

She died—as dies the glory
Of music's sweetest swell;
She died as dies the story
When the best is still to tell

She died—as dies moon-beaming
When scowls the rayless wave;
She died—like sweetest dreaming,
That hastens to its grave.

She died—and died she early:
Heaven weared for its own;—
As the dipping sun, my Mary,
Thy morning ray went down

This reminds one of the magnificent imagery of Ossian. But I must now take leave, although reluctantly, of Mr. McColl.

I come now to tell you something about a gentleman of quite a different cast of mind—of an author who is not only a Poet but a prose writer whose style is remarkably peculiar and original. I am far from saying that I endorse all his ideas and opinions. Nor do I admit that satire is laudable or of any use at all, except when employed to lash the vices and follies of mankind. Even when so employed, it is seldom profitable. If you really wish to correct any evil, you must set about doing so in a serious, sober, earnest and kindly spirit. Mr. JAMES MCCARROLL, of whom it behooves me now to speak, is perhaps more a wit and humorist, than a writer of satire. He is unquestionably a man of many accomplishments. He excels in music, can write beautiful verses, and discourses fluently. I am perhaps too fastidious to call him an orator, although he has delivered with applause in many places, a Lecture called, "The House that Jack Built." An orator at all worthy of the title would disdain to repeat the self-same oration in all the cities of any country. He would fear lest by so doing, he should be likened to certain "metre-ballad mongers" (*Shakspeare*) of certain times, who not unlike the strolling play-actors of a more recent date, set up to auction, their literary merchandise, in every available market place. I do not by any means wish to insinuate that Mr. McCarroll is a literary pedlar. So far from my thoughts is any such intention, that I rather consider this witty and versatile writer as one who has done essential service to the cause of literature here in Canada. In this new country where things material so completely engross the minds of our people, it is of very little use to write books and compose learned lectures and elegant orations. Such things must be brought to the doors of all who have any claim to be intelligent. Without some such process, the greatest thoughts, will pass unheeded, and the most erudite and most pleasing authors will only have dissatisfaction for their pains. Mr. McCarroll is deserving of all praise as a valiant pioneer in the cause of our nascent literature. His success, there is but too much reason to fear, has not been commensurate with his zeal and powerful efforts, for he has left Canada (temporarily, may we hope?) and taken up his abode in the neighboring Republic. We must nevertheless, lay claim to him as a British American Poet. Since 1831 when he came with his family to Canada, he has been resident until quite recently, in this country. Although he was liberally and classically educated at Lanesborough, the place of his birth, in Ireland, it may be said that his taste for literary pursuits was acquired in Canada. Here, at any rate, he wrote all his works, and here it is not unreasonable to suppose, he will publish the volume of poems which his Biographers tell us that we may soon expect. Some of his poetical pieces have elicited much praise, his "Madeline" among the rest. His ode in honor of the "Royal Progress" by the Prince of Wales in Canada, was highly complimented by the able men who surrounded, on that occasion, their apparent to the British throne. To give you an idea of his style, allow me to quote that amusing little piece,

THE GREY LIXNET.

There's a little grey friar in yonder green bush,
Clothed in sack cloth—a little grey friar
Like a druid of old in his temple—but, hush
He's at vespers; you must not go nigher.

Yet, the rogue! can those strains be addressed to the skies,
And around us so wantonly float,
Till the glowing refrain like a shining thread flies
From the silvery reel of his throat?

When he roves, though he stains not his path through the air
With the splendor of tropical wings,
All the lustre denied to his russet plumes there,
Flashes forth through his lay when he sings.

For the little grey friar's so wondrous wise,
Though in such a plain garb he appears,
That on finding he can't reach your soul through your eyes,
He steals in through the gates of your ears.

But the cheat! 'tis not heaven he's warbling about—
Other passions, less holy, betide—
For, behold! there's a little grey nun peeping out
From a bunch of green leaves at his side.

"Now, do try to shorten your notices." Certainly. The sittings of this Institute are never long. And besides, I am already quite tired talking in French all this while. Brevity will be a new soul to me as it is said to be the soul of wit. Many thanks for your timely hint. If I should so far forget myself as to require another, do not fail to give me, and yourselves more particularly, the benefit of it. Meanwhile, many distinguished Poets must be sacrificed to your convenience and mine.

* Only a passing notice can be now bestowed on that very able and learned writer, orator, and Poet, the late very Rev. WILLIAM McDONNELL. Although he was born in Scotland, Canadian literature is entitled to lay claim to him. He spent the greater part of his life and wrote his elegant and classic poems in Canada. His great abilities, more perhaps than his sacred office gave him a high social status. He enjoyed the consideration and friendship of the Royal family. But here it behooves me to speak of him only as a Poet, and I will say that it is very much to be regretted that his very beautiful and highly finished poetical compositions have not yet been collected so as to be made to appear in a permanent form. He exercised the office of the Christian Priesthood for a length of time at Ottawa, and departed this life at Hamilton in the Province of Ontario.

MR. JOHN F. McDONNELL is eminently Canadian, having been born at Quebec. (1) Critics speak of his versification as correct and musical. Why should he confine himself to the prosaic labour of editing a newspaper? It is a great thing, no doubt, in this country, to be editor of such a newspaper as the "Quebec Morning Chronicle." I, with my old country notions, would rather see such abilities as Mr. McD. is known to possess, employed in a wider and more congenial field.

MR. CHARLES MAIR is a native Canadian Poet and prose writer. As a Poet only, can be noticed here. He has written some very fine descriptive pieces. Mr. Mair is a very young man as yet, and I have no doubt that by the next time I give a lecture on Canadian Poets, I shall have to expatiate on the beauties of many more poetical compositions from his pen. (2)

THE REV. J. READE of the Church of England, a native of Canada, writes elegantly both Latin and English verse. He possesses the poetic mind. We can only wish that he may continue to cultivate the muses.

MISS PAMELIA S. VINING to whose genius Canada has an undoubted claim, has enriched numerous periodicals of both Canada and the United States with her exquisite poetical compositions. The Rev. Mr. Dewart who has shewn himself an admirable judge of poetry, assigns to her a place in the highest ranks of the favored few who cultivate the divine art. Many, of her pieces, (may it not be said all?) breathe the true spirit of poetry. Her versification is correct and perfectly musical. Mr. Dewart is in raptures as he extols her "beautiful imagery," her "sound and elevated philosophy of suffering," her "great depth and tenderness of feeling," the "rich exquisite rhythmic music," of her poetry that lingers in "the chambers of the brain," like "the memory of a speechless joy." Her poem, "Under the Snow," is eminently illustrative of all this: and I would now read it to you, if I did not dread so completely engrossing your attention as to render you incapable of listening any more to my prosaic lecture. It is a work for private perusal, and will amply repay the

(1) Mr. McDonnell died at the same place on the 30th April, 1868.

(2) Since this notice was written, Mr Mair's promised volume has appeared. It has not disappointed the admirers of his Muse. The press especially has given it a warm reception. The *Ottawa Citizen* having bestowed the highest praise on some of his finer compositions, concludes with the following words: "The poems of Charles Mair are indeed a gift, and a right Royal one, to the New Dominion. As regards correct, flowing, elegant, melodious versification: true, chastened, original, elevated thought; the most exquisite pathos, and philosophy, at the same time, of a high standard;—nothing superior, if indeed, anything equal to the compositions of our Bard, has as yet appeared in Canada. Well might this votary of the Muses say with Rome's immortal Poet:

Faveto lingua; carmina non prius
Audita, Musarum Sacerdos,
Virginibus puerisque canto."