

which adds much to the vividness of this natural picture, you leave on your left numerous clean little wooden houses, all white-washed, and at last you find yourself amidst a busy throng, for a population of four or five hundred souls animates this retired spot. Proceeding to visit the establishment, you go through the grist mill, the place for washing ore, the air and blast furnace, to the bellows, to which movement is given by a wheel 30 or 40 feet in diameter; the forge for preparing bar-iron, where a hammer 500 lbs. in weight, strikes its ponderous blows, with all the velocity that mechanical power imparts to matter. In another building charcoal is ground, in another moulds are prepared, &c. &c.

The walk around the Forges is very agreeable. The road is hard and sandy, and leads to the large stone-house, the headquarters of the establishment, which is represented in the landscape above. This house bears the marks of antiquity, and all in it shows a *regium opus*. It was built at great cost, by the king of France. On a heavy iron plate in the back of the chimney grate, we read that the house was built in 1746, about ten years after the works were in operation.

The establishment was got up by several individuals, and sold afterwards to the king of France by the owners, who could not pay its expenses; the sale was effected in 1736, and in 1737 the works were in operation under the king's name. At that period they afforded a very trifling revenue, as only very coarse articles were manufactured; but in 1739 Engineers were sent from France, and the establishment was raised on a better and firmer footing. It was the only Iron work then in the country. The Batiscan Company was not organised until 1798. We here rather quote Professor Kalm, a learned Swedish Tourist, who visited the establishment in 1748.

"The Iron-work lies three miles to the west of Three Rivers. The bellows are made of wood, and everything else as in the Swedish forges. The ore is got two and a half miles from the Iron works, and is carried thither on sledges. It is a kind of moor-iron, which lies in veins from six to eighteen inches deep, and below it is a white sand. The veins are surrounded with this sand on both sides, and covered at the top with a thin mould. The ore is pretty rich, and lies in loose lumps in the veins, of the size of two fists, though there are a few which are near eighteen inches thick. These lumps are full of holes, which are filled with ochre. The ore is so soft, that it may be crushed between the fingers. They make use of a gray limestone, which