

**TWO MONTHS ON
THE TOBIQUE, NEW
BRUNSWICK**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649726516

Two Months on the Tobique, New Brunswick by Anonymous

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ANONYMOUS

**TWO MONTHS ON
THE TOBIQUE, NEW
BRUNSWICK**

TWO MONTHS
ON THE TOBIQUE,

NEW BRUNSWICK.

An Emigrant's Journal, 1851.

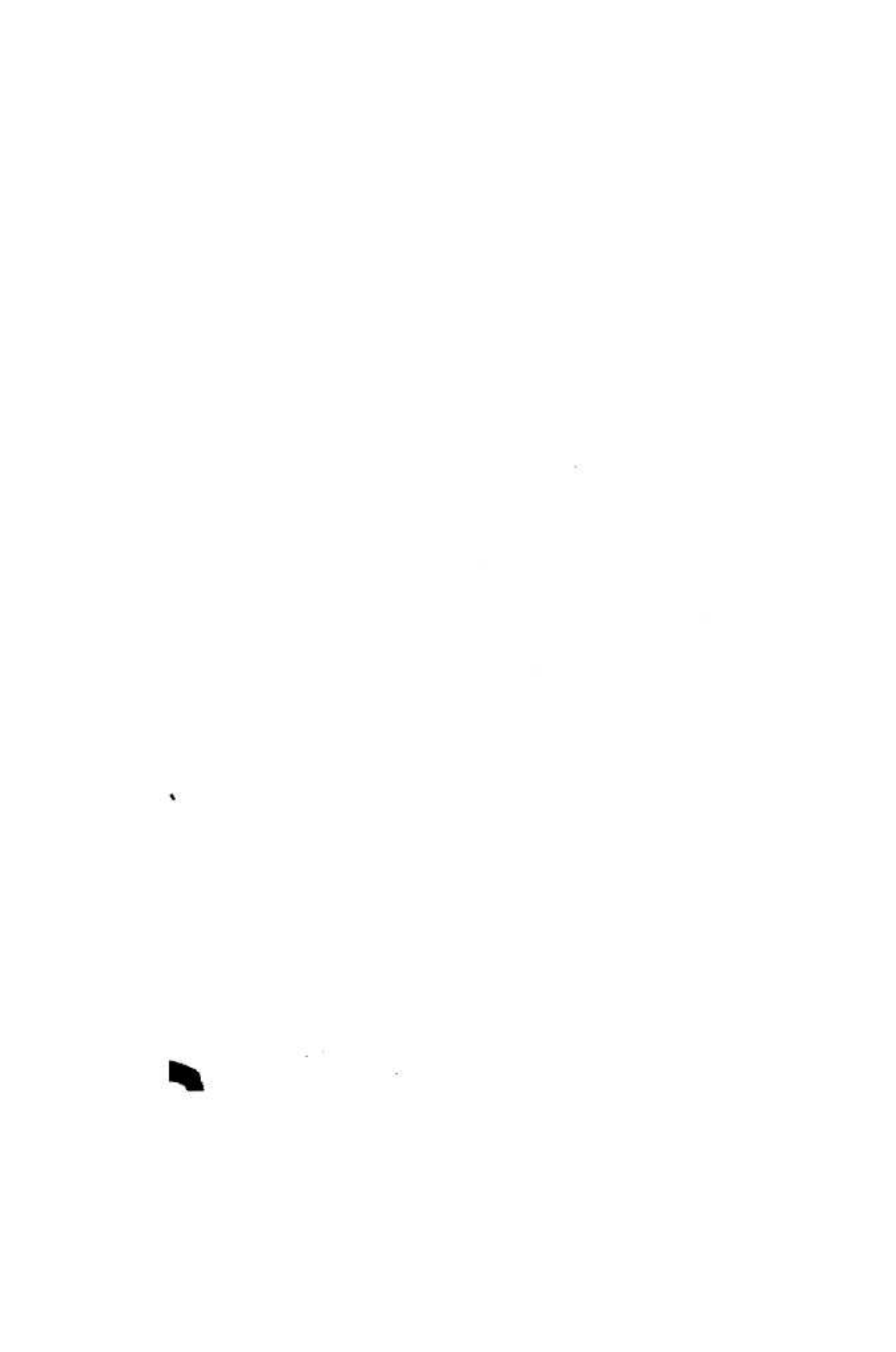


LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.
1866.

203. f. 55.

CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
PREFACE	v
I. LETTER I.—VOYAGE TO NEW BRUNSWICK	1
II. LETTER II.—FROM BOSTON TO ST. JOHN—DIARY— FROM ST. JOHN TO FREDERICTON	32
III. DIARY ON THE TOBIQUE—THE INDIANS AND THE WIGWAM	61
IV. SOLITUDE IN THE FOREST—CUTTING DOWN TREES	90
V. CRUISING THROUGH THE FOREST—THE SNOW FALLS	117
VI. WINTER ADVANCING—ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE	141
VII. THE FOREST ABANDONED—RETURN TO FREDERICTON— HOMEWARD	173



P R E F A C E.

A YOUNG emigrant who had passed seven years in the Australian bush, again, after eleven weeks in England spent with his family, crossed the ocean in search of a home. That brief visit had made him unwilling to put again so great a distance between himself and his family as a return to Australia would involve; and his thoughts turned to emigration in some nearer region. It was then suggested to him by some who were interested in colonization, to break ground in a yet unexplored part of New Brunswick, the district on the banks of the Tobique river. The question to be solved was whether the climate would not be too severe for permanent occupation. He put this to the

strongest possible test, by establishing himself for two months (beginning in the middle of October) in a wigwam amid the depths of the forest and on the banks of the river, where he remained utterly cut off from human intercourse, and unable even to leave his self-chosen prison till half-way through December, when the Tobique was so completely frozen over as to make for him a road back to the settled part of the country. This enterprise was so unusual, and considered so perilous, that few, when he started, expected to see him again; and great was the wonder and curiosity, not only in the rough settlements of New Brunswick, but in the *salons* of Fredericton (of which latter the Journal says nothing) on his return.

He came to the conclusion, as far as his own experience enabled him to judge, that the chances of success were not in the emigrant's favour. But he recorded his impressions of his voyage out there, of his short sojourn in St. John and Fredericton, and of his two months' solitude in a forest wigwam, in letters and a diary full of interest to those for whom they were designed—selections from which, though after the lapse

of fifteen years, may not be without attraction for the general reader.

The writer of these records, which were not intended for publication, is no more. The reader, it is hoped, will be indulgent to the uncorrected style of one whose career had been, from boyhood, one of physical toil and active enterprise. Endowed with unusual powers of endurance, possessed of ardour and energy in executing any purpose he had chosen, a close and unwearied observer of nature, and voluntarily trained in boyhood to active labour and privation, he was a born adventurer and explorer; and had life been longer and more propitious to him, he might, perhaps, have taken his place amongst the successful pioneers of civilization in the waste. This was not to be; his few added years of life were doomed to pass in struggles of a different kind, and all he has left are such slight and hasty sketches of what he had seen, and partly achieved, as these which we now present to the public.

100

101

102

103

104

105

106

107

108

109

