



The Canadian anthology, "Songs of the Great Dominion," the appearance of which has been awaited for some time past, is at last within reach of the public. It is a handsome volume of over 500 pages, with a suitable emblematic cover. The second title is "Voices from the Forests and Waters, the Settlements and Cities of Canada." The editor, Mr. W. D. Lighthall, makes this title the text of his Introduction. "The poets," he says, "whose songs fill this book are voices cheerful with the consciousness of young might, public wealth and heroism. Through them, taken all together, you may catch something of great Niagara falling, of brown rivers rushing with foam, of the crack of the rifle in the moose and caribou, the lament of vanishing races singing their death-song as they are swept on to the cataract of oblivion, the rural sounds of Arcadias just rescued from surrounding wildernesses by the axe, shrill war-whoops of Iroquois battle, proud traditions of contests with the French and the Americans, stern and sorrowful cries of valour rising to crush rebellion." A Canadian literature, thus savouring of the soil, ought, he thinks, to have attractions for English readers, and, in order not to disappoint a natural expectation, he has confined his choice to what was distinctly representative of Canadian scenery, life, traditions and aspirations. The book may, for that reason, be defective from a purely literary point of view. An anthology, based solely on literary merits, may, perhaps, come later. Meanwhile, Mr. Lighthall has done his share in acquainting the British public with the results attained so far by the literary movement in Canada. His arrangement follows a plan which is implied by what we have already said of the purpose of the work. The Imperial spirit, the new nationality, the Indian, the *voyageur* and the *habitant*, sports and free life, the spirit of Canadian history, places and seasons—these are the sub-titles under which he classes his pieces.

The preparation of such a work required much time and the consultation of many sources of authority. Some of our poets are largely represented; others have honourable mention. About sixty verse writers altogether figure in these pages. We are glad to see that the editor has done justice to Charles Sangster. Miss Crawford also has laurels placed on her early grave. We have some specimens of Heavyside's work and a pen-picture of that man of genius. "Fidelis" has a share of due honour, but we miss Mrs. McLean's "Burial of the Scout." Our early poets, Robert Sweeny, Adam Kidd and others are conspicuous by their absence. The second generation is not forgotten. The later singers are present in full choir. In one of his earliest literary utterances, Prof. Roberts deprecated the rule which judged a Canadian poet by his choice of subject as though, to do his country credit, he must sing only of native themes. The author of "Orion" has since shown how musical such themes become under his masterly touch, and here he shares the palm with the author of "The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay." There are few, indeed, of our poets who have not sometimes been inspired by the scenery, the traditions, the destiny of their own land. Dramatic poems are not easy to select from, yet Mr. Lighthall has somehow managed to give extracts from Martin's "Margarite," Mair's "Tecumseth," and Hunter-Duvar's "De Roberval." Lampman obtains deserved prominence. The indefiniteness of the Latin superlative would best express his rank (and that of others) in the fraternity. *Quot homines tot sententia.* We have an old *Monthly Review* of 1793 in which a smart critic makes fun of Wordsworth's maiden efforts and lauds, as showing refinement and literary taste, the productions of a certain Philenia, long since gone to her own place. Those were the days, it is true, when Mr. Pye-sat in the Laureate's seat. England's estimate of poetry has changed in the last century, but the critic is, as a rule, as positive, as autocratic as ever, and, worse still, the *claque* is a power with which many writers must reckon. That is a province in which Wallace bills, if possible, would be vain. Happily, in Canada, our very rawness is our safeguard against such tyrannies and *absit invidia* may the odium of them keep aloof from us as we mature! Mr. Lighthall's patriotism is so thorough-going that he loves those who praise his idol out of sheer sympathy. There is, nevertheless, a method in his enthusiasm, and the goal to which he points is worth striving for. The names on his roll of honour—most of them names of living thinkers and workers for Canada's prosperity and glory—form a goodly assemblage. Many a good poet of either sex is here.

Of the younger singers, besides those already mentioned, are Arthur Weir, Helen Fairbairn, Duncan Campbell Scott, "Gowan Lea," W. D. Lighthall, the Rev. W. W. Campbell, Bliss Carman, Barry Straton, "Barry Dane," the Rev. F. G. Scott, Miss Roberts, and others no less meritorious. "Barry Dane" is sure to attract attention in England, as well for the beauty of his other inspirations as (and more especially, being unique in the volume) for his spirited dialect poems, charged with pathos and dramatic power. William McLennan, with his fine renderings of the "Songs of Old Canada," is a happy link between the two sections of our complex nationality. And who that knows them does not love "Pastor Felix" and "Laclede," whose words respectively begin and close the volume?

Such is the life of man—a shifting of scenes with its ranges  
From one extreme to the next—the rise and ebb of the soul:  
And what is our bliss mid it all? Why, always to change with the  
changes,  
Though our single purpose is fixed on the one immutable goal.

Then to-night I will chase my sorrow, with that last wild gust of December:  
The gloom where I sit is gone and the gleams of the morning appear:  
The past shall be buried anew in the dust of the smouldering ember  
For the future that rises before me in the flush of the dawning year.

And in a twofold sense we all echo "Laclede's" aspirations.

We are not yet done with this book. It will be to us, from time to time, a reminder of our resources in the province of poesy and a landmark by which to gauge our advance. It is not faultless, as we have already hinted. If it were, we wouldn't care for it. Our books (that is, the books we make companions of) are, like our friends, all the dearer to us for their faults. They give us the privilege of correction or rebuke, and thus of asserting, on some point, at least, our own superiority. The exercise of such a privilege is not always, indeed, a pleasure. There are omissions, for instance, in the volume which we sincerely regret. We would much rather that Mr. Lighthall had not, by some inadvertence, ascribed the translation of the "Wabanaki Songs" (pages 59-61) to Mr. Charles G. Leland. He has thereby unconsciously done injustice to an estimable lady, who has devoted a great part of her useful life to the study of the Indian tribes. Of contributions to the work under the head of "Indian," there are just three from aboriginal sources. One of these was obtained at Caughnawaga by the editor, and was translated, at his request, by Mr. John Wanienté Jocks, a member of the well-known Caughnawaga family of that name. The other two are the Wabanaki Songs, the translation of which is incorrectly attributed to Mr. Charles G. Leland. As these songs are literal transcripts from illustrative specimens inserted (with the originals) in a paper read before the Royal Society of Canada in 1887, and included in the Transactions for that year, their authorship may be easily ascertained. They were taken down from the lips of Sapiel Selmo, the wampum-keeper of the Wabanaki, by Mrs. W. Wallace Brown, of Calais, Maine, who sent them, with the translations, to the essayist. It was to the same gifted lady that Mr. Charles G. Leland was (as he gladly acknowledges) largely indebted for the Wabanaki portion of his "Algonquin Legends of New England." To take the credit for translating what, perhaps, he never saw, is the last thing that Mr. Leland would dream of doing. The songs have been greatly admired. Mr. Horatio Hale, who is probably the first aboriginal philologist in America, thinks them beautiful, and they have elicited warm praise from Sir Daniel Wilson, Dr. Lawson and other men of eminence interested in such studies. We would add a word concerning the third poem, under the heading of "The Imperial Spirit" (page 7), which is marked "anonymous." A lady (one of our valued contributors), whose letter we give elsewhere, kindly informs us that the author of that fine composition is Mr. J. C. Paterson, M. P., of Windsor, Ont. For further particulars on the subject we beg to refer our readers to "Erol Gervase's" interesting communication. It now remains for us to congratulate Mr. Lighthall on the discharge of a task which will add, we trust, to Canada's prestige and stimulate the literary spirit throughout the Dominion. It is almost sure to have a large circulation both here and in the motherland, and not the least of the services that it will render to our literary class is to make its scattered members aware of their own numerical strength and many-sided culture. The publisher is Mr. Walter Scott, of London, Eng.

#### HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR.

To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

DEAR SIR,—The author of the poem "Canada to England," which appears anonymously on page 7 of the "Songs of the Great Dominion," is Mr. J. C. Patterson, M. P., of Windsor, Ont. The verses were, if I remember rightly, first published in the *Toronto Globe*, and a copy was sent to the Queen, of which her Majesty was graciously pleased to express her appreciation. Lord Palmerston also wrote to the author and thanked him. Another poem, entitled "A United Canada," some extracts from which I send, is in the same spirited and patriotic vein, and the whole would well bear reproduction at the present time. I regret its omission in Mr. Lighthall's invaluable collection.

I have also in my possession other of the writer's earlier poems, and the manuscript of an exceedingly graceful and delicate word-picture, "A Summer Night at Pointe aux Trembles. Bas Canada," which I shall, if desired, send you later on.

Mr. Patterson is a native of Ireland, but has for very many years resided in Canada, and is closely identified with the political interests of the country. His wife is a Canadian.

Montreal, 6th June.

EROL GERVASE.

Mr. Hall Caine, author of "The Deemster," intends, we understand, to pay a visit to Ireland in the summer, to obtain local colour for a new work he has on the stocks. What with plays and tales—of which the latest is "The Bondman"—to appear through a syndicate of newspapers, Mr. Caine has a busy time. He has found his audience and must provide matter for their amusement.

#### OUR WILD WESTLAND.

POINTS ON THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

(BY MRS. ARTHUR SPRAGGE.)

VARIED CHARACTER OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER—  
NATURAL CLAY PILLARS—FORCE OF THE  
CURRENT—WE BID FAREWELL TO THE  
DUCHESS—OUR PACK AND SADDLE HORSES  
—PECULIARITIES OF THE CAYUSE—OUR  
FIRST CAMP.

#### IV.

Between the morning when we left the Hog Rancho and the afternoon when we quitted Spillumacheen the character of the Columbia had been gradually changing, until a complete transformation was accomplished above the latter place; the low mud banks lining both sides of the river disappear entirely, or apparently do so, beneath luxuriant bushes of overhanging cranberries and willows, on the west side; while on the east, clay cliffs, some 60 feet high, rise gradually and assert their distinct individuality. Near them we came upon a bit of wet sandy beach, in which the tracks of a bear were clearly visible not twenty feet from the boat. The lights and shades of the setting sun on the mountains and water were exquisitely soft and tender, and the reflection of the trees in the swiftly flowing river sharp and clearly cut. Twenty miles from Spillumacheen a wooded rocky belt came into view on the west bank—a spur of the Selkirk range. It was streaked in some places with a red mineral deposit; in others showed rich orange hues. These headlands ascended upwards of 600 feet, then sloped down the bank, to be succeeded by others of a similar but less stony nature, till the shades of night blent all in one misty mass.

At 8 o'clock we tied up the Duchess once more to the bank, enjoyed the soundest of slumbers, and were off the next morning at sunrise. When I emerged from my stateroom I found the mountains on the west bank had entirely disappeared, giving place to high bluffs covered with the short bunch grass of the lake region, then burnt to the exact colour of pale brown paper by the long continued summer drought of 1886.

Fine fir trees were scattered about singly and in groups, without a vestige of undergrowth, giving the country the effect of a well-kept park suffering severely from want of rain. The Rocky Mountains were still visible in distant blue masses on the east bank. A little further up the river we stopped for a supply of wood which had been cut during the winter and piled on the bank for the steamer's use; then moved on again for some uneventful miles till we reached a high clay cliff on the east side, carved (by the action of water, it is supposed) into the towers and battlements of a miniature fortification. To me it suggested some inexplicable freak of nature, with its numerous detached clay pillars, several feet in height, standing erect above the river like the ruined towers and chimneys of some deserted city. Near here we saw several fine fish-hawks hovering above the Duchess and passed close to their high untidy nests, perched in what would seem their favourite locality—the top of a decayed pine tree, often hanging so low over the river that the steamer could barely pass beneath it.

We had now almost reached the highest point that Captain Armstrong could make at low water, a place called Lilacs, this euphonious name being derived from its owner, not from a bush that blossomed in the neighborhood. This flowery spot is six miles from the Lower Columbia Lake, and we were rapidly approaching it on Monday morning when we came upon a shallow place in the river, where the water fell to three feet. Making our way slowly towards the promontory, round which the Columbia was sweeping rapidly, we were just clearing it when the current caught the boat's head and turned it in a second down stream. Capt. Armstrong would not risk a second attempt, as we had narrowly escaped grounding on a reef when the Duchess, refusing to answer her helm, fell a prey to the violence of the water, but steered her carefully to a calm nook in the shelter of the bank, which sloped most obligingly down to the water's edge, and secured her to several trees till further notice. We found we were a mile below Lilacs, but an Indian who had been observing our