



## SOLITUDE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Deep solitude I sought. There was a dell,  
Where waveshades shut out the eye of day,  
While towering near, the rugged mountains  
made.

Dark back-ground 'gainst the sky. Thither I  
went,

And hale my spirit drink that lonely drought,  
For which it long had languished 'mid the  
strife.

And fever of the world. I thought to be  
There without witness. But the violet's eye  
Looked upon me,—the fresh wild-rose smil-  
ed,

And the young pendant vine-flower kissed my  
cheek.

And there were voices too. The garrulous  
brook,

Untiring, to the patient pebbles told  
Its history;—it came the singing breeze,

And the broad leaves of the cool poplar spoke  
Responsive, every one. Even busy life

Work in that dell. The tireless spider threw  
From spray to spray her silver-tressed snare.

The wary ant, whose curving pincers pierced  
The treasured grain, toiled toward the citadel.

To the sweet hive went forth the loaded bee,  
And for the wind-rocked nest, the mother-bird  
Sang to her nurslings.

Yet I strangely thought

To be alone, and silent in thy realm,  
Spirit of life and love! It might not be!

There is no solitude in thy domains,  
Save what man makes, when, in his selfish  
breast,

He locks his joys, and bars out others' grief.  
Thou hast not left thyself to Nature's round  
Without a witness. Trees, and dowers, and  
streams,

Are social and benevolent; and he  
Who oft communeth in their language pure,  
Roaming among them at the cool of day,  
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden dressed,  
His Maker there, to teach his listening heart.

## THE DESERTERS.

The following narrative was found  
among the papers of Mr. Mason, Secretary  
to the Duke of Cumberland.

There were in the —— regiment two  
young soldiers above the common level,  
both from the same place, a town in Lan-  
cashire; and each had much friendship  
for the other. They had enlisted to-  
gether, through different motives; they march-  
ed together, and were inhabitants of the  
same tent. One, whom I shall call the lover,  
had enrolled his name through uneasiness  
from being disappointed in what he  
thought all his happiness centered: the  
marrying of a sweet girl of his own town,  
by whom he was much beloved. Her re-  
lations were inexorable and his hopes in-  
vain. The other, a lad of spirit, believ-  
ing the soldier's life as fine as the recruit-  
ing officer had described it, willing to see  
wars, accompany his friend, and serve his  
country, likewise accepted the King's pic-  
ture, and was called the volunteer. He  
was the only son of his mother, and she a  
widow: she was much grieved at this step  
which he had taken without her privity  
or consent; but being in an easy situation,  
and not wanting his assistance for her sup-  
port, she lamented only through affection  
for him.

The widow sent forth her son  
with tears and blessings; the maid eyed  
her lover from a distant window, (a nearer  
approach not being permitted,) and beat  
time to his steps with her heart, till  
he was out of sight; and then she sent her  
soul after him in a deep sigh. They had  
not been long in the camp before the vol-  
unteer had total proof of the wide differ-  
ence between the ideal gentleman and  
soldier, which he had dressed up in his  
imagination, and the miserable, half-star-  
ved food for powder. As for the lover,  
he was insensible to hardships of the body;  
the agitations of his mind absorbed  
his whole attention. In vain had he en-  
deavored to fly from the object of his love;  
he brought his person only, leaving his  
thoughts and his heart behind him and  
was absent from himself in the noise and  
bustle of the day, as a silent midnight  
watch, or when stretched upon his bed at  
night. They communicated their situa-  
tions to each other, and took the fatal re-  
solution to desert. Thus winged by love,  
and urged by fear, the hills of Scotland  
flew from their heels; and they had ar-  
rived at a village within miles of their  
own town, when they were overtaken by  
a horse pursuit, and reconducted to their  
camp. A court marshall was held and  
they were condemned to die; but the Ge-  
neral ordered, as is usual in such cases,  
that they should cast lots, and only one of  
them suffer. At the appointed time the  
ring was formed, the drum placed in the  
centre, with the box and dice upon its head,  
and the delinquents made to enter.

The horrors which sat brooding on  
their souls the preceding night, and were  
now overwhelming them, at the awful  
crisis, were strongly painted in their wan  
and pallid countenance. Their friend-  
ship was real and sincere, but not of that  
fabulous and heroic kind as to wish to die  
for each other; each wished to live, and  
each was disquieted at the thought, that  
his safety must be built on the welfare of  
his friend. They alternately requested  
each other to begin. The lover looked  
earnestly at the little instruments of death,  
took them in his trembling hand, and quickly  
laid them down. The officer was ob-  
liged to interpose and commanded the  
volunteer to throw; he lifted the box in  
the right hand, then shifted it into the left,  
and gave it to his right again; and as if  
ashamed of weakness or superstition, cast  
his eyes up for a moment, and was in the  
act to throw, when the shrieks of female  
sorrow struck his ear, and in burst from  
an opposite part of the circle, the widow  
and the maid, their hair dishevelled, and  
their garments by travelling, soiled and  
torn.

What a sight was this! the mother and  
son on one side of the drum, and the maid  
and lover on the other! the first transports  
of their frantic joy, and finding them alive,  
were soon abated by the dreadful uncer-  
tainty of what must follow. The officer  
was a man who did not hurry the vol-  
unteer to throw. He put his hand to the  
box of his own accord, his mother fell  
prostrate upon the earth, as did also the  
maid; and both, with equal constancy and  
favor, poured forth their different prayers.

He threw nine: a gleam of imperfect  
joy lighted upon the widow's face; and  
she looked as you might suppose her to  
have done, if standing on the shore, she  
had seen her son shipwrecked, buffeting  
the waves, when presently he gains a raft  
and is paddling to shore, and already she  
thinks to feel his fond embrace, but still is  
anxious, lest even yet some envious billow  
should snatch him forever from her eyes.

Meanwhile the lovers, giving up all for  
lost, were locked in each other's arms, and  
entreated to be killed thus together on the  
spot. She was held from him by force.

He advanced towards the drum with much  
the same air as he would have ascended  
a ladder for his execution. He threw ten!

the maid sprang from the ground as if she  
would leap to heaven! he caught her in  
his arms! they tauted on each other's  
neck, and recovered only to faint again.

The volunteer was the least affected of  
the four; and all his attentions were em-  
ployed about his mother, whose head was  
on his lap—but she was insensible to his  
care. Soon after the women had rushed  
into the ring, an officer had run to the  
duke's tent, to inform him of the uncom-  
mon tenderness of the scene. He accom-  
panied the officer to the spot, and stand-  
ing behind the first rank, he was an unob-  
served spectator of the whole transaction.

He could hold out no longer, he came into  
the circle, raised the widow, and echoing  
in her ear, "he is pardoned," restored her  
to life and happiness together. Then  
turning to the lovers he commanded them  
immediately to the chaplain, to be united  
by that tie which death only can dissolve.

He often declared he felt more pleasure  
from this action, than from the battle of  
Culloden. He shed tears; but they were  
not those of Alexander, when he wept for  
more worlds to conquer.

## RETALIATION.

Some few years since, in the country of Pe-  
nscot, there lived a man by the name of H—  
whose greatest pleasure was in tormenting  
others; his own family was generally the but of  
his sport.

One cold and blustering night he returned to  
bed at an early hour, his wife being absent at a  
neighbor's. Some time after, she returned; and  
the doors being closed, she demanded admis-  
tance.

Who are you, cried Mr. H.

You know who I am; let me in, it is very  
cold.

Begone you strolling vagabond! I want noth-  
ing of you here.

But I must come in.

What is your name?

You know my name, it is Mrs. H.  
Begone! Mrs. H. is a very likely woman, she  
never keeps such late hours as this.

Mrs. H. replied, if you do not let me in, I will  
drown myself in the well.

Do, if you please, he replied.

She then took up a log and plunged it into the  
well, and retired to the side of the door.

Mr. H. hearing the noise rushed from the  
house to save, as he supposed, his drowning wife.

She at the same time slipped in, and closed the  
door after her. Mr. H. almost naked in turn  
demanded admittance.

Who are you, she demanded.

You know who I am; let me in, or I shall  
freeze.

Begone, you thievish rogue! I want nothing  
of you here.

But I must come in.

What is your name?

You know my name, it is Mr. H.

Mr. H. is a very likely man, he does not keep  
such late hours.

Suffice it to say, she after keeping him in the  
cold until she was satisfied, opened the door and  
let him in—*Boston Journal*.

## LOAN TO A HIGHWAYMAN.

A Quaker was stopped between Brentford and  
London by a highwayman, who demanded his  
money—the Quaker answered, "Well friend, if  
thou art in want of money I will lend thee some."

The same demand and answer were repeated se-  
veral times, till the highwayman became impa-  
tient and the Quaker reluctantly gave up all his  
cash which was very considerable. The high-  
wayman then perceived the Quaker to have a  
better horse than his own, insisted on his chang-  
ing. The Quaker answered, "Well friend, if  
thou thinkst my horse will be of more service to  
thee than thine own, then shalt have mine!"—  
and accordingly they exchanged. On the Qua-  
ker's arrival in London, he slackened the reins of  
the highwayman's horse and let the animal take  
his own course—the horse stopped at a livery in  
Holden, the Quaker alighted, and when the host-  
ler came, inquired if he knew the horse? The  
hostler answered in the affirmative, and that it  
belonged to Mr. —— who lived in  
square. The Quaker took no further notice,  
but left the horse and his address. The next  
day the highwayman brought the Quaker's horse  
and told the hostler he had sold his own horse,  
and purchased another, when to his great sur-  
prise, the hostler informed him of his horse being  
brought home, and what passed at the time.—

The highwayman went to the Quaker's house,  
who accosted him with "Well friend, has thou  
brought the money I lent thee?" The highway-  
man said he had, and falling on his knees, im-  
plored mercy and secrecy. "I lend thee the money,"

said the Quaker, "because my principles  
allow not to swear even to a robbery; I will con-  
ceal thy name, in hope of thy amendment; be-  
ware how thou spendest thy money in future,  
and thou wilt have the less occasion to bor-  
row."

## ANECDOTE.

Pope's first wife was a Miss Young, of Cov-  
er Garden Theatre. On the morning after her  
marriage, she received the following epistle from  
Mrs. Martyr of the same theatre:

"Dr. Madam—Permit me to be one of the  
first in offering my congratulations. I have no  
doubt of your happiness; for I must confess, that  
if his holiness had attacked me good Protestant  
as I am, I could not have had the resolution to die—

A Martyr.

To which Mrs. Pope returned the following  
answer.

Dear Madam—Accept my best thanks for  
congratulations. This is not a time for criti-  
cism; but I safely will whisper to my friend that  
Pope's Essays, are in perfect unison with  
"Young's Night Thoughts."

## DR. FRANKLIN'S MORAL CODE.

The great American philosopher and states-  
man, Benj. Franklin, drew up the following  
list of moral virtues to which he paid constant  
and earnest attention, and thereby made him-  
self a better and happier man:

Temperance. Eat not to fulness; drink not  
to elevation.

Silence. Speak not but what may be of ben-  
efit to others or yourself; avoid trifling con-  
versation.

Order. Let all things have their places; let  
each part of your business have its time.

Resolution. Resolve not to perform what you  
ought not; perform without fail what you re-  
solve.

Frugality. Make no expenses, but do good to  
others or yourself, that is waste nothing.

Industry. Lose no time; be always employ-  
ed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary  
actions.

Sincerity. Use no harmless deceit; think in-  
ocently and justly; and if you speak, speak ac-  
cordingly.

Justice. Wrong none by doing injuries, or  
omitting the benefits that are your duty.

Moderation. Avoid extremes; forbear resen-  
ting injuries.

## ANOTHER TRICK.

A few years since, a man—it is well enough  
to say from the land of steady-habits—had a

wagon load of corn brooms to dispose of, but  
finding poor sale in the towns above Milton, had  
hired his wagon and came to this town, where he  
made a feint in trying to buy up a load at a  
pretty fair price—there being none in market at  
the time, engaged a large quantity, promising  
to call again. In the mean time, his partner  
accidently, drives along with a load, is hauled  
by one of our merchants: "Is your brooms for  
sale?" "O! sartain." The price was then asked,  
and being much lower than that which his  
partner had engaged to give, a bargain was  
knocked up immediately for the whole lot—

Our merchant, though out of business for sever-  
al years, has still a supply of brooms on hand  
Milsonian.

Priestcraft Outwitted.—An Italian noble being  
at church one day, and finding a priest who  
begged for the souls in purgatory gave him a  
piece of gold. "Ah! my lord," said the good  
father, "you have now delivered a soul." The  
count threw upon the plate another piece.—

"Here is another soul delivered," said the  
priest. "Are you positive of it?" replied the priest; "I  
am, my lord," replied the priest; "I am cer-  
tain they are now in heaven." "Then," said  
the count, "I'll take back my money, for it  
signifies nothing to you now; seeing the souls  
are already got to heaven, there can be no dan-  
ger of their returning to purgatory."

Stringing the Beans.—This account has  
appeared, but "Boiling the Tea Kettle" is yet  
to come. In a family at the west end of the city,  
lives an honest Irish woman, for the purpose  
of attending ordinary work. She was directed  
on the first afternoon of her residence, to boil  
the tea kettle (a very common phrase) as early  
as possible. After waiting a long time, and as  
no signs of tea, Mrs. —— went in to ascertain  
why the delay—when, lo! the tea kettle was  
boiling, it having been put into a large pot, and  
was boiling—hot water, with a great fire  
could produce the effect. What are you about  
Patty? Why, I am doing what you told me to do—  
boiling the tea kettle.—*Bost. Cen.*

From the *Ashburn Journal*.

How to patronize a Tavern.—One evening last  
week a rather well dressed good looking

Jonathan came into this place, with a load of  
galls and stopped at one of the taverns in the  
east part of the town. After handing the la-  
dies into the sitting room, he drove his team into  
the shed and gave them some hay of his own.

He then went to a grocery, purchased a pint of  
port wine, borrowed a bottle to carry it in, and a  
glass to drink it with and took it up to the  
tavern, and after treating the galls, returned  
the borrowed articles, and started for home.

The landlord will be able to return from busi-  
ness in a short time at this rate.

## THE ALMSHOUSE BOY.

A youth who was brought up at the almshouse  
was lately taken into the family of Mrs. —— in  
Pearl street, to run of errands. The first day  
he became an inmate of her house, the follow-  
ing dialogue passed between them: "Are you  
not sorry, my dear?" said Mrs. ——, "to leave  
home?" "No," answered he, "I don't care."

"Is there not somebody at home whom you are  
sorry to leave?" resumed she. "No," replied  
the boy, "I am not sorry to leave any body."

"What! not those who are good to you?" re-  
joined she. "Nobdy ever was good to me,"

said the boy. Mrs. —— was touch with the child's  
answer, which strongly painted his helpless lot,  
and the cold indifference of the world. The  
tear stood in her eye. "My poor little fellow,"

said she after a short pause, "was nobody ever  
good to you? have you no friend, my dear?"

"No, for old dusky Bob, the rag man, died last  
week." "And was he your friend?" "Yes,  
that he was," replied the boy, "he once gave  
me a piece of gingerbread!" *New York Sun.*