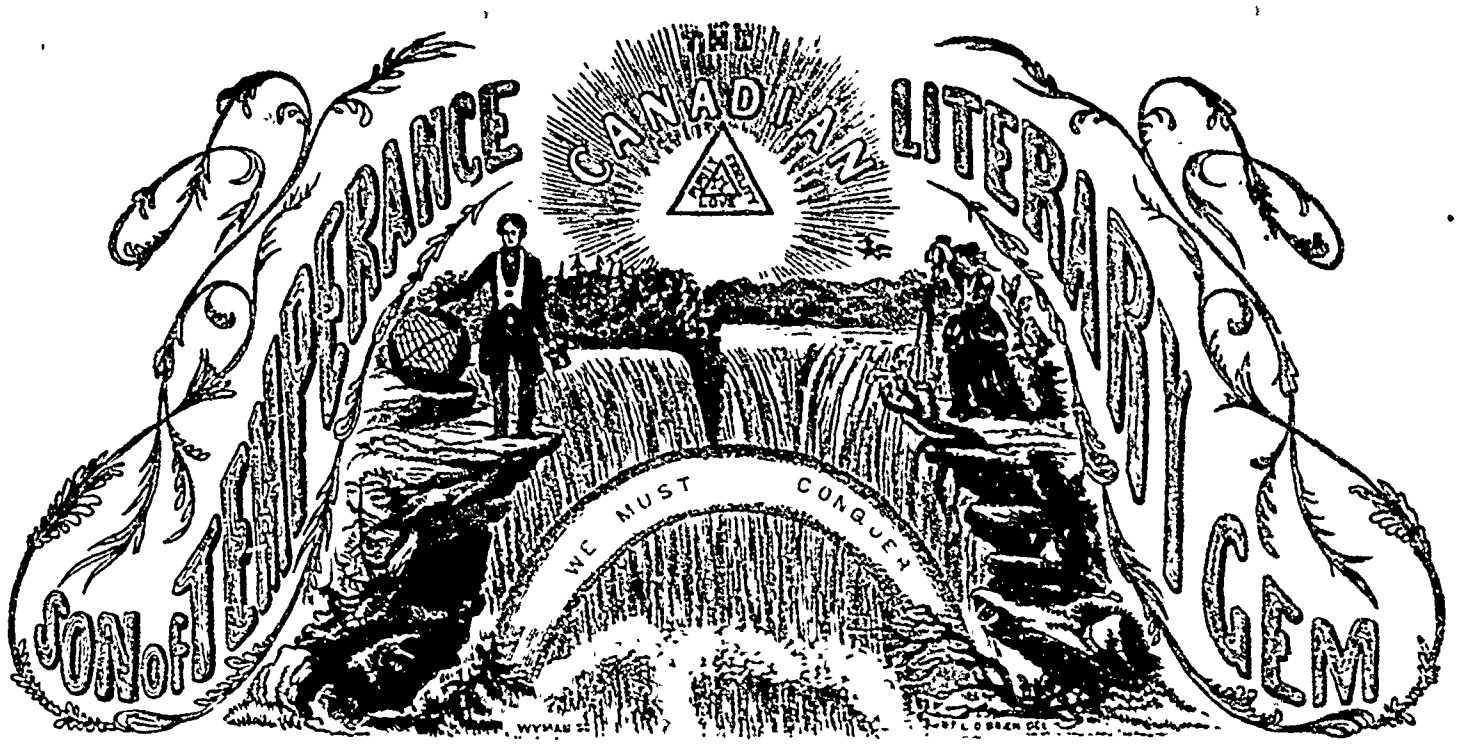

HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

VOL. III. TORONTO, C. W., TUESDAY, MAY 24, 1853. No. 21.

TECUMSEH—AN HEROIC POEM.

(Continued from No. 19, vol. 3)

BY C. M. D.

BEAUTIES OF A PRAIRIE MORNING—THE WARRIORS COMMENCE TO MARCH—THEIR FAREWELL TO THEIR WIVES AND FRIENDS.

There is something inexpressibly sweet in the voice—the
nt—the sunshine—the glittering dew-drops—the breathing as
vere of trees, flowers, grasses and shrubs, seen in the morning
ll temperate and warm climates. The sun for the hundred
usandth time has risen in tinted glories, bright and beautiful,
young and glorious—as genial and warming as ever, over the
tern horizon. On it time hath had no effect to mar its beauty
o lessen its rays, to curtail its eternal splendors. It shines
w as it shone myriads upon myriads of years ago, fresh from
hands of its Almighty Architect, young and inconceivably
utiful. And as HE gives to HIS moral creatures the WARMTH
D EXCELLENCE of His Spiritual Life and GRACE, converting
m into holy angels; so this natural emblem of the Goodness
the EVER BLESSED GOD, sheds upon nature its light and
t, causing all things to sing and rejoice—the flowers to spring
h in beauty, scenting the air, and delighting the eye, looking
to God, the flies to flit in its light their tiny wings—the birds
pen their joyful throats, and one vast hallelujah to arise from
yful universe. Morning is beautiful everywhere, but it is
ecially so in the great western pampas—dotted over with
mps of trees and covered with a measureless mantle of sweet
ses and flowers. The dews of night have fallen sweetly
er the sparkling rays of the stars, on these vast meadows,
when the warm rays of the rising summer sun lights up a
erness of flowers with the dissipated dew-drops, there arises
eet cloud of incense to kiss the floating clouds. Such was
morning that arose on the army of Tecumseh.

o'er the forests bright and green,
o'er the prairie's verdant sheen,
e pearly dew-drops falling glitter,
ittle birds their love songs twitter,
s the shades of sober night
ner earth have taken flight;
rb of day glorious, bright,
upon the tomb of night,
eer all nature with his beams
hills, the vales with golden gleams.
rmony creation sings,
with concordant rapture rings.
must be holy that POWER
h thus His love on us can show'r.
ers that shine in mystic rounds,
ra that hears these joyful sounds,
ve that melts away in peace,
night with moonlight's silv'ry
ece;
d proclaim God reigns in love,
ander far the heavens above.
ture bears his stamp divine
his works his glories shine.
beauteous came th fatal morn
mson skies with nectars borne,
ectly borne 'mid songs of mirth,
with joys a happy earth
avage warriors now prepare
ch afar and equal share
The duties of the great campaign,
'Mid scenes of strife and war's dire
reign.
No murmur rose from any heart,
Determin'd each to perform his part,
But there were two who earlier rose
To view the tints sun's beams disclose,
To listen to the first sweet lay,—
The robin sings at break of day
And to inhale the breath of morn,
On air perfumed by zephyrs borne.
One, an aged man, o'er whose grey
head
A hundred summer's bright had sped,
Who had for eighty fleeting years,
Ne'er ceas'd to rise when the sun ap-
pears.
The other yet in life's broad bloom,
With soul on fire for coming doom,
His form elate, his eye still bright,
The rising sun was his delight.
They lov'd to view, o'er eastern hills,
Its face of fire, whose splendour fills
The vallies low, the mountain cells,
And at whose glance all nature swells
Tecumseh young, great Prairie chief,
To worship met, and conference brief,
Held thus at dawn of bursting day,
Ere he should take his eastern way.

AN AUSTRALIAN MURDER—FISHER'S GHOST.

the colony of New South Wales, at a place called Penruth.
t from Sydney about thirty-seven miles, lived a farmer
d Fisher. He had been, originally, transported, but had be-
free by servitude. Unceasing toil, and great steadiness of
ter, had acquired for him considerable property, for a person
station of life. His lands and stock were not worth less
four thousand pounds. He was unmarried, and was about
five years old.

denly Fisher disappeared; and one of his neighbors—a
amed Smith—gave out that he had gone to England, but
return in two or three years. Smith produced a docu-
purporting to be executed by Fisher; and, according to this
ment, Fisher had appointed Smith to act as his agent during
sence. Fisher was a man of very singular habits and ec-
c character, and his silence about his departure, instead of
ng surprise, was declared to be "exactly like him."

at six months after Fisher's disappearance, an old man cal-
n Weir, who had a small farm near Penrith, and who al-
drove his own cart to market, was returning from Sydney,
ght, when he beheld seated on a rail which bounded the
Fisher. The night was very dark, and the distance of the
from the middle of the road was, at least, twelve yards.
nevertheless, saw Fisher's figure seated on the rail. He
pulled his old mare up, and called out, "Fisher, is that you?" No answer was returned; but there, still on the rail, sat the form of the man with whom he had been on the most intimate terms Weir—who was not drunk, though he had taken several glasses of strong liquor on the road—jumped off his cart, and approached the rail. To his surprise the form vanished.

"Well," exclaimed old Weir, "this is curious, anyhow;" and breaking several branches of a sapling so as to mark the exact spot, he remounted his cart put his old mare into a jog-trot, and soon reached his house.

Ben was not likely to keep this vision a secret from his old woman. All that he had seen he faithfully related to her.

"Hold your nonsense, Ben!" was old Betty's reply. "You know you have been a-drinking and disturbing of your imagination. Ain't Fisher gone to England? And if he had a come back do you think we shouldn't a heard on it?"

"Ay, Betty!" said old Ben, "but he'd a cruel gash in his forehead, and the blood was all fresh like. Faith, it makes me shudder to think on't. It were his ghost."

"How can you talk so foolish, Ben?" said the old woman "You must be drunk surely, to get on about ghostesses."

"I tell thee I am *not* drunk," rejoined old Ben, angrily "There's been foul play, Betty; I'm sure on't There sat Fisher on the rail—not more than a matter of two miles from this. Egad, it were on his own fences that he sat. There he was, in his shirt-sleeves, with his arms a folded; just as he used to sit when he was a waiting for anybody coming up the road. Bless you, Betty, I seed 'im till I was as close as I am to thee; when all on a sudden, he vanished like smoke."

"Nonsense, Ben: don't talk of it," said old Betty, "or the neighbors will only laugh at you." Come to bed and you'll forget all about it before to-morrow morning."

Old Ben went to bed; but he did not next morning forget all about what he had seen on the previous night: on the contrary, he was more positive than before. However, at the earnest, and oft repeated request of the old woman, he promised not to mention having seen Fisher's ghost, for fear it might expose him to ridicule.

On the following Thursday night, when old Ben was returning from market—again in his cart—he saw, seated on the same rail, the identical apparition He had purposely abstained from drinking that day, and was in the full possession of all his senses. On this occasion old Ben was too much alarmed to stop. He urged his mare on, and got home as speedily as possible. As soon as he had unharnessed and fed the mare, and taken his purchases out of the cart, he entered his cottage, lighted his pipe, sat over the fire with his better half, and gave her an account of how he had disposed of his produce, and what he had brought back from Sidney in return. After this he said to her. "Well, Betty, I'm not drunk to-night, anyhow, am I?"

"No," said Betty. "You are quite sober, sensible like, to-night, Ben; and therefore you have come home without any ghost in your head. Ghost! Don't believe there is such things"

"Well, you are satisfied I am not drunk: but perfectly sober," said the old man.

"Yes, Ben," said Betty.

"Well, then," said Ben, "I tell thee what, Betty; I saw Fisher to-night again!"

"Stuff," cried old Betty.

"You may say *stuff*," said the old farmer. "But I tell you what—I saw him as plainly as I did last Thursday night Stuff is a bad 'un! Do you think Fisher would ever have left the country without coming to bid you and me good bye?

"It's all fancy!" said old Betty. "Now drink your grog and smoke your pipe, and think no more about the ghost I won't hear on't."

"I'm as fond of my grog and my pipe as most men" said old Ben; "but I'm not going to drink anything to-night It may be all fancy, as you call it, but I'm now going to tell Mr Grafton all I saw, and what I think;" and with these words he got up, and left the house.

Mr. Grafton was a gentleman who lived about a mile from old Weir's farm. He had been formerly a lieutenant in the navy, but was now on half pay, and was a settler in the new colony, he was, moreover, in the commission of the peace

When old Ben arrived at Mr. Grafton's house, Mr Grafton was about to retire to bed; but he requested old Ben might be shown in. He cleared the farmer to take a seat by the fire, and then inquired what was the latest news in Sidney.

"The news in Sidney, sir, is very small," said old Ben: "wheat is falling, but maize still keeps its price—seven and sixpence a bushel. but I want to tell you, sir, something that will astonish you."

"What is it, Ben?" asked Mr. Grafton.

"Why, sir," resumed old Ben, "you know I am not a weak-minded man, nor a fool exactly, for I was born and bred in Yorkshire"

"No, Ben, I don't believe you to be weak-minded, nor do I think you a fool," said Mr. Grafton; "but what can you have to say that you come at this late hour, and that you require such a preface?"

"That I have seen the ghost of Fisher, sir," said the old man; and he detailed the particulars of which the reader is already in possession.

Mr Grafton was at first disposed to think with old Betty, that Ben had seen Fisher's ghost through an extra glass or two of rum on the first night; and that on the second night, when perfectly sober, he was unable to divest himself of the idea previously entertained. But after a little consideration the words "How very singular!" involuntarily escaped him.

"Go home, Ben," said Mr. Grafton, "and let me see you to-morrow at sunrise. We will go together to the place where you saw the ghost.

Mr. Grafton used to encourage the original natives of New South Wales (the race which has been very aptly described "the last link in the human chain,") to remain about his premises. At the head of a little tribe then encamped on Mr. Grafton's estate, was a sharp young man named Jonny Crook The peculiar faculty of the aboriginal natives of New South Wales, of tracking the human foot, not only over grass, but over the hardest rock; and of tracking the whereabouts of runaways by signs imperceptible to civilized eyes, is well known; and this man, Jonny Crook, was famous for his skill in this particular art of tracking. He had recently been instrumental in the apprehension of several desperate bush-rangers, whom he had tracked over twenty-seven miles of rocky country and fields, which they had crossed bare-footed, in the hope of checking the black fellow in the progress of his keen pursuit with the horse police.

When old Ben Weir made his appearance in the morning at Mr. Grafton's house, the black chief, Jonny Crook, was summoned to attend. He came, and brought with him several of his subjects. The party set out, old Weir showing the way. The leaves on the branches of the saplings which he had broken on the first night of seeing the ghost were withered, and sufficiently pointed out the exact rail on which the phantom was represented to have sat. There were stains upon the rail. Jonny Crook who had no idea of what he was required for, pronounced these stains to be "White man's blood," and, after searching about for some time, he pointed to a spot whereon he said a human body had been laid.

In New South Wales long droughts are not uncommon; and not a single shower of rain had fallen for seven months previously—not sufficient even to lay the dust on the roads.

In consequence of the time that had elapsed, Crook had no small difficulty to contend with; but in about two hours he succeeded in tracking the footsteps of one man to the unfrequented side of a pond at some distance. He gave it as his opinion that another man had been dragged thither. The savage walked round and round the pond, eagerly examining its borders and the sedges and weeds springing up around it. At first he seemed baffled. No one had been washed ashore to show that anything unusual had been sunk in the pond, but, having finished his examination, he laid himself down on his face and looked keenly along the surface of the smooth and stagnant water. Presently he jumped up, uttered a cry peculiar to the natives when gratified by finding some long sought object, clapped his hands, and pointing to the middle of the pond to where the decomposition of some sunken substance had produced a slimy coating streaked with prismatic colors, he exclaimed, "White man's fat!" The pond was immediately searched, and, to show the spot indicated, the remains of a body were discovered. A large stone and a rotten pocket-handkerchief were found near the body, these had been used to sink it.

That it was the body of Fisher there could be no question. It might have been identified by the teeth, but on the waistcoat there were some large brass buttons, which were immediately recognised, both by Mr. Grafton and old Ben Weir, as Fisher's property He had worn these buttons on his waistcoat for several years.