

ing with Mr. Sulte's cast of mind. Although not one of his greatest poems, it shews admirably that he is eminently serious, pensive and inclined to melancholy.

## LUCIE.

Je la voyais dans mon enfance,  
La blonde enfant aux grands yeux bleus,  
Mêlée avec insouciance  
Aux bruyants éclats de nos jeux.  
"Sa rêverie est singulière,"  
Disaient les gens des alentours,  
"Pourtant elle est douce et peu fière,  
"Lucie, où donc sont tes amours?"

Dans sa jeunesse radieuse  
Je la revis à dix-huit ans,  
Bonne, indulgente et gracieuse,  
Mais le désespoir des amants !  
Son front où rayonne une flamme,  
Pensif est le même toujours.  
Qui donc préoccupe ton âme ?  
Lucie, où donc sont tes amours ?

Pour elle les plaisirs du monde  
Remplissent en vain la cité ;  
Partout où la misère gronde,  
C'est l'ange de la charité !  
On dirait que la Providence  
Sans elle ne suivrait son cours,  
Tant elle est chère à l'indigence....  
Lucie, as-tu là tes amours ?

Belle à voiler un marbre antique,  
Esprit calme et délicieux,  
Couverte d'un reflet mystique,  
Qui rêve d'elle songe aux cieux....  
Hier, passant au cimetière,  
J'entends prier, sitôt j'accours,  
Je vois des fleurs sur une bière :  
Lucie est avec ses amours.

LOUIS HONORÉ FRÉCHETTE.—A very young Poet also. He was born at Lévis in 1839. Canada claims him not only for his birth, but also on account of his education. He studied successively at the Seminary of Quebec, St. Ann's College and Nicolet. His profession is that of a lawyer. He was called to the bar of Canada East in 1864. Mr. Fréchette is one of the few who can claim to be a dramatic Poet. Not only has he contributed many lyrical pieces of great merit to the "*Foyer Canadien*" and the "*Soirées Canadiennes*", he has also attempted, and not without success, a dramatic composition. His drama of "*Félix Pourtré ou l'échappé de la Potence, Episode de la Révolution de 1838*," has been often publicly performed at Montreal and Quebec. No doubt the subject of this play was highly popular among the French Canadians. But, it could not, if devoid of poetical merit, have appeared so frequently on the stage. *Théodore Vibert* a French critic, in discussing Mr. Fréchette's merits, speaks of Canada as having "given birth to writers worthy in every way of (what he calls) its glorious metropolis," meaning, I suppose, the French Capital. He alludes, moreover, to Mr. Fréchette as "one among a hundred, who on account of his youth and genius, sheds on his Fatherland a gleam of his own glory." Mr. Fréchette no thanks to his former fellow citizens of either the commercial or the other capital, on whom he shed so much lustre, is now a citizen of Chicago.

Mr. EUSTACHE PRUD'HOMME, in the few pieces from his pen which I have had the good fortune to meet with, shews wonderful descriptive powers and the true feeling of a Poet. Some of his compositions and among the rest, "*Mon Village*" may be seen in the "*Revue Canadienne*."

Mr. EDOUARD SEMPÉ, a native of France, has contributed since he came to Canada, many highly meritorious Poems to the news papers and other more important periodicals. His *Cantate* in honor of the Prince of Wales does him much credit as a writer of verse. There is more, however, of the true spirit of Poesy in his sentimental and reflective pieces. His *Cimetière* is very fine.

You will allow me to quote two lines of this poem as a specimen of some very beautiful stanzas :

Que pour l'homme rêvant dans ces vastes ruines  
L'Univers est petit et ses pompes mesquines !

There is much power of imagination in the following stanzas :

Toi, dont le char vainqueur, émule du tonnerre,  
Sur des monceaux de corps a sillonné la terre,  
Homicide géant, où sont tes fiers soldats ?  
Comme un éclair, a fui ta gloire passagère,  
Et tu dors sous un tertre, inutile poussière,  
Malgré tes longs combats.

En vain sur tes débris, de pompeux mausolées  
Elèvent jusqu'aux cieux leurs cimes désolées ;  
Sans ranimer ta cendre ils disent ton orgueil ;  
La mort te tient captif, sous la dalle glacée,  
Et d'un nom qui n'est plus la splendeur effacée  
Git au fond d'un cercueil.

Et la pourpre des rois et les lauriers du brave,  
Et les haillons du pauvre et les fers de l'esclave,  
Tout au sein du sépulcre un jour s'évanouit.  
Telle, après avoir un instant battu la rive,  
Dans le gouffre des mers la vague fugitive  
Se plonge et s'engloutit.

MR. ALFRED GARNEAU must now be mentioned, not as some of you might suppose, on account of his Father's high name who as you are all aware, has won renown as the historian of Canada, but on account of his own merits as a Poet. Fabre, the rigid critic of Lower Canada, speaks of him as a *brilliant versifier*. This is great praise from a critic of confirmed habits, to a young Poet. May it encourage him to greater and more sustained efforts ! You will find that the critic was not too indulgent (what critic ever was ?) whenever it shall please you to read Mr. Garneau's poetical compositions in the periodicals of Quebec and Montreal. I cannot do more at present, than present to you a few lines from his "*Bon Pauvre*" which appeared in the "*Foyer Canadien*." You will like myself be at a loss to decide whether sound philosophy or true poetic expression abound the more :

Non, jamais je ne dis une parole amère ;  
Mon regard troublé par les pleurs,  
Ne s'est jamais dressé contre la main sévère  
Qui m'a brisé dans les douleurs.

O Christ ! devant ton front que les épines ceignent  
Je bénis mon sort et ta loi.  
N'as-tu pas dit : "Heureux celui dont les pieds saignent  
"Sur les ronces derrière moi ?

"Il faut que l'homme souffre en son corps, en son âme ;  
"Seule une larme est un trésor.  
"Les pauvres brilleront au ciel comme une flamme,  
"Et tiendront une palme d'or."

Tu comptes tous nos pas, nos peines infinies  
Tu le dis, soudain je te crois....  
Frappe donc, ô douleur ! redoublez, avanies,  
Que je tombe sous votre poids !

LOUIS JOSEPH CYPRIEN FISET holds a high place among Canadian Poets. At an early age, and whilst yet a student at Quebec his native city, he shewed a remarkable taste for literature, and gave proof by the excellence of his compositions, that he had become perfectly master of his mother tongue. He studied law with success, and became a Barrister. But his professional studies by no means deadened his poetic fire or lessened his liking for literary pursuits. Fabre gives him the praise of fascinating, imaginative power, delicate and graceful expression, elegant versification. Most of his Poems have appeared in the Literary periodicals of Quebec and Montreal. Such was his reputation as a Poet in the former city, that the high honor was done him of being requested to write the Ode of Welcome to the Prince of Wales, on occasion of the Royal Progress through Canada in 1860. It is superfluous to say that this composition by a Poet so highly distinguished, elicited an appropriate eulogium from the Youthful Prince, inspired, no doubt, by the able and learned mentors who surrounded him.

I must refrain from quoting from Mr. Fiset, and proceed to tell you something about another eminent Poet of Lower Canada.

Mr. JOSEPH LENOIR.—This eminent Canadian Poet whose too early death, all friends of the muses sincerely lamented, was born at St. Henry, Lower Canada, on the 25th September 1822. His death on