

Tecumseh's dying words were :

"The hour has come! these weary hands and feet
Draw to the grave. Oh, I have loved my life,
Not for my own, but for my people's cause.
Who now will knit them? Who will lead them on?
Lost! lost! lost! The pale destroyer triumphs!
I see my people fly—I hear their shrieks—
And none to shield or save! My axe! my axe.
Ha, here it is! No, no—the power is past.
Oh, Mighty Spirit, shelter—save—my people!

+ Human Unrest. +

In man is a spirit unresting,

That will not be fettered or stayed ;

Betimes he entreats for the sunlight,

Betimes he implores for the shade.

'Tis now for the roll of the billows,

And now for the quiet of the plains ;

Here, lays of woodland enchant him,

There, whirl of the mill-wheel erechains.

Now clinging the closer in friendship,

And mourning the loved that are gone ;

Now flying the face of his fellows,

And roaming the desert alone.

Now firm in the strength of his purpose,

He scorneth the promptings of fear ;

But now he hath need of an angel

To whisper the watchword of cheer.

Lo! here at the dawning he labors,

A giant in heart as in limb ;

But there, like a child in gloaming,

He sigls for a lullaby hymn.

Now earth is a storehouse of blessings,

And life is a pathway of peace ;

Then ill upon ill is his portion,

And death is besought for release.

Betimes he is waiting for pinions

To fly where the eagle ne'er soared ;

Betimes he would linger forever,

And earth is an Eden restored.

Thus ever the heart of the human

Is circling 'twixt sunshine and shade ;

Now, Hope on his brow is triumphant,

Now, Faith in his bosom doth fade.

But 'twill not be so through the ages—

There cometh an end to his woes,

And this wavering heart of the human

Shall find an eternal repose.

+ Women of Renown. +

ALTHOUGH the sterner sex
* A have won the laurel since
the first productions of literary effort, yet,
they have been pushed aside in later times,
and now are obliged to compete with the
scientific researches and airy flights of
women. This is owing, no doubt, to the
gradual change in the position of women;
for, in the earlier times her ambition con-
sisted in the performance of home duties,
and skill in the use of the needle. For a
number of years, reaching up to the six-
teenth century, the work of translating
the writings of Greek and Roman authors;
the composition of new works; the study
of literature in general, was shut within
the monasteries. We have, it is true, the
account of Queen Elizabeth studying,
Greek, and of Lady Jane Grey reading
th. language fluently; but, these shine as
stars in a moonless sky. Such names as
Lady Rachel Russell, Lady Mary Mon-
tague, bring us down to the eighteenth
century; and further on, we are attracted
by the sweet and touching poetry of
Felicia Hemans.

This sweetest of English lyrists was
born in 1793, at Liverpool. The daughter
of a merchant, she was remarkable in early
childhood for precocious talent and great
personal beauty. Retiring and dreamy in
her nature naturally, her fine imagination
drank in full draughts of beauty from
the scenery of her Welsh home. Some
of her first poems; "Modern Greece,
Dartmoor, and Welsh Melodies were
very favorably received; but her
tragedy, the Vespers of Palermo, was un-
successful. In 1826, the "Forest Sanc-
tuary" appeared. It is the description
of a Spaniard, who is obliged to flee to
America on account of the religious per-
secutions in his own country. He ex-
periences all the heart yearnings for
his native land, and suffers all the incon-
veniences arising from the settlement in
a new country. This poem is the finest of
Mrs. Hemans's works; for it abounds in
beautiful passages full of tender feeling
and exquisite pathos.