

## LOUIS FRÉCHETTE

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In a large compartment, on the fourth or highest flat but one of a fine residence in Sherbrooke street, bearing number 408, may be found, at almost any hour of the day, our poet laureate, the subject of this sketch. A window running nearly the whole length of one side of this compartment cheerfully lights up the interior; the other three sides of the vast room are taken up with book-cases filled with priceless volumes and surmounted by family busts alternating with numerous diplomas much prized by the owner of this sanctum whom we behold yonder seated at his desk in the midst of his labours, correcting and re-correcting for the tenth time, it may be, those exquisite productions of his brain that ever show the ripeness and polish of the master.

But we must not suppose that the duties of the host are forgotten in the occupations of the poet.

On ascending the stairs to the landing which brings him to the door of this temple of the Muses, the visitor presses an electric button and is admitted to an inner chamber whose large half-glass portal, embellished in beautiful colours, shows the monogram of the proprietor.

In a deep niche to the left as you enter, is seen a gigantic ibis in Japanese bronze, supported by a figure of luminous tints, symbolic of the untroubled peace and hospitality that reigns within.

Balzac was of opinion that no man could enjoy perfect domestic freedom, who paid less than fifty thousand *livres* rental. I am unable to say if Fréchette has exceeded this limit, but you no sooner pass the threshold of the poet, than you are made to feel that here every fire-side ease and comfort is gratefully found.

A rich and elegant *portière*, slightly drawn aside, gives us a glimpse of the sumptuous drawing-room,—but, hush! we hear the