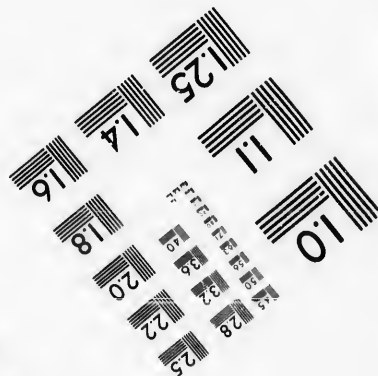
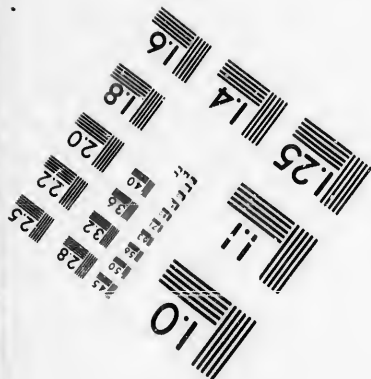
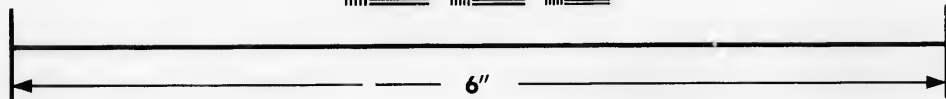
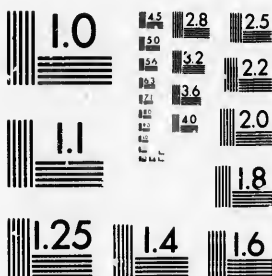


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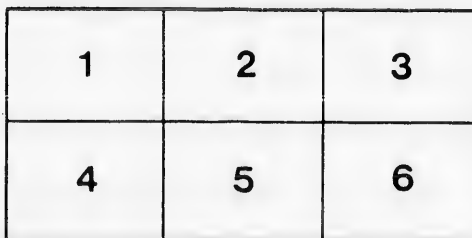
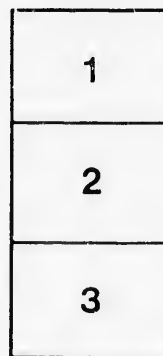
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QUEBEC CITY



TRAIN PICTURES ALONG THE LINE
ON THE
QUEBEC CENTRAL RAILWAY.



Commercial Street, Sherbrooke.

219 Guides Com. N° 12

ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTION

:: OF THE ::

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And the Surrounding Country

ISSUED BY THE

PASSENGER DEPARTMENT

OF THE

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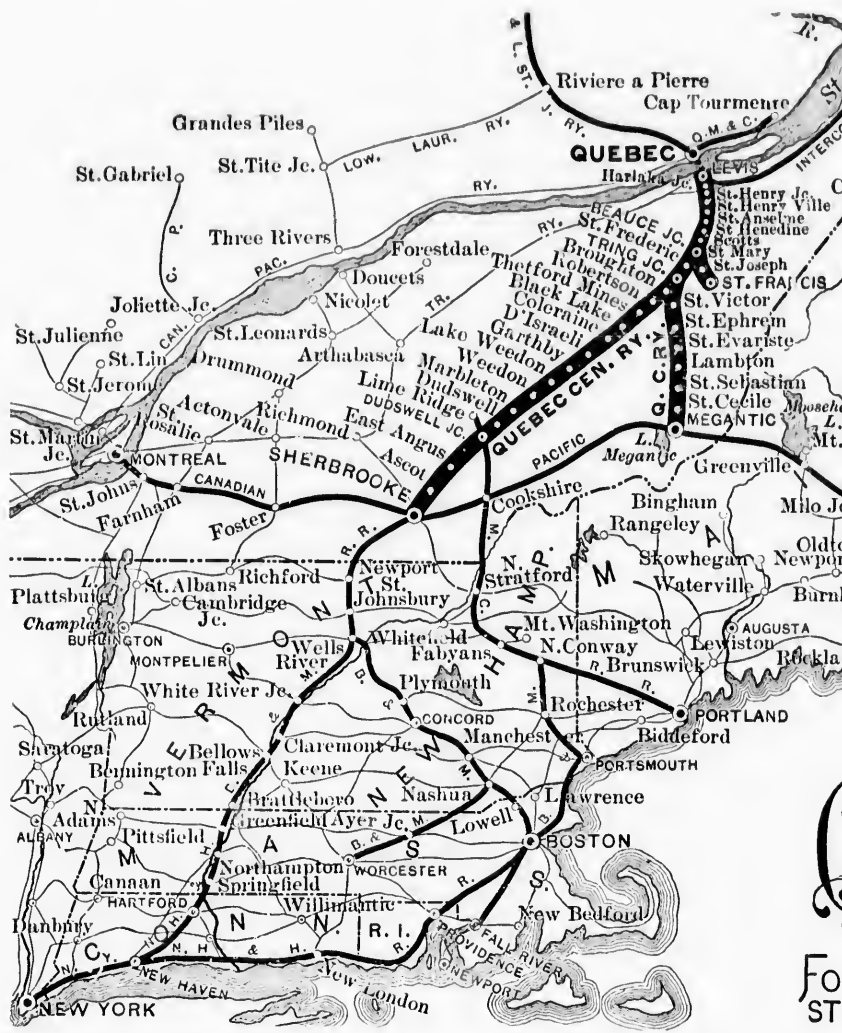
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Sherbrooke, May, 1897

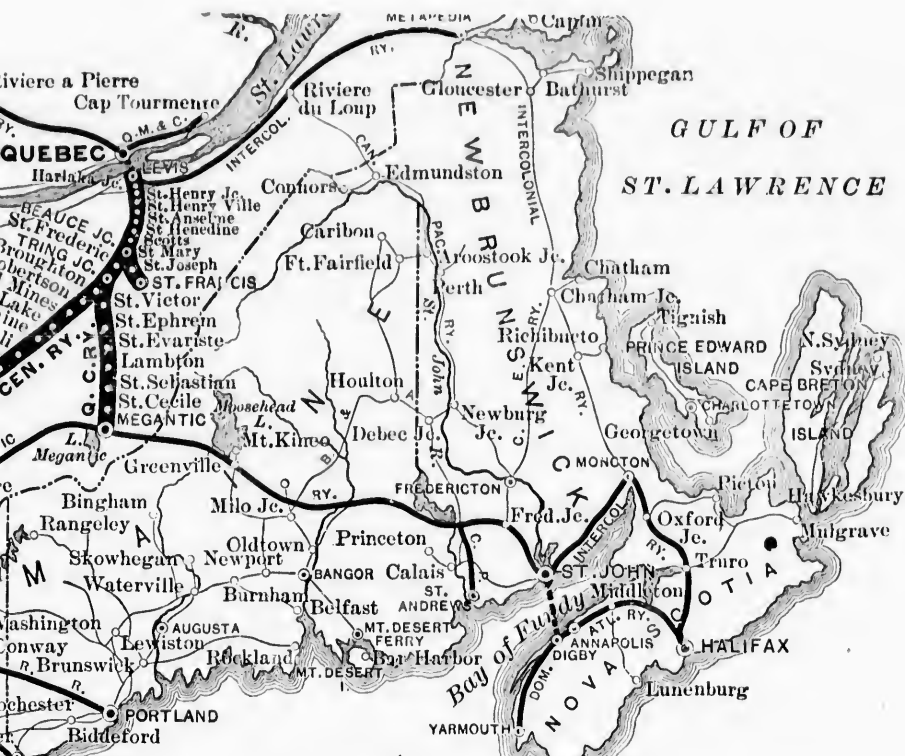


The Chaudiere Valley, from near Beauce Jet.

The Chaudiere Valley, from near Beauce Jet.



FOR
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The QUEBEC CENTRAL RAILWAY

FOR PORTLAND, BOSTON, NEW YORK,
ST. JOHN, HALIFAX AND ATLANTIC COAST.



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Quebec Central Railway



DESCRIPTION OF THE ROUTE



BY 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 rail 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 places. The train service, consisting of elegant Palace cars, which run without change between Quebec and Springfield, Quebec and Boston, and Quebec and Portland, assure to travellers all modern conveniences and comforts, and, at the same time, tickets can be purchased by this route at very moderate prices.

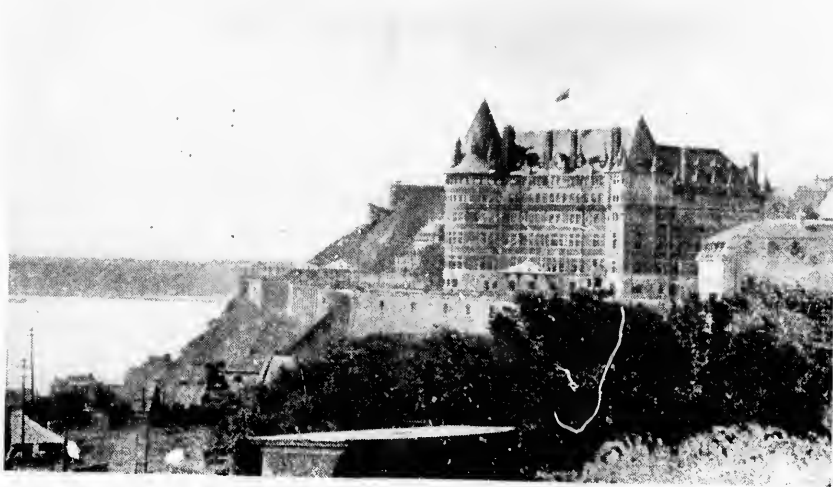
Since first the pioneers of summer travel began their search for the beautiful or magnificent in Canadian scenery, the region of the Lower St. Lawrence has steadily grown in popularity. Quebec, called by a recent writer, "the city of all cities on this continent," is situated where the River St. Lawrence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

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.,



Chateau Frontenac Hotel, Quebec.

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 finds always 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 filled always 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 another 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 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

Description of the Route.



Winter View of Quebec, showing Icebridge.



Wolfe's Monument, Quebec.



Monument des Braves, Quebec.

pleasing character in a well-known novel, who has said, 'See Venice and die,' but, rather, I would say see Quebec and live forever."

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 :

"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 busy 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 windows of the old Chateau St. Louis, which was destroyed by fire in January, 1834, and occupied the site of the present Chateau 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 Levy heights, covered by an almost unbroken forest. Their summits,



Citadel Hill, Quebec.



Wolfe and Montcalm Monument, Quebec.

which even overtop Cape Diamond, 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, their 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, rich-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 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 of Quebec that gives such excellent accommodations 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 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



Kent Gate, Quebec.



English Cathedral, Quebec

and populous with the continuous villages of the habitants, each clustering about its slim-spired 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 indescribably 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. In the quiet pastoral beauty of this peaceful scene, in the smiling grain-laden fields, rich meadows, and picturesque slopes of this sunny region, we see nothing likely to recall the daring, hazardous march of 1775. Starting with but 1,000 men, passing up the Kennebec River into Lake Megantic and thence down the Chaudiere, Arnold reached Point Levis on the 10th November, 1775, with about 700 men, having lost the rest by sickness, death, and desertion. Their sufferings on the march were extreme. They were obliged to eat their dogs, and even their moccasin's and buckskin breeches, arriving at their destination in a famished and pitiful condition.

The crossing of the St. Lawrence in boats ; the landing at Wolfe's Cove, and scaling of the heights of Abraham, where years before Wolfe had accomplished the same feat ; the junction with Montgomery ; and the disastrous attempt and failure to capture Quebec, resulting in the death of Montgomery and the wounding of Arnold, our space will not permit us to give at length. A short sketch from Dr. Bender's interesting book, already quoted from, "Old and New Canada," must suffice :

"A month's experience of the labors, hardships, and losses of a siege convinced the Americans that their only



The Basilica, Quebec.



St. John's Gate, Quebec.

hope of success lay in an attempt to capture the city by storm. The result was a double assault from the east and west sides by both Montgomery and Arnold, which ended in their defeat—the death of Montgomery at Près de Ville, and the wounding of Arnold near the Palais. A considerable number of the assailants lost their lives, their bodies being found the next morning all covered with snow. Notwithstanding his defeat and losses, Arnold maintained a species of blockade all winter, but in the spring was compelled to break up his camp, and retreat to Montreal. . . . with Governor Carlton in vigorous pursuit.”

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 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., 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.

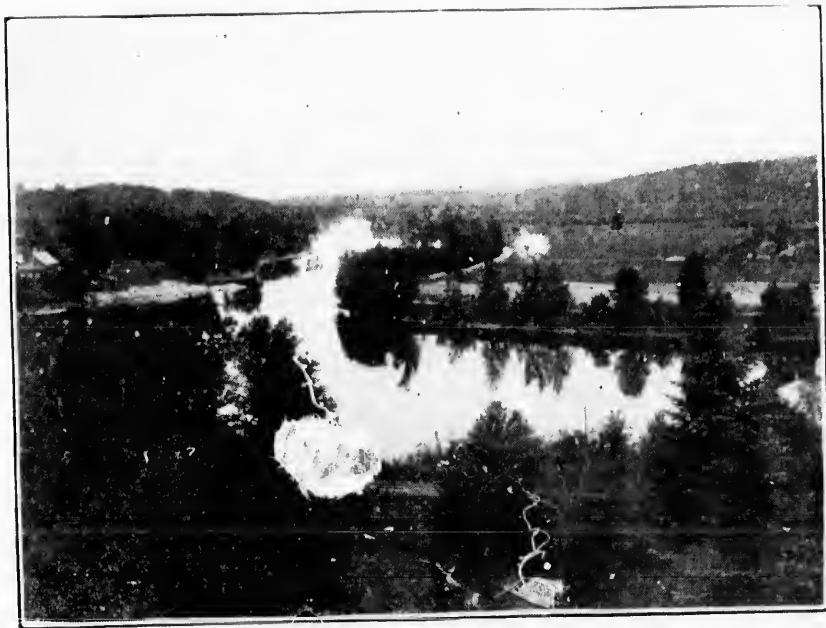
Here the famous Canadian asbestos is mined and is exported to all parts of the world. The asbestos is found in seams interspersed through serpentine rock, the fibre is exceedingly fine and lies transversely across the fissures of the rock. In the local parlance it is called "cotton." Its fibrous texture renders it valuable in a hundred ways

and new uses are constantly being discovered for it. Steam-pipes are sheathed with it, roofs are covered to render them fire-proof, and it is spun with other fibres into cloth that will not burn. 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 expanses of



Francis River, near Sherbrooke.

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 brought across the frontier, with their old Hebrew names, the pith and industry, and intense earnestness of the Puritan. 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 *Fabyan'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 deep ravines and brawling brooks, which at certain seasons become raging torrents. Its waters sparkle and eddy far beneath



French Canadian Farmer.

us, glimpses of which we catch through the woods. In the early 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 their 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 therefrom, which is extracted from Francis Park-

man'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. Law-



Cape Diamond, Quebec.

rence. . . . Rogers set out in whale-boats from Crown Point, and eluding the French armed vessels 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 Mempremagog 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, and a woodland drive.

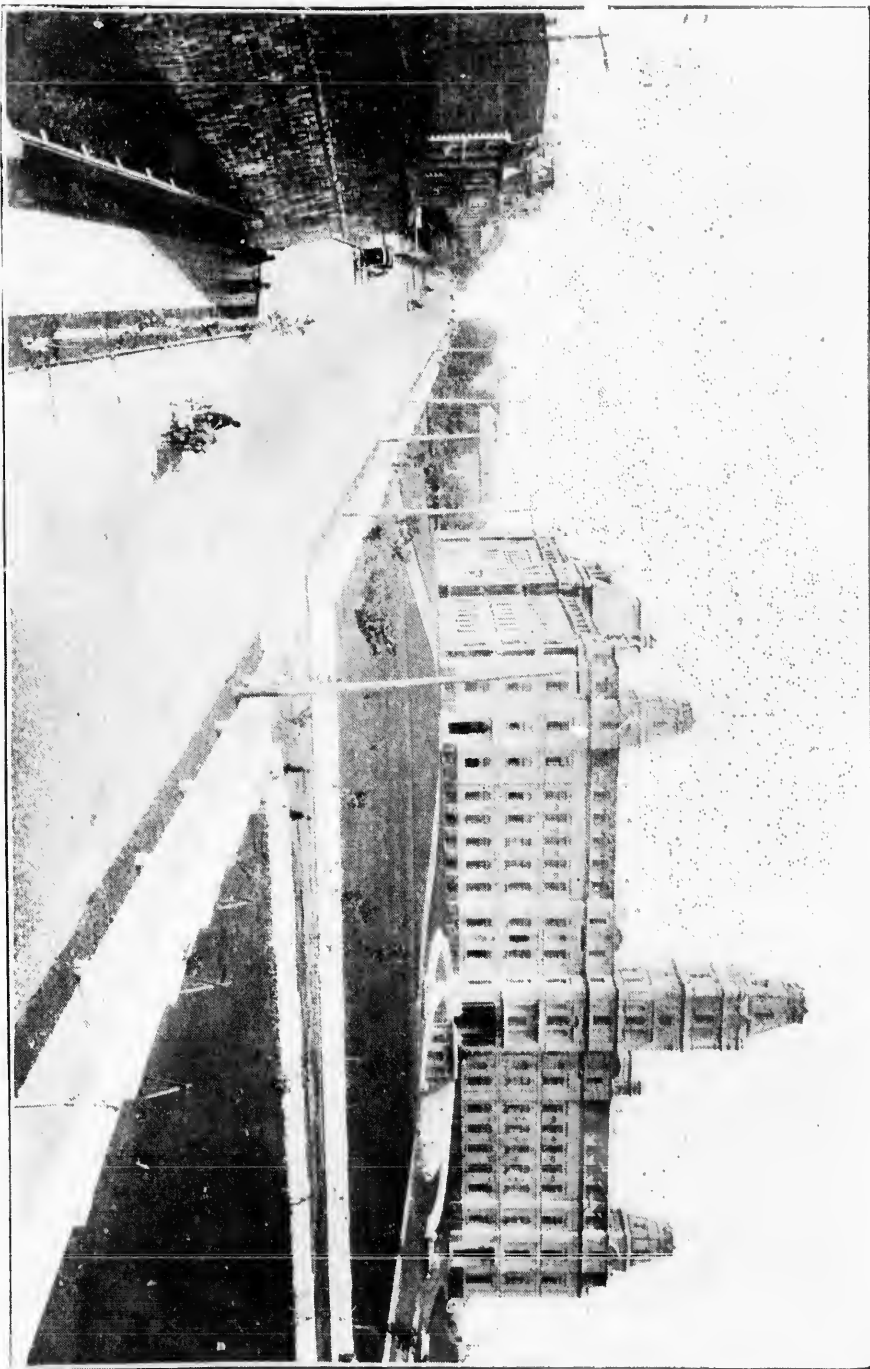
In half an hour we come within view of Lennoxville, and foremost in the distance appear the towers of Bishop's College, the Oxford of Canada, so well and favorably known and extensively patronized, not only by the youth of Canada but by that of the United States.

Proceeding, we reach Sherbrooke in fifteen minutes, where connection is made with the Boston & 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.



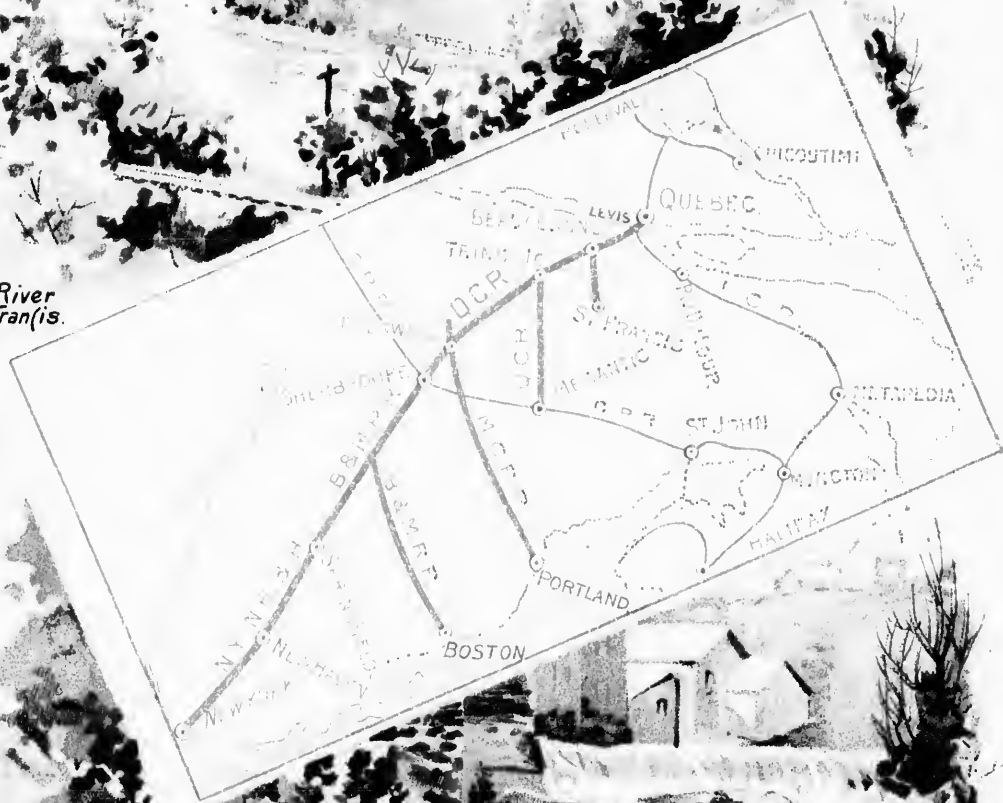
Megantic Village.

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," 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.



Grande Allee and Parliament House, Quebec.

River
St. Fran(is).



Magog Rivers
Sherbrooke.

