

with our canoe and baggage, while we brought up the rear in a light wagon. The remaining thirteen miles we made mostly on foot over a very rough road.

The morning was bright and beautiful, and for two or three miles we drove along the banks of the St. John until we came to the Grand River, up the ridge bordering on whose valley we were soon winding by a succession of hills that brought us gradually to the northern watershed of New Brunswick. The view from one of the highest of these hills is strikingly picturesque. Behind us lay the broad valley of the St. John flowing with sweeping majestic curves from its home in the northern wilderness, passing the quiet villages of St. Leonard's and Van Buren, and then continuing in a long, quiet stretch as if preparing for the rush and leap at the Grand Falls. On the opposite side of the St. John lay the highlands of Maine. On our right was the narrow gorge of the Grand River, and on our left the valleys of the Siegas and Quisibis with the lofty peaks of Green River and Quisibis Mountains in the distance. Except the narrow settlement we were going through, all around was an unbroken wilderness. Along the Grand River Settlement there were three grades of settlers, nearly all French, or descendants of French, from the Province of Quebec and Madawaska County. The first grade included the oldest settlers, with passably comfortable houses, a considerable acreage of land reclaimed from the forest, with fields showing a more or less scientific attempt at cultivation. The second grade showed a link between the modern and the settler of bygone years. There was the frame house, and near by the tottering remains of the old log cabin where the "rude forefathers of the hamlet" dwelt, now a picture of ruin and distress. For what more distressed picture is there than an old