

POETRY.



THE HOOSHIEROONS.

The good citizens of our young sister Indiana, pretty generally known through out the west by the singular appellation of *Hooshers*. The following rhymes from a Hooshieroon, convey a very graphical picture of Hooshier life on the frontiers of Indiana. In our own perambulations through that state, we have often partaken the welcome hospitality of a "buck-eye cabin," while our gallant steed stood by the "spling" and the "sugar trough" for the night.

Suppose in riding through the west,
A stranger found a "Hoosier's nest,"
In other words, a buckeye cabin
Just big enough to hold queen Mab in;
Its situation low but airy,
Was on the borders of a prairie;
And fearing he might be benighted,
He hailed the house and then alighted.
The "Hoosier" met him at the door,
Their salutations soon were o'er;
He took the stranger's horse aside
And to a sturdy sapling tied,
Then having stripped the saddle off,
He fed him in a sugar trough.
The stranger stooped to enter in,
The entrance closing with a pin,
And manifested strong desire
To seat him by a log heap fire,
Where half a dozen Hooshieroons,
With mash and milk, tin cups and spoons,
White heads, bare feet, and dirty faces,
Seem'd much inclin'd to keep their places.
But Madam, anxious to display
Her rough and undisputed sway,
Her off-spring to the ladder led,
And cuffed the youngsters up to bed.
Invited shortly to partake
Of venison, milk, and jonny-rake,
The stranger eat a hearty meal,
And glances round the room would steal,
One side was lined with divers garments,
The other spread with skins of "var-
ments."
Dried pumpkins over head were strung,
Where venison hams in plenty hung;
Two rifles placed above the door,
Three dogs lay stretched upon the floor;
In short, the domicile was rife
With specimens of "Hoosier" life.
The host, who centered his affections
On game, and range and quarter sections,
Discour'd his weary guest for hours,
Till Somnus' ever potent powers,
Of sublimity cares bereft him.

No matter how the story ended—
The application I intended
Is from the famous Scottish poet,
Who seemed to feel as well as know it,
That "burdly chieft and clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is."

[Cincinnati paper]

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER,
OR THE BRAVO OF BANFF.

(CONCLUDED.)

Chapter IV.—The Discoveries.

The hour of fasting came, the house was lighted up, and all was brilliance, merriment and confusion. Some of the guests, who came from a distance, were to remain all night; and the tramp of horses and the running of carriage wheels, as they arrived, with calling voices, and lights wandering from room to room, and flitting among the out-offices, gave a character of animation to the scene, such as had rarely been witnessed at Banff. Marian never looked so beautiful as on that night; but the flush on her cheek was so high, and the brilliance of her eye so dazzling, that the guests were struck with a kind of wonder distinct from admiration. She was gay to extravagance, but once was observed to pause in the midst, and press her hand upon her brow with a wild and terrified look.

"Did I not tell ye, Marian," said Miss Thom, looking fondly and delightedly on her lovely face—"did I not tell ye, that ye would be well the morrow?"

"Yes—yes," replied Marian, hurriedly—"I remember—but let us laugh now. Where is the use of looking as if a rope—hush!—hush!—let us be merry!" and she laughed so wildly that some of the company turned round to look at her in surprise.

"Mirron, dear," said Miss Thom, with an alarmed look, as she put her arm round her neck—"Come here, I want to speak to ye. Ye are no well yet! Try and compose yourself; go immediately to your bed; and greet, Mirron, greet if ye like—but dinna laugh again!" Marian sprang, however, from her side to join the dancers, who had now formed their sets. But Miss Thom, after whispering with some of the elder guests, ordered the music to cease; and Major Lovat putting his arm round his daughter's waist, led her out of the room. Marian yielded without a word. Her head dropped upon her bosom; the flush faded from her cheek; the light died in her eye; and, when she turned round at the door, in obedience to a whisper from her father, to curtsy a general good

night, she was as wan, and still, and ghastly as a corpse. The guests departed immediately after; the lights were extinguished, and the house of boasting sunk into silence and darkness.

Major Lovat did not undress that night. He was uneasy about his daughter; and stole on tiptoe to her room door, every now and then, to listen. In one of these excursions he was surprised in the midst of the profound stillness of the hour, to hear a distant footfall. The sound came apparently from a closet where the plate was kept. It was repeated; the door of the closet, he saw, by a passing glimpse of the moon, was open; and the old soldier, forgetting every thing but victory and vengeance, shouted "Thieves! thieves!" in a voice of thunder, and sprang forward like a tiger.

The cry of her father fell upon Marian's self-conscious ear; and springing from her bed, she rushed out into the passage, and flew like lightning after him. At the moment a figure darted from the plate-closet, and, eluding Major Lovat, vaulted through an open window and disappeared.

"The stranger!" screamed Marian, "the stranger! the stranger!" and fell all her length upon the floor.

Mr. Thom's plans were not absolutely ripe; and even after seeing the advertisement in the newspaper, he contented himself with setting a watch upon the motions of his future prisoner. After this daring attempt, however, which explained the infuriated man's lingering so long in scenes where he must have known that every step was dangerous to his life, it was impossible to hesitate. At any rate, although Major Lovat had seen the robber too suddenly and too indistinctly to be able to recognize him, his daughter, who had at once identified him with the stranger, would in all probability, by the time the trial came on, be well enough to give her testimony. This in fact was the grand link that was wanting in the evidence, and, together with the vast body of presumptive proof, could not fail to lead to conviction. The stranger, who appeared to have considered himself secure from detection by the darkness of the preceding night, was accordingly arrested, as he sat at breakfast in the inn, quietly reading the newspaper, which had just arrived by the mail.

It is impossible to describe the excitement which prevailed in the town of Banff as soon as this decisive step became public. Business was totally suspended, hurrying groups were seen flocking from all quarters through the streets; and by the hour of cause, the house of Major Lovat, where the prisoner was to be examined previous to committal, was surrounded by a dense crowd of men, women, and children. The local magistrates, and the principal gentry of Banff, ladies as well as gentlemen, were assembled in the dining-hall; when a storm of mingled hooting, yells, groans, and cheers from the populace without, proclaimed the arrival of the hero of the scene, handcuffed and strongly escorted.

From the instant he had been arrested, a very curious change had taken place in the demeanor of this remarkable person. Instead of the grave, melancholy, anxious expression his features had worn before, they were now lighted up by a feeling that might have been taken up by an observer ignorant of the circumstances, for joy. His step was elastic, his eye bright and steady, and his bearing bold and free.

"He will dee bard, yeon chap!" remarked some of the crowd as he passed through them.

"Ay, ay, he's game till the back bone!" replied another.

"He's a brave fellow and a bonnie," said the women—"and shame fa' the leon who would crow over a fallen foe! Skreigh, cummers, for the bauld and bonnie! Hurra!" and as he entered the house, the noises of disapprobation were drowned in cheers.

The prisoner's handcuffs were taken off; he was placed standing at the bottom of the table, in front of the magistrate; and the business commenced. We do not, however, pretend to give it in detail, or in proper order; being only anxious to state what was elicited in the course of the examination, which embraced a variety of charges.

The advertisement was read and the description found to tally with the appearance of the prisoner.

Miss Lovat's maid stated that she had found a copy of the advertisement (now produced) which appeared to have been cut out of a newspaper in her mistress's room; and that she had gathered from what Miss Lovat, who was now ill of a fever, said at the time, that the stranger had been deeply agitated when he saw it. Here the prisoner appeared to lose his self-possession for a moment, and grew exceedingly pale.

The landlord of the inn declared that the prisoner had paid his bill yesterday up to the present moment, informing him that it was exceedingly

probable he should leave Banff early in the morning. He had been out the whole night, and did not return till daybreak.

The persons employed by Mr. Thom to watch the stranger's motions, stated they had seen him prowling about Major Lovat's house the greater part of the night. They lost sight of him, however, about the time of the attempt at robbery, having followed to some distance another person, whom they at last discovered was not their man.

Mr. Thom's female witness said that the prisoner resembled in a remarkable manner the robber she had seen in her master's house, but that, owing to the state of alarm she was in at the time, she had not observed him with sufficient distinctness to be able altogether to swear to his identity.

Major Lovat stated, that he does not see very well without the aid of an eye-glass; but that his impression, of figure, height and general appearance, was that the prisoner and the man who had attempted to rob his house the night before were the same individual. His daughter, who labored under no weakness of eyesight, had identified them at once. (Here the prisoner started, uttered some angry exclamations, and grew alternately red and pale.) She was at present too unwell to bear the excitement of questioning on such a subject, but he hoped she would be able to give her evidence on oath at the trial, to which he had now no doubt they would send the prisoner.

Major Lovat then described the conflict he had had some time ago with the robber, declared his conviction that the individual was the same whom he had seen last night, and whom he now saw before them; and finally produced the dead thumb.

A rush took place at this moment among the audience, who seemed to feel the most intense curiosity to see the prisoner. He appeared to be pettified with amazement at the sight of a thumb, which, the reader is aware, the robber had suuk, as he imagined, in the pond.

"Does the chiel no ken his own thoom?" remarked some one in the crowd, and a titter ran through the room; but this indecency was instantly repressed by the magistrate. The black silk handkerchief was then unwrapped from the prisoner's hand; and, as every one present expected, it was found to be minus the thumb!

At this close of the accusation there was a silence for some minutes in the hall, which partook of the character of awe. Even Mr. Thom, now that his favorite object appeared to be accomplished, was struck with a kind of remorse; and his daughter and many of the ladies, especially those who had been most violent against the stranger, were so overcome by their feelings, that they sobbed aloud.

In the midst of the stillness of the moment, the audience were electrified by the sound of singing in the next room; and Major Lovat got up in agitation from his seat as he recognized his daughter's voice. The strain rose shriller and shriller—

"Yet sang she Brigid banks are fair,
And Oreta woods are gay,
I wish I was with Edmund there,
To reign his queen of May!"

and Marian Lovat, with dishevelled hair, phrenzied eye, rushed, like another Ophelia, into the hall.

"Have you slain him?" she shrieked as the sight of the crowd and the array of justice touched the jarring chords of memory—"Monsters, have you murdered him? He is innocent—he is innocent!" and at the same moment getting a glimpse of the stranger, she sprang forward with a wild scream, and threw herself into his arms, and hid her face in his bosom.

"Look up!" cried he "my love—my life—my Marian! With an angel's lips you speak the truth of an angel. I am innocent! I am innocent!—and the powers of hell shall not prevail against me!"

While this extraordinary scene was going on, Major Lovat stood rooted to the spot by shame, rage and wonder.

"Remove the woman!" he at last shouted in a voice of thunder; and Marian, whose senses appeared to have been restored by the shock she had sustained, was received in the arms of Miss Thom, and her other companions, who crowded round her to screen her from the gaze of the company, although they did not, or could not remove her from the room.

"Has the prisoner any witnesses—or any thing to say?" demanded Major Lovat, sternly. The stranger was about to speak, when a man suddenly stepped out before him. It was Franks—great coated, booted, and gloved, as he had been when he last appeared before his master.

"Being on my way to Aberdeen," said he, "to take my passage for America, I could not pass by without paying my duty to your honor. With regard to the present case, having been a soldier, like yourself, and familiar with cuts and wounds, I can speak to a point which I think has escaped you,

owing to the weakness of your eyesight. The thumb which the prisoner wants is a left hand thumb; while the thumb which your honor took so neatly from the rascal who could not rob you, but who robbed me of a good place, is a right hand thumb!" This announcement excited much confusion; which ended, when a surgeon was called forward and confirmed the fact, in a general cheer. So complete a revolution had taken place in Mr. Thom's feelings, that he jumped forward and shook Franks heartily by the hand; but the latter, who did not seem much gratified by the familiarity, took the earliest opportunity of getting out of the crowd, and was seen no more.

"Gentlemen," said the prisoner, "in defending myself against this extraordinary charge, I shall not detain you many minutes; but there is one thing which I do not clearly understand.—Will you do me the favor of allowing me to look at the newspaper advertisement said to have been found in Miss Lovat's room?" It was handed to him; and, after glancing it over, he turned the back of the fragment. "It is needless," continued he, to explain how this mistake occurred, but my agitation was caused by this, not the other side of the paper; and, although it is here somewhat damaged by the scissors, I can repeat the paragraph from memory. 'Sir William B—has not yet recovered speech, and is not expected to live twelve hours; the situation, therefore, of Mr. —, the heir of Lord H—, is a critical one. The duel was fought under peculiar circumstances, and on the spur of the moment; and so great is the want of witnesses throughout the whole transaction, that, in addition to his remorse for taking away the life of a companion in so trivial a quarrel, and the loss of his thumb, which was amputated in consequence of his wound, large odds are offered at Brooke's that Mr. —, one of the most promising members of the aristocracy, will swing on the scaffold!' When he had concluded, a shout rose from the audience that might have awakened the dead.

"Do you hear, Marian?" said Miss Thom, her voice broken by sobbing—"Do you understand, my poor lassie?" Marian kissed her friend's cheek, and pressed her in her arms.

"Your sympathy with me, ladies and gentlemen," resumed the stranger, "is very gratifying,"—and his voice faltered, "very delightful to my feelings; and it encourages me to think that you will not be displeased to hear the paragraph, which this morning gave a new turn to my spirits: 'Sir William B—, strange to say, is in a fair way of recovery. The case took an almost miraculous turn at the moment it was expected to terminate in death. He has recovered his speech, and completely absolves his antagonist from any thought of dishonor. Mr. — in the meantime, is supposed to have taken refuge in Banffshire; but all the country papers in the kingdom are requested to copy this paragraph, that wherever he is, he may at once return to his anxious friends and to the society which he adorns!' And now, gentlemen, all I have to add is, that as Lord Fife, whom I have the honor of knowing personally, is expected to-day at Duff house—perhaps is already arrived—I shall very speedily be able to offer you a satisfactory confirmation of my story."

"There's nae need—there's nae need!" cried Mr. Thom—"we're a' fules, every one of us, Mr.—my Lord!—and nae ye maun just dinner wi' me and my brother fules! and forget it a'!"

"Forgive my warmth," said Major Lovat, extending his hand—"but, by my honor, there another subject on which you and I must have a pre-cognition by and by. In with ye, lasses—in with ye. Friends and neighbors, adieu. Ay, ay—skreigh away—up with it—hurra! hurra! hurra!"

That evening, after dinner, when Mr. Thom began to look wise and talk oracularly, he said apart to major Lovat—

"What do you think I found when I shook the fellow Franks by the hand? That he has nae mair thoom than your daughter's joe! And wha do ye think has eloped frae the town to-day? The jaud wha did a' but swear to the identity of the stranger and the thief! And what do ye think she confessed afore-hand? That Franks himsel' was the Bravo o' Banff!"

"And what do you think," said the major, "was put into my hand two minutes ago? Have you speculation enough in your eyes to read? No; then let me put on my specs and try."

Major—Being now fairly out of your clutches, and willing to save the present or any future prisoner, when it can do myself no harm, I avow myself to be the sole author of the Banffshire robberies. The opportunities were obtained by means of gallivanting; but the ladies themselves were ignorant till too late, of the use I made of their good nature. My gratitude would have secured you from any at-

tempt, had I not been provoked to it by the taunts of one of my dearies, who reproached me with attacking other people's property when I dared not lay a finger on that of the brave and fiery Major Lovat. Finding myself here accidentally the other night, I made a second attempt, partly out of pique for the loss of my thumb; but I do assure you—and having assured you I care not a straw whether you believe it or not—that if I had succeeded in carrying off the spoil, I should have sent it back next day, with the compliments of your loving friend and servant.

FREDERICK FRANKS.

All we have to add is, that the pre-cognition with which the stranger was threatened by Major Lovat, was duly gone into, and ended in the young couple being sent for trial, handcuffed together, and transported.

Anecdotes of the late Polish War.—At the commencement of the war, four brothers entered the army together, while the fifth remained at home to superintend the management of the estate. The ladies of the neighborhood, hearing this, sent the stay-at-home a distaff, as a token of his reception among the sisterhood. A Galician lady, being solicited in marriage by a young man of rank and fortune, said, "I believe I could be happy with you; but the way to my heart lies through Warsaw." The lover took the hint, and fought bravely in the ranks of his countrymen, till their cause had become hopeless; and the lady became his bride. The 4th regiment, which so gloriously distinguished itself during the Polish struggle, was Constantine's favorite. When the Poles were beating the Russians in the streets of Warsaw, at the breaking out of the revolution, this singular being called out, with pride, to his countrymen, "Do you see the effect of my drilling? But you will be more surprised when you see my fourth regiment fighting against you." This celebrated regiment, although repeatedly cut to pieces, was always at its full complement, from the accession of volunteers. A young officer being asked, whether he did not belong to the Glorious Fourth, "Yes," he replied, "but of the third edition."

DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE.

On Thursday, the 20th ult., a lad named Nathaniel Donoh, about 15 years of age was gunning near the Long Sands in New York; after killing a bird in the sea, he took a boat or wherry, about 15 feet long, and went to sea in pursuit of this bird; the wind blowing rather strong, forced the boat out to sea, since which time neither the boy nor the boat have been heard from. The distressed parents have one hope left them that the boat and boy may have been taken up by some coaster which run off in the same direction at the time. Any one that can give information in relation to the boy or boat, will confer a great favor.

THE BOY FOUND.

Since the above was received we are gratified to learn that the little fellow has been picked up alive and saved by the schooner Van, captain Morton, of Bristol, on her passage from Boston. A little before sunset of the same day that the lad was driven to sea, when about a mile and a half north of Bear Island, the wind blowing fresh, the men while reefing the sails heard a strange kind of cry, which they at first supposed to be the scream of a gull. On hearing it repeated, they looked round till they saw the little craft dancing upon the waves like an egg shell, and the lad on board swinging his hat like a good fellow. With all convenient despatch they made towards him and took him on board. It was the last chance the little fellow had for life, for half an hour more would have carried him among the breakers on Boon Island Ledge. And even could he have escaped the breakers, his little bark would have foundered long before morning. Two coasters had passed near him in the course of the day, but he could not make them hear him. He was carried into Bristol, in this state, where the people sent him to Waldoborough to take the stage for home, and gave him money to pay his passage. He has probably ere this reached home, and carried a joy to the hearts of his parents, which none but a parent can ever know.

Portland Courier.

Advice to Wives.—Always wear your wedding ring, for therein lies more virtue than is usually imagined. If you are ruffled unawares, assaulted with improper thoughts, or tempted in kind against your duty, cast your eyes upon it, and call to mind who gave it to you, where it was received and, what passed at the solemn time.

An old picture founded on a solemn fact, represents a king sitting in state, with a label, "I govern all;" a bishop with a legend "I pray for all;" a soldier with the motto "I fight for all;" and a farmer, drawing reluctantly forth a purse, with the superscription, "I pay for all."