

An American from Boston, who visited St. John, ridiculed its appearance, poked fun at its inhabitants, and no doubt in so doing imagined he distinguished himself. He certainly did distinguish himself, as an unblushing liar, and the man came from Boston! The man who could come from Boston and criticise the appearance of a city so disparagingly as the lying Boston writer has done, is not only devoid of veracity, but must surely be so ignorant of the delightful cowpath and "Hub of the Universe" notoriety enjoyed by the city he hailed from, as to become a curiosity.

The traveller or business man who visits St. John, witnesses the magnificent situation of the city, enjoys the lovely surrounding scenery, and experiences the hospitality of the inhabitants, and cannot be favourably impressed, should remain at home ever afterwards; he is hardly a fit subject to be let loose from the maternal apron strings.

I must confess I was not prepared for the agreeable surprise I experienced in visiting St. John; this was, perhaps, in consequence of my having been led to believe from another quarter that the city was more below the ordinary than, as it really is, far above it. One very striking feature at once noticed, is the broad streets and sidewalks, and the compact manner in which the city is built—the streets running paralld from the harbour; this, in all cases, has been strictly adhered to, the benefits of which will be more apparent at a future period when the city has assumed greater proportions. Although, like Halifax, St. John is mainly composed of wooden buildings, yet the main street can show some very large and fine blocks of brick, and the wooden structures are fast giving way to others of more substantial material.

The drives from the city to the neighbourhood are numerous and charming, and a very favourite one is to the beautiful village of Rothesay afore-mentioned. The cemeterys of great extent, prettily wooded, well laid out, and, when