

THE INFANT TECUMSEH.

Onewequa, like Logan, "was the friend of the white men." He admired their arts, and wished to inspire his tribe with a desire of attaining them. Alas! he was yet to learn, that the blackest vices still prowled amid all the refinements of the most polished states. Like the murdered kindred of unhappy Logan, he also fell a sacrifice to the treachery of an enlightened man. His blood was poured upon the red altar of that exterminating hatred which many of our people still bear his scattered and unfortunate race.

Onewequa was wandering through the forest in pursuit of game, when he met a party of men who had recently assisted in the massacre of an Indian settlement. They knew Onewequa, and requested him to accompany them as a guide through the forest. The soul of the Indian darkened as they spoke.

"Are not your hands," said he, "yet red with the blood of my countrymen?—even now the spirits of my slaughtered people call aloud on their brethren for revenge."

"Insolent savage," cried the leader of the party, and instantly discharged a pistol at his bared bosom. Onewequa fell! The white men passed on; the dying Indian was left in the silence of the forest.

The day declined and Elohamia clambered the rocky steep to watch the return of her husband. Daughter of nature! repress the throbbings of thy bosom—the heart of Onewequa now but faintly beats with responsive feeling. Deep shall his sleep be in the silence of the desert, and often wilt thou call on his name, but he shall not awaken?

Elohamia threw her anxious gaze through the deep shades of the surrounding wilds, but in vain—she listened in breathless stillness for the light footsteps of the hunter; but no sound was heard, save the hollow murmurings of the gathering storm, and the wolf howling loud and discordant from his hills. Clasp her infant to her bosom, she sought the narrow path that wound through the wood, and, determined not to return till accompanied by her husband. The night gathered dark round the wandering savage, and thunder rolled deep and heavy through the sky. In the pauses of the wind, a dying groan struck her ear—she followed the sound—it led to the body of Onewequa! A flash of lightning streamed across the stormy bosom, of nature, and shed a livid glare on his convulsed features: Elohamia sunk at his side—successive flashes now discovered the blood which lay congealed on his bosom. Her shriek recalled him for an instant to life—he opened his eyes, and fixing them on his wife, distinctly said, "Behold the faith of white men."

"Oh! my Onewequa, hast thou fallen thus, and is there none to avenge thee? The arm of the warrior is broken since thou art laid low; but the young plant at my breast shall gather strength to crush thy destroyers. When thou hast past yon sky of storms, thou shalt see and converse with the great Spirit amid his clouds. Then let all thy petitions rest on the name of Tecumseh. For him shalt thou ask the soul of the warrior, and the strength of the mighty. Then shall he be as a whirlwind and a storm, that scatter desolation and death: as a fire spreading over the hill and the valley, consuming the race of dark souls."

Elohamia paused. The winds died away, and the raging storm was suddenly still. The full moon rent her thick mantle of darkness, and her clear light streamed here and there through trees of the forest. The heart of Onewequa was cold; but a smile of approbation rested on the features now fixed in death. The voice of Elohamia had been heard, and the passing spirit assented as it fled. The night passed away, and the mourner transferred her gaze from the marbled body of her husband, to the placid features of her sleeping child—a lock of her own long hair, yet wet with storm lay across the face of the infant warrior. Softly she put it back, while she contemplated his countenance with a kind of holy reverence.

"The Great Spirit," she said, "has smiled on the ghost of Onewequa, and granted his petition for our son. He hushed the howling

tempest, and bade the moon and stars come forth in their glory, as tokens of his assent. Tecumseh, thou shalt avenge the death of thy father, and appease the spirits of his slaughtered brethren. Already art thou elected the chief of many tribes, for the promise of the Great Spirit is everlasting. Thy feet shall be swift as the forked lightning; thy arm shall be as the thunderbolt, and thy soul fearless as the cataract that dashes from the mountain precipice."

Such were the consolations of Elohamia, and she looked anxiously forward to the time when Tecumseh should realize her prophecy.

Three rolling years had marked its birth when she led him to the grave of his father. It was at the close of the day, and the most perfect silence reigned round the hillock of death.

"Seest thou that little mound of earth?" said the savage.

The boy fixed his steady gaze on the spot, and was silent. Elohamia threw herself on the wild grass that grew rank round the grave, and drew her child towards her.

"My son, thou art dearer to me than the strings of my heart—thou art the sweetest flower that greets my eye as I wandered thro' the forest—thy voice is the music of my ear, and it is thy affection that cools my scorching brain when it turns in frenzy. My son, who like thy mother would have cherished thy helpless infancy? who like her rejoices in thy growing beauties?"

The boy rolled his dark eye on Elohamia: it shone in all the radiance of gratitude and filial affection.

"My son," she resumed, "mark me, and remark all I say. Thou hadst once a father who would have been more to thee than the mother that bore thee. He would have glowed in thee, Tecumseh, and thou wouldst have been the light of his soul—for thee, he would have climbed the mountain steep and braved the angry storm, when the Great Spirit frowned in darkness, he would have taught thy infant feet to explore the hidden paths of the forest, and guided thy young arm, when it first aimed the arrow at the bounding buffalo—he would have taught thee to build the light canoe, and ride the deep waters in safety. But he is no more; in the summer of life has he fallen: and he sleeps in the earth before us."

Elohamia paused—Tecumseh for a moment seemed lost in thought, then suddenly exclaimed,

"Mother, why does he not awaken?"

"My son, his is the sleep of death."

"Death!" said the boy.

"To-day," resumed Elohamia, "you saw a deer bounding through the forest; he was lovely in strength and beauty, and fleet than the winds, which parted before him. Suddenly the hunter crossed his path, and an arrow cleft his heart. I led you to the spot and bade you look at the dying animal; a short time passed away, and the warm blood that flowed from his wound grew dark and chill: he was stiff and cold, and his beauty was departed. Such is death, and such is the sleep of thy father?"

An awful pause ensued: the features of Tecumseh assumed a ghastly ferocity.

"Mother, whose arrow cleft the heart of my father?"

"My son, thou has been told of a people beyond these wilds, who are the enemies of thy race: their souls are dark in treachery, and their hands are red in blood. They came with the pipe of friendship to our forest, and smoked the calumet with our nation; but they met thy father alone on his hills, and pierced his bosom with their arrows. He was a warrior, and his arm was the arm of strength. Great would have been his deeds; but he is now low in the dust."

Tecumseh heard, and the livid glare of his eyes changed suddenly to flashes of lightning.

"Mother," he exclaimed, "give me my hatchet and lead me to the villages, I will drink their blood, I will consume their race."

Elohamia smiled at the enthusiasm she had so anxiously endeavoured to awaken.

"My son," she replied, "thy arm is yet too feeble, and thy arrow is yet unsure. Thy hatchet must lie in its rust till the blossoms of many a spring shed their leaves around

the grave of thy father. But time still rolls on without ceasing; the winter passes quickly away, and the summer is again here. Thou shalt soon rejoice in the strength of thy manhood, and thy enemies afar off shall hear of thy name and tremble."

The Weekly News.

The American civil war drags its slow length along. No battle has been fought, though there has been skirmishing

Slaves from time to time run away to the enemy's camp. Gen. Butler puts most of them to work as property contraband of war

Accounts from either side are so colored as to be almost worthless. Canadians will have to receive all information from the United States *cum grano salis*.

The Montreal papers mention the seizure of the steamer *Peerless*, at the instance of the Hon. Alex. Giddings, Consul-General for the United States, on the ground that she had been purchased for the Confederate Government. The *Leader* thinks if Mr. G. had communicated with Washington before making the seizure, he would have found that the Federal Government was at the bottom of the purchase.

Casius M. Clay's letter in the *London Times*, on the objects of the American war, excites attention. Mr. Clay is Minister to Russia from the United States.

By the Australasian from Liverpool 25th, we have later foreign advices.

Money was easier: the bullion in the Bank of England had declined £387,000.

The news by the Australasian is meagre. The French Government contemplate a more liberal press law.

Three well known gentlemen from Upper Canada are to be appointed Commissioners to investigate the accounts of Toronto University.

The Montreal *Pilot* was premature in stating the election was ordered for the 28th. It will, however, be ordered soon.

Mr. W. L. Mackenzie declines being a candidate for North York. It is not probable he will stand for any other constituency, judging by his letter in one of the city papers.

The *Nor'-Wester*, of May 1st, mentions a great freshet which caused much injury. We quote:—"The general flood which is overspreading the country will necessitate a temporary suspension in the publication of the *Nor'-Wester*. If the waters continue to rise any longer, we shall be compelled to migrate with the multitude to distant ridges and enjoy the red man's life for some weeks. Should they recede we shall continue uninterrupted, but there may be difficulty in the delivery, as nearly all the bridges are swept away."

There was a violent storm on Lake Ontario on Wednesday. A raft belonging to Mr. McAdam of this city was blown to pieces. We hear of no other damage.

The fourth number of the Ontario Literary Society's manuscript Magazine will be read at the meeting, next Tuesday evening.

Brown has issued a new edition of his Directory for 1861, enlarged and improved.

The Manchester *Guardian* mentions that there are a very unusually large number of persons out of employment in that city and vicinity.

A city cotemporary says of Osgoode Hall:—"The Law Society have done well in establishing Scholarships, to be given to the most proficient student in each year."

The Hamilton *Herald* of Wednesday publishes a long letter from Mr. Loveridge, in reply to the attacks made on him by Thurlow Weed, of the *Albany Journal*. Its tone is bitterly sarcastic.

A correspondent of the *Leader*, writing from New York, says the Scotch show less inclination to fight for the stars and stripes than any class of the foreign population; the reason being a fear England may yet be an ally of the South. The *Leader* disclaims any endorsement of the intensely radical letter of its New York correspondent.

OUR RECEPTION BY OUR BROTHERS OF THE PRESS.

We feel highly gratified at being able, in our second number, to present to our readers such an array of favorable opinions and welcome greetings, on our first appearance, as that which follows from our brethren of the fourth estate. We have received other notices, which are too late for this issue. We thank our friends for their well wishes.

The HOME JOURNAL.—This is the name of a new weekly aspirant for literary honors published by Mr. W. Halley, of this city. The first number appeared on Saturday last. It is not a very large sheet, but the low price at which it is sold, and the fact of its being indigenous, may enable it to compete with the innumerable journals which come this way from the States. We must say we are favorably impressed with the first number of the HOME JOURNAL. It opens with a tale of South in life, entitled "Down on the Beach" by E. P. Loveridge, which promises to be of much interest. Mr. Loveridge is not a novice in this line, having written several sketches which have been well received by the American people. His style is nervous, and his imagination strong two characteristics which are essential to the production of a tale. There is also republished an old story from the pen of Mr. James McCarroll, of this city, who is already well known in the Province, both as a poet and a writer in prose; and a new tale is promised us from the same gentleman, which we trust will soon appear. The general reading matter is interesting—a little heavy perhaps, but this objection the conductors promise to meet for the future. We do not take up the new sheet without some fears for its success. Other papers of a similar nature have arisen; their sun have shone for a while, and then they have disappeared from off the stage. We trust our new cotemporary will prove a plant of more hardy growth, and that it will long survive for the amusement and instruction of the Canadian public.—*Leader*.

On Saturday was ushered into existence in this city a new literary paper called the HOME JOURNAL. In typographical appearance it is all that can be desired. Two original tales by writers in Canada, are commenced in it, and it contains besides a large amount of reading matter of an interesting and valuable description. Great care will be taken to exclude from its columns anything of an immoral character, therein giving it a decided advantage over many of the papers which come from the United States. Politics will have no place in it. The publisher is Mr. William Halley, of the Montreal Type Foundry Agency. We wish him every success, and would remind Canadians that they should feel peculiarly interested in the prosperity of the enterprise. The HOME JOURNAL is the only paper published in the Province devoted solely to literary matters, and on that account, if on no other, should be liberally supported.—*Globe*.

The HOME JOURNAL.—The first number of the HOME JOURNAL, a weekly Canadian family newspaper, is before us. We are much pleased with its appearance. It bears a neat and cheerful look. The JOURNAL contains eight pages of original and judiciously selected matter. There is a very good variety of reading, including a contribution from Mr. E. P. Loveridge, entitled "Down on the Beach," a story of the South; which promises to be a treat to the lovers of light reading. The JOURNAL is published by our enterprising fellow-citizen, Mr. William Halley, who is entitled to a large measure of support for his very laudable efforts to create a taste for home literature. We trust the HOME JOURNAL will supersede many of the trashy and demoralizing publications which flood the country, and that Canadians will take a pride and an interest in supporting native talent and native enterprise. We wish the JOURNAL a long and prosperous career.—*Canadian Freeman*.

The HOME JOURNAL.—The above is the title of a new literary paper, the first number of which was published on Saturday last in this city. In appearance the HOME JOURNAL is very neat, and great care appears to be taken in the selection of reading matter. The publisher is Mr. Wm. Halley, of the Montreal Type Foundry Agency, and we trust, if the JOURNAL continues to be what is represented, that it will be well supported.—*British Herald*.

The HOME JOURNAL.—This new candidate for public favor is on our table. It is an eight-paged, beautifully printed sheet, published by William Halley, Esq., of Colborne Street, a practical printer, and a good judge of what kind of a paper the masses of the literary public desire. We notice in the initial number a serial novelette, by E. P. Loveridge, Esq., styled "Down on the Beach," which bears the eccentricities of his style, and will be read with interest, especially by those who are perusing "Out of the Way," on our outside page. While we like the story we are publishing, as in duty bound, the least we think "Down on the Beach" most calculated to take with the masses. The article "A Word to the People," is a polished piece of writing. Whoever the Editor of the HOME JOURNAL may be, he is "an old hand at the bellows," very evidently. The "Round Table" seems to have been "made up" in a hurry by the foreman. The article on "The World" is rather heavy reading, and we do not agree with its philosophy, though it is marked by great ability. The "Adventures of a Night," by James McCarroll, of this city, is, like all Mr. McCarroll's articles, characterized by grace of diction and elevation of tone. The poetical selections are very well in their way, the most noticeable piece of verse being original, and well illustrated. It is called "The Child's Reproof." All in all, the HOME JOURNAL will compare very favorably with the best of the New York and Boston Weeklies, and it has our best wishes. If Canadians do not sustain this paper, characterized as it is by ability and a high moral tone, which all the American literary papers cannot claim, then the fault is in our people themselves. We shall watch the experiment with interest. The JOURNAL can be had of any reputable news-dealer for four cents a copy, or the publisher will mail it to any address for \$1.50 per annum.—*Toronto Mirror*.