

A YEAR IN THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

CHAPTER I.

CANADA.

WE have made up our minds to start with, that there is absolutely nothing new to an English reader, under the brilliant Canadian or American sun. Although at first sight this is rather a depressing conclusion, it carries some balm with it. At once it frees a writer from an immense amount of responsibility. No one will be inclined to complain that the subject has not been exhaustively treated or with a due regard to perspective. No one will suggest that the work has been scamped, that the canvas is too empty, that the colours are laid on too heavily here, with too light a hand there. Most people will be too devoutly thankful for what is left out, to be over critical as to the choice of what is put in.

So, starting on the wholesome principle of writing only about that which has interested me personally, I must pass over that terrible start one drenching