



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

VOL. III.

TORONTO, C. W. TUESDAY, MARCH 22, 1853.

NO. 12.

[ORIGINAL.]

TECUMSEH'S SPEECH TO HIS WARRIORS.

(Concluded from No. 10, vol. 2.)

Agala Tecumseh thus began,
 "Hear ye fathers listen to my plan,
 There lives a king far far away,
 Where rising suns with golden rays,
 First shine at dawn of each swift day,
 Where mighty oceans dash their spray,
 King of Britain, Great George his
 name.
 War 'gainst our foes doth now pro-
 claim:
 His messengers of peace appear,
 To claim our aid,—proposals bear,
 To rid the West of whiteman's power,
 To strike they say this is our hour,
 These whitemen hunters of the West,
 Of hunting grounds are now possessed,
 O'er which 'e'en we in infancy,
 Have loved to stray in peace and gloe;
 O'er which our fathers loved to chase
 Buffalo herds in glowing race.
 Mississippi river of the West,
 Whose head in snows is ever dress'd,
 Whose feet are clothed with flow'rs,
 Its fertile banks were once all ours,
 Now, year by year the whiteman steals
 Along its banks, and scarce conceals
 His mighty aim, to drive us where
 To dwell with snow on mountains
 bare:
 After on mighty mountains high,
 Whose tops 'tis said hang on the sky,
 On these the Indian once could stand,
 And pointing East with outstretched
 hand,
 As yet he can to Western plains:
 Indeed, there are my wide domains:
 Lands wash'd to the East by seas are
 mine,
 Seas beyond the snow clad hills where
 I roam,
 The Western sun, redmen are thine:
 Two mighty oceans bound my right,
 Extending thus from day to night,
 These whitemen feet their wigwams
 push,
 Into the wilds, the ancient bush,
 (To Be Continued.)

Where bears and wolves have only
 food.
 Their aim is self and gold their god,
 Kentsuckians they are called by name,
 By others Yankees when at home,
 Their name we heed not, enough to
 know
 From them our fears and ills do flow
 These messengers from Canada
 Have come from where George holds
 his sway:
 They want us braves at once to go,
 And fight against our western foe,
 To draw the bow, our tomahawk raise,
 And make our rifles flash and blaze.
 Their King, they say, will pay us well,
 Restore our lands—our foes expel
 Then we will hunt as our fathers did,
 Our wigwams build and nose forhid.
 Fathers, I will not now believe
 'E'en these whitemen—they may de-
 ceive:
 These whitemen-friends, in days gone
 by,
 Have all deceived—again may try:
 But, warriors, we are acting right,
 In making whitemen 'galant whitemen
 fight.
 The stronger few we'll first defeat,
 The weaker then the easier beat.
 Thus we will free our country o'er,
 From whitemen's arts in front and rear,
 My counsel is to now prepare:
 My voice is war—the struggle dare.
 It is my soul's most sweet delight,
 Warriors! warriors! Tecumseh calls:
 Who falls with me, in glory falls,
 This heart from mortal ne'er flesh'd
 yet—
 No man is it can fear beget:
 Tecumseh's heart will never yield,
 It is my brave, its own best shield,
 And never, till like you huge rock,
 It quivers, 'neath death's surest shock,
 Will quail before a fighting foe,
 Or turn in fear from any blow."

THE CRATERS OF THE MOON.

A FRIGHTFUL CHASM.

Not less than three-fifths of the surface of this satellite are studded with vast caverns, rather circular pits, penetrating into its mass, and usually enclit at the top with a high wall of rock, which is sometimes serrated and crowned by peaks. These craters vary in diameter from fifty to sixty miles to the smallest place visible—probably 500 feet; and the numbers increase as the diameter diminishes, so that the multitude of the smaller ones become so great that we cannot reckon it. The ridge which environs the crater is always sloping on its external side, and steep, or rather precipitous within, although it seldom descends to the cavern's base by a single cliff or leap. Within it there are generally concentric ridges, assuming the form of terraces, and making the descent to the bottom, as the central chasm appears more gradual. The bottom of the crater is sometimes convex, low ridges of mountains being also found running through it, while, at its centre, conical peaks frequently rise, and smaller craters whose height, however, seldom reaches the base of the exterior wall. These curious objects are so crowded in some parts of the moon, they seemed to have pressed on each other, and disturbed and even broken down each other's edges, so that, through their mutual interference, the most odd shaped caverns have arisen.

The crater Tycho is that brilliant spot near the top of the moon, which, when the moon is full, appears the centre of a system of shining streams of rays. The country around is peculiarly desolate; there is no plain there larger than a common field. Now, if passing across that rugged district one were gradually approaching Tycho, its first and distant aspect would seem like an immense wall or ridge of rock in the horizon, with a stretch of nearly fifty miles, and reflecting the sun's rays with a peculiar lustre; as approaching the ridge its character would change; we should then discern that it is a part of an immense circle, but, perhaps, neither so lofty nor so steep, that a practical mountaineer of the earth need shrink from its ascent. Supposing the ascent accomplished, and that with terrestrial ideas one stood on the summit. Trusting to the analogy of every described region of

our own planet, we must have thought of the opposite side, while it was unseen, only as a corresponding slope, or at least a descent which if different in steepness, would correspond in extent; but the eye is now in presence of an appalling contrast.

On the edge of a dizzy cliff, passing down by an unbroken leap, for 13 000 feet, the traveller gazes below him with terror and bewilderment, at the base of the cliff several low parallel terraces creep along, but a little onward the depth of the chasm is revealed, and it descends from the tip of the ridge no less than 17,000 feet, or 2,000 feet more than the summit of Mount Blanc rises above the level of the sea! It is quickly perceived, too, that this huge barrier encloses a vast circular area fifty miles in diameter; so that if a spectator were at the chasm's centre, he would find around him on every side, at the distance of twenty-seven miles, a gigantic and unbroken wall—unbroken by a gap or ravine, or pass of any description—rising into the air 17,000 feet, and forbidding his return to the external world!

How frightful that seclusion in the moon—a chasm utterly impassable, its walls bare, rugged, hopeless as a prison's bars! It is a solitude, too, which nothing elevates; verdure is never there, nor the song of a bird; rain never refreshes, nor clouds shelter it; it is relieved from a scorching sun and flaming sky only by night with its stars. Not among those countless pits is Tycho the most appalling. There are some of nearly equal depths whose diameter may not exceed 3000 feet, nay, towards the polar regions of the moon, caverns probably exist, whose depths have never yet been illumined by one beam of the solar light.—Nichol.

THE VATICAN.

This word is often used, but there are many who do not understand its import. The term refers to a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which cover a space of 1200 feet in length, and 1000 feet in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by the garden of the cruel Nero. It owes its origin to the Bishop of Rome, who, in the early part of the sixth century, erected an humble residence on its site. About the year 1150, Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a magnificent scale. Innocent III., a few years afterwards, gave it up as a lodging to Peter II., King of Arragon. In 1405, Clement V., at the instigation of the King of France, removed the papal see from Rome to Avignon, when the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for more than seventy years. But soon after the return of the pontifical court to Rome, an event which had been so earnestly prayed for by the poor Petrarch, and which finally took place in 1376, the Vatican was put into a state of repair, again enlarged, and it was thenceforward considered as the regular palace and residence of the Pope who, one after the other, added fresh buildings to it, and gradually enriched it with antiquities, statues, pictures and books, until it became the richest repository in the world.

The Library of the Vatican was commenced fourteen hundred years ago. It contains 40,000 manuscripts, among which are some by Pliny, St. Thomas, St. Charles Borromeo, and many Hebrew, Syriac, Arabian, and Armenian Bibles.

The whole of the immense buildings composing the Vatican are filled with statues, found beneath the ruins of ancient Rome, with paintings by the masters, and with antiquities of almost every description. When it is known that there have been exhumed more than 70,000 statues from the ruined temples and palaces of Rome, the reader can form some idea of the riches of the Vatican.

The Vatican will ever be held in veneration by the student, the artist, and scholar, Raffaele and Michael Angelo are enthroned there, and their throne will be as durable as the love of beauty and genius in the hearts of their worshippers.

HONESTY TURNED UP.—We learn that Prof. Anderson, at present in Charlestown, has received a letter from Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French, inclosing a check for £30, which he borrowed some years since from the Professor in London, accompanied with a present of a diamond ring, (intercal we suppose with an invitation to visit Paris. This will be cheering news to all who were the Emperor's creditors, in the times that tried his soul.—Evening Mirror.

Charles Mackay, the poet, is the editor of the London Illustrated News.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

About six years ago a Dr. H—, having become involved in debt, left his home and wife in another State for Texas, for the purpose of improving his fortunes in a place where he would be free from the demands of clamorous creditors. In the course of time he went with the army to Mexico, and finally wended his way to California. After residing there for some time, he met a young man from his former residence, whom, however, he did not know, and inquired of him if he knew his wife, whom he described, without, however, telling him the relation he bore to her. The young man replied that Mrs. H— was his sister, and the last he heard of her she was in St. Louis. After accumulating a competence, Dr. H— left for St. Louis, for the purpose of seeking his wife, who had long since given him up as dead. In St. Louis he learned that she had left the place some time previously, and was believed to be in New Albany. He came thither, and upon inquiry learned that she also believed her brother to be dead, not having heard from him for many years.

Dr. H— went to the house where he understood his wife was living, but found that she had left there a few days before. He inquired about her general conduct and demeanour; and found that it had always been unexceptionable. She spoke but little of her husband, but told every one that she considered him dead. The lady of whom Dr. H— was making inquiries discovered that he was the long lost husband, and offered to accompany him to the house where his wife was sewing. Upon arriving there, she said to her, "Mrs. H—, here is a gentleman who saw your brother in California." She appeared astonished, looked at the visitor, but apparently did not recognize him. He brushed back his hair, and said quickly, "Etiza, don't you know me?" Mrs. H— immediately swooned away, and fell on the floor. In the same moment a husband and brother supposed to be dead were restored to her. Dr. H—, as we have said, has returned with a competence, and the supposed widow it is presumed, will no longer sew for a livelihood.

The above statement, we are assured, is strictly correct. Here is a scene in real life equal in strangeness to any to which romance ever gave birth.—New Albany (Ind.) Ledger.

THE CONDOR, OR GREAT VULTURE OF CALIFORNIA.—A friend writes us that a fine specimen of that gigantic bird, the *Sarcophaga Californensis* of ornithologists, was recently killed on the hills of the San Lucas range near Monterey. His measure was as follows:—From the end of the tail feathers to the top peak, 4 ft 3 1/2 inches; from tip to tip of the wings, 8 feet 3 inches in breadth; from the outer joint to the end of feather, 1 foot 9 inches; i. e., breadth of wing. A feather measured 2 feet 4 inches; from point of beak to commencement of feathers on shoulder, 1 foot; the length of head seven inches; 2 1/2 inches thick from crown of head to bottom of lower beak; breadth 2 6/8 inches; the tail 1 foot 4 inches; legs and feet from fore joint, 10 inches. This bird is found, according to travellers and naturalists along the whole coast of Northwest America, and throughout the Rocky Mountains, and inhabits the heights of the sierra and most unfrequented parts. He is easily attracted in parts which he frequents by a dead bullock or deer, and sometimes steals the salmon and trout from the Indians when fishing. It is said to be among birds second only to the condor of the Andes, in South America, and nearly resembles it in size and appearance. Farnham, in his work on California, says, "It builds its nests among the woody districts, on the tops of the high trees, in the most inaccessible parts of the mountain valleys." The color of the feathers of this specimen answers to Farnham's description, being of a uniform brownish-black. The bill is a mottled black, the skin of the head and neck yellow, without feathers to the approach of the shoulders. Its eggs are nearly as large as that of the ostrich.—San Francisco Herald.

A mechanic in Russia is said to have succeeded in making a steam train. It is probably one of the most interesting inventions ever offered to the public. It is a large colossal statue, the feet of which are placed upon wheels on a railroad. As he goes thundering over the course, the smoke puffing out of his nostrils in a manner to give the appearance of Satan, as pictured out in Revelations.