

highly poetical and patriotic, shews how the author could appreciate the love of country; "*L'hiver*" is a charming composition, and "*Le Dernier Huron*" has been pronounced Monsieur Garneau's masterpiece and even more, the masterpiece of Canadian Poetry. There are some who deny it this honor. But as so good a critic and competent judge of French poetry as the Hon. Mr. Chauveau, insists upon such high praise, I am by no means inclined to call it in question. Allow me now before taking leave of Mr. Garneau, to quote a few words from that intensely patriotic Poem: "*Au Canada*." The Poet introduces some sinister oracle or evil genius anathematizing the Canadian people after this fashion:

".....Laissons tomber ce peuple sans flambeau,
Errant à l'aventure;
Son génie est éteint, et que la nuit obscure
Nous cache son tombeau.

III

Pourquoi te traînes-tu comme un homme à la chaîne,
Loin, oui, bien loin du siècle, où tu vis en oubli?
L'on dirait que vaincu par le temps qui t'entraîne,
A l'ombre de sa faux tu t'es enseveli?

Vois donc partout dans la carrière,
Les peuples briller tour à tour.
Les arts, les sciences et la guerre
Chez eux signalent chaque jour.

Dans l'histoire de la nature,
Audubon porte le flambeau;
La lyre de Cowper murmure,
Et l'Europe attentive à cette voix si pure
Applaudit ce chantre nouveau.

Enfant de la jeune Amérique,
Les lauriers sont encore verts;
Laisse dans sa route apathique
L'Indien périr dans les déserts.

Mais toi, comme ta mère, élève à ton génie
Un monument qui vive dans les temps;
Il servira de fort à tes enfants
Faisant par l'étranger respecter leur patrie:

Cependant quand tu vois au milieu des gazons
S'élever une fleur qui devance l'aurore,
Protège la contre les aquilons
Afin qu'elle puisse éclore.

Honore les talents, prête leur ton appui;
Ils dissiperont la nuit
Qui te cache la carrière:
Chaque génie est un flot de lumière."

The poet now recalls the great intellectual efforts that were made under the ancient civilisations of Rome and Greece, and then resumes his despairing strains:

"Mais pourquoi rappeler ce sujet dans mes chants?
La coupe des plaisirs effémine nos âmes;
Le salpêtre étouffé ne jette point de flammes;
Dans l'air se perdent mes accents.

Non, pour nous plus d'espoir, notre étoile s'efface,
Et nous disparaissions du monde inaperçus.
Je vois le temps venir et de sa voix de glace
Dire, il était; mais il n'est plus.

Peuple, pas un seul nom n'a surgi de ta cendre
Pas un, pour conserver tes souvenirs, tes chants,
Ni même pour nous apprendre
S'il existait depuis des siècles ou des ans.
Non! tout dort avec lui, langue, exploits, nom, histoire;
Ses sages, ses héros, ses bardes, sa mémoire
Tout est enseveli dans ces riches vallons
Où l'on voit se courber, se dresser les moissons.
Rien n'atteste au passant même son existence;
S'il fut, l'oublie le sait et garde le silence."

This is more than poetry. It expresses in such language as the poet only can command, the profound convictions of the author, convictions which impelled him and sustained him in the execution of his herculean task, the labour of his life-time, his history of Canada, which has so nobly given the lie to his melancholy forebodings and snatched from oblivion the memories, the traditions and the people that were so dear to him.

After this lengthened notice of so popular an author and poet as Mr. F. X. Garneau, you would not easily pardon me many details concerning several distinguished poets who however, cannot be passed over in silence. Their names, so well known to their fellow-countrymen of Eastern Canada, must suffice on this occasion. There is not time for biography and critical appreciations of their works. Among these honored names which the Literature of their country has enshrined, are PIERRE PETITCLAIR, A. S. SOULARD, J. T. LORANGER, LEVESQUE, LAVIOLETTE, HON. JUSTICE MORIN, JEANMENNE, PLAMONDON, BARTHE, DÉROME, GÉRIN LAJOIE, ARTHUR CASGRAIN, JEAN CHARLES TACHÉ, ACHILLE FRÉCHETTE, QUESNEL, BIBAUD, AUBIN, BÉDARD, and last, but not least, JOSEPH OCTAVE CRÉMAZIE to whom that Prince of Canadian Critics, HECTOR FABRE, assigns the highest rank among the Poets of his country. A few extracts from the poetical works of this eminent Poet would no doubt be acceptable. But, I must remember that this is only a Lecture, and shall now hasten to a conclusion. An Ottawa audience would not however easily excuse me, if I closed my remarks, without some allusion to a Poet whose name must ever remain an honor to our City. M. LÉON PAMPHILE LEMAY although a native of Lotbinière, Province of Quebec, claims affinity with Ottawa. Whilst he was yet a student unknown to fame, and the City of the woods was no less obscure than the future Poet whose genius was maturing within its walls, Ottawa became for a considerable time, the scene of his persevering studies. He aspired at that time to the Christian Priesthood. But the requisite study and discipline were too much for his delicate health, and after persevering with the most commendable zeal, for no less a period than two years, he devoted himself once more to literary pursuits. In this congenial field of intellectual labour he has met with more than ordinary success. Not only have his earlier poetical compositions which appeared in the literary periodicals of Lower Canada, attracted the notice and elicited the highest eulogiums of the *Literati* of his native Province; they have also been the subjects of eulogistic criticism in France and the United States of America,—thus imparting to distant and jealous lands, a distinct and unmistakable knowledge of the fact that learning and talent can find an asylum,—an honored home, on the banks of the remote St. Lawrence and the remoter Ottawa.

Mr. Lemay has published a volume containing a highly finished translation of Longfellow's "*Evangeline*," and a considerable number of lesser Poems. You will allow me to say that the translation is an improvement on the original. All the fine feeling of Longfellow is preserved. His lines of intolerable length are changed as if by some magic power, into the elegant and flowing and never tiresome measures of the French Poet.

A very beautiful Poem from the pen of M. Lemay has since appeared in "*La Revue Canadienne*" (No for April 1867,) entitled "*La Déracle du St. Laurent*." This is a composition of some length in the Epic style. It is full of masterly descriptions and breathes, throughout, the finest feeling. Hear how the Poet appreciates the joys of spring.

"Avril! Avril! ton souffle est plein de volupté!
Tes matins et tes soirs, ô beau mois enchanté,
Naissent dans l'harmonie et les flots de lumière!
Avril, c'est toi qui viens égayer la chaumière,
Dont la bise d'hiver attristait le foyer!
Avril, c'est toi qui fais sous ton souffle ondoyer,
Les flots du St. Laurent redevenus dociles,
Quand tes feux ont fendu leurs cristaux immobiles."

There is no time for a longer quotation. Let these few lines suffice for an introduction to a fine descriptive passage. Whilst he was yet indulging in such strains,

"Un barde jeune et bon,
Doné du plus fatal mais du plus noble don;
Et pendant qu'il chantait, son œil mélancolique,
Suivait avec ivresse une scène magique:
C'était le St. Laurent qui, las d'être captif,
S'agitait sur son lit comme un coursier rufif,