

### EULOGY UPON M. POUCHOT.

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A literary man identifies himself in his works ; their merit is the measure of his praise, and their existence alone suffices for his glory. He, on the contrary, who devotes himself to his country's service, more willing to shed his blood for her than to perpetuate the memory of his own exploits, leaves to posterity the care of doing him justice. We are therefore under strong obligations to collect these titles of honor where they can be safe from the sponge of oblivion, especially when the theatre of action was a distant country, and they ran the greater risk of being buried. Of such were the intrepid defenders of Canada, among whom, M. Pouchot holds a distinguished rank.

In publishing his memoirs, we acquit his fellow citizens of a debt, and in giving him here the just tribute of our praise, we satisfy our own duty. The Truth will never have occasion to reproach us. It is not to do injury that we borrow his language. Simple and precise, it rarely becomes deceitful—a quality that always needs precedents.