

captive, rescued from impending death by Tecumseh, and the Indian maiden, Iena, a niece of the latter. Tecumseh himself embodies some of the ideal characteristics of Hiawatha: a true Indian, but generous, mild, passionately patriotic; yet averse to any savage deeds of cruelty or revenge. In contrast to him, and so far in accordance with history, is his brother, the prophet of the Shawanees, whose hatred of the whites is more in accordance with the actual savage truculence which the records of Parkman have made us familiar with in the hideous cruelties practised by the Iroquois alike on white and Indian captives. Others of the characters—Generals Brock, Harrison and Hull, Colonels Proctor, Cass, etc.,—are historical. In addition to which the *dramatis personæ* are somewhat needlessly augmented by Twang, Slaugh, Gerkin, and Bloat, citizens of Vincennes, the very names of which betray the prejudiced spirit in which the Yankee caricatures are drawn. We cannot but regard them as blemishes on the poem. The scenes are historical as well as the characters. The surrender of Detroit, the battle of Moraviantown, the death of General Brock, and of Tecumseh himself, are all incidents of Canadian history. The poet, we doubt not, had in his mind the more recent incidents of 1876, when a search was made for the grave of Tecumseh, and some amusement was created by the official report on the miscellaneous contents of the package produced as the remains of the famous Shawanee Chief, whose last command is:

“Recall some warriors
To bear my body hence. Give no alarm
Lest our poor braves lose courage; but make haste—
I have not long to live. Yet hear my words:
Bury me in the deep and densest forest,
And let no white man know where I am laid.”

Our space will not allow of large quotations. The dialogue shows at

times more familiarity with the sentiments of the old English drama than with that of the uncultured children of the forest. But here is a fine characteristic passage selected from a long address by Tecumseh to General Harrison, in the second act:

“Once all this mighty continent was ours,
And the Great Spirit made it for our use.
He knew no boundaries, so we had peace
In the vast shelter of His handiwork.
And, happy here, we cared not whence
we came.
We brought no evils thence—no treasured
hate,
No greed of gold, no quarrels over God;
And so our broils, to narrow issues joined,
Were soon composed, and touched the
ground of peace.
Our very ailments, rising from the earth,
And not from any foul abuse in us,
Drew back, and let age ripen to death’s
hand.
Thus flowed our lives until your people
came,
Till from the East our matchless misery
came!
Since then our tale is crowded with your
crimes,
With broken faith, with plunder of re-
serves—
The sacred remnants of our wide domain—
With tawp’rings, and delirious feasts of
fire,
The fruit of your thrice-cursed stills of
death,
Which make our good men bad, our bad
men worse,
Aye! blind them till they grope in open
day.
And stumble into miserable graves.”

Beautiful gems of poetic thought may be gleaned from time to time by the appreciative reader, as when Le-froy, hearing the voice of Iena, for whom he is searching in the forest wilds, exclaims:—

“I could pick that voice
From out a choir of angels! Iena!”

The public will not fail to notice with hearty approval the thoroughly loyal and patriotic spirit which pervades the whole poem.

But we must be content to commend this product of a native Canadian poet to the appreciative study of all who watch with interest the growth