

“Tu l’as dit, ô vieillard ! La France est revenue !
 Au sommet de nos murs, voyez-vous dans la nue,
 Son noble pavillon dérouler sa splendeur ?
 Ah ! ce jour glorieux, où les Français, nos frères,
 Sont venus pour nous voir, du pays de nos pères,
 Sera le plus aimé de nos jours de bonheur.”

And a shadow is seen on the wall, wavering in the breeze. It is the old soldier standing at his post to assist at the glorious scene. Nor he alone.

“Tous les vieux Canadiens moissonnés par la guerre,
 Abandonnent aussi leur couche funéraire,
 Pour voir réaliser leurs rêves les plus beaux.
 Et puis on entendit, le soir, sur chaque rive,
 Se mêler, au doux bruit de l’onde fugitive,
 Un long chant de bonheur qui sortait des tombeaux.”

Equally powerful and majestic is “Le Drapeau de Carillon,” an ode addressed to the lily-flag of Royal France which floated on the main bastion of Fort Carillon, or Ticonderoga, on the day when Montcalm achieved a brilliant victory over Abercrombie and his gallant Highlanders. That flag is religiously preserved at Quebec by M. Baillairgé, who is expected to display it in the procession of St. Jean Baptiste Day, which will take place in Montreal on the 24th of June. Superior even to the two pieces just mentioned is the “Promenade des Trois Mois,” a weird fantasy, wherein the dialogue between the worm and the corpse is replete with terrible thoughts of death and the dread Hereafter.

Next in merit to Crémazie, and *hanc longo intervallo*, is M. Fréchette, President for the year of the French Section of the Royal Society. Of all Canadian poets he is the best known to English readers, because of his adequate knowledge of our language, his social relations with our people, and the circumstance of his having received the Monthyon award of the French Academy, an honor somewhat akin to the Newdegate Prize. M. Fréchette is a very careful writer, chiselling his verses according to the most approved Horatian rule. The flowers of his youthful genius were gathered in a small volume,