

place the name of "Trois Rivieres," from the fact of its emptying itself by three distinct mouths.

With this preface, by way of explanation, let me proceed to detail our trip up the River to the Falls.

Our party consisted of three, K, A, and your humble servant, all eager for a sight of the stupenduous cataract, that some lively imaginations had pictured as scarcely second to Niagara itself. But the Falls were a good many miles off, so we had to look about for some conveyance. The kindness of a Three River friend soon supplied us with this, in the shape of an excellent horse and stylish dog cart; and after we had obtained from him, what he considered, ample directions about the road, accompanied with a neat impromptu chart of the same, and, what was better still a letter of introduction to a hospitable fireside at the Grès, (Anglico Saw Mills,) we started.

True, none of us had ever travelled that way before, and we had no guide; but we felt tolerably secure in the possession of our directions and chart, which told us as follows:—"That there was a good road as far as the Grès,—18 miles off, where we were to put up our horse, present our credentials, and become inmates of the head establishment of the place.—That the Falls were still 6 miles further up the River, but that we could procure a canoe there, and, with an Indian guide, make our way up the River.—That the road to the Grès was a very plain one, there being only one point at which we might possibly go wrong, and that was at the top of a hill, where two roads went off at right angles; and as there was a possibility, nay a strong *probability* that we might take the wrong road, and instead of going at '*right*' angles, turn off at '*wrong*.'" The chart aforesaid was very explicit on this point. The first 6 miles of the road were represented as, what the sailor would say, "all plain sailing," and although we might at first find a great many tracks, that we might not care which one we took, as, a little further on they all became one. We were also told of certain great trout streams, and the prospect of dozens of shining, speckled, fat, trout inflamed my piscatorial desires to such a degree that I crammed the necessary tackle into our cart before starting—much to the amusement of K and A, who regarded me as a most stupid angler, my previous fishing attempts in the vicinity of Three Rivers having all ended ignominiously.

Well, we started about 10 o'clock in the morning, "brim" full of expectation; receiving from the ladies many parting hints about "Babes in the woods," and admonitions about the treatment of the horse—such as not driving him too fast, getting out of the cart at hills, &c., &c. Following our directions, we took what seemed the most eligible road. After half-an-hour's pleasant driving we came in sight of a pretty town, and, from the raised table-land we were on, we looked down on glittering spires, and green trees, with a blue strip of water in the distance. Was it possible that there could be such a pretty town behind Three River, which none of us had ever heard of before? Our chart said nothing about it, and our knowledge of the Geography of Canada did not enlighten us on the subject.