

I will tell in the following story all about it, as a warning to all young men against trespassing upon well settled rules and habits, and perhaps as an example of how easily a persevering mind can in the end attain the object it is striving for.

It was on a fine evening in August, that, to the no small surprise and consternation of the folks at home, I made the announcement that I intended to participate in a trip to Canada and the White Mountains, to be made by a small party of excursionists. I was at once overwhelmed with an avalanche of questions, as to who was the originator of the idea; how many were expected to go; whether I was personally acquainted with any person in the party; when the excursion was to start, &c.

After having satisfactorily answered the foregoing queries, grandmother Harriet, after settling herself firmly in her chair, commenced the attack, by saying that she, for one, did not at all approve of the idea of starting on a ten days trip, without knowing the co-excursionists, or even the projector of the tour;—that she was sure that the whole plan was a barefaced swindle, as I would find to my cost, as soon as I had paid my money.

Grandfather, as in duty bound, (it being here understood that he is a great "ladies man,") ably seconded the remarks of his better half, supplementing his argument by saying that when *he* was a young man of my age, no one would have risked going from New York to Philadelphia, much less on such a tour, with an unknown number of strangers.

Father thought that the idea was a very good, but not altogether new one, as such pleasure tours had been greatly in vogue in Germany for some years past, and had proved entirely successful.

He thought, too, that it would be highly beneficial for me to see Quebec and Montreal, differing, as they did, so greatly from our American cities, in appearance and inhabitants.