

Seated comfortably in the bottom of our frail canoe, enjoying with a keen appetite our bread and butter and the "cup of brown ale," we glided swiftly and pleasantly along till we arrived at the *Greis*, whence, after viewing the Saw Mills, we drove home, spending a most delightful day. It was dark when we arrived at the Forges. They were busily engaged smelting; consequently we had a good opportunity of viewing the works, which appear to be in rather a languishing state. The iron from these forges equals the best Swedish, and the prices that are now obtained for the metal, ought to cause active operations. We reached Three Rivers at about 9° 30': remained a short time, awaiting the "John Munn," on her downward trip, and during that time, the steamer from Quebec arrived with a great many passengers on a visit to the Exhibition. Soon a hue and cry went around. I have been robbed, says one; some one has stolen my purse, says another; and in a short time, some dozen persons found that they had been robbed of their purses, some from their pockets, others from their bags; three in one family were sufferers,—the brother and cousins of one of our party. Some fifty pounds were stolen in less than a quarter of an hour, and the next day several shared the same fate, on the grounds of the Exhibition. The pick-pockets, it appears, were a party of infamous scoundrels from the States; who calculated on making a rich harvest among the simple habitans at the Agricultural Show.

At 11, P. M., we embarked on board the 'John Munn,' and the next morning, at about 10, reached Quebec, much gratified with our trip.

FINIS.