

## Poet's Corner.

## DO YOU REALLY THINK HE DID ?

BY MISS MARIETTA HUTCHINS.

I waited till the twilight,  
And yet he did not come;  
I strayed along the brook side  
And slowly wandered home;  
When who should come behind me,  
But him I would have bid;  
He said he came to find me—  
Do you really think he did ?

He said that since we parted  
He'd thought of naught so sweet,  
As of the very moment,  
The moment we should meet.  
He showed me where, half-shaded,  
A cottage home lay hid;  
He said for me he made it—  
Do you really think he did ?

He said, when first he saw me,  
Life seemed at once divine—  
Each night he dreamed of angels,  
And every face was mine.  
Sometimes a voice, when sleeping,  
Would all his hopes forbid,  
And then he waked up weeping—  
Do you really think he did ?

A THRILLING SKETCH.

## A BORDER TALE.

In the year 1831, while acting as Surveyor in the now State of Iowa, I was a witness of one of those real and startling tragedies which so often occur along the borders of civilization in the great West. While serving in that capacity, I had often witnessed deeds of valor and desperation, and a foolhardy courage which made my blood grow cold—but the incident to which I allude displayed, on the one hand, such unmitigated vindictiveness of spirit, together with the most reckless daring and a total disregard of death, and on the other such pure affection and such delicate refinement for the then wide wilderness to exhibit, that it stands out in bold relief above the memory of the many startling scenes I witnessed and the trials and hair-breadth escapes that I underwent.

One night, after having nearly completed my operations in that part of the country, and preparatory to taking my final leave of it, I walked forth from the tent in which my companions were still busily engaged in devouring their supper of boiled venison, and strolled along upon the banks of a quiet stream that rolled its deep and silent waters through a vast and fertile country, finally to empty into the Mississippi. The sun was fast declining in the west, his bright rays danced only at intervals through the dense forest, intercepted by the hanging boughs and hoary trunks of huge oaks that perchance had stood the fierce blast of a hundred winters, still unscathed. The gay carol of the forest birds was dying away while they sought with yielding wing their places of nightly rest—the almost ceaseless chatter of the squirrel was still—the sound of the cracking bough, as it fell beneath the hoof of the fleeting deer, was no longer heard, and all nature seemed wrapped in the silence of repose.

Unheeding my footsteps, I had wandered far down along the banks of this quiet stream and seated myself upon a broken and decayed stump, nearly encircled by the trunk of a tree on either side. My mind was enshrouded in that deep reverie which so often steals over us as twilight's balmy hour comes on, and might long have remained so had not my attention been suddenly aroused by the approach of a group of Indians along the banks of the stream. Instantly my hand grasped my faithful pistol, when suddenly the foremost Indian changing his course, entered a thick clump of bushes and soon emerged from them, walking upon the trunk of a tree that had fallen across and completely spanned the stream: that rolled quietly below. The other Indians followed in quick succession their leader, whom I now saw, as his manly form rose towering above his followers, was a person of whom I had some little knowledge. He was the chief of the tribe that occupied the country around me and which I had been for some months engaged in. I had met him once only, but I was greeted with that respect and welcome which a stranger ever meets among the Indians.

His dress was richly fantastic—his face covered with many colored paints, his moccasins embellished with curiously wrought beads, and a huge panther's skin hanging from his brawny shoulders, gave him an air of superiority over the rest. As they passed singly over the stream, I saw that each was unusually tastefully dressed, which denoted some unusual occurrence. I remained concealed till the last had passed over and entered the thick foliage upon the opposite bank, and then stepping forth, I saw them hurrying down by the side of the stream, in the direction of the old chief's lodge, which I knew to be some half mile below. They were soon lost to sight, and while musing partly upon what could be their intended mission, and partly upon the beauty of the scenery around, I was startled by the sound of approaching footsteps, seemingly from behind me—I had hardly sunk back into my hiding place, when through the dim twilight, I saw approaching me a company of five or six persons. They came steadily towards me, till within a few feet where the bank ran above their heads, entirely concealing them from view. Here they halted, and one of their number began to address the others in a mixed dialect of French, English and Indian. I soon surmised that the speaker was a noted half-breed of whom I had heard not a little, and seen somewhat. His father had been one of the first French traders, who penetrated the country west of the great lakes for traffic with the Indians, and his mother was the daughter of a chief of a tribe inhabiting the North Western Territory. In this character was combined all the bravery and cunning

of the Indian, together with that total regardlessness of death manifested by the Frenchman, and a jealousy and vindictiveness of spirit not often seen in either. From what I could catch of his broken harangue, I learned that he had formed an insatiable passion for the old chief's daughter, who was that night to be united to the noble young Indian I had seen pass over the stream but a short time before, and was to succeed her aged father as chief of the tribe. The half-breed had often seen the beautiful "valley flower"—as she was called—and had as often vowed that he would possess her. But his efforts had proved fruitless, for when, by stealth he had gained access to her, and whispered his adoration for her, in the softest accents, she repulsed his base and treacherous words and fled from him in disdain. All his cunning and stratagem were of no avail to secure her, his most artfully laid plans had been thwarted, and his tasked ingenuity had signally failed of placing her in his hands. This night he resolved to use force before she should become the willing possession of another, from beneath whose watchful eye nothing but the hand of death could remove her. The details of his plan I could not hear, as he spoke in an under tone, but soon I saw them stealthily approach the stream, and, crossing over, were quickly lost to sight. I was about to rise from my concealment to return to the tent, and with my companions come to the rescue of the fair maiden, when the sound of voices warned me that still some of the party remained, and that such a step—aye, even the least intimation of my presence, would have been the signal for one of the savage's arrow to have sought a hiding place for its poisoned tip about the region of my heart. I could not have escaped the flying foot of the Indians, nor eluded their swift tomahawks, and yet, had I availed all, their fast flying arrows would probably have reached me and I would not have lived either to assist in rescuing the maiden or to tell this tale. So I was forced to resort to the fertility of my imagination while waiting for the time to come when I could act. I gazed eagerly forth in the direction the Indians had taken, watching the least thing that aroused my attention, but all was still, and there were no indications of the tragedy soon to be enacted.

The sun had sunk far down in the west, and illuminated the horizon with its departing rays; the pale moon now was following closely his brilliant pathway; the scarcely stirring breeze moved not a leaf; the silent waters gave not forth a rippling sound, but reflected in solemn stillness the moon's pale rays; the harsh howl of the wolf upon the distant hills, and the wild-cats' shrill cry were unheard, and all things seemed wrapped in the stillness of death. I contemplated the heavens above me and beheld with momentary rapture the myriads of starry constellations sparkling far and near amidst the vast space of the ethereal regions. I gazed upon the moon, pale and wan, and then looked upon the silent waters and saw mirrored in mimic glory the images of bright realities on high, and that like many who boast of their position on earth, "they would not be there were it not for their bright originals in heaven." Thus musing, I sought objects to interest me, ever watching with an eager eye in the direction in which I anticipated an exciting scene. My anticipations were too true, for I had not long remained in suspense when I distinctly heard a wild cry of horror rise far off in the distance. I gazed more earnestly in the direction and saw between the boughs and trunks of the trees the red flames of fire rising up towards the skies. The sounds grew louder and nearer, and the Indians' shrill war-whoop rang out clear upon the still night air. Soon the dull obscure flame had grown into a fierce and lurid fire, and shot up above the tall forest trees, winding upon itself in fierce fury like an enraged demon. Louder and louder rose the cries, and the stillness of the night soon enabled me to hear the sounds of approaching steps hurrying along on the opposite bank, as the cracking boughs broke beneath each footfall. I started from my place of concealment, but remembering the Indians, I again sank, while every nerve within me thrilled most intensely. The sound of persons, flying in almost every direction now came towards me; the war-whoop rose louder and nearer, and the flames spreading from the lodges of the Indians into the forest and catching upon the dried leaves and bushes ran rapidly in every direction, and rose higher and higher, till they seemed to lap with their fiery tongues the few fleeting clouds that hurry over the scene. A moment only I gazed upon their fury, and casting my eyes upon the opposite bank, I saw approaching what I discerned to be the half-breed, bearing the frightened and nearly unconscious maiden. Instantly I sprang forth, and, grasping my pistols, I stood resolved to fire upon him ere he should cross the stream. Twice he essayed to gain footing upon the log which served as the bridge, but failed from sheer exhaustion. He then called to his assistance the Indians beneath me, one of whom had already sprung upon the log, and was fast crossing when I raised my arm to fire, but scarcely had I done so, when he fell with a heavy groan upon the log and rolled off into the water, pierced by an arrow from an Indian rapidly advancing from below. Hardly had the first Indian fallen, when another sprang upon the log to follow him, and again, before I could raise my pistol, he too fell with a heavy sound in the water. The third and last was rapidly passing across when an arrow went whizzing past me and stuck in a tree over my head. Instantly my finger pulled the trigger, and the sharp crack of a pistol rang upon the air, as the Indian leaped from the log and fell, with a shrill cry of horror, into the stream. My pistol had done its work, but the flash revealed my person to the half-breed, who drew forth his tomahawk and was about to hurl it at me, as the lover of the maiden sprang out behind him. Suddenly, and by an almost superhuman effort the

half-breed, with his precious burden, gained a footing upon the log and was fast crossing, when I raised my arm to fire upon him, but suspecting my design, he shielded himself by bringing the form of the maiden before him. Scarcely had he done this, however, when the swift and sure tomahawk of the lover buried itself in the arm that bore his treasure, dividing its tendons so that it released its hold, and the maiden fell heavily on the log. Not so with the half-breed, however, for the blow from the tomahawk caused him to lose his footing and fall, but, as he did so, he grasped with one arm the garments of the maiden, and dragging her after him, muttered:

"I go not alone, but thou shalt die with me!" and both sank beneath the water. The young Indian had already sprung upon the log, and as the garments of the maiden rose to the surface, he leaped in, eager to rescue her from the grasp of his hated enemy. The wily half-breed, soon as he saw the arm encircle the maiden, rose upon the surface of the water, and with his hunting knife commenced an attack upon the Indian, who, having to sustain both himself and her whom he prized more than life, could only parry the thrusts of the assailant. The conflict was but momentary, for the half-breed was so deeply wounded that after one or two blows he disappeared beneath the water, and the young Indian supporting his precious burden was nerving all his strength till assistance could be rendered. I had already sprung upon the log, and was about to leap into the water when a shrill cry, that still rings in my ears, rent the night air, and I stood horrified to behold the life blood spouting from the mouth of the maiden. The half-breed's knife had done its work, and sank with its possessor to the bottom. As I stood gazing upon this strange and tragic scene, the young Indian turned one glance upon the now lifeless form of the maiden, and then folding it to a still closer embrace, they sank through the water to a long and last repose. In a moment more not a ripple was left, but the smooth quiet stream rolled on as silent as before, leaving no trace to tell the sad tale.

Thus perished the remnant of this once powerful tribe, for the old chief, when hearing of the sad fate of his daughter, returned to his burning wigwam, and in the frenzy of grief cast himself among the burning ruins and became a part of the unfeeling conflagration; while the remaining warriors either joined another tribe, or faded before the advance of civilization. By the light of the lurid flames, I wandered back to my tent where my companions stood horrified at beholding that greatest of scenes—a forest on fire.—Ohio Republican.

## IN A TRANCE.

**BURYING ALIVE.**—A paper was read before the French Academy of Sciences, in which the following extraordinary instance was adduced, as a reason for abolishing the present custom of burying so soon after death:

A young female had been twice pronounced dead, when only in a trance; but had recovered in time to prevent being buried alive. A third trance came on, and in consequence of what had previously occurred, permission was obtained from the constitutional authorities for the body to remain above ground so long as decomposition did not take place. A week—ten days passed away—there was still no decomposition—but all the medical men declared she was dead, and at length she was laid in a coffin. Only a few minutes before the coffin was to be nailed down, and while the bell of the village was already tolling for the funeral, a female from the adjoining village, who had been a schoolmate of the supposed deceased, came to take a last farewell. She stooped to kiss the lips of her departed friend, and remained in that position for some time. The bystanders attempted to remove her, lest her emotions should be injurious to her. She waved them away with her hands, and remained in that position, with her lips upon those of her deceased friend, and breathing, as it turned out afterwards, the warm breath of life into her lungs. At length, she exclaimed, "She lives," and then rising from the body, she pointed out unequivocal signs of life. She then stated when she was kissing her friend, she fancied she felt her breath, and in a few minutes was convinced of that fact. The female who was supposed to be dead was taken out of the coffin, and placed in a warm bed, and in the course of a few hours, fully revived. She stated that she was, during her trance, fully sensible of all that was passing around her; and she even heard the death bell toll, but was utterly incapable of speech or sign, to show that she was not dead.

**THE FIRST TIME HE EVER WENT.**—The Knickerbocker tells an amusing anecdote of old Peter G., a hale, hearty, hard-working bluff, blunt, open-hearted farmer, who thought more of looking after his stock and farm, than of visiting a house of worship on the Sabbath day. A near neighbor who was the very opposite, and thought it sacrilege to miss a regular church meeting, called Peter one day and asked him to attend on the next Sabbath, to hear parson D— preach; who, by the way, had built up a large church, in the village. So Peter promised that he would be there on next Sunday. Punctual to the time, as Peter thought, but a little late, he arrived at the door, which was closed; the minister had commenced. Peter knocked at the door. Some one sitting near opened it. In walked Peter with his ever blunt "How do ye do?" and looking up at the minister, he said, "Sir, how d' ye do?" and walking up the aisle, he spoke to every one, all of whom he knew. When his friend who had invited him rose to seat him in his pew, he grasped him by the hand and in a loud voice said, "How are you? and how are yours?" which made such an unusual commotion, that the congregation was in a titter during the whole sermon. This was his last visit to Parson D—'s church. He said they were the most dry and unsocial set of people he had ever seen, when they had got on their Sunday-go-to-meeting-faces.

**BED BUGS.**—Speaking of bed bugs, a friend of ours, who "put up" at the Kalamazoo House, tells the following "strong one."

"You see I went to bed pretty all-fired used up, after a hull day on the old road before the plank was laid, calkalin' on a good snooze. Waal, just as the shivers began to ease off, I kinder felt sumthen' tryin' to pull off my shirt and diggen' their feet into the small of my back to get a good hold.

Wiggled and twisted and doubled and puckered—all no use—kept agoin' it like sin. Bimby got up and struck a light to look around a spell—found about a peck of bed bugs scattered around, and droppin' off my shirt and roamin' down my legs every minnit. Swept off a place on the floor, shook out a quilt, lay down and kivered up for a nap.—No use—mounted right on me, like a passel of rats on a meal tub—dug a hole in the kiverlid and and crawled through and gave me fits tryin' to hide.

Got up again, went down stairs and got the slush bucket from the wagon. Brought it up and made a circle of tar on the floor—lay down on the floor on the inside, and felt comfortable that time, any how. Left the light burnin' and watched 'em.—See 'em get together and have a camp-meetin' 'bout it, and then went off in a squad, with an old grey-headed one at the top, right up the wall, out on the ceiling, till they got to the right spot, then dropped right plump into my face, Fact, by thunder.

Well, I swept 'em up again and made a circle of tar on the ceilin' too. Thought I had 'em full that time; but I swan to man, if they didn't pull straws out of the bed, and build a regular bridge over it!"

Seeing an incredible expression on our visage, he clenched the story thus:

"It's so, whether you believe it or not, and some of 'em walked across on shills!"

Bed-bugs are curious critters and no mistake; specially the Kalamazoo kind.—Am. Ex.

**THE ARMY AND THE BEARD.**—Horse Guards, July 21, 1854:—A large part of the army being employed in Turkey, where it has been found beneficial to keep the upper lip unshaved, and allow the moustache to grow, the General Commander-in-Chief is pleased to authorize that practice in the army generally, subject to the following regulations, which are to be strictly obeyed both on home and colonial service:—

A clear space of two inches must be left between the corner of the mouth and the whisker, where whiskers are grown. The chin, the under lip, and at least two inches of the upper part of the throat must be clean shaven, so that no hair can be seen above the stock in that place.

The wearing of the moustache is to be optional with all ranks.

The troops serving in the East will be allowed such further latitude in respect to shaving their beards and whiskers as the general officer commanding the army may deem it expedient to sanction during the continuance of that service.

By command, GEORGE CATHCART, A. G.

**AN EXTRAORDINARY TIME PIECE.**—There is now in possession of, and manufactured by Mr. Collings, silversmith of Gloucestershire, England, a most ingenious piece of mechanism, an eight day clock, with dead beat escapement maintaining power, chimes the quarters, and plays sixteen tunes in twelve hours, or will play at any time required. The hands go round as follows, one, once a minute—once an hour—once a week—once a month—once a year. It shows the moon's age, the time of rising and setting of the sun, the time of high and low water, half ebb and half flood; and by a beautiful contrivance there is a part which represents the water, which rises and falls, lifting ships at high water tide as if it were in motion, and as it recedes leaving these little automaton slips dry on the sands. It shows the hour of the day, day of the week, and month of the year. In the day of month there is a provision made for the long and short months. It shows the zodiac; it strikes or not just as you wish; it has the equation table, showing the difference of clock and sun every day in the year. Every portion of the clock is of beautiful workmanship, and performs most accurately the many different objects which are called into action by the ingenious proprietor, who is most willing to describe all its various achievements to any one who may feel a pleasure in paying him a visit.

**BEST RIGHT TO THE BED.**—One night a judge, a military officer, and a priest, all applied for lodging at an inn where there was but one spare bed, and the landlord was called upon to decide which of the three had the best claim.

"I have lain fifteen years in the garrison at B," said the officer.

"I have sat as judge twenty years at R," said the judge.

"With your leave, gentlemen, I have stood in the ministry twenty-five years at N," said the priest.

"That settles the dispute," said the landlord.—

"You, Mr. Captain, have lain fifteen years; you, Mr. Judge, have sat twenty years; but this aged pastor has stood five and twenty years; so he, most certainly, has the best right to the bed."

A Dutchman describing a span of horses which he had lost, said,—"Dey was very mooch alike, especially de off one. One looks so much like both I could not tell 'tother from which; when I went after the one I always caught the oder, and I whip the one most deal because the oder kicked at me." He thus describes an accident:—"Once, a long vile ago, I went into mine abble orchard and climbs a bear tree to get some beanches, to make my vrow a blum budding nit, and ver I gets on the toppermost branch, I falls from the lowermost limb, mit one leg on both sides of the fence, and like to stove my outside in."

**CONNECTICUT.**—A Down-Easter writes us from New Haven that the Maine Law is working well there; "that many a poor fellow who had been accustomed to bring home to his family nothing but a hatful of bricks on Saturday night, 'now walks manfully home with an armful of the 'staff of life,' or with the 'ready John' he has earned during the week." A very pleasant picture surely.