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### OUR HEROES.\*

Time runs apace, but not too fast to hide by the mystifying quickness of the age, the deeds of valour of earth's heroes, nor to record on the diary of passing events, the nobleness of some of her sons.

In the comparatively short life of Canada, deeds have been done that bring the flush of pride to the patriotic citizen.

History in its dry details tells us of the high valour and firm friendship of the heroes of 1812, and now in the majestic language of the dramatist, Tecumseh and his brother commander Brock, are admirably brought before us by Mr. Charles Mair.

The theme is worthy the greatest poet, and the poem is in its power and pathos a fitting record of the men who are depicted.

What strikes us particularly, is the terse compactness of the language; a very few words gives the whole distinct meaning without in any way marring the poetic style.

The tale is familiar to us all. The great ambition of the master warrior Tecumseh, aiming to combine all the Indian tribes in a confederacy to repel the encroachments of the Long Knives, foiled by the premature attack on General Harrison, by The Prophet, who jealous of his greater brother's fame, and craving himself for glory.

The Prophet's own words depict his crafty, ambitious and selfish character:

All feelings and all seasons suit ambition!  
Yet my vindictive nature hath a craft,  
In action slow which matches mother earth's:  
First seed-time—then the harvest of revenge.  
Who works for power and not the good of men,  
Would rather win by fear than lose by love.

How different is the brother. Hear him address Harrison's messenger,

O for a Pontiac to drive them back  
And whoop them to their shuddering villages!  
\* \* \* \* \*

Mine shall be  
The lofty task to teach them to be free,  
To knit the nations, bind them into one,  
And end the task great Pontiac begun!

\*TECUMSEH, a drama, by Charles Mair. Toronto, Hunter Rose & Co.: London, Chapman & Hall.

It was after this, and while visiting the western tribes to induce them to help, that the disastrous fight took place.

On his return learning of the disaster he mourns,

Would that I were a woman and could weep,  
And slake hot rage with tears! O spiteful fortune,  
To lure me to the limit of my dreams,  
Then turn and crowd the ruin of my toil.

\* \* \* \* \*

But why despair?

All is not lost. The English are our friends,  
My spirit rises—manhood bear me up!

As a contrast to the sterling English of the poem is the conversation of the citizens of Vincennes. It shews what western settlers of the baser sort thought of "Indian rights."

Gerkin.—I've heard say the Guvner, end the Chief Justice tew, thinks a sight o' this tearin' red devil. (Tecumseh). They say he's a great man. They say, tew, that our treaty Injins air badly used—that they shouldn't be meddled wi on their resarves, end should have skoolin'.

Bloat.—Skoolin'! That gits me! Dogoned if I wouldn't just larn one thing—what them reg'lars up to the Fort larns their dogs, "to drop to shot," only in a different kind o' way like.

And then to Canada. Meanwhile war is declared between Great Britain and the United States, and Brock acting governor of Upper Canada and commander of the 1,500 regulars proceeds to organize for the defence against the foe. Those rousing times in York! The proclamation of the commander is responded to eagerly, and of its merit a U. E. Loyalist says—mark the compact phrases.

There is magic in this soldiers' tongue,  
O language is a common instrument  
But when a master touches it—what sounds!

Thus speaks Robinson of these same U. E. Loyalist's who leave their fields

Which still they leave half reaped  
To meet invasion

These are men  
Who draw their pith from royal roots, their aires,  
Dug up by revolution, and cast out  
To hovel in the bitter wilderness,  
And wring with many a tussle from the wolf  
Those very fields which cry for harvesters.