

rafters, the branches of which were cut off, others out firewood, while others again cleared a place for the encampment; this was effected by taking off our snow shoes, and using them as shovels to clear a space for each hut, the snow excavated being thrown up around, bankwise. The hut was then constructed in the centre, with the larger branches arranged conically or in a wedge shape, and thatched with the smaller ones; the residue of the latter formed a soft and fragrant bed. A small aperture was left for a chimney, and a very small one closed with a blanket for a door.

I may here say that it is impossible for those who have not experienced it to imagine the extreme frigidity of a temperature often ranging from eighteen to twenty degrees below zero; that is, fifty to fifty nine degrees below freezing point. We were generally, Esquimaux fashion, half stifled with smoke; but in a measure the smoke itself warmed the atmosphere of the hut; and to sleep without a fire in such would have proved the sleep of death.

On the 1st March we reached the grand falls of the river St. John about one hundred and fifty miles from Fredericton. These falls in summer are about eighty four feet high, and nine hundred feet wide, but they were now much contracted by the ice which surrounded them. The spray had frozen, and formed a fantastic arch, in which all the various forms which frost, gives to falling water were blended. The banks on either side formed the glass like buttresses of the arch; while the surrounding trees, wreathed with frost, and the play of the prismatic colours as the sun shone brightly over the whole scene, suggested the ideas of an enchanted palace of glass. This spot was the last frontier post of New Brunswick; and on the following day, Wednesday, we reached Laroucières, in the M'dawaska settlement, where we first heard spoken the French patois of Lower Canada. We were received with the greatest kindness by these simple hearted people, who, on the following day, mounted the whole of us on sleighs, and drove us the distance of twenty one miles to the next settlement, a performance which greatly delighted our men, who vowed it was the best "march" they had ever made.

On the 4th, the cold rapidly increasing, and an incessant snow storm filled the tracks so rapidly, that it made the dragging of the toboggans very laborious, especially as we had frequently to make a wide detour, to avoid the numerous rapids and the dense underwood on the river's bank. When we got to the end of our days march, the men's hands were so cold that they could scarcely use the axe, and it was dark before we commenced cooking, if attempts to toast pieces of salt pork on the end of a stick could be dignified by that term. On the morning of the 5th, the glass was twenty degrees below zero, and a stiff nor' wester blowing in our teeth. The intensity of the cold was indeed indescribable. The captain of our company, however, anticipated its effect; and with a few men pushed on to prepare the fires for our reception. About mid-day, turning a bend of the river. I was surprised to find that the head of the company had stopped causing all in rear to halt as they came up, knowing the dangerous result that might ensue from a prolonged halt, I hastened through the deep snow to the front. As I passed along I noticed every man appeared to be more or less frost bitten on the cheeks or nose, and was occupied in rubbing those parts with snow. Having laid one poor fellow, whose body was frost bitten, on a toboggan, I urged the men on once more; and by changing our leading file

every four or five minutes, we at last reached the huts, ninety men out of one hundred and five being more or less frost-bitten.

Two days after, the wind having abated, we, together with another company which had joined us, crossed the lake. The marching this day was very different from what we had experienced. The sun having begun to thaw the surface of the snow in the daytime, it was at night frozen into a thin layer of ice, sufficient to bear a light person without snow shoes. Many of the heavier ones however, fell through, sinking through the substratum of snow, until arrested by the solid ice of the surface of the lake. In a small habitation at the end of this day's march, we had to leave the poor fellow I have already spoken of as having been severely frost bitten; he was a horrible spectacle, literally a mass of ulcers. The woodsmen, however, undertook to cure him with herbs and simples; he rejoined in six weeks after, perfectly sound, at Kingston. The next day's march was through a mountainous country, known as the "Grand Portage." This march was a most fatiguing one, as parts of the pine forest had been cleared, and the soft snow lay many feet deep in them. After our frugal meal of biscuit and pork we were as usual sitting round the fire in my hut, when it caught fire, the wind having too effectually dried the pine thatch. I and another brother officer managed to creep out unscathed; but it occupied us some time in snowballing, the fire, to prevent its spreading, and more than one of the officers and men got frost bitten in the operation. Next day, we reached St. Andrews, where we first saw the magnificent St. Lawrence, here eighteen miles wide, stretched before us. Comfortable billets were provided for us, no mean luxuries, after having neither washed nor undressed for seventeen days. The last seven days of our march, we entered Quebec.

It is fair to add, that this march of nearly six hundred men, for a distance exceeding five hundred miles, was unaccompanied by irregularities of any description, and that no casualties except those above narrated occurred.

#### MINING IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

A correspondent of the St. John, N. B., *Telegraph* writes of the Newfoundland mining interests as follows.—

Wonderful news has just arrived regarding the success of the new Notre Dame Copper Mine. It is situated a dozen miles south of the great Tilt Cove Mine, on the north-east coast. Although operations having been going on but a few weeks, news has just come in that the miners have struck a huge mass of exceedingly fine copper ore—the lode measuring seven feet by four. It is considered that the fortune of the proprietors is made. One of them declares he would not take 10,000*l.* a year for his share in it, at the present moment, and he owns but a third. The statement recently made by a writer in *Stewart's Quarterly Magazine* regarding the mining capabilities of Newfoundland are more than sustained by facts. In truth, the half has not been told. There is a vast mineral wealth beneath those rugged rocks Tilt Cove Mine which in 1865 yielded ore valued at 64,000*l.*, will this year produce half as much more additional. Our people, sluggish in all their movements, and stupidly Conservative as they are, are beginning to awaken to the fact that portions of their island will soon be a busy mining region, yielding immense stores of mineral treasure. The mining fever is setting in." Already

the whole coast south of Tilt Cove is taken up by holders of mining licenses. I have no doubt that immense fortunes will be realized by some of them. The interior is yet untouched. Here now is a field for speculators, and one of the finest conceivable. Copper mining is expensive, and without capital nothing can be done. But where there is capital to embark in such an enterprise great results would follow. I conversed lately with a gentleman who had just returned from exploring Codroy region, Bay St. George, and Bay of Islands, and he declares that the agricultural and other capabilities of these localities far exceed what is known or believed about them, and the author of "Newfoundland as it is" has considerably under-stated the matter. Only sixty families are found in Codroy—a region that could sustain 50,000 people. The land, timber, &c., are first class. You may go there and occupy as much land as you choose, and no man will ask any questions; or Government will sell you any quantity at two shillings an acre. It is easily cleared, and contains fine timber. With all these advantages at their door, there are thousands of our poor fishermen clinging to barren rocks, and half starving; not only so, but you could not induce them to change. Nineteenths of the intelligent and educated portion of the community are on the side of Confederation; the masses must, in the long run, follow their lead. A very large majority of the supplying merchants and those in whose hands the trade of the country chiefly is, are warmly in favor of Confederation, and these are not the men to drop hastily a cause they have espoused. The people will gradually become convinced that when the mercantile class, whose interest in the prosperity of the country is so great, have arrived at the conclusion that Confederation will benefit themselves, their own interests must also be promoted by a measure which advances that of the capitalists. Every one knows that what benefits the merchant must benefit the fisherman—as the former can only thrive when the country at large is in a prosperous condition. . . is not very long since our leading . . . merchants took the side of Confederation. Ten years ago the cause would have had no chance of success whatever. In that interval it has gained a vast number of adherents and made most satisfactory progress; and but for the unscrupulous agitation of the past three months would have come out victorious. Confederates, on reviewing the past, need not "bate one jot of heart or hope."

#### CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF LORD MACAULAY.—

The *Daily Telegraph* has an article on the burning of the Star and Garter Hotel at Richmond. To the coffee room of the hotel, (says the *Telegraph*), there was wont to come on Sunday afternoon, a gentleman of rather broad and squat stature, with grey hair, and a very large shirt collar. He would dine, always alone, at a particular corner table; he would take his wine as a gentleman should; and after dinner, it was his humor to build up before him a lofty pyramid of tumbler and wine glasses, which he capped with a decanter. This ponderous "crowning of the edifice" usually resulted in the toppling of the entire structure over in irremediable smash. Then the grey haired gentleman would rise, pay his bill, including the broken glass, and depart, chewing the end of sweet and bitter fancies in the shape of a tooth-pick. The waiters knew him very well. He was Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay.