

The distance from Wakefield, the last place of my residence, to Quebec, is 260 miles. The first half of the journey or voyage is through a desert with the houses 20 miles distant apart. And even for that favour the traveller may thank the sympathy of the late Sir George Prevost, who took veterans from the army, and gave them farms and three years provisions, to settle the wilderness, on account of the great number of travellers who had perished in these pathless woods.

From Wakefield you stem the rapids of the river St. John in a canoe; next the more formidable rapids of the river Madawasca. Here, however, the heart is gladdened with the only settlement, the beautiful French settlement of Madawasca, with a Roman Chapel and a few stores. These people have to go in their birch canoes 150 miles to market, to Fredericton, and work back against the current. Here in this beautiful and hospitable settlement I would have made a final stop, had it been in my power to procure drugs. But this is a difficulty so great with a surgeon in British America, that a citizen of the United States can form no adequate idea of the business. Madawasca is large and without a physician in it, and not a single person, of any nation, but French, within it. At this place I thought it prudent to consult Col. Du Perry, (a member of the legislature, &c.) for the Priest was gone to Fredericton, it being barely seasonable to go with the current, but not to stem it. Col. Du Perry warned me and my guide of our extreme danger and the impossibility of ascending the Madawasca without another waterman. I took his admonition and found it wise.

From the river Madawasca you go over the lake Tamescotta, the navigating of which, with safety, depends on a series of bountiful Providence; for should there be the least breeze, the billows of the lake are more formidable than those of the western ocean, and the canoe and its contents are inevitably swallowed up. After passing over this terrific lake, we landed near the frontiers of Canada, at the house of Monsieur Long, universally known in these parts. Here I took a sorrowful leave of Mr. Farley, my faithful guide, who had brought me 150 miles in a canoe, and the next morning at the dawn of day, taking a like leave of my hostess, with my provision on my back, I commenced my pedestrian journey of