

assembled at Mr. C——'s, I thought I would hold an auction, which resulted in great fun and laughter, the purchasers being chiefly lumberers, who bid against each other with much spirit.

*Wednesday, 31st.*—A couple of sleighs coming past on their way to the Mouth, I wished Mrs. C—— and her kind-hearted family good-by, and took my last farewell of the Tobique. We reached "Jenning's" before nightfall, and found another party also spending the night there. King Frost has resumed his awful sway. So glorious a day as this I have rarely seen—cloudless, glittering. The trees are queer objects now, sometimes inexpressibly beautiful. I have got beaded mocassins and bags from Moulton.

*7th Sunday.*—Here I am at Mrs. Costigan's inn at the Great Falls. The day after my arrival I went under the guidance of Mr. M—— to view the great roaring lion of the place, and a grim, savage-looking monster he is, and a cold, gloomy, dismal scene—the huge curtains and hanging sheets, and draperies of green ice, fantastically and delicately covered, it is true—beautiful, exquisitely beautiful in detail, like the richest ornamental carving of Gothic architecture, and, like it, too gloomy and grand in the aggregate