

The spires looked *very* like the spires of Three Rivers; however, and the blue sheet of water looked *very* like the noble St. Lawrence! Could it be Three Rivers? It was! and we then discovered that we had been unconsciously jogging round the race course! Nothing dismayed, but rather amused,—though half an hour had been wasted, we tried another track; but, after a time, we suspected that the traces of a road were becoming “smaller by degrees and beautifully less,” and, at last, we were obliged to admit, that, certainly, that road was an exception to all other roads in general inasmuch as it led to nothing—except by the way to disappointment. Turning back once more we were on the point of going astray for the third time. None of us were very fluent in French, but A thought himself capable of asking directions from a French girl, and he did so, in the following manner:—“Is this le chemin à la St. Maurice?” Her answer startled us, for she said “Non,” and pointed far off in another direction. However, I did not feel quite sure about A’s French; we wanted the road to the “St. Maurice Forges,” and French scholars may be able to judge how far this question of A’s indicated our wish,—especially, when the fact is taken into consideration (which we learned afterwards) that there is a French settlement called St. Maurice, in the direction in which the girl pointed, and which no doubt she had in view. A lucky idea struck me, and I mumbled something about “Les Forges,” which seemed at once to be satisfactory, and drew an animated “Oui, oui,” from our fair friend.

We then trotted on pleasantly enough, and had leisure to observe the surrounding scenery. True, we could not see far on either side of us, the forest did not admit of that, but we could perceive that the road lay along a high table-land, which, as we advanced farther into the forest, became very undulating. The soil is sandy—very—indeed Three Rivers is a place of sand, and for the life of me, I am at a loss to understand how they can get any foundations for their edifices,—a sandy one being proverbially insecure and shaky. I suppose our old horse made the sandy nature of the soil an excuse for going at a most sedate pace, in spite of all the whipping which impetuous youth could bestow!

For the first mile or two, we did not see a vestige of a house, but, as we approached nearer the Forges, we discovered some six or eight miserable farm houses, some of them but half finished—others *entirely finished*, and some deserted; while the crops around these houses were of a most meagre description, generally consisting of about equal parts of stumps, consumptive wheat, and emptiness. Yet, I believe the land is admirably adapted to pasturage, and the grass along the road seemed rich and luxuriant. In several fields we observed women cutting the grain with sickles,—their husbands generally working as lumbermen during the summer months. At last, we came in sight of the St. Maurice Forges, and a beautiful sight it was. From a high eminence,—a sandy one of course, we looked down upon a little village, nestling itself in a pleasant little valley,—the impetuous St. Maurice running swiftly past it. On either side high and woody emi-