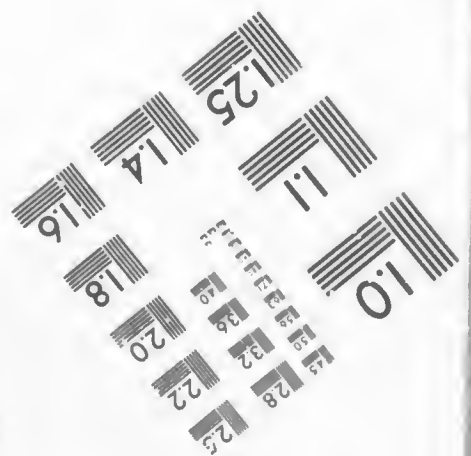
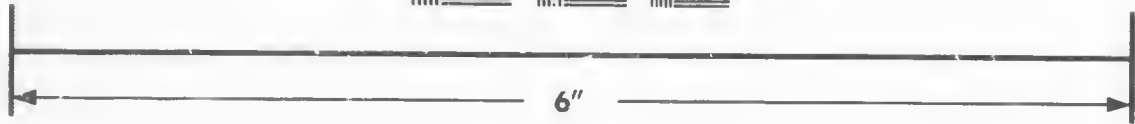
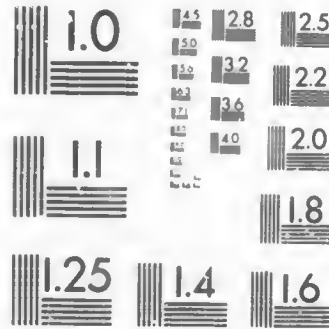


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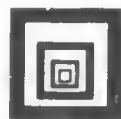
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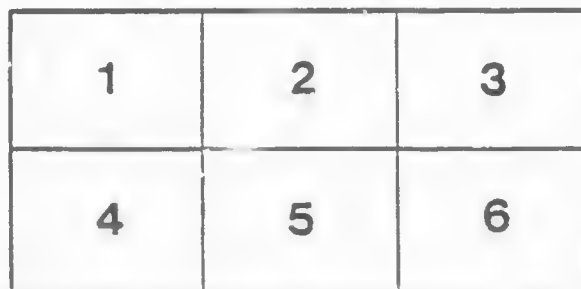
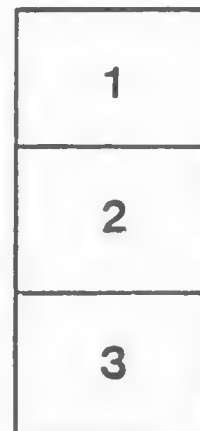
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37

FLOOD'S

GUIDE BOOK

OF THE

OTTAWA, ST. LAWRENCE

AND

SAGUENAY RIVERS,

ALSO,

MONTREAL AND QUEBEC

CITIES.

JOHN LOVELL, PRINTER.



ESTABLISHED 1818.



SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO.,

271 Notre Dame Street,

MONTREAL,

Sole Agents for the sale of Ulysse Nardin's celebrated
CHRONOMETERS and **WATCHES**. Also in Stock, a
Large Assortment of

Fine Jewellery,

In Gold, Silver, Jet and Garnet, and Silver Spoons, Forks,
Tea Sets, Goblets, Jugs, Trays, Inkstands, &c., &c., &c.

SIGN OF THE ILLUMINATED CLOCK.

SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO. will remove during the summer
to Nos. 228 and 230 St. James Street, a few doors East of the
Ottawa Hotel.

ST. LOUIS HOTEL,

ST. LOUIS ST., QUEBEC,

THIS HOTEL, which is unrivalled for SIZE, STYLE and LOCALITY in Quebec, is open throughout the year for Pleasure and Business Travel.

It is eligibly situated near to and surrounded by the most delightful and fashionable promenades, the Governor's Garden, the Citadel, the Esplanade, the Place d'Armes, and Durham Terrace, which furnish the Splendid Views and Magnificent Scenery for which Quebec is so justly celebrated and which is unsurpassed in any part of the world.

The Proprietors in returning thanks for the very liberal patronage they have hitherto enjoyed, inform the public that this Hotel has been

THOROUGHLY RENOVATED AND EMBELLISHED,

AND CAN NOW ACCOMMODATE

ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED VISITORS,

And assure them that nothing will be wanting on their part that will conduce to the comfort and enjoyment of their guests.

W. RUSSELL & SON Proprietors.

St. Lawrence Hall,

SITUATED ON

St. James Street, Montreal,

H. HOGAN, - - - PROPRIETOR.

THIS FIRST-CLASS HOTEL, the LARGEST in MONTREAL, is situated on St. James Street, in the immediate vicinity of the French Cathedral or Church *Ville Marie*, Notre Dame Street, adjacent to the Post Office, Place d'Armes, and Banks; is only one minute's walk from the Grey and Black Nunneries, New Court House, Reading Room, *Champ de Mars*, (where the troops are reviewed), Mechanics' Institute, Bonsecours Market, and Fashionable Stores. The new Theatre Royal is directly in the rear of the House, and several of the best boxes are regularly kept for guests of this Hotel.

THE ST. LAWRENCE HALL has long been regarded as the most popular and fashionable Hotel in Montreal, and is patronized by the Government on all public occasions, including that of the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and suite, and that of His Excellency the Governor General and suite.

During the past winter the Hotel has been considerably enlarged, so that in future the Proprietor hopes to be able to accommodate comfortably all who may favor him with their patronage. All Rooms lighted by Gas.

The Consulate Office of the United States is in the Hotel, as well as Telegraph Office to all parts.

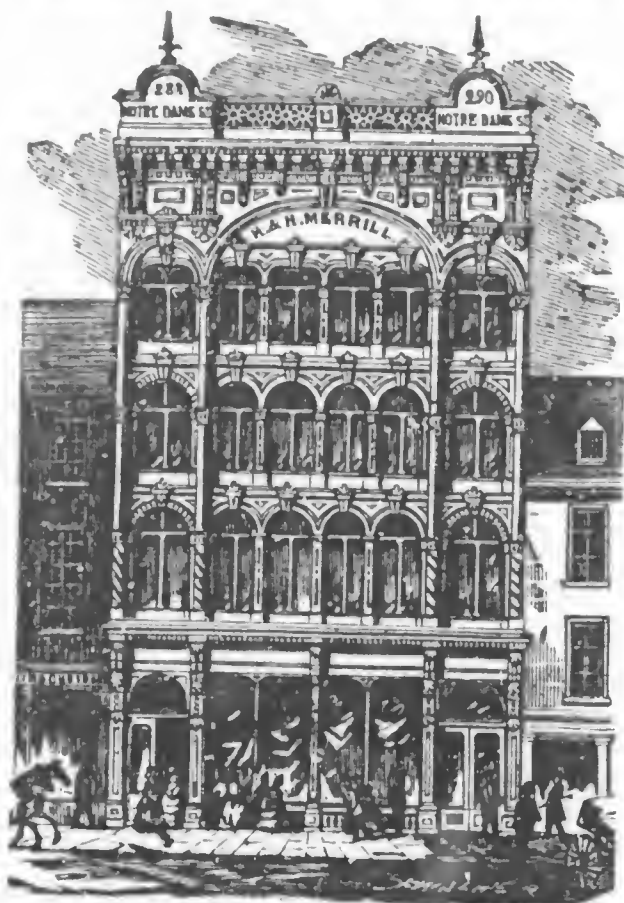
The Proprietor begs to announce that having recently purchased the St. Lawrence Hall property, it is his intention, next Fall, to pull down and re-build, with all modern improvements, including an Elevator; thus making this Hotel second to none in the United States.

Montreal, May, 1872.

H. & H. MERRILL'S
GRAND GRANITE DRY GOODS PALACE,

Nos. 288 & 290 Notre Dame Street,

MONTREAL, CANADA.



Nos. 288 & 290 Notre Dame Street,
MONTREAL, CANADA.

This fine Establishment is one of the largest and most extensive of the kind in the Dominion.

By heavy Importations direct from the European Manufacturers the Proprietors are enabled to sell Rich and Elegant Goods at as reasonable rates as can be realized in Paris or London.

The house is well known to American and European Tourists who patronize this establishment throughout the year, and find their purchases advantageous in the extreme.

H. & H. MERRILL.

The Russell House,

OTTAWA.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT IS SITUATED ON THE
Corner of Sparks and Elgin Streets,
 IN THE VERY CENTRE OF THE CITY AND THE IMMEDIATE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE
Parliament and Departmental Buildings,
the Post Office, the Custom House, the
City Hall, the Theatre, the Tele-
graph Office, and the different
Banks.

—

The Parliamentary Buildings,
 From their position and Architectural design, should be visited by
THE TOURIST.

—

The Scenery and natural curiosities of the Upper Ottawa, the beautiful
 FALLS OF THE CHAUDIERE, and of the RIDEAU RIVER, the Timber
 Slides, the extensive Water-power, and the Lumbering and other Mills,
 are within easy reach of the city, and form a combination of attraction
 unsurpassed in Canada.

—

The Russell House is fitted up and conducted with every
 regard to comfort, and will accommodate no fewer than 250
 guests, constituting it one of the largest Hotels in Canada.

JAMES A. GOUIN, Proprietor.

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Nos. 288 & 290 Notre Dame Street

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ST. JAMES HOTEL,

MONTREAL.

The Undersigned beg to notify the Public that they have Purchased the above well-known

FIRST-CLASS HOTEL,

and which is now carried on as a Branch Establishment of the ST. LAWRENCE HALL, under the management of Mr. FREDERICK GERIKEN, well-known to the Travelling community, both in the United States and Canada, as being connected with the ST. LAWRENCE HALL.

The ST. JAMES is very favorably situated facing Victoria Square, in the very centre of the City, and contiguous to the Post Office and the Banks. Its convenience for Business-men is everything that can be desired, as it is in the immediate vicinity of the leading Wholesale Houses. The Rooms, being well appointed and ventilated, are cheerful for Families; while the *Management* will always be unexceptionable, and no pains spared in ministering to the comfort of Guests. The Proprietors, having leased the adjoining premises, are prepared to offer every inducement to the Spring and Fall trade; and, as their tariff is exceptionally reasonable, they hope to obtain a large share of public patronage.

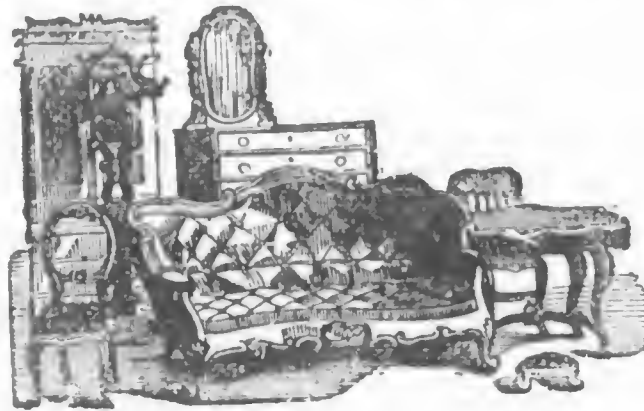
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P. VALLIERE,

STEAM MANUFACTURER OF

Furniture, Chairs,

BEDSTEADS, &c., &c.



All Orders executed at very Short Notice.

He is furnished with Hearses, and has constantly on hand an assortment of Wood and Iron Coffins of all sizes, Crape, Mourning Gloves, &c., &c.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY EXECUTED,

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SEA BATHING.

ST. LAWRENCE HAL CACOUNA.

THIS Establishment has been considerably ENLARGED during the winter, and is now capable of affording accommodation for HUNDRED GUESTS. Additional land has been purchased laid out in Pleasure Grounds. It is beautifully situated on the bank of the St. Lawrence, commanding a fine view of the River, and the Steamers and Vessels pass up and down in close proximity to the place. The BATHING accommodation has also been much improved. Billiard Tables, Bowling Alleys, &c., &c., on the premises. There is a Telegraph Office at the Hotel, an advantage not possessed by any place on the North Shore, and with the advantage of Railroad and Steamboat conveyance daily, stands unrivalled by any other place of the description in Canada. It is superfluous to say more in its favor than the fact that a number of the most prominent citizens of the Province have there built beautiful residences and occupy them during the Summer months. Probably not less than THREE THOUSAND people are located here in various cottages. There are three different places of public worship in the village. Stabling has been erected on the premises, enabling parties to keep their own horses and carriages at reasonable rates. The Proprietor has also arranged with Mr. VILLIERS, of Quebec, to take down a Stable of Horses, and give riding lessons daily. He has a number of Side Saddles for the use of Ladies. In fact, no pains have been spared to render this place a favorite resort during the Summer months. Liberal arrangements will be made with parties remaining the whole or part of the Season. Transient visitors charged at the rate of \$2.50 per day.

May, 1872.

Messrs. SHIPMAN, Jr., & KENLEY,
Managers.

B L A N C H A R D ' S

Hotel,

ESTABLISHED IN 1830.

2 NOTRE DAME SQUARE,

LOWER TOWN,

QUEBEC, - - - CANADA.

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QUÉBEC,

Boston and New York

Short Line via Passumpsic R.R.

THE GREAT PLEASURE ROUTE TO THE FAR-FAR

LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG

AND

WHITE MOUNTAINS

Ticket Office, ST. LOUIS STREET,
Opposite the St. Louis Hotel.

Berths in Pullman Cars secured. All information cheerfully given.

GUSTAVE LEVY,
Agent at Quebec,

D. MORCAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR

AND

WHOLESALE CLOTHIER,

Importer from **BRITISH & FOREIGN MANUFACTURERS,**

PEG-TOP DEPOT,

Mountain Hill, QUEBEC, CANADA.

DEPARTMENTS:

Coatings, Vestings, Trowserings,
Ready-Made Clothing,
Hosiery, (Underclothing),
Shirts, Collars, Cuffs,
Scarfs, Ties, Suspenders, Gloves,
Rubber Air Pillows, Cushions,
Rubber Coats, Fishing Stockings,
English Portmanteaux, Bags, Etc., Etc.

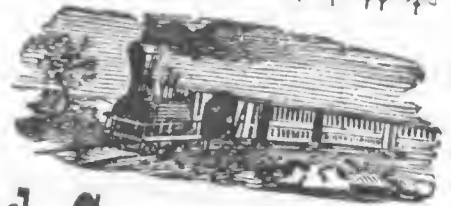
—ALSO,—

MILITARY EQUIPMENTS, and everything pertaining to
an Officer's Outfit,

AT THE

PEG-TOP DEPOT, MOUNTAIN HILL, QUEBEC.

CANADA CENTRAL
AND
BROCKVILLE AND OTTAWA RAILWAY



Great Broad Gauge Route to Ottawa

On and after Monday, May, 1872, Trains will run as follows.

LEAVE BROCKVILLE.

Express at 8:00 A.M., arriving at Ottawa at 1:00 P.M., and at Sand Point at 1:40 P.M.

Mail Train at 3:50 P.M., arriving at Sand Point at 9:45 P.M.

Through Ottawa Express at 3:20 P.M., making a certain connection with Grand Trunk Day Express from the East and arriving at Ottawa at 7:20 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA.

Through Western Express at 10:00 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:50 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going East and West.

Boat Express at 4:20 P.M. arriving at Brockville at 9:35 P.M., and at Sand Point at 8:10 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT.

At 1:40 P.M., 8:10 P.M., and 9:45 P.M.

Express at 6:00 P.M., arriving at Sand Point at 3:45 P.M.

LEAVE SAND POINT.

At 6:00 A.M., 11:40 A.M., and 3:30 P.M.

Trains on Canada Central and Perth Branch make certain connections with all Trains on B. & O. Railway.

CONNECTIONS made at Sand Point with Steamers to and from Pembroke, Portage du Fort, &c.

Freight loaded with despatch, AND NO TRANSHIPMENT WHEN IN CAR LOADS.

H. ABBOTT,
MANAGER.

RAIL

RAILWAYS.

United States Hotel,

BOSTON.

Ottawa.

as follows:

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Day Express,

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TT,

MANAGER,

BARNES & BUCK, - - PROPRIETORS.

The undersigned having leased, for a term of years, the above named Hotel, have entirely re-modelled, re-fitted and re-furnished the same, and now invite the patronage of all the "old customers" of the house, and assure the travelling public generally that we will do our best to make the "States" a comfortable home during their stay in the city.

The location of this Hotel, situated as it is, near the centre of the business portion of the city, immediately opposite the B. & A. R. R. Depot, and within five minutes' walk of the Depots of the O. C. & N. Railway, and the B. & P. R. R., renders it very desirable to persons visiting the city for business or pleasure.

BARNES & BUCK.

The Chicago & North Western



RAILWAY

IS THE

SHORTEST ROUTE

BETWEEN

CHICAGO & OMAHA,

AND THE

ONLY LINE carrying the **GREAT THROUGH UNITED STATES MAIL** between New York and San Francisco.

PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING COACHES

Are Run on all Night Trains.

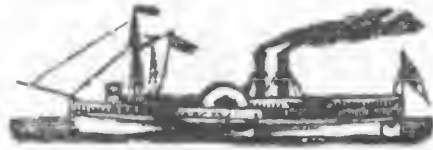
SECURE THROUGH TICKETS via Chicago and North Western Railway, on sale at all the Principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada.

JOHN F. TRACY, President; **M. L. SYKES, Jun.**, Vice-President; **JAS. H. HOWE**, General Manager; **M. HUGHITT**, General Superintendent.

H. P. STANWOOD,
General Ticket Agent.

C. C. WHEELER,
General Freight Agent.

Richelieu Company



DAY LINE OF STEAMERS

BETWEEN

Montreal and Quebec,

From Monday, the 8th July, 1872,

THE BESSEMER STEEL STEAMER

"CANADA,"

CAPTAIN Em. CREPEAU,

Will leave Richelieu Pier, opposite Jacques Cartier Square,

FOR QUEBEC,

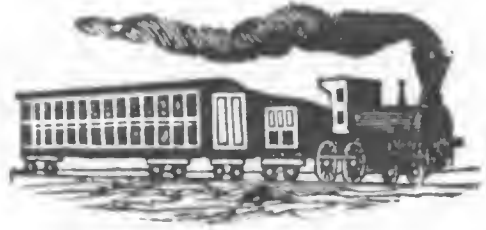
MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS & FRIDAYS,

AT 7.30 O'CLOCK, A.M.

CALLING AT SOREL AND THREE RIVERS.

Tickets and Rooms secured at the Office on Richelieu Pier.

J. B. LAMERE, General Manager.



Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul

RAILWAY LINE.

The **SHORTEST, QUICKEST** and **BEST ROUTE** to
MINNESOTA, NORTHERN IOWA AND WISCONSIN

WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS.

From **MILWAUKEE** to **ST. PAUL** and **MINNEAPOLIS**
 and all Points on the **UPPER MISSISSIPPI.**

For **SPEED, SAFETY** and **COMFORT** go via **MILWAUKEE**
 and secure **CHOICE OF SEATS** in **PALACE COACHES** by
 Day and **ELEGANT SLEEPING CARS** by Night Train.

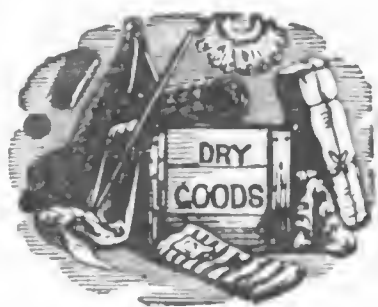
J. W. PRINCE, General Eastern Agent, 319 Broadway, New York.
JOHN HOCKING, New England Agent, 15 State St., Boston.
FRED. WETHERALD, Eastern Travelling Agent.

A. V. H. CARPENTER,
 GENERAL TICKET AGENT.

S. S. MERRILL,
 GENERAL MANAGER.

FYFE & GARNEAU,

IMPORTERS OF



Fancy and Staple

DRY GOODS,

ST. JOHN'S GATE,

(WITHIN,)

QUEBEC.

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ANAGER.

London, Quebec & Montreal



TEMPERLEYS LINE.

Composed of the following or other First-Class Iron Steamships:

<i>Teviot</i> ,	2450 tons.
<i>Scotland</i> ,	2145 "
<i>Hector</i>	1979 "
<i>Medway</i> ,	1846 "
<i>Thames</i>	1687 "
<i>Niger</i>	1442 "
<i>Aclalier</i>	1270 "
<i>Nile</i>	1254 "
<i>Tweed</i>	1304 "
<i>Severn</i>	1271 "

The Steamers of this Line are intended to Sail during the season of navigation of 1872 from

LONDON FOR QUEBEC AND MONTREAL

EVERY WEDNESDAY,

(Calling at Plymouth outwards only for Passengers and leaving that Port EVERY FRIDAY,) and from

QUEBEC FOR LONDON,
EVERY TUESDAY.

Rates of Passage, Quebec to London.

Cabin	\$60
Steerage.....	\$24

Quebec to London and back.

Cabin	\$100
Steerage	\$48

Through Tickets from all points West at reduced rates. Certificates issued to parties desirous of bringing out their friends.

Through Bills of Lading issued on the Continent and in London for all parts of Canada, and in the United States to Detroit, Milwaukee, Chicago and other points in the West.

Agents :

Temperleys, Carter and Darke, 21 Billiter Street, London ; Wilcox and Weekes, Barbican, Plymouth ; James Swift & Co., Kingston ; C. R. Cunningham, Ottawa ; Henry Taylor, London, Ont. ; Crane & Baird, Toronto ; John Proctor, Hamilton ; John L. Campbell, Brockville ; R. McCarthy & Co., Prescott ; Charles Davidson, Guelph ; R. H. Read, Port Hope ; Jacob Needs, Bowmanville ; C. W. Smith, Oshawa ; W. A. Shepard, Belleville ; Arthur J. Mathewson, Perth ; Nicholls & Hall, Peterborough ; W. A. Strong, 18 West Madison, Chicago ; Wm. D. Morton & Co., corner Third and Woodbridge Streets, Detroit ; Harry Bradford, 395 Broadway, Milwaukee ; Ross & Co., Quebec ; David Shaw, Montreal.

Canadian Navigation Co
ROYAL MAIL LINE

BETWEEN

Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton
 AND INTERMEDIATE PORTS.



This Company's Lines are composed of the following First Class SIDE-WHEEL STEAMERS, viz. :

Corsican, -	Capt. Sinclair	Corinthian, Capt. Farrell
Spartan, -	" Dunlop	Magnet, " Bailey
Passport, -	" Simpson	Champion, " Sherwood
Kingston, -	" Carmichael	Banshee, " McCoy
Æbyssinian	" Estes	Athenian " Morley
	Union, Capt. Couvrette,	

UPWARDS.

WILL LEAVE THE CANAL BASIN,

Montreal, every morning, (Sundays excepted)	at 9.00 a.m.	Gananoque	at 12.45 p.m.
Lachine	at 12.30 p.m.	Kingston	at 5.30 "
Valleyfield	at 6.30 "	Cobourg	at 1.30 a.m.
Cornwall	at 9.30 "	Port Hope	at 2.10 "
Dickinson's Landing,	at 2.00 a.m.	Darlington	at 3.30 "
Prescott	at 9.20 "	Toronto	at 8.00 "
Brockville	at 10.30 "	Arriving at Hamilton	at 10.45 "

MAKING DIRECT CONNECTIONS

At PRESCOTT and BROCKVILLE,

With the Railways for Ottawa, Kemptville, Perth, Arnprior, &c.

At TORONTO and HAMILTON,

With the Railway, for Collingwood, Lake Superior, Stratford, London, Chatham, Sarnia, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, Galena, Green Bay, St. Paul, St. Louis, NEW ORLEANS, OMAHA, SACRAMENTO, SAN FRANCISCO, FORT WILLIAM, DULUTH and FORT GARRY.

AND WITH THE

"CITY OF TORONTO,"

For Niagara, Lewiston, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo and Cincinnati.

DOWNWARDS.

Leave Hamilton, every morning, (Sun-days excepted)	at 9.00 a.m.	Leave Kingston	at 5.30 a.m.
" Toronto,	at 2.00 "	" Gananoque.....	at 7.00 "
" Darlington	at 5.20 "	" Brockville.....	at 9.30 "
" Port Hope	at 6.50 "	" Prescott.....	at 10.30 "
" Cobourg	at 7.20 "	" Cornwall.....	at 1.20 p.m.
		Arriving at Montreal	at 6.45 "

Passing through the Beautiful and Romantic Scenery of the Lake of the Thousands Islands, and all the Rapids of the River St. Lawrence by Daylight.

Connecting at Montreal with the Steamers for

QUEBEC, MURRAY BAY, RIVIERE DU LOUP, CACOUNA, TADOUSAC, and the FAR FAMED RIVER SAGUENAY.

The Steamers of this Line are replete with every Comfort and Convenience, and every Appliance for Safety; and from the completeness of the Arrangements present advantages to Travelers Superior to every other Conveyance.

Through Tickets, at Low Rates, to all the above places, with every information, may be obtained from the various Local Agents, on board the Steamers, and at 177 St. James Street.

ALEX. MILLOY,

Secretary and Treasurer.

Company's Office, 177 St. James Street,
Montreal, June, 1872.

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The St. Lawrence & Ottawa Railway.

THE OLD RELIABLE, QUICKEST AND BEST ROUTE.
The Shortest Line by 9 Miles from Ottawa to Brockville and all points West, and by 35 Miles to all points East.

ALTERATION OF RUNNING TIME.

On and from MONDAY, 10th JUNE, 1872, trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

No.	Leave Prescott.	Connecting with.	Arrive in Ottawa.
1	1.00 P. M.	Grand Trunk Mail from the East.....	3.45 P. M.
3	6.00 A. M.	do do Express from the West...	8.45 A. M.
5	4.00 P. M.	do do Mail from the West.....	6.20 P. M.
7	2.00 A. M.	do do Express from the East...	6.15 A. M.
with Sofa Car			

GOING SOUTH.

No.	Leave Ottawa.	Connecting with.	Arrive at Prescott Junction.
2	7.30 A. M.	Royal Mail Line of Steamers East and West, and Grand Trunk Accommodation for the East.....	10.00 A. M.
4	12.00 Noon.	Grand Trunk Express for the East and Grand Trunk Accommodation for Brockville, Kingston, and all Way Stations West.....	3.50 P. M.
6	10.30 A. M.	Grand Trunk Exp. for all points West..	12.50 P. M.
8	10.00 P. M.	Grand Trunk trains for East and West..	1.00 A. M.
with Sofa Car			

Comfortable Sofa Cars on No. 7 and 8. Charge for Berths, 50 cents.
Sure connections with all the Grand Trunk trains both East and West, as this Company's trains wait their arrival when late. Twenty minutes allowed at Prescott Junction for refreshments. Trains are run on Montreal time.
THOS. REYNOLDS, Managing Director, Ottawa.
R. LUTTRELL, Superintendent, Prescott.

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GRAND EXCURSIONS
 TO THE FAR-FAMED
River Saguenay
 AND
 SEA BATHING, BOATING AND FISHING
 AT
 Murray Bay, Cacouna and Tadousac



The First-Class Steamer

U N I O N ,

Capt. COUVRETTE,

WILL LEAVE ST. ANDREW'S WHARF, QUEBEC, during the season, for the River Saguenay to Ha! Ha! Bay, calling at Murray Bay, River du Loup and Tadousac every **TUESDAY** and **FRIDAY**, at Seven o'clock, A.M.

By taking the steamer at Quebec, the Tourist and Invalid will escape the heat and dust, enjoy the refreshing and invigorating breeze, and avoid the annoyance of transhipment as the steamer runs direct to Murray Bay, River du Loup, Tadousac and Ha! Ha! Bay.

This fine steamer is of great strength, and equipped with every appliance for safety, is most comfortably furnished, and in every respect unsurpassed.

The First-Class Steamer CLYDE,

Capt. LECOURE,

WILL LEAVE ST. ANDREW'S WHARF, on **WEDNESDAYS** and **SATURDAYS**, at **SEVEN** a.m., for Chicoutimi, calling at Bale St. Paul, Eboulments, Murray Bay, Rivière du Loup, Tadousac and Ha! Ha! Bay.
 Returning, the steamer will leave Chicoutimi on **Thursdays** and **Sundays**.

For further information, apply at the office of the St. Lawrence Tow-Boat Company, St. Andrew's Wharf.

A. GABOURY,
 SECRETARY.

OTTAWA CITY.

The city of Ottawa is, perhaps, situated more picturesquely than any other in North America, with the exception of Quebec. The view from the Barrack Hill—embracing, as it does, in one *coup d'œil*, the magnificent Falls of the Chaudière, with its clouds of snowy spray, generally spanned by a brilliant rainbow; the suspension bridge, uniting Upper and Lower Canada; the river above the great falls, studded with pretty, wooded islands; and the distant, purple mountains, which divide the waters of the Gatineau from those of the Ottawa—is one of the most beautiful in the world.

Tourists leaving Montreal for the Ottawa may proceed by either one of the following routes: by steamer directly from the city; by the Grand Trunk Railway to St. Anne's, a distance of 21 miles, and thence, by steamer, up the river; by railroad to Prescott, 113 miles, thence by the Ottawa and Prescott Railroad to Ottawa city; by railroad to Lachine, 9 miles, and there take the steamer for Ottawa city. After leaving Montreal, the following places are passed:

CARILLON,

Eight miles above the Indian village, and on the same side of the river. The ascent of the river, here interrupted by the rapids, is continued, for twelve miles, by means of a lock and canal.

RIDEAU FALLS,

A short distance below the city of Ottawa. The Rideau river here precipitates itself into the Ottawa over a ledge of rock thirty feet in height, forming one of the most attractive features of the Ottawa scenery.

CHAUDIÈRE FALLS,

(The Boiling Pot.) Six miles above the Ottawa begin the rapids terminating in the Ottawa Chaudière Falls, which, inferior in impressive grandeur to the Falls of Niagara, are, perhaps, more permanently interesting, as presenting greater variety. The greatest height of the Chaudière Falls is about forty feet. A ray in every imaginable variety of form—in vast, dark masses, graceful cascades, or in tumbling spray—they have been well described as a hundred rivers struggling for a passage. Not the least interesting feature which they present is the Lost Chaudière where a body of water, greater in volume than the Thames at London, is quietly sucked down, and disappears underground.

ST. ANNE'S.

A small village, deriving its name from the chapel alluded to above, is situated on the south-western end of the island of Montreal. The river is here broken into rapids, and dotted with several small islands. At this place, also, the steamer passes through a lock, 45 feet in width, and 180 feet in length.

LAKE OF THE TWO MOUNTAINS.

About two miles west of St. Anne's the Ottawa expands into a lake bearing this name. The width of this lake is about eight, and its length about ten miles. It derives its name from two mountains just to the north, which tower up to an elevation of over 400 feet each.

THE INDIAN VILLAGE OF THE TWO MOUNTAINS

Lies on the northern bank of the Ottawa, about 25 miles from Lac Seul. The remnants of two once mighty tribes—the Mohawks and the Algonquins—reside at this place. The river here contracts, and, for about a mile, continues contracted to the width

of but a half a mile; afterward, it again expands into the Upper Lake of the Two Mountains. Nine miles further on, it resumes its narrowest limit.

MONTREAL.

The tourist will find this city solid and progressive. Not a few of the streets have been widened, and old stores have been taken down, and new and elegant edifices have taken their places. Montreal is renowned for her charitable Institutions; and her Churches are the largest on the continent. Here the noble St. Lawrence river is spanned by one of the greatest of modern structures, the Victoria Bridge; it is nearly two miles long, cost \$7,000,000. The tourist, whether from the orange groves of the Sunny South, the ice fields of Alaska, or the hot beds of Europe, will be delighted by taking one of the Royal Mail Steamers at Kingston, passing through the Thousand Islands, down the turbulent but grand rapids of the St. Lawrence River, under the central arch of the Victoria Bridge, through which the steamer passes, thence to Montreal, where very excellent accommodation can be had at the St. Lawrence Hall,—we mention the Hall first, because it is the most fashionable, and because Henry Hogan, the proprietor, is the Prince of Bonifaces.

The tourist can sojourn at the St. Lawrence Hall or at the St. James Hotel—the latter is managed by ———, and rest assured you are at home. The Ottawa, Albion and American Hotels are excellent caravansaries.

The two principal drives round Montreal should be made by all tourists,—round the two mountains and to Lachine. Tourists that have not made the trip of the Lachine rapids, can take the train at Bonaventure Station every morning at 7 o'clock, (Sun-

days excepted) for Lachine, there take the new steamer "Beauharnois," shoot the rapids, passing under the Victoria Bridge arriving in Montreal in ample time for breakfast.

Messrs. Savage & Lyman's Jewellery establishment is unrivalled on this continent for elegant and chaste Jewellery. They import direct from all the manufacturing centres in Europe. As the Canadian tariff is founded on comparative free-trade, Americans will be enabled to see some of the features of a moderate tariff, compared with a prohibitory one, by calling at Messrs. Savage & Lyman's magnificent store. Our moderate or revenue tariff enables us (Canadians) to undersell our American neighbours. Hence American tourists can spend the months of July, August and September, at Montreal, Quebec or Cacouna, at one half of what it would cost them at some of the watering places in the United States. It is no mere puff to assert that, what the Messrs. Savage & Lyman can do in elegance, splendor and cheapness in the Jewellery line, can be done also in all branches of trade in Canada, and more particularly in the Dry Goods line. It is not necessary to dwell upon the magnificent store, and splendid assortment of Dry Goods imported from England, France and Germany by the Messrs. Merrill. Travelled Americans—and where is the American who has not travelled?—need not be told, that the Dry Goods House of Messrs. Merrill, Notre Dame street, Montreal, is to the Dominion, what A. T. Stewart, is to the United States, with a low tariff, very much in favour of the former house. Hence we predict a constant flow of American tourists to Messrs. Merrill's elegant establishment.

We congratulate the proprietor of the "St. Lawrence Hall," Mr. Hogan, upon the return of an old favorite, Mr. Charles Chadwick, as one of the managers in this renowned Hotel. In

these days of pompous purse-proud insolence, it is really refreshing to meet so amiable, urbane and attentive a soul as Mr. Chadwick. We verily believe that Mr. Chadwick's numerous friends in the United States, and throughout the Dominion, will cluster around him, at the Hall, as of yore.

As that part of the Treaty of Washington relative to the fishery of the St. Lawrence has been indorsed by the Dominion Parliament, and as the Treaty of Washington will be ratified before or immediately after the 4th of November next, pending the latter arrangement, Horace Greeley might quietly, rod, hook and line in hand, leave the surging political crowd and betake himself to salmon-fishing in the Lower St. Lawrence. Here he might learn the inestimable blessing of cheap food for all people. Uncle Horace should know something of the noble St. Lawrence, in case he may occupy the Presidential chair in the White House at Washington for the next four years. Should Uncle Horace visit us he would do humanity a rare service by establishing a co-operative fishing society, composed of all nationalities. This society might be called the Odd or Codfish Co-operative Society, as the society would, as far as nationalities are concerned, resemble the fishes themselves. In this very society the germs of free-trade may impress you, Uncle Horace. You can perceive at a glance that God placed the St. Lawrence here not only for the Canadians, the Americans, the Mexicans, the Japanese and Chinese, but for all mankind. No nation can muzzle the St. Lawrence. It is a part of God's highway for the benefit of all people. Here, we repeat, removed from political cliques, designing home manufacturers, and others who take a lively interest in the loaves and fishes, Uncle Horace, at the head of his co-oper-

ative society, might establish, upon the cosmopolitan and co-operative plan, a society that the International Society might envy.

As we are cousins you know, Uncle Horace, and as we have to live together on this Continent, in fact, near and dear neighbours, would it not be more in keeping with common sense for us to have a chat together upon farming, fishing and free-trade? Agriculture is your hobby, that is your outside calling, in which you are an expert. We confess we have a great weakness for farming; but this very weakness has prevented us from entering the field: we can row a boat, spin a fly over a salmon or tommy-cod far better and much easier than we can swing an axe or guide a plough. A co-operative cosmopolitan fishing society is our hobby; we believe in it, because we all have a great interest in each other; besides, it will take some of the wind out of the sails of the International Society.

The International Society will drag into its vortex all labourers unless we establish universal co-operative societies. Fishing on the Lower St. Lawrence on the co-operative plan will pay, Uncle Horace. John Bull wants oysters, and is willing to pay a high price for them. We can, upon the co-operative plan, supply all Europe and America with the best and cheapest bivalves in the world. It does seem not a little, absurd, Uncle Horace, that you are not only willing to pay us for the right to fish in our waters, but you agree to open, free of duties, your market to our fishermen. Why admit free the produce of the fisheries, and tax the produce of the farm and the forest? Is it because your own fisheries are exhausted, or because you want a school for your mereantile navy, and cheap food for 40,000,000 of people? If to lessen the price of food is your object, why not include beef, mutton, pork, wheat and pumpkins, as well as eel, mackerel, halibut and salmon? Fish contains phosphorus,

hence the enormous cash price you are willing to pay for a brain-giver. You are not very badly off for room to school your mercantile marine, in considering the distance from Cape Cod to Galveston, or away up to Mr. Seward's farm, Alaska. Ten thousand miles of sea coast ought even to satisfy the capacious appetite of Mr. Seward for sea coast and territory. Seward should have been born in England and appointed Governor of India, there he would satisfy his craving stomach by annexing all India to the British Empire. Mr. Seward's love of territory is imperfect keeping with Anglo-Saxon greed.

By physical or moral force, we are averse to the annexation of Canada to the United States; not that we are averse to your form of government, but because we desire to play our political programme in our own way, untrammelled by instructions from Washington or London. It is coming to this rapidly, Uncle Horace. Not a ship-load of emigrants that lands at any of the ports in America but are living evidences of the fact that God created America as the earthly paradise of the poor. On the very face of the whole American Continent God has written, in letters of fire and gold, "Republic!"

There is lots of room in North America for two Republics; yea for three. The Rio Grande separates you from the sister republic of Mexico. Although the latter country is in a state of chronic disruption, still you have not attempted to gobble her up. Mexico is the Vesuvius of America, therefore let her belch forth her lava till she exhausts herself. Supposing by force of arms you conquer Mexico, you will have to govern her by military force, not by the force of laws enacted by and with the consent of a due representative number of Mexicans, assembled at Washington, to give their consent or dissent to laws passed by Congress, to keep the United States together by force and peace not by love or consent. How

long would the United States exist with Ireland and Poland in her midst? Add to the above the forcible annexation of the Dominion of Canada to the United States; a new volcano, more dangerous to life and property, would belch forth her torrents of lava at Washington, not only enveloping the D. C. of Columbia, in ashes, cinders and smoke, but kindred volcanoes would burst forth all over the Continent, and darken the heavens with their smoke. Liberty would be no more; chaos would be triumphant. They are making our canals deeper and wider, at an enormous expense; they are building new railways; they are spending large sums of money in improving our old railways, so that the American tourist, stepping on board a G. T. R. train at Portland, Detroit, Toronto, Buffalo, Montreal and Quebec, will find attached to all day and night trains Pullman's parlour and sleeping coaches. Yea, down to Cacouna—the Saratoga of Canada—Pullman's elegant sleeping cars are run on the G. T. R. during the months of June, July, August and September: Not only have we got the latest American improvement, a la Pullman, but we have, the latest and most substantial improvement from Europe, in steel rails. Day by day old iron rails are being replaced by steel rails so that, at no very remote day, not only the Grand Trunk Railroad, but all the railways of the Dominion, will have their road-beds covered with steel;—are we not keeping time to the music of so-called modern progress, Uncle Horace?—Onward to the Pacific Ocean is our watchword now. We have a great appetite for tea, besides we take a deep interest in the poor Chinese. If we have stuffed them with opium that is no reason why we should cram them with roast beef and plum pudding. John Chinaman is to help us build our Pacific Railway; he gives us his labour, and we give him our money. The day is not far distant when there will be as many first-class passenger steamers plying on the waters of the Pacific as

there are steamers now plying between Europe and this Continent. As poor laborers have suffered from all sorts of competition, and more particularly the agricultural or railway labourer, we wonder not at the pugnacity of the labourers of America to the "heathen Chinees." How would our merchants, lawyers and doctors feel if they had a large influx of Chinese and Japanese to oppose them in their respective callings? Still we are in favour of the poor Chinaman. If the Chinaman toils on our railways, makes our boots and shoes, clothes, and makes himself useful generally, although he is not a Christian, nor does he vote, why should we not encourage him? He is a consumer as well as a producer. He increases our carrying trade. When he leaves the Celestial Empire, he is bound to return to it, dead or alive!

QUEBEC.

QUEBEC, founded by Samuel de Champlain, in 1608, has certainly much to recommend itself, by historical memories and by scenery, to the traveller—the scholar—the historian. The wintering of the venturesome Jacques Cartier on the banks of the St. Charles, in 1535-6, by its remoteness, is an incident of interest not only to Canadians, but also to every denizen of America. It takes one back to an era nearly coeval with the discovery of the continent by Columbus—much anterior to the foundation of Jamestown, in 1607—antior to that of St. Augustine in Florida, in 1592. Quebec has, then, a right to call herself an old, a very old, city of the west.

The colonization of Canada, or, as it was formerly called, New France, was undertaken by companies of French merchants engaged in the fur trade, close on whose steps followed a host

of devoted missionaries, who found in the forests of this new and attractive country ample scope for the exercise of their religious enthusiasm. It was at Quebec that these Christian heroes landed; from hence, they started for the forest primeval, the bearers of the olive branch of Christianity, of civilization.

A fatal mistake committed at the outset by the French commanders, in taking part in the Indian wars, more than once brought the incipient colony to the verge of ruin: during these periods scores of devoted missionaries fell under the scalping-knife or amidst incredible tortures, amongst the merciless savages whom they had come to reclaim. Indian massacres became so frequent, so appalling, that on several occasions the French thought of giving up the colony for ever. The rivalry between France and England added to the hardships and dangers of the few hardy colonists established at Quebec. Its environs, the shores of its noble river, more than once became the battle-fields of European armies. These were eventful periods—happily gone by, we hope, forever.

In his "*Pioneers of France in the New World*," the gifted Mrs. Parkman mournfully reviews the vanished glories of old France in her former vast dominions in America:

"The French dominion is a memory of the past; and when we wake its departed shades, they rise upon us from their graves in strange, romantic guise. Again their ghostly camp-fires seem to burn, and the fitful light is cast around on lord and vassal and black-robed priest, mingled with wild forms of savage warriors, knit in close fellowship on the same stern errand, a boundless vision grows upon us: an untamed continent; vast wastes of forest verdure; mountains silent in primeval sleep; river, lake, and glimmering pool; wilderness oceans mingling with the sky: such was the domain which France conquered for civilization. Plumed helmets gleamed in the shade of its forests; priestly vestments in

its dens and fastnesses of ancient barbarism. Men steeped in antique learning, pale with the close breath of the cloister, here spent the noon and evening of their lives, ruled savage hordes with a mild, parental sway, and stood serene before the direst shapes of death. Men of a courtly nurture, heirs to the polish of a far-reaching ancestry, here, with their dauntless hardihood, put to shame the boldest sons of toil."

Of all this mighty empire of the past, Quebec was the undisputed capital, the fortress, the key-stone.

It would be a curious study to place in juxtaposition the impression produced on tourists by the view of Quebec and its environs—from Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, down to William Howard Russell—Bull-Run Russell.

Champlain, La Potherie, La Hontan, Le Beau, Du Creux (Creuxius), Peter Kalm, Knox, Silliman, Ampère, Mrs. Moodie, Anthony Trollope, Sala, Revd. Henry Ward Beecher, have all left their impressions of the rocky citadel.

Mrs. Moodie (Susanna Strickland), in her sketches of Canadian life, graphically delineates her trip from Grosse Isle to Quebec, and the appearance of the city itself from the river:

"On the 22nd of September (1832), the anchor was weighed, and we bade a long farewell to Grosse Isle. As our vessel struck into mid channel, I cast a last lingering look at the beautiful shores we were leaving. Cradled in the arms of the St. Lawrence, and basking in the bright rays of the morning sun, the island and its sister group looked like a second Eden just emerged from the waters of chaos. The day was warm, and the cloudless heavens of that peculiar azure tint which gives to the Canadian skies and waters a brilliancy unknown in more northern latitudes. The air was pure and elastic; the sun shone out with uncommon splendor lighting up the changing woods with a rich mellow coloring,

composed of a thousand brilliant and vivid dyes. The mighty river rolled flashing and sparkling onward, impelled by a strong breeze that tipped its short rolling surges with a crest of snowy foam.

“ Never shall I forget that short voyage from Grosse Isle to Quebec. What wonderful combinations of beauty and grandeur and power, at every winding of that noble river!

“ Every perception of my mind became absorbed into the one sense of seeing, when, upon rounding Point Levi, we cast anchor before Quebec. What a scene! Can the world produce another? Edinburgh had been the *beau ideal* to me of all that was beautiful in nature—a vision of the Northern Highlands had haunted my dreams across the Atlantic; but all these past recollections faded before the *present* of Quebec. Nature has ransacked all our grandest elements to form this astonishing panorama. There frowns the cloud-capped mountain, and below, the cataract foams and thunders; woods and rock and river combine to lend their aid in making the picture perfect, and worthy of its Divine Originator. The precipitous bank upon which the city lies piled, reflected in the still, deep waters at its base, greatly enhances the romantic beauty of the situation. The mellow and serene glow of the autumn day harmonized so perfectly with the solemn grandeur of the scene around me, and sank so silently and deeply into my soul, that my spirit fell prostrate before it, and I melted involuntarily into tears.”

Such the poetic visions which were awakened in the poetic mind of the brilliant author of “*Roughing it in the Bush.*”

A distinguished French *litterateur*, fresh from the sunny banks of the Seine, thus discourses anent the ancient capital; we translate:

“ Few cities,” say M. Marmier, (1) “ offer as many striking contrasts as Quebec, a fortress and a commercial city together, built upon the summit of a rock as the nest of an eagle, while her vessels are everywhere wrinkling the face of the ocean; an American city inhabited by French colonists, governed by England and garrisoned with Scotch regiments; (2) a city of the middle ages by most of its ancient institutions, while it is submitted to all the combinations of modern constitutional government; a European city by its civilization and its habits of refinement, and still close by the remnants of the Indian tribes and the barren mountains of the north; a city with about the same latitude as Paris, while successively combining the torrid climate of southern regions with the severities of an hyperborean winter; a city at the same time Catholic and Protestant, where the labours of our (French) missions are still uninterrupted alongside of the undertakings of the Bible Society, and where the Jesuits driven out of our own country (France) find a place of refuge under the ægis of British Puritanism ! ”

An American tourist thus epitomises the sights:

“ As the seat of French power in America until 1759, the great fortress of English rule in British America, and the key of the St. Lawrence, Quebec must possess interest of no ordinary character for well-informed tourists. To the traveller there are innumerable points and items vastly interesting and curious:—The citadel and forts of Cape Diamond, with their impregnable ramparts that rival Gibraltar in strength and endurance against siege; the old walls of the city and their gates, each of which has its legend of war and bloody assault and repulse; the plains of Abraham, every foot of

(1) *Lettres sur l'Amérique*: X. Marmier. Paris, 1860.

(2) The Highlanders—78th, 79th, and 93rd.

which is commemorated with blood and battle ; Wolfe's monument, where the gallant and brave soldier died with a shout of victory on his lips ; the Martello towers, with their subterranean communications with the citadel ; the antique churches, paintings, and all her paraphernalia, treasures, and curiosities that are religiously preserved therein ; the falls of Montmorency ; the natural steps ; Montcalm's house, and a thousand others relics of the mysterious past that has hallowed these with all the mystic interest that attaches to antiquity, great deeds, and beautiful memories. To see all these, a tourist requires at least two days' time ; and surely no one who pretends to be a traveller, in these days of rapid transit, will fail to visit Quebec, the best city, the most hospitable place, and richer in its wealth of rare sights and grand old memorials, French peculiarities and English oddities, than any other city on this broad continent."

Hark to the sensational utterances of a real live New Yorker, Henry Ward Beecher :

" Queer old Quebec!—of all the cities on the continent of America, the quaintest. * * * It is a populated cliff. It is a mighty rock, scarped and grated, and made to hold houses and castles which, by all proper natural laws, ought to slide off from its back, like an ungirded load from a camel's back. But they stick. At the foot of the rocks the space of several streets in width has been stolen from the river. * * * We landed * * *

" Away we went, climbing the steep streets at a canter with little horses hardly bigger than flies, with an aptitude for climbing perpendicular walls. It was strange to enter a walled city through low and gloomy gates, on this continent of America. Here was a small bit of mediæval Europe perched upon a rock, and dried for keeping, in this north-east corner of America, a curiosity that has not its equal, in its kind, on this side of the ocean. * * * * *

“ We rode about as if we were in a picture-book, turning over a new leaf at each street ! * * * * The place should always be kept old. Let people go somewhere else for modern improvements. It is a shame, when Quebec placed herself far out of the way, up in the very neighbourhood of Hudson’s Bay, that it should be hunted and harassed with new-fangled notions, and all the charming inconveniences, and the irregularities to narrow and tortuous streets, that so delight a traveller’s eyes, should be altered to suit the fantastic notions of modern people. * * * * * ”

“ Our stay in Quebec was too short by far. But it was long enough to make it certain that we shall come back again. A summer in Canada would form one of the most delightful holidays that we can imagine. We mean to prove our sincerity by our conduct. And then, if it is not all that our imagination promises, we will write again and confess.” (1)

Professor Benjamin Silliman discourses thus :

“ A seat of ancient dominion—now hoary with the lapse of more than two centuries—formerly the seat of a French empire in the west—lost and won by the blood of gallant armies, and of illustrious commanders—throned on a rock, and defended by all the proud defiance of war ! Who could approach such a city without emotion ? Who in Canada has not longed to cast his eyes on the water-girt rocks and towers of Quebec ?”—(SILLIMAN’S *Tour in Canada*.)

Let us complete this mosaic of descriptions and literary gems, borrowed from English, French, and American writers, by a sparkling *tableau* of the historic memories of Quebec, traced by a leading French Canadian *littérateur*, the author of *Charles Guérin* :

“ History is everywhere—around us— beneath us: from the

(1) New York *Ledger*.

depths of yonder valleys, from the top of that mountain, history rises up and presents itself to our notice, exclaiming: 'Behold me!'

"Beneath us, among the capricious meanders of the River St. Charles, the Calix-Coubat of Jacques-Cartier, is the very place where he first planted the cross and held his first conference with the *Seigneur Donaconna*. Here, very near to us, beneath a venerable elm tree, which, with much regret, we saw cut down, tradition states that Champlain first raised his tent. From the very spot on which we now stand, Count de Frontenac returned to Admiral Phipps that proud answer, as he said, *from the mouth of his cannon*, which will always remain recorded by history. Under these ramparts are spread the plains on which fell Wolfe and Montcalm, and where in the following year, the Chevalier de Lévis and General Murray fought that other battle, in memory of which the citizens of Quebec are erecting (in 1854) a monument. Before us, on the heights of Beauport, the souvenirs of battles not less heroic, recall to our remembrance the names of Longueuil, St. Hélène, and Juchereau Duchesnay. Below us, at the foot of that tower on which floats the British flag, Montgomery and his soldiers all fell, swept by the grape-shot of a single gun pointed by a Canadian artilleryman.

"On the other hand, under that projecting rock, now crowned with the guns of old England, the intrepid Dambourgès, sword in hand, drove Arnold and his men from the houses in which they had established themselves. History is then everywhere around us. She rises as well from his ramparts, replete with daring deeds, as from those illustrious plains equally celebrated for feats of arms, and she again exclaims: 'Here I am!'"

COSMOPOLITE.

HINTS TO TOURISTS VISITING QUEBEC.

There is a magnificent line of steamers leaving Montreal every evening, at 7 P.M., and reaching Quebec at 6 A.M. In addition to these floating palaces, equal to those on the Hudson, the Grand Trunk Railway Company run two trains per day to Quebec from Montreal.

Living is comparatively cheap, and hotel accommodation is as good as any Canadian city can furnish. There are at Quebec several dozens of minor hotels, and some extensive ones, such as Noonan's Stadacona House, Henchey's, Frechette's and Blanchard's Hotels without counting the large Victoria Hotel at South Quebec. Two newly-furnished, vast hotels—the St. Louis Hotel and the Russell House, Clarendon House, kept on the American principle—have, of course, from their size, the first claim on the traveller's attention; and the rush of visitors at these hotels during the summer months sufficiently testifies to the comfort and civility which await the traveller. The Messrs. Russell—two obliging Americans—have *succeeded*, and deserve to succeed, as hosts.

The city and environs abound in drives varying from five to thirty miles, in addition to being on the direct line of travel to the far-famed Saguenay, Murray Bay, Kamouraska, Cacouna, Rimouski, Gaspé. and other noted watering places.

American tourists visiting Quebec, in order to see the historical and natural features of this city, should call upon Frank Gilchen, opposite the St. Louis Hotel, and procure one of his many elegant carriages and splendid horses. By so doing, Americans can rely upon Mr. Gilchen and his expert drivers showing them all the points of interest for which Quebec is so renowned.

Morgan's gentlemen's furnishing establishment is not surpassed on the continent for variety, elegance and cheapness. The tourist, while doing the veteran and unique city of Quebec, and its war-like and sublime surroundings, should drop into Morgan's, and see his—Morgan's—Cacouna suits; suits fit for the sombre Saguenay River, salmon fishing suits, parliamentary suits, and suits elegant, substantial and cheap, cut in the latest London, Paris and New-York styles. Because our Dominion tariff is based upon common sense, and because Quebec, with its cheap rents, cheap labour and the fact of its being 500 miles nearer Europe than New York is, enables Morgan to sell at the lowest possible prices. See advertisement.

Messrs. Fyfe and Garneau's Dry Goods Establishment is one of the largest Houses in old Quebec. Their stock of fancy and staple Dry Goods is one of the largest in the Dominion; and, owing to cheap labour and low rents, they are prepared to sell at low prices. Hence, the American tourist will consult his interest by calling upon this House.

BLANCHARD'S HOTEL is admirably situated in Notre Dame Square, Lower Town, Quebec. Directly opposite Madame Blanchard's Hotel there is a Roman Catholic Church over 200 years old. This venerable and sacred edifice still looks as fresh as a daisy. Thus the traveller who takes quarters at Madame Blanchard's will not only be in close proximity to the steamboat landing, Grand Trunk Railway depot, St. Peter's Street—the principal business thoroughfare in Quebec—but in the presence of one of the oldest churches on the continent.

THE RIVER SAGUENAY AND ITS SALMON FISHING.

The interior of the wild country watered by the River Saguenay, was better known, strange to say, two hundred years ago, in the days of the Jesuit missionaries, Crespeuil and Albanel, than in the present age. Few white men had wandered over these silent wastes which echoed to the warwhoops of the Montagnais and Nascapé Indians, sole masters of this boundless territory.

Jacques Cartier had cast anchor, 'tis true, at Tadousac on 1st September, 1535. The flattering accounts he subsequently published, of the mineral riches of the Saguenay country, were derived from the Indian chief, Donacona, who repeated the same assertions when brought in the presence of the French monarch, Francis I. In Champlain's time (1610), mention is made of a renowned Montagnais Sagamo, named *Anadabijou*, who had an interview with Champlain and Lescarbot, at *Foite-aux-Bouleaux*, about one mile west of Tadousac.

In the course of my Waltonian rambles in the lower St. Lawrence, I have seen nature in her blandest forms; I have seen her also in all her rugged beauty. No where, ever, have I been more impressed with her grim majesty than in ascending the deep, black waters of the Saguenay. Reader, have you ever felt, on a bright June morning, or on a pensive September afternoon, the awful solitude of the spot? Did you ever, in fact, face the "terrors of the Saguenay?" Lest I might underrate them, let me borrow from an able account, penned by a European tourist (Mr. Wood, the special correspondent of the London *Times*,) who recently formed one of the Prince of Wales's party in the English ship-of-war *Flying Fish*:

"Gloomy black clouds rested on the mountains, and seemed to

double their height, pouring over the rugged cliffs in a stream of mist, till, lifting suddenly with the hoarse gusts of wind, they allowed short glimpses into what may almost be called the terrors of the Saguenay scenery. It is on such a day, above all others, that the savage wildness and gloom of this extraordinary river is seen to the greatest advantage. Sunlight and clear skies are out of place over its black waters. Anything which recalls the life and smile of nature is not in unison with the huge naked cliffs, raw, cold, and silent as tombs. An Italian spring could effect no change in its deadly rugged aspect; nor does winter add an iota to its mournful desolation. It is a river which one should see if only to know what dreadful aspects Nature can assume in her wild moods. Once seen, however, few will care to visit it again, for it is with a sense of relief that the tourist emerges from its sullen gloom, and looks back upon it as a kind of vault—nature's sarco-phagus, where life or sound seems never to have entered. Compared to it, the Dead Sea is blooming, and the wildest ravines look cosy and smiling. It is wild without the least variety, and grand apparently in spite of itself; while so utter is the solitude, so dreary and monotonous the frown of its great black walls of rock, that the tourist is sure to get impatient with its sullen dead reverse, till he feels almost an antipathy to its very name. Some six miles above is the little town, or, as in England we should call it, village, of Tadousac. It is more than 300 years since Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, the bold adventurer, who through his misinterpretation of the Indian word "welcome," gave the present name to the country, landed here. It was almost his first real resting-place; and the first mention which we have of the Saguenay is one which now well befits its savage aspect, for Cartier sent a boat and crew to explore its rocky chasm, which were never more heard of. From that day to this, the river

has had a name which, allowing for the difference of times and ereeds, only Styx can equal. At the mouth of the Saguenay the water varies in depth from ten to sixteen fathoms; but once between the walls of the river, and the depth from end to end is never less than 100 fathoms, generally 150. On either side, at a distance of about a mile apart, the cliffs rise up thin, white, and straight, varying in perpendicular height from 1,200 to 1,600 feet; and this is the character of the river Saguenay from its mouth to its source. On the right bank, the cliffs are poorly mantled here and there with stunted pines; but on the left, there is scarcely a sign of life or verdure; and the limestone rocks stick up white and bleached in the gloomy air, like the bones of an old world.

“ At two places, St. Marguerite and between Capes Trinity and Eternity, where smaller tributaries pour their contributions into the deep, black stream, a breach occurs in the wall of rocks, as if some giant hand had torn them forcibly back, and left them strewn and baffled of their power in uncouth lumps over the valleys beyond. But these are the only openings, the only means of escape, if they may be so called, from the silent gloom of this dread river. The Saguenay seems to want painting, wants blowing up or draining—anything, in short, to alter its morose, eternal, quiet awe. Talk of Lethe or the Styx, they must have been purling brooks compared with this savage river, and a picnic on the banks of either would be preferable to one on the Saguenay; On the occasion of the Prince of Wales' first visit, on the 14th, the mist and rain hid half its gloom, but more than enough was seen to send the party back to the “ Hero ” at about five o'clock wet and dull. There was rather a state dinner on board the flagship that evening, and the Prince, having to be up early the next morning, retired at twelve.

“ Before six a.m. he was again on board the Governor's steamer,

and away up the Saguenay to fish. Before he left, Captain Hope, of the "Flying Fish," had received orders to get up steam and take all the officers of the squadron on an excursion up the river. Of course, everybody wished to go, and, as the day was bright and glorious everybody that could come came. The "Flying Fish" thus had the honour of being the first man-of-war that ever passed up the Saguenay, and if the whole navy of England is sent, I am sure a merrier party will never enter its waters than steamed upon that occasion. Even the Saguenay could not depress their spirits, and if that was not a proof of the zest with which all entered into the day's enjoyment it would be hard to say what was. From St. Marguerite the smart little sloop steamed on to where the wild scenery of the river culminates at a little inlet on the right bank between Capes Trinity and Eternity. Then these two dreadful headlands nothing can be imagined more grand or more impressive. For one brief moment the rugged character of the river is partly softened, and, looking back into the deep valley between the capes, the land has an aspect of life and wild luxuriance which, though not rich, at least seems so in comparison with the grievous, awful barrenness. Cape Trinity on the side towards the landward opening is pretty thickly clothed with fir and birch, mingled together in a colour contrast which is beautiful enough, especially when the rocks show out among them, with their little cascades and waterfalls like strips of silver shining in the sun. But Cape Eternity well becomes its name, and is the very reverse of all this. It seems to frown in gloomy indignation on its brother cape for the weakness it betrays in allowing anything like life or verdure to shield its wild, uncouth deformity of strength. Cape Eternity certainly shows no sign of relaxing in this respect from its deep savage grandeur. It is one tremendous cliff of limestone, more than 1500 feet high, and inclining forward

nearly 200 feet, brow-beating all beneath it, and seeming as if at any moment it would fall and overwhelm the deep black stream which flows down so cold, so deep and motionless below. High up, on its rough gray brows, a few stunted pines show like bristles their scathed white arms, giving an awful weird aspect to the mass, blanched here and there by the tempests of ages, stained and discoloured by little waterfalls, in blotchy and decaying spots, but all speaking mutely of a long-gone time when the Saguenay was old, silent and gloomy, before England was known, or the name of Christianity understood. Unlike Niagara, and all other of God's great works in nature, one does not wish for silence or solitude here. Companionship becomes doubly necessary in an awful solitude like this, and though you involuntarily talk in subdued tones, still talk you must, if only to relieve your mind of the feeling of loneliness and desolation which seems to weigh on all who venture up this stern, grim, watery chasm.

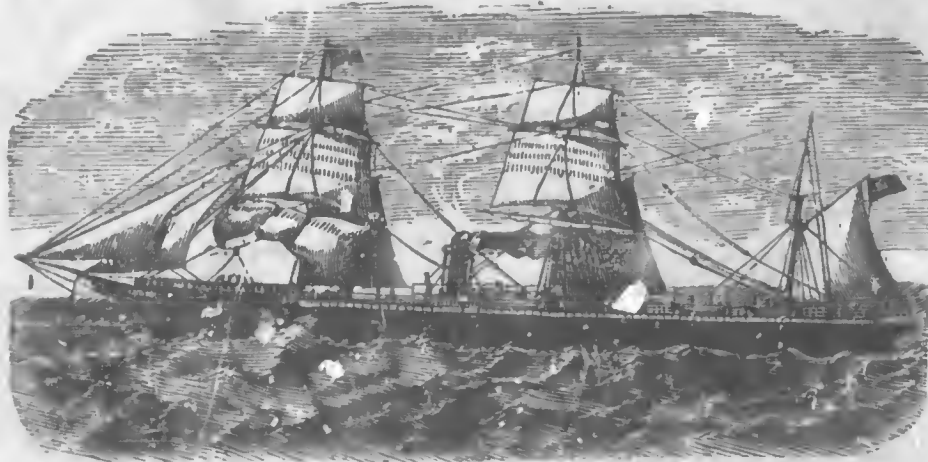
"The 'Flying Fish' passed under this cape slowly with her yards almost touching the rock, though with more than a thousand feet of water under her. Even the middies and youngsters from the squadron were awed by the scene into a temporary quietness. The solemn and almost forbidden silence at last became too much. The party said they had not come out to be overawed, chilled, and subdued by rocks, however tremendous, so it was carried *nem. con.* that, dead and stony as they were, they must at least have echoes, and the time was come to wake them. In a minute after, and Captain Hope having good-naturedly given his consent, one of the largest 68-pounders was cast loose and trained aft to face the cliff. From under its overhanging mass the 'Flying Fish' was moved with care lest any loose crag should be sufficiently disturbed by the concussion to come down bodily upon her decks. A safe distance thus gained, the gun was fired. None who were in the

'Flying Fish' that day will ever forget its sound. For the space of a half a minute or so after the discharge there was a dead silence, and then, as if the report and concussion were hurled back upon the decks, the echoes came down crash on crash. It seemed as if the rocks and crags had all sprung into life under the tremendous din, and as if each was firing 68 pounders full upon us, in sharp, crushing volleys, till at last they grew hoarser and hoarser in their anger, and retreated, bellowing slowly, carrying the tale of invaded solitude from hill to hill, till all the distant mountains seemed to roar and groan at the intrusion. It was the first time these hideous cliffs had ever been made to speak, and when they did break silence they did it to some purpose.

"A few miles further on, the 'Flying Fish' passed under Statue Point, where, at about 1000 feet above the water a huge rough Gothic arch gives entrance to a cave in which, as yet, the foot of man has never trodden. Before the entrance to this black aperture a gigantic rock, like the statue of some dead Titan, once stood. A few years ago, during the winter, it gave way, and the monstrous figure came crashing down through the ice of the Saguenay, and left bare to view the entrance to the cavern. It had guarded perhaps for ages. Beyond this, again, was the Tableau Rock, a sheet of dark-coloured limestone, some 600 feet high by 300 wide, as straight and almost as smooth as a mirror."

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