

citizens of Ottawa. With the Mayor at their head, they bade him welcome, presenting addresses, &c., before he landed from the steamboat, and escorted him with triumphal honors to his residence.

Mr. McGee's history of Ireland and his other historical works together with essays and written speeches, have conquered for him a very distinguished place among prose writers and particularly writers of history. Some of his Lectures and his speeches in Parliament give abundant proof of his oratorical powers. His grand oration especially, at the close of the last session (1867) in reply to the anti-union views of the Hon. Mr. Howe of Nova Scotia, will be long remembered and must ever remain a monument of his undoubted eloquence. His "*Canadian Ballads and Occasional Verses*," entitle him to honorable notice here, and we can only regret that he has not revelled more in the congenial field of Poetry. Allow me to conclude by addressing the honorable gentleman in the words of the great Roman Bard:

.....mox, ubi publicas  
Res ordinâris, grande munus  
Cecropio repetes cothurno

(Hor: book II; ode I) (1)

I come now to speak of a Bard who is, in every sense of the term, Canadian, -Canadian by birth and education, Canadian by choice and feeling, Canadian also by his Poetry, for who has celebrated more, in melodious verse, the unrivalled and hitherto unsung scenery of Canada than CHARLES SANGSTER? This child of the Muses possesses the first great essential quality of a Poet. He was born such. And who does not know that all the arts this world was ever master of will never supply what nature has denied. "*Nascitur not fit Poeta*." Mr. Sangster was a Poet before he could write a verse. In his early days, the Poet's soul within him struggled for expression. But in vain. From defective education, the gift with which he was so richly endowed, could not become manifest. Art was still wanting, but it was destined to combine with genius and form a true Poet. The youthful aspirant to Poetic excellence was not to be daunted by the difficulties which beset his path. The disadvantages of early education must be struggled against and overcome. He had once set foot upon the "rugged steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar," and he felt that he must climb. His laudable perseverance has been crowned with wonderful success.

About twelve years ago, Mr. Sangster published a goodly volume of Poems. Of these "*The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay*" is the longest and the most elaborate. In this Poem the author has attempted the difficult Spenserian Stanza. I am far from saying, "*Magnis tamen excidit ausis*," in plain English, that he has failed. Without reaching the perfection of Beattie, Campbell, Byron, he has grappled nobly with the difficulties presented by the style of his choice, and has produced a most beautiful Poem. If it has not all the pathos and the inimitable inspiration of "*Childe Harold*," we must bear in mind, that his subjects, rich, indeed, in natural grandeur, but wholly devoid of any historical, or poetical associations, beyond a tale of yesterday, were not so promising or so friendly to the Muse, as the many classic scenes which were visited by the "*Childe*" in his memorable 'pilgrimage.' Mr. Sangster's Poem nevertheless, abounds in original thought, poetical expression and stanzas truly elegant and harmonious. One does not require to be a Canadian in order to admire and enjoy his beautiful Ode to "*The Thousand Isles*:"

Here the Spirit of beauty keepeth  
Jubilee for evermore;  
Here the voice of gladness leapeth,  
Echoing from shore to shore.

O'er the hidden watery valley,  
O'er each buried wood and glade,  
Dances our delighted galley,  
Through the sun-light and the shade—  
Dances o'er the granite cells  
Where the Soul of Beauty dwells.

Here the flowers are ever springing,  
While the summer breezes blow;  
Here the Hours are ever clinging,  
Loitering before they go;

(1) How vain, alas! are all human hopes! The ink with which these words were written, was scarcely dry, when that deplorable event occurred which deprived the country and mankind of the genius and labours of THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

Playing round each beauteous islet,  
Loath to leave the sunny shore,  
Where upon her couch of violet,  
Beauty sits for evermore—  
Sits and smiles by day and night,  
Hand in hand with pure delight.

Here the spirit of beauty dwelleth  
In each palpitating tree,  
In each amber wave that welletth  
From its home beneath the Sea;  
In the moss upon the granite,  
In each calm secluded bay  
With the Zephyr trains that fan it  
With their sweet breaths all the day—  
On the waters, on the shore,  
Beauty dwelleth evermore!

You listen—and, indeed, who could not listen, with pleasure, to such Poetry as this? You will hear with no less delight, I am sure, some of our Poet's Spenserian Stanzas. He is still lingering among "*The Thousand Isles*:"

Yes, here the Genius of Beauty dwells.  
I worship Truth and Beauty in my Soul.  
The pure prismatic globule that upwells  
From the blue deep; the psalmic waves that roll  
Before the hurricane, the outspread scroll  
Of Heaven, with its written tomes of stars;  
The dew-drop on the leaf; these I extol,  
And all alike—each one a Spirit Mars,  
Guarding my Victor-Soul above Earth's prison bars.

In two other stanzas, the Poet refers to a tradition that might form the subject of an Epic Poem:

There was a stately Maiden once, who made  
These Isles her home. Oft has her lightsome skiff  
Toyed with the waters; and the velvet glade,  
The shadowy woodland, and the granite cliff,  
Joyed at her foot-steps. Here the Brigand Chief,  
Her Father, lived an outlaw. Her soul's pride  
Was ministering to his wants. In brief,  
The wildest midnight she would cross the tide,  
Full of a daughter's love to hasten to his side.

Queen of the Isles! she well deserved the name:  
In look, in action, in repose a Queen!  
Some Poet-muse may yet hand down to fame  
Her woman's courage and her classic mien;  
Some Painter's skill immortalize the scene,  
And blend with it that Maiden's history;  
Some Sculptor's hand from the rough marble glean  
Thoughts eloquent, whose truthfulness shall be  
The expounder of her worth and moral dignity.

One more stanza descriptive of such varied and delightful scenery:

On through the lovely Archipelago  
Glides the swift bark. Soft summer matins ring  
From every Isle. The wild fowl come and go,  
Regardless of our presence. On the wing,  
And perched upon the boughs, the gay birds sing  
Their loves. This is their summer paradise;  
From morn' till night their joyous caroling  
Delights the ear and through the lucent skies  
Ascends the choral hymn in softest symphonies.

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And now 'tis night. Myriad stars have come  
To cheer the earth and sentinel the skies.  
The full orb'd moon irradiates the gloom.  
And fills the air with light. Each islet lies  
Immersed in shadow, soft as thy dark eyes;  
Swift through the sinuous path our vessel glides,  
Now hidden by the massive promontories,  
Anon the bubbling silver from its sides  
Spurning, like a wild bird, whose home is on the tides.