



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

TECUMSEH—AN HEROIC POEM.

(Continued from No. 21, vol. 3.)

BY C. M. D.

THE PARTING OF DEAR FRIENDS—THE TEARS OF WIVES AND CHILDREN.  
 scene—the rising sun—the pining,  
 murmuring songs of birds, whose  
 notes  
 nature's sweetness, and the flow'rs,  
 with odours—night's nectar  
 glow'd;  
 with golden sunbeams' glow,  
 the calm deep arch of heav'n's  
 blue,  
 attention called these men,  
 they should part no'er to meet again.  
 stood upon a rising knoll,  
 thoughts and griefs which stir  
 the soul:  
 did man pointing to the sun,  
 fearful eyes this speech began:  
 "Farewell, thou seest yonder world,  
 be splendours are to us retir'd;  
 before as early dawn my eye  
 watch'd it rise and mount the sky,  
 this lone hill, yet ah my son,  
 each was bright—like this be-  
 lieved to leave a cloud behind,  
 so something came before my  
 sight,  
 being words of death—of graves,  
 they would perish as the waves,  
 and the shores of a mighty lake,  
 they would vanish, no more to  
 be seen.  
 "What spirit's whisper came,  
 across my vision, the same  
 before; and now my brave,  
 leaning quickly to the grave,  
 you are beat on war, on blood,  
 fight and conquer where I've  
 led;  
 will often rise again to thee,  
 smother never more; I mo,  
 and light no more I'll see,  
 thy cheer's extirpated!  
 Oh, those plains, you see in bloom,  
 oh upon my lonely tomb,  
 so—so far will mark its place,  
 as will vanish, the stranger's face  
 with this light, the whiteman's  
 face,  
 we know grief, will then re-  
 ceive.  
 "My son, like me no more,  
 military plumes will travel o'er  
 you'll fight—you'll bravely die,  
 when then will seek the sky,  
 his eye was wet with tears,  
 about his'd, but not with fears;  
 chief's word sank in his heart  
 deep, and form'd a part  
 of his mind—musing thought  
 bring you their men; brought  
 his soul, and from its light,  
 chief's soul seem'd shining  
 bright.  
 "Each other then embre'd,  
 forward and their way they  
 led.  
 he felt that he must fight,  
 so compell'd—he knew this  
 was  
 the Indian's side, that life  
 was sweet, in war's dread strife,  
 to be in death—no nobly won,  
 or that determined er,  
 at the front of bloody battl-

Nerv'd his soul for war—the cannon's  
 rattle.  
 Now the warriors all await their chief,  
 Who homeward came oppress'd with  
 grief.  
 Each painted brave with nodding  
 plume,  
 And scowling brow o'ercast with gloom,  
 A parting farewell gave his queen,  
 Whose tender sighs anon would draw,  
 Manly tears from her husband's eye,  
 Did not his voice and look deny  
 His totem loves—his youth's delight,  
 His little children too he sees  
 Clinging about their father's knees;  
 He looks at them, then at his wife,  
 His bosom swells with manly strife  
 To conquer weakness, yet show love  
 To them—to her, whom all above,  
 His totem loves—his youth's delight,  
 His help by day, his joy by night.  
 From these to part—perhaps for ever,  
 From all life's joys in a moment sever.  
 Their voices sweet no more to hear,  
 Compell'd to bow th' in a wing tear,  
 Yet thought of them will wet his eye,  
 His bosom's vengeance brighter fire,  
 And when his arm is shiv'ring for,  
 He'd think for them he'd die the hour,  
 And this will make his soul be gay,  
 When through his loins he cuts his  
 way.  
 When with their blood his axe is red,  
 And his totem swells to the war-hoop  
 drow'd.  
 There too you'd see some youthful  
 chief,  
 Fondly converse a low'd danc'd grief,  
 Whose jet black hair luxuriant grew,  
 Around her neck of olive hue;  
 Her parting look deep love express'd,  
 And words of love were washing breast,  
 There mother's tears for sons were  
 shed,  
 And aged fathers hung their head,  
 And now the savage host advance,  
 Each taking leave with parting glance,  
 His totem of war, the axe, the bow,  
 The war club smooth—knife and arrow,  
 Each warrior hung behind his back,  
 And noiseless took th' appointed track  
 In silence they tread the plain,  
 Or where the forests silent reign.  
 The sun their campsite, the resource,  
 Which points the way of their easier  
 course.  
 Many a mother's tender tears  
 Were join'd with dark-eyed dame's  
 fears,  
 Were seen and heard to home, where  
 the  
 Was never known before to reign,  
 The Indian woman can bear a sigh,  
 The Indian maiden's tear only  
 To her lover's dark and parting eye,  
 Although their homes in the forest  
 lie,  
 In each cabin brown of birchen bark,  
 At length to the eye green dais and  
 dark,  
 The cutting smoke—the children's cry,  
 The dog's loud howl—his wife's dark  
 cry.  
 Each warrior led to the woody m'nt,  
 And his mother's eye now closed to  
 rest.

ently, and filled with dawning snow. Suddenly the Sun closed in  
 and rain mingled with hail, drove us to seek a shelter. There  
 was no house nor sign of human habitation within eight miles of  
 us. Capt. Edwards, who leads our party, had met with a severe  
 sprain in the ether part of the day, and was incapable of exerting  
 himself; from this cause he suffered severely. While pain-  
 fully tracing our way in quest of shelter, Mr. Samuel Emerson,  
 my companion and chum, discovered a cleft in the side of the  
 mountain, which could be approached very easily, and would  
 afford a sufficient retreat for our party. We reached the spot  
 and bestowed ourselves as easily as possible. We were protected  
 both from the wind and storm. The reaction of our feelings,  
 and the sudden rush of blood to the surface, which always fol-  
 lows exposure like that to which we had been subjected, caused  
 us, in a short time to be very comfortable.  
 Emerson, who never can be long quiet, began to explore every  
 side and corner of our retreat. He noticed a large flat stone  
 which sounded hollow as he struck it. It appeared to be lying  
 upon the ground, disconnected with any other rock. Besides,  
 his quick eye detected that the stone was of a different character  
 from the natural formation of the mountain. This was enough  
 to excite his curiosity. With the help of myself and another,  
 the stone which was lying at an angle, was removed, and we  
 found an aperture beneath lined with rude steps. This was a  
 spur to further explorations. After half an hour's rather hard  
 work we succeeded in making an opening sufficiently large to  
 afford an entrance.  
 Before us lay a cave. Emerson would have entered it at once  
 but Capt. Edwards restrained him until such times as ventilation  
 would render it safe. Emerson went in first; I followed, and  
 the rest came after us. After descending seven steps, the aper-  
 ture widening a little way, we found ourselves in a spacious cave  
 with the roof ascending until it reached a height of nearly forty  
 feet. The size of the chamber was by actual measurement  
 nearly four feet long, and sixty-three feet at its widest part—  
 Beyond this, another flight of steps, seemingly deeper than the  
 first, extended to another chamber, but we have not yet ex-  
 plored it. What lay beyond the first room, to what extent the  
 cave reaches, or what it contains remains to be seen. But  
 judging from what we have already discovered, the investigations  
 that are to be made will possess the most overpowering interest.  
 When we had been in the cave long enough to accommodate our  
 eyes to the dim light furnished by the opening we had made, we  
 began to make our observations. We were filled with astonish-  
 ment at what lay before us. The cave or grotto had evidently  
 been used as a hiding place for treasure and a place for conceal-  
 ment by those who had used it. Implements of defence lay in  
 groups upon one side. They were of an exceedingly antique  
 form. Harquebuses rested upon every article before us. The  
 dust of ages had settled down upon all things in the cave.  
 In one corner we found three earthen vessels of singular  
 construction and shape. These were filled with coin, of silver,  
 brass, and iron,—but mostly of brass—of various shapes. The  
 coin bore no image, were coarse, but most curiously wrought,  
 and Capt. Edwards, who bears some knowledge of coins, declares  
 them to be entirely unlike anything which he had ever seen or  
 read of,—and of a very ancient date.  
 But the most singular and interesting discovery of all, consists  
 in our having found in a niche, several rolls and packets, compos-  
 ed of a material entirely unknown to us, upon which was  
 inscribed figures and characters the meaning of which, as yet,  
 we have not been able to determine or make out the nature or  
 date to which they may have belonged.  
 To go tomorrow to the cave, having made ample preparations  
 for exploring it to its utmost extent. We took with us provisions for  
 a week and bedding for our accommodation. We shall occupy  
 the chamber already discovered. Capt. Edwards is so deeply inter-  
 ested in the investigation before him, that he has abandoned for  
 a week at least, his surveying expedition. He is filled with the  
 highest hopes, and although a cold and unimpressive man in the  
 ordinary concerns of life, he is now animated with the greatest  
 enthusiasm.  
 Concerning the topic, this afternoon, he declares his belief  
 that both the coins and scrolls have a date anterior to the Christian  
 era. If this be so, we certainly have a clue, that will conduct  
 us to an enquiry that has hitherto been clouded in mystery and  
 the silence of the grave.—"What was the condition of this  
 country centuries ago, and who inhabited it?" It cannot be  
 supposed that this vast continent has been permitted to be a  
 bowling green for so many thousands of years; or that our

mighty rivers have flowed through rich and fertile valleys since  
 the creation, without the intelligence of man to sound the praises  
 of the Lord and Maker of them all.  
 Capt. Edwards has forwarded a small quantity of the coin and  
 a scroll of the manuscript, to his brother, Cornelius R. Edwards,  
 Esq., of the Exchange Coffee House, with a request that he  
 would lay them before the learned and scientific men of Boston,  
 and also before the faculty of Harvard University. His letter  
 and package will doubtless reach the city by the same conveyance  
 that brings you this, and I recommend you to call upon him and  
 view the curiosities of our cave. Besides he may have other  
 and more minute descriptions from Capt. Edwards himself, than I  
 am not able in this hurried letter to give.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

An incident occurred at the Key Biscayne lighthouse during  
 the Florida war, which is perhaps worth recording. The light-  
 house was kept by a man named Thompson. His only compan-  
 ion was an old negro man; they both lived in a small hut near  
 the lighthouse. One evening about dark they discovered a party  
 of some fifteen or twenty Indians creeping upon them, upon which  
 they immediately retired into the lighthouse, carrying with them  
 a keg of gun powder, with the guns and ammunition. From the  
 windows of the light house Thompson fired upon them several  
 times, but the moment he would show himself at a window, the  
 glass would be instantly riddled by rifle balls, and he had no al-  
 ternative but to lie close. The Indians meanwhile getting out of  
 patience at not being able to force the door which Thompson had  
 secured, collected piles of wood, which being placed against the  
 door and set fire to, in process of time not only burnt through  
 the door, but also set fire to the stair case conducting to the lan-  
 tern, into which Thompson and the negro were compelled to re-  
 treat. From this too, they were finally driven by the encroach-  
 ing flames, and were forced out on the parapet wall, which was not  
 more than three feet wide.

The flames now began to ascend from a chimney, some fifteen  
 or twenty feet above the lighthouse. These men had to lie in  
 this situation, some seventy feet above the ground with a blazing  
 furnace roasting them on one side, and the Indians on the other  
 snuffing every occasion, as soon as any part of the body was  
 exposed, to pop at them. The negro incautiously exposing him-  
 self, was killed, while Thompson received several balls in his feet  
 which he had projected beyond the wall.  
 Nearly wasted to death, and in a fit of desperation, Thompson  
 seized a keg of powder, which he had stud preserved to keep from  
 the hands of the enemy, threw it into the blazing lighthouse,  
 hoping to end his own sufferings, and destroy the savages. In a  
 few moments it exploded, but the walls were too strong to be  
 shaken, and the explosion took place out of the lighthouse, as  
 though it had been fired from their guns.

The effect of the concussion was to throw down the blazing  
 material level with the ground, so as to produce a subsidence of  
 the flames, and then Thompson was permitted to remain exempt  
 from their influence. Before day the Indians were off, and  
 Thompson, being left alone, was compelled to throw of the  
 body of the old negro while strength was left him, and before it  
 perished.

The gunpowder was heard on board a revenue cutter at some  
 distance, which immediately proceeded to the spot to ascertain  
 what had occurred, when they found the lighthouse burnt and  
 the keeper on the top of it. Various expedients were resorted to,  
 to get him down; and finally a kite was made and raised with  
 a strong twine, and so maneuvered as to bring the line within his  
 reach, to which a rope of good size was attached and hauled by  
 Thompson.

Finally, a block, which being fastened to the lighthouse, and  
 having a rope to it enabled the crew to haul up a couple of men,  
 by whose aid Thompson was safely landed on terra firma.

The Indians had attempted to reach him by means of the light-  
 ing rod, to which they had attached thongs of buck-skin, but  
 could not succeed in getting more than half way up.—Charleston  
 News.

EXTRAORDINARY POWER OF ESPERANCE.—It is related that  
 Lord Brougham on one occasion, after having practiced all day  
 at Harrier, he went to the House of Commons, where he was  
 engaged in acute debate through the night, and three o'clock in  
 the morning: he then returned home; wrote an article for the

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

QUESTION FOR HISTORICAL SOCIETIES CONCERNING THE  
 ANTIQUITIES OF AMERICA.

Following letter, dated Nestor Gap, Franklin Co., March  
 25, 1853, which we copy from the Boston Herald, will claim  
 attention. The writer of it, Mr. C. G. Proctor, is attached to  
 who are engaged in making a survey for the location of  
 a road through New Hampshire and the northwestern part of  
 England. The facts stated by him must excite curiosity  
 deeply, and if they be fully established, may well demand the  
 investigation:—  
 "I am in the small hamlet which bears the name of Nestor.  
 We have been groping about for the last two weeks, in  
 the most discouraging circumstances. We have had snow,  
 ice rain, floods, mud, and all other unbearable things,  
 and with. Yesterday freezing; to-day thawing. But I  
 go the account of my personal experience and sufferings  
 to give you a sketch of a most extraordinary discovery  
 of a  
 "Yesterday, we were surveying near the brow of the range of  
 it makes up from this gap. The air was piercing and