

Mon<sup>e</sup> Camille x<sup>e</sup> Pictou, 18 octer 1856

Dr George & Anna

In sailing up the St Lawrence  
we came to a place which for beauty and  
purity is well worth going a thousand miles  
to see - it lies between little Matie & Barabaz  
Island, - I have endeavoured to give you a  
representation of it, but it is very badly done  
as proven did any thing of the kind before,  
any of you would have done it a great  
deal better, observe that the Houses which  
have made Black, are all white & all  
fine that are painted Black - Then fancy to  
yourself that you are on Board the Helmer  
on a beautiful sunny afternoon, right in front  
of the scene from depicting - The Water glossy  
smooth, a long, straight line of Houses  
extending but with trees, stretching across  
along the Water Edge as far as the Eye can  
reach, to the Right & Left - with here & there a  
steep rising up above the trees and Houses  
the Bells of which were ringing as we  
passed. - Then fancy to yourself, that be-  
hind the front Row of Houses, about a  
league of a mile, you see another straight  
line of Houses & Trees as long as the first  
and running parallel to it, but raised on  
a Terrace about 20 or 30 feet high - Do  
you know what a Terrace means -  
your House stands on a Terrace, the  
Terrace therefore means something like the  
steps of a stairs on a shelf - Papa will tell  
you how these Terraces were made  
But behind this second Terrace there is

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a third one as you see on the Pictures, and  
above all - far away in the Distance 45  
miles off Peers up the Highest Mountain  
in Bactria - N Caucasica, majestically resting  
against the Blue Sky - Call'd Mount  
Camilie.

Mr. Gordon and I sat a whole  
afternoon on the Deck of the Schooner  
looking at this Beautiful Scene - It was  
some sort of a Holyday among the  
Franchmen on Shore - as besides the  
ringing of bells and firing of Cannon  
we saw Great Numbers of men and  
Women walking about in their gayest  
clothes, and Horsemen were courting  
and galloping along the roads, some  
of them apparently running Races.

How very much you would have  
been delighted had you seen them.  
I hope if I ever go that way again  
I will have you with me. If you  
are busy in leaving to draw you  
will be able to make a Good Pi-  
ture of it which I should like much  
to see from your pencil.

Your young step  
Grand papa  
I have been thinking like the  
step of a beam over deep - Papa will tell  
you how their horses were made  
But when this record comes there is

Handwritten notes on the left margin, including the word "ing" and other illegible characters.



Mt. Camille

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