

every plant; and when the tassels of the birches, and the pussies, as the children call them, of the willows begin to fall. At that time the river is well supplied by the overflowing upper streams; the birds are singing their sweetest songs; and a large and varied and very beautiful collection of wild flowers makes the air most fragrant, hides the mouldering heaps of autumn leaves, and proves the truth of the Platonic doctrine, that from death is begotten life. Later in the year, the mosquito hums what naturalists tell us is his love song to his mate, but which sounds to the human being rather like the cry of battle; the sun is glaring and the air hot; and the great volume of angry water has begun perceptibly to shrink. At any season, indeed, the Falls and the surrounding scenery are most attractive, though in the depth of winter, our thoughts are led rather to consider Nature's scenes painted in the warmer tints, and we long for emerald fields and running waters, in place of the interminable white plains and the still, glazed lakes and rivers.

It is customary for most of us to lay out plans for the summer holidays, which, even if never carried into effect, are very nice to discuss. To those whose tastes lead them to seek for busy centres, for music halls, for galleries of art, and stately buildings, New Brunswick may not possess many attractions; but is it not at least a question whether summer is the proper season wherein to gratify these tastes?

When the days are long and the air is becoming warmer, the sparrows and the gray-birds forsake the yards, and seek the leafy hedges; even the pigeons make long journeys across the fields into the leafy coverts; and the crows and cranes are found as often in the woods or by the woodland streams as on the sea-coast among the weirs of men.

A not unpardonable dread of over-salted ham, which, with eggs, and occasionally that embryonic food known as "staggering Bob," are staple edibles on many rural tables, deter some persons from visiting country places. But when we visit them, we generally find that air and exercise give us the necessary appetite, and that ham and eggs, and even "staggering Bob" vanish from the board with wonderful rapidity. Besides, our country cousins sometimes "kill a beast," and the boy *sans* shoes and stockings, often catches strings of firm brook trout; and, while we leave behind us in the city "the cow with the iron tail," we are sure of milk or buttermilk, and we may partake of cream.

When I first visited the Falls, the line of railway was not quite completed; but now there is no difficulty in completing the journey by rail from Fredericton, a route which affords a good view of the Keswick River and valley, and of a long stretch of a very interesting portion of the River Saint John. On the occasion of my trip, I followed a different course, by driving through the midlands from Woodstock to the village of Tobique or Athurette. On this road you obtain frequent glimpses of Mars Hill, the highest mountain on the border of the neighboring State of Maine, and higher than any mountain in New Brunswick, and you will also see a number of splendid orchards, and some very lovely bits of landscape. By a short detour, which I made on foot along a road which follows the Presqui, Isle River, I almost crossed the boundary between Canada and Maine. It is said that somewhere in this neighborhood there formerly stood a tavern directly on the line, so that a thirsty inhabitant of Maine entering on the Maine side, and passing through the central plank of the floor of the building, might then take his beer or spirits, without infringing the prohibitory regulations of his state.

My companion and myself started from Tobique at midday, and after walking through a perfect wilderness, in which for miles we did not see a house, reached Grand Falls in time for tea, not very tired, but very hungry. Here we found the best of quarters, in a house over which Mr. Hammond then presided, but which is now under the charge of Miss Jennie Watson, where, I may observe, we tasted neither salt ham nor "staggering Bob." I should like to dwell upon the beauties and the wonders of the Falls, which I saw in daylight and beneath the splendor of a harvest moon hung in a cloudless sky. I should like to tell of the pretty French girls, some of whom, however, were dressed in garments of rather startling hue, one, for instance, in a light pink jacket, with a pea green-skirt. I should like to write of these and other matters, but space will not permit, and so I must refer to the principal subject of this paper, the Parson's horse. To my shame, I did not mark the points of beauty in this animal when I had the chance of seeing him; and as the sequel presently will show, his qualities were mainly proved in dense darkness.

"The motto of the Parson's horse was, 'I shall find a way or make one.' He possessed all the fire of Bucephalus, the endurance of Rozinante, and the genius of Pegasus. The manner in which I formed an intimate acquaintance with this steed and with his master, you presently shall learn.

When in the country I like to walk whenever the opportunity occurs. That old cob, vulgarly called shanks' mare, deserves one's confidence; she never kicks over the traces, acts as gently as you please in harness, and never is afflicted with any of the countless horse ills. A good walker is, in truth, most independent; he can take his time; he can chat conveniently with the farmers by the way, and can indulge, to his heart's content, in the pleasure of short cuts, made all the pleasanter by their uncertainty. But a walker is not worth much without a good substantial dinner, and had it not been for our friend, the Parson, who knew that we were on the road, we two pedestrians would have been in sorry plight.

The parson drove down before us in the morning, and, about fifteen miles from our starting point, and halfway to Tobique, we found him waiting for us at a hospitable private house, for there are no inns upon that road, where we had a capital repast. After dinner the horse was harnessed

and I and my companion were invited to occupy the waggon, but we preferred to walk, and kept pace with the parson's horse till we reached the Danish settlement, which is situated some four miles from the river. Some of you, perhaps, remember those gems of poetry which head the chapters in Pinnock's Goldsmith's History of England, and amongst them there is one somewhat shorter than a motto in a kiss, and far more pointed—

"The Danes! the Danes! the young and aged cry;
And mothers clasp their children as they fly."

We did not cry "The Danes;" we were not mothers; we had no children, and we did not fly, though in other particulars the quotation exactly describes our case. Still, as we walked quietly through the charming settlement, I could not help thinking of the grand old Vikings who invaded our mother land in the time gone by, and whose achievements induced Pinnock or Goldsmith to head this chapter with these awful lines. I could not refrain from mentally contrasting this peaceful immigration of farming Danes to a British colony with the invasion of England by their piratical ancestors.

New Denmark, as the settlement is called, is beautifully situated. For a mile or so the land was cleared for a distance of some hundred yards on either side of the road, while behind the clearing were trees of the largest size, chiefly beech and maple, with occasional firs, pines and cedars. Between the forest and the road the colonists had planted oats, which had grown so high that we could scarcely see above them, and which, in places, encroached so far upon the fenceless highway that it could scarcely be called a thoroughfare. Through the oats we walked, drinking in the beauties of the scene, and marking here and there some little foreigner with wooden shoes and yellow hair, gazing at us with wondering blue eyes. When, however, we reached the end of the long track among the grain our difficulties began. Where was the road? If you look at some of the maps you will see it marked very plainly, but on the ground it is by no means easy to trace. We struck off on a line of grassy sward and brought up in the brambles; we avoided some large stones and ran into a swamp. At last we found a wheel track, but whether of a wheelbarrow or cart it was hard to say, for it was generally one continuous line without a parallel, and we followed this. If you were to train a fly to walk along the edges of the teeth of a long saw, originally straight but bent into as many folds as possible, and watch the movements of that fly, you would form a slight idea of the course we travelled. If the reader would seek high station in the world, with occasional plunges into humility, let me recommend the country above Tobique, on the eastern side of the Saint John. Perhaps you would wish to know if we enjoyed the journey; and I answer, certainly. Rarely have I beheld more rugged or more brilliant scenery. Great hills stretching away as far as the eye could reach, bristling with ancient rampikes, or blazing with scarlet, or almost glittering with yellow leaves contrasted, here and there, with brown or regal purple. The flowering plants indeed were mostly withered, but not the larger ferns which commonly preserve in autumn that soft, almost translucent green which sets off a foreground to great advantage; and, when we reached the river, its swirling pools and foaming rapids added wildness of sound to that of aspect. The road along the river bank can be followed far more readily than that over which we had passed, at least in the daylight and for a certain distance, but at last the farms become less frequent, and you are driven to depend rather on a sort of instinct than on sight to find your way.

Imagine, then, our feelings when a pitchy night and a pelting rainstorm, in close companionship like Sintram's evil ones, came upon us. But fortunately at this juncture the parson, who had been visiting the Danish members of his flock, overtook us. We wondered how his little horse had possibly accomplished that rugged journey, though I do not wonder now, for we had not then been made acquainted with his powers. The parson insisted that we should mount his waggon, and we, not unwillingly, accepted his invitation. Trees to right of us; trees to left of us; trees in front of us. Underneath were boulders and treacherous holes, and outlets from the swamps, and mementos of former gales in the shape of prostrate trunks.

The river roared its loudest, but the antiphon from the winds and the never-ceasing rain almost silenced the voice of the stream. Now and then the waggon would tilt forward, or backward, or sideways to an angle of seventy, or eighty, or even ninety degrees, as it seemed to us. Now and then a branch would slap us in the face, with its wet, scale-like leaves, as if in anger at our entering the domains of the woodland deities. But that plucky little horse pushed on for one mortal hour, seeming now to climb straight over the tops of the trees, and now to burrow beneath their roots; and at last, by hook and crook, he brought us to our destination.

Would you wish to know whether this journey through the rain was pleasant? I should rather evade the question. In life the bitter must be taken with the sweet, and tourists, in their journeys, must accept the evil with the good. But I think I learned a moral to adorn my story. Whenever I hear of a clergyman in a rural parish who wants to build or renovate a church for his people I think of my friend the country parson, flying through the tangled forest with his wiry little horse; almost a wild huntsman in aspect, but a Christian in purpose; he and his horse doing their duty solitary, amid the solitary wilds. And I think to myself, if ever there is a man who deserves sympathy, encouragement and aid it is a country parson; and if ever there is an animal which ought to die in clover, it is a country parson's horse.

He that doth a base thing in zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.—*Jeremy Taylor.*