

over 200 acres of the business part of the city, destroyed more than 1,600 houses, which occupied nine miles of street, and caused a loss which has been estimated at figures all the way between twenty and thirty million dollars. The destruction was swift and complete, and the effects of it will be felt for many years to come. The new city has made rapid progress; and brick and stone have taken the place of the wood so generally in use in former times. To one who knew it in other years, St. John seems another place. Everything has changed, all the old associations are gone. The surroundings of the people are different. It is much as if some old familiar picture gallery were so renovated that all the old lights and shades were gone, and the dear old paintings brightened, varnished and set in new and gaudy frames.

Many of the new buildings are splendid specimens of architecture. The Custom House is one of which any city might be proud. The Post Office, the churches, and numerous other buildings, public and private, cannot fail to evoke admiration. The city is naturally well adapted to show its buildings to the best advantage, with its streets wide, straight and crossing each other at right angles. The new part of the city has a gentle slope towards the harbor, and seen from the latter makes a fine appearance. A closer inspection does not dissipate the first favorable impression, and St. John is voted a rather nice sort of a place.

Outside of the city are several fine drives. One of these is out the Marsh Road, visiting the beautiful Rural Cemetery. This City of Tombs is situated most admirably for its purpose and none can fail to be struck with the quiet beauty which is everywhere seen throughout its shady walks. Another, and very attractive, drive is over the Suspension Bridge. The river St. John takes its rise in the State of Maine and flows for 450 miles until it is emptied in the harbor on the Bay of Fundy. It, with its tributaries, drains two million acres in Quebec, six millions in Maine and nine millions in New Brunswick. Yet this great body of water is all emptied into the sea through a rocky chasm a little over five hundred feet wide. Here a fall is formed. It is a peculiar fall. At high tide the sea has a descent of fifteen feet into the river, and at low tide the river has a like fall into the sea. It is only at half-tide, or slack water, that this part of the river may be navigated in safety. At other times a wild tumult of the waters meets the eye. Across this chasm is stretched the Suspension Bridge, seventy feet above the highest tides, and with

a span of 640 feet. This structure was projected and built by the energy of one man, the late William K. Reynolds. Few besides the projector had any faith in the undertaking, and he therefore assumed the whole financial and other responsibility, not a dollar being paid by the shareholders until the bridge was opened to the public. In 1875 the bridge was purchased from the shareholders by the Provincial Government and is now a free highway. Beyond this is the Lunatic Asylum; a mile further, after passing Fairville, is that famous drive, the Manawagonish (Maogences) Road, a splendid highway, in full view of the Bay of Fundy, with the line of the Nova Scotia coast visible forty miles away. This is one of the most pleasant drives to be had around St. John. Returning, Carleton, which lies across the harbor, may be visited, and one may see the ruins of Fort La Tour. Do not make the same blunder as the gifted Bayard Taylor, and mistake the Martello Tower for this fort. La Tour's stronghold is not so conspicuous, and there is very little to be seen of it. Houses are built on this historic ground, and they are not by any means imposing in their character; slabs and sawdust are numerous, and the air is at times pervaded with a decidedly plain odor of fish. Such is Fort La Tour to-day; such is the place where lived and died "the first and greatest of Acadian heroines—a woman whose name is as proudly enshrined in the history of this land as that of any sceptred queen in European story."*

A superior natural bathing place may be found at the Bay Shore, a short distance from Carleton. The situation is excellent, and were the place properly prepared for visitors, it would doubtless be much more extensively patronized than at the present time.

Leaving the city and driving through Portland, a town which may some day be part of the city proper, or may send Fort Howe, have a grand view of the harbor and city, and then proceed to the bank of the broad and beautiful Kennebecasis. Or one may go by the way of the Marsh Bridge to Lake Lomond, a famous place for pleasure parties, where fishing, sailing, etc., may be enjoyed to perfection. Should a shorter and still pleasanter drive be desired, one may ascend Mount Pleasant, have another magnificent view of the city and vicinity, and proceed to Lily Lake. In fact, it were tedious to enumerate all the pleasant places which may be visited by those having a team at their disposal for a few hours of a summer day.

* Hannay.