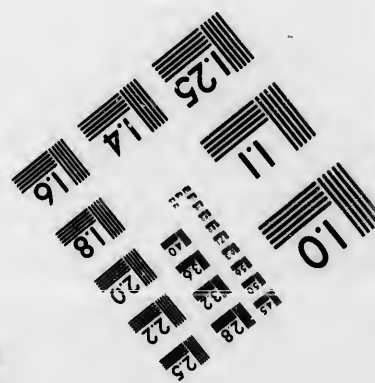
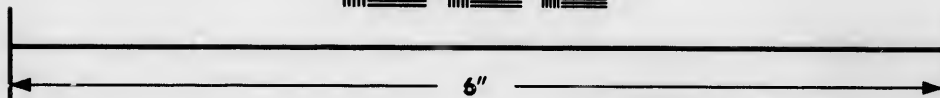
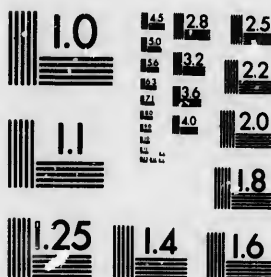


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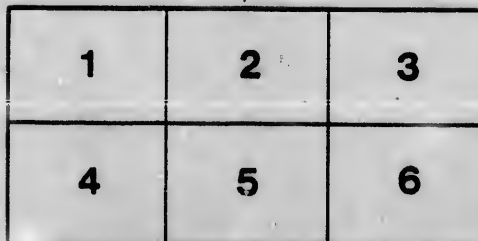
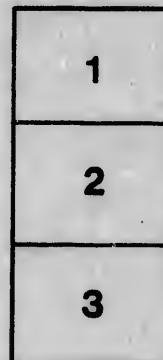
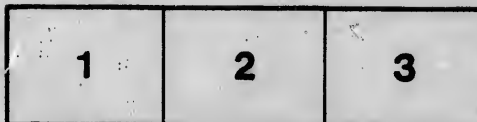
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VIEW OF TERRACE AND CITADEL.

ILLUSTRATED  
DESCRIPTION OF THE

# CITY OF QUEBEC

AND THE  
SURROUNDING COUNTRY

Issued by the Passenger  
Department of the ❀ ❀

## Quebec Central Railway

SHERBROOKE, P. Q.



FRANK GRUNDY,  
General Manager.

A. STEELE,  
Superintendent.

J. H. WALSH,  
General Pass. Agent,  
Sherbrooke, P.Q.

R. M. STOCKING,  
City and District Agent,  
32 St. Louis St., Quebec.

P. R. NEILL,  
Travelling Pass. Agent,  
Room 74 Union Depot,  
Boston, Mass.

Sherbrooke, June, 1898.





VIEW OF HARBOR FROM PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

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## Quebec Central Railway.

### Description of the Route.



**B**Y no other route can the tourist and traveller reach so many delightful summer resorts, and certainly no other affords such varied and picturesque scenery, as that traversed by the **Quebec Central Railway** and its connections. It is easy to determine upon taking a Summer outing, but it is not so easy to decide where to go. Time and purse are factors which assert themselves, and it is with the intention of assisting the tourist to make his choice that this little book is published.

The **Quebec Central Railway** offers peculiar facilities to intending holiday makers; forming, as it does, the intermediate and direct line between New York, Boston, Portland, the Eastern and Middle States, and Quebec. Traversing a country of beautiful lakes and rivers, its line leads by the most pleasant ways to the most pleasant places. The train service, consisting of elegant palace cars, which run without change between Quebec and Springfield, Quebec and Boston, and Quebec and Portland,

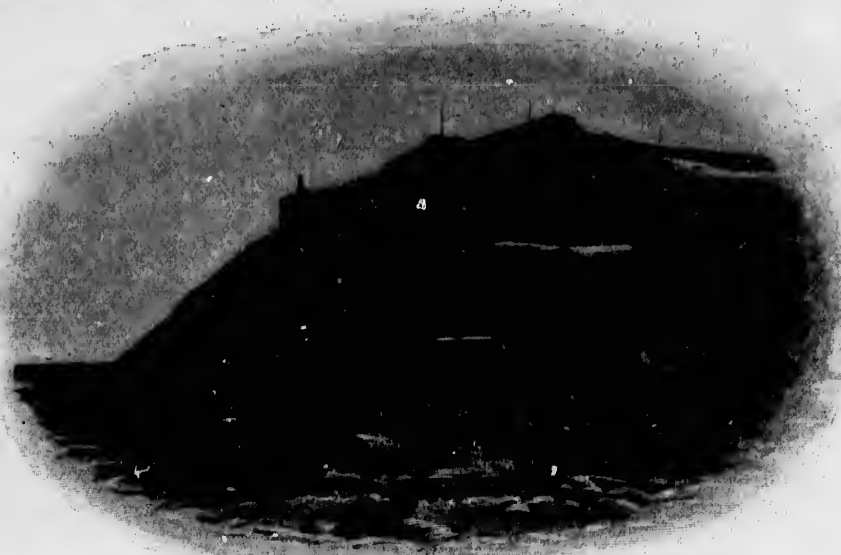


CHATEAU FRONTENAC, QUEBEC.



assure to travellers all modern conveniences and comforts, and at the same time, tickets can be purchased by this route at very moderate prices.

Since first the pioneers of summer travel began their search for the beautiful or magnificent in Canadian scenery, the region of the Lower St. Lawrence has steadily grown in popularity. Quebec, called by a recent writer, "the city of all cities on this continent," is situated where the River St. Lawrence begins to widen, and on the boldest promontory of its whole course. A curious fascinating old town, picturesquely sloping on the sides of Cape Diamond to a height of several hun-



THE CITADEL, QUEBEC.

dred feet above the river, crowned with the symmetry of the Citadel, around which cluster so many historical events of interest.

Of all Canadian cities, Quebec offers to the stranger the greatest attractions. Considered historically, it has no compeer on this side of the Atlantic; considered picturesquely, it affords a striking illustration at every point, worthy of the artist's pen. Men and women with eyes for the beautiful can see pictures almost every step that they may take. From the windows of the Chateau Frontenac, or from Dufferin Terrace, one of the finest views on the continent may

be had. Joaquin Miller, who travelled much, said that of all the wonder spots of the world that he had seen, four only came up to the expectations which he had formed of them before he had seen them. One of these was the delicious Bay of Naples, the second was Niagara, the third was the marvellous amber-colored Saguenay, and the fourth was "quaint, curious and unrivalled Quebec." The poet used to sit for hours in the twilight viewing nature from the grand and imposing promenade of Dufferin Terrace, the finest walk in the world.



GRANDE ALLEE AND PARLIAMENT HOUSE, QUEBEC.

An American paper, describing Quebec, a short time ago said :

"The situation of Quebec is rare indeed ; with the St. Lawrence on one side and the smaller St. Charles on the other, joining the large river there ; then with the Laurentian Hills in their blue grandeur to the north and west, and hills in fact beyond the water on every side. Certainly nothing can compare with the wonderful peculiarity and variety of its scenery. Lord Dufferin, when in Canada as Governor-General, is remembered to have considered it the finest situation, with possibly one exception, in the world. I have spoken of the sensation one has of being in a foreign land, and this is much increased by even a short distance

from the city, where is found a very primitive life and great simplicity. There we see the low white houses all facing one way, on account of the high winter winds; women in quite large hats working in the fields, often sitting there while pulling or picking their herbs, and toiling very hard to raise the few vegetables, eggs, etc., they may have for the market. Then on Saturday we go to the delightful old market place and find each woman presiding over her little store of products—a motley collection. Generally she has a lamb, some eggs, berries, vegetables, a few dried herbs, and always, with an eye for decoration and a few extra pennies, some bunches of simple, old-fashioned garden flowers. She keeps all these in the cart in which she has driven to town, and usually sits in the back of it herself, crying their superior qualities. Although the population of the city is mainly dependent on these small market carts for supplies for the table, one always finds plenty of delicious things—the lamb of the country being perhaps especially good.

“After visiting the market, we naturally walk through the quaint, narrow streets of the Lower Town, where we find most picturesque spots, often historical, and hardly believe that there, among the banks and business warehouses of to-day, was the fashionable quarter of a century ago. Now there are the poorer and lower classes, in small and apparently un-get-at-able tenements, over and back of the shops. But in looking down upon them from the Upper Town, we see quantities of attractive little tenements, with strange, romantic sorts of entrances, and with dormer windows, always filled with plants; and, no matter how poor the inhabitants, a bright screen or shade at every window. It is difficult to imagine the strangeness of this whole town below another. It looks almost like another



THE MARKET PLACE, QUEBEC.

world, and when the sun has left the Lower Town by several hours earlier than one has it above, we think it must really seem to be another world. The inhabitants of Lower Town gladly come up to the charming terrace when the band plays, several times during the week, and to church. The constant church-going and frequent church fetes also remind one of the European cities, and no less the demure nuns of various orders often met in the streets. If inclined to visit their houses, the convents, one is sure of being courteously received.

"As a matter of fact, the French are so large a proportion of the Province of Quebec, one hears constantly their language (or the peculiar Canadian patois) in the streets and shops—and by the cultivated, the purest of Parisian French. There is, however, no difficulty whatever, in getting on with no knowledge of anything but our own tongue, for the people as a rule speak both languages.

"On warm days we may take excursions on the river, getting from there fine views of the beautiful residences with extensive grounds on the shore. There are many attractive places to visit, either up or down the river, where one hears some legend or story of local interest, and romantic nooks, where we may halt for luncheon. As we recall its many and charming features we feel, with a pleasing character in a well known novel, who has said, 'See Venice and die,' but, rather, I would say 'See Quebec and live forever.'"

We have taken the liberty of quoting a part of the beautiful poem, "The Habitant" from Dr. Drummond's recent book. The simple, pastoral life of the French-Canadian habitant is very graphically described, and, if space would permit, we would willingly have given the poem in full.

### The Habitant.



E place I get born, me, is up on de reever  
Near foot of de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc  
Beeg mountain behin' it, so high you can't climb it  
An' whole place she 's mebbe two hundred arpent.

De fader of me, he was habitant farmer,  
Ma gran' fader too, an' hees fader also,  
Dey don't mak' no monee, but dat is n't fonny,  
For it 's not easy to get ev'ryt'ing, you mus' know.

All de sam' dere is somet'ing dey got ev'rybuddy,  
Dat's plaintee good healt', wat de monee can't geev,  
So I'm working away dere, an' happy for stay dere  
On farm by de reever, so long I was leev.

O! dat was de place w'en de spring tam she's comin',  
W'en snow go away, an' de sky is all blue—  
W'en ice lef' de water, an' sun is get hotter  
An' back on de medder is sing de gou-glou—

W'en small sheep is firs' comin' out on de pasture,  
 Deir nice leetle tail stickin' up on deir back,  
 Dey ronne wit' deir moder, an' play wit' each oder  
 And jump all de tam jus' de sam' dey was crack—

An' ole cow also, she 's glad winter is over,  
 So she kick herse'f up, an' start off on de race  
 Wit' de two-year-ole heifer, dat's purty soon lef' her,  
 W'y ev'ryt'ing's crazee all over de place!

An' down on de reever de wil' duck is quackin'  
 Along by de shore leetle san' piper ronne—  
 De bullfrog he 's gr-rumpin' an' doré is jompin'  
 Dey all got deir own way for mak' it de fonne.

But Spring 's in beeg hurry, an' don't stay long wit' us,  
 An' firs' t'ing we know, she go off till ner' year,  
 Den bee commence hummin', for summer is comin'  
 An' purty soon corn 's gettin' ripe on de ear.

Mos' ev'ryday raf' it pass on de rapide  
 De voyageurs singin' some ole chanson  
 'Bout girl down de reever—too bad dey mus' leave her,  
 But comin' back soon wit' beaucoup d'argent.

An' den w'en de fall an' de winter come roun' us  
 An' bird of de summer is all fly away,  
 W'en mebbe she's snowin', an' nort' win' is blowin'  
 An' night is mos' t'ree tam so long as de day.

You t'ink it was bodder de babitant farmer?  
 Not at all—he is happy an' feel satisfy,  
 An' cole may las' good w'ile, so long as de wood-pile  
 Is ready for burn on de stove by an' bye.

W'en I got plaintee hay put away on de stable  
 So de sheep an' de cow, dey got no chance to freeze,  
 An' de 'hen all togedder—I don't min' the wedder—  
 De nort' win' may blow just as mooche as she please.

An' some cole winter night how I wish you can see us,  
 W'en I smoke on de pipe, an' de ole woman sew  
 By de stove of T'ree Reeever—my wife's fader geev her  
 On day we get marry, dat 's long tam ago—

We leev very quiet 'way back on de contree  
 Don't put on sam style lak de big village,  
 W'en we don't get the monee you t'ink dat is fonny  
 An' mak' plaintee sport on de Bottes Sauvages.

But I tole you—dat 's true—I don't go on de city  
 If you geev de fine hoose an' beaucoup d'argent—  
 I rader he stay me, an' spen' de la las' day me  
 On farm by de rapide dat 's call Cheval Blanc.



FRENCH-CANADIAN HABITANT.

Leaving Quebec by Quebec Central Ferry, the tourist will enjoy a most charming view of the ancient city, so famous in song and story.

Rev. Geo. M. Grant, in "Picturesque Canada," describes it thus :



KENT GATE, QUEBEC.

"Passing slowly across from shore to shore, the striking features of the city and its surroundings come gradually into view, in a manner doubly enchanting if it happens to be a soft, misty summer morning. At first, the dim huge mass of the rock and citadel—seemingly one grand fortification—absorbs the attention, then the details come out one after another. The firm lines of rampart and bastion, the shelving outlines of the rock, Dufferin Terrace with its light pavilions, the slope of Mountain Hill, the Grand Battery, the conspicuous pile of Laval University, the dark, serried mass of houses

clustering along the foot of the rocks, and rising up the gentler incline into which these fall away, the quays, the boats steaming in and out from their wharves, all impress the stranger with the most distinctive aspects of Quebec."

Dr. Prosper Bender, of Boston, in his "Old and New Canada," sketches the scene from the old Chateau St. Louis, which was destroyed by fire in January, 1834, and occupied the site of the present Frontenac Hotel—as follows :

"The commanding views of the St. Lawrence from the Chateau and environs have been appreciated ever since the earliest days. The French and English governors, however, inviting the pleasures of the table, could offer their guests a more exquisite treat in the contemplation of the noble panorama visible from that exalted position. . . . The great mountain fortress, the citadel and stronghold of British power in America, on the right, and the majestic St. Lawrence, stretching with a magnificent sweep between its lofty bank, on its seaward course, formed a splendid spectacle.

"Especially attractive would be Point Levi heights, covered by an almost unbroken forest. Their summits, which even overtop Cape Diamond,



CAPE DIAMOND, QUEBEC.



WOLFE'S MONUMENT, QUEBEC.

were occupied by Wolfe and his troops in 1759, and from thence the city was bombarded; and again in 1775, they were held by Arnold with his New England volunteers.

"Looking north, the eye would be fascinated by the graceful bay formed by the river to meet the descending waters of the St. Charles, which here mingle with its ample tide; to the north-east a line of white cottages, then as now, traced the shore to the great Montmorenci cataract; and beyond to Chateau Richer and Ste. Anne, the dwellings of the more adventurous settlers might be described. Still further to the north, forming a remote background, appeared the mountains, the blue tops merging with the deeper azure of the sky, while on the bosom of the great river proudly reposed the beautiful Island of Orleans, richly wooded from shore to centre. To all these scenes was attached an historical interest, created by the records of Indian encounters and of French and English hostilities."

Howells, in "A Chance Acquaintance," is so happy in description of Old Stadacona that we take pleasure in transcribing it here:

"The sun shone with a warm, yellow light on the Upper Town, with its girdle of gray wall, and on the red flag that drowsed above the citadel, and was a friendly lustre on the tinned roofs of the lower town; while away off to the south, and east and west, wandered the purple hills and farm-lit plains in such dewy shadow and effulgence as would have been enough to make the heaviest heart glad."

We append a description of the taking of the City of Quebec by Wolfe in 1759, taken from the recent work by Rev. W. H. Fritchett, entitled "Deeds that Won the Empire."

"On September 12 Wolfe's plans were complete, and he issued his final orders. One sentence in them curiously anticipates Nelson's famous signal at Trafalgar. 'Officers and men,' wrote Wolfe, 'will remember what their country expects of them.' A feint on Beauport, five miles to the east of Quebec



MONUMENT DES BRAVES, QUEBEC.



as evening fell, made Montcalm mass his troops there; but it was at a point five miles west of Quebec the real attack was directed.

"At two o'clock at night two lanterns appeared for a minute in the main top shrouds of the 'Sunderland.' It was the signal, and from the fleet, from the Isle of Orleans, and from Point Levi, the English boats stole silently out, freighted with some 1700 troops, and converged towards the point in the black wall of cliffs agreed upon. Wolfe himself was in the leading boat of the flotilla. . . Suddenly from the great wall of rock and forest to their left broke the challenge of a French sentinel—'Qui vive?' A Highland officer of Fraser's regiment, who spoke French fluently, answered the challenge. 'France.' 'A quel regiment?' 'De la Reine,' answered the Highlander. As it happened the French expected a flotilla of provision boats, and after a little further dialogue, in which the cool Highlander completely deceived the French sentries, the British were allowed to slip past in the darkness. The tiny cove was safely reached, the boats stole silently up without a blunder, twenty-four volunteers from the Light Infantry leaped from their boat and led the way in single file up the path, that ran like a thread along the face of the cliff. Wolfe sat eagerly listening in his boat below. Suddenly from the summit he saw the flash of the muskets and heard the stern shout which told him his men were up. A clear, firm order, and the troops sitting silent in the boats leaped ashore, and the long file of soldiers, like a chain of ants, went up the face of the cliff, Wolfe amongst the foremost, and formed in order on the plateau, the boats meanwhile rowing back at speed to bring up the remainder of the troops. Wolfe was at last within Montcalm's guard!



ENGLISH CATHEDRAL, QUEBEC.

"When the morning of the 13th dawned, the British army, in line of battle, stood looking down on Quebec. Montcalm quickly heard the news, and came riding furiously across the St. Charles and past the city to the scene of danger. He rode, as those who saw him tell, with a fixed look and uttering not a word. The vigilance of months was rendered worthless by that amazing night escalade. When he reached the slopes Montcalm saw before him the silent red wall of British infantry, the Highlanders with waving tartans and wind-blown plumes—all in battle array. It was not a detachment, but an army!

"The fight lasted fifteen minutes, and might be told in almost as many words. . . . Wolfe himself charged at the head of the Grenadiers, his bright



uniform making him conspicuous. He was shot in the wrist, wrapped a handkerchief round the wound, and still ran forward. Two other bullets struck him—one, it is said, fired by a British deserter, a sergeant broken by Wolfe for brutality to a private. 'Don't let the soldiers see me drop,' said Wolfe, as he fell, to an officer running beside him. An officer of the Grenadiers, a gentleman volunteer, and a private carried Wolfe to a redoubt near. He refused to allow a surgeon to be called. 'There is no need,' he said, 'it is all over with me.' Then one of the little group, casting a look at the smoke-covered battlefield, cried, 'They run! See how they run!' 'Who run?' said the dying Wolfe, like a man roused from sleep.



THE CHAUDIERE VALLEY, FROM NEAR BEAUCE JCT.

'The enemy, sir,' was the answer. A flash of life came back to Wolfe; the eager spirit thrust from it the swoon of death; he gave a clear, emphatic order for cutting off the enemy's retreat; then, turning on his side, he added, 'Now God be praised, I die in peace.'"

We have by this time reached the railway terminus at Levis, opposite Quebec, and take our seat and berth in one of the elegant Pullman Parlor or Sleeping Cars which run through without change between Quebec and Boston, Mass., Quebec and Springfield, Mass., Quebec and Portland, Me., this being the only railway out



CITADEL HILL, QUEBEC.

river, presently the snowy fall of Montmorenci, far back in the purple hollow, leaps perpetual avalanche into the abyss, and then you are abreast of the Isle of Orleans, whose low shores, with their expanses of farm land, and their groves of pine and oak, are still as lovely as when the wild grape festooned the primitive forests, and won from the easy rapture of old Cartier the name of Isle of Bacchus.

"For miles farther down the river, either shore is bright and populous with the continuous villages of the habitants, each clustering about its slim-spined church, in its shallow vale by the water's edge, or lifted in more eminent picturesqueness upon some gentle height. The banks, nowhere lofty or abrupt, are such as in a southern land some majestic river might flow between, wide, slumbrous, open to all the heaven and the long day till the very set of sun. But no starry palm glasses its crest in the clear, cold green from these low brinks; the pale birch, slender and delicately fair, mirrors here the wintry whiteness of its boughs, and this is the sad great river of the awful North."

The whole scene from Cape Rouge in the south-west to Cape Tourment in the north-east, is indescrib-

of Quebec that gives such excellent accomodations to the travelling public. From the cars we behold Quebec and the majestic River St. Lawrence from another point of view, and we again have recourse to Howells to depict it:

"As you leave Quebec, with its mural crowned and castled rock, and pass along the shores of the stately



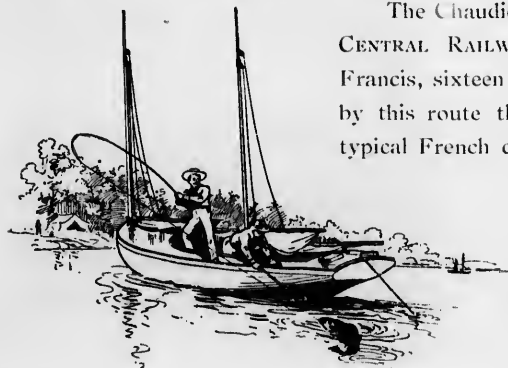
ST. JOHN'S GATE, QUEBEC.

ably grand and beautiful, and one wishes to linger by the way ; but the train moves on, and leaving the river we soon reach Harlaka Junction, the transfer station of the Intercolonial Railway, for passengers to or from Riviere du Loup, Cacouna, and points in the Maritime Provinces.

Continuing we pass St. Henri Junction, and several small Canadian villages, cottages with red-painted roofs, and the ever-recurring village church with its tin-covered roof and spire, vary the prospect and enhance our delight.

After passing Scotts Station, we enter the valley of the Chaudiere River, noted for its gold mines, and the route by which Benedict Arnold reached Quebec, over one hundred years ago, after a march of unparalleled hardship and suffering.

At Beauce Junction the Chaudiere River is spanned by a fine bridge, and we ascend an easy grade of about five miles, until on reaching the summit, the river and valley lie spread out before us, a panorama of highly cultivated fields, which, when the golden hues of harvest-time are blended with the magnificent groundwork of changing green, presents a picture of matchless beauty.



The Chaudiere Valley Branch of the QUEBEC CENTRAL RAILWAY extends up the river to St. Francis, sixteen miles from Beauce Junction, and by this route the gold mines are reached. A typical French country road brings the traveller to the pretty village of St. George. This is the centre of the gold mining region, and a visit will amply repay the tourist.

Bidding farewell to the



MONTMORENCI FALLS.

Chaudiere, we soon reach Tring Junction. From this point the Company's new line extends to Lake Megantic, forming, in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway, the direct short line to St John, N.B., St. Andrews, N.B., all Bay of Fundy points, Halifax, N.S., etc.

Passing Broughton and Robertson stations, we reach Thetford Mines, a place of great interest to the mineralogist or naturalist, it being the seat of the asbestos mining industry of America.

Here the famous Canadian asbestos is mined and is exported to all parts of the world. The asbestos is found in seams interspersed through serpentine rock; the fibre is exceedingly fine and lies transversely across the fissures of the rock. The population is about 3,000, nearly all of these people being engaged in mining operations.

Asbestos has also been found in large quantity, and of the best quality, in the vicinity of Black Lake, the next station, which takes its name from the beautiful little lake lying deep among the hills, hundreds of feet below the railway. These mines are a short distance up the mountain, and are visible from the passing train. Valuable chrome iron ore deposits have lately been found near Black Lake, and are being extensively worked.

D'Israeli and Garthby, on the shore of Lake Aylmer, one of the most beautiful sheets of water in this part of Canada, are sites of extensive lumbering establishments, as is also Weedon, the next station.

Now we are in the wilderness, where lumber is king. There is something majestic in these vast



RUE CHAMPLAIN, QUEBEC.

expanses of forest, and our admiration is further excited by the spirit of enterprise which is visible in this locality. Dr. Grant, in "Picturesque Canada," throws some light on its earliest inhabitants. He informs us :

"Throughout the Eastern Townships there is a robust strain of the early Massachusetts pioneer. . . . At the epoch of the Great Divide, not a few loyalists followed the old flag, and settled a little beyond the Province line. Picking up the disused axe with a sigh—often with a secret tear—they once more hewed out for themselves homes in the forest. . . . They transported to Canadian soil that old farm-life of New England, which by its quaint ways has stirred so many delightful fancies in American novelists and poets. Such fire-light pictures and winter idyls as Hawthorne and Whittier love to paint were here to be seen of a winter evening in every snow-bound homestead. Among the dusty

heirlooms of these . . . homes may still be found andirons that stood on early New England hearths. Burned out and fallen to ashes are the last forestick and backlog ; and so are that brave old couple who in their gray hairs wandered into the Canadian wilderness, and with trembling hands hung the old crane over a new hearth."

At Dudswell Junction twenty minutes is allowed for meals at the well appointed dining-room opened here by the Railway Company for the accommodation of its patrons. At this point passengers who are so ticketed will take the Maine Central Railroad. This is the shortest and most picturesque route to the White Mountains, Portland and Boston. Through parlor and sleeping cars are run from Quebec via Dudswell Junction to Portland, through the very heart of the White Mountains, and connecting at Fa-



NOTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES.

byan's or North Conway with through cars for Boston. Continuing our journey via the Quebec Central after leaving Dudswell Junction we soon strike the St. Francis River, and follow its winding course, crossing the deep ravines and brawling brooks, which at certain seasons become raging torrents. In the earlier days of the colony it was used as a highway by French and English, as well as their Indian allies, to carry desolation and death into the heart of the enemies' country. The subjoined account of Major Rogers' attack upon the Indian village of St. Francis, in retaliation for similar outrages, and of his wonderful retreat



COMMERCIAL STREET, SHERBROOKE.

therefrom, which is extracted from Francis Parkman's admirable work, "Wolfe and Montcalm," will enable those fond of historical narratives to form an idea of the modes of warfare at that time :—

"Major Robert Rogers, sent in September, 1758, to punish the Abenakis of St. Francis, had addressed himself to the task with his usual vigor. These Indians had been settled for about three-quarters of a century on the River St. Francis, a few miles above the junction with the St. Lawrence. . . . Rogers set out in whale-boats from Crown Point, and eluding the French armed vessels



THE BASILICA, QUEBEC.

on Lake Champlain, came . . . to Mississquoi Bay, at the north end of the Lake. Here he hid his boats, leaving two friendly Indians to watch them, . . . and inform him should the enemy discover them. He then began his march on St. Francis, when on the evening of the second day the Indians overtook him, with the startling news that a party of about 400 French had found the boats, and

that half of them were on his tracks in hot pursuit. . . . He took the bold resolution of outmarching his pursuers, pushing straight for St. Francis, and striking it before succor could arrive. . . . Much of the way was through dense spruce swamps, with no dry resting place at night. At length the party reached the River St. Francis, fifteen miles above the town, and, hooking their arms together for mutual support, forded it with much difficulty. . . . At three o'clock in the morning he led his party to the attack, formed them in a semi-circle, and burst in upon the town half an hour before sunrise. . . . About seven o'clock in the morning the affair was completely over, in which time two hundred Indians were killed and twenty women and children taken prisoners. English scalps by hundreds were dangling from poles in front of the houses. The town was pillaged and burned. . . . On the side of the rangers, Captain Ogden and six men were wounded and one Indian killed. The rangers now made all haste southward, up the St. Francis, subsisting on corn from the Indian town, till near the eastern border of Lake Memphremagog the supply failed and they separated into small parties. . . . The enemy followed closely, . . . capturing five of Ensign Avery's party; then fell on a band of about twenty, . . . and killed or captured nearly all. The other bands eluded their pursuers, . . . and giddy with fatigue and



hunger toiled wearily down the wild and lonely stream (Connecticut) to the appointed rendezvous at the mouth of the Amonoosuc."

Passing the Basin, a great 'caldron-like' place, where the waters of the St. Francis are whirled and dashed about with violence before they pursue their onward course to the St. Lawrence, we arrive at East Angus, the site of the mills of the Royal Paper Mills Co. This was lately a virgin forest, offering primeval charms of unusual excellence. Cookshire, five miles distant on the Canadian Pacific Railway, is reached by a fine bridge spanning the river.



In half an hour we come within view of Lennoxville, and foremost in the distance appear the towers of Bishop's College, the Oxford of Canada, so well and favorably known and extensively patronized, not only by the youth of Canada but by that of the United States.

Proceeding, we reach Sherbrooke in fifteen minutes, where connection is made with the Boston and Maine Railroad for Newport, Lake Memphremagog, Boston, Springfield, New York, etc.; with the Grand Trunk Railway for points east and west, and with the Canadian Pacific Railway for the west.



For more extended descriptions of the resorts in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, Portland, Boston, New York, etc., the publications of the immediate connecting lines of the Q.C.R. should be consulted, viz.: the Maine Central R.R. Co's "Gems of New England," and the Boston and Maine R.R. Co's "Picturesque New England," "South-Western New Hampshire and Northern Vermont," "The White Mountains Region," "All along Shore," "New England Lakes" and "Among the Mountains, Lakes and Streams," copies of which may be had on application to the General Passenger Departments of these roads, or at the Quebec Central Railway City and District Office, No. 32 St. Louis Street, Quebec.



# Quebec Central Railway



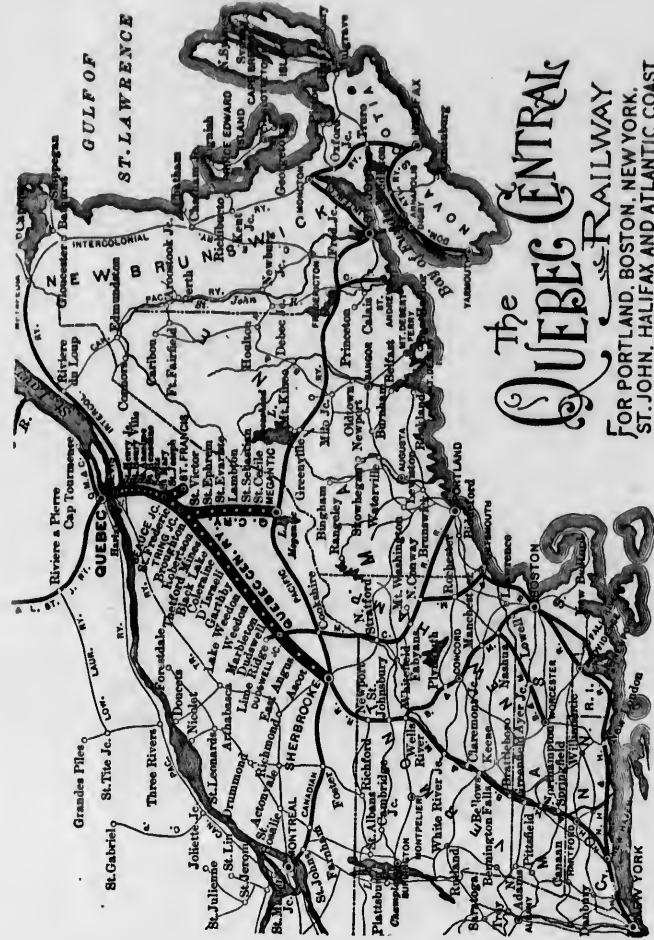
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