear of soiling or wearing the carpets; the mahogany polished to such a specimen of perfection that it became too fine for use, and poor Mark dined on water-zeuntchy, served on a deal table; if he threw himself on a sofa, a look, like a *pang of uneasiness, spread* over Mrs. Pringle's face, lest he should put the cushions out of shape, or disarrange the false cover; he scarcely dared approach farther than the scraper in his boots, and had only the privilege of one peg in his own hall where he might unobstructedly hang up his hat. As for books, it was a treason to disturb them. There they stood like the artificial volumes in the hiatus of a library; to all appearance books; but no one ever saw a gap in their closely marshalled array. It distured Mrs. Pringle for the day to see a chasm between them, and whenever Mark did "*inwardly read*," no sooner was the book out of his hand, than the regulating fingers of Mrs. Pringle were upon it, and, in an instant, it was restored to its *place*.

"A wife cannot be *too* careful," Ma[illegible] would *whisper to himself*, as the only solace under this "iron rule;" but even this comforting belief by degrees wore itself out, and he felt that the extreme of carefulness for a man's property frequently involves carelessness for himself.

Poor Mrs. Pringle! if ever the elements of housewifery were embodied in human form, it was in thine! Nothing else seemed to have any interest for her—she went to bed tired of the doings of to-day, to dream of the doings of to-morrow; and yet, you would fancy, that like the Belides, her task was a hopeless and a never-ending one; for I need not tell my readers, that a disposition for setting to rights is not contented with one great radical change, and an after continuation of its principles. No, no! every morrow brought its alterations and improvements; there was a genius of ambition even in the housemaid's pail; and having set the example, Mrs. Pringle knew it required continual exertion to keep in advance; but, as unremitting attention (whatever be its object) is always rewarded with success, Mrs. Pringle soon distanced all competitors, and was left without a single rival; but something more than notableness is necessary in woman to give her an intelligent man's estimation, that shall make her, in every sense of the term a help meet for him. And Mark, no longer under the thraldom of passion, began to wonder at his own want of discernment in the choice he had made. Your martinets in ultra-cleanliness have seldom much of the dove in their disposition, and have much the same idea in scolding their maids that sea-captains entertain in swearing at their seamen, viz., "duty is not to be done without it;" and, therefore, Mark had frequently to listen to the rehearsal of the lady's grievances—Sally's pert answers and provoking wags; how she was found rubbing the table the wrong way of the grain, and had used the plate leather for the fire irons. Poor man! What could he do in such business? His common-places were soon worn thread-bare by frequent using, and his wife pronounced him the most apathetic and indifferent person, because, in the midst of these diurnal details, he frequently fell asleep.

They had children, specimens of needle work and neatness, looking forever like the wax-models in a baby-linen ware-house, the wonder and admiration of all the mothers in the vicinity. Poor Mark! he fancied that in them he should have something on which to lavish the fondness of his nature, unchecked by the fear of disarranging the *cheveaux*, or coming into collision with clear-starched collars, "but he was such a bear!" he hugged the little things so close that their lace borders were crumpled, and their long robes, or short frocks (as the case might be) rendered altogether unfit to be seen; besides, he made them so wild and noisy, she really wished he would not give her more trouble than was necessary with them."

So Mark grew later in coming home of an evening; his quiet, good temper became irrascible and peevish, and frequent altercations widening (as a matter of course) the breach in their domestic comfort; the lady upbraiding her husband with change, and he retaliating that he had but herself to blame, having by her extravagant notions of cleanliness made his comfortable home a purgatory to him, and every thing in it a source of fault-finding. And when she, upon this grew pathetic and hysterical, assuring him of her never ending exertions to make his house the "observed of all observers," the envy of husbands with untidy wives, and compared her self-imposed continuousness of action to the unrest of a galley-slave, a horse in a wheel, a toad under a harrow, and several other touching assimilations of enduring exertions, Mark Pringle put on his hat, consigning cleanliness to dark places, and her ideas of comfort to the—we may not write it, and then sought, in the parlor of an inn, the enjoyment denied him in his own.

Years passed away. Mrs. Pringle's eyes were *bright* as ever, but her cheeks were thinned, and the lines upon her brow repeated till they had become indelible. She had tasted real vexations, had grown intimate with many bitter cares; and these things always exercise one of two effects—they either humanize or harden the heart. She thought of Mark's abounding love for her—a tithe of which she had not deserved—in the early days of their marriage, of his long endurance of her wilfulness, and even violence; she looked around, to do justice to her system, at the well-preserved comforts, aye, even luxuries, with which her rooms were filled; she thought of her husband's respectability, of his naturally kind dispositions his irreproachable character, slowly falling away into negligence, morpseness, and, alas! it was to be feared, dissipation, and she felt how utterly worthless of such a sacrifice had been the imbecile vanity that had induced it.

Self-reproach, in reviewing the blessings we have lost, wears magnifying-glasses; and poor Mrs. Pringle at once saw that she had trifled away happiness for a profitless pre-eminence, a comfortless distinction, affecting rather her qualifications for an upper housemaid than her duties as a wife and mother; and here a pang, if possible, more sharp than those occasioned by her husband's frequent *absences, pierced her heart as she recalled to herself* how, in the midst of their pleasant play, the sound of her coming footsteps fell like the foreshadowing of some dreaded thing, stilling the laughing voices of her children into timid whispers, and throwing an invisible chain over their free steps and graceful motions! Poor children! in their mother's presence they moved with fear and trembling, and escaped from it, with rejoicing, to seek, in the indulgence of servants, and the *privilege* of their apartments, that freedom that the young, of all created things, delight in. Something must be wrong! Mark was scarcely an evening at home. She had no friends to comfort her, not even her children's affection to fall back upon, and the neatness of their dress, the order of her flower garden, the unapproachable precision of her household arrangements, those three feathers, "*par excellence*," wherewith she had hitherto plumed her cap of self-approval, began to have a weight and weariness in them, and the vacuum in her woman's heart to yearn for something more than the fame of notableness—in fact, to want the approbation of her own family, and affection, where now she awakened fear; and, hard as was the task, where the subduing was all on her own side, Mrs. Pringle at length achieved it. The desolation of a heart, in its own *home*, is a fearful thing, and has but one real resource—a resource that involuntarily it turns to—the secret tears of affliction have in them the aspirations of a wounded spirit, and when were these unheard! she began to see clearly her path of duty—to feel that with her it rested to make home the nucleus of her family's happiness or discomfort; and silent her work of reform began; her system of cleanliness *was unaltered, but it began* to sit like the frill of cheerfulness, instead of the stiff collar of particularity; she insensibly drew close to her the hearts of her children, and unobtrusively recalled her husband's affection; her pretty face, worn by petty annoyances, and latterly, as we have seen, by some real cares, once more regained its loveliness, with the improvement of amiable expression; and there is not now a happier couple than Mark Pringle and his wife—her only regret, the years lost in pattern house-keeping.

Some may probably fancy Mrs. Pringle a pen and ink caricature; but the character is a real one, and not even drawn at full length. I knew her in both phases of it, as the "particular Mrs. Pringle;" and—after the abjuration of her false creed, "cleanliness next to godliness,"—as one of the most agreeable, kind hearted persons imaginable; and from herself did I have these confessions.

If I remember, the immediate cause of her self-awakening, was a conversation she accidentally overheard between her children—those simple reasoners, whose arguments, though deep rooted as truth or the water lily, must be as pure and apparent as its floating petals.

From Chambers' Journal.

HISTORY OF A DESERTED SAILOR.

On the morning of Saturday, the 5th of May, upwards of a century ago, a ship belonging to the Dutch squadron came in sight of Ascension Island. Anchoring at some distance off shore, she put off a boat, which, under the efforts of an active crew made rapidly for the island. The boat contained, beside the crew, an individual heavily manacled and a guard. The prisoner, seated at the stern between the two soldiers who guarded him, sat with his head buried in his hands; but gave no further sign of emotion until he was disturbed from his position by the sound of the boat grinding on the white shore of Assension; when, with an agonized look at his comrades, and at the vessel, he silently rose, and in company with his guard, left the boat, *and stepped on to the beach of his prison*. A sailor's chest, some bedding, and sundry other articles were taken from the boat! the prisoner's chains were removed in silence, and the crew and guard re-embarked, leaving him alone on the beach; and nothing moved by his frantic entreaties to them to return and take with them, they pulled hard to the ship, apparently anxious to take leave of a scene so painful. Arriving on board, the anchor was presently *heaved, all sail set*, and the vessel stood out to see, leaving the unhappy man sunk on the sand in the most abject despair. Before noon she was out of sight; and in every direction nothing was visible but the blue and desolate waters tossing up their heads to the sky. The nature of the crime which was visited by this dreadful punishment we are not permitted to divulge; but that it was of great heinousness, may be gathered from his confessions. Some mercy mingled with the sentence as was manifest in the numerous little articles which were left for him on the shore. Among these was a limited supply of provisions, consisting of a little rice, onions, peas and meal. He had also a cask of water, two buckets, an old frying pan, and a fowling piece, but no ammunition. Some paper, a Bible, a few clothes, and some unimportant sundries, completed the list of his possessions.

The island itself was of a nature so savage and repulsive, as was well calculated to impress with horror and despair the stoutest heart condemned to so vast a dungeon. Being of volcanic origin, its surface was strewn with broken rocks, ashes and pumice; here and there a little red soil, scorched and sterile, peeped from between masses of rock upon which the traces of fire yet existed. Its shores on one side were frightful to approach; horrid precipices of black lava seemed to fringe the island with mourning, and threaten intrusion with death, and while at their base were deep chasms, eaten out by the insatiable wave. Further on, the wildest confusion of rocks, whose jagged summits added to the desolation of the spot, was occasionally relieved by small patches of a glittering, naked beach, white like snow, composed of fragile coral, and frailer shells ground to dust against the iron bulwarks of the island. The other side of the island was mere hospitable, possessing a less frowning coast, and a tamer sea-shore. Inland, a few acres of plain stretched away between the gloomy looking hills; but even these were either wholly barren, or scantily covered with a weak growth of *innutritious plants*, such as grass, ferns, purslain, a few thistles, and a convolvulus. Not a shrub was there on the whole island; and the only spot refreshing to the eye, wearied with so long a glance at desolation, was a tall mountain called the Green Mountain, whose verdant sides gaves the promise, which they did not fulfil in reality, of supplying something that might support the outcast during his stay there. The spot was, on the whole, something like a vast cinder, *spotted here and there* indeed with green, but otherwise as dry and burnt as if it had just been vomited from the depths of some vast volcano. Yet the place was the habitation of a legion of wild goats, and popuous nations of rats and mice over-scampered it; and one or two tribes of melancholy insects awake with its morning sun, and went to sleep at an early hour in the afternoon. Its shores, fierce-looking though they were, were more lively: flocks of "boobies," strutted along its glittering sands, in all the impertinent independence consequent upon unacquaintance with mankind; a vast turtle or two, six or seven hundred pounders, now and then, crawled, from the blue waters, and after taking a short walk for the benefit of their health, crawled in again, walking over possibly hundreds of enraged crabs on their way back; and the waters themselves were livelier still, for they abounded in eels, old wives, and rock-cod. The extreme length of the island was a little more than seven miles, its extreme breadth about six, and its general form was oval.

Such were the miserable and most uncompromising circumstances under which this unhappy man was left to take his chance of perishing utterly, or the remote *one of being discovered and rescued* by some passing vessel. As his journal, which he regularly kept, from the first day of his landing, has been preserved, we are able to proceed with the rest of his history. After recovering in some measure from the shock of being left alone, and after watching with an aching heart the ships snowy topsail sink beneath the waves of the horizon, he addressed himself to his first labor, which was the construction of a tent. *The spot he selected for its* site was sufficiently gloomy, for it was beneath one of the dismal overhanging black rocks of which mention has been made; but it assisted to cover his tent from the weather, and it was close to the beach upon which he, and all he possessed, had been left. By the close of the first long and weary day, a temporary tent was raised into which he brought his chest, bedding, and all his other chattels; and here, heavy and sick of heart, he spent the first night. Rising early the following morning, after partaking of his lonely meal, he set forth to explore the Island. It was the Sabbath and around was more than the stillness of that sacred day—it was the silence of the grave. No "church-going bell," no faint notes of a village hymn, no quiet tumult of a departing congregation, came to the outcast's ear—*the wind* was asleep, the waters were at peace; but in his heart there was no peace, and he himself was alone unquiet amid surrounding quietude. He searched in vain for some green thing which might promise him food; he then retured to his tent, and to beguile the dull hours, set about some alterations in its arrangements; he also covered it with a tarpaulin, which he fastened down with stones, thus securing himself from rain. Towards evening the solitude was broken by bustling flocks of boobies; on approaching them, he found them so tame as to permit him easily to seize several, which he afterwards killed, skinned and salted, laying them in the sun to dry. His eyes were ceaselessly directed to the horizon; but, viewed from whatever eminence, it revealed nothing but the same hopeless, unbroken blue line. Hoping it might catch the notice of some distant vessel which might escape his eyes *while searching for food*, he made a white flag with a portion of his linen; and fastening it to his almost useless fowling-piece, he planted it in the most conspicuous position he could descry. Sauntering afterwards along the beach, he had the good fortune to overtake a fine turtle, which he killed by beating it on the head; and this supplied him with provision for a little time. As the terrors of his lonely situation grew upon him, he began to fear lest the threatening, overhanging rock, under which he had placed his tent, should suddenly fall and overwhelm him: he *therefore removed his dwelling to a less alarming* position. He was by this time in a very miserable and disconsolate state of mind: often, after a long day's fruitless search for water and food, returning home with torn feet and an aching heart, he would pray, with one of old, that he might die. But he would by no means be accessory to his own death, as, in the constancy of hope, he still looked to his signal being seen, and himself delivered out of "that terrible place." Conceiving it singular that he had met as yet with no beasts upon the island, he searched carefully for footmarks on the beach and inland, but without success; the unbroken surface declared to him, again and again, that he was alone. The contents of his water-cask also daily reminded him that, unless he shortly succeeded in finding water, the most terrible fate awaited him. On one of his excursions he met with a little purslain, which he boiled with the boobies, and thus made a tolerably palatable dish for one in his condition. The few other herbs which that niggard desert afforded he was afraid to eat, nor were they sufficiently inviting to induce him to make the attempt. Every day saw him now anxious and car-worn, leave his tent, bucket in hand, seeking for water; and every day saw him return in the evening *almost fainting*, and with an empty vessel.—His supplies of food also grew short; boobies became scarce—turtle were not seen. He then used to boil a little rice in a little water, of which he made most of his meals. Many, many times, and with a gaze made intense by the struggle in his mind between hope and despair, were his eyes bent upon the lonely waters, but no ship appeared. It was fortunate that, as yet, his bodily health continued good. *Thus were his days* spent at this time: in the morning, the spring of hope poured its assuaging waters over his soul, and he set forth, fully expecting success of some sort; in the evening those waters were cut off, and he beguiled some of the tedium of the night by reading until his eves were weary, and then, as a diversion, he would set to mending his clothes. Finding no promise of native esculents, he thought to increase his stock by planting a few of those he had with him. He therefore set some onions and peas in a patch of soil near his tent. Finding no promise of native esculents, he thought to increase his stock by planting a few of those he had with him. He therefore set some onions and peas in a patch of soil near his tent. Finding a number of nests of sea-fowl, many containing eggs, he plundered them, and made his principal food of their contents. He was for some time much at a loss for a light at night; at length he hit upon the expedient of melting down some of the turtles' fat; and thus, with a saucer for his lamp, and a bit of rag for the wick, he had a tolerable light, which he used to keep burning all night. Thus passed a fortnight of his life in this great prison.

All his search for water had proved unavailing, and he was under the painful necessity of daily diminishing stock, without the means or the prospect of being able to replenish it. He explored the island in a new direction, looking narrowly, into every cranny of the rock, and searching every spot covered with a little fresher looking herbage than the rest; but no bubbling waters appeared. Bethinking him, then, of his fishing-tackle, he repaired to to the rocks to try his fortune in a fresh direction; he spent several hours in this employment in vain, which was somewhat remarkable, as the waters were unusually prolific of fish. Meanwhile a sad accident had occurred. Turning homewards, what was his surprise to behold a dense volume of smoke rising up to the skies in the dition of his tent! Deeply alarmed and dreading the worst, he flew with the utmost speed to the top: *he found the presage too true; his tent was* on fire! Hastily snatching up his buckets, he ran to the sea; and thus, by considerable efforts, he was enabled to quench the consuming element. It appears that the origin or the fire was attributable to his having carelessly left his tinder box, with some lighted tinder in it, upon his quilt. By this calamity he lost a shirt, a handkerchief, and a part of his quilt; and his Bible was much singed. Yet he felt thankful to God for what he had saved. He then knelt down, and earnestly intreated God to "give him the patience of holy Job" under his accumulating sufferings. The spirit of his journal at this time is one which betokens a degree of humble acceptance, of his punishment, severe as it was, and of patient submission to the Supreme Will. Thus the month of May passed away—his provisions diminishing, his barrel of water failing, his hopes growing fainter, and the future full of the gloomiest anticipations, in consequence of the rapidly-increasing heat of the weather.

On the 1st of June, there is this touching entry in the journal:—"It would be needless to write how often my eyes are cast upon the sea to look for shipping; and every little atom in the sky I take for a sail; then I look till my eyes dazzle, and immediately the object disappears. When I was put on shore, the captain told me it was the time of year for shipping to pass this way, which makes me look out the more diligently." At the end of the first week in this month, he had but two quarts of water left in his cask, and this was so muddy, as only to be drinkable after straining through a handkerchief. He then thought of digging for water. After digging to the depth of seven feet, *he found not so much as a trace of moisture*, and he desisted from his labor with feelings easier conceived than described. At this time deep considerations of his apparently approaching death filled his mind, and he spent many hours in prayer and in solemn meditations upon a future state. On the morning of the 10th of June, faint and sick with thirst, he drank his last portion of water to the very dregs, and in the strength of it he went out on a fresh search *for some of this precious fluid*.—After four hours' tedious walking under a burning sun, he at length became so weary and faint, as to be unable to proceed any further, and he lay down wishing he might die. His situation was that of the fainting Hagar in the wilderness, and his deliverence was to prove as signal. Rising at length from the earth, he walked slowly over the rocks towards his tent, as he thought to die. But not so: his eye was led to a hollow place in a rock, toward which he eagerly sprang. Who can paint his joy, or describe his gratitude on finding that it contained a little silver rill of water, pure, cool, and fresh! The poor fellow cast himself on the earth, and drank most immoderately of the delicious fluid. In the intoxication of his joy he sat down by its side, and drank again and again of its life-giving draught. The treasures of the whole earth were poor and mean in comparison with that tiny streamlet. Evening was closing, and taking care to mark well its position, he returned, his step more elastic than he had yet known, and a heart brimful of gratitude and joy. Thus one source of his deepest anxiety was, for the time, at least, diminished. He was now able to use the water freely; but whether from previous excessive over-fatigue or as the *consequence of* a long disappointed hope, cannot be said, but it is evident that now symptoms of delirium began to appear, and of these he was himself conscious. Strange fancies filled his mind at times, which disappeared at other times. At this period there occurs the following remark in his journal:—"It makes me very melancholy to think that I have no hopes of getting off this unhappy