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THE LOYALIST.

"GOD AND MY COUNTRY."

Vol. I. SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1843. No. 47.

AUZELLA; A LEGEND OF THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

"Absolution, father, for breath is fleet-
ing fast," cried the dying man, in a scarce
audible voice. As the monk approached
the bed, the sick man started from his
pillow, and, with clenched hands and
straining eyes, uttered, in a low sepulch-
ral tone, "Avant! avant, thou dam-
ning fiend! thine hour is not yet come.
Oh, mercy! mercy!" His bosom heaved
convulsively, the dew of agony gathered
thick upon his brow, and, with a be-
seeming look, he pointed to the crucifix
on the wall.

"Confession alone can save you, my
son. While there is yet time, relieve
your bosom of its load of sin, and seek
for pardon."

"Too late! oh, too late! The
hour approaches; come near." Drawing
from under his pillow a parchment, he
placed it in the hands of the monk. "My
confession, father; now, now sign me
with a cross." Uttering a wild cry of
anguish, the dying man, with desperate
energy, flung himself towards the monk,
and attempted to grasp the symbol of
salvation. A wild, lurid gleam, follow-
ed by a bounding crash, mingled with
horrid yells and piercing screams!—
When the monk was found by a lay bro-
ther, he still breathed, but unconscious
of external objects, from which state he
never recovered; the bed was empty,
and the bedclothes lay in wild disorder,
as if torn by a mighty struggle. In the
hand of the prostrate monk was found a
manuscript:

THE CONFESSION OF THE LOST.

Upon the confines of the Hartz Moun-
tains, in a lonely hut, I first saw the light.
My mother yielded up her life in giving
me birth, and the nourishment of a pe-
gost sustained the feeble spark of infancy.
My remaining parent proved, though
rough and uncultivated, a kind nurse.—
The hours of childhood were passed in
assisting my father in collecting dried
wood for burning charcoal, and oft, as I
penetrated through the tangled forest,
would I stand and gaze upon the clear
blue flame that night after night arose
from one of the highest peaks, and though
an ague would creep over me at the re-
collection of some of the tales of horror
that clothed those mountains in such
fearful dread, still an unconquerable de-
sire to witness their midnight orgies grew
with my growth and strengthened with
my strength.

About two hundred feet from the base
of the loftiest of that extended chain of
mountains, jutted out a perpendicular
rock. Upon the summit stood the castle
of Rudolph, whose weather-beaten bat-
lements had for ages frowned defiance up-
on the plain below. Dark hints and mys-
terious whispers surrounded that isolated
spot with gloom and fear; no footsteps
ever approached its portals after sundown,
and an Ave Maria was silently, though
fervently breathed, when the benighted
hunter or weary traveller caught a glimpse
of the solitary light that was ever seen in
one of the casements of the castle.

Count Rudolph was a man of valour;
his arm was held invincible in the battle
field; but of a temperance morose and
savage, his vassals quailed beneath the
glance of his bright grey eye, and trem-
bled when the sound of his loud clear
voice rang through the vaulted halls.—
Among the dependants that sat at his
board below the salt, or rallied around
his banner, were hearts that thirsted to
bury their daggers in his blood; but the
mantel of superstitious mystery so com-
pletely enveloped him, that the hand-
somest of his vassals, shrunk from the mur-
derous deed.

The iron-bound features of Count Rud-
olph never relaxed, save when his looks
rested upon his daughter. Then would
the contracted brow expand, and those
eyes so formidable emit a ray of feeling.
He seldom smiled, but the effect was
startling; a meteor, dazzling by its
brightness, to render the darkness more
visible. And that daughter was a glori-
ous creature! The tall, graceful form,
the dark hazel eyes, commanded the al-
legiance of all that looked upon her. To
her father her features bore a strong re-
semblance, but moulded in the most per-
fect female softness.

The lady Auzele was seldom seen be-
yond the boundaries of the castle, but
the report of her wondrous beauty had
spread far over Germany, and many a
valiant knight had sued in vain for her
hand, notwithstanding the vague and

strange reports that were ever afloat about
Count Rudolph and his unhallowed
deeds.

It was my twentieth birth-day. The
hours of labour were exchanged for hunt-
ing, a past time of which I was most fond.
So intent was I in chasing the chamois
and hungry wolves that infest those re-
gions I thought not of the departure of
day, until warned by the declining sun,
shedding its golden rays through the
"forests thickening gloom." An uncon-
querable feeling of dread at being thus
benighted, caused me to hasten my foot-
steps towards my humble cot. With a
steady eye and nervous limbs, I bounded
over the impetuous stream that rolls
down the mountain side, and springing
from crag to crag, I emerged from the
dense shadow of trees that stood upon a
platform of rock, overgrown with moss
and stunted oak.

Involuntarily I lingered to gaze upon
the scene before me. The whole coun-
try glowed with the effulgence of the set-
ting sun, whilst the amphitheatre of the
hills that bounded the horizon was cloth-
ed in gorgeous purple. On the right
stood the castle, its turrets and towers
catching the lingering sunbeams, bring-
ing them out in bold relief from the mass
of frowning mountains that formed the
back ground. The only sound that broke
upon the ear was the incessant roar of
the cataract. Whilst thus I stood en-
tranced, a strain of music suddenly burst
through the air, so wild, so melodious,
that it seemed an echo from the spheres.
Amazed, I listened breathlessly; again
the same sweet notes were borne upon
the gentle gales. I turned, when lo!
beside the rushing torrent sat a female;
her long tresses were floating upon the

Lady Auzele! Ere the melting strains
were ended that had held bound my soul,
shrieking, affrighted, she fled towards
me. With horror I beheld a huge bear
spring from the overhanging crag, and
stand within a foot of his prey. In one
moment I took a sure and deadly aim—
fired—the monster rolled headlong down
the rapid stream; the next instant the
faint form of Auzele reposed within
my arms! My fate was sealed; the past,
the future, all, all were forgotten. We
met again and again; I loved, ardently,
madly, and was beloved! Yes! the high-
born, haughty damsel loved the humble
youth.

We lived in the spring-time of love;
the cold bleak winds of autumn had not
yet chilled our hearts, when with the im-
passioned fervour of affection, I besought
the gentle Auzele to fly with me to other
lands where with my sword I would
carve for myself a name worthy for her
to share. Silently she listened, then
raising her head from my bosom, fixed
her expressive eyes upon me, and whis-
pered as soft as a zephyr's sigh—
"Hast thou, dear Carl, resolution to
win fame and wealth, and with my fa-
ther's consent, this hand."

"Try me, my beloved, and thou wilt
find no bragging in thy love."

"Then, by thy vows of love, ere yon
moon fills her horn, pluck from the moun-
tain's blazing pile a fire-brand, hear it
with all speed to my father's feet, and by
that token fearlessly claim the hand of
Auzele."

She ceased, and fled from me. In
that brief space, a new existence had
burst upon my senses. The voice of love
had pointed out the way to the possession
of gold and the hand of her whom I ad-
ored; but how! To league myself with
devils. A cold shudder crept over me;
within my breast raged a fearful struggle.
It passed away, and with the purpose of
my soul determined, I awoke from the
dream of life to the reality of my exist-
ence.

Strange, that man should shrink in af-
ter years from lifting the veil that has
shadowed crimes recklessly committed in
youth. Does he scorn and bid defiance
to the eyes of Omnipotence, and tremble
at the opinions of his fellow-mortals? how
incongruous, but alas! how true.

Although years have rolled past—and
time, as it has flown away, has hurried
with them into the vast abyss of eternity,
pleasures, sins and sorrows—the events
of that fearful night, that fatal hour, are
concentrated in one burning spot within
my brain.

Like King Midas, the cravings of dis-
content proved my destruction. Destruc-
tion! ay, one endless chain of wretch-
edness, perpetuated through life, with no
oblivion in the grave.

With desperate energy I braved the
lightning's lurid gleam, and heeded not
the tempest that raged around me. As I
bent my footsteps towards the ever-burn-
ing flame, sounds, as if from the abyss of
Hades, burst upon my ear. I stood pal-
lised with horror, and as a bright flash
burst through the gloom, shrieks and wil-
lough rang through the air, and reveal-
ed my presence. "Ah! standest thou
here to mock me, thou fiend, thou devil?
Hurl not reason yet from its tottering
throne! Begone!"

The hour was past, the trophy gained
my bride won; but an oath was taken
that called Azella mine?—the joy I felt
as I clasped my beautiful, my adored wife
to my heart, notwithstanding the dark
flash from Count Rudolph's eyes! A
brief state of happiness was mine—an
oasis in the wilderness of life.

I now had gold unbounded. We left
the frowning castle for the gay metropo-
lis. The mountain boy was no longer
the shy boor, but the wealthy noble and
the crafty man.

One launched upon the ocean of dis-
sipation, I trimmed my sails to catch the
breeze of pleasure, and thought not of
the whirlpools that surrounded me: when
one night, in the midst of a gay revel,
whilst the sparkling cup and the merry
jest passed freely round the festive board,
a touch of fire, a whisper which penetra-
ted my very soul, reminded me of my oath
—that fearful oath! Then fled the
scenes of enchantment, the faces of beau-
ty, the chrysalis lights, and the music,
breathing its soft strains through the frag-
rant air; and in the mind's eye, the
burning mountain, the horrid yells of de-
moniacal laughter, were beheld by me

"Murder my friend!—the companion of
my midnight revels, the sharer of my
pleasures—never!" But thine oath. Ah
then did I feel the serpent's sting; his
envenomed coil compressed every fibre of
my defenceless body; no escape from his
toils, I had voluntarily sold myself to the
demon of the burning mountain.

Out upon it, why quakes this feeble
frame as the hour approaches when I
shall "throw off this mortal coil?" Can
torments be greater than what I do and
ever will suffer? Why not snap asunder
the cord at once?

But the deed was done, and then deep-
er did I plunge into the vortex of vice,
for the slight barrier of conscience was
broken down, and I moved through the
gazing crowd an envied man. Ah, ah,
envied! How little dreamed the gaping
fools of the livid spot within. But amidst
the volcano that was consuming me,
burned one pure flame—the shrine on
which it was kindled was still unpolled
—my love for Auzele. She was my
day-star, my dream of all that was pure.
Her smile would chase the demon from
my breast, and lull me into utter forget-
fulness.

But the cup of misery that I had tasted
was not yet drained. Jealousy mingled
with its bitter dregs, and poisoned my
blood and shot through every vein.

Suddenly there appeared around me a
youth of striking mien and of great beauty
thought of a wild and singular aspect.—
He was ever with Auzele! I chafed
from my breast the dark thoughts that
would sometimes enter. With the mad-
ness of despair, I bore her to a gloomy
castle where dwelt her father. She mur-
mured not at thus being torn from scenes
of festive mirth to those of dreary sadness,
her eyes still sparkled with their wonted
fire. We visited the spot where first I
dared breathe my aspiring hopes and as
I folded her to my breast again, I told
her how dear she still was to me.

Count Rudolph had become morose,
and seldom went beyond the castle walls.
He seemed to take no pleasure in the
presence of his child, and when I encoun-
tered the glance of his eye fixed upon me
a strange, undefinable sensation would
creep over me: a vague recollection of
scenes gone by. These passed four long,
weary weeks. For me were no dreams
of the future, no surveying of the past;
all, all was a chaos of guilt and dread.

Twice, in the still hour of midnight,
did I miss Auzele from my side. At
first I heeded it not, but as thought pres-
ented upon thought, my brain became mad-
dened; horrible suspicions crept over me
—grasping my pistols, I fled from the
castle, and, without one definite object,
I strode hastily towards that fatal spot. The
same wild yells met my ear, and, by the
clear blue flame, I beheld a scene of

sickening horror!—while I think upon it
my brain becomes frenzied—but I must
relieve the tortures of this breast by trac-
ing my sun of misery.

Aye, I beheld a motley group sitting
round the fire, who with shouts of laugh-
ter and demoniacal gestures, were tearing
asunder a human frame, a fresh victim!
There was a pause, when a voice arose
upon the stillness that sent my blood
chilling to my heart; I looked, and saw
my wife, and by her side that stranger
youth. Slowly I moved my hand toward
my pistol, and setting my teeth, grasped it
firmly. Another voice rang through the
air, and there sat Count Rudolph, the de-
mon of the burning mountain; well did
I remember, by that light, those unhallow-
ed eyes and that smile. The glance was
but momentary, for revenge was heaving
my bosom almost to bursting. There sat
the only object on earth that was dear to
me, for her I had bartered my soul, and
there she was, in seeming fellowship with
devils. Ages of misery were crowded in
that moment. She turned, and smiled
upon the beardless boy. Nature could
endure no longer—I fired! Loud yells
and horrid imprecations mingled with the
thunder's roar; one fierce scream was
borne upon the blast, and from the spot
where sat Auzele, up rose a culture!—
For a moment she hovered over me; I
saw the crimson blood stream from her
breast, and casting a look upon me,
(which by day and night, haunts the
deepest spot in memory's waste,) flapped
her broad wings, and was soon lost in the
impenetrable gloom.

Darkness fell upon me; reason was
lost and the breakers of despair. A
breath, deserted by Hope, within my
the funeral pile of Vice.

CANAL BETWEEN BAY OF FUNDY AND SAINT LAWRENCE.

To His Excellency Sir William M. G.
Colborne, K. H. &c. &c. &c.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,
I in obedience to Your Excellency's
commands, I proceeded, as soon after my
arrival in this Province, in July last, as I
could make my arrangements, to the
County of Westmoreland, to examine the
several lines proposed for the route for
a Canal to unite the waters of the Bay of
Fundy with those of the Gulf of Saint
Lawrence, and have the honor to report
the result of those examinations.

1. It is unnecessary for me to dwell
upon the importance of an undertaking
which seems in this Province to be gen-
erally admitted. The duty of the En-
gineer is to ascertain the practicability of
the scheme, and having done so, to de-
termine the best line, and frame an esti-
mate of the expense.

2. The object of a Canal, to unite the
waters above mentioned, is evidently to
enable coasting, or other vessels to pass
from Port to Port, without the risk and
delay incurred in navigating the Gulf of
Saint Lawrence, and making almost the
entire circuit of Nova Scotia. The di-
minution of the Canal must be determi-
ned by the object it is intended to effect.

3. An inspection of the Charts of Bay
Verde and Shediac Harbours, surveyed
by Captain Bayfield, R. N., copies of
which have been kindly furnished me by
Captain Owen, R. N., will show, that
from the shoalness of the waters, it will
be necessary to carry a Canal a consid-
erable distance into the Sea, to ensure 10
feet water at the Neap Flood Tides.—
This would be a tedious and an expen-
sive operation, particularly when the
whole distance is always under water, as
is the case in Shediac Harbour, and of
course the deeper the Canal is made, the
farther it must be carried into the Sea.
This consideration limits me to what
should be the minimum size for a Canal
which would in any degree answer the
end proposed, namely, 45 feet at bottom
and 85 feet on the water surface, for the
width, with a depth of 10 feet water in
the Canal. One of larger dimensions
would be preferable, if circumstance were
favourable, but it is upon the above data
I ground my calculations it may be ne-
cessary to make in the course of this Re-
port. With these dimensions, Vessels
drawing 9 feet of water, would pass
through the Canal and over the Lock
Sills, and the width is not too great to
admit of two Vessels passing each other,
especially Steam Vessels of the ordinary
construction, whose Paddle Boxes occu-
py much room.

4. The first line I examined was from
the confluence of the Au Lac and Tan-
mar Rivers, at the head of Cumberland
Basin, to the Tignish River falling into
Bay Verte. I proceeded along the Tan-
mar and Jolie Cour Marshes to the
source of the Au Lac River, thence to
the Swamp the source of the Missiguash
River. I examined the ground on this
spot particularly, and found the whole to
be a floating Morass, the surface com-
posed of mosses and aquatic plants, the
matted roots of which alone afford an in-
secure footing. Finding no firm bottom
at depths varying from 6 to 12 feet, I
considered that it might be less difficult
and less expensive to cut through a more
elevated tract of country, provided a suf-
ficient supply of water could be obtained
on the summit level, than to carry the
embankments of a Canal through these
Bogs, the shortest distance through which
is one mile. I therefore kept along the
low ground by the side, and to the head
of the Portage Lake, the water level of
which I found to be 4 feet 9 inches above
the point of commencement, thence cross-
ing the Bay Verte Road at the Portage
Bridge, proceeded nearly along water
courses, until I re-crossed the Bay Verte
Road, directing my course to the Tig-
nish River, and visiting in my route every
stream that could possibly be made at
all available for the supply of water for a
Canal. (This route is shown by a red line
on Plan No. 1.)

5. I examined the nature and capacity
of the several streams, particularly those
which run into the head of the Portage
Lake, and find that they originate in
small swamps, that to whatever degree
they may be filled during the freshets,
they are in the Summer months so very
inconsiderable, that they do not furnish
a sufficiency of water for working the
saw-mills upon them. I
dependence cannot be placed upon them
for the supply of water required for
a Canal of the dimensions stated in pa-
graph No. 4. Nor am I aware of any
other water available for the purpose on
this line; the waters of the Portage Lake,
even if sufficient, cannot be raised to the
height required.

6. The same deficiency of water will
hold good, if the route taken by Mr. Hall
in 1825, were followed, a route, I believe,
to be most level, and offering, with the
exception of the Bogs, few impediments.
7. This deficiency might be got rid of,
or greatly simplified, by admitting the
tidal waters of the Bay of Fundy, as pro-
posed by Mr. Telford in his Report on
Mr. Hall's survey of 1825 wherein he
suggests making the Spring Tides the
summit level, if they were limpid and
clear; but they are very turbid, and in-
admissible from the quantity of earthy
matter held in solution by them, of which
a great deposit takes place, even in mov-
ing water, and which would, in the still
waters of a Canal, accumulate to such
an extent, as soon to impede the work-
ing of the machinery of the Locks, and
cause frequent interruptions to the nav-
igation, for the purpose of cleansing the
Canal; a measure fraught with incon-
venience and considerable expense.

8. The Locks for such a work should
not be less than 150 feet between the
gates, and 40 feet wide; the quan-
tity of water required to fill such a Lock,
and which would be expended every time
a vessel was passed through, is 60,000
cubic feet, or 374,296 gallons.

9. The levels taken by me being
merely trials, and not necessary to elu-
cidate my Report upon this route, I have
judged it better not to exhibit them on
paper, as they might possibly mislead and
create an erroneous opinion as to the gen-
eral level of the country.

10. On the left or North side of the
road from Sackville to Bay Verte, sepa-
rated from the Jolie Cour Marsh by a
ridge of land, are several small Lakes,
and it has been suggested that they
might be made available for the supply of
water. I ran a level from the Jolie Cour
Marsh to one of them, and found the wa-
ter 2 feet 8 inches lower than the Marsh.
These Lakes are of course influenced by
the Spring freshets, but the outlet, by
which the superfluous water finds its way
to the sea, does not indicate that any
great body of water passes through at
any time, and they are on too low a level
to supply the head water for a Canal.

11. The second line which came un-
der examination was from Shediac Har-
bour to the Bay of Fundy, commencing
at the high water mark, Neap Flood
Tide, at the Bridge across the Scodouk
River, and terminating at Dorchester Is-
land, the distance being 25 1-4 miles.

12. I proceeded one mile and a half
up the Scodouk River, and then turned
up a very small Creek, or rather Brook,
called Underwoods, which appeared to be
the most eligible route by which a Canal
could be brought into connection with
the Scodouk. I proceeded in a South-
westerly direction, following nearly the
course taken by Mr. Minette in 1821,
towards the marshy meadows and Carr-
boon Plain through which the Scodouk
takes a very winding course towards
Shediac Harbour; crossing the River
and low lands which form a kind of Bas-
sin, being surrounded on all sides by
rising ground, I continued my course on
the Memramcook River, passing in my
way the sources of the Indian Stream
which falls into the Memramcook nearly
one mile above the point where I crossed
that River. Turning more Southerly,
I followed the course of the Memram-
cook nearly all the way to where it de-
bouches into the Bay of Fundy at Dor-
chester Island. My course is shown by
a red line on Plan No. 2.

13. I have shown in Section the ground
traversed between the Scodouk and
Memramcook Rivers, sufficient, I hope,
to elucidate the remarks I have to offer
upon this route in reference to its adapta-
tion for the line of a Canal. The Sec-
tion shows the most elevated tract of
country between Shediac Harbour and
the Bay of Fundy.

14. It will be seen at one view that
to carry a Canal by this route, it is ne-
cessary that there should be an ample
supply of water upon this summit level,
and that it must be looked for in the low
ground or Basin through which the Scod-
ouk flows.

15. There appears to be two probable
methods of creating this desideratum.
The first is to dam up the Scodouk Ri-
ver where it flows on leaving the Carrboon
Plain, as at Q, Plan No. 2, and thus raise
the waters to such a height as to fill the
Canal and Locks terminating the summit
level. The second is to convert the wa-
ter so raised by the Dam at Q, into a
Reservoir only, and not for purposes of
navigation.

16. With reference to the first of these
methods, admitting that the Spring
Freshets would fill the Canal to the ex-
tent required, in the first instance, the
next point for consideration is, will the
Scodouk River, uninfluenced by the
Freshets, maintain this supply during the
Summer months? for it is evident, that
unless a full supply is constantly kept up,
so as to ensure the depth of 9 feet over
the Lock Sills, Vessels of the description
for which this depth is calculated, could
not pass.

17. The current of the Scodouk Ri-
ver across the low ground, in the Sum-
mer months, is scarcely perceptible, the
width of the River is 33 feet, the depth
averages 3 feet. Such dimensions, with
so small a velocity, would afford a very
insufficient accumulation of water, when
not under the influence of the Freshets,
and even of this accumulation, the whole
would not be available, because an al-
lowance must be made for unavoidable
leakage, and also for the effects of evap-
oration, which latter would be very con-
siderable from so extensive a surface of
water under the influence of the power-
ful Summer sun of this country. I can-
not consider it safe to depend on so inade-
quate a supply for keeping up the neces-
sary demand for a large Canal.

18. With reference to the second meth-
od of acquiring head water for a Canal,
it must be borne in mind that a Reser-
voir should always be subject to two
conditions: First, it ought in itself to be
sufficiently low to collect flood waters
from an ample surface of country; and
Secondly, so high as to enable the whole
of the water in it, being drawn into the
summit level of the Canal.

19. The position of the Scodouk Ri-
ver is such as not to comply with the
first of the two conditions stated, because
there is not elevation of land sufficient to
afford an ample surface from which to
collect flood waters under ordinary cir-
cumstances; it is only under the extra-
ordinary cases of freshets that reliance
could be placed for an adequate supply.
These influences are not of long continu-
ance, and vary in quantity according to
the quantity of snow that may fall during
the Winter, and the extent of the rains
of that season. The questions, therefore,
that naturally arise, are—Can a suffi-
cient quantity of water be collected dur-
ing the freshets to furnish the requisite

13. I proceeded one mile and a half
up the Scodouk River, and then turned
up a very small Creek, or rather Brook,
called Underwoods, which appeared to be
the most eligible route by which a Canal
could be brought into connection with
the Scodouk. I proceeded in a South-
westerly direction, following nearly the
course taken by Mr. Minette in 1821,
towards the marshy meadows and Carr-
boon Plain through which the Scodouk
takes a very winding course towards
Shediac Harbour; crossing the River
and low lands which form a kind of Bas-
sin, being surrounded on all sides by
rising ground, I continued my course on
the Memramcook River, passing in my
way the sources of the Indian Stream
which falls into the Memramcook nearly
one mile above the point where I crossed
that River. Turning more Southerly,
I followed the course of the Memram-
cook nearly all the way to where it de-
bouches into the Bay of Fundy at Dor-
chester Island. My course is shown by
a red line on Plan No. 2.

14. I have shown in Section the ground
traversed between the Scodouk and
Memramcook Rivers, sufficient, I hope,
to elucidate the remarks I have to offer
upon this route in reference to its adapta-
tion for the line of a Canal. The Sec-
tion shows the most elevated tract of
country between Shediac Harbour and
the Bay of Fundy.

15. It will be seen at one view that
to carry a Canal by this route, it is ne-
cessary that there should be an ample
supply of water upon this summit level,
and that it must be looked for in the low
ground or Basin through which the Scod-
ouk flows.

16. There appears to be two probable
methods of creating this desideratum.
The first is to dam up the Scodouk Ri-
ver where it flows on leaving the Carrboon
Plain, as at Q, Plan No. 2, and thus raise
the waters to such a height as to fill the
Canal and Locks terminating the summit
level. The second is to convert the wa-
ter so raised by the Dam at Q, into a
Reservoir only, and not for purposes of
navigation.

17. With reference to the first of these
methods, admitting that the Spring
Freshets would fill the Canal to the ex-
tent required, in the first instance, the
next point for consideration is, will the
Scodouk River, uninfluenced by the
Freshets, maintain this supply during the
Summer months? for it is evident, that
unless a full supply is constantly kept up,
so as to ensure the depth of 9 feet over
the Lock Sills, Vessels of the description
for which this depth is calculated, could
not pass.

18. The current of the Scodouk Ri-
ver across the low ground, in the Sum-
mer months, is scarcely perceptible, the
width of the River is 33 feet, the depth
averages 3 feet. Such dimensions, with
so small a velocity, would afford a very
insufficient accumulation of water, when
not under the influence of the Freshets,
and even of this accumulation, the whole
would not be available, because an al-
lowance must be made for unavoidable
leakage, and also for the effects of evap-
oration, which latter would be very con-
siderable from so extensive a surface of
water under the influence of the power-
ful Summer sun of this country. I can-
not consider it safe to depend on so inade-
quate a supply for keeping up the neces-
sary demand for a large Canal.

19. With reference to the second meth-
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of that season. The questions, therefore,
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cient quantity of water be collected dur-
ing the freshets to furnish the requisite

21. The second line which came un-
der examination was from Shediac Har-
bour to the Bay of Fundy, commencing
at the high water mark, Neap Flood
Tide, at the Bridge across the Scodouk
River, and terminating at Dorchester Is-
land, the distance being 25 1-4 miles.

22. I proceeded one mile and a half
up the Scodouk River, and then turned
up a very small Creek, or rather Brook,
called Underwoods, which appeared to be
the most eligible route by which a Canal
could be brought into connection with
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