

THE CANADIANS OF OLD.

CHAPTER I.

LEAVING COLLEGE.

Eheu ! fugaces, Posthume. . . . HORACE.

As my story lays no claim to classicism, either in style or structure, this opening chapter may as well be made to play the part of a preface. My acquaintances will, doubtless, open their eyes on seeing me thus enter, at the age of seventy-six, on the perilous paths of authorship. Possibly I owe them an explanation. Although tired of reading all these years with so little profit either to myself or others, I yet dreaded to pass the Rubicon. A matter small enough in itself in the end decided me.

One of my friends, a man of parts, whom I met last year in St. Louis Street, in our good city of Quebec, grasped me warmly by the hand and exclaimed :

"Awfully glad to see you ! Do you know, my dear fellow, I have talked this morning with no fewer than eleven people, not one of them with half an idea in his noddle !" And he wrung my arm almost out of joint.

"Really," said I, "you are very complimentary ; for I perceive by the warmth of your greeting that I am the exception, the man you—"

"Oh, yes, indeed," he cried, without letting me finish