

Anna on trip with  
Papa to N.B.

St. John's  
New Brunswick

Acc. 1443

Dearest-mamma,

Here we are  
so far on our journey,  
which has been quite a suc-  
cess hitherto. The White  
Mountains were most beau-  
tiful, but I believe I men-  
tioned them in my last  
letter from Bangor & ought  
to take up the thread of  
my narrative where I drop-  
ped it. I think Bangor one  
of the prettiest cities I have  
ever seen, very clean & with  
beautiful elm trees along  
all the streets, which always  
improves a town. The shops  
are nice & the hotel very well  
kept & comfortable, we left it  
at 8 o'c of 9, travelled for a long  
time up the Penobscot valley  
it is a pretty river, but it



good deal spoiled by the  
quantities of timber on it, still  
the country is very pretty, not  
unlike the Eastern Townships.  
then we got into real back-  
woods. Passed lumberer's huts  
& new settlers shanties. Then  
we passed several quite large  
lakes & then came down the  
St John river, it is very pretty,  
almost the prettiest river I have  
seen it is not unlike the Rhine  
minus the castles. As for St  
John it is dirty, dull, dark  
& anything but attractive, Papa  
& I took a long walk  
all through the suburbs & past  
the pretty villas that are round  
the city & then across the suspen-  
sion bridge, through the suburb  
of Barton, & then back across  
the river in a ferry. The river  
is perfectly lovely, I wanted very  
much to go up to Frederick  
Town but Papa says that there  
is not time, that we must go  
on, at any rate I have a pretty  
good notion of St John, we went  
to a horrid cold dead & alive.



Presbyterian church this morning  
where I tried to sleep, as the best  
thing attainable. In the evening  
we went to a Methodist chapel  
& heard a good practical es-  
sential sermon on "He that subleth  
his own city is greater than he  
that taketh a city." The singing  
too was quite a treat - between  
Wesleyans & Wesley's life, I am in  
a fair way of becoming a Metho-  
dist entirely. Tomorrow we cross  
the bay of Fundey & hope for a  
fine day - both today & yesterday  
have been cloudy & drizzling.  
It seems almost superfluous  
to write of our route when you  
have William to explain it all  
to you, besides we hurry along so  
that one has only time for obser-  
vation, not for collecting one's  
thoughts & writing. I feel as if I  
had been travelling & staring  
forever.

We intend to stay a day at  
Salinas - but I don't know  
whether I shall have time to  
write from there, as there is



be a good deal to do & see, I  
suppose -

This place is full of the  
inevitable Yankies, who are  
at present performing won-  
derful music on the piano  
the impression is not Sunday  
like at all -

Love to William & Eva, I  
wrote to W. from Bangor - I  
hope that you go out every  
day, & that we shall find  
you well on our return.

Now with all love  
dearest mamma, I must close

Your ever loving child  
Anna

all