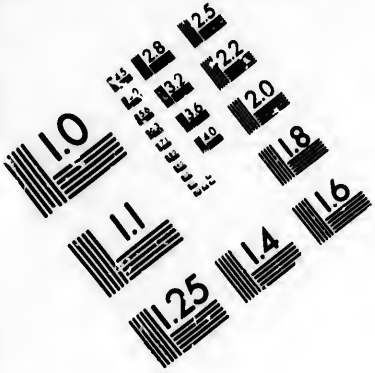


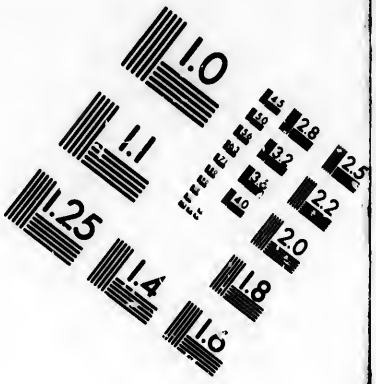
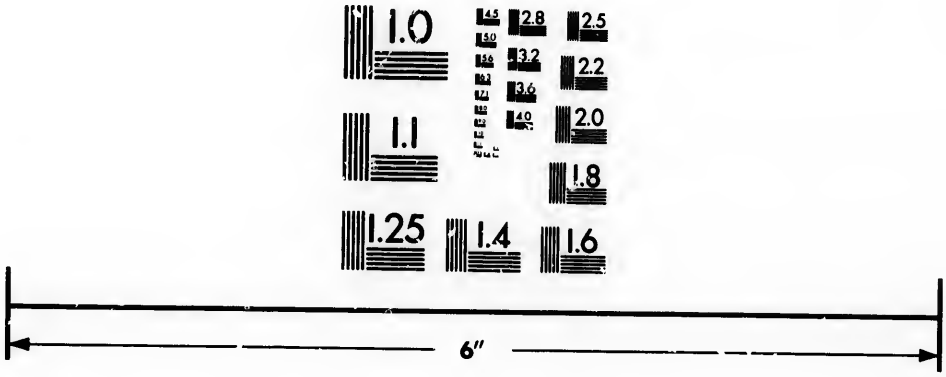
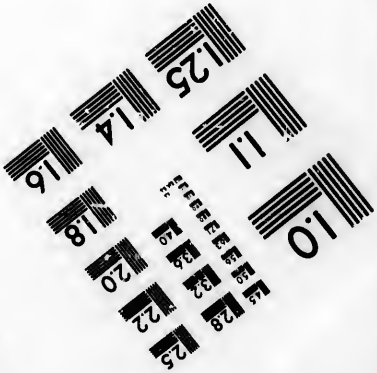


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)





Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- ☐ Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur
- ☐ Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée
- ☐ Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- ☐ Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque
- ☐ Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur
- ☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/ Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- ☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- ☐ Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents
- ☐ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/ La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- ☐ Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/ Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- ☐ Additional comments:/ Commentaires supplémentaires:

- ☐ Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur
- ☐ Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées
- ☐ Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- ☑ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- ☐ Pages detached/ Pages détachées
- ☑ Showthrough/ Transparence
- ☐ Quality of print varies/ Qualité inégale de l'impression
- ☐ Includes supplementary material/ Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- ☐ Only edition available/ Seule édition disponible
- ☐ Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/ Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
				✓							

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

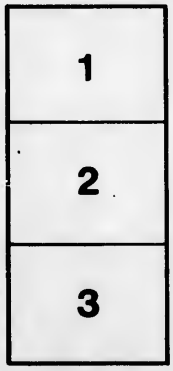
Library of the Public
Archives of Canada

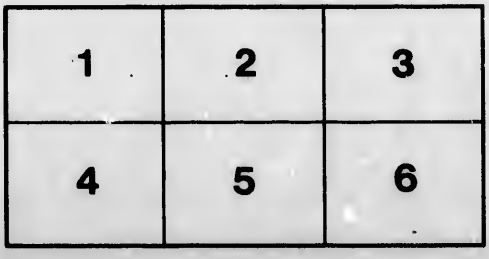
The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol ⟶ (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ▽ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:





L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

La bibliothèque des Archives
publiques du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole ⟶ signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ▽ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

32X

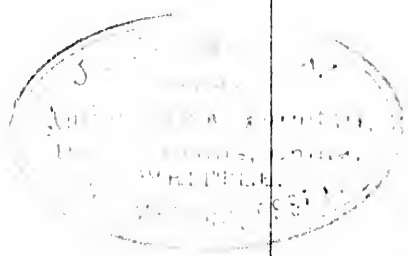
RE-PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION.

WILDERNESS JOURNEYS

IN

NEW BRUNSWICK,

IN 1862-3.



BY THE

HON. ARTHUR HAMILTON GORDON,

Lieutenant Governor, &c., &c.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.
J. & A. M'MILLAN, PUBLISHERS, 78 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.
1864.

WILDERNESS

JOURNEYS IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

BY THE HON. ARTHUR GORDON.

[*Reprinted from Vacation Tourists for* 1862-63.]

DURING the period of my residence in New Brunswick the exploration of its rivers and forests has formed the chief recreation of my leisure time. To visit the already settled districts of the province, and examine into the growth and condition of rising townships, is a part of my official duty; but the expeditions to which I refer, and which have led through vast tracts of unbroken wilderness, entitle me in all strictness to assume the designation of a "Vacation Tourist."

It had originally been my intention to have described these wanderings in some detail, but on carefully looking over my various journals, I came to the conclusion that whilst a minute narrative of such journeys might form a not unsuitable,—though somewhat sleep-inducing,—paper for a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, it would prove sadly uninteresting to the general public, consisting, as it for the most part would, of a monotonous itinerary, in which the events of day after day were almost precisely similar for weeks together; whilst the notes taken had chiefly reference to the number of hours travelled by land or water, the various birds, plants, or animals observed during the day, the nature of the vegetation or the soil, the course and volume of the streams crossed, or falling into the river which (if we were in canoes), formed our highway, together with, in this case, the elevation and aspect of the banks as we proceeded. I have therefore relinquished this idea, and propose simply to throw together a few sketches of forest life—a few descriptive notes of such natural objects as have most vividly attracted my attention—and a few curious legends which I have learned from the Indian companions of my rambles. I have no remarkable discoveries to record, or exciting personal adventures to narrate, yet it is possible that these pages may not be wholly uninteresting to

English readers both as containing some particles of information with reference to one of the least known dependencies of the British Crown, and as descriptive of a mode of life which, however frequently described, must always preserve an attraction for the young and adventurous.

There is a charm in forest life and its freedom, which is ever new for those who have strength of body and a temper of mind which enable them to enjoy it, but which is almost inexplicable to those who have never tried it, or never surrendered themselves to its influence; for the many drawbacks and disagreeables which attend life in a wilderness are easily described and almost self-evident, whilst its pleasures are more difficult to define. A most repulsive picture of camp life, even in summer, might be drawn without any departure from truth—musquitoes and sand-flies tormenting the traveller by night, black flies biting him well-nigh into madness by day, with the alternative of a cramped seat for hours of broiling sunshine in a frail canoe, or a tread-mill like walk through close stifling woods, perpetually climbing over the trunks of fallen and decaying trees, sometimes many feet from the probably wet and swampy ground. He has but hard and uncertain fare to look forward; perhaps a wet night to sleep in, to be followed it may be by steady rain, drenching every article of clothing or consumption. All these little miseries, duly coloured and dwelt on, would go far to make life in the woods, even in summer, appear but a dubious pleasure; whilst, as for a winter camp, it would not be hard to show that a man, who with the thermometer 20° below zero, deliberately leaves his fireside and arm-chair for a bed on the snow, there to be begrimed with smoke and browned with dirt, must be little short of insane.

Of the forests in other parts of America I have no knowledge; but certainly those in New Brunswick are very unlike what my imagination had pictured from description. I remember in my boyish days reading in Cooper's novels of parties travelling on horseback through the woods for days together, without any apparent difficulty. I should like to see the horse that could make its way over the loose masses of windfall, and through the tangled underbrush and broad belts of swamp which form a New Brunswick thicket! So difficult indeed is progression through the unbroken woods, unless a way is cut

with axes as the party proceeds, that recourse is almost always had to the water, and any expedition chooses the line of one of the numerous rivers for its route, only makeing short occasional trips inland from the banks.

For these voyages two kinds of canoe are used—that of birch bark, or those dug out of a single log. The latter are used by the white settlers exclusively, and have the advantage of standing rough shocks, which would crush the frail bark craft like an egg-shell; but they draw more water, and as they are necessarily very narrow, they are both uncomfortable and unsafe, as the slightest incautious movement is sufficient to upset them, or rather to jerk overboard the unwary occupant. The bark canoe again has two varieties, adapted to the different services to which it may be put. The Melicete tribe, who live along the St. John and other inland rivers, build narrow canoes with a gunwale even along its whole length, or if anything slightly depressed in the centre: the Micmacs, on the other hand, who live on the sea-coast, and whose canoes are exposed to rough weather, adopt a different model, far broader in the beam, and with gunwales which rise towards the centre and curve inwards, to protect the canoe from shipping seas in broken water. The Melicete canoe holds two persons, or perhaps three—that of the Micmacs will comfortably carry two or more passengers and two paddlers. In shallow or broken water the paddles are exchanged for long poles, by which the canoes are urged against the stream or warded off rocks and bars if descending with the current. Of course the distance travelled varies greatly according to the strength of the stream. In descending the Metapedia, I have gone more than fifty miles in less then ten hours, including a long mid-day halt; in ascending a river, I think three miles an hour is a very good average rate of speed; the progress made is generally less.

To those who are keenly alive to impressions from natural objects, few things are more delightful than to drop down some great river, where every frequent turn presents, notwithstanding the monotony of continual forest, some new view; and where, as you smoothly glide on, a perpetual succession of fresh pictures is presented to the eye—where the play of the sunlight on the leaves, and rocks and water;—the beautiful kingfishers startled from

their nests;—the great owl waked by the splash of the poles or the sound of voices, and winking and blinking from his cedar bough;—the small excitement of the descent of some foaming rapid;—the sight of flowers bright and unknown, and of ferns almost tropical in their luxuriance;—the mid-day halt under the shade of some spreading tree;—the luxurious bathe in the still, lazy warmth of noon;—the pauses to fish at any tempting pool;—all combine to make the day pass in dreamy delight. Towards evening, the declining sun warns us to camp. All eyes are turned in search of some suitable spot, and at the first which appears eligible the canoes are run to the shore and lifted carefully out of the water. The spot thus selected may be sometimes a sandy or pebbly little promontory, jutting into the swift stream which runs round it with musical murmur;—sometimes a grassy bank bare of trees;—sometimes the beach;—sometimes, indeed, no natural camping-ground offers itself, and a space has to be cleaned for it by the axe in the thick forest. Those who land are immediately surrounded by swarms of biting, buzzing, stinging, humming insects, and the first thing done is, to diminish their annoyance, by making a smoke, if possible, with the dry aromatic bark of the American cedar, to the scent of which they entertain a special aversion, The site for the camp is chosen where the current of air, which always blows up or down the river, may have free access to it; the skins and packs are dragged out of the canoes, and thrown down on the spot, and the party separates to perform their respective shares in constructing the camp. Saplings are soon felled, and a couple of forks erected at such a distance from each other as the number of the party may require, a ridge pole placed on them, and then other saplings laid against this, over which is stretched a piece of sail-cloth, should the party possess such a luxury; if not, or if the weather threatens heavy rain during the night, their labour is prolonged. A spruce tree of some size is selected, a long straight cut made, and the bark stripped off in long rolls, about a foot broad; these rolls are then stretched across the camp instead of the sail-cloth, and a few more poles or stones added to keep them flat. In front the camp is open along its whole length, and here the fire is made. I had always supposed that the camp fire would be round,

but this is not the case. It is invariably composed of long logs, some six or eight feet in length, supported on short thick billets, placed transversely by way of dogs to secure a current of air below the fire. It is the duty of one of the party to cut a sufficient supply of long logs to last all night. Another will appear with his arms full of short spruce boughs. These are for bedding, and on the mode in which they are laid down greatly depends our comfort for the night. The raw beginner, who throws his bundle on the ground anyhow, will wake with an uncomfortable sensation of pointed sticks running into his back. The best of the various methods in use is probably that which thrusts the broken wood into the earth, and covers the lower part of each bough with the upper part of that next put down. Such a bed, covered with a bear or buffalo skin, is as dry, springy, and comfortable a couch as any man can desire.

Meanwhile, others have put their rods together and are employed in catching fish for supper nearly as fast as they can throw the fly, for trout are plentiful and unsuspicious in these regions. The faces of some of the fishermen are probably covered by muslin masks, as a protection against the black flies, now more tormenting than ever, as though conscious that their reign is about to expire. Suddenly, about sunset, their attacks cease, and in a few minutes not one of the swarm that has so pertinaciously hovered round you during the day is to be seen. Intensely relieved, you throw off the few garments you have on, and again plunge into the clear river. Preparations for supper are meanwhile advancing, and all are fully prepared to do it ample justice whatever it may be. We squat upon the ground behind the fire—if we have plates we take them on our knees, if we have none a piece of birch bark supplies the want; and do we wish to clean such a platter all we have to do is to pull off the uppermost layer of bark and lo! a fresh plate is before us. There is hardly any limit to the uses to which birch bark may be put; it makes not only our dishes, but our cups and our candles too. The nature of our supper depends partly on the locality and partly upon chance. Fried salt pork and biscuit we are sure of, and, unless very unlucky, or on one of the few rivers where fish are not, we may count on a dish of splendid trout, if not salmon, to say nothing of

such accidential luxuries as partridge (and the white partridge is excellent) or rabbit ; or the more questionable delicacies of boiled beaver, or musquash soup. Beaver, however, is very good, especially the tail, which is all fat—(the flesh itself tastes somewhat like coarse tongue with a soupçon of a flavour of hare)—and I have readily devoured musquash and wild onions. And why not?—Oh, no reason at all good reader, only it might not sound so palatable if I were to translate the name and write *rat*. Unless our stock of flour is exhausted we add damper after the Australian fashion. All this is washed down with strong tea, and *nothing else*. A total abstinence from all spirituous liquors makes the whole difference as to comfort on such excursions. The slightest use of them makes the assaults of the black flies and other noxious insects a serious torture instead of a matter of comparative indifference; and the great parties of woodcutters or lumberers almost invariably confine themselves wholly to tea whilst in the woods. I am afraid, on their return to the settlements, they too often indemnify themselves for their enforced temperance.

By the time supper is over, night has fallen ;—the fire throws its bright light into the recesses of the wood, illuminating the lounging red or purple-shirted figures, or causing some small tree to stand out all brilliant against a dark background, and producing Rembrandt-like effects, on the groups of men, and on all surrounding objects, which I never tire of watching. We smoke and roll ourselves in our blankets, and soon the camp sinks into a sound and dreamless sleep. I have passed the night, shivering on a mountain side, waiting for dawn. I have passed it stretched on the long grass of the Hauran, snatching short slumbers under the Syrian moonlight, with my horse's bridle round my arm. I have spent it in many different places, under circumstances calculated to inspire strange and solemn thoughts, but never anywhere with so awful a sense of man's insignificance, and of the calm changelessness of nature, as in the depths of the American forest. In cities, each day seems a well-defined period, sharply cut off from those which preceded and those which are to follow it ; but in the wilderness one learns to realize the ceaseless march of twilight and dawn, and day, and noon, evening, twilight, night and dawn, and twilight, and day again, in

its unbroken course, and to feel one's own helplessness and littleness. The daily petition, too, for daily bread acquires new force when offered in its literal meaning, and where for the day's food one is in some measure dependent on the living creatures that may chance to cross one's path during its course.

Dawn comes—the black flies happily are late risers, and if not unlucky we obtain our morning swim unmolested by them. Breakfast is eaten, the canoes are launched, and we are off again, leaving the expiring fire to send its curls of blue smoke idly into the air, and the deserted lodge to stand a relic of man's visit till prostrated by some storm, or torn down by the clumsy curiosity of some inquisitive bear.

Such is the nature of daily life during a canoe voyage, when unrelieved by incidents of hunting or discovery such as frequently diversify it, but pleasing, nevertheless, even in its monotony. Sometimes, however, I have made journeys on foot. The first trial-trip which I undertook was of this nature, and though not of very long duration, was in some respects more arduous than any of my subsequent expeditions. Our plan was to explore the river Nashwaak to its source, thence to cross in a direct line through the forest to the river Miramichi, and then descend that river till we again reached the confines of civilization. On this occasion, we only contemplated an absence from Fredericton of about a fortnight, and canoes were sent from Boiestown on the Miramichi to meet us at the Miramichi lake, in the neighbourhood of which point we expected to strike the river. The Nashwaak, the upper course of which it was our intention to explore, is a tributary of the St. John, into which river it falls opposite to the city of Fredericton, and consequently at a distance of about ninety miles from the sea. For some thirty miles above the confluence its banks are well settled, and its course very beautiful, running between hills which occasionally recede leaving a broad margin of rich hay-land, studded with fine elms and thriving farms, and sometimes approach their steep banks of mingled hard-wood and fir close to the river's edge. Our party consisted, besides myself, of my Adjutant General, Lieutenant-Colonel C——, Mr. W——, one of my secretaries, and a Melicete Indian from the camp opposite Fredericton, Gabriel by name, the pet guide and huntsman of the garrison—a clever fellow, speaking good

English, which, however, as he had learnt it chiefly from officers, abounded in odd expressions of military slang. Our first day's destination was the head of the settlements in the parish of Stanley, and to this point we drove by a direct road, on the 10th June, 1862. The air was thick and close with the smoke of burning woods, and at one point we passed a place where the forest was at the time on fire. Taking advantage of a halt to bait the horses, we bathed in the Tay Creek, a pretty stream, with banks of wood and rock, reminding me of many a well-remembered Perthshire burn. This bathe is memorable to me as my first introduction to the detestable black flies. Whilst dressing, we had noticed a number of small flies resembling the common house-fly in shape and appearance, but of smaller size, hovering about us; and on returning to the carriage, we observed that C——'s face and neck were bleeding in several places. What could have caused this? Surely not those tiny flies! The idea was at once rejected with disdain; but we were destined experimentally to learn wisdom on this subject at no distant time.

The farmer at whose house we had intended to sleep was absent from home, and we accordingly proceeded through fine woods of maple, elm, and butternut, only partially cleared, to the settlement of Mr. Johnson, an emigrant from the north of Ireland, which we reached about 6-15 p.m. This farm had every appearance of being as prosperous as any I had seen in the province. Fine cows were roaming about; the tinkling bells, which are always suspended to their necks to prevent their being lost by straying into the forest, sounding pleasantly in the twilight. A large amount of land had been cleared, a substantial, whitewashed house, with a verandah, erected, and the whole place wore an air of progress and comfort. Mr. Johnson was at work in a field, in which he was still chopping at tree-stumps, and was just concluding his day's work when we approached, and asked him if he could let us sup and sleep at his house. His reply was characteristic of the country: "No man, white or black, is ever turned away by me." In the evening I sat long with him on the edge of the verandah, discussing the working of the common school system, and watching the fire-flies, or as they are styled by the people, with more descriptive accuracy than poetical elegance—*lightning bugs!*

We slept on the floor of one of Mr. Johnson's rooms, and at five on the following morning started in earnest on our forest walk. Each man carried a knapsack, containing a few clothes, and ration of salt pork, biscuit, and tea—a blanket strapped on the top of the pack, and in his hand a gun or fishing-rod. Gabriel carried, in addition, the tea-kettle and frying pan.

Our way at first lay along a well-defined path, in a westerly direction, through a thick forest of elm and maple, and though occasionally interrupted by a fallen tree or low growth of underbrush, was perfectly easy to perceive and to traverse. The soft earth near the margins of the little streams we forded was abundantly printed with tracks of the lynx, the moose, and the bear, some of which were very fresh; but the only creature we came upon was a partridge, which W. shot. After walking about three hours, the character of the forest suddenly changed, and showed a great preponderance of various kinds of fir, which however had again given place to hard-wood before we reached the Little Nashwaak lake, the embouchure of which we forded, and where, after an unsatisfactory bathe in shallow water, we breakfasted, surrounded by beautiful yellow swallow-tailed butterflies.

The Little Nashwaak lake is a small sheet of water to the south of the river, with which it is connected by a very short passage. From this point we proposed to follow the Nashwaak river, (which we here touched for the first time since leaving Fredericton), closely to its source.

About half-past ten we again set out through the forests on the right bank, and I do not know that I have ever been more tired in my life than by this morning's walk. We wandered on through the thick and trackless woods, heavily loaded, through stifling heat, and surrounded by countless swarms of insects, whilst our progress was so slow, owing to the thickness of the wood and the number of windfalls, as to permit of their feeding on us at their pleasure. At length, after a long descent, we again reached the river, and so thoroughly exhausted were we, that sinking on the shore, we all fell fast asleep, almost before we could throw off the loads on our backs, regardless of black flies or exposure. How long we slept I do not know, but when we woke we found ourselves,—(well bitten),—by the side of a very pretty Scotch-looking stream, among

slaty rocks shadowed by bright green foliage. Here we rested some time, caught fish and ate them; and when the heat of the day was abated, forded the river, and continued the journey on the left bank—each of us carrying in his hand a torch of cedar-bark, as some defence against the flies. Such a torch goes on smouldering and smoking for hours, if care is taken not to permit it to burst into a flame. At last we camped. I have never, in all my subsequent experience, known the black flies so utterly intolerable as on this and the succeeding day. For an hour before their disappearance for the night, this evening, we sat apart, each absorbed in his own miseries, his face buried in his hands, unable to move, or talk, or think. On the following day, when compelled to stand still for a short time, whilst Gabriel was searching for signs to direct as to the course we were to take, we plunged into three several spruce trees, and endeavoured (vainly, alas!), by pulling the boughs rapidly to and fro over our persons, to keep the enemy at a distance. The mosquito of North America appears comparatively harmless to any one who has afforded a meal to those found on the plains of Syria;—the sand-fly—"Bite him no see him," as the Indians, or "brulard," as the French, equally appropriately call them—though irritating, do no harm;—(the sensation is like that of a minute hot ash falling on the skin);—but the black fly is indeed a pest, and happy are the dwellers in Europe, where they are unknown. Fussy, restless, pertinacious, finding entrance at every aperture in one's clothes, thronging into ears, eyes, and nostrils, drawing blood, and leaving an irritating wound, they are no light drawback to the pleasures of a forest life.

It would be tedious to dwell minutely on the remainder of our journey. The river's course lay almost always through fine hard-wood, but it was difficult to keep as near to it as we desired, and we often lost our way altogether. The feeling of confinement was unsatisfactory. A small circle of tree-stems was all that we could see, unless we were actually looking up or down the river, where the views were generally pretty. It was impossible, as we went along, to learn anything of the aspect of the country; for though we went up high hills, we never got a view of any extent out of the trees immediately round us. Our last Nashwaak camp, however, perhaps deserves descrip-

tion. After wandering about a good deal in a circuitous direction in the forest, we came down a bank towards the river. On one side rose the high bank we had descended, on the other was a wooded flat. The river was broad and black, and perfectly still and dead, without perceptible current. Near our camp it was overhung by a large willow, and a magnificent black birch—one of the finest I have ever seen—rose high above the other trees on the opposite bank. The whole appearance of the scene was mysterious and dismal, resembling that of the deserted and neglected lake of some great park which had been abandoned by its owner, and over which hung some gloomy association. Nor was the mysterious aspect of the place diminished by the only noise we heard—the continued drumming of the partridges, of which the deep, hollow, muffled tones sounded all night through the forest.

To a wet night succeeded a showery morning. Silently we packed, and resumed our way with somewhat depressed spirits. The river was dark and still, the air heavy and warm, the saturated foliage motionless and loaded with moisture, which descended on us in showers at the slightest touch, the drumming of the partridges had ceased, and an absolute silence prevailed, which weighed oppressively on the mind. Walking was very difficult, as our way lay through a wholly untrodden forest full of windfalls, and overrun by tangled undergrowth. We had to ford a succession of creeks, and crossed repeatedly from side to side of the river, which had here scarcely any perceptible current. But our efforts to reach the lake which is supposed to form the source of the Nashwaak were all destined to be fruitless. After crossing the stream, we frequently left the swampy tangled thicket on its banks for the comparatively dry ground and opener wood of the higher ridges in the neighbourhood. Here, at last, after, as I am inclined to think, mistaking a branch for the main stream, we lost the river altogether, and, after vain searching for it from the tree-tops, gave up the quest, and followed a direct line due north, which, about one o'clock, led us down to the bank of a broad clear river, which Gabriel pronounced to be the Miramichi. We struck it just above the confluence of two branches, and the meeting of the waters presented a very lovely scene—the lovelier, perhaps, in our eyes, for our previous confine-

ment to a narrow circle of tree-stems. Two large streams, broad as the Thames at Henley, flowed quietly together, the point of their junction being marked by two large pines, which overhung the stream, and formed a striking contrast to the hard-wood forest which backed them. Far away in the distance, seen over the trees, were the purple summits of a distant mountain. All was quiet and calm and still, but it was a peaceful, tranquil stillness, very different in its impression from the *eery* deadness of our camp of the previous night. We caught a number of trout, and dined, and then after going down the river bank for about a mile, we resolved to take to the water as an easier mode of progression, for we were still far above the point where the canoes were awaiting us. Gabriel led us to a deserted camp, high above the river, which supplied us with materials for constructing a couple of rude catamarans on which to place ourselves and our effects. After two hours' work these were completed, and we launched ourselves into the stream, not, however, without having first narrowly escaped setting fire to the forest; a small fire made to keep off the maddening attacks of the black flies, having spread into and under a bank of rotten wood and rubbish in such a manner, as to cause us the utmost difficulty in extinguishing it.

The river here was broad and the stream gentle, and we glided very pleasantly along among water-lilies and wild ducks, till we reached a turn above some rapids, where Gabriel thought it best to stop for the night, which we accordingly did, Being very tired no camp was made, and we lay down in the bright moonshine, with a fire at our feet, and beyond it, what looked like a garden composed of tall green succulent plants.

The next morning, Gabriel floated the unloaded rafts through the rapids, whilst we carried the goods to a point below them. In a few miles more we again approached rather serious rapids, and prepared to *portage* again. Gabriel undertook to bring down one, and W—— the other raft, whilst C—— and I carried our diminished stores, and watched for the descent of the voyagers. Gabriel came down successfully, his catamaran merely touching on a rocky point and then swinging off from it into the full rush of the hurrying waters, which brought him down all right into the pool below. W—— was not

so fortunate. His raft struck full upon the same rock on which Gabriel's had touched, and being pressed against it by the force of the water, began to lose its shape and break up. He was soon standing on a mere loose mass of timber, which floated away piecemeal from under him. He tried to reach the rock, failed, and was the next minute in the boiling current, struggling towards the shore, whilst C——, who was nearer the bank than I, rushed into the river to pick up the bits of the raft as they floated by, which we succeeded in cobbling together again after a fashion.

All this was sufficiently exciting, but it must be confessed that a prolonged catamaran voyage is somewhat wearisome and tedious. After the passage of the rapids we continued to drift down without any further adventure, and our progress was both too slow and too wet to be pleasant. Our own catamaran was nearly under water, whilst that navigated by W—— and C—— was always in danger of coming bodily to pieces whenever the frail craft impinged on a rock—a very frequent occurrence—though C—— and W—— spent great part of their time in the water endeavouring to ward off such collisions. Moreover, the waterlogged condition of their machine, and their want of Gabriel's experience in its conduct, made their progress even slower than ours, and we had constantly to stop in order to allow them to keep within any reasonable distance, and to be at hand in case assistance should be really wanted. At length, about five o'clock, one lovely summer evening, our crazy rafts neared a point beyond which, in Gabriel's opinion, it would be hopeless to attempt to carry them, as there was there a considerable fall and dangerous rapid. Nearing this point we came upon a very pretty spot, at which the river, before turning sharply to the north, opened out into a little lake. Behind the woods which fringed a still mirror-like pool, rose high and graceful hills, clothed in the richest young summer foliage, bright with every tint of golden green, and bathed in the still sunshine of evening. Our logs struck heavily on a sunken rock, and we had just observed that this hidden foe would altogether demolish our comrades' craft, when a thin line of blue smoke, rising into the air, caught Gabriel's eye, and almost at the same moment a log canoe shot rapidly out from behind a promontory, and darted over the black glassy

surface of the water towards us, its red shirted occupants uttering a whoop of recognition. In a few minutes we were on board the canoe, and our abandoned catamaran was floating down the stream to find its way to the sea as best it might,—to remain a broken pile of drift wood under some rock, or float round and round in an eddy, till flood or frost changed the current of the river's life. All difficulty and discomfort were now over. We found a luxurious spruce bark camp, with soft spruce boughs to sleep on, and skins to cover us, fresh provisions, and clean dry clothes,—even plates and knives. There being still some hours of daylight, W—— and I went out on the chance of a shot at a moose. W—— as the younger and more eager shot had the foremost canoe—for me the novelty and beauty of the scene sufficed.

We went up the little winding stream which leads to Lake Miramichi, and a more lovely evening I never remember to have seen. The absence of all human sounds gave an impression of deep and solemn stillness, and yet air and water were full of life, and the attentive ear caught the plash of the frightened water-rat as it plunged into the stream ; the gurgling bubble of the diving musquash ; the rise of startled water-fowl among the sedges ; the hum of the laden bee homeward-bound ; the buzz of myriad insects near the water's surface. Sometimes we shot under tall trees, which bent towards each other from either bank and canopied the stream,—sometimes by low stunted wood, above which the mountains could be plainly seen,—sometimes through reedy swamps,—sometimes through tangled spruce woods ; but ever turning and turning, and ever moving rapidly over clear brimming water. It was my first experience of a log-canoe, and much as I had heard on the subject, I was unprepared for the marvellous skill and dexterity with which it was handled. At one point we fairly ascended a small waterfall, going up its steps as if up a staircase. At length, at a sudden turn, we burst into the Miramichi Lake. Very lovely, indeed, it looked in the waning sunlight,—a perfect picture of placid repose. Hills of soft rounded outline and considerable height, densely clothed with hard-wood, rose from the water and were reflected into it; whilst every shade of beautiful colouring, purple, blue, and crimson, tinged hills and woods, and water, and the low mist gathering on the sur-

face of the lake. In the distance, we saw two moose, one feeding at the edge of the lake, the other swimming in its waters. In again descending the stream, we came upon another of these huge animals feeding very near the bank. W—— took good aim, and pulled the trigger; but our catamaran voyage had damped the caps, and the gun hung fire. Before he could fire his second barrel the moose was gone, nor did we see another that night though we twice heard them crashing through the Woods. We did not return to camp till nine P. M. when we were ready to do ample justice to an abundant supper.

The next day we commenced our canoe voyage down the river,—which here runs in a north-easterly direction,—by a descent of falls and rapids, certainly well calculated to inspire the inexperienced beginner with considerable astonishment. But the command exercised over the canoe appears nearly as great in the roughest as in the smoothest water, its progress being occasionally suddenly arrested in mid career, or turned from the very edge of a threatening rock, with a nicety which nothing but constant practice can give. The scenery all day was very beautiful, though the hills were somewhat monotonous in form. Their rich and varied clothing of hard-wood, however, saved them from being wearisome. At one island where we stopped for a short time, I noticed the mixture of slate and quartz, which forms the home of gold, but none has yet been discoverered on this river. We stopped for the night at one of the best fishing stations, "Burnt Hill," and actually halted in the middle of a rapid. We failed, however, to see any salmon, partly because the water was still too cold to have admitted of their ascent in any numbers, and partly on account of the obstructions which fish have to surmount, and which bid fair, in no long time, to extinguish the as yet highly profitable salmon fisheries of the province. Laws and regulations are made for their protection, but they are seldom enforced, and individual selfishness seeks unchecked to reap an immediate harvest, regardless of the interests of the future. I have myself seen on this very river a net habitually stretched across its whole breadth, and remaining down, I have every reason to believe, for weeks together.

Our halting place at Burnt Hill struck our whole party as wearing a singularly theatrical appearance. The thin

edges of the slate rock, which here have an almost vertical dip, strangely resembled the pasteboard side-scenes of a theatre, whilst a "practicable" stair-like path and narrow terrace, just able to contain a few figures on the hill-side, greatly added to the operatic aspect of the whole place.

The rest of our voyage to Boiestown was accomplished without adventure; the river preserving through its whole course the same general characteristics. The night before we reached Boiestown, however, we slept in scenery more resembling that of an English park than is usual in the American forest; large single trees standing well apart on a grassy bank, and presenting to our sight something like the glades and clumps of our own country, instead of the tangled litter to which the eye may become accustomed, but which is never agreeable to it.

The land is almost entirely covered with hard-wood, and is consequently of good quality for settlement, but very much of the district we traversed is locked up in the hands of the New Brunswick Land Company, who possess an enormous tract in the County of York, the disposal of which, so long as the provincial government sells land at the rate of three shillings an acre, *payable in labour*, they can hardly hope rapidly to effect.

I was struck, whilst descending the river, by a peculiarity which I then for the first time noticed, but which I have since remarked on almost all the other North American rivers which I have subsequently visited—I mean the rapidity with which they descend from one level to another, without marked rapids or any distinct vertical fall. There will sometimes be a rapid incline for nearly three miles of perfectly unbroken water, not leaping over rocky ledges, or fretting among boulders and wearing out holes in its bed, but running smoothly down hill at an inclination so distinctly visible that the inmates of one canoe will look very decidedly over the heads of those in one but a very short distance below them. This is a feature I have seldom seen in European rivers.

At Boiestown we met my carriage, and went home, well pleased with our excursion, to resume our ordinary course of life.

Very early in July I again started, accompanied this time by W—— and Gabriel only, for the purpose of descending the great Restigouche river, which forms, for a

considerable distance, the boundary between Canada and New Brunswick, and of exploring some of its imperfectly known tributaries, many of which are themselves rivers of very considerable size.

Our journey up the country was in no way remarkable, and on the third day after leaving Fredericton we reached the Grand Falls of the St. John. The little town of Colebrooke, the shire town of the county of Victoria, which is situated just above the falls, is not imposing in its dimensions or population, but what there is of it, is neat and pretty, and it possesses a Court House, which boasts a stupendous portico. The great work, however, at Colebrooke is the suspension bridge which is thrown across the rocky chasm below the falls, and is a structure exceedingly creditable to the engineer who designed, and the government which erected it.

The falls themselves are undeniably fine, and consist of what may by courtesy be called a horse-shoe, but is in reality the junction of two walls of perpendicular rock, placed nearly at right angles to each other, down which the whole waters of the St. John tumble in one leap, and then rush boiling through a deep and narrow gorge of rock for nearly a mile. To compare these falls with those of Niagara, as the good people of the province are fond of doing, is simply ridiculous; nor will they bear comparison with any of the more celebrated Canadian falls, such as Montmorenci or the Chaudiere. They are, however, fine falls, and may decidedly take rank above those on the Ottawa. They are the scene of an Indian legend, which is probably not untrue.

It is related, that a large war-party of Mohawks made a descent on the upper St. John from Canada, for the purpose of exterminating the Melicetes. They carried their canoes with them, and embarked on the St. John below Edmundston, from which point to the Grand Falls the river is perfectly smooth and deep. Not knowing the navigation, they landed and seized two squaws, whom they compelled to act as their guides down the river. When night fell, the different canoes were tied together, so that the warriors might sleep, whilst a few only paddled the leading canoes, under direction of the women, whose boats were tied, the one on the right, the other on the left, of the flotilla. They neared the falls, and still

the women paddled on. The roar of the falling waters rose on the still night air. Those who paddled looked anxious; some few of the sleepers awoke. To lull suspicion, the women spoke of the great stream which here fell into the Walloostook, the Indian name of the St. John; and still they paddled on. When they saw, at length, that the whole mass of canoes in the centre of the river was well entered on the smooth treacherous current, which, looking so calm and gentle, was bearing them irresistibly to the falls, the women leaped into the water, and strove to reach the shore by swimming in the comparatively feeble stream near the banks. Tied inextricably together, the centre canoes drew the others on, and the whole body of the invaders plunged down the cataract, and perished in the foaming waters of the narrow gorge below. I asked eagerly whether the women escaped. It does not speak highly of Indian chivalry that no one knew, or seemed to think it matter worthy of recollection, whether the two squaws had, or had not, sacrificed their own lives in defending those of their tribe.

This fall was, also, the scene of a tragedy of more recent occurrence. Two young men in a canoe found themselves sucked into the current whilst engaged in drawing logs to the shore. They were still some way above the fall, and there was yet a chance of escape. Through vigorous exertion, they might yet reach the bank—perilously near the fall, perhaps, but yet safely. They plied their paddles desperately—too desperately—for one broke with the violence with which it was wielded, and then all hope was over; though some minutes elapsed before, in the sight of the horrified population of Colebrooke, utterly unable to render the least help, the canoe shot over the precipice. The man, whose paddle broke, threw himself down in the bottom of the canoe; the other never ceased paddling towards the side, though hopelessly, till just before the final plunge, when he folded his arms on his breast, and with his paddle waved adieu to the spectators. No trace of the canoe, or of the bodies, was ever seen again.

On crossing the suspension bridge, we find ourselves among a different population. To the south of the Grand Falls the people are exclusively of British descent; in

the northern portion of the county they are almost as exclusively French. This is the once well-known Madawaska settlement,—a name more familiar to the English Parliament and newspapers twenty years ago, than at the present day, but which has steadily flourished and progressed, until it has become one of the most thriving of the purely agricultural portions of the province.

The French population, which forms so large a proportion among the inhabitants of the counties of Westmoreland, Kent, and Gloucester, appears to me as contented as the *habitans* of Victoria, but hardly equally well off. There was an air of comfort and *bien etre* about the large timber two-storied houses painted a dark Indian red standing among the trees, the numerous good horses, the well-tilled fields, and sleek cattle, which is wanting on the sea-coast. We stopped, after a pleasant drive, affording us good views of the beautiful peak of Green River Mountain, at the house of a Monsieur Violet, at the mouth of Grand River, which was to be our starting point. The whole aspect of the farm was that of a *metairie* in Normandy;—the outer doors of the house gaudily painted, the panels of a different color from the frame—the large, open, uncarpeted room, with its bare shining floor—the lasses at the spinning-wheel—the French costume and appearance of Madame Violet and her sons and daughters,—all carried me back to the other side of the Atlantic. After a short conversation with the Violets, we walked down to the bridge, where two log canoes, manned by Frenchmen—three Cyrs and a Thibeaudeau—were waiting for us, and pushed off from the shore. A turn in the river very speedily hid from us the bridge and farm, our empty carriage, and the friends who had accompanied us from Grand Falls, standing on the bank, in the evening sunshine, waving us their farewells; and it was not without pleasure that we felt that the same turn which screened them from our view, separated us, for some time to come, from civilized life.*

* On my way to Canada a few months later, I visited the parishes up the river, and was greatly pleased with all I saw. At Edmundston I was present at the vacation fête of the school of the settlement, and I do not know that, since I first landed in the province, I have ever been more amused than by this festivity. The scholars were assembled in a large barn belonging to the Hon. F. Rice, M.L.C. which was decorated with true French taste, and here they acted various dramatic scenes in French and English. Almost all the

The Grand River, the green banks of which give it a resemblance to some English stream, is a tributary of the St. John, and in its turn possesses a tributary, the Waagansis, which runs within a few miles of the Waagan, a tributary of the Restigouche. A *portage* between these two streams is the regularly recognized mode of access to the Restigouche from the St. John, and of it we proposed to avail ourselves.

We did not proceed far that night, and camped on a sandy spit at a pretty turn of the stream, where it was joined by a little *burn*, which kept up a strong eddy. I give a few extracts from my journal of the following day:—

"Both our watches stopped in the night, but we imagine we woke about 4.30. After a bathe in the clear, dark rapid river, on the bank of which an otter had left the print of his footmarks during the night, we breakfasted and started. The river wound about very much, but did not present many objects of interest on its banks, except that at one very pretty turn, I noticed, almost for the first time in the province, the true English ash. A very few pines were scattered, here and there, among an abundance of spruce, birch, alder, and elm. At length, we reached the Waagansis, a wretched, muddy little stream, overgrown with bushes, through and under which we forced our way slowly, to our great discomfort. On reaching the portage, we expected to find the Micmacs waiting for us, according to their instructions, it having been arranged that they should meet us here, to help to carry our effects across to the Restigouche waters, and that the Frenchmen and their canoes should return home. On the supposition that, misunderstanding their orders, they might have remained on the other side, Gabe, W——, and I crossed, by the portage-path, to the Waa-

children appeared; the younger ones coming forward on the stage, and, after a bow to the audience, uttering some short English proverb, pronounced as though it were a word of one syllable, whilst the older boys and girls performed very creditably portions of the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*," and other pieces. At St. Basil there is an excellent boarding-schoool for young ladies, conducted by Sisters of one of the numerous religious orders which make education their special care. I mention these facts, because the few people in England who know anything at all of the Madawaska settlement probably imagine it to be a howling wilderness of pine forests and swamp, as indeed, I remember hearing it termed in the House of Commons.

gan to look for them, but they were not there. After some consultation, we returned again to the Waagansis, and unloading the canoes, carried our goods across to the Waagan side. These three trips took up the best part of the day, for though the distance does not exceed five or six miles, it was not easy to travel. A portage-path does not imply a gravel road, or even a beaten track, but simply a route indicated by the felling of trees. Our path was often through deep slippery mud and swamp, along logs and fallen timber, and for part of the way along the top of a large beaver-dam, from which I took several sticks, as cleanly and sharply cut as if with a knife. The signs of bears' feet on the mud, and of their claws on the bark of trees, were plentiful; and on our third journey across, we found that in the short interval between that and our previous trip a nest of large black ants in a rotten tree, had been attacked and pillaged by one. The only other natural objects worth notice were a solitary kalmia, the last of the season, I should think—and proving how great the difference is between the climate of this high land and that of Fredericton, where they are long ago over—and the lovely little nest of a Kennedy-bird, containing four tiny greenish eggs, speckled with brown. What remained of the evening was consumed by our going some miles down the Waagan, partly in the bed of the stream, and partly in the jungle, in the vain hope of seeing something of the expected canoes. The Waagan is a nasty little muddy stream, very like the Waagansis, winding about among alder-bushes and jungle of the very thickest and most impenetrable description. In some places it is so dense that W—— literally rolled and crawled along on the top of the bushes, which kept him many feet from the ground. It abounds in marsh and musquitoes, and is the last place one would choose to camp in, unless obliged to do so. Also, though there are a few wretched trout, two or three inches long, in it, it appears nearly as destitute of fish as the Waagansis; and so what we are to do for food, if the Micmac canoes, on which we are wholly dependent for supplies, do not come, I know not. It was here Hardy's party were nearly starved ten years ago. Fortunately very cold at night, which kept off the musquitoes. Many rabbits played about our camp at night, attracted by the fire. About midnight,

W—— shot one, which awoke me. The moonlight most glorious."

We were extricated from our perplexity by a French family of settlers, who had to cross the portage, and who lent us their log canoe and horse, by which singular mode of progression we were dragged down the Waagan. The stream turned every moment. I doubt if it had anywhere a straight course of ten yards, and its bed was a continual succession of soft muddy shallows and deep holes. The banks always overhung the river, and from them projected a tangled growth which met arching over our heads. Sometimes the horse had barely room to pass under the trunk of some tree which appeared to prefer a horizontal position to an upright one for its growth, and in this case the Indian boy on his back would nimbly perch himself on the trunk, allow the horse to pass, and drop into his place again on the opposite side. We had to break down two beaver dams, built right across the river, in order to make a passage for ourselves. One of these was of quite fresh erection, as the leaves on the boughs of which it was composed were still green and living. We took a good hour for every mile of progress, and were intensely relieved, at length, to emerge into the comparatively open air and daylight of the Restigouche, and to exchange for its marvellously clear waters, and pretty, though not beautiful, scenery, the alder swamps and close heat—the mud and musquitoes—of the uninteresting and detestable Waagan. I give a few more extracts from my journal:—

"Our French friends returned up the Waagan, leaving us alone on the beach;—not altogether a pleasant position, if 'our savages,' as the French call them—(Gabriel was always politely addressed by the Cyrs as '*M. le Sauvage*'),—fail us. Meanwhile, it is enjoyable enough. I am delighted with the crystal transparency of the water, which is clear as glass, though slightly tinged with the green hue of snow-water; and though it does not seem to abound in fish there are enough to supply us with food, so we are in no danger of being famished, as Hardy was. W—— went alone down the river, fishing, whilst Gabriel and I employed ourselves together in removing the camp a little lower down stream, to a spot on the beach, where a beaver's skull was bleaching in the sunshine, surround-

ed by hundreds of butterflies congregated close together. Instead of moralizing, I applied myself to observing the butterflies, which were of a kind new to me. The prevailing color of their wings was a dark chocolate, the upper wings having a lighter and purpler tinge. This hue was bordered by very dark blue, to which succeeded a broad white band, followed by one of brown, on which were six orange-colored spots. The outer edge of the wings was composed of four very narrow bands of black and light sky-blue alternately, and outside all a narrow edging of opaque white, like enamel. The learned in entomology will sneer at my description, but I know no better. After finishing the removal of the camp, I loitered in the sun, picking strawberries, which, though over at Fredericton, are here scarcely ripe, until W——'s return, when we had a jolly bathe, and caught another dozen of trout for supper, for which we also made a little damper,—not without a serious look at our scanty store of flour. Birds observed to-day were an eagle, a grey kingfisher, and seven sandpipers, to say nothing of Kennedy-birds, of course."

"*July* 12.—Still no signs of *les sauvages!* This is getting serious. There is no use in sitting still here without any knowledge of their whereabouts, so we determined to move, and after breakfast set to work to build a catamaran. W—— and Gabriel crossed the river, and cut down dead cedars, which they flung from the steep bank into the water below, where I collared them and dragged them over to the opposite side. We were some hours at work, and at length, about noon, to judge by the sun, got off. The sun, by the way, to-day shone through a smoky atmosphere. I fear our French friends must have unintentionally fired the forest. Our progress was slow, for we had but one catamaran and our united weight sank it low in the water; but we had not gone far before we saw a wild duck fly up the river towards us, a sign that it had not been disturbed by our approach but by that of something from below, and in a few minutes more, to our great joy, the Micmacs, with canoes and food, appeared in sight, and we were soon gliding comfortably down the stream. Our Indians, who are all very young, fell in yesterday with a bear, but they had not much to say in excuse of their tardiness. The scenery

here is wild and savage—of a solemn and somewhat dismal cast, especially when seen under a lowering sky and in growing darkness. The trees are chiefly of the fir tribe, with a sprinkling of mountain ash, and alder near the water. In the large clear pools, trout of great size were distinctly visible, and one of our Indians speared with his pole a white fish,—an excellent fish which never rises to the fly, and which is peculiar to a very small district of North America. We came upon large families of wild ducks, and at one point saw a species of *arctomys* (*monax* or *empetra*) standing on his hind legs to be looked at. They are pretty little animals, and I have domesticated several of them as pets. Thunder and rain came on, and after about three hours' descent we camped at a place said by the Indians to abound in fish and beavers. For the latter we set traps, for the former we angled, but only caught small trout, instead of the large ones promised us. Our camp was on a low shore; the thunder and rain continued; a white dismal fog rose from the water and spread its chill veil over everything; so things began to look gloomy. I nestled by the fire with Gabriel, trying to form, with his assistance, a sort of Melicete vocabulary."

It is curious that the languages of tribes dwelling so near each other as the Melicete, Micmac, and Penobscot, should differ so widely. Even in the numerals I can trace no resemblance except in a single number (4). I subjoin them up to ten:

	MELICETE.	PENOBSCOT.	MICMAC.*
1.	Necpt.	Beesick.	
2.	Tarpoo.	Neesh.	
3.	Sist.	Nāas.	
4.	Nayhoo.	Ych-hoo.	
5.	Nāan.	Poh-len-ish.	
6.	Karmarchin.	Negotance.	Husagum.
7.	Eloohaykenuck.	Tamba-oh-oos.	
8.	Hogomulchin.	Sāan-suk.	
9.	Eokenardeck.	Noh-lee.	
10.	Tillun.	Matāla.	

* I have mislaid my note of Micmac numbers, and never having learnt them by heart, as I had the others, I have forgotten them except 6.

The most curious peculiarity, however, of the Melicete language that I discovered by questioning Gabriel, was its possession of the refinement of a regular dual form—we (two) ye (two) they (two) are hungry or are thirsty, having quite different suffixes from the same words when applied to an indefinite number or to any number beyond two—

e.g. Ka Toop-eben, we (dual) are hungry.
Ka Toop-ooltaben, we (indefinite) are hungry.

"*July* 13.—When I awoke, fog and sun were struggling for mastery, and the sun at first had the best of it; but the rain came on again, and continued all day; and towards evening, the rising of the river leading us to apprehend an overflow on our low beach, we crossed to the left bank, which was somewhat higher, and constructed a bark wigwam under the trees.

"*July* 14.—Thunder and lightning in the night. Towards morning, however, it grew fair. It is well we moved, for our old camp is nearly floated away, and the site of the fire is occupied by a pool of water.

"We did not start till about nine, and fished as we went down. The river here is very pretty, with frequent turns, deep still pools, and high banks; chiefly, but not by any means exclusively, wooded with fir. Passed the mouth of the Mempticook, a fine, and, as yet, wholly unexplored stream, and halted a few miles lower, about 1 P. M., at a point where a fine rushing torrent joined the river; and here we spent the remainder of a most enjoyable day, after making an attempt to ascend the Mempticook, from which the shallowness of the stream soon obliged us to desist. The scenery on its banks, so far as we could go, was very pretty—prettier than that of the main river. Our afternoon was a lazy, uneventful one, passed in bathing and fishing, and in dropping quietly down the stream, on the chance of obtaining a shot at a stray moose: but it was one of those days which leave an impression of pleasure on the mind not to be measured by what was actually seen or done;—one of those days of enjoyment which cannot be arranged beforehand, or predicted, but which spontaneously meet one now and then and form a near approach to happiness. Of birds to-day, noticed various sandpipers, blue jays, kingfishers, and one hawk, with Kennedy-birds of course. A brilliant

moonlight full in our eyes kept us long awake, and we talked of distant and familiar scenes in Scotland."

These extracts will give some idea of the Restigouche: a few more may be added, taken from my notes on the Quah-Tah-Wah-Am-Quah-Duavic, an affluent of the Restigouche, of fully equal size with itself, and the ponderous name of which is shortened by lumberers and hunters into the more easily-pronounced, if not more euphonious appellation of "Tom Kedgwick."

"*July* 17.—A most lovely morning. This junction of the rivers is a very pretty spot. The hills here, instead of, as usual, closing in on the river, recede, and form an amphitheatre in the centre of which the waters meet. All round the confluence there is little wood except in scattered clumps, and its place is supplied by fields of coarse grass. These are now all gay with a profusion of wild rose-bushes in full flower, which form quite a garden round our camp. We started early, and poled away briskly up the 'Kedgwick,' the scenery of which is really beautiful, and which increases in beauty every mile as one ascends. We made our mid-day halt at the "Falls Brook," so called on account of a pretty waterfall, which tumbles over splintered ledges of rock into a deep green pool, about a quarter of a mile from the Kedgwick, as the stream hurries on to join that river. We had here a pleasant bathe, and caught lots of large trout. Then on again, the scenery continuing to improve as we went, and very picturesque both in its near and distant views. At one small island we came upon a singular sight. Heaps of large trees, some of them four or five feet in circumferance, were lying prostrate; and on examination we found them to be all freshly cut down by beavers! Gabriel said we might travel for years in the forests, and not come upon such a spectacle again. We counted twenty-nine trees cut down, besides multitudes of shrubs and bushes. Camped at a very pretty spot, about two miles above the Clearwater Brook. The only birds I observed to-day were an owl and an eagle. During the night, which was a very cold one, a moose came close to our camp, and bellowed loudly. I could hear the crashing of the boughs quite plainly, but before I could kick W—— awake, he had gone off again too far to leave us any chance of successful pursuit.

"*July* 18.—Fine morning. After bathing and breakfast, W—— and Gabriel went away to reconnoitre the beaver-lakes, whilst I proceeded up the river in a canoe with two of the Indians. The scenery continued to improve, and at some distance above our camp was really fine, the hills rising to a great height, and assuming more striking and varied forms than is usual here, whilst the river banks themselves presented many lovely bits of picturesque grouping of wood, water, and rock, at points where the weather-stained slates dipped sharply down into the stream, or rose in a succession of horizontal terraces, according to the inclination of the strata. Everywhere the foliage was luxuriant, and on the hill-sides the contrast between the colours of the soft and hard wood was sharply marked, whilst gigantic pines rose solemnly above the other trees, reducing them, tall though many of them were, to the aspect of growing plantations. These pines nowhere stood thick together, but were scattered singly through the woods at irregular intervals, and at all heights up the hill-sides, their tops invariably rugged and flattened, and the black outline of those on the ridges of the mountains visible against the bright blue sky, where all the rest of the forest surrounding them appeared but as an indistinct mass of purple distance. But the rapids became more and more steep and shallow, and the intervals of deep smooth water less and less frequent; so at length, after exploring for a short distance a fine brook, which joined the river from the north, I unwillingly gave the word for our return. There was a high conical hill conspicuous on either side of the river from this point, and on each of these I conferred the name of one of the companions of my journey. Shot one squirrel, and caught another alive. It was of a very small grey species, with the perfectly flat, feather-like tail which distinguishes some varieties; but the poor little timid beauty soon died,—literally of fright, for it had received no injury.

"*July* 19.—Started early on our return towards the Restigouche, not without a pang of regret at leaving this fair spot, as a turn in the river shut out from our sight the dark clear pool, the pebbly beach of our promontory, the deserted lodges, and the expiring fires, the rich wooded strip of flat land, and the forest-clad hills and mountains behind. We stopped at the Clearwater to hunt beaver, and followed

a tolerable track, twice crossing the stream, through a very pretty wood, up and down hill to a little lake where was a dam which we broke through; but never a beaver did we see, though there were plenty of recent signs of them about, and abundance of very fresh traces of bears and moose. But though we did not see a single beaver, we saw signs of their habitation and modes of life, which I confess I almost hestitate to set down, lest I should be thought to tell a traveller's tale. At some little distance from the beaver camp, down the stream, was a regular path, beaten quite hard, and evidently by these animals; for though the path was well defined it was nowhere cleared for more than a foot or so from the ground. This led to a regular storehouse of wood, where a number of birch-logs, for winter-food, about the thickness of a man's arm, were piled side by side, and on each other, each about eighteen inches long, and cut with perfect regularity to the same length. That the deposit had been formed by beavers there could be no doubt, but what their object was in making such a store at a distance from their dwellings, or why they should have taken as much trouble to equalize the length of their logs, and pile them neatly, as the best lumberers would their cordwood, I am at a loss to guess.

"We solaced ourselves for our beaver disappointment by shooting partridges for dinner, and, rejoining our canoes, dropped down the stream again. A beaver had visited the trap we had left set at "Beaver Island," as I had named the scene of their tree-felling exploits, but it had got off again. At the Falls Brook, we halted; and as we approached it, a large eagle rose slowly from the cliff. Our guns were, unfortunately, in their covers, or we might have secured a fine specimen. We camped on a little terrace under the shelter of an overhanging bluff, and had a fishing evening. The fish take greedily, especially in the pool under the falls.

"*July 20th, Sunday.*—A lovely day. The sunshine brilliant, and the breeze strong enough to blow away midges and blackflies to a great extent. We bathed and breakfasted, and read the service on a point above the camp, after which we explored the stream for a short distance above the falls, and had another long bathe, followed by a good talk and rest, smoking in our camp. It was a pleasant, lazy day, much like that we spent at Boston

Brook. Saw a wild fruit new to me, much like the wild raspberry as regards the fruit, but dissimilar, inasmuch as the leaf was different, and but one fruit grew on each plant. It was not my old Scotch friend, the cloudberry, or avron, however. Gabriel knew the fruit, and pronounced it eatable, but had no name for it, Indian or English.

"*July* 21*st*.—Another day as lovely and cloudless as its predecessor. Before bathing this morning, I caught above a dozen large trout, varying from one to four pounds' weight, in the pool below the falls, and a like quantity immediately after breakfast. After returning to our former camping-place at the junction with the Restigouche, we made a *cache*, where we hid away most of our goods, and then started, in very light marching order, for another beaver hunt, in a locality which Gabriel had explored when we were camped here before. For some way, we had a good, well-defined path,—then a very bad one, and then, finally, none at all. The bad stage led us down a a very pretty Scotch-like *den* to an old and long deserted lumber camp, at which we found a most beautiful spring, clear and cold as ice. From this point, we made our way through quite unbroken forest. We had to cross Hoylesbrook, a fine rushing river, which we did by the help of a sort of natural bridge, consisting of trees which had fallen from either side of the noisy brawling stream. We had then for some time the most abominable walking I ever experienced, the whole ground being a cedar-swamp, which we had to traverse by stepping from trunk to trunk of the prostrate cedars—some dead, some living, and generally several feet above the level of the swamp itself. It is needless to say that every kind of villainous insects revelled here as in a paradise. We contrived to camp on somewhat less damp ground close to the fork of two streams; but it was not a comfortable or satisfactory camping-place.

"*July* 22.—On waking this morning, found Gabe gone to reconnoitre further, and waited for his return, after which we marched toilsomely on through thick, though, happily, not swampy forest, to a beaver-dam, in which we made a breach, with no greater success than at the Clearwater. Finding our labour in vain, we returned, all in tatters, to our camp on the Restigouche, after a day of

splendid exercise. Went a mile or so down the river, and camped on a beach full of pretty flowers. Saw a bittern in the evening."

I have now, I think, given more than enough of my journal to show the nature of our life, and may abbreviate the narrative of the remainder of our voyage to the sea.

A few miles below the mouth of the "Kedgwick," lives a singular character, the Hermit of the Restigouche, as he is called in the Province. An old Scotchman, Cheyne by name, has settled himself here alone, fifty miles above any other human being, partly, I suppose, with an eye to the ultimate value of the land at a point where two such rivers meet, but partly also from a love of solitude. When another man came and settled near him, he bought him out, though he has made no use of this additional possession. He has been here many years, and saved more than one person from starvation, which he seems to consider entitles him to claim a pension from the government.

The remainder of our voyage down the Restigouche was of much the same character as its commencement; the river broadened and deepened as we went, and received from time to time tributaries little smaller than itself. The first of these to which we come is the Petapedia, which falls into the Restigouche from the north, and forms the boundary between New Brunswick and Canada. From this point, the Restigouche itself is the line of division between the two provinces The next great stream, the Upsalquitch, is a New Brunswick river, flowing from the south; and the third wholly Canadian, the Metapedia. At the mouth of this splendid stream stands the settlement of Messrs. Alexander and Daniel Fraser, where we arrived on one of the last days of July, and were most hospitably received. This farm, a very large one of above a thousand acres, is beautifully situated, and is one of the most thriving and flourishing settlements I have ever seen. The brothers are full of energy and shrewdness: the elder is a well-read and thoughtful man—the younger, one of the most splendid physical specimens of the genus *homo* that I have ever encountered; considerably above six feet in height, and stout and strong in proportion; a sportsman, as well as a successful practical farmer; and full of good-humour and kindliness. Pretty clumps of wood had been left standing near the river's bank and on the hill-

sides; the meadows were full of bright wild tiger-lilies; the farm was cultivated with a neatness too seldom seen in these regions, and the large stock of cattle contained beasts of which, even in Aberdeenshire, we should have been proud.

With all my fondness for the wilderness, I must confess that the sight of the dappled cows feeding in their pastures, the comparative openness and variety of the cleared land, the ripening crops of grain and luxuriant growth of maize, and all the manifold signs of life and habitation, were pleasing to eyes which had long rested only on forest and river.

Mr. Alexander Fraser accompanied us for a short distance up the Metapedia, where we spent a few days fishing; and W——caught a few grilse. In Canada, the fishery laws are better framed, and far more efficiently carried out, than in New Brunswick, where, indeed, in some rivers, which used to yield a profitable return to the fisherman a few years ago, the salmon have now been almost exterminated; whilst in Canada, since measures of protection have been adopted, the fisheries have annually increased in value. From Mr. Fraser's to the sea, a distance of some twenty miles by water, or fourteen by land, the course of the river is really beautiful. Swollen to dimensions of majestic breadth, it flows calmly on, among picturesque and lofty hills, undisturbed by rapids, and studded with innumerable islands covered with the richest growth of elm and maple.

The Bay of Chaleurs preserves a river-like character for some distance from the point where the river may strictly be said to terminate, and certainly offers the most beautiful scenery to be seen in the province. I shall not soon forget my first visit to Campbelton, the conclusion to my ramble on this occasion. I had gone alone with one of our Indians up a pretty valley to look at a beaver lake and house—a structure more resembling a rusty hay-stack than anything else—and have seldom enjoyed a walk more. The views were lovely. Fine mountains were round about me—the picturesque "Squaw's Cap," the "Slate Mountain," and the cone of the "Sugar Loaf;"—the winding reaches of a majestic river spread blue and sparkling below the heights on which I stood; cattle peacefully reposed in the shade of noble forest trees; com-

fortable houses were scattered here and there in view. Every breath of the pure dry air, every ray of the brilliant sunlight, seemed to bestow a fresh supply of health and joyousness, and my mocassined foot sprang with lighter tread from the green turf, and brushed more swiftly over the plants and dry fern which thickly covered the hill-side, with every glance I gave at the clear blue sky above, or the fair scene below and around me. My short canoe voyage from hence to the mouth of the river was one of unmingled pleasure—except in so far as it was to be the last for months to come; the river broadened out into the sea, and every golden hue grew deeper and warmer as sunset approached, and bathed trees, and rocks, and hill-tops in one rich glow, nor could the nine illegally-set salmon nets which I saw, and duly noted, deprive me of the pleasure I received, not through the eyes alone, but which tingled through my whole frame. Where the frith was about two miles broad I was met by the Surveyor-General and some of the gentlemen of Campbelton in a boat, manned by six red-shirted lumbermen, and followed by a little fleet of Indian canoes. The sun had set, but the western sky was all one flood of clear transparent gold, against which the Gaspè mountains stood relieved in every shade of indigo and purple, reminding me of one of Millais' pictures. The sea was calm as the sky, and as golden, reflecting on its surface every hill and little fleecy cloudlet. The echoes of the cannon fired from Atholl House * reverberated grandly in the Canadian valleys, being echoed and re-echoed from mountain to mountain, like prolonged peals of thunder, in the still evening air; whilst life and animation were given to the scene by the scarlet shirts of the throngs of lumbermen, and the picturesque groups waiting on the quay of the pretty little town to witness my landing, which was welcomed with a long-continued popping of guns, great and small, and with row and cheering, which lasted till long after I had walked up to the Surveyor-General's house, prettily situated in a little garden of nice flowers

The whole of the distance from Campbelton to Dalhousie, a drive of twenty miles along the coast of the Bay of Chaleurs, on an excellent high road, presents a succes-

* The residence of Adam Ferguson, Esq. of Restigouche.

sion of beautiful views across the narrow bay, in which Tracadiegash, one of the highest of the Gaspè mountains, always forms a conspicuous object, jutting forward as it does into the sea opposite Dalhousie. Dalhousie itself is in a remarkably pretty situation, more picturesque, however, I should think than convenient, for the town is laid out on the side of a steep hill, and the thresholds in one street are considerably above the chimney-pots of the houses in the street below. However, its inhabitants ought to be content with the possession of a magnificent harbour, to say nothing of the lovely scenery which makes Dalhousie a pleasanter residence than most other places in the province.

A few miles from the town I was met by the High Sheriff, the Hon. W. Hamilton, M. L. C., the members for the county, and other notabilities of Dalhousie, and entered the town with the ordinary firing of guns, and shoutings and runnings usual on the part of the juvenile members of the population. The front of our hotel was handsomely decorated with fir-trees, garlands, and flags, and an extemporized avenue had been formed to the Court House, consisting of large spruce trees stuck upright in the ground on either side of the gravel walk. The pillars of the portico also were wreathed round, and a triumphal arch erected in front thereof, bearing the loyal inscription, "God Save the Queen" in huge letters. As we walked down the street, the children of the schools sang "God Save the Queen" in front of the Mechanics' Institute; and then, entering the Court House, I held a levee, and received the address of the county of Restigouche. With my reply I felt that my "vacation tour" for 1862 was over, and the remainder of my time in Dalhousie was devoted to the usual routine of inspecting schools and gaols, reviewing and haranguing volunteers, visiting mills and ship-yards, and receiving calls from the people of the place.

But though I do not propose to introduce into this paper any notice of the remainder of my tour through the counties of Gloucester, Kent, and Westmorland, I think that one establishment which I visited in its course deserves some mention, and will excite some interest.

There is an obscure and doubtful story that, some eighty or a hundred years ago, a French ship was wrecked

on the shore of the county of Gloucester or Northumberland, and that some of those who escaped from the crew were sailors of Marseilles, who had caught in the Levant the true eastern leprosy the terrible *Elephantiasis Græcorum*. However this may be, there is no doubt that for many years past a portion of the French population of these counties has been afflicted with this fearful malady, or one closely allied to it—probably that form of leprosy which is known to prevail upon the coast of Norway. About twenty years ago the disease seemed to be on the increase, and so great an alarm was created by this fact, and by the allegation, (the truth or falsehood of which I have never been able satisfactorily to ascertain), that settlers of English descent had caught and died of the disease, that a very stringent law was passed, directing the seclusion of the lepers, and authorizing any member of a local Board of Health constituted by the Act, to commit to the Lazaretto any person afflicted with the disorder. After being for a time established at Sheldrake Island, in the Miramichi River, the hospital was removed to Tracadie, in the county of Gloucester, where it continues to remain.

The situation of the Lazaretto is dreary in the extreme, and the view which it commands embraces no object calculated to please, or indeed to arrest, the eye. On the one side is a shallow turbid sea, which at the time of my visit was unenlivened by a single sail; on the other lies a monotonous stretch of bare, cleared land, only relieved by the ugly church and mean wooden houses of a North American village.

The outer inclosure of the Lazaretto consists of a grass field, containing some three or four acres of land. Within these limits the lepers are now allowed to roam at will. Until lately, however, they were confined to the much narrower bounds of a smaller inclosure in the centre of the large one, and containing the buildings of the hospital itself.

Into these dismal precincts I entered, accompanied by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Chatham, the Secretary to the Board of Health, the Resident Physician, and the Roman Catholic priest of the village, who acts as Chaplain to the hospital.

Within the inner enclosure are several small wooden buildings detached from each other, and comprising the kitchen, laundry, &c. of the establishment; one of these

edifices, but newly completed, is furnished with a bath—a great addition to the comfort of the unhappy inmates. The hospital itself is a building containing two large rooms, the one devoted to the male, and the other to the female, patients. In the centre of each room is a stove and table, with a few benches and stools, whilst the beds of the patients are ranged along the walls. These rooms are sufficiently light and well-ventilated, and at the time of my visit were perfectly clean and neat. In the rear of these rooms is a small chapel, so arranged that a window obliquely traversing the wall on each side of the partition which divides the two rooms enables the patients of either sex to witness the celebration of Mass without meeting. Through the same apertures confessions are received, and the Holy Communion administered. I may here remark how curious an illustration is thus afforded to architectural students of the object of those low skew windows often found in the chancels of ancient churches. In a remote corner of North America, in a rude wooden building of modern date, erected by men who never saw a mediæval church, or possess the least acquaintance with Gothic architecture, convenience has suggested an arrangement precisely similar to one which has long puzzled the antiquaries and architects of Europe.

At the time of my visit there were twenty-three patients in the Lazaretto, thirteen males and ten females, all of whom were French Roman Catholics, belonging to families of the lowest class. These were of all ages, and suffering from every stage of the disease. One old man, whose features were so disfigured as to be barely human, and who appeared in the extremity of dotage, could hardly be roused from his apathy sufficiently to receive the Bishop's blessing, which was eagerly sought on their knees by the others. But there were also young men, whose arms seemed as strong, and their powers of work and of enjoyment as unimpaired, as they ever had been; and—saddest sight of all—there were young children condemned to pass here a life of hopeless misery.

I was especially touched by the appearance of three poor boys between the ages of fifteen and eleven years. To the ordinary observer they were like other lads—bright-eyed and intelligent enough; but the fatal marks which sufficed to separate them from the outer world were upon

them, and they were now shut up for ever within the walls of the Lazaretto.

An impression similar in kind, though feebler in degree, is produced by the sight of all the younger patients. There is something appalling in the thought that from the time of his arrival until his death, a period of perhaps many long years, a man, though endowed with the capacities, the passions, and the desires of other men, is condemned to pass from youth to middle life, and from middle life to old age with no society but that of his fellow sufferers, with no employment, no amusement, no resource; with nothing to mark his hours but the arrival of some fresh victim; with nothing to do except to watch his companions slowly dying round him. Hardly any of the patients could read, and those who could, had no books. No provision seemed to be made to furnish them with any occupation, either bodily or mental, and under these circumstances I was not surprised to learn that, in the later stages of the disease, the mind generally became enfeebled.

The majority of the patients did not appear to me to suffer any great amount of pain, and I was informed that one of the characteristics of the disease was the insensibility of the flesh to injury. One individual was pointed out to me whose hand and arm had been allowed to rest on a nearly red-hot stove, and who had never discovered the fact until attention was arrested by the strong smell of the burning limb, which was terribly injured.

The day after my visit to the Lazaretto, I went to Burnt Church, the trysting-place and head quarters of the Micmac tribe, who collect here in great numbers on St. Anne's day. Comparatively few live habitually on the reserve, but the presence of the Governor and the Bishop attracted a considerable gathering, although St. Anne's Day had not passed by three weeks. A large and very handsome arch had been erected in front of the church, bearing the text "Per Me regnant reges et ministri decreverunt justitiam," and an immense wigwam of green boughs, without a single nail in its structure, had been built, under which the Bishop of Chatham gave luncheon to a large party collected to meet me. An address was presented in Micmac, after which there were foot-races and dances. I suppose all barbaric dances are much alike, but I was surprised by the curious resemblance between these dances

and those of the Greek peasantry. Even the costumes were in some degree similar, and I noticed more than one coloured silk short jacket and handkerchief-bound head that carried me back to Ithaca and Paxo; but, alas! how different were the flat-nosed, high cheek-boned faces from those of the Ionian Islands!

Before I left the next morning a pair were married by the Bishop, who took the opportunity to make an address to the people, and I was extremely struck by the manner in which what he said was translated to the Indian congregation by the recognised interpreter (a very dark Indian), who stood by the Bishop at the altar, dressed in a purple cassock and short surplice. He never faltered or hesitated, always rendering with the most perfect fluency the sentence which the Bishop had uttered, whilst his gestures—sometimes folding both hands on his breast, sometimes raising one arm, sometimes gently extending both—were not only forcible but excessively graceful.

The Indians settled at Burnt Church are by far the most civilized that I have seen in the province. Many of them have frame houses, fields neatly fenced, good crops and fair cattle; but, as the ground belongs to all in common, a feeling of insecurity as to the possession of any individual must exist, which can hardly fail to act injuriously.

The Indians of New Brunswick, if the census returns may be trusted, are not, as is generally supposed, decreasing in number; as in 1861 a slight augmentation appeared to have taken place during the previous ten years. Lands, which are placed under the care of Commissioners appointed by the Government, are reserved for their occupation in various parts of the province.

They are all Christians, and almost all Roman Catholics.

The remainder of my tour in 1862 was of a purely official character.

During the spring and early summer of 1863 I visited various settled districts; and on the 30th of July commenced another extensive journey through the wilder parts of the province, on which I was accompanied by Mr. W ——, Mr. E. C ——, and Gabriel. Our purpose, which we fully carried out, was to ascend the Tobique to its forks, follow the southern branch to the wild lakes from which it comes, then to mount the northern branch to its source, and, crossing the portage, descend the great Nepi-

siguit river to the sea. Having often travelled to Woodstock by the great road on the right bank of the river, I determined on this occasion to take the less frequented road on the left bank, and accordingly we crossed the St. John by the first morning trip of the steam ferry. It was a lovely summer day, and our drive along by the broad bright river, through woods and fields, was charming. Near the mouth of the Keswick, the profusion of tiger-lilies in the meadows quite tinged the ground. After passing under the picturesque point called Clark's hill, and through the rich English-like woods about Crock's point, we entered on a district new to me.

A little below Woodstock we crossed the river at a picturesque ferry, and got into the usual road. On the whole, the route by the left bank is not so pretty as that on the right, but I was glad of the opportunity of seeing how things on the side more usually travelled looked when viewed from the opposite bank The road itself was excellent the whole way—very far better than I had expected, and quite as good, I think as the great road.

The approach to Woodstock. from the old church upwards, is one of the pleasantest drives in the province: the road being shaded on either side with fine trees; and the comfortable farm-houses and gardens — the scattered clumps of wood—the windings of the great river—the picturesque knolls—and the gay appearance of the pretty straggling little town, all giving an idea of long settled peaceful *English*-looking country.

Woodstock itself abounds in churches, brick hotels, stores, and ornamental wooden villas are plentifully scattered round about the neighbourhood.

In the evening I went to see the volunteer company on the green to the south of the town. They are very well drilled, and exact in all their movements.

July 31.—"Drove out to the iron mines at five A. M. I had gone over them before, but my object in now visiting them was to ascertain exactly the lines of certain conflicting grants which have been issued. The early morning was lovely before the sun had obtained its full power, but there were distant clouds which hid from us the snow-crowned summit of Katardhen. I entertain sanguine expectations of the success of these works. The beds of hæmatite extend over great part of the county, and are

practically inexhaustible. Of the quality of the iron it is impossible to speak too highly, especially for making steel, and it is eagerly sought by the armour-plate manufacturers in England. On six different trials, plates of Woodstock iron were only slightly indented by an Armstrong shot which shattered to pieces scrap-iron plates of the best quality and of similar thickness. When cast it has a fine silver-grey colour, is singularly close grained, and rings like steel on being struck. A cubic inch of Woodstock iron weighs 22 per cent. more than the like quantity of Swedish, Russian, or East Indian iron, and at least 26 per cent. more than the most of the Scotch brands.

We had a pleasant but exceedingly hot drive to Florenceville, travelling through a country which I like extremely. It is rich, English, and pretty—when I say English I ought, perhaps, rather, to say Scotch, for the general features are those of the lowland parts of Perthshire, though the luxuriant vegetation—tall crops of maize, ripening fields of golden wheat, and fine well-grown hard-wood—speak of a more southern latitude. Single trees and clumps are here left about the fields and on the hill-sides, under the shade of which well-looking cattle may be seen resting, whilst on the other hand are pretty views of river and distance, visible under fine willows, or through birches that carried me back to Deeside.

Florenceville is a tiny village with a large inn. Its site is, I should think, inconvenient, as it is perched, like an Italian town, on the very top of a high bluff, far above the river.

Between Florenceville and Tobique the road becomes even prettier, winding along the bank of the St. John, or through woody glens that combine to my eye Somersetshire, Perthshire, and the green-wooded part of south-western Germany.

All through the sultry afternoon the clouds grew blacker and heavier, and, when we came in sight of Tobique, seemed truly magnificent in their mass and weight and gloom. We drove up to Mr. N——'s just in time, for as we got out of the carriage, the still sultriness of the evening was interrupted by a furious gust of wind, which made N——'s unfortunate flag-staff reel and quiver and threw all the trees into agonized contortions. This was followed by a burst of thunder and down-pour of rain

such as I have seldom seen, and which was only the forerunner of a terrific storm. Every now and then there was a lull, but the thunder and rain continued, more or less, for the whole night.

"*August* 1*st*.—Gabriel arrived in the middle of the night by the stage-coach.*

About mid-day, after signing a mass of papers, packing up what we meant to send back to Fredericton, buying at the village store the few things we still wanted, and making every other preparation for a month's seclusion in the woods, we drove up to a point opposite the Indian village, occupying the promontory formed by the junction of the Tobique and the St. John, where we found canoes waiting for us. The bank was everywhere marked and furrowed by the effects of last night's rain, which had, in many places, done a great deal of damage. The Indians were waiting for us at the opposite landing, and received me with a long shout and an irregular firing off of guns, and I then walked through the village and farm. The irregular cluster of wretched houses looked comfortless enough, and all the more so for the miserable assembly of mangy, hungry curs which sneaked about them; but they were, in general, clean and neat within; which, even supposing them to have been specially got up for my visit, at least showed that their owners knew what cleanliness and neatness were. Three houses especially interested me. The first contained a very fine old Indian of extreme age, and his little grandson, together with his nephew's widow. In

* I have often wished, on seeing one of these unwieldy machines (which are only rather less difficult to get out of than to get into), that I had by my side Mr. Antony Trollope, who has informed the readers of his very pleasant book on America that, "though New Brunswick borders with Lower Canada and Nova Scotia, there is neither railroad nor stage conveyance running from one to the other," and that "the Canadas are, in effect, more distant from New Brunswick than from England." If Mr. Trollope had given a day or two to this province (where he would have been, and will be, heartily welcome), and had witnessed the receipt and despatch of the daily mails from St. John, he would not have written this sentence; still less, had he travelled over the railway (certainly second to none on the American Continent in the solidity of its works and completeness of its arrangements) which passes within a short distance of the Nova Scotia frontier, with which it is connected by daily stages. Not only, however, are we supposed to be without regular communication with Canada, but without roads to effect such communication. Great was the amusement produced in New Brunswick early in 1862, by a number of the *Illustrated London News*, accompanied by a large coloured print, purporting to represent the march of the Guards to Canada, from St. John. These unfortu-

the second was an old blind crone, wonderfully patient and good-humoured; and in the third, a sick woman, very gorgeously costumed. We visited the chapel, and then looked at the farms. The reserve is one of considerable extent, but only a small portion has been cultivated or cleared. There was a sort of road, uncertain attempts at fields, and some very good horses. In one house was a tame beaver. Before leaving, "my children" presented me with a sort of address, or petition, asking for support for the priest, medicine for the sick, blankets for the poor and aged, &c. I made them a short answer, which Gabe translated, sentence by sentence, as I went on. This over, we descended the bank, got into our canoes, bade good-bye to our *cortége*, and pushed off. Our canoes were small, holding only one of us in each, and an Indian in the stern. Mine was paddled by Sabanis, the head man of the village, a very good and worthy Indian, but rather too old for hard work, and knowing little English. E—— was taken charge of by Inia, a very dark old fellow, and hardly able to speak anything but Melicete, except a few words of Micmac. W—— had young Lolah—a mighty hunter—active, intelligent, and strong, a thorough Indian, and an unspoiled one. Gabe came with Noel, a half-breed, who talked very good English. We had not gone a mile before we commenced the very difficult navigation of "the Narrows." These are a series of very strong and formidable rapids, where the river, extremely contracted, rushes

nate troops were depicted on foot, with their knapsacks on their backs, and their bearskins on their heads, trudging up a winding path on the face of a portentous mountain, accompanied at intervals by mounted officers; whilst in the foreground was a "bivouac" (something like one of our forest-camps), where round a fire various queer figures were grouped, who, according to the letter-press, were "Indian guides consulting as to the route to be taken," and who were accompanied by huge dogs, whether to smell out the road or pick the soldiers out of the snow, I am not aware. The paper ended its description by observing, that whatever might be thought of the artistic merits of the picture, its scrupulous fidelity might be relied on with confidence. Now for a few words of sober fact. 1st.—Not one man of the 7,000 soldiers who passed through New Brunswick in the winter of 1861–2 made the journey on foot. 2d.—Not one man carried his knapsack. 3d.—They had no mountains to cross. 4th.—The bearskins were not sent out till summer. 5th.—No officer made the journey on horseback, had any done so he would have probably lost one or both feet. 6th.—No Indian—or any other—guides were needed, seeing that it would have required considerable ingenuity to *lose* the way—a high road, along which Her Majesty's Mail constantly travels, whilst a line of telegraph posts and wires runs by its side during its whole course from St. John. to Rivière du Loup.

between steep banks of lime-stone rock and slatey shale for a considerable distance, turning sharply at every few hundred yards. There is a certain excitement in poling up a rapid, and it forms a very pleasant episode in a wood-life, when one has confidence in the eye and hand of the *voyageur*. It was, in this case, very hard work—the stream being terrifically strong, the sharp turns incessant, and the rocks in the course of the river numerous and dangerous, to say nothing of the precipitous cliffs on either bank; the scenery, however was fine. At length, about four P.M. we surmounted the last rapid, and paused to rest in a lovely lake-like reach, into which the river had broadened out. The narrow gorge through which we had come was composed of abrupt precipices of splintered slate; above the rapids were more rounded hills, though rock showed here and there through a rich growth of wood. Our canoes lay in a rushy inlet, from which rose a grassy knoll, where stood a picturesque group of three Indian children with wreaths of orange tiger-lilies twined round their heads.

We pursued our way up the now broad and undisturbed stream for about another hour, when we camped in a very pretty place, at a turn in the river, and on the right bank. Here we fished with no great success for a little time, and then bathed. The stream was rapid and strong, and carried us down nearly as quickly as the St. John did in the morning; but getting back over the sharp stones and slippery boulders along the edge, to our starting point, was hard work. Great was the pleasure of our first camp-supper for this year, and after a smoke we speedily went to sleep. The clouds threatened thunder, but none came.

"*August* 2, *Sunday*.—We were lazy, and did not get up till past six, when it was already very hot. Another swim in the swift stream followed by breakfast took up some time, and in the course of the morning we read the service in a shady place up the bank; but the greater part of the day we lay under the shelter of the camp, trying to keep cool. The slightest movement was an exertion, and the day I think the hottest I ever felt in the province. Towards evening, as the sun went down, we strolled gently along a path by the river-side, enjoying the views as we went, all of which had much beauty, and eating the raspberries and Indian pears which grew thickly along

the track. During our walk, which lasted a considerable time, we came upon a snake of a peculiar reddish colour, which we killed.

The next morning we were up by half-past four. After passing two more rapids, one of some length, we entered on clear deep water, which lasts unbroken for seventy miles. There is a good settlement above these rapids, and it increases, as well it may, for the land is excellent, and covered, where uncleared, with most luxuriant vegetation, chiefly elm, ash, cedar, birch, pine, thorn, and poplar, whilst the ferns are in many places a good five feet high. I landed in the centre of the settlement, and received an address, signed by about 100 persons, to which I replied, and then gave the settlement the name of Arthuret. The people thought I meant to associate my own Christian name with the chief place in the extensive parish of Gordon, but in fact my mind was dwelling on the little border village where Sir James Graham lies buried. I walked into the School which contained but five scholars. The schoolmistress, however, seemed likely to do well.

After leaving Arthuret and proceeding on our way, the heat became intense, and as it beat down on our unsheltered heads, and was reflected up again in full force from the water, I began to think that it might possibly be *too* hot. Before I was compelled to make any such humiliating confessions, however, we halted, and took a rest for more than an hour, sleeping most of the time under the shelter of some great elms. The river for the rest of the afternoon continued broad and calm, studded with large islands beautifully wooded, and the banks partially settled here and there. I landed now and then to speak to these settlers. One house, though a mere log hut built on a high bank, showed signs of taste, for it was constructed with a porch, and had a few flowers planted in front of it. The clearing itself only dated from last year.

We camped on a flat grassy meadow, opposite the mouth of the Wapskehegan river—a pretty spot. Across the broad still river was the mouth of the Wapskehegan, one side of which was dense hard-wood forest, the other high red cliffs, crowned with wood, dotted with bushes, and partially clothed by a growth of creepers and climbing plants. In the distance, looking down the main river,

were the blue mountains, and a better foreground than usual of wood and meadow.

From this point upward the course of the Tobique, as far as the forks, a distance of about eighty miles from its mouth, is remarkably well adapted for settlement, and will, I have no doubt, one day be among the most populous and most flourishing regions in the province. As it is, scattered squatters have at points distant from each other carved out a few acres from the forest. Every year, however, these settlers increase in number. I endeavoured to visit them all on my way up, and did actually succeed in seeing and speaking to a large proportion of them

Our custom was to stow ourselves on a buffalo skin at the bottom of the canoe, either kneeling Indian fashion, sitting cross-legged *à la Turque*, or reclining with outstretched feet—the back supported by a bar which crosses the canoe to keep it in shape. For my own part, I carried on my knees my large map and note-book, and a fishing-rod and gun formed part of the equipment of each canoe. When I saw a settler's house, or was attracted by geological appearances, I landed. The latter, however, were rare, the only noteworthy facts the observation of which was permitted by the dense vegetation being the existence of enormous beds of gypsum, and of large quantities of excellent building stone—a greyish limestone. At one place we found a substance, which at first sight bore some resemblance to coal; it was not, however, coal, but a bituminous black earth.

Without inserting a tedious journal of our daily progress to the Nictor, I give one morning's notes as a specimen of those taken as we advanced:—

"*August 4th.*—We were up at five A.M. and I went alone with Sabanis some little distance up the Wapskehegan. The red rocks are very pretty, but they soon give place to the usual dense jungly forest. I found the other canoes ready when I returned to the main river again, and we all started together at 7.35. Burnt land on right bank.

7.50. R.B. Bold red earth bluff. L.B. Bank much undermined by a change in the current, which was washing away the earth, and bringing down the trees, scores of which were lying prostrate in the water. Large and picturesque island, rich with fine timber, especially elm.

7.53. L.B. Burnt land. Beautiful clump of elms on the island. The Melicete name for elm is "Neep."

8. L.B. Burnt land continues. R.B. High red cliff, densely wooded. End of Island, whereon many walnuts.

8.7. R.B. Red cliffs, curiously stratified. Low and small brush-covered island. The character of the larger wood almost wholly changed. Up to this point it has been entirely hard wood; here it is almost entirely pine, and other soft woods.

8.22. R.B. Some fine hard wood again, and an island covered with hard wood.

8.38. L.B. Very high and precipitous cliffs; red to the eye, though composed of gypsum.

8.38. L.B. Cliffs really very fine, rising between 100 and 200 feet perpendicularly from the river, which indeed they overhang. They abound with coarse gypsum. We stopped a few minutes on a little island to admire. The cliffs, at least the highest of them, are situated at a turn in the river, and are so crumbling that they must be somewhat dangerous.

8.50. End of island.

8.55. L.B. Burnt hillock.

9.15. L.B. Burnt promontory. R.B. A large quiet brook enters the river, deeply overshadowed by trees and bushes.

9.37. L.B. Rich and beautiful wooded point. River very broad and very lovely.

10.10. A promising little settlement. Numerous islands.

10.17. A very lovely nook.

10.30. Two settlers' houses, one on either side of the river, M——'s and G——'s. I visited each, which took about half an hour. The heat on shore was tremendous, and walking an exertion.

11.25. R.B. Another settler's, T——. House and clearing, though both quite new, looked very thriving. T—— was out, but his wife (an English woman) and children were at home. I was glad to see that in their cleared *intervale** they had allowed some clumps of elm to stand. The river makes almost a right-angle in front of their houses, from which (it is situated on a high bank) is a fine view

* Intervale is the name given to the natural meadows, flat, and covered with luxuriant grass, only occasionaly dotted with trees, which are to be found along the course of the great rivers.

of the Blue Mountain, which we had first seen a few minutes previously. On going on again, saw and spoke to T—— himself, in a field by the river-side.

12 M. L.B. A wretched little house and small cleared patch. J—— an English settler. He was away, but I saw the wife and babies, the youngest of whom, being the first child born in the new parish of Gordon, rejoiced in my own name. The woman complained bitterly of the hardships of a new settler's life, and of a freshet in the spring, which had overflowed the house.

12.15. Have been fine elms—killed.

12.30. Halted for mid-day rest at a very pretty turn of the river under the shade of remarkably fine cedars and ashes, the latter being a novelty in the landscape."

The settlers are, too generally, barbarously destructive of their noble elms. This extermination of trees is, however, perfectly natural, even when it is not (as to a great extent it is) unavoidable. I remember feeling the force of the reply which a new settler made to my intercession for the preservation of a fine clump. "There will be quite enough black flies without them, sir." In some cases, however, an effort to retain ornamental trees has been made, and I find the following note among others: "A squatter's house; B——, a married man. They only settled last year, but have cleared a good deal. B—— is a man of taste. He has left a number of fine elms standing along the river's bank, and encouraged a growth of orange lilies about his house."

On reaching the last house on the river, K——'s, whilst I landed on one bank to visit the settler, Gabriel landed on the other to follow up some traces of a beaver which were clearly visible. Old Sabanis accompanied me, and the delight, wonder, and curiosity he displayed at the sight of some beehives, which happened to be placed before the house, were most amusing. He had never seen the like before, and the idea of putting "flies," (as he considered them) into a wooden house seemed to entertain him greatly, for he chuckled over it to himself for hours afterwards. On returning to the canoes, I found E—— sleeping in one of them, and dozed myself in another till the return of Gabe, with news of a beaver-camp close at hand. So we went inland a short distance, and soon arrived at the beaver-pond, a dreary pool, out of which rose

the usual number of dead trees killed by the dammed-up water, their white barkless stems and weird skeleton arms looking ghastly enough. There was a large beaver-house near one end of the pond. We pulled down a piece of the dam, and dug into the house. It was a long affair, and the black flies were most troublesome, At length our patience was rewarded by W—— shooting a full-grown beaver, with which we returned in triumph to our canoes.*

On the afternoon of the 6th August, we reached the "Nictor," or "meeting of the waters," where the Momozekel and the two branches of the Tobique unite. We landed on a pebbly beach to enjoy the view, which, though on a much larger scale, reminded me somewhat of that from the spot where we last year first met the canoes on the Miramichi. To the north was a rapid river running through fir-woods; to the south a quiet broad stream, reflecting on its surface a park-like scene of *intervale* and fine timber; and to the south-west a dark lake-like expanse, narrowed at last to the river's usual width by a large wooded promontory. We now turned up the southern branch, and camped in a thick wood above a pool where some rocks, from which W.—— caught a fine grilse, jutted into the water. Before going further up this wild and almost entirely unknown stream, we lightened the canoes as much as possible, leaving buffalo robes, spare stores, &c. in a *bear-house* which we built;—a simple but rather ingenious structure of logs so put together as mutually to strengthen each other, and effectually hinder a bear from extracting the contents. Our next day's course was one of continued and very steep ascent, during which, while the river became shallower and narrower, the scenery became at every mile wilder and more picturesque, especially near some falls where we were compelled to *portage* the canoes; and, after a hard day's work, we

* This exploit gained W—— a new name from the Indians. Up to this time he had been known by a designation signifying "Boy who writes." This was now changed into "The Slayer of the Red-toothed One;" but as this appellation was very nearly as cumbrous in Melicete as in English, it was commuted a few days later, when his skill as a fisherman became apparent, for that of the "Fish Hawk" which he retained. E. C——, a youth of seventeen, was ironically styled "Lhoks," the American panther, or "Indian devil," the roughest, ugliest, and most dangerous of the wild beasts of the New Brunswick forest. I never myself received any other title than "Saag'm," "the Chief."

camped at length in a melancholy and scrubby fir-wood on the left bank. The remainder of our journey to the wild and solitary lakes which exist in this high region will best be described in the words of my journal.

"*August 8th.*—We left our somewhat comfortless camp soon after six. The river had now grown very narrow as well as shallow, and rushed along in a succession of almost continuous rapids, varied by deep and clear pools, in one of which W—— caught a grilse and a large salmon, which, before being landed, very nearly jumped right into one of the canoes. About nine we reached another fork, and taking the left—(geographically the right)—hand branch, pushed up a clear full stream, cutting our way occasionally through fallen cedars, for about half-an-hour, when we arrived at a jam which it was clearly impossible to pass.

We accordingly landed, and set about preparing to *portage*. Gabe and Lolah, in one of the canoes, went down the stream again to the forks, with the intent of forcing a way up the main river to the lake from which it flows, whilst we and the other Indians walked there. The other canoes, with all our things, except what each could carry on his back, were carefully hidden, to protect them from weather and bears, rather than from anything so improbable as the passage by the spot of a wandering Indian hunter. We then swallowed a hasty meal of salmon, and started with Sabanis, Inia, and Noel. Our walk was long, rough, and difficult; the trail, such as it was, very blind and constantly lost; the heat extreme, and the distance considerable (about ten or twelve miles). The ground was also very uneven, and we twice mounted hills of great height, but so densely covered with wood that we could see little from them. The wood was almost wholly of deciduous trees; the black flies plentiful and tormenting, nor were they slow in making or profiting by the discovery that I had torn one leg of my trousers all to pieces. On the top of one low hill we found an old winter camp of Lolah's, built of bark, tent fashion, and thence rapidly descended to the shores of Quispam Pechayzo, "The Long Lake," and great was my pleasure at Sabanis' observation that "the Saag'm" was the "first white face gentleman" that had ever reached it. A desolate place it was: the water, calm and dark, reflected the still black firs that crowded its rocky islets and promontories, and

there was an air of eery stillness and strangeness about everything, not diminished by the wild wailing cry of the loons which flitted fearlessly about its surface. Both E—— and I were somewhat knocked up with the work. We made a fire under a great cedar by the water's edge to drive away flies of all sorts, and sank down to rest. Our real camp we made rather further off from the lake, in a wood of very tall black birch and spruce, unusually clear from all undergrowth and windfalls. The remainder of daylight was devoted to preparations for the manufacture of a *spruce-bark* canoe. The night was wet and uncomfortable.

"*August 9th.*—As soon as it was daylight the Indians resumed the business of spruce-bark canoe making. We breakfasted, read service, and watched the lake and the progress of the work. Just in front of us was a picturesque pine-covered island; a large promontory prevented our seeing much of the lake, but in the distance at its further end were large high mountains. Soon after eleven the canoe was completed, and a queer craft it was. A large sheet of spruce-bark turned inside out, and folded at the ends exactly like a child's paper boat,—kept in proper shape by sticks of willow,—and stitched up at the ends with string of the tough inner bark of the cedar,—formed the whole concern. In this frail bark Noel, E——, W——, and I embarked, leaving Sabanis and Inia behind us. We paddled carefully along, getting very pretty views,—for the shores of the lake are well indented with deep bays,—till we came to what Noel believed to be the portage. The track was better and more level than that of yesterday, and we made good way along it.—Came upon a very pretty little nameless lake, which I christened Lake Lhoks, after E——'s Indian nickname. When we reached the banks of the big lake we found Lolah and Kobleah* camped at the end of a narrow inlet running up some distance, and from which we obtained a beautiful view. The lake here is broad, full of islands, and backed by a picturesque double mountain. The Indians call it Trousers Lakes, from its two long arms. We had felt no wind in the forest nor on the other lake, but here it blew quite fresh, and waves rolled in boisterously. After a hasty bathe and equally hasty feed, we decided that W—— and

* Gabriel's Indian name.

Noel should return as they came, while E—— and I went down the main stream in the canoe, as there was not water enough to allow of its carrying us all.

"We accordingly paddled across the lake, and in due time reached its end, where was a large dam. The descent from thence was very steep, the turns continual, the scenery very picturesque, and some of the rapids very bad. Noticed some ferns of a species new to us—a kind of *Osmunda*—and also some flowers with which I was not acquainted.

"When it began to grow dark we stopped, made a sort of camp on the right bank with the canoe turned upon its edge, and ate our fish ravenously, after which we enjoyed a good sound sleep in spite of a heavy shower.

"*August* 10*th*.—It was foggy and heavy when we woke this morning, but we soon got under weigh, going down a river much like last night's, till we reached the forks, where we paused on the left bank to empty the water out of the canoe and fish a little, in hope W—— would join us. Lolah went up the other stream to the portage, where he saw no signs of them, but brought down some tea and other things from the *cache*. After waiting an hour for W——, we went on, and glided gently down till we reached the salmon-pool, where we landed, and had breakfast, whilst Lolah set to work to patch up the canoe, which was sorely cut and strained by bumps in the rapids, and rents from sharp rocks. Just we were about to leave again, W—— overtook us. He and Noel had paddled back in the frail spruce-bark canoe, and, on getting to camp, had found Inia and Sabanis gone. They went after them, but were overtaken by night, and camped in the wood near Lolah's old camp, close to which were the two Indians. He said the rain in the night had been terrific, and amusingly described their dismay on finding that the *cache* had been rifled, not thinking we could have got there before them."

We pushed on vigorously all day, and great was the delight of going smoothly and swiftly down the rapid current, instead of poling up toilsomely against it. We found the bear-house and its contents untouched, and were able to camp at the Nictor itself, where we were more pestered with swarms of sand flies and black flies than we had ever previously been.

"*August* 11.—Were up and stirring at 4.20, and started up the little Tobique Branch. For some distance this river is rather ugly, but it greatly improves as one proceeds, and at length becomes really pretty. All is at first soft wood, though with abundance of deciduous shrubs and undergrowth. After a time, hard wood is picturesquely interspersed among the pines. The windings are innumerable. On their concave side the trees overshadow the water—the convex one is usually formed by the points of broad shingly beaches of sand and small pebbles, just made for camping places. The water everywhere is very deep and dark, in contrast to the shallow stream of the other branch.

"We pushed on very vigorously all day and camped at Cedar Brook; not a very good camping-ground,—but marked by a particularly fine cedar on the margin of a rushing brook. I sat long over the fire after the rest had gone to sleep, listening to Indian legends told in low mysterious tones.

"*August* 12.—We started in good time, (6.30,) and pushed on very well. The river was now narrow and winding, and constantly interrupted by jams of timber, some of which we cut away, and under others of which we crept. I was in old Inia's canoe, and —— following, asleep, at the bottom of the next. After passing one difficult place where the boughs of fallen cedars were very troublesome to force a way through, Inia chuckled a long while to himself, and at last brought out what was for him a very lengthy English sentence, "Make him, ——, open eye, me tink!" After passing through a pretty pool we reached a rapid where the trees nearly met above the stream, and where there were plenty of large picturesque rocks. Here we bathed and dined, and after an hour's rest went on again. The river now became less winding —the shrubs were almost tropical in their luxuriance, and there was an abundance of that new *Osmunda*, which E—— and I observed the day before yesterday. Passing through a small shallow lake, we entered a difficult channel of almost dead water among pines, and then suddenly broke into a great lake, possessing more beauty of scenery than any other locality I have seen in the province, except, perhaps, the Bay of Chaleurs. Close to its southern edge a granite mountain rises to a height of nearly 3,000 feet,

clothed with wood to its summit, except where it breaks into precipices of dark rock or long grey shingly slopes. Other mountains of less height, but in some cases of more picturesque forms, are on other sides; and in the lake itself, in the shadow of the mountain, is a little rocky islet of most inviting appearance. Strange as it may seem these steep wooded hills rising from the water constantly remind me of the more beautiful of the Greek islands, for there is a strong resemblance between the appearance of the tall dark spruce rising out of the greyish green of the birch trees and that of the black spiry cypresses among the glaucous foilage of the olive groves on the steeps of Mitylene and Corfu. A lovely evening sun shone on us, and our voyage across the lake was most pleasant. W—— shot some ducks, as we arrived at the entrance of a little stream, winding through hard wood, just under the shoulder of the great mountain. Up this stream we went, half-wading, half-paddling, and emerged into another smaller lake, some three or four miles long, and shallow, whereas the larger lake is of unknown depth. We pushed up the narrow, shallow, reedy inlet in which the lake terminates, and found a party of Mr. Ferguson's lumberers waiting to receive us, under whose auspices we camped about half a mile from the lake, in a wood, near a most exquisite spring of delicious and icy cold water. There we supped luxuriously on the wild ducks shot by W——.

August 13.—This morning we ascended the big mountain from the point where the little stream connects the two lakes. It was very steep ascent all the way—first through thick hard-wood—thick, but not much encumbered with under-growth—then over *screes* of rock and among patches of stunted fir. The flies were maddening, not only in the woods but in the open air at the very top, where one would have supposed the wind would blow them away. In about two hours we reached the summit, from which the view is very fine. The lakes lie right at our feet—millions of acres of forest are spread out before us like a map, sinking and swelling in one dark mantle over hills and vallies, whilst Katardhen and Mars Hill in Maine—Tracadiegash in Canada—the Squaw's Cap on the Restigouche, and Green Mountain in Victoria, are all distinctly visible. I named the hill "Mount Sagamook."* Re-

* *i. e.* "of Chiefs."

turning to our camp, we took an affecting leave of our Tobique Indian friends, and walked across the portage (about three miles), through a profusion of raspberries, blueberries, and crowberries, to the Nepisiguit Lake. Here, at the bottom of a deep narrow inlet, we found the new canoes, Micmac in build, accompanied by the two biggest log canoes that I ever saw. On the bank, at some height above the water, is a little cleared space, and a large pine-tree on which are cut the names of Sir Edmund Head, John Ferguson, and others, with the date 1849. We had a pleasant voyage down the lake, partly assisted by a sail. The log canoes were fastened together, as according to pictures are those in the South Sea Islands, by a sort of deck, on which sat the lumbermen, grouped round a big chest, and presenting a remarkably picturesque appearance. To the east of this lake is a rather singularly shaped mountain, which Sir Edmund Head named Mount Teneriffe. We sailed right down the lake, and camped at the outlet where it joins another smaller one.

We spent some days at this spot, which was an almost perfect camping-place. The narrow outlet abounded in fish to so great an extent, that E—— once caught forty-one in about as many minutes; and whilst we had a pretty view, we were well screened by bushes on one side, and had on the other a small patch of partially burnt wood, through which some remarkably fine pines were scattered.

Here we fished, we drew, we bathed, we chatted, we idled, we trapped, we made expeditions to shoot ducks and deer, and, in short, had several days of very great pleasure. One day E—— and I circumnavigated the lake, paddling ourselves: on another occasion, after wandering about among the great pine-trees, and dining on ducks shot the night before, W—— and I made an expedition to ascend Teneriffe. E—— was too lazy, or voted it too hot to come with us. We went down through a chain of small lakes connected by short streams, or mere narrow straits, and on the way examined the traps set by W——, in which we found two musquash—one living, the other drowned. After passing through several lakes, we turned to the right, up one which makes a sharp angle with the course of the river, and which brought us nearly under the mountain. We had a stiffish climb, the upper part of the hill being all bare rock, but from the top we

had a very good view—not so extensive, however, as that from Mount Sagamook, though more picturesque. We came upon some fine pines during our ascent. It was dark long before we returned to camp, and nothing could be more picturesque than its appearance, lighted up by the red flames of a large fire which was itself for the most part concealed from us by the bushes. After devouring our supper of trout, I sat long over the fire, listening to Indian legends. Some of these are very picturesque and curious. They are more or less connected with each other, and form part of one great legend, very nearly resembling that of Hiawatha—that is to say, a hero, not a God, but more than man, is supposed to have existed, who ruled all things living, and in whose time animals and men spoke to each other freely. A few specimens of the nature of these stories will not, I think, prove uninteresting.

THE STORY OF THE GREAT BROTHERS.

"Long time ago, in the ages which are passed away, lived the great twin brethren, Clote Scarp and Malsunsis.*

"That was in the days of the great beaver, feared by beasts and men; and in that time there was but one language among all things living.

"Now, whence came the brethren, or what their origin, no man nor beast knew, nor ever shall know;—nay, they knew it not themselves.

"And it came to pass one day, as they sat together in the lodge, that Malsunsis said unto his brother: 'Brother, is there aught existing that can slay thee?' 'Yea,' answered Clote Scarp: 'if I be struck, though never so lightly, with an owl's feather, I shall die.' (But he lied unto him.) 'Will aught slay thee, O brother?' 'Yea, truly,' answered Malsunsis: 'he that toucheth me with a fern root shall kill me.' And herein he spake the truth.

"Now there was no malice in the brethren's hearts when they asked each other this, and it was their purpose and desire each to shield each from harm. Nor did Clote Scarp deceive his brother for any fear he had of him, but because he was very prudent and very subtle, and cared not that any man, nay,—not his brother—should know that which made his life depend upon the will of him that knew it.

* Malsunsis, "the Little Wolf," was not the name of the second brother, which has escaped my recollection. Clote Skarp, I am sorry to say, means "the big liar."

"But it came to pass, that as Malsunsis thought of these things day by day, it came into his mind to slay his brother, that he alone might be great among beasts and men; and envy of his brother began to eat up his heart. But how these thoughts arose no man nor beast knoweth, nor shall know. Some say that Mik-o the squirrel taught him thus to think, and some say Quah-Beet-E-Siss, the son of the great beaver. But some say he had no tempter save himself. No man nor beast knoweth this, nor ever shall know.

"Now one night, Clote Scarp slept in the lodge, but Malsunsis lay awake. And he rose up and went out, and called to Koo-Koo-Skoos the owl, and said: 'O owl, give me one of your tail feathers.' 'What for?' said the owl. 'I may not tell thee,' said he; but in the end he told him. Then said Koo-Koo-Skoos, the owl; 'Thou shalt not do this wickedness through my help. Nay, more: I will screech until I wake thy brother, and will tell him all thy design.' Then Malsunsis grew very wroth, and caught up his bow and arrows, and shot the owl, Koo-Koo-Skoos, and he tumbled down on the grass dead. Then Malsunsis took out one of the feathers, and stole gently, and struck Clote Scarp on the forehead between the eyes. And Clote Scarp awoke, and saw his brother standing over him (but the owl's feather he saw not), and said: 'O brother, a fly hath tickled me;' and he sat up, and Malsunsis was ashamed. Yet he felt more angry with his brother than before. And when Clote Scarp sat up, he saw the owl and the arrow sticking in its body, and the feather wanting in his tail. (For the feather itself he could not see, Malsunsis having hidden it in his hand.) And he turned to his brother and said: 'What is this, O my brother, hast thou sought to kill me?' And he sang this song:—

> 'Verily I am ashamed for my brother,
> Because he hath sought my life,
> My safety is turned to my danger,
> My pride is changed into my shame.'

And he said: 'How came this to pass, my brother?' Then Malsunsis said: 'Truly, I did this thing because I believed thee not, and knew well that I should not slay thee. I knew that thou hadst deceived me; and lo! thou hast not dealt fairly with me. Have I not told thee truly my secret? but thou hast not told me thine. Dost thou

distrust thy brother? Dost thou fear me, though I fear not thee? Tell me truly thy secret, that I may keep the hurtful thing from thee.' But Clote Scarp feared him the more. Nevertheless, he made as though he believed him, and said: 'Truly, my brother, I did wrong to lie to thee. Know that a blow from the root of a pine would kill me.' This he said, deceiving him again, for he trusted him not.

"Then Malsunsis stole away into the forest, and marked where a great pine lay which the wind had overthrown, and whose roots lay bare and turned towards the sky. And the next day he called to his brother to hunt with him in the woods; and brought him near the pine-tree. Now it was mid-day, and the sun was hot, and Clote Scarp lay down and slept. Then Malsunsis, mighty in strength among men, seized the pine tree and raised it in his arms, and struck Clote Scarp on the head many times. Then Clote Scarp arose in anger, shouting: 'O thou false brother, get thee hence, lest I slay thee!' and Malsunsis fled through the forest. Clote Scarp sat by the river and laughed, and said in a low voice to himself: 'Nought but a flowering rush can kill me.' But the musquash heard him. And he grieved because his brother sought to slay him; and he returned home to the lodge. Now it came to pass, that Malsunsis came and sat by the same river, and said: 'How shall I slay my brother? for now I must slay him, lest he kill me.' And the musquash heard him, and put up his head and said: 'What wilt thou give me if I tell thee?'—And he said: I will give thee whatsoever thou shalt ask.'—Then said the musquash: 'The touch of a flowering rush will kill Clote Scarp: I heard him say it. Now give me wings like a pigeon.' But Malsunsis said: 'Get the hence, thou with a tail like a file; what need hast thou of pigeon's wings?' and he departed on his way.

"Now the musquash was angry because he had not received his wish, and because Malsunsis had likened his tail to a file; and he was sorry, and he sought out Clote Scarp, and told him what he had done.

"Then Clote Scarp rose up and took a fern-root in his hand, and sought out his brother, and said, 'Why dost thou thus seek my life? So long as thou knewest not I had no fear, but now thou must die, for thou hast learned my secret, and I cannot trust thee.' And he smote him

with the fern-root, and Malsunsis fell down dead. And Clote Scarp sang a song over him and lamented. And all that Clote Scarp did, and how he slew the great beaver —whose house is even now in Kenebekasis—and how he ruled beasts and men, and what the great turtle—turtle of turtles, king and chief among turtles—did, I will tell another time."

"Three brethren came to Clote Scarp, and they prayed him to make them tall, and give them great strength and a long life exceeding that of men, and Clote Scarp was vexed with them, and said, 'Probably you desire great strength and size that you may help others and benefit your tribe; and long life, that you may have much opportunity to do good to men.' And they said, 'We care not for others, neither do we seek the good of men; long life and strength and height are what we seek.' Then he said, 'Will you take for these success in fight, that you may be glorious in your tribe?' And they answered, 'Nay, we have told you what we seek.' Then he said, 'Will you have, instead thereof, knowledge, that you may know sickness and the property of herbs, and so gain repute and heal men?' And they answered, 'Verily we have informed thee touching our desire.'

"Then he said once again, 'Will you have wisdom and subtlety, that you may excel in counsel?'

"And they answered him, 'We have told thee what we seek. If thou wilt grant it, give; if thou wilt refuse, withhold. We have asked strength and long life and stature. Probably thou art not able to grant them, and seekest to put us off with these other things.' Then Clote Scarp waxed angry, and said, 'Go your ways; you shall have strength, and stature, and length of days.' And they left him rejoicing. But before they had proceeded far, lo! their feet became rooted to the ground, and their legs stuck together, and their necks shot up, and they were turned into three cedar-trees, strong and tall, and enduring beyond the days of men, but destitute of all glory and of all use."

Others of these legends were more of the nature of "Reynard the Fox," relating exclusively to the different animals and the tricks they were supposed to have played each other. The clumsy butt of all the other animals was always Muween, the bear; and the cleverest were the pan-

ther Lhoks, and the fisher-marten Pekquan, but they had not the same rank with the tortoise, who, to my surprise, was considered the great lord and chief among the beasts, although his awkwardness and helplessness led into many unpleasant and ludicrous positions. There was one very comical story of his going out hunting, drawn on a sled or traboggin by two cariboo. Of course he met with many misadventures. The boughs swept him off his sled without its being perceived by his steeds; he got entangled in creepers, and finally his bearers became so tired of their load that they made a hole for him in the ice, and left him there; but, by dint of subtlety, he shot the moose of which they were in search, whilst his companions returned empty-handed. On another occasion he fell into the hands of enemies, and only escaped from them by a series of clever stratagems. But Lhoks, the panther, filled the most conspicuous place in these stories. The following is a specimen of those in which he figured:—

"Lhoks, the panther, Pekquan, the fisher, sat by the lake-shore, and they watched the water-fowl at play. 'We will eat of these ducks to-morrow,' said Pekquan, the fisher, and he acquainted Lhoks, his uncle, with his design. And it seemed good to Lhoks, the panther. So Pekquan went forth and proclaimed that, on the morrow, there would be a council in the lodge of Lhoks, the panther, to which all the water-fowl were asked, and at which matters of great advantage to the ducks and geese would be declared.

"So on the morrow there was a prodigious assembly of water-birds, large and small. There were the great geese and the little geese, the wood-ducks, and the teal, and the little gold-eyes, and the loons, and the mallards, and they all came flying, and hopping and waddling, and jostling to the lodge. Then Lhoks declared that a great mystery was to be performed to their advantage, and that it behoved them all to keep silence whilst he danced, singing, round the lodge five times, and that they must all keep their eyes fast closed, or they would lose their sight for ever. So they all shut their eyes and put their heads under their wings, and Lhoks danced round the lodge, And behold! as he finished his first turn round the lodge, he snapped off the head of a fat foolish duck, and the second time he did likewise. Now, Pekquan, the fisher,

had a cousin among the teal, and he whispered to him, 'Open your eyes.' 'Oh no,' said the teal, 'for I shall lose my sight.' And the third time, Lhoks snapped off a head. Then said Pekquan again, 'Open your eyes! open your eyes!' but the teal replied, 'I dare not. Do you wish that I should lose my sight?' And the fourth time, Lhoks went round the lodge and bit of a bird's head. Then, as he was making the fifth round, Pekquan said again, 'You foolish bird, I tell you to open your eyes without delay.' So the teal drew out his head carefully from under his wing and opened one eye a little way, and when he saw what was going forward, he cried as loud as he could, 'We are all being killed! we are all being killed!' Then all the birds opened their eyes at once and made for the door, with such a scramble and scurry as was never seen before, and in the confusion Lhoks and Pekquan killed as many as they desired, and the dead lay in heaps about the lodge.

"Now, Lhoks, the panther, took to himself the greater part of the prey, and Pekquan, the fisher, seeing this, was grieved, for he knew that the design had been his own, and he took of the warm fat of the birds and put it on a birch-bark dish and carried it to the water's edge; and he said to the musquash swimming by, 'O musquash, take down this dish into the cold deep water and cool it for me;' and the musquash did so; and when Lhoks saw that Pekquan, the fisher, had good cool grease to eat, he too desired it, and he likewise called to the musquash. Now, the musquash had been instructed by Pekquan, the fisher, and when he brought up again the dish which Lhoks had given him, behold, it was but partially cooled, and it was not good. So Lhoks said to the musquash, 'Take it down again, thou file-tailed one, and be sure to cool it well and effectually this time.' And the musquash dived down again, saying, 'It shall be so.' And Lhoks, waited for him on the shore, but he came not up again at all. And Lhoks waited all that day, and all that night, and the next day, and when at last he returned to the lodge, he found that Pekquan, the fisher, had eaten up all the birds, and he was greatly angered."

There was a sequel to this tale, consisting of a long pursuit of the musquash by Lhoks, in which the musquash ultimately escaped; but I never quite understood this.

On another occasion, Lhoks persuaded poor Muween, the bear, to roast himself in an oven under the idea that it would make him white, a colour of which all bears are passionately fond; and when Bruin, unable to endure the heat and pain, insisted on being released, Lhoks induced him to return by pointing out to him the white gorget on his breast as a mark that the change was commencing and would soon take effect. The conversation with which this tale began was rather amusing.

"Lhoks and Muween sat by the lake. The sea-gulls flew by.

"Said Lhoks, 'Those are of all birds the most ungrateful.'

"Said Muween, 'Why?'

"Said Lhoks: 'Do you not know that they were black, and that I taught them how to become white, and now they fly by me without one word. There is no gratitude in them.'" He thus leads on Muween to desire to know the same secret, and to profit by the knowledge of it.

But the wildest, most poetical, and most striking legend of the whole, is that which relates the final disappearance of Clote Scarp from earth. I give it as nearly as I can remember in the words in which I heard it.

"Now the ways of beasts and men waxed evil, and they greatly vexed Clote Scarp, and at length he could no longer endure them. And he made a great feast by the shore of the great lake—all the beasts came to it—and when the feast was over he got into a big canoe, he and his uncle—the great turtle—and they went away over the big lake, and the beasts looked after them until they saw them no more. And after they ceased to see them, they still heard their voices as they sang, but the sounds grew fainter and fainter in the distance, and at last they wholly died away. And then great silence fell on them all, and a great marvel came to pass, and the beasts who had till now spoken but one language, no longer were able to understand each other, and they all fled away, each his own way, and never again have they met together in council. And Koo-Koo-Skoos, the owl, said, 'Oh, I am so sorry! oh, I am so sorry!' and has gone on ever since saying so at night. And the loons, who had been the hunting dogs of Clote Scarp, go restlessly up and down through the world, seeking vainly for their master, whom

they cannot find, and wailing sadly because they find him not."

With these stories were mingled others of a more historical character, of war and hunting. These latter they showed no unwillingness to tell, but it was only at night, and in a low voice, while my companions slept, that the more superstitious ones were related; and the waking of another member of the party, or the slightest expression of apparent unbelief or ridicule sufficed to check the story; nor could they ever be persuaded to resume the narration of one interrupted in such a manner.

The descent of the Nepisiguit appears to me, on the whole, somewhat monotonous, as its banks present less variety than those of the Tobique, and the forest is principally of fir. We stopped at one place where Mr. Ferguson was about to set a lumber party to work for the first time, and made an expedition into the really primæval and wholly untouched forest, to look at the great white pines. Three that we saw cut down were respectively 135, 122, and 111 feet in length, but I was somewhat disappointed with their appearance. They are so thickly surrounded by smaller trees as to be scarcely visible, and seem thin and spindly in proportion to their great height. At another place, we had a grand beaver hunt, resulting in the capture of two pretty little baby beavers, which we carried home safely to Fredericton as pets.

The country traversed by the Nepisiguit is for the most part rocky, and not very well adapted for settlement, which, indeed, has never been attempted on it above a few miles from its mouth at Bathurst. Among the granitic mountains of the upper part of its course, is one of very remarkable character. It is composed of felspar, is perfectly bare, of a deep red color, and abruptly separated by a chasm, some seventy feet deep, from the grey syenite rocks covered with vegetation, which are met with everywhere else in the vicinity.

At length, on the sixth day after leaving the lake, we reached the Narrows, a set of rather formidable rapids, between precipices of slate rock, and here, for the first time, we came to grief. The birch barks got safely through, but one of the log canoes struck, and, turning broadside to the rapid, began to fill. Our canoes immediately shoved off to her assistance, and with the excep-

tion of a kettle and a pair of boots, we saved everything of value, though all the goods were drenched.

At the Great Falls of the Nepisiguit, where we arrived the same morning, we remained a few days. These falls effectually prevent the further passage of salmon, and the pools below them are consequently crowded with these fish, and form the best fishing-station in the province, though the number of salmon frequenting them annually diminishes. The falls themselves are very picturesque, but fine as they undoubtedly are, I think the narrow winding gorge by which they are approached, and through which the river rushes between high cliffs of every shade of black, brown, and red, is far finer, especially when seen by a fading evening light.

After some days spent in salmon fishing, partridge shooting, &c., we again started, and leaving my companions to follow me more leisurely, I proceeded to the Pabineau Falls, below which I was to find a carriage to take me to Bathurst. Quitting the canoe in a rapid above the falls, I walked alone across the bare granite rocks which separated me from the party awaiting my arrival, and which also formed the dividing line between the wilderness and civilized life. My mocassined feet made no noise on the smooth worn rock, though, had they done so, the roar of the falling waters would have drowned the sound, and long before the solitary blue-shirted figure approaching them had caught their eye, I could see a group of the gentlemen of Bathurst waiting near Mr. Ferguson's carriage. And here, with civilization and my ordinary duties again in view, I will close these notes, which have already exceeded their proper limits; though, did space permit, I should desire to make the readers of "Vacation Tourists" a little better acquainted with the settled regions of this fine province, and to tell them of adventures which befell me on a pedestrian tour, through the southern counties of New Brunswick. But that, I cannot call a "Wilderness Journey."

THE END.

erything

arrived
ese falls
and the
h these
rovince,
nnually
uresque,
narrow
through
y shade
en seen

artridge
compan-
to the
riage to
a rapid
granite
ing my
between
ned feet
gh, had
ld have
ry blue-
ir eye, I
waiting
civiliza-
ll close
proper
to make
tter ac-
rovince,
ne on a
of New
lderness