

other by narrow straits. A line connecting them all would run nearly east and west. They are not so deep as those of the Tobique; the bottom in the Third Nepisiquit Lake being in many places, even near the centre, not more than two feet below the surface, while from the little island in Nictau Lake we were unable to reach bottom with twenty feet of line. The former are, like the latter, shut in by mountain ranges, but their elevation is not so great as those already described. Along the shores of the Nepisiquit Lakes I observed *Iris versicolor* and *Typha latifolia* growing abundantly, also *Nuphar advena*, *N. Kalmiana*, *Equisetum limosum*, *E. sylvaticum*, and *E. uliginosum*.

The Nepisiquit passes out from the lakes much more quietly than the Tobique, and descending by a rapid but unbroken current passes around the base of handsome hills, clothed with a rich green covering of birch and spruce. The land close to the river is low and covered with alder bushes, but some lofty mountains appear to the southward. The stream pursues at first a nearly uniform course a little west of south, without winding much, like the Tobique. Its bed is strewn with large and travelled granitic boulders, which though not wanting on the Tobique were much less numerous than here.

The mountains just alluded to, pursue a course, as nearly as I could make out, a little north of east, crossing the river, which works its way around their base. They are undoubtedly granitic, and in many places expose upon their flanks high and rugged cliffs of a brick-red color, giving at first the appearance of a red sandstone district. The boulders, however, which occur in the bed of the stream, distinctly indicate their character, being composed of a coarse-grained feldspathic granite or *granulite*.

Near the base of one of these cliffs we were borne by the current, and so remarkable were its characters, that I at once determined to give it a more careful examination. Landing for this purpose, and approaching with one companion and an Indian guide, what we supposed to be the natural slope of the mountain, we were suddenly stopped by a tremendous chasm, which unexpectedly lay open before our feet.

The defile is about fifty or seventy feet deep, with almost precipitous sides, and furnishes a picture of singular wildness. The two sides of the chasm were in the most marked contrast. That by which we approached was steep and broken though covered