

THE

CANADIANS OF OLD

CHAPTER I.



Ehue ! fugaces, Posthume.

HORACE.

LEAVING COLLEGE.

This chapter must serve as a preface, for I have no intention of composing a work *secundum artem*, and still less of assuming the position of a classic author. Those who know me will doubtless feel somewhat surprised at seeing me take up the trade of authorship at seventy-six years of age, and I owe them some explanation for so doing. At my age, although somewhat tired of constantly reading without deriving any great advantage either to myself or others, I should hardly have dared pass the Rubicon, had not a trivial incident made me decide on doing so.

A very witty friend of mine, whom I met last year in St. Louis street, here in this good city of Quebec, eagerly seizing my hand exclaimed, 'I am fortunate in meeting with you, for I have already conversed with eleven persons this morning, and I declare to