

specting our country, business, and destination, our friend said, with that curt sharp coolness of his countrymen — 'Well, as you come from England, s'pose you know Taylor of Sheffield?' We thought for a moment, and were obliged to express our regret that we had not the advantage of Mr. Taylor's acquaintance. 'Strange, that,' replied he; 'thought he was well known. Smart man, Taylor, and prompt in business matters. He travels for Smith and Company. One of you very much resembles him.' 'Indeed,' said we, 'we know a great many Taylors, but we fear we can't boast the acquaintance of Messrs. Smith's Taylor.'

'The road lies along the banks of the St. John the whole way to Woodstock, a distance of sixty-five miles. The scenery resembles Saxon Switzerland — luxuriant meadows near the banks, and rich land in all directions; the clearings numerous, and the country thickly populated. About seven miles from Fredericton the Madamswick joins the St. John, forming one of the most lovely views on the continent of America. The Yankee remarks — 'I guess the Moose river in the State of Maine whips it?' 'No, sir,' replied the driver, a loyal New Brunswicker; 'all your folks that comes on my coach swears this is the prettiest spot in the whole airtie.' Nothing can be much worse than the road, but our vehicle was well horsed and went down the most precipitous dips and over the loose wooden bridges at a pace which tried our nerves to the utmost. These bridges consist of rough wooden battresses, on which are placed strong timber logs laid longitudinally and covered over with transverse planks, which generally have nothing to keep them in their position but their own weight; and as we passed over the mountain-streams the boiling torrent was frequently seen through the larger crevices, which any other wheels in the world, we believe, would have fallen into.

'The great drawback to travelling in New Brunswick is the bad food which one is obliged to eat; and about half-way to Woodstock, where the coach dines, we were obliged to ill-treat our hearty appetites with salt pork, greasy trout, bad butter, and execrable tea. On arriving at our destination, we found, however, a comfortable little inn, kept by a Mr. Engllah, which is the only place between Fredericton and the St. Lawrence where anything approaching to a civilised repast can be obtained. The next day's journey was to Grand Falls, a distance of seventy-five miles, which we were obliged to perform in a waggon kindly provided for us by Major Tupper, who has the contract for the mails to Rivière du Loup. As far as Tobique, a small village close to the St. John river, the scenery was very much the same as that of the previous day, but the road a good deal rougher, so that it was impossible to travel more than about five miles an hour. After passing Tobique the clearings got less frequent and the forests more dense. The road leaves the river and passes over a ridge of hills covered with pine, hemlock, maple, ash, and oak. Below the town of Grand Falls the St. John, about one hundred yards wide, throws itself over a rugged and irregular bed of rock quite seventy feet high, and rushes down a deep-wooded and very picturesque gorge — taking three or four more leaps in the space of about two miles. Here we found ourselves close to the frontier of the State of Maine, and were not surprised to be told that a considerable immigration had taken place into New Brunswick since the beginning of the war. The people, apprehending a large amount of taxation, have preferred to immigrate to British soil, although the advantages, in respect to the purchase of land, are not so great here as in the States. The next day a drive of twenty-six miles brought us to Little Falls, a small town at the junction of the rivers Madawaska and St. John,