

3rd September 1861 closed a brilliant, but unfortunately for his country and the cause of letters, a brief career. He studied law and became a Barrister. The severer study which his profession required, did not hinder him from cultivating that poetical genius, and it was of the highest order, of which he gave proof whilst yet at school. He wrote chiefly in "*L'Avenir*" and the "*Journal de l'Instruction Publique*." Of the latter publication he was for some time assistant editor. Some of his poetical compositions have been selected for publication in the "*Répertoire National*." Of these an oriental piece, "*Dayelle*", remarkable for its flowing lines, its eastern imagery and ardour; "*The Dying Huron to his Favorite Oak Tree*," equally flowing, but wherein the Indian does not appear in his usual stoical character; his "*Genius of the Forests*" which combines boldness with elegance,—may be all safely mentioned, I conceive, as fair specimens of the productions of Mr. Lenoir's genius. His "*Fête du Peuple*" will always be read with pleasure in Canada. And they of foreign climes, who mayhap cannot admire its nationality which, however, it sets forth in a very amiable light, will be compelled to acknowledge its poetical merit and its truth of sentiment. This elegant composition pays well deserved homage to the Canadian people. Long may they retain the unsophisticated and amiable character which it so truly ascribes to them!

.....  
 L'écrable est sa couronne;  
 L'écharpe qu'il se donne,  
 Quoique noble, rayonne  
 Moins que sa gaieté franche et ses regards sercins !

.....  
 Cette bannière qui déploie  
 Nos couleurs sur l'or et la soie  
 N'est-elle pas bien belle à voir ?  
 Dirait-on pas que cette brise  
 Qui fait ployer sa lance grise  
 Anime son beau castor noir !

Amis ! j'ai vu de douces choses,  
 Des filles, des perles, des roses,  
 Mais pour se contenter, il faut  
 Voir ce navire aux pleines voiles,  
 Disant : "Je voguerai plus haut !"

Quand il a déroulé les plis de ses bannières,  
 Quand le parvis du temple a brui sous son pied,  
 Le peuple était sublime !... Oh ! j'aime les prières  
 Et les chants de ce Temple où tout homme s'assied !

Time will not admit of more quotations or a longer review. I must now in obedience to its demands, take leave of Mr. LENOIR and proceed to make some mention of other distinguished Poets who have written in French. You will not be surprised to hear that I number among these sons of Canada who have done so much honor to their country, the HON. PIERRE J. O. CHAUVEAU, LL. D., &c. Although this gentleman may be said to have commenced his career as a Poet, and was first known as an author, by his poetical efforts, he has since become so eminent as a parliamentary orator and a statesman, that we can hardly think of him as a writer of verse. And yet, it is in this last capacity only that we can consider him here this evening, and offer him the well won meed of a passing eulogium. I cannot now, it is so late, enter upon a detailed review of Mr. Chauveau's poetical productions. Nor is it necessary that I should do so. His fellow country-men—the most competent judges,—have already pronounced their verdict. I need not say that it is a favorable one, and highly complimentary to his poetical genius. Many of his earlier Poems which appeared in the "*Canadian*," and other publications, were republished in the "*Répertoire National*" (1850),—an undoubted proof of the high appreciation in which they were held. Although an able prose writer, Mr. Chauveau has never ceased to contribute in verse to the periodicals of the time. "*Le Custor*," "*Le Canadien*," "*Le Fantastique*," "*La Revue Canadienne*," "*Le Journal de l'Instruction Publique*" and "*Les Soirées Canadiennes*" have all been enriched by his compositions and have become monuments to his fame as a Poet, whilst they shew at the same time, how ably and how elegantly he could wield the powerful weapon of vigorous prose in the cause of his country and his country's Literature.

The Honble. Mr. Chauveau now for the third time, holds high office in the state, as Premier of Quebec, having previously been Solicitor-General for Lower Canada, and Provincial Secretary. I must now

conclude, but not without expressing my sincere wish and earnest hope that neither his great honors and arduous labours in the State, nor his important and useful efforts in the cause of Education and the intellectual improvement of his fellow country-men, will ever hinder him from cultivating as he has hitherto so nobly and successfully done, the Society of the Muses.

I shall now invite you to consider the merits, as a Poet, of an author whose principal work is the History of Canada. You already divine that I allude to Mr. F. X. GARNEAU. When I mention the History of Canada as the one great literary achievement of this eminent Canadian, I speak more according to the opinion generally prevalent in Canada, than my own judgment. This opinion is no doubt well founded, for it is entertained and expressed by the leading *Litterateurs* of the Country. But it must be acknowledged that the Canadian people, literary men and all, could not fail to be agreeably affected when they found that the tale of their earlier settlement and their more recent colonial existence could be handled by a man of such talent and high culture as Mr. Garneau, and that it came from his elegant and flowing pen—a work of such calibre and importance as to be dignified with the name of History. I am far from denying that it is a History. It is moreover, and surely justice demands this admission, a work which gives proof of wonderful ability as well as of untiring industry. But, it might have been the fruit of less exalted genius than that by which Mr. F. X. Garneau was distinguished. His early education, his travels, his conversations with some of the most eminent literary characters of Europe—with Campbell the Poet, Mrs. Gore, the Historian and Statist, McGregor, the patriotic Czartoriski, the Poet Niemcewicz,—his intimate relations above all, with the Patriot Statesman of Canada, Mr. Viger, who introduced him to the scientific world of the French Capital, together with superior talent and a taste for study, might alone have qualified him to become a writer of history. But none of these things,—not all of them combined could have enabled him to write so much as one of his many beautiful Poems. I ask no excuse therefore, when I claim Mr. F. X. Garneau as a Poet, and maintain that as the author of so many exquisite poetical compositions, he holds a far higher position than as a writer of history. Talent with labour and opportunity makes an Orator, an Essayist, a Historian. The Poet derives his inspirations from a higher source—from genius even, and if there be anything higher he can claim than this high gift, from that also.

Allow me now to give you an idea in a few words, of the opinion which eminent critics have expressed in regard to Mr. Garneau's efforts as a historian. I shall then impart to you my view of his poetical powers. The Rev. Abbé Casgrain alluding to his history says : "C'est dans un élan d'enthousiasme patriotique, de fierté nationale blessée qu'il a conçu la pensée de son livre, que sa vocation d'historien lui est apparue. Ce sentiment qui s'exhalait à mesure qu'il écrivait, a empreint son style d'une beauté mâle, d'une ardeur de conviction, d'une chaleur et d'une vivacité d'expression qui entraînent et passionnent,—surtout le lecteur Canadien. On sent partout que le frisson du patriotisme a passé sur ses pages."

The Count de Montalembert, himself so well known as an Orator, Essayist, Critic, Historian and Statesman, also speaking of Mr. Garneau's historical efforts admits that he was struck with admiration. "Je dirais volontiers, avec ce patriotique écrivain, "Que les Canadiens soient fidèles à eux-mêmes, et j'ajouterais qu'ils se consolent d'avoir été séparés par la fortune de la guerre de leur mère-patrie, en songeant que cette séparation leur a donné des libertés et des droits que la France n'a su ni pratiquer, ni conserver, ni regretter !" The country of which such a man as M. de Montalembert could thus speak is surely entitled to its place in history ; and it is destined, no doubt, to fill a brighter page than it has been possible as yet to write.

I do not think that my judgment even as regards French Poetry, will be questioned when I pronounce Mr. Garneau the Lamartine of Canada. The same ardour, the same enthusiasm, the same vigour of thought and power of imagination characterize his compositions. His versification like Lamartine's, is bold, but like his also, correct, elegant and flowing. He has not written so much ; and in this he has done well, and has left only Poems that do honor to his memory and will secure his fame. I shall not pretend to say which are his more excellent pieces. Such of his poetical works as I have seen, are in point of style beyond any criticism I might think of exercising. But the subjects of some must necessarily interest more than others, and readers generally will make their choice, not rigidly according to merit, but rather according to the memories and associations that will be revived in their minds. The "*Rêve du Soldat*" is a very fine historical Poem ; "*La Presse*," a politico-philosophical piece, is notwithstanding its subject, full of grand poetical ideas and splendid imagery ; "*Les Oiseaux Blancs*" is replete with fine feeling expressed as a Poet only can express it. "*Les Exilés*" in addition to being