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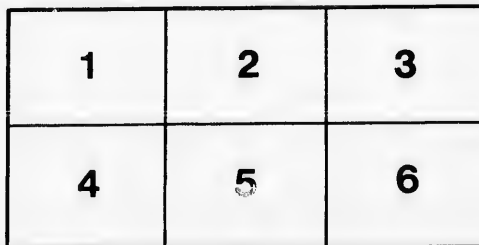
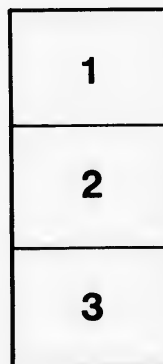
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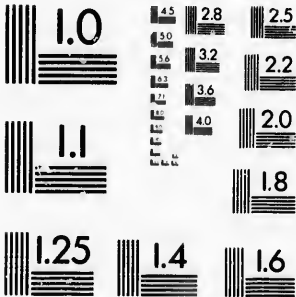
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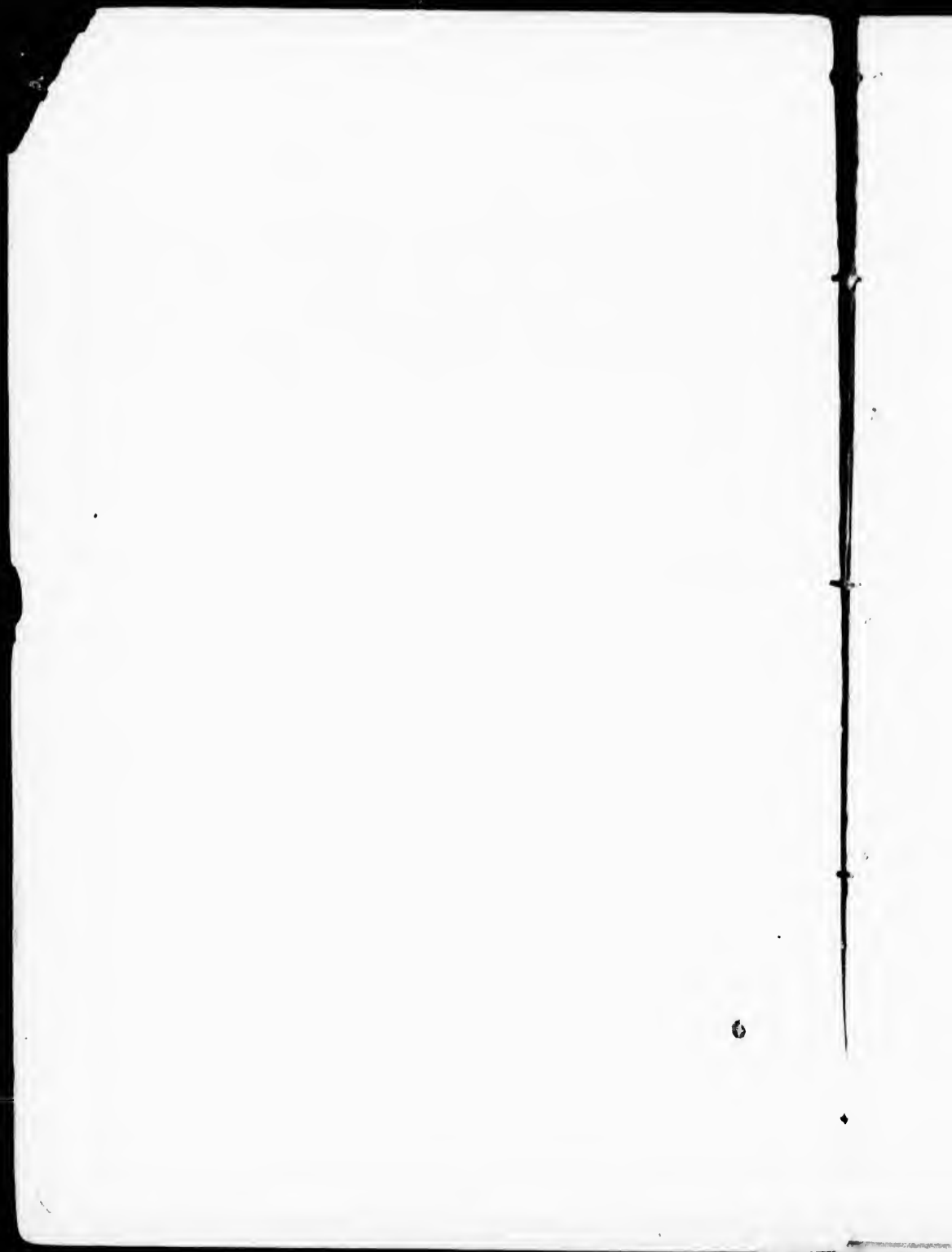
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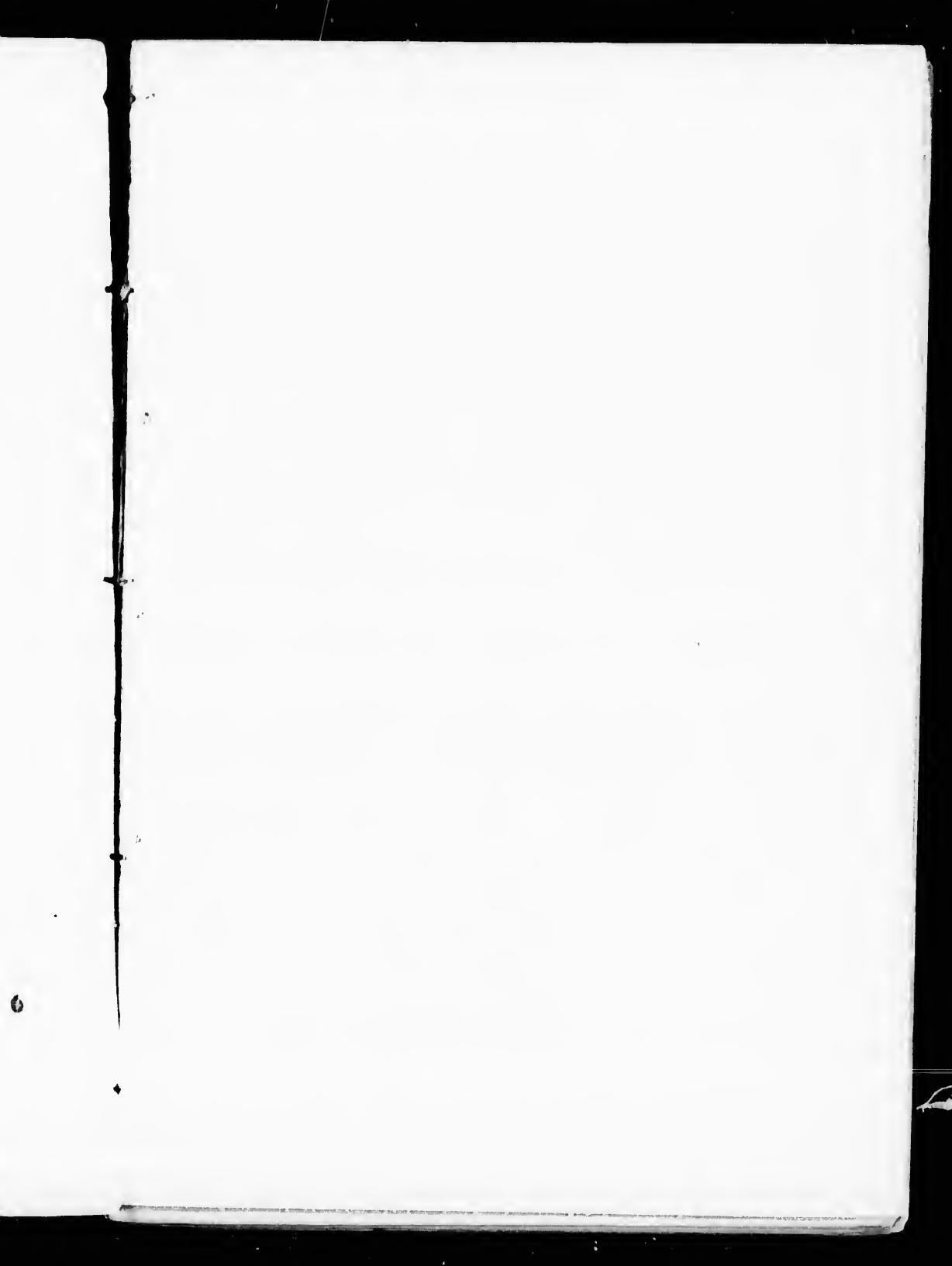
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THE  
GRAND  
TRUNK  
Railway of Canada

— THE GREAT: —

INTERNATIONAL ROUTE

BETWEEN

⌘ East and West. ⌘

VIEW OF PART OF THE LOWER TOWN AND HARBOUR, FROM THE CITADEL, QUEBEC.  
(Engraved from an original drawing by H. R. H. the Princess Louise.)



A FEW OF THE MANY

*Page- 19<sup>T</sup>*

POINTS OF INTEREST

NOTED IN A

# TOUR OF CANADA

OVER THE SYSTEM OF THE

## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.



*3 2)*

TORONTO:

PUBLISHED BY A. H. DIXON & SON.

1884.

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QUEBEC.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, PRINTER, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

## Contents & List of Illustrations.



—❧ Officers ❧ of ❧ the ❧ Road. ❧—





## BY WAY OF PREFACE.

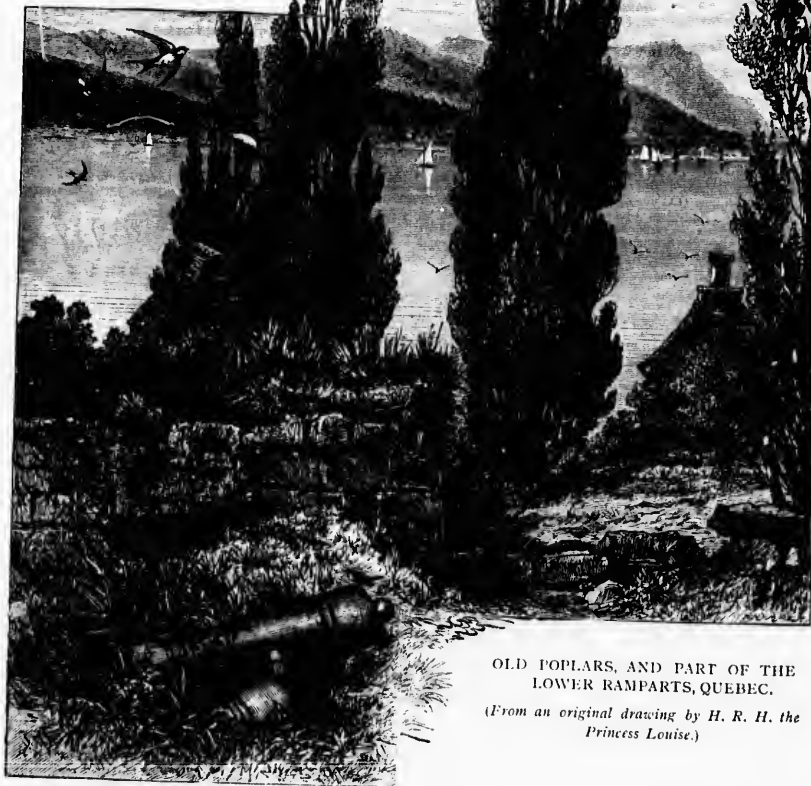
IN making my bow to my readers, and deprecating criticism of this unpretending little volume, I desire to explain my object in offering it to the travelling public. I would point out to those who may be hesitating where to spend a holiday, that the Premier British Colony offers natural attractions superior to those of most European countries. It is a reproach only too well merited that Canada is almost a *terra incognita* to Englishmen; and although the tide of emigration continues to set steadily to her shores, and stories of her beauties and resources come back from friends, she has not hitherto been thoroughly appreciated by the tourist—it is not generally comprehended that, from the moment of landing at Quebec, each additional departure unfolds to the traveller new realizations of Nature's gifts, so lavishly dispensed over the country to which the present narrative refers. It is my aim to point out some of the many attractions lying along the route of the Grand Trunk Railway, and within the scope of an average tour. The forthcoming visit of the British Association of Science to Montreal will probably give an impetus to Canadian travel, more particularly as the members have been invited to make an extended trip to the Rockies at the conclusion of their deliberations, and as they will probably, at an early date, give to the world impressions of their visit to this prosperous and promising colony. To those who may contemplate a tour of Canada, it is hoped the following pages may be of some use and interest in assisting to a knowledge of the best manner of seeing the more prominent points of interest.

TORONTO, June, 1884.

W. P. ROBINSON.



THE  
**GRAND TRUNK**  
Railway of Canada,  
— THE GREAT —  
INTERNATIONAL ROUTE  
BETWEEN  
**EAST and WEST**



OLD POPLARS, AND PART OF THE  
LOWER RAMPARTS, QUEBEC.  
(From an original drawing by H. R. H. the  
Princess Louise.)



PART OF THE  
TS, QUEBEC.  
by H. R. H. the  
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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY CO.'S  
TOURISTS' GUIDE  
1884

ON ANNUAL EXCURSIONS.

Up, up! my friend, and quit your books,  
Or surely you'll grow double;  
Up, up! my friend, and clear your looks,  
Why all this toil and trouble?

—Wordsworth.

**I**ADDED and sick of the weary mill-round, spent with the enervating heat of the busy city, nervous and fretful with intermittent fits of the "blues," thousands of over-worked men are querulously asking "What is the best cure for out-of-sortishness?" or "Where is the best place to get braced up?" To the first question some chronic dyspeptic will probably recommend his nostrum, which would be of about as much use as a paper umbrella would be as a protection from rain. Not but it is indisputable that his ailments may be at the bottom of most every-day complaints, particularly at this season. And no wonder when the barometer and the thermometer are dancing horn-pipes on the hall-way all day long, and the weather changes with every swing of the pendulum! But there is a much surer and pleasanter remedy than the nostrum—change of scene and air. The latter is not difficult of attainment, but it loses half its effect if not combined with the former. Monotony breeds melancholy. Men travel about to the same places year after year and marvel why they do not benefit by "the change." They know every Capital in Europe; have bathed at all the French sea-side resorts; are familiar with the varied nastinesses of the German "waters"; know the Rhine intimately; have crossed the Alps; have had the miasma in Rome, taken the gambling fever at Monte Carlo, and possibly invaded the Golden Horn. But each year they return home more dissatisfied that the charmer does not charm as of old, and wondering how it is. Probably every place is voted "played out." Paris is not the city it was under the Empire; Nice has wofully fallen off since the period of popular excursions. All of which is more or less true; but those are not the sole or principal reasons for the bored look which beclouds the face of the disgusted traveller. Familiarity with those places has destroyed the charm of *freshness*, of *variety*, that is so essential to the thorough enjoyment of a holiday. The man who would extract the same amount of pleasure and benefit from a "summer outing" as he used to, must seek fresh fields and pastures new wherein to pass it. As old Pindar says:

Lo! novelty's a barber's strap or hone  
That keeness to the razor-passions gives;  
Use weareth out this barber's strap or stone,  
Thus, 'tis by novelty enjoyment lives.

Those, then, who would enjoy a holiday with the old vim, and would benefit from it to an appreciable extent, must seek it out of the beaten track. Fortunately, in the age of steam and electricity this object is easy of attainment. The Atlantic is daily crossed with such celerity, safety and comfort, as makes a visit to the American continent a much less formidable undertaking than a trip to Paris was half a century ago. Indeed it is more than probable that America will be included in the *grand tour* of the near future. And what more interesting trip could be suggested to an Englishman than a visit to Canada, the flourishing, loyal colony with such a romantic history—Canada with her huge inland seas and magnificent rivers, the highways of a vast and rapidly-increasing commerce, whose national voice resounds over a scene as varied as it is beautiful! "In the foreground," says Macmullen, "stand the populous cities and flourishing towns which stud the margins of her rivers and the shores of her lakes; in the perspective repose the free and happy homes of her rural population."

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### WHY NOT VISIT CANADA?

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Curiously enough, until quite recently a dense ignorance of things Canadian characterized the average Englishman. It was thought of as a country which lay for the greater part of the year in the icy grip of the frost fiend; infested with bears and wolves, where skin-clad settlers, wearing mocassins or snow-shoes, earned a precarious subsistence in momentary fear of the Indian's tomahawk. It is even to-day not generally known how fair a region is tributary to and traversed by the Grand Trunk Railway, the great corporation whose lines cross the country from the Atlantic and the St. Lawrence to Chicago and Detroit, with numerous connections to every shore of the great lakes. Only a limited number know that the very name of Ontario, the "Garden of Canada," suggests to those acquainted with it fragrant golden fields, cool springs, feeding meadow brooks, "sweet-breathed kine," well-laden orchards, plethoric cellars, replete larders and products of the dairy, fresh, pure and plenty. For the sportsman the lakes, rivers, forests, shrub, offer attractions unequalled. From quaint old Quebec to the young go-ahead North-West, the Grand Trunk system and its connections traverse a country endowed with a splendid climate, well watered, extremely productive, of great natural beauty, covered with miles of forests, alternated with clearings dotted by smiling homesteads, and beautiful cities inhabited by a prosperous, energetic and intelligent race, whom England may well be proud to call her sons.

Thanks to the rapid march of engineering improvements and the incentive of keen commercial competition, the sea voyage from Quebec to Liverpool can now be made in so short a time, with such safety and even luxury, that it is looked upon as one of the most interesting portions of a trip to "the West." The steamship companies vie with each other in providing for their patrons accommodation worthy of a first-class hotel, on swift ships of such large dimensions and steadiness as to defy the elements and render *mal de mer* the exception. Besides which the voyage acts as a natural tonic—hence it is commonly recommended by medical men to brace up systems that are run down. Those of us who have experienced the exhilarating effects of Atlantic breezes are accustomed to extract considerable amusement from recollections of the keen relish for food which they develop.



and the voracious appetites with which we would polish off four "square meals" a day! By the time the good ship has fetched the St. Lawrence, the average male passenger has come to feel himself the natural enemy of the steward, who is not sorry if the voyage is a short one. It may be added in parenthesis, that it is a new existence—it is a mundane revelation—*not* to have your morning paper damp from the press; *not* to know the latest political escapades; *not* to read of the latest scandal abroad or at home; *not* to post yourself in the details of the last act of sanguinary patriotism; *not*, in short, to be *au courant* with the news of the day.

The sail up the river St. Lawrence is magnificent. At Father Point and Rimouski the first stops from the time of leaving Moville will be made, to take in a pilot and "pay out" the mail. The first glimpse of Quebec, from ship-board, is very striking. Situated on the north-west bank of the St. Lawrence, it occupies the extremity of a ridge terminating in the angle formed by the junction of the before-named river with the St. Charles, and called Cape Diamond, 350 feet high. The cape is surmounted by the famed citadel—the grim fortress which Canadians so love to imagine impregnable—and the town extends from it principally in a north-east direction down to the water's edge. As the ship steams up to the landing stage at Point Levi, opposite Quebec, a *coup d'œil* defying the pencil of the artist is presented. To the left, stretching into the distance, are richly wooded heights, the town of Point Levi, the Grand Trunk terminus, nestling at their feet. On the right is the quaint old town of Quebec, spread, as it were, over the hill. Between rolls the river, busy with strange-looking craft. And to the north lies the right bank of the river, also in all the smiling luxuriance of a fruitful soil.

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### QUAINT QUEBEC.

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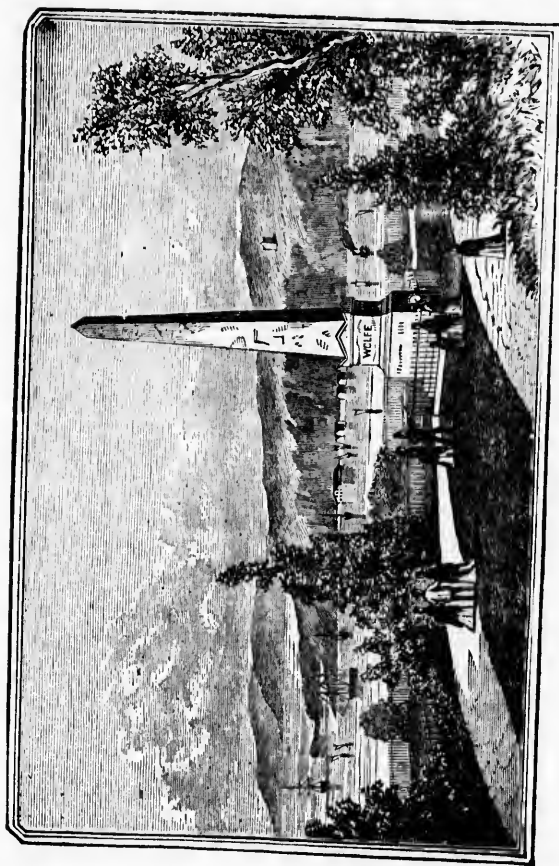
Feeling like a giant refreshed after his voyage, the traveller, retaining only the valise which contains present necessities, will probably send his heavier baggage on to Montreal by the excellent system of registering adopted by the Grand Trunk Railway in Canada, and also by the States railways. The ferry crossed, our *voyageur* finds himself in the ancient capital of Canada, and will experience no difficulty in locating a comfortable hotel. It is not easy to realize in Quebec that one is in a British stronghold. The town *looks* French, one *hears* French spoken on every side, and the Lower Town often *smells* French. But it is for all that delightful. It is a seventeenth century town—just that and nothing more—and is beautiful for its antiquity. That too energetic firm, "Goth, Ostrogoth, Vandal & Co.," have not "improved away" the curious buildings erected on thoroughfares occupying the identical paths used by the Indians when they knew the place as *Stadacona*. Quebec, quaint, picturesque and drowsy, the theatre of numerous romantic and momentous historical dramas, with her crenelated fort, loop-holed for grim-looking old guns, fat with pyramids of shot and shell, what a world-wide notoriety is hers! And how uncommonly cheek-by-jowl are the useful and the interesting features of Cartier's city; for below are the crowded marts of commerce, vast beaches, and within a few feet a fleet of "Great Easterns" might float in safety.

Quebec, really founded in 1608 by Champlain, is to-day divided into the Upper and Lower Towns, which form a triangle, of which the Plains of Abraham are the base and the rivers St. Lawrence and St. Charles the sides. Fity called "The key of the St. Lawrence," it is situated on an irregular *plateau*. The old, or Lower Town, which lies wholly without the walls, has narrow, dirty, steep streets. The ascent from the Lower to the Upper Town, which crosses the line of the fortifications, is by a winding street and flights of steps. The streets in the latter, though narrow, are clean and tolerably well kept. The Upper Town is strongly fortified and includes the citadel of Cape Diamond, which, with the fortifications, cover over forty acres and are about three miles round. In addition to these defences, the approach to Quebec from the Plains of Abraham is protected by four Martello towers. Looking up to the brave old flag floating proudly over all, what memories of stubborn fights and the changeable fortunes of war are recalled! How one is carried back to the stirring times of 1629, 1632, 1759, when the stronghold was changed back and forth from power to power, until in 1763 the white flag finally gave way to the union jack—to that autumn night in 1759 when the gallant Wolfe, on the eve of his romantic death and victory, and impressed with the solemnity of the moment not less than the possibilities of the morrow, spoke of Gray's beautiful elegy. "I would prefer," said he, "being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow"; and while the cautious dip of the oars into the rippling current alone broke the stillness of the night, he repeated:

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour;  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

### INTERESTING ENVIRONS.

The loquacious Jehu who drives the traveller to the Plains of Abraham will put his "fare" down alongside a little monument erected on the spot where Wolfe expired, near to the well from which water was procured to moisten his parched lips. The inscription on the monument is eloquent in its brevity: "Here died Wolfe victorious." Driving on from this classic spot through the leafy shades of Spencer Wood, on returning to the city the historic heights where General Murray won one and lost another battle of the plains in 1760, may be seen, as may the bronze statue presented by Prince Napoleon Bonaparte in 1855 to commemorate the fierce struggles. The antiquated one-storey house where Montmorency was laid out, near the hotel, the Ursuline Convent—founded in 1641, and containing some splendid paintings—will repay a visit. Indeed, the city which Richelieu fondly hoped would one day become the capital of a Northern Mexico, teems with interesting associations, and to the imaginative is a veritable poem in masonry. The strange, tortuous streets, the dark *culs de sacs*, the weird-looking older houses seem to be silently eloquent of a memorable past. If, after feasting the historic soul, one sits in a contemplative mood, in the cool of the evening, on Dufferin Terrace, inhaling the refreshing breezes of the St. Lawrence there again he sits,



WOLFE'S MONUMENT.

on classic ground, for that charming promenade stands on the buttresses and platform formerly occupied by the Château of St. Louis, built by Champlain in 1620—a building which did duty as fortress, prison and Governor's palace until it was destroyed by fire in 1834. The terrace commands a scene of surpassing beauty. Looking over the low-lying town, on one side are the fortified bluffs of Point Levi, and on the other the St. Charles river winds away up its peaceful valley. The white houses of Beauport stretch off to the vicinity of Montmorenci Falls, while beyond are the farms of L'Ange Gardien. Vessels of all nations are anchored in the broad basin of the river, and the Isle of Orleans is in mid-stream below. In the distance are the bold peaks of the Laurentian range. At the upper end of the terrace there is a plain stone structure called the Old Château, built in 1780 for the British Governors.

In the Governor's garden is an obelisk to the united memories of Wolfe and Montcalm, and at the foot of the citadel stands a tower, over which floats the British flag, on the spot where Montgomery and his soldiers fell, swept by the grape-shot of a single gun manned by a Canadian artilleryman. The grave of Montcalm, in the Ursuline Convent, is said to have been made by the bursting of a shell during Wolfe's bombardment.

Before leaving Quebec it will be interesting to add one more testimony to its attractions. Society there is polished and refined, and the higher provincial gentry of French descent are distinguished by the courteousness and urbanity of their manner.

#### FALLS OF MONTMORENCI, ETC.

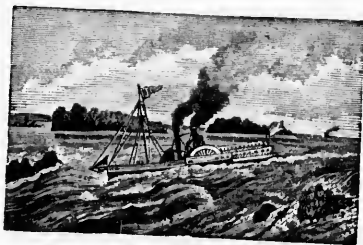
If time and circumstances serve, the traveller should, before going to Montreal, pay a visit to the Falls of Montmorenci. They are about eight miles from Quebec, by a road which crosses the St. Charles river. The falls are beautifully situated and consist of a solid and compact mass of water, 250 feet high and 50 feet wide, which plunges, without a break, over a precipice into clouds of mist, and then flows into the St. Lawrence. Close by is the little room (in Haldimand House) occupied by Her Majesty's father in 1791.

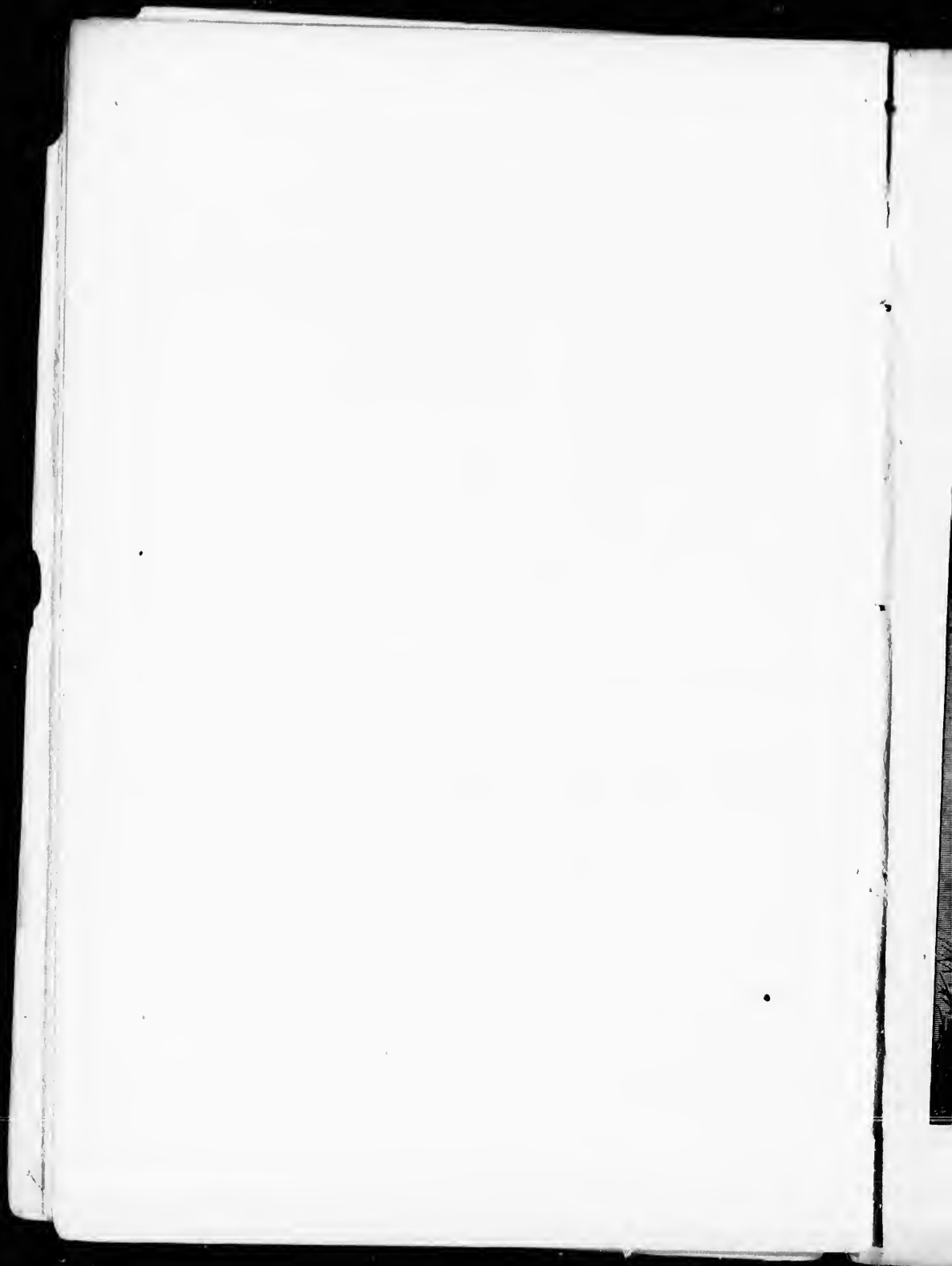
A visit to Lorette will well repay the pains. It is an ancient village of the Hurons, and the present inhabitants are a quiet and sober people, in whom Indian blood predominates, though it is never unmixed. The Lorette Falls, Lake Beauport and Lake St. Charles, all contiguous, are worth a passing call. There are also some fine falls called the Chaudiere Falls, or the "The Cauldron." But the most delightful excursion from Quebec is a trip to

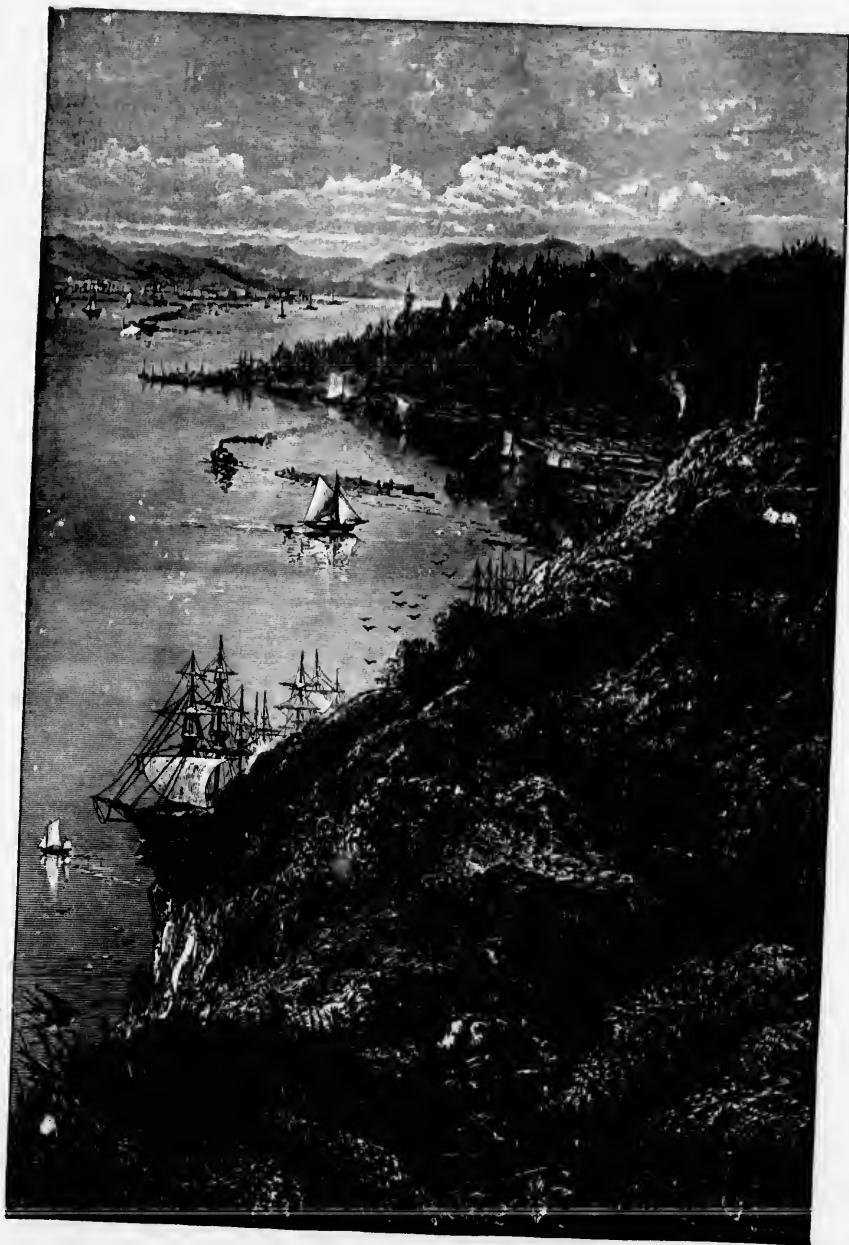
#### THE SAGUENAY,

the largest tributary of the great St. Lawrence, and unquestionably one of the most remarkable rivers of the continent. It is 142 miles down the St. Lawrence, and is the principal outlet of Lake St. John, which is its head water. Within the last few years this river has become a very popular resort; thousands of Canadians and Americans have wended their way to the now famous river. Elegantly appointed steamers make the run at frequent intervals. In the run down the Island of Orleans is passed, and seventy miles below Quebec are the celebrated falls of St. Anne. Five miles below this again is Grosse Isle, beautiful, but with sad memories as the last resting place of some 6,000 Irish emigrants. Ninety miles down stream is Murray Bay, a favourite watering-place of the Lower St. Lawrence, picturesquely situated amid frowning hills and wild scenery.

Riviere du Loup passed, a couple of hours conveys the expectant traveller to Tadoussac, at the mouth of the Saguenay. From this point the journey is through scenery of magnificent grandeur. The original name of the Saguenay was "Chicoutimi" (deep water), but its present name is a corruption of "St. Jean Nez." Even were it desirable to give a description of this wild and romantic spot it would be impossible. Words are not equal to the task. The water of the river, though crystal in its clearness, appears, in many places, black as midnight from the height of the awful cliffs which rise sheer to 1,000 and even 2,000 feet above the water. Cape Eternity, at the entrance to Trinity Bay, springs 2,000 feet upwards, and the river at its feet is more than 600 fathoms deep. One instinctively recoils in terror when gazing upward at some of the huge granite masses that overhang the river and seem in the very act of crashing on to the devoted heads of the timorous voyagers. It appears simply awful, in steaming up, to raise the eye heavenwards and behold, hanging directly overhead, a mass of granite weighing, perhaps, near a million tons! Here, as at Niagara, one feels the insignificance of man in gazing at the Almighty's handiwork. "Ha-ha Bay," the "Great Spirit Rapids," the Tableau (a column 600 feet by 300 feet, with sides as smooth as if they were carved), Trinity Rock, and Cape Eternity, are only some of the many wonders of this wonderful river, in which it would almost appear that the great Architect had sought to show his power by surrounding a river at one moment lashed into fury by mad rapids, the next silent as the grave, passing between rock-bound banks of terrific grandeur, by scenes of placid sylvan beauty and rich magnificence.





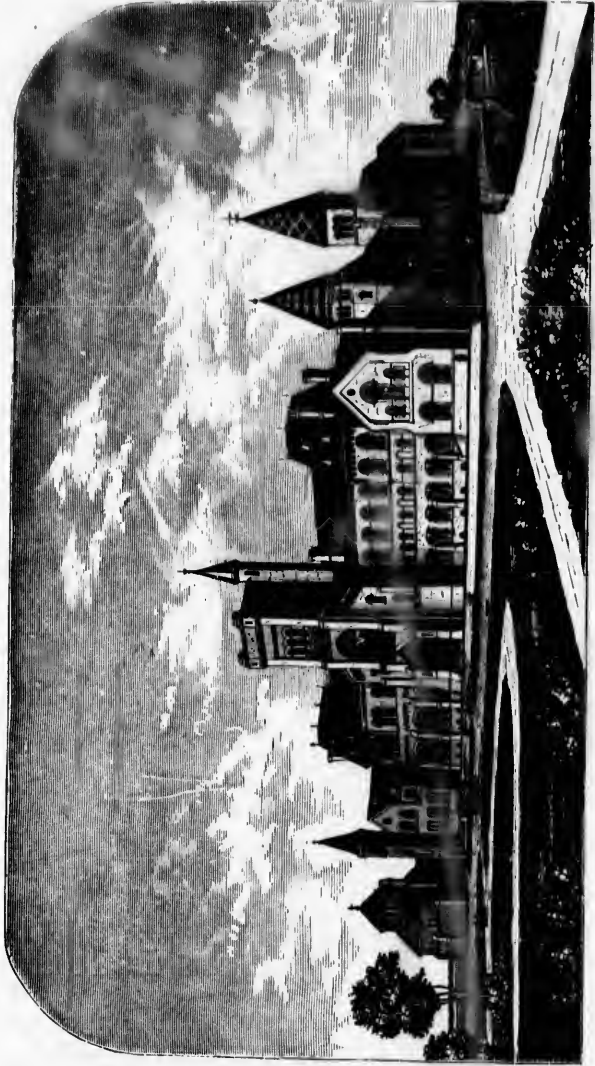


WOLFE'S COVE, NEAR QUEBEC.  
(From an original drawing by H. R. H. the Princess Louise.)

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Rue de  
QUEBEC

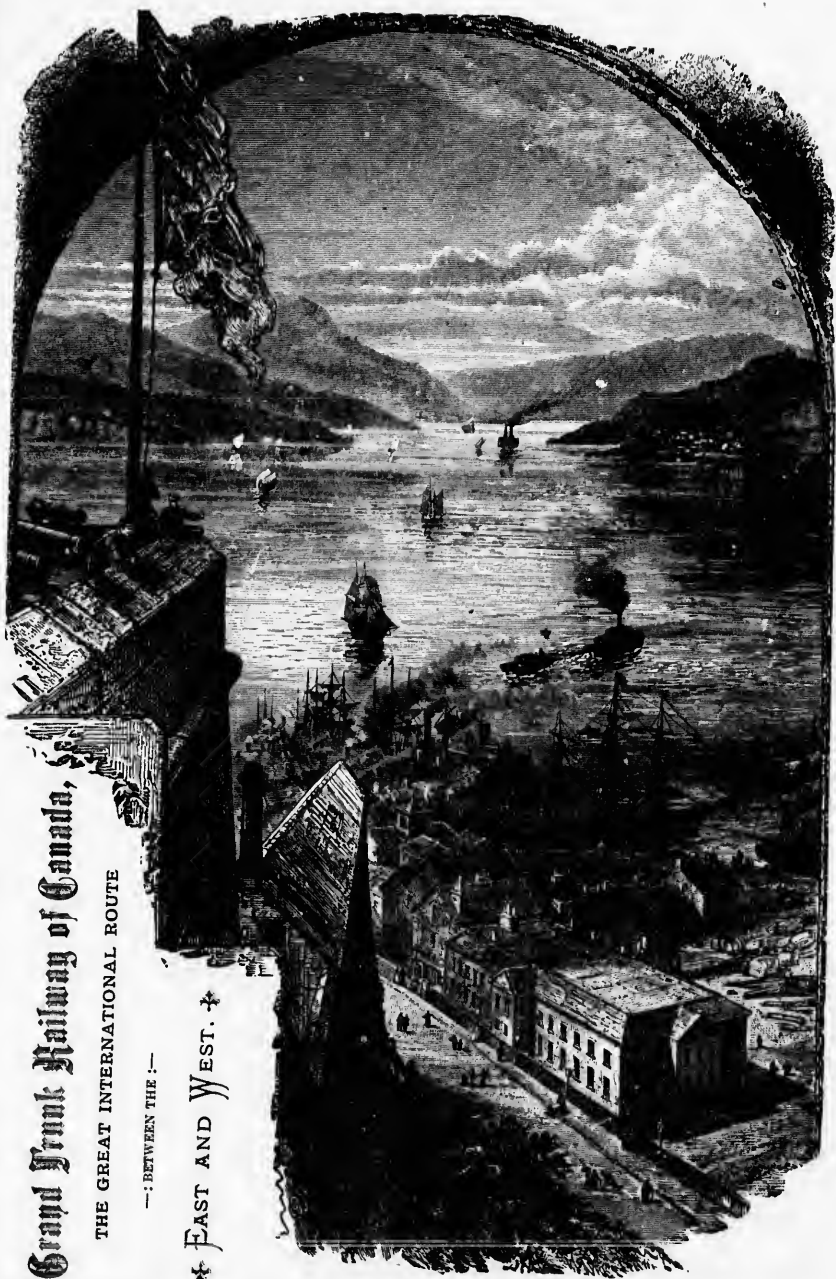






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**Grand Trunk Railway of Canada,**

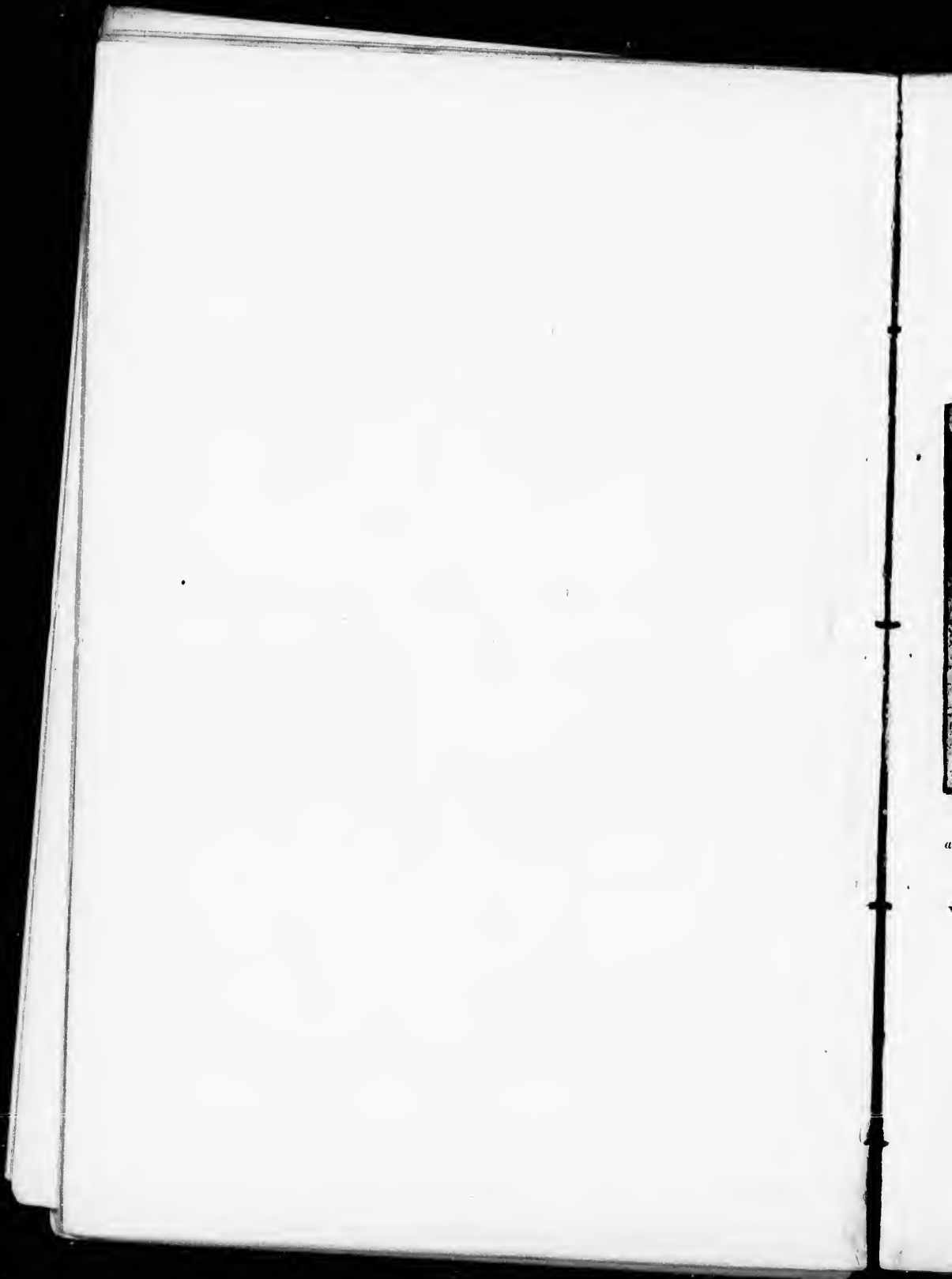
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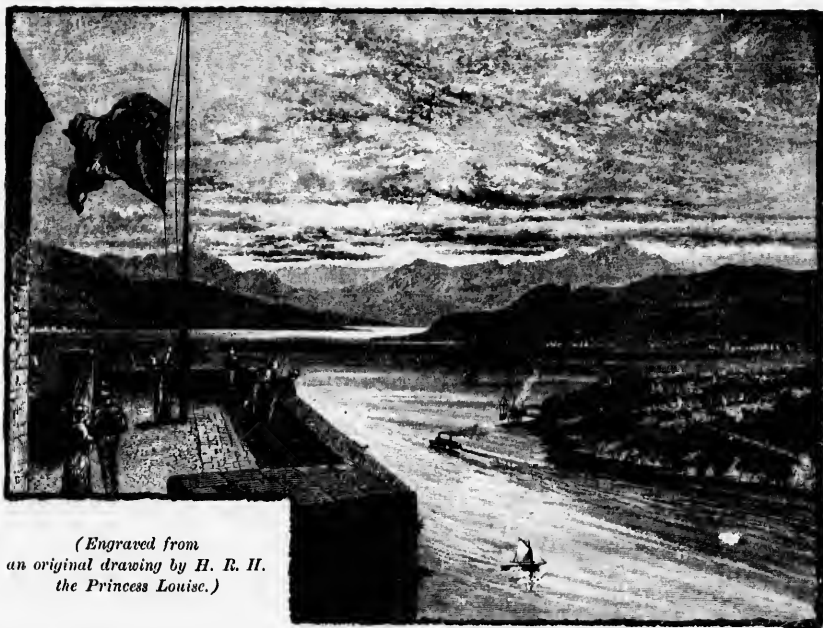
—: BETWEEN THE :—

✠ EAST AND WEST. ✠

VIEW OF PART OF THE LOWER TOWN AND HARBOUR, FROM THE CITADEL  
QUEBEC.

*(Engraved from an original drawing by H. R. H. the Princess Louise.)*





*(Engraved from  
an original drawing by H. R. II.  
the Princess Louise.)*

VIEW FROM THE WINDOWS OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S QUARTERS IN  
THE CITADEL, QUEBEC.



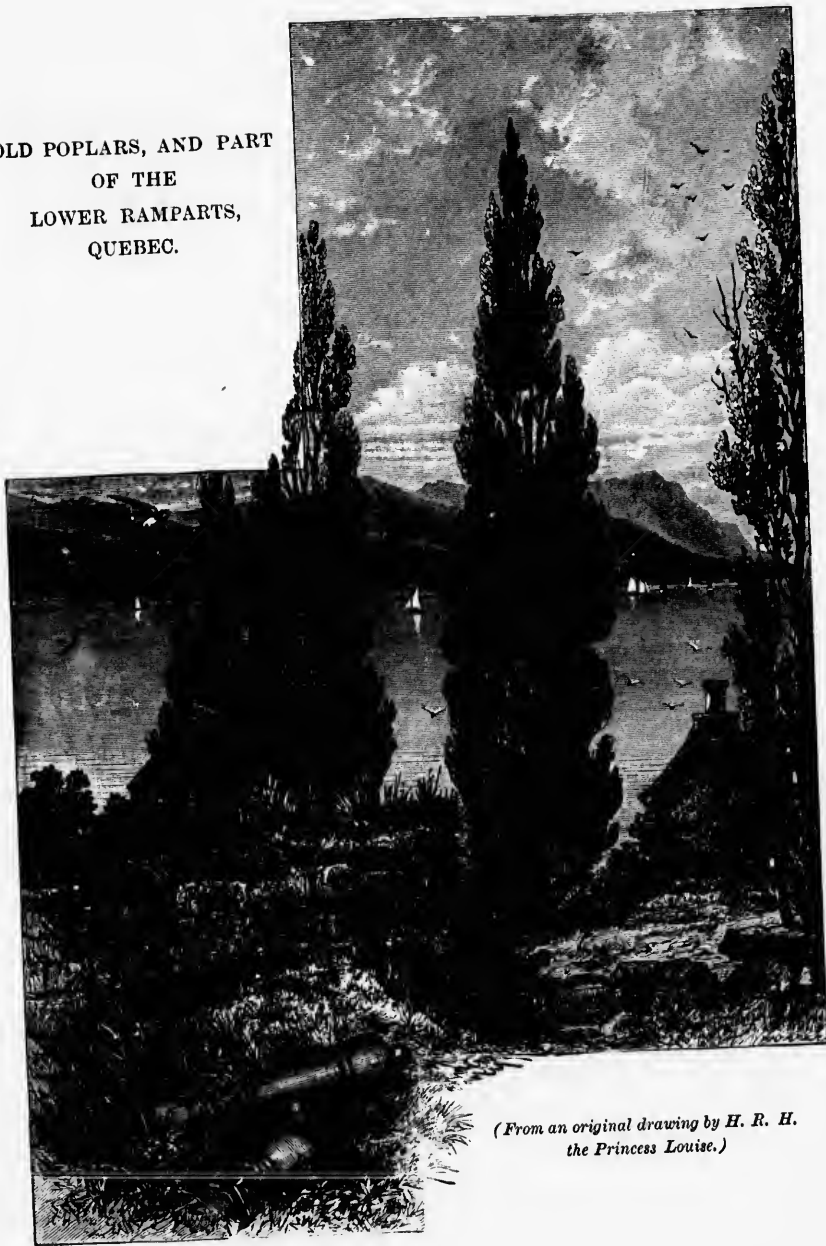


LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.





OLD POPLARS, AND PART  
OF THE  
LOWER RAMPARTS,  
QUEBEC.



*(From an original drawing by H. R. H.  
the Princess Louise.)*

