

school of Lamartine, Fréchette of Hugo. Octave Crémazie, generally regarded as the most poetical of the French-Canadian poets, was born at Quebec in 1827, the grandson of a soldier of Montcalm. He carried on the avocation of a bookseller there, where his shop was a resort of the choice spirits about 1860, at the time of literary awakening. He died in France in 1877, after an exile of sixteen years, produced by certain incidents of a disastrous failure. Absorbed in his thoughts, his nature was usually sober and melancholic, although he had wit, logic, and learning. His misfortunes deepened his natural tendency. In 1882 a handsome volume containing his "Oeuvres Complètes," was issued by his friends. Opening it at the poem "On the Ruins of Sebastopol," I find this apostrophe to France:

"Terre de nos aïeux, o sublime contrée !
 Toi dont nous conservons la mémoire sacrée,
 Comme ton nom est grand parmi les nations !
 Et pareille à l'étoile étincelant dans l'ombre,
 Les peuples égarés au sein de la nuit sombre,
 Retrouvent leur chemin au feu de tes rayons.

"O phare lumineux allumé par Dieu même.
 Tu portes sur ton front, ainsi qu'un diadème,
 Deux astres radieux, le courage et l'honneur.
 Quand l'erreur et le mal bouleversent le monde,
 Pour voiler leur éclat en vain l'orage gronde,
 Ils conservent toujours leur force et leur splendeur.

"O foyer de la gloire ! o terre du génie !
 Toi que tous les grands cœurs adoptent pour patrie,
 Toi que les nations invoquent dans leurs maux :
 Du droit et de la foi pionnier volontaire,
 Tu sais toujours mêler, pour féconder la terre,
 Le sang de tes martyrs au sang de tes héros.

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