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TECUMSEH—AN HEROIC POEM.

(Continued from No. 17, col. 2.)

BY C. W. D.

TWO SURVIVING COMRADES OF TECUMSEH.

There are two of the warriors of Tecumseh living by themselves, in the township of Bosanquet, at Kettle Point, on the shore of Lake Huron, 30 miles north-east of Port Sarnia, on farms which they partially cultivate. They have lived there ever since the war of 1813—were engaged in the battle of Moraviantown with Tecumseh—knew him well, and are of the same tribe. Shawweeno is the name of one of them: he is now about seventy-five years of age, quite active and intelligent, and can walk twenty or thirty miles a day; he is about six feet high, very athletic, and a noble looking Indian. His brother is named Stone, a much smaller and less interesting man. Shawweeno is married and has an aged and interesting wife: they have a family of five or six looking sons, who are very powerful and well behaved men, perfect examples, we are told, of temperance—their father being a moderate drinker. His brother Stone, is intemperate. Too many of our old Indians are intemperate,—their sons are not so much so. It is so, too, with very many of our excellent old Canadian fathers. With the exception of this bad habit, they are in every thing, examples for imitation. The sons of Shawweeno do many things on their farm, such as fowls of all kinds, cattle and grain, and are very industrious. These two men are perhaps the only surviving comrades of Tecumseh. A friend has promised a history from the mouth of Shawweeno, of Tecumseh and his tribe, with some particulars of the battle in which he was killed. When received it will be made public. Tecumseh had a brother—a small man, who was a prophet or medicine man among the Indians. In No. 17, the poem was about to commence with the war dance. The dress of Tecumseh and his warriors was very picturesque, consisting of a mantle of feathers, a head-dress of the same, with leather leggings and moccasins, ornamented with dyed porcupine quills of various colors. The feathers of the wild turkey, partridge, prairie hen, eagle, pigeon, crane and swan were used. The Indians of South America use the plumage of the splendid tropical birds,—flamingoes and others, to ornament the

And hush'd the passions' wild rebound.
Then yells terrific pierc'd the gloom
Like countless fiends from out the tomb;
A thousand arms were raised on high,
With axes bright, and knives, yet dry;
The warriors dance in wild array,
And the faggots blaze with brightening ray:
Each frightful form—each painted face,
A devil's lodge would better grace
So on they danc'd, and loudly sang.
Their forms in wild contortions flung,
Rehearsing deeds their tribe had done.
The scalps they took, and battles won,
Internunging the battle yell,
Which on the night terrific fell.
Papooses on their mothers' breast,
Affrighted clung, and tighter press'd:
The owl with eyes of glaring gold,
High perch'd amid the forest old,
Did cease to hoot his whoo too whoo,
To call his mate the forest thro',
Content to gaze from distant bough,
On scenes of wildness just below
Conspicuous there, Tecumseh shone.
His noble look by all was known;
His lofty brow, his fiery eye—
His supple form, and dignity;
Hur pointed out as nature's king,
On whom she lod' her gifts to fling;

More dreaded than the panther's scream,
Our warwhoop was, when the torch's gleam
At the dead of night, his soul awoke,
And on his home our onslaught broke.
Behold the scars upon this breast,
Scars receiv'd to secure you rest,
When helpless babes, you fearless swung,
In burchen cozies in wigwams hung.
Your mother's peace at night and morn
I guarded when you were unborn
The white man kept—and his bloody hands,
Afar from your homes, with skillful hands,
Your fathers now are gone on high,
And I must seek them in the sky,
Too many moons this head hath seen,
And seeketh rest 'neath a mound of green;
But you, my sons, can uphold the name
Your fathers won, and achieve new fame
While thus the aged chieftain sang,
And danc'd the while, the war whoop rang,
In startling echoes o'er the night:
Filling the woods with wild affright,
And the war-fire gleam'd on warriors' grim,
With hideous forms—now bright, now dim,
Sister, for a moment, requied arose,

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Warriors," says he, "be strong—be brave,
Fear not for death—fear not the grave,
The souls of our fathers and mothers,
Our own guardian spirits, and brothers,
Shout onward and onward be true
Be faithful—our spirits renew.
Afar in the beautiful sky,
Or low in the wind that sweeps by,
Our soft speaking whispers you'll hear,
Swavees be brave,—banish all fear.
As ye then, my sons, hear ye this call,
Fear not the sure Kentuckian ball,
But meet its flash with fearless shout,
And white men cowards put to rout.
Oh, let us not like women shun,
This western foe with rifle-gun,
For though his death, our spring is light,
The tomahawk's true in hurried fight;
And when in combat close we meet,
The Indian knife is true and fleet."
Thus sang each chief, his warriors all,
They sank to rest at nature's call,
Now lowly and in heavy sleep,
Each warrior true to his duty deep;
Wild passions' hush'd, and the moonbeams fell
On the warrior host, a silver pall,
The stars look out from the vaulted sky,
As if to say "why will man die?"

PRESENTIMENTS.

In our last number an article was given on the subject of dreams, and closely connected with their phenomena are presentiments of coming evil. Many instances are on record of presentiments in thoughtful and intelligent men. It is said that Napoleon had his presentiments. Akin to this strange instinct of the soul is that of animals not blessed with reason, such as birds particularly, which will foretell the coming storm by their cries, when no appearance of such a thing exists, or which foretell the approach of winter or spring. Many men have gone into battle fully persuaded that they would never survive it—Something unseen presses upon the soul these convictions.—They result not from matter in man. The only way that the mystery can be accounted for is by supposing that guardian spirits of the departed, or guardian spirits of some kind act on the mind, forewarning or telling of coming or past events.—GILSON SOY.
I have heard of several cases of people hurrying from a presentiment of fire, and Mr. M., of Calderwood, was once, when absent from home, seized with such anxiety about his family, that, without being able in any way to account for it, he felt himself impelled to fly to them, and removed them from the house they were inhabiting, one wing of which fell down immediately afterwards. No notion of such a misfortune had ever before occurred to him, nor was there any reason whatever to expect it, the accident originating from some defect in the foundation. A circumstance, exactly similar to this, is related by Stilling, or Professor Hahn, teacher of Mathematics at Hamburg, who being one evening in company was suddenly seized with a conviction that he ought to go home. As, however, he was very comfortably taking his tea, and had nothing to do at home, he resisted the admonition; but it returned with such force that at length

he was obliged to yield. On reaching his house he found everything as he had left, but he now felt himself urged to remove his bed from the corner in which it stood to another; but as it always stood there he resisted the impulsion also. However the resistance was vain, absurd as it seemed he felt he must do it; so he summoned the maid, and with her aid drew the bed to the other side of the room, after this he felt quite at ease, and returned to spend the evening with his friends. At ten o'clock the party broke up, and he returned and went to bed and to sleep. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a loud crash, and on looking out he saw a large beam had fallen, bringing part of the ceiling with it, and was lying exactly on the spot his bed had occupied. One of the most remarkable cases of presentiment I know, is that which occurred, not very long since, on board one of her Majesty's ships, when lying off Portsmouth. The officers being one day at the mess table, a young Lieutenant P. suddenly laid down his knife and fork, pushed away his plate and turned extremely pale. He then rose from the table, covered his face in his hands and retired from the room. The President of the mess, supposing him to be ill, sent one of the young men to enquire what was the matter. At first Mr. P. was unwilling to speak; but on being pressed, he confessed that he had been seized by a sudden and irresistible impression that a brother he had in India was dead. "He died," said he, "on the 12th of August, at six o'clock; I am perfectly certain of it?" No argument could overthrow this conviction, which in course of post, was verified to the letter. The young man died at Cananore at the precise period mentioned.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.

Some years since the writer saw stated in a London paper that, by the pulsation, any person with steady nerves, could tell the hour of the day or night, by the following simple method. Fasten a small weight (a quarter of a dollar answers well) to a thread, and hold the thread between the tips of the fore-finger and thumb, with the weight suspended in a glass tumbler; near the top is best, in a minute or two the weight will move to and fro in the same manner as a pendulum, and if held quite steady, will strike the sides of the glass as many times as will correspond with the hour of the day or night; but the intermediate space between each hour will not be indicated to our perception. The writer has tried this experiment at all hours without fail; and has seen it tried by others with like success.

If any of our readers will explain this singular feature of our being or will throw any light on the subject, we shall be much obliged. It is evident, by this singular phenomenon, that man has originally been induced to divide the day into portions of twelve hours each, by natural instinct, therefore, those persons who want to make clocks to indicate the twenty-four hours, are evidently trying to do something useless. There is a mysterious, and we think inexplicable connection between ourselves and the hours of the day, and, as that most extraordinary connection does not name in more hours than twelve, we may rest assured that as far as measuring time is concerned, the division of the day into portions of twelve hours each is perfect. Each individual is a time-measurer, or clock, and probably, by observation, might even be able to tell the minutes as well as the hours by the method above given.—New market T.

A NATIVE KANGAROO HUNT—It is very interesting to see a native kangaroo hunt. All his energies, instinct, and cunning are brought into play. When he comes into a place likely to contain game, he becomes watchful and excited, his eyes roll about, his ears appear to stand out, his body erect, and as steady as a statue. After a while he makes his step cautious and cautious. When he sees a kangaroo he becomes riveted to the spot, not a movement of body or limb is discernible. The uninitiated observer at a short distance looks in vain for the cause of this attitude; after straining his eyes for some time, he at length perceives the head of a kangaroo peering over the long grass, in the direction of the cause. The two animals watch each other for a variable period, until the kangaroo, which has persuaded itself that the unknown object before it is of no lifeless, has gone down again on all fours, to dig a root or play with its young. The dark object then moves with measured pace toward his victim, which soon takes another peep to see if all is right. The notice again assumes his fixed attitude; in this way he keeps advancing with most extraordinary care and patience, some times for nearly an hour, until within range of his game; then the fatal spear is