



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

TECUMSEH'S SPEECH TO HIS WARRIORS.

(Continued from No. 29, vol. 2.)

In several of the numbers of the past year we inserted portions of a poem on Tecumseh, written by the Editor of this paper in 1833. The following is a continuation of the great warrior's speech. There is something about the oratory of the Indian grand, solemn, and impressive. All will recollect the speech of Red Jacket, the Chief of the Senecas. Nothing for truth, pathos, patriotism, and all the essentials of eloquence can be found in any language to excel it. We will endeavor to insert it in some future number.

<p>Oh my countrymen, my brothers, Heaven this cause of ours defend, The spirit great, who dwells on high Has always heard the Indian's sigh. He placed us on this blooming earth, He guided us from early birth. He checks the wicked spirit's snare, And clothes and feeds with tender care. Redden He bids you be not slaves, Rally! battle for your father's grave, Else, of old, your wretched name Uphold, your tribe's historic fame. Let whitemen warriors never say Our sons are not as brave as they! Their blood has flown from our arrows' wing, Full of the've felt its feather wing; Our tomahawks have drunk their gore, We've many scalps that whitemen have; Fountains of the flow'ry west arise,</p>	<p>Let warwhoops wild awake the skies— Our rights, our homes, impel the strife, White hearts must feel the red man's knife. And when we strike let liberty And Indian rights the watchwords be. Thus said the brave—each met others face, And saw that war in each did blaze. A storm of passion beat'd each breast, In yells of terror was expressed; Revenge's sword sat on each loins, Each heart beat loud with anger's glow. His knife each chief drew from his side, Again the war cry echo'd far and wide, Uprising high the lifted arm, And holding fast their warman charms, With one great shout that rent the sky, Each warrior strong to fight and die! Their Chief, Tecumseh's word to bear, The ran to seek and avenge the tear.</p>
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(To be continued.)

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

A TALE OF AN HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

The mighty West had been settled. The heaven-blessed home of liberty extended from ocean to ocean. The States of the Pacific had begun to rival the States of the Atlantic and beautiful villages and thriving cities adorned the ocean-shore at Oregon, and the banks of the great Columbia.

The darkness of night had settled over this scene of beauty and prosperity, and hushed for a few hours all but the everlasting noise of revelry. Now the upstarting beams of the full moon dimly reveal the spire of a distant city, and were in silvery love-lorn reflections on the quiet surface of the mighty deep.

Casting my eye carelessly along the beach, they lighted upon a human form, with slow and solemn steps pacing from point to point. I endeavored to approach the spot unobserved, that I might ascertain who and what it might be. He had now seated himself upon the edge of the rock, his feet dangling over the side, and his eyes fixed upon the breakers that lazily washed its base. In my eagerness to catch a glimpse of the stranger's face, my feet became entangled, and I fell among the bushes. Startled by the noise, he sprang to his feet, and in a strange tongue accented to be demanding, "Who's there?"

On my rising, we stood face to face. I reached out my hand, and embraced him, as well as I could, there was no danger; and he in broken English, expressed himself satisfied.

His features were those of an Indian, for in my boyhood I fancied to see one. A bow was thrown across his shoulder after the manner of those long departed tribes.

"Man of the forest," said I, "it is midnight, the song of the birds is hushed, and the wild beast is gone abroad; it is time for you to seek his home."

"Home?" he replied, "I have no home. Why should I seek one? My people are no more. Time was when they covered these hills, and like a mighty swarm filled the vales. These were ours—the fish, the game, all were ours. There, where you see you tall steeples glittering in the moonlight, once stood an Indian wigwam, and all around the gleaming watch-fires blazed."

"I know it," was my answer, "and often have I wondered how such a mighty people could so soon have faded from the earth."

"Faded?" he exclaimed. "Ay, you may well say faded, when have I stood in the morning and looked up the mountain side, and seen the cloud that hung upon its brow wasted away by the sunbeam, and thought even so my nation were destroyed. Ay, sir, they passed away as my breath does from the bright surface of my tomahawk."

"But," said I, "how came it?"

"Kiss you not, stranger," said he, and his tread became quicker, and his voice betrayed the deepest emotion: "know you not, it was the cursed fire water! War killed some—disease some—but that swept off its millions. It made war—it made diseases. Our young men were ruined, there were no old men, and year after year the tribes became smaller, till now, although I have been far to the rising sun, I have not found one of my race. I am alone. I came here to die—to spend a few hours in prayer to the Great Spirit—and then all that remains of my fathers' people will be gone."

Here he paused, and I could not but notice with alarm the mighty upheavings of his bosom, and the increasing violence of his tread. He broke out again:

"Let the white man beware. He, too, drinks the fire water. If he will not stop, his fate will be like the Indian's. Drunkenness will bring with it disease and war; and by and by some other people will come across the big waters, and take away the white man's home, as he took away the Indian's. Go, stranger, go and tell your people to take care lest the fire water shall burn them up, as it did the Indian. Go—Go—Go!" he repeated, with increasing emphasis; and ere the last word had died upon his lips, he leaped from the rock, and was engulfed in the ocean.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCES.

It has been remarked as a curious circumstance that Bonaparte and Wellington were born in the same year, and that Burns and Hogg, the Scotch poets, were both born on Jan. 25th; but it is more remarkable that the two greatest dramatic poets of Modern Europe (Shakspeare and Cervantes) both died on the same day in the same year, April 23, 1616. It is further remarkable that Shakspeare, like the case of the great Raphael and Sobieski died on the anniversary of his birth.—Notes and Queries.

Forty-seven.—We find the following in an English newspaper, and submit it to the curious inspection of those who are inclined to be superstitious on the subject of numbers. "It is now 47 years since Nelson fought the battle of Trafalgar, 47 years was the age of Nelson at the time; 47 years was the age of Wellington at the battle of Waterloo; 47 years was the age of Bonaparte whom he defeated; 47 years were completed last year, since Napoleon the First was crowned Emperor; 47 years is the age of Napoleon the Third, who this year is made Emperor." We may add to the above—we hope without frightening anybody with a "coup d'état,"—that Franklin Pierce was 47 on the day of the last Presidential election.—Boston Courier.

ORIGINS OF THE HOUSE OF RUSSELL.—John Russell a plain gentleman residing near Ringport, County of Dorset, claimed a favourable introduction to court by a piece of good fortune. The Archduke Philip of Austria, having encountered a violent hurricane in his passage from Flanders to Spain, was driven into Weymouth, where he landed, and was hospitably received by Sir Thomas Trenchard, a gentleman of the neighborhood. Sir Thomas Trenchard appeared the Court of the circumstances, and in the interim, while waiting for instructions what course to follow he invited his cousin, Mr. Russell, to wait upon the Prince. Mr. Russell proved so agreeable a companion, that the Archduke desired him to accompany him to Windsor. He was then presented to the King, Henry VII., who likewise was so well pleased with Mr. Russell, that he retained him as one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber. Being subsequently a companion of the Prince, he so far ingratiated himself into his favour that he got elevated to the peerage under the title of Baron Russell, of Chyngers. In the next year, 1510, when the church lands were seized, Henry gave his favorite the Abbey of Tavistock, with extensive possessions belonging thereto. In the next reign, Russell's star being still in the ascendant, young Edward, not 16, gave him the monastery of Woburn. In Charles II.'s time William, the fifth earl, was made Duke of Bedford.

THE SAND IS EGYPT.—The sand has played a preservative part in Egypt, and has saved for future investigators much that would have otherwise disappeared. Miss Martineau says, in her "Eastern Life": "If I were to have the choice of a fairy gift, it should be like none of the many things I fixed upon in my childhood, in readiness for such occasions. It would be for a great sunshining fan, such as would, without injury to human eyes and lungs, blow away the sand which buries the monuments of Egypt. What a scene would be laid open before them! One statue and sarcophagus, brought from Memphis, was buried one

hundred and thirty feet below the mound surface. Who knows but that the greater part of old Memphis, and of other glorious cities, lie almost unharmed under the sand? Who can say what armies of sphinxes, what sentinels of colossal, might start up on the banks of the river, or come forth from the hill sides of the interior, when the clouds of sand have been wafted away?" All will be discovered in good time; we are not ready for it; it is desirable that we should be further advanced in our power of interpretation before the sand be wholly blown away. But, as truth, it will need a high wind to do it, begin when it may.

"THIRTY DAYS HATH SEPTEMBER."—A correspondent of Notes and Queries gives a very old Latin version of this popular stanza from the De Compenniis Epistolis, by Hieronymus Cingularius, rector of Goldbert (Aurimontanus) Silesia, and printed Leipsic, in 1515:

"Janus, Aprilis, September, sive November  
Triginta laces reliquis in una supersit.  
Octo et viginti Februarius accipit ortus.  
Si bissexius erit tunc unus jungitur illis."

The Great Circle of Easter, containing a short rule to know upon what day of the month Easter day will fall, &c., published in London, 16th November, 1553, contains the following verse:—

"Thirtie days hath November,  
April, June, and September,  
February hath twentie-eight alone,  
And all the rest hath thirtie and one."

REPOSE OF MANNERS.—Gentleness in the gait is what simplicity is in the dress. Violent gestures quick movement inspire involuntary disrespect. One looks for a moment at a cascade, but one looks for hours, lost in thought and gazing upon the still waters of a lake. A deliberate gait, gentle manners, and a gracious tone of voice—all of which may be acquired—give a mediocre man immense advantage over those easily superior to him. To be bold, tranquil, to speak little, and to digest without effort are absolutely necessary to grandeur of mind presence or proper development of genius.

THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.

On the 14th of November, 1804, Thomas Addis Emmet, the elder brother of the lamented Robert Emmet, and one of the Confederate or United Irish Society, arrived with his family at New York, from Bordeaux, in the U. S. brig Rolla, Capt. Harrison. On the very same day, in 1827, in the U. S. Circuit Court, he was seized with an apoplectic fit, while pleading a cause, and expired the following night. He married a daughter of Rev. J. Patten, Presbyterian minister, Colonel, who brought him ten children, one of a whom was born in the Scottish Highlands, while her father was a state prisoner, before being permitted to go into exile for life.

When arrested in Dublin, March 12th, 1793, he was closely confined in Newgate jail, but his wife obtained leave to visit him there, and refused to quit his prison. Government ordered her to be kept out when she next went out, but the affectionate lady, when she heard of that order, did not for twelve weary months leave the jail, except once, secretly, to visit a sick child. O, that all wives were affectionate like Mrs. Emmet! what a happy world it would be!

Mr. Emmet was a man of great learning, an eminent orator, and a profound lawyer. His fees from private practice alone, soon rose to \$15,000 a year in New York, and five and a half years after his arrival in America he was appointed Attorney General of New York State. Many leading lawyers of New York agreed to have no professional intercourse with "the Irish rebel," but in Chief Justice Spencer, Governor Clinton, and Vice President Tompkins, Mr. Emmet found true friends, which to one in his peculiar situation at the time must have been very gratifying.

The House of Representatives at Washington on the 17th inst., passed a resolution appropriating \$50,000 for the erection in that city of a bronze equestrian statue of Washington. The Senate concurred in the measure. Cass Munn, who designed and executed the statue of Jackson, is the artist who is to perform the work.