

# ST. LAWRENCE STEAM NAVIGATION CO.

## THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Whatever may be said of the other great rivers of the world, all travelers agree that, for *grandeur* and majesty, none can approach the St. Lawrence. Why, it is a world itself! Including the lakes which naturally belong to this river, it possesses a coast line of over six thousand miles, the cities, towns and villages upon whose borders are counted by hundreds, and the vessels of all classes navigating its waters by thousands. In contemplating the inland seas which feed it, the senses are bewildered at their immensity. In Niagara is exhibited the terrific and sublime to an extent not to be found elsewhere. The same water which leaps over the cataract, after reposing in Ontario's basin, glides past Kingston and through the "Thousand Islands," and once again becomes turbulent in "The Rapids." In these, while dashing headlong forward, the imagination may make a faint attempt at estimating the strength and velocity of the current, as, shooting past an island or a village, the eye has just time to see it approaching ahead, and to catch a last view of it astern, revealing another feature of this noble river. The Lakes, the Thousand Islands and the Rapids being passed, the mind is allowed to contemplate the calm and peaceful, as the placid waters flow past the many villages and towns between Montreal and Quebec, unbroken by rapid or other impediment.

Grand and interesting though all these scenes may be, they are as nothing compared to what lies before the tourist going farther down. And to SEE the St. Lawrence one must go below Quebec.

The traveler bound for the Saguenay and the Lower St. Lawrence will have many objects of interest to note; among them, the first will be a view of Quebec and harbor from the promenade deck just after leaving the wharf. The view which now greets the eye is not surpassed anywhere. The harbor of Quebec has been likened to the celebrated Bay of Naples, and, by many, is said to surpass it in beauty. Surrounding this magnificent basin are: Cape Diamond with its citadel and frowning battlements; the city, with glistening domes and spires, circled and guarded by its ramparts and bristling batteries, to the south the undulating hills of Levis rise in terraces, crowned by a thriving town of that name, and stretching away for miles towards the borders of Maine; to the north the fertile plains of Beauport in the foreground, dotted with villages, set in a

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frame-work of mountains, piled, range lost in the distance, they mingle with the shore the unique FALLS OF MONTMORIS, a beholder. Across the harbor, facing the one of the forts on the highest point in the distance, between lies the

## ISLE OF ORLEANS

This Island is about twenty miles long, one mile to five miles wide; it rises to a cone at the end nearest Quebec the high land above the water level. On it are six Catholics, one Protestant, the latter being for the most part visitors in summer. The total population between 6000 and 7000.

## CAP TOURMENT

is well seen as soon as the Isle of Orleans is reached. It lies on the north shore, and rises to 2000 feet.

## GROSSE ISLE

is now in view, and claims a passing visit. Quarantine Station for Quebec, and the many a poor emigrant who, coming to the island for a home, lies buried at "the Quarantine." Buried 7000 victims of the "ship fever" as many were claimed by the cholera in 1832.

Many islands are now passed, remarkable for their fertility and the great quantity of game which is killed in the season.

## BAIE ST. PAUL

to the north, guarded by

## ISLE AUX COUDRES

(Hazel Island), is remarkable for its rich soil.

While the boat glides past these beautiful islands near by, others miles away, they serve to realize the majestic proportions of the river, which now is seen in all its grandest feature of all must not be omitted.

From Cap Tourment to Murray Bay, a distance of fifty miles, the left bank of the river presents a panorama of the WILDEST SCENERY only surpassed by the Saguenay; in fact, the scenery to Switzerland and the Rhine combined is much grander as the mighty St. Lawrence winds its romantic stream.