

would allow. We were told that we must not fail to visit London, and Paris, and Woodstock, and Hamilton, which places we supposed were little villages with big names somewhere in the backwoods. Everybody said, Of course you will go to Niagara; and some young ladies entreated that we would not fail to sing "Row, brothers, row," as we descended the rapids of St. Anne,—but where those rapids were to be found they knew, I suspect, as little as we did. With this vague notion of localities, all we could definitely resolve on was to glide over the waters of the great lakes, to climb the mountains, and to descend the streams, of the mighty continent; to thread the mazes of the dark forests, to search for the wigwams of the Red Indians, to visit the rough settler in his log-hut, the farmer at his cleared homestead, and the citizen in his town dwelling; in fact, to behold a specimen of each style of scenery, and become acquainted with every class and phase of society to be found in that rich portion of the New World. We also subscribed to two principles:—One was not to bind ourselves to proceed in any particular direction, should we find it convenient to alter our course; the other, not to allow ourselves to be disquieted by any of the *contretemps* to which travellers in all lands are liable.

While we were laying in a store of waterproofs and woollens to shelter us from autumn rains and winter frosts, our friends collected numerous letters of introduction, so that we might not appear as unknown strangers