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A Glimpse of
Quebec City,

CHAUDIERE AND ST. FRANCIS
VALLEYS

and
LOWER ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

RAND AVERY SUPPLY CO., BOSTON.

THE
Quebec Central Railway.

SIGHTS AND SCENES

FOR THE

—==TOURIST==—

PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES OF QUEBEC CITY,
THE CHAUDIERE AND ST. FRANCIS VALLEYS, AND LOWER
ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

ISSUED BY THE
PASSENGER DEPARTMENT,
SHERBROOKE, QUE.
1890.

FRANK GRUNDY,
General Manager.

J. H. WALSH,
Gen'l Passenger Agent.



QUEBEC CENTRAL RAILWAY.

QUEBEC TO SHERBROOKE, P.Q.

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. The beautiful lakes and rivers of the Eastern Townships on the line of this railway, and the no less beautiful scenery on the lines of its connections, will beguile the weary traveller from present thought and care, and fill "Memory's Hall" with many impressions to which he will gladly revert in less sunny moments.

Leaving Quebec by ferry, the tourist will enjoy a most charming view of *ye ancient city*, so famous in song and story. Rev. Geo. M. Grant, in "Picturesque Canada," describes it thus:—

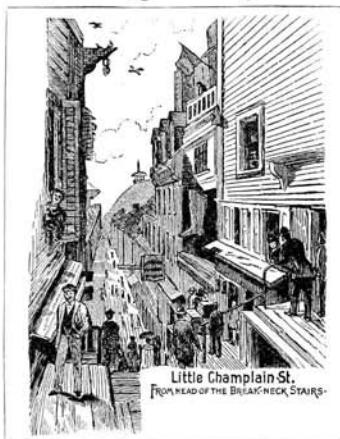
"Passing slowly across from shore to shore, the striking features of the city and its surroundings come gradually into view, in a manner doubly enchanting if it happens to be a soft, misty summer morning. At first, the dim huge mass of the rock and citadel—seemingly one grand fortification—absorbs the 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 Chateau St. Louis—which was destroyed by fire in January, 1834, and

occupied the site of the present Durham Terrace—as follows:—

“The commanding views of the St. Lawrence from the Château 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

banks, on its seaward course, formed a splendid spectacle.



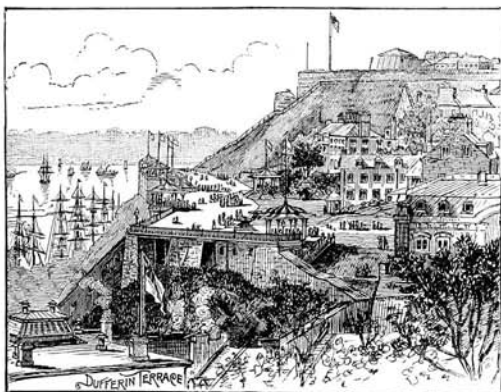
“Especially attractive would be Point Levy heights, covered by an almost unbroken forest. Their summits, which even overtop Cape Diamond, were occupied by Wolfe and his troops in 1759, and from thence the city was bombarded; and again in 1775, they were held by Arnold with his New England volunteers. * * *

“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 Château Richer and Ste. Anne, the dwellings of the more adventurous settlers might be descried. Still further to the north, forming a remoter 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, richly wooded from shore to centre. To all these scenes was attached an historic interest, created by the records of Indian encounters and of French and English hostilities."

Howells, in "A Chance Acquaintance," is so happy in his 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 Point Levis, opposite Quebec, and take our seat and berth in one of the palace cars of the "Monarch Parlor Sleeping Car Co.," which run through without change between Quebec and New York City. 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 further down the river, either shore is bright and populous with the continuous villages of the habitants, each clustering about its slim-spined church, in its shallow vale by the water's edge, or lifted in more eminent picturesque 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



MONTMORENCI FALLS, NEAR QUEBEC.

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."

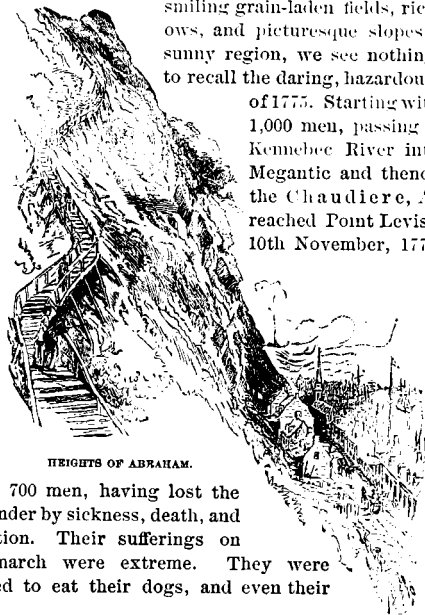
The whole scene, from Cap Rouge in the south-west to Cap Tourment in the north-east, is indescribably grand and beautiful, and one wishes to linger by the way; but the train moves on, and leaving the river we soon reach Harlaka

Junction, the transfer station of the Intercolonial Railway, for passengers to or from Riviere du Loup, Cacouna, Halifax, and all points in the Maritime Provinces.

Lunch from the well-appointed buffet is now indulged in, and while enjoying the good things of life, glimpses of 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 Scott's Station, we enter the valley of the Chaudiere River, noted for its gold mines, and the route by which Benedict Arnold reached Quebec, 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 about 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



HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM.

about 700 men, having lost the remainder by sickness, death, and desertion. Their sufferings on the march were extreme. They were obliged to eat their dogs, and even their

moccasins 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:—



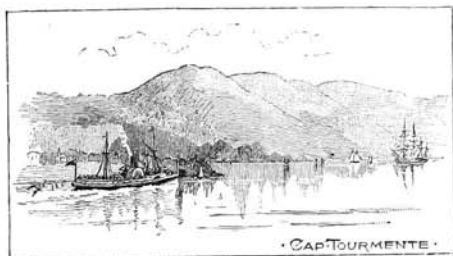
NEAR QUEBEC.

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

RESTAURANT AT BEAUCE JUNCTION.

After dinner, 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 and dense forests, 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. It is intended to continue the branch to a connection (near Moosehead Lake) with the railroads now in process of construction in the State of Maine, thus forming the shortest route between Quebec and Moosehead Lake, the Maritime Provinces, and all points on the coast of Maine.



A trip to St. Francis, and a drive thence of ten miles through this charming region, to the gold fields, will amply repay the tourist.

Bidding farewell to the Chaudiere, and passing St. Frederic, Tring, Broughton, and Robertson stations, we reach the famous asbestos mines at Thetford, which to the naturalist or mineralogist, will prove most interesting. The place has a volcanic aspect, with earth, rock, and charred timber heaped in uncanny masses. The gray ridge of rocks in which are the open quarries has the appearance of an extinct crater.

The asbestos is found in irregular seams interspersed through serpentine rock. The fibre, which is exceedingly fine, runs transversely across the fissures of the rock. It was

evidently crystalized into its present form by the action of water. The seams widen as they deepen, showing that they were produced by an upheaval of enormous force. After blasting, the asbestos is "cobbed" off from the rock with hammers. 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. It is spun with other fibres into cloth that will not burn. The writer has seen a glove, soft, pliable and warm, spun from the pure asbestos, which enables its wearer to handle red-hot coals with perfect freedom. It is cleansed simply by being thrown into the fire, when the glove becomes snowy white.

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. They are operated by two companies, one American and one English, and give employment to nearly 600 men.

Black Lake, mentioned above, is one of the most picturesque spots in Canada, and a favorite resort for the angler and sportsman, who often land speckled trout weighing from two to six pounds each.

The vicinity abounds in lakes and streams (with trout in abundance), wild and romantic scenes, boundless forests, and rich mines of asbestos, iron, copper, marble, and soapstone. Even gold has recently been discovered.

Garthby, on the shore of Lake Aylmer, one of the most beautiful sheets of water in this part of Canada, is the site



A FRENCH HABITANT.

of an extensive lumbering establishment, as is also Lake Weedon, the next station.

Now we are in the wilderness, where the houses are of logs, and lumber is king. There is something majestic in these vast expanses of forest, and our admiration is further excited by the spirit of enterprise which is visible in this locality. Dr. Grant, in "Picturesque Canada," throws some light on its earliest inhabitants. He informs us:—

"Throughout the Eastern Townships there is a robust strain of the early Massachusetts pioneer. * * * At the epoch of the Great Divide, not a few loyalists followed the old flag, and settled a little beyond the Province line. Picking up the disused axe with a sigh—often with a secret tear—they once



FRENCH FARMS.

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-idylls 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."

From Marbleton, a three-mile branch road runs to the marble quarries and lime kilns of the Sherbrooke and Dudswell Co., where a very extensive business is carried on.

We now 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 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,

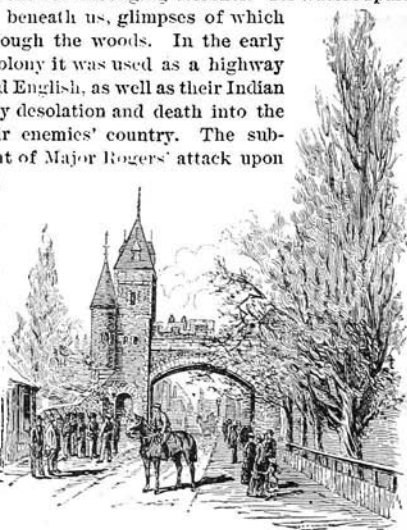
which is extracted from Francis Parkman's admirable work,

"Wolfe and Montcalm,"

will enable

those fond of historical narratives to form an idea of the modes of warfare at that time:—

"Major Rob't 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 its junction with the St. Lawrence. * * * *



ST. LOUIS GATE, QUEBEC.

Rogers set out in whale-boats from Crown Point, and eluding the French armed vessels on Lake Champlain, came * * * to Missisquoi 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 two 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, Capt. Ogden and six men were wounded and one Indian killed. The rangers now made all haste southward, up the St. Francis, subsisting on corn from the Indian town, till near the eastern border of Lake Memphremagog the supply failed, and they separated into small parties. * * * * The enemy followed closely, * * * * capturing five of Ensign Avery's party; then fell on a band of about twenty, * * * and killed or captured nearly all. The other bands eluded their pursuers, * * * * and giddy with fatigue and hunger toiled wearily down the wild and lonely stream (Connecticut) to the appointed rendezvous at the mouth of the Annonogues."

Passing the Basin, a great cauldron-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 paper-pulp mills of Messrs. Angus & Co. This was lately a virgin

forest, offering primeval charms of unusual excellence. Cookshire, five miles distant on the International 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



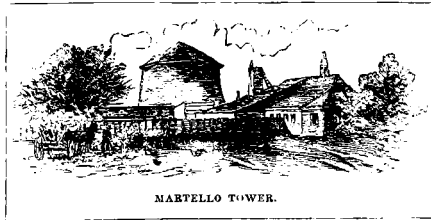
FOREST STREAM AND TIMBER SLIDE

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 Grand Trunk Railway for Portland, the Passumpsic Railway for Newport, Boston, etc., the Waterloo & Magog Railway, operated by the Central Vermont Railway Co., by which connection Montreal, Lake

Memphremagog, New York, and all western New England points can be reached, and with the International Railway, for Lake Megantic. Every tourist who can spare the time should spend a day here before pursuing his journey further. The Sherbrooke House, directly opposite the station, has the most central situation of any hotel in the city. Messrs. Meagher and Coté are courteous hosts; under their management the hotel has made rapid strides in public favor, and every year witnesses some improvement to increase the comfort of their guests and add to the popularity of the house.

The city of Sherbrooke ranks first in population, wealth and manufacturing importance in the Eastern Townships. It is beautifully located at the confluence of the St. Francis and Magog rivers, rising gradually till it attains a considerable



elevation. The hill slopes of Sherbrooke are conspicuous for several miles, with cathedral, college and church spires glittering in the sun. Just above its confluence with the St. Francis, the River Magog descends precipitously 114 feet in little more than half a mile, offering an almost uninterrupted succession of excellent water-privileges, along which several large manufacturing establishments are located. This immense power, when fully utilized, will make of this place one of the greatest manufacturing centres in the Dominion. There are many spots of interest within and near the city that strangers should visit.

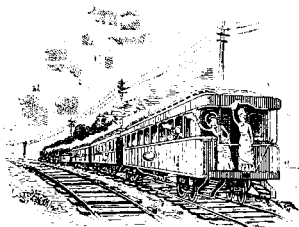
Wellington Street is the business and chief thoroughfare, whereon may be seen some fine stores. Passing along Wellington Street and by the market-place we enter Commercial Street, cross an iron bridge over the Magog River, and we have before us the Eastern Townships Bank and the Post-

Office, two very handsome and imposing structures; directly opposite is the Magog Hotel, which is favorably known to travellers from all parts of Canada, kept by mine host, Fred Gerckin, long connected with the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal. Up this street the Congregational and Episcopal churches, two very neat edifices, are situated; and at the further end the street fades into a perspective of pretty villas. Melbourne Street makes a delightful promenade with its fine residences, flower gardens, and charming river views. Turning up a side street from the market-place, five minutes' walk takes one past a big mill in full clatter and hum of work, to a slender foot-bridge at the head of a deep and picturesque cañon, where the contracted Magog pours down in fierce torrent among broken masses of rock and between high walls crowned with dark pines.

Sherbrooke has a population of 10,000. It has a free reading-room. The educational institutions are very well equipped and efficient. Its largest industry is the Paton Mill, which employs some five hundred hands, manufacturing a particular tweed, famous in the trade; there are also a number of lesser factories and mills employing a great number of hands, and all are operated by water-power.

To Lennoxville, three miles beyond Sherbrooke, is a very pleasant drive; here the St. Francis River is joined by the Massawippi, which brings the tribute of the Coaticook and other streams. Overlooking this "meeting of the waters" at Lennoxville, and surrounded by a landscape of rare loveliness, is the University of Bishop's College, with its pretty chapel and collegiate school. The friends of Bishop's College, undismayed by repeated fires, have not only restored the buildings but extended them, and promptly refitted the library. Among literary donations is a sumptuous *fac-simile* of the Codex Sinaiticus, from the Emperor of Russia. Above and below Lennoxville the St. Francis intersects some lovely scenery; the stillness of the river here is in striking contrast with its boisterous concourse at Sherbrooke, where the Magog dashes wildly down a steep incline, carrying with it the overflow of lakes Magog and Memphremagog. Returning to Sherbrooke, you can spend the evening agreeably in the cozy free reading-room. Retire early, to prepare yourself for the campaign

of to-morrow, for description of which see guide-books of connecting railroads. With the kind wishes of the passenger department of the QUEBEC CENTRAL RAILWAY, we bid you good night, and



Au Revoir

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— IS THE ONLY —

DIRECT RAIL ROUTE

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CANADIAN ADIRONDACK REGION

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Summer Season, 1890.

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BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD.

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Gen'l Passenger Agent.

SUMMER SEASON, 1890.

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BETWEEN

NEW ENGLAND AND QUEBEC,

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WILL BE RUN BETWEEN

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AND

SPRINGFIELD, QUEBEC AND LAKE ST. JOHN.

GOING NORTH.

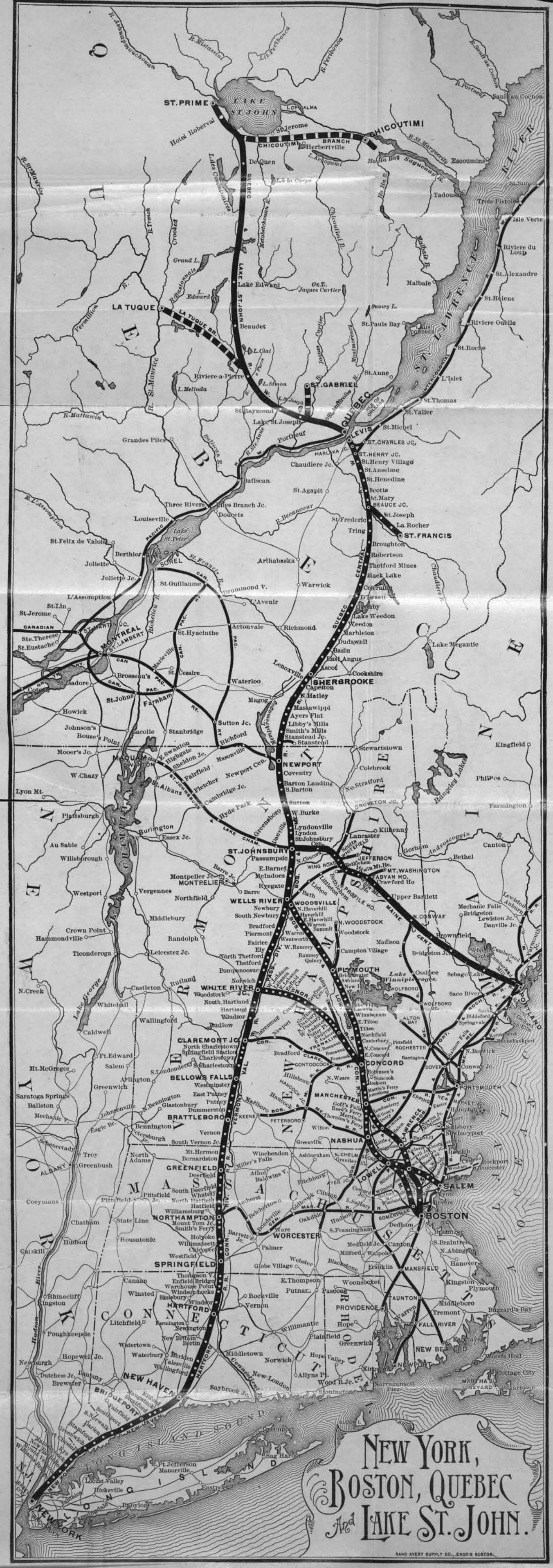
DAY EXPRESS.—Leaving Boston (Lowell depot) 1.00 P.M. with Monarch car through to Quebec. Arrives Newport 9.00 P.M., Sherbrooke 11.00 P.M. Arrives Quebec 6.30 A.M. and connects with Lake St. John train. Monarch cars leaving Quebec 8.10 A.M. arrive Hotel Roberval, Lake St. John, 5.35 P.M.

NIGHT EXPRESS.—Leaving New York 4.00 P.M. Leave Springfield 8.00 P.M. Monarch cars, Springfield to Quebec. Arrives Newport 5.10 A.M. Arrives Sherbrooke 7.30 A.M. Arrives Quebec 1.30 P.M.

GOING SOUTH.

Leave Quebec 2.15 P.M. Leave Levis 2.45 P.M. Monarch cars *through to Springfield.* Arrive Sherbrooke 8.40 P.M. Arrive Newport 10.45 P.M. Arrive Springfield 7.10 A.M. Arrive New York 11.40 A.M.

NIGHT EXPRESS.—Leave Quebec 8.45 P.M. Leave Levis 9.15 P.M. Monarch cars *through to Boston.* Arrive Sherbrooke 4.45 A.M. Arrive Newport 6.55 A.M. Arrive Boston 4.45 P.M., connecting with Parlor Cars and through Coaches to the White Mountains.



NEW YORK, BOSTON, QUEBEC AND LAKE ST. JOHN.