

HATEAU FRONTENAC, adorning her height,
Holds her high place as the trav'lers delight ;
All that the senses of man could desire,
Taste, care and treasure to furnish conspire.
Even the beauties of Mercantile fleet
Add to the pleasance of city and street.
Under her eyes vast varieties meet.

Far o'er the river's broad, sweeping expanse,
Rich scenes of beauty the vision entrance
Outward as far as can wander the glance.
Nature seems leader of Art in the aim
To lend a lustre to Frontenac's fame.
Even though leaving it, journeying West,
No one need fear for provision and rest :
All through the Rockies, and on to the Coast,
Complete are comforts as any could boast.