

communication by rail with the west bank of the river and the railways from the States.

Portland, although separated from St. John by only an ordinary street, has hitherto resisted all attempts at absorption or union; remaining, as it seems likely to remain, for some time to come, the City of Portland.

The St. John River is a noble stream, and at its mouth forms a spacious harbour which never freezes. The temperature of the water in the bay being apparently too high, and the rise of the tide being so great that the formation of ice is impossible. A very interesting feature of the river near where it passes beneath the bridge is the "Falls," the peculiarity being that the water falls alternately up and down the river. This strange phenomenon is caused by the reciprocal action of the tide and the river, which at this point flows through a channel which is not wide enough for the volume of water. The rock forms a sort of dam over which the water falls at low tide, a distance of several feet into the harbour. When the tide comes in the relations of the river and the *flowing ocean* are reversed. The height of the fall into the basin is gradually diminished till an equilibrium is established. This in turn is followed by the rising of the level on the seaward side of the bar, when the strange sight of water falling up the river can be seen. This rock bar is almost the only objectionable feature in the magnificent harbour, and it does not seem that it would be a very difficult thing to overcome this. The river was formerly named Ouequodie, said to mean "Winding River," and it seems a pity that in this case, as in many others in America, the native euphonic name with its legendary associations should have been laid aside even for the venerated name it bears. The only place where I have seen the old name is upon one of the steam

ferry boats which bears the old Indian name "The Ouanquodie," and even then is said to be a corruption of the original name. The seaboard of the province is rock bound, bleak and uninviting in appearance. Inland, the river winds its way among bold, craggy rocks, through scenery which experienced tourists speak of in raptures, not unfrequently saying it reminds them of the Hudson. It is less bold and distant, the sweep of the valley is not so grand, but the comparison is by no means out of place. The sail up the river to the capital, Fredericton, is certainly one of the most delightful which could be desired. Farther up into the interior of the province is a region of very great agricultural value and beauty. On all sides for many miles the eye ranges over vistas of land of the best quality, finely diversified in bold rolling outline, and watered by innumerable streams and lakes.

It strikes a stranger as something not easily understood, how a region of such beauty and evident fertility should have been so imperfectly known for so long a time. All this is on the eve of being changed, however. The New Brunswick Railroad are pushing their line through this part of the province to touch the I. C. R. at Rivière-de-loup, or Rivière Ouelle, and when this is done, and the Megantic line from Quebec is run through, the interior of the province, will be readily accessible. It would be hard to find a more delightful scene for a holiday trip or ramble than can be found in New Brunswick. One has the influence of the sea air, a bracing, healthful atmosphere, and delightful romantic scenery. "The fog" is one of the standing orders. Of course during certain seasons of the year it wraps everything in a dreary drizzling moistness, suggestive of Mr. Mantellini's determination at all hazards to be a "damp, disagree-