

guileless simplicity, if he saw some show of consistency in the measures adopted to check his moral decline, instead of being presented with one of the most flagrant instances of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. While he is prevented from studying the constitution of his own body, and from learning how to make it the useful servant instead of (as is so often the case) the lord of its high tenant, ample opportunities are afforded to him for corrupting his mind with some of the most reprehensible works of ancient and modern literature. He may read with impunity the tales of Voltaire, of Chaucer, and of Boccaccio; he may gratify his prurient instincts by a perusal of the most obscene productions of the dramatists of the Restoration; or, if he be so minded, he may regale himself with the lascivious sentiments and study the revolting customs of certain epochs in the annals of Greece and Rome, to the degeneracy of which modern history can furnish no parallel. He may consult classical dictionaries *passim*, but woe betide him if he is caught reading the article "Anatomy" in some cyclopaedia. An expurgated Juvenal is fit only for squeamish schoolboys, but an eviscerated physiology primer is the only book of the kind which a young man of twenty can read without danger. To boggle over an indecent line in the classics is ridiculous prudery, but alas for the unblushing hardihood of a man who can look over the pages of a physiological atlas! To be well posted up in the amorous intrigues of Zeus and his compeers is an essential part of a liberal education, but no decent man ought to profit by the teachings of a science which would show him how temperance in all things is infallibly rewarded, and incontinence as inevitably punished.

From the absence of restrictions with respect to the literary and historical pabulum of the library, it may be inferred that, as regards these subjects, our authorities have had too much good sense to attempt to exercise a supervision over the students as to what they shall read and what they shall not read, but have preferred to trust in the natural healthiness of a young man's mind and in the influence of sound moral teaching. They have doubtless felt that the students have reached the age when such restraints would be resented as an insult, and would be productive of more harm than good. But why physiology should be made an exception, why, of all studies, that one should be singled out whose important practical bearings and obvious moral influence ought pre-eminently to outweigh any supposed disadvantages—this is a question which postulates an answer before the students can convince themselves that they are in a University and not in a Kindergarten.

OUR OWN LAND.

"French Canadians are a harmless people."

"As a race, the Lower Canadians are quiet and inoffensive."

So begin all usual accounts of the *gens* around us. But a glance will show, that remarks of the above nature, made about any nation, awaken nothing but doubts respecting its manliness; and it is hardly fair, at a sweep, to be so severe on a people made up of very diverse elements. For however we may regard them singly, we should find a surprising difference of intellect, and range of character, if we honestly studied the matter. Their history, broadly looked at, is very peculiar. Many of the emigrants to old districts were regular criminals, many more, the lowest of the city *canaille*; by no means the best of beginnings. Not that those parts or even the cities, were totally destitute of goodness, but there existed so little intelligence free from vice, that a high standard could not be maintained. Afterwards, the constant Indian wars

by killing off the most courageous, did much to lessen all indications of spirit; an effect again produced, and this time seemingly for good, by the long Anglo-French struggle. In fact, at one time, most of the young men ran off to the forest, married natives and lived in the semi-savage condition of *Coureurs du bois*—all out of sheer dislike to military service.

The dwellers in distant concessions were entirely different, in the first place, with respect to origin, and secondly, as to circumstances. Exported from France, where their fathers for ages had been ordinary farm vassals, they were here settled in families and with some distinction of district; and when once across, they lived the quietest of lives, a simple, healthy, honest people, now and then no doubt oppressed, but infinitely better and better off than their city fellows.

Some of these old localities may still be found, where the ancient customs and legends still exist, and the richer accent betokens a peculiar dialect. Such was St. Hyacinthe in the days when shoe factories were unknown, and the voice of the engine was not in the land. You passed along the streets and men touched their hats to "Monseigneur." You walked through the market place, and there, in the shade of her red *charrette*, smoked the seller of potatoes and wheat. The strange dirty old beggar leading a little grey dog, demanded his sou; and many were the stores of "*Bonhomme la Boue-ane*"—how he never washed; how he held mysterious tryst with Satan; how the dog lived altogether without food; and how both of them never slept. Here too loitered the sun-browned hooded maiden, there the enterprising apple-man with his long home-spun coat and monotonous cry. Behold in that nook how gracefully coquette Marie chews gum, while all the Francois and Telephones smoke round and flatter like Greeks.

The scene is full to overflowing with characters worthy a Hogarth; everywhere stretches the line of carts; everywhere bags of pease and large pale cabbages block the path; on all sides run streams and cross-streams of abundant chatter; for this is a great day, and comes but once *les quinze jours*. Down somewhere in the corners, we know there must sit a white faced nun selling the latest charms and longest rosaries to pious matrons, and ever between the pauses muttering words of prayer. And then the talk—the old strange stories, that centuries ago were the folk-lore of France, all about Malbrouck, and great men now half forgotten in *la patrie* itself.

Wait till evening comes and the *habitants*, whip in hand gather their *charrettes*, the girls sitting behind. Suddenly the "*Au revoir*" cease, and a voice calls out

"Malbrouck est mort!"

Startled as you may be, you are still more surprised when another responds,

"C'est pas vra!"

"Oui, il est mort."

"C'est pas vra!"

With *vim*—

"Il est mort et enterre"

"Tu dis ça pour me blaguer."

and the whole bass chorus replies:

"Ca va ma-a-ai."

Then the assembly scatters in every direction, and the country roads are filled with a line of racing carts, driven by reckless gay Lotharios, or staid half-shaven men. Such is the Saturday appearance of a market town; the farm life is, from what we can observe, quite monotonous.

Another type is that presented by Kamouraska, opposite Murray Bay, once so important a place as to form a judicial centre, Montreal and Quebec being the only others. The