



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

TECUMSEH—AN HEROIC POEM.

BY C. M. D.

[Continued from our last]

Thus spake the chief, intrepid man,
In council first and combat's van
One feeling thro' his warriors thrill'd,
As all arose, and the heavens fill'd
With one vast shout of wild ascent,
Which far and wide its echoes lent
To the valleys, hills, and forests dear,
A scream terrific to white man's ear.
With hands uprais'd, in which there
gleam'd
A thousand trusty blades that seem'd
To flash in concert with the eyes
Of warriors grim, each bravo replies—
"Tecumseh's name our battle-cry,
In thickest fight shall be—we'll die
Or conquer 'neath his eagle eye!"
One man alone—an aged chief—
Seem'd there oppress'd and full of grief,
His only rais'd his hoary head,
When all the rest, by passion led,
Tecumseh's will and words obey'd;
He look'd most sad but nothing said.
Again he sank in mournful state,
As if his soul had cast no great
For lips to speak, for ears to hear,
Nor cared to chill with future fear.
Tecumseh's deep and piercing eye
The old chief saw, and heard his sigh.
One hundred years had come and gone,
Had o'er his frame a weakness thrown,
His form was bent, his hair was white,
His eye was dim, but his soul was
bright.
His hope was strong that hunting
grounds
Beyond the grave would have no
bounds
That there at least the Spirit Great,
Would shield the red man from his
fate,
That there his pipe he'd smoke in
peace
On lonely prairie, where there cress,
Bright springs, and flowers, and rivers
gleam,
Wide hunting grounds and wives to
cheer,
With dogs and guns there red men
roam,
Their cornfields grow around their home,
Their daughters sing, their wives de-
light,
To welcome home from the hunt at
night.
This chief in days long long gone by,
Full oft had heard that battle cry,
His bray arm's wearing aim
With gun and bow had rear'd his
glory,
Fell many a foe had felt his knife
Drip up the side of flowing life,
His scream it oft awoke the wood
And roused his country's youthful
blood,
And well old white men knew his
name,
The scalp he took—GRANT PRAIRIE
FLAKE.

"Aged father," Tecumseh said,
"Hold up thy gray and reverend head
Thy name's a flame of prairie fire,
Beautiful to see, but in its life
Full of swift death, of mighty power,
And with its breath the prairie cloth
scor'd;
Thy ticks and scars are all our pride
Speak out, my father, nothing hide,
Use you as men listen with delight—
In length of years is wisdom's light."
"Ah my brave, my generous son,"
The old man thus in speech began,

"I knew your father, he is no more,
He's gone to the Great Spirit's shore,
Oft I've seen him shake his snowy
head,
When we by hasty words were led,
He saw the redmen falling fast,
Like summer flowers before the blast—
The blast of winter's piercing wind—
Leaving their ancient homes behind
He told me oft when my young heart
With prompting vengeance fair would
start,
"Texas folly all—'twas all in vain,
To strive against the whiteman's reign,
For he is strong, girl round with might,
If one fall, thousands rush to fight."
In wisdom great their power is more,
Their treachery worse—their vengeance
sore.
Red men may fight—our warriors die,
White men will laugh—scorn at our
sigh,
Each wind that howls upon the plain,
Brings news of white man's coming
reign.
Oh warriors, soon, our glory's o'er,
Our noblest chiefs are now no more
Our name so great begins to flee,
And soon, my sons, will forgotten be.
A desolate time will shortly come,
When beggars, o'er the lands, will roam,
Whitemen will rule from east to west,
My children then will seek their rest.

The best no more will be found in the
land,
Or the elk or the deer fall into our hands,
No more will the forest in Spring-time
rejoice,
Be-echo the Indian's deep mellow
voice;
The forest will yield to the axeman's
loud blow,
Where solitude reign'd strange faces
will glow,
Where the woodpecker made the forest
resound,
The owl lov'd to screech, the deer lov'd
to bound;
There strangers will live in splendour
and power,
Till destiny too shall over them lower,
Oh redmen and warriors, come listen,
alas!
To the edict of sorrow wisdom must
pass,
Tecumseh, my son, you are valiant and
brave,
But glory will lead to an untimely grave,
Your warriors will fight, and around you
will fall,
Beneath the red sword and Kenickian
ball,
The homes that once knew you, ah,
never again
Will see you return or recover the slain,
Amid strangers you'll lie afar in the east
Or form for the wolver or the eagle a
feast."

The chieftain had done, and fell on
the ground,
And the savages stood astonish'd
around.
The screech of the females fell wild on
the wind,
As screams the fierce panther deprived
of her brood.
The eye of each redman was dim for a
while,
Till the life of each bosom found vent
in a smile.

(To be Continued.)

STRANGE SERPENTS AND INSECTS.

BY AUGUSTINE.

This Texas of ours is an astonishing prolific country. Every field stands luxuriant, crowded—so that it can scarce wave under the breeze—with corn, or sugar, or wheat, or cotton. Every cabin is full and overflowing, through all its doors and windows, with white-haired children. Every prairie abounds in deer, prairie-hens, and cattle. Every river and creek is alive with fish. The whole land is electric with lizards perpetually darting about among the grass like flashes of green lightning. We have too much prairie, and too little forest, for a great multitude of variety of birds. But in horned frogs, scorpions, tarantulas, and centipedes, we beat the universe. Every body has seen horned-frogs. You see them in jars in the windows of apothecaries. You are entreated to purchase them by loafing boys on the

levee at New Orleans. They have been neatly soldered up in soda boxes, and mailed by young gentlemen in Texas to fair ones in the old States. The fair ones receive the neat packages at the post-office, are delighted at the prospect of a daguerr-type—perhaps jewelry—open the package eagerly, and taint as the frog within hops out, in excellent health, upon them. A horned frog is, simply, a very harmless frog, with very portentous horns. It has horns, because everything in its region—trees, shrubs, grass, even has thorns—and nature takes it in keeping with all around it. A menagerie of them would not be expensive. They are content to live upon air—and can live, if desired, I am told, without even that.

The scorpions are precisely like those of Arabia—in the shape of a lobster, exactly, only not more than some three inches long. You are very apt to put one upon your face in the towel which you apply thereto after washing. If you do, you will find the sting about equal to that of a wasp—nothing worse. They are far less poisonous than the scorpion of the East, in fact, none except new-comers dread them at all.

But the Tarantula! You remember the astonishing elasticity with which you sprang in the air that time you were just on the point of putting your raised foot down upon a snake coiled in your path. You were frightened through every fibre of your body. Very probably the snake was as harmless as it was beautiful. Spring as high, be as utterly frightened as possible, when you just avoid stepping upon a tarantula, however filthy, loathsome, abominable, and poisonous—crush it to atoms before you leave it. If you have never seen it, know henceforth that it is an enormous spider, concentrating in itself all the venom and spite and ugliness of all spiders living. Its body is some two inches long—black and bloated. It enjoys the possession of eight long, strong legs, a red mouth, and an abundance of stiff brown hair all over itself. When standing, it covers an area of a saucer. Attack it with a stick, and it rears on its hind legs, gnashes at the stick, and fights like a fiend. It even jumps forward a foot or two in its rage, and if it bite into a vein, the bite is death! I have been told of the battle fought by one of them on board a steamboat. Discovered at the lower end of the boat, it came hopping up the saloon—driving the whole body of passengers before it; it almost drove the whole company, crew and all, overboard.

The first I saw was at the house of a friend. I spied it crawling slowly over the wall—mediating murder on the children playing in the room—Excessively prudent in regard to my fingers, I at last, however, had it safely imprisoned in a glass jar, unhurt. There was a flaw in the glass, as well as a hole through the cork by which it could breathe, but in ten minutes it was dead from rage! So, after, I killed three upon my place, crawling about ground, rodden every day by the bare feet of my little boy. A month or so I killed a whole nest of them. They had formed their family, circle under a door-step, on which the afore-said little fellow played daily. Had he seen one of them, he would, of course, have picked it up as a remarkably promising toy, and I would have been childless.

I was sitting one day upon a log in the woods, when I saw one slowly crawl out to enjoy the evening air, and the sunset scenery. He was the largest, most bloated one I ever saw. As I was about to kill him, I was struck with the conduct of a chance wasp. It too, had seen the tarantula, and was flying slowly around it. The tarantula recognized it as a foe, and, throwing itself upon its hind legs, breathed defiance. For some time the wasp flew around it, and then, like a flash, flew right against it, and stung it under its bloated belly. The tarantula gnashed its red and venomous jaws, and threw its long hairy legs about in impotent rage, while the wasp flew round and round it, watching for another opportunity. Again and again did it dash its sting into the reptile and escape. After the sixth stab, the tarantula actually fell over on its back dead; and the wasp, after making itself sure of the fact, and inflicting a last sting to make matters sure, flew off happy in having done a duty assigned in its creation. In an hour more a colony of ants had carried it down piece-meal and deposited it in their catacombs.

But, deadliest and most abhorrent of all our reptiles in Texas, is the Centipede. This is a kind of worm from three to six inches long, exactly like an enormous caterpillar. It is green or brown, or yellow; some being found of each of these colors. As its name denotes, it has along each side a row of feet, or horny claws rather. Imagine that you walk some night across your chamber floor with naked feet; you put your foot upon a soft something, and instantly it coils around your foot in a ring

sticking every claw up to the body in your foot. The poison flows through each claw, and in two minutes you will have fainted with agony—in a few more, you will be dead. The deadly thing cannot be torn away. It has to be cut off, and claw by claw picked out. Even if it crawls over the naked body of a sleeping person, without sucking in its claws, the place will pain the person for years after; at least, so I have been told.

I have seen these things, in which nature corks her deadly poisons, often, yet I have heard of few cases in which they have bitten or killed any one. The kind Being who makes the butterflies to be abundant, in the same loving kindness which makes them so beautiful and so abundant, makes all the deadly creatures to be scarce.—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*

ADVENTURE WITH LIONS.

Virgil tells us of a youthful hero, who, while enjoying the puny sport of stag-hunting, longed to see a twony lion approach; but even Ascanius might have been taken back had he found himself unexpectedly brought face to face with four; and it was no disparagement to my friend's courage to say he felt, as he candidly confessed, anything but comfortable. He was armed only with a single-barrelled rifle, and his horse, old Schuikraal, was in no plight for a race with the king of beasts, which can outstrip the swiftest antelope. In this emergency, however, his presence of mind did not forsake him, and knowing that any symptom of fear would increase the danger of his position, he pulled short up, and sat motionless, with his eye fixed on his formidable adversaries. The three females dropped quietly upon their haunches, gravely returning stare for stare; while the old manneffe, as the Dutch familiarly call him, a splendid fellow with a long black mane, and his sides literally shaking with fat, stood a little in front, ever and anon whisking his tail over his back, but made no movement in advance. Barkley, on his part had no idea of commencing hostilities, and, when this mute interview had lasted some minutes, he turned his horse's head round and rode slowly away. No motion was made in pursuit, and, as long as the spot was in sight, he could distinguish the four figures to all appearance remaining precisely in the same position in which he had left them. In his way back he found the carcass of a quaggo, not a quarter of a mile from our tent, recently killed, and bearing evident marks of his late acquaintance's workmanship. We sent the boys for it, the ribs had been picked clean, but the hind quarters gave the poor dogs two or three hearty meals. We congratulated our friend on his narrow escape, which was the more remarkable as, during this month and the next, these animals are especially savage and unapproachable. Lions are indeed something more than mere bog-tars in this country. Some time before our arrival Hans de Lange had a valuable horse destroyed by them in the very market place of Hartismuth. His native servant on rising one morning, to set about his daily labors, was suddenly heard to exclaim, "Daar leg een zwart ding!" (There lies a black thing,) and immediately afterwards, "Kiek! daar loop een geel ding! het lyk net zoo als een leeuw!" (Look! there goes a yellow thing. It is very like a lion.) And a lion it was, who after deliberately contemplating the "black thing," no other than the carcass of De Lange's black horse, turned round, and trotted away, as if indifferent about pursuit. Hans, however, did not take the matter quite so coolly; but, baring with rage at his loss, and at the impudence of the old skinner, as he called him, seized his trusty ryer, and, throwing himself upon the first horse he could find, without waiting for assistance, started off at a speed that soon brought him upon the heels of the lion, who, finding himself pressed, bounded up a small rant, and, having thus secured advantage ground, faced his pursuer, and stood at bay. A large dog that was rash enough to venture within his reach he caught up, and with one light stroke of his paw, swept him under its chest, when the flowing mane completely hid it from sight. Meanwhile Hans had dismounted, and, now taking a steady aim, lodged a bullet just behind the shoulder. The lion neither fell nor moved till a second bullet from the same barrel had struck him, and in the same fatal spot. He then sprang forward. One bound would have ended the old Dutchman's history, but another of his faithful dogs throws himself in the way, only to share the instantaneous fate of his comrade. The delay is but for a moment; but Hans, whose self-possession has never failed him, takes advantage of it to reload, and, as quick as lightning, the heavy ryer is at his shoulder, the quivering ball finds its mark, and the noble beast sinks slowly down and expires without a struggle.—*Six Months at Axtel, by Charles Berrier.*