

Or bid them go and do a deed of blood ;  
With thirsting steel and stout arm fiercely  
bare,  
Tecumseh ever is the foremost there."

The retreat, however, is begun. When Moraviantown is reached, Tecumseh swears to die or conquer there, and a halt is then made. The rest of the canto is taken up with the description of a burning fortress and with an account of Tecumseh's visit to the grave of Uncas.

The fourth canto shows marks of hurried composition and is not nearly so good as the rest. The camp at Moraviantown, the fight between the Americans clad in common-sense greyspun, and the British in their conspicuous redcoats are portrayed. Tecumseh's fall and the mutilation of the corpse complete the canto and the poem.

I have already quoted some opinions regarding Richardson's *Wacousta*. The *Canadian Brothers* was also well received, and his reminiscences of the war of 1812 were highly praised by the reviewers of the day. The reader of his works cannot help being convinced of Richardson's love for a soldier's life and of his patriotism. His martial nature is well shown in his descriptions of battles, which are spirited in the extreme, and I doubt whether they are often excelled. In his character sketching he is also a very fair master. First impressions of his characters are clear and abiding and the development of the sketches is logical and accurate. There is nothing blurred in the pictures. Let the reader examine *Wacousta* or the *Canadian Brothers*, and he will agree with me. Pontiac, the De Haldimars, the Granthams, Matilda Montgomerie, are all well drawn and live before us.

I have already spoken of our author's relation to his historical sources. To expect absolute historical accuracy of a novelist or poet is to demand something which we have no right to expect. The creator is more than his material and he has an absolute right to use it so as to accomplish the end he has in view. The great masters of every nation have exercised this freedom. And yet we find in Richardson's *Wacousta* an historical basis which is wonderfully true. I hope to treat this feature more at length at some future time, and also to examine the *Canadian Brothers* with the same end in view. Richardson himself points out where he departed widely from historical authorities, though claiming accuracy in all essentials.

In speaking of the character sketches I should also have referred to his plots. There is a striking difference between him and his probable master, Cooper, in this respect. Whereas Cooper's stage is very cramped and must impress the reader as being very flimsily constructed, Richardson does not confine his actors too narrowly, but goes if anything to the other extreme. And yet not strikingly. The sense of proportion shown by our author is good.

Richardson has an eye for the beauties of nature. His descriptions are rare but they are good. He speaks thus of the Amherstburg of his day, the scene of his youth :

"Amherstburg was at that time one of the loveliest spots that ever issued from the will of a beneficent and gorgeous nature, and were the world-disgusted wanderer to have selected a home in which to lose all memory of artificial and conventional forms, his choice would assuredly have fallen here, and insensible, indeed, to the beautiful realities of the sweet wild solitude that reigned around, must that man have been, who

could have gazed unmoved, from the lofty banks of the Erie on the placid lake beneath his feet, mirroring the bright starred heavens on its unbroken surface, or throwing into full and soft relief the snow-white sail and dark hull of some stately warship, becalmed in the offing and only waiting the rising of the capricious breeze to waft her onward on her then peaceful mission of dispatch. Lost indeed to all perception of the natural must he have been, who could have listened, without a feeling of voluptuous melancholy, to the plaintive notes of the whip-poor-will breaking on the silence of night and harmonising with the general stillness of the scene. How often have we ourselves, in joyous boyhood, lingered amid these beautiful haunts, drinking in the fascinating song of this strange night-bird, and revelling in a feeling we were too young to analyze, yet cherished deeply, yea, frequently even to this hour do we in our dreams revisit scenes no parallel to which has met our view, even in the course of a life passed in many climes ; and on awaking, our first emotion is regret that the illusion is no more."

The independent spirit and thought of Richardson is shown in the opinions of current or recent events which he puts into the mouths of his characters. It can easily be imagined that he was too independent for the government of his day and that this independence cost him dearly, as it did. His opinion of English treatment of the Indians of Pontiac's times shows that British as he undoubtedly is, he could lay the blame of that war on the right shoulders. Wherever there is an occasion to do so he speaks out clearly and decidedly, and for the most part correctly on political questions.

In the almost total absence of data as to his personal character I have drawn upon the knowledge of him possessed by some of my older friends and the general agreement is that his personal habits and manner of life left much to be desired. That he was capable and clever, much beyond the average, I think is true.

L. E. HORNING.

#### MONTREAL LETTER.

There were not many people in the rotunda of the Windsor Hotel, and there was an absence of that bustle which marks the departure of the trains from the city. All the evening trains had gone but one ; that for the Pacific coast. The latest arrivals had quite settled down to their satisfaction, and the clerk took advantage of the breathing spell to enter up the hotel books and make the way clear for the reception of guests to follow. He took little notice of the two men leaning against the desk ; less indeed than Mr. Smith, who, pretending to read the newspaper, cast furtive glances at one of the individuals dressed more conspicuously than the other. To be sure, the costume would attract the eye of the most unobserving, but it was not so much that which held Smith's attention as the wearer of it. The wearer which had excited the curiosity of the every-day guest of the hotel leaned with an air of nonchalance upon the desk and toyed with the cigarette which he held at arm's length, regarding the smoke curling from it in a manner which showed certain obliviousness of things present. He wore a light check yachting suit, almost white, cap to match, and white canvas boots. His face was striking ; prominent eyes, pale cheeks, somewhat spare, short-cropped beard and moustache trimmed a la

Venetienne. The expression was one of languidness, but yet there was something about it which showed that it was a recent development of the man's character. Occasionally his companion spoke to him, but he answered in low, unmeaning tones which showed a disinclination to talk. In the corridor leading to the ladies' entrance of the hotel a lady walked to and fro. A maid stood at the foot of the stairs and two colored porters, resplendent in gold lace and brass buttons, busied themselves with certain baggage. Several minutes passed and the lady still walked the corridor, apparently waiting for someone. The gentleman in the light suit seemed to enjoy his cigarette. His companion suggested that they start for the train. "In a moment," the other replied, in disjointed tones ; "wait until I finish this cigarette." The lady still paced the corridor and the porters waited with an air of expectancy. At last the cigarette was finished. The smoker lit another and then walked across the rotunda floor towards the ladies' corridor. His step was slow and somewhat unsteady. He halted for a moment, passed a word or two with his companion, moved on again, glanced at a little knot of guests who, with curious eyes, were taking him in, and passed into the corridor. There he joined the lady, and they and the porters and the lady's maid disappeared into the street and were gone. "What a change," remarked Smith. "Remarkable," said Brown. "Poor Randy," said Jones, "not like as I knew him." It was indeed "Randy," but not "Randy" of a few short years ago, the pet of the British people, the man with a brilliant future, whom everyone said would guide the destinies of the first empire of the world for many years. No, it was only Lord Randolph Churchill and his cigarette. The lady was Lady Churchill, with whom he was travelling in search of health.

The City Council wants money, and it is now worrying over the question how to raise it. The aldermen talk of increasing the taxation, and are looking around for new objects to tax. They know that there are arrears of taxes amounting to over two million dollars, but the idea of collecting this overdue amount does not give them any thought ; no, not as long as the law-abiding and tax-paying portion of the community meet all requirements. The good citizen, however, is beginning to feel that he is being imposed upon, and protests vigorously against an increase of taxation while there are so many unsettled accounts on the city's books. It takes time to collect these outstanding accounts, and money is required at once. The civic Solons talked over the matter for hours recently, but came to no decision. In the meanwhile, the Chinese laundrymen are watching the movements of the council closely and are making every effort to defeat the proposition to tax their establishments.

At a special meeting of the Board of Trade, held last week, Mr. Hugh McLennan was unanimously re-elected to represent that body on the Board of Harbor Commissioners for another term. Mr. McLennan is one of the leading men in commercial Montreal, and his re-appointment was met with much favor by the business community. His interests are large and widespread, and his name is also associated with many charitable institutions in this city.

The past week was exceedingly quiet in every respect. A great many people are out of town and every second house, it seems, in the English districts is closed up.