

# • Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

A Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, CANADA, SEPTEMBER, 1895.

[Vol. 7, No. 9.

Written and Illustrated for this Publication.]

## The Lower St. Lawrence & the Saguenay

FIRST PAPER.

**Q**UEBEC—grand old historic Quebec—we came upon it in the early morn be-

fore old Sol had made his appearance, but while each rose-edged cloudlet was proclaiming the advent of his appearance.

Through the soft grey mists and purple haze that enveloped her we saw the fortress city dimly, as though in a dream. Calmly she lay in the blue distance wearing an ethereal aspect; majestically she reposed on the broad bosom of the mighty St. Lawrence like some sleepy genii of the time of Confucius dozing in an Oriental sea.

Many times had we read of this walled town, this Gibraltar of America; oft had we conjured up mind pictures of her beauty, but always in the same vague way, and now she stood before us in substance, presenting that identical, indefinite form which our fondest imaginings had pre-conceived. We pinched ourselves to see if this were reality, and the pain told us we were fully awake.

Long before our steamer was due her forward promenade became freighted with eager eyes and expectant faces, anxious to catch a first glimpse, like nineteenth century explorers, of the old storied rock that caused such contentions in the past, and which, in 1776, saved the Dominion of to-day from being a constituent part of the American Republic to the south, which then gave to Canada a national existence and a life, and which to-day furnishes her with an eloquent past. It was like a peep at ages long gone by, though as new to our delighted eyes as to the astonished vision of Jacques Cartier when he first discovered the Indian village of Stadacona.

Over the gunwales of our vessel we peered with telescopes and field-glasses, like modern Champlains, reconnoitring for an available landing place.

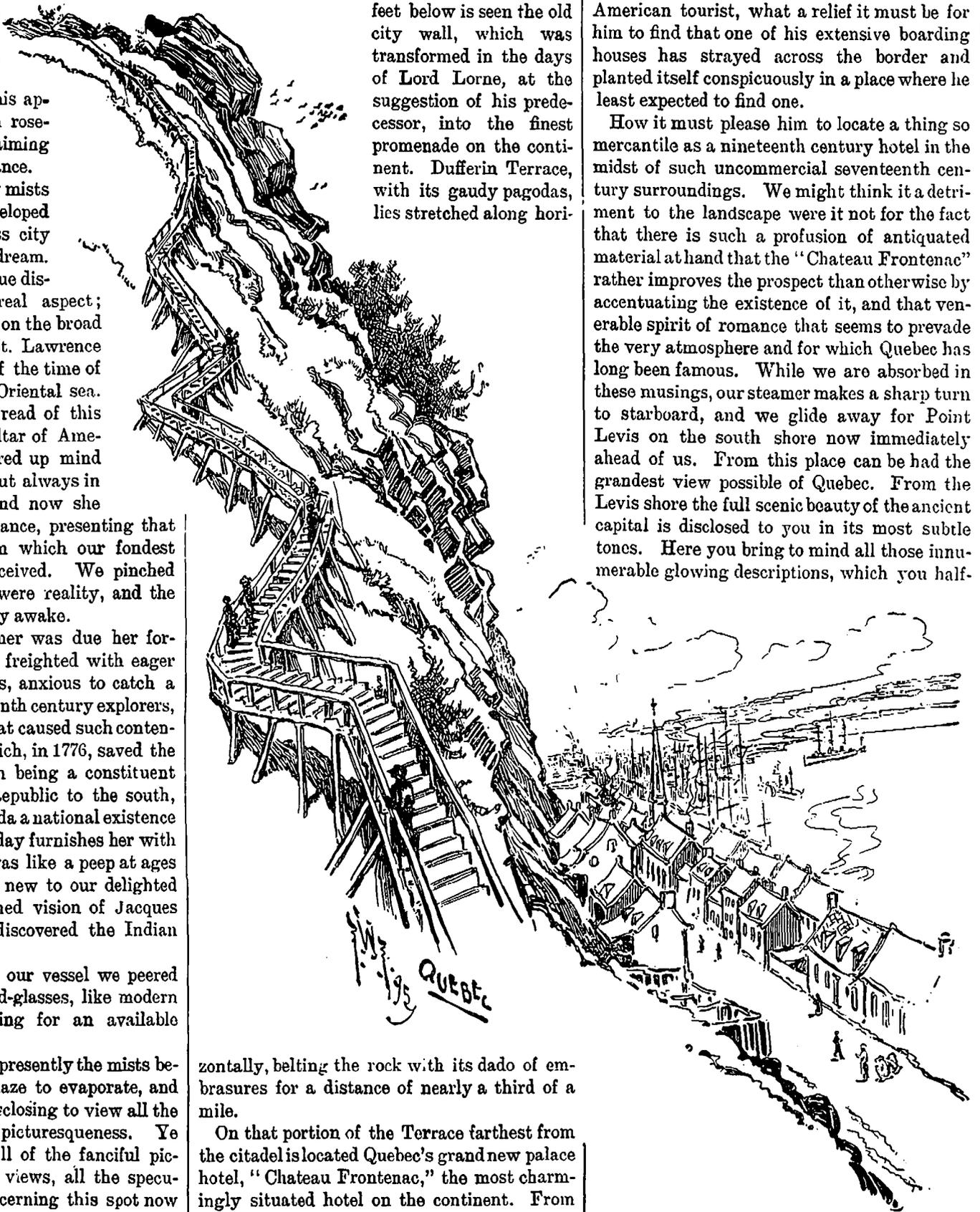
Now we come closer; presently the mists begin to shift, the blue haze to evaporate, and then the veil is lifted, disclosing to view all the generous detail in its picturesqueness. Ye gods, what a sight! All of the fanciful pictures, all the visionary views, all the speculative ideas we had concerning this spot now pale into insignificance in comparison with the reality. We gaze with astonished eyes at the sight before us. Rising three hundred and

twenty-five feet from the water's edge, the old gray citadel rears its frowning battlements in the rising sun, with England's old red cross banner at the summit floating in the morning

breeze. Scarce ninety feet below is seen the old city wall, which was transformed in the days of Lord Lorne, at the suggestion of his predecessor, into the finest promenade on the continent. Dufferin Terrace, with its gaudy pagodas, lies stretched along hori-

pretty park called Governor's Garden, where a dual monument erected in 1828 to the memories of Wolfe and Montcalm stands, and which may be seen from the steamer's deck. What a delight this hotel Frontenac must prove to the American tourist, what a relief it must be for him to find that one of his extensive boarding houses has strayed across the border and planted itself conspicuously in a place where he least expected to find one.

How it must please him to locate a thing so mercantile as a nineteenth century hotel in the midst of such uncommercial seventeenth century surroundings. We might think it a detriment to the landscape were it not for the fact that there is such a profusion of antiquated material at hand that the "Chateau Frontenac" rather improves the prospect than otherwise by accentuating the existence of it, and that venerable spirit of romance that seems to pervade the very atmosphere and for which Quebec has long been famous. While we are absorbed in these musings, our steamer makes a sharp turn to starboard, and we glide away for Point Levis on the south shore now immediately ahead of us. From this place can be had the grandest view possible of Quebec. From the Levis shore the full scenic beauty of the ancient capital is disclosed to you in its most subtle tones. Here you bring to mind all those innumerable glowing descriptions, which you half-



zontally, belting the rock with its dado of embrasures for a distance of nearly a third of a mile.

On that portion of the Terrace farthest from the citadel is located Quebec's grand new palace hotel, "Chateau Frontenac," the most charmingly situated hotel on the continent. From any of its windows on three sides a panoramic view of unrivalled beauty can be had, while its west windows on the fourth side overlook the

THE OLD STEPS TO THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.