

LONG DISTANCE SKATING IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

Of the many means of locomotion used in winter over snow or ice on Canadian rivers, a pair of long skates on smooth ice, with favorable wind, is the most enjoyable. You may "fly" in an ice-boat, but it is cold comfort to sit in this frail bark on an ideal winter day, be the speed ever so great, imagining you are sitting with your feet in a bucket of cold water, your teeth chattering the while. You may sit in a light sleigh behind a "flyer" in the way of horseflesh, going at 2.40 pace, the cold wind and particles of ice cutting into your flesh. You may, as a contrast, with or without snow-shoes, haul toboggan loaded with a fat cariboo on your return from the green woods and forests, where success has attended your efforts in the chase. But for me, a bright Canadian winter day, with smooth ice, the wind favorable (an important consideration), a 70 mile "voyage" on skates in prospect, and "the winds come to me from the fields of sleep, and all the earth is gay."

What has been considered an unusual feat of skating—from Fredericton, N.B., to St. John, a distance of about 70 miles in five and a half hours—has been accomplished by the writer of these notes, with a young friend, a few years ago. Since that time, I have tried, but in vain, with varied experience of pleasure and pain, to equal or exceed this speed in my trippings on skates to and from St. John. It may not therefore be without interest to the readers that I should describe somewhat in detail the ups and downs of such a trip, in order to prove that this is a delightful means of locomotion if all goes well, but the reverse if wind and weather (however good the ice) be against you.

Oh! the joy of scudding along at a pace of 12 or 13 miles an hour for four or five consecutive hours (you may go 15 miles an hour for a spurt), from point to point of the river in its many windings, without any apparent exertion. You have merely to stand upon your long skates, and strike out gently, keeping your balance the while, and you glide along down this Rhine of America in perfect enjoyment of health and activity. The question, "Is life worth living?" has no place in your mind. You may be sailing under a "bare pole," or nearly so, if you have reached middle age, from whence you have that delightful prospect—downhill. But here you can compete with a youth of 18; the high northwest wind and the clear frosty air are doing for you what no "elixir of life" can do in a damp southern clime.

The previous evening you have paid several visits to the