

nences enclosed the view, and gave the little town of white-washed cottages a warm, snug appearance.

I suppose many of your readers have seen a St. Maurice Stove; well, the iron is the product of the "St. Maurice Mines," and the stove the manufacture of the "St. Maurice Forges." The iron obtained in these mines is of the very first quality, and is not second to the best Swedish iron. The number of the workmen's cottages and the regularity with which they are laid out, gives the place the appearance of a good sized village; while the large workshops might stand for the "public buildings."

We merely stopped to water our horse and ourselves at the Forges, and then started, like young "bears," with the difficulties of the road all before us; for our chart began at the Forges, as, beyond them, the road was represented as more intricate; but, to our delight, we found it was utterly impossible to go astray, there was but one track, and, on either side, the untouched forest.

The soil at, and in the vicinity of the Forges is very black, I suppose because of the large deposits of iron; though I am not quite sure that this is the reason as I have not sufficient Geological lore to hazard a positive opinion.

We came to many very steep hills, which we had to ascend, and, like dutiful boys, (though we were not seen!) we all got out and walked up, in mercy to our horse. The number of the hills we had to climb showed that we were gradually ascending a higher tract of country.

Beyond the Forges we met with fearful impediments to quick travelling, in the shape of numberless "coal bins." These articles are huge waggons, employed to draw charcoal from the pits in the woods, for the use of the Forges. They are so large, and their boxes bulge on both sides so much, that to meet them in narrow parts of the road is rather awkward, and, as a matter of course, we always fell in with them in such places. They are drawn by two horses each,—tandem fashion,—and the drivers will not "budge," so that you have to "turn out," that is to say, to squeeze your vehicle into some impossible spot, or up some impracticable bank. A dozen such interesting "rencontres" with such unique conveyances, and such enlightened specimens for drivers was quite enough for one day.

We saw a great many large heaps of smoking earth which we supposed to be charcoal pits; we judged so from our knowledge of the process of manufacturing charcoal. Not to be too tedious, let me just add, in concluding Chapter One, that we did not go astray "at the top of the hill,"—that we were awfully bothered with loaded teams, which we could not pass,—that we came to a very steep hill, *down* which we descended,—that at the bottom of this hill we again discovered the river, and what was better, our destination—the Grès,—that the very first person we addressed was the person we wanted,—that we were hospitably received,—and—there let us stay and rest ourselves for a little; will you, dear reader?

Place D'Armes Hill, Montreal, }  
March 14, 1853. }

JUVENTUS.