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## THE CHRONICLES OF THE ST LAWRENCE.

"I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes  
With the memorials and the things of fame  
That do renown this city."

*Shakespeare.*

So said Sebastian when he entered a city in Illyria, rendered famous by Shakespeare in that most enchanting comedy—"Twelfth Night." So also must many a tourist have said to his *compagnon de voyage*, when visiting the city of Quebec, which is replete with traditionary lore, quaint legends, and historic incidents of men renowned for their deeds.

For Christian service and true chivalry  
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry  
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son.

All the visitors to the ancient capital who have read Mr. LeMoine's delightful volume "Quebec: Past and Present," must have satisfied themselves that there were in the city many memorials and things of fame of which they would have known nothing without his friendly guidance. If the stranger, or I should say rather, pilgrim, to Stadacona owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. LeMoine, the lover of the romantic shores of the St. Lawrence from the Island of Orleans to the Island of Anticosti is so much the more indebted to him for his "Chronicles of the St. Lawrence." Personally, having been in the habit for many years past, whenever opportunities presented themselves, of making a trip either by steamer, sailing vessel or pilot boat to the Lower St. Lawrence, and being now tolerably familiar with its shores and the picturesque villages which fringe its hill sides, I most cordially thank Mr. LeMoine for his "Chronicles," and must confess that I have not, for a long time, read a book with so much interest and pleasure. I am not going to write a criticism on the book, neither to dwell on the skill and abilities of one, whose reputation as an antiquary, archæologist and a scholar is as well known in the Province of Quebec as the maple trees are in the autumn for their beautiful and luxuriant foliage, when clothed in a "proud prosperity of leaves." But I am going to recommend diligent reading of the "Chronicles" to all who have ever travelled by water from Quebec to the Atlantic, and more particularly so to those who have never seen the thousand natural beauties and the magnificent Laurentian mountains, which everywhere present themselves to the eye, and so strongly appeal to the imagination and the feelings during the trip down the river.

Perhaps no excursion on this continent can be made where there is such a variety in the phases of the scenery as that existing between Quebec and the "Gulf Ports." Again, for convenience, expeditious and safe transit, the Gulf Steamers *Secrel* and *Miramichi*, and the River Steamers *Saguenay*, *Union* and *St. Lawrence* afford everything that can be desired. But the mere trip to and fro, beyond a momentary gratification to the eye, and imparting a healthful glow to the cheek, and invigorating the body, is not seeing the St. Lawrence in the way to appreciate the spirit of Mr. LeMoine's "Chronicles." The rapid passing in a steamboat the Island of Orleans, Isle-aux-Coudres, Murray Bay, The Pilgrims, Riviere-du-Loup, Tadousac, Bic, Rimouski, Metis, Cape Chatte, Cape Rosier, Gaspé, Percé and other places *en route* to Pictou, will not enable the tourist to form even a remote idea of the romantic inland scenery, "where scarce a woodman finds a road, and scarce the fisher plies an oar," but where every mile is rather "magnificently rude" or sublime in its grandeur. As a hurried walk round the Louvre and the Vatican with an ordinary cicerone, or through such glorious fanes as Canterbury, York and Westminster, Gloster, Wells and Salisbury, accompanied only by the subsacrist or vergger, will not let the student or pilgrim, however intelligent or perspicacious he may be, grasp the beauties, whether of sculpture, painting or architecture, presented to his view, neither will a temporary halting at the wharves or landing places of the different villages enable the *voyageur* to find that