THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTFOLIO:

CANADIAN SCENES

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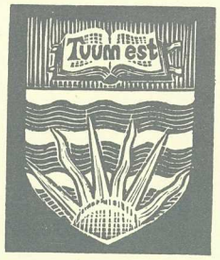


THE UNIVERSITY OF
BRITISH COLUMBIA

Monument to Wilson,
the Scottish Vocalist.

Photographed by
J. McLaughlin.

WILSON'S MONUMENT.

JOHN WILSON, the great singer of Scottish songs, and intimate acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott, was born in Edinburgh about sixty years ago, and died, one of the first victims of cholera at Quebec, in 1849.

He began life as a compositor in the printing office of Messrs. James Ballantyne & Co., where he had the honor of revising the proofs of the Waverley Novels, and was therefore one of the very few admitted into the secret of their authorship.

Engaged as precentor at one of the city Churches, his fine voice first attracted the attention of the Manager of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. At this Theatre he made his successful *début ;* which, followed by a series of successes in Great Britain and America, won for him a name that will always be associated with the name of Burns and Scotland. The coupling of these names at the celebration of the Burns' Centenary Festivals in Great Britain and America, renders the present a most fitting time for introducing into the "PORTFOLIO" a photograph of Wilson's monument erected in Mount Hermon Cemetery.

The inscription is elegant, and contains an epitome of his character.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

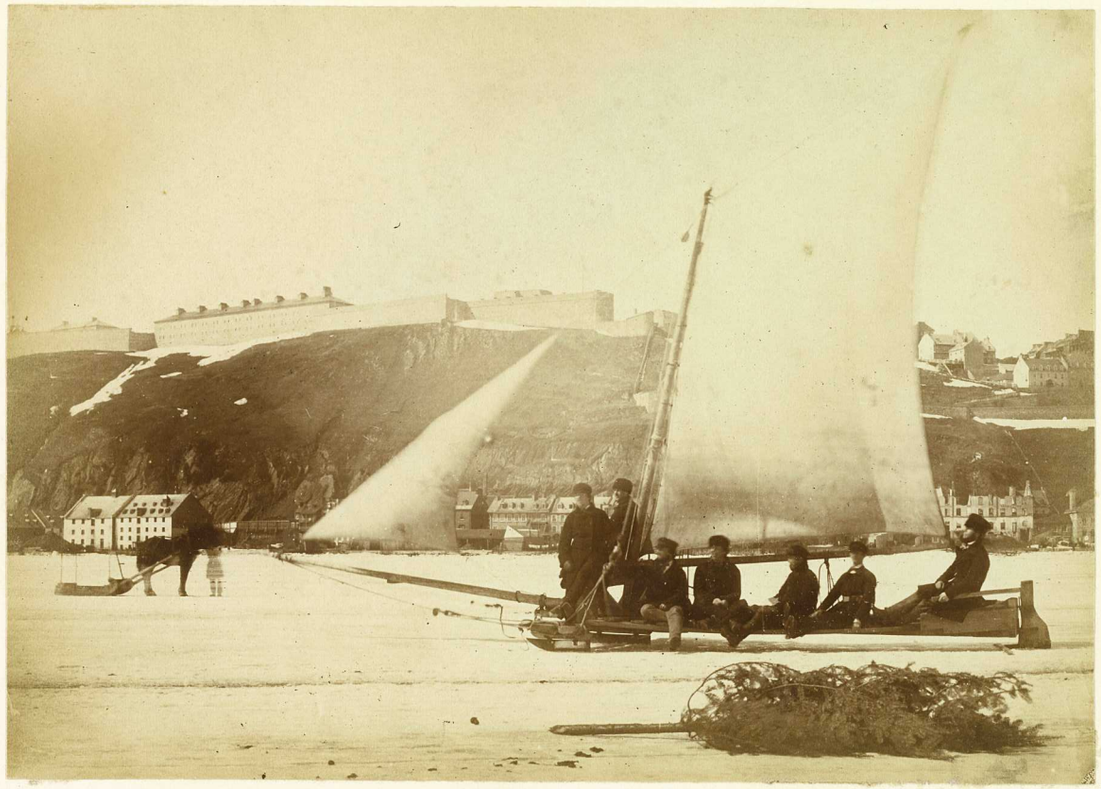
JOHN WILSON,

THE SCOTTISH VOCALIST;
CELEBRATED FOR THE EXCELLENT TASTE,
FEELING AND EXECUTION,
WITH WHICH HE SANG THE AIRS
OF HIS NATIVE CALEDONIA.

HE WAS AN AMIABLE AND UNASSUMING MAN.
DIED AT QUEBEC, JULY, 1849.

ERECTED BY SOME OF HIS FRIENDS AND ADMIRERS
IN CANADA, 1852.

The erection of this monument was entrusted to a Committee of which Lieut.-Colonel Sir James Alexander, now commanding the second battalion of the 14th Regiment, was Chairman. It was designed and executed by Mr. FELIX MORGAN, Sculptor, of Quebec, and reflects the highest credit on all concerned.



The Ice Boat.

Photographed by
J. McLaughlin.

THE "ICE-BOAT."

THE scene which is here represented, an "ice-boat," on the smooth and icy bosom of the majestic St. Lawrence, opposite the city of Quebec, is one which is only to be witnessed occasionally, even in these hyperborean regions, when the river is spanned over by "a bridge" of polished ice.

The St. Lawrence does not freeze over every winter opposite Quebec; but still less frequently does it do so in a smooth sheet. When this happens, however, innumerable vehicles, such as the one represented in the foreground, may be seen fearlessly traversing the frozen deep in every direction, with inconceivable rapidity.

The "ice-boat" consists of a deck, or floor, of rough boards, joined together, and placed upon a pair of iron runners, or "skates." A bowsprit, and mast, with sails, and a rudder, iron shod, with a tiller, complete the rig. The boat is propelled by the action of the wind upon the sails, and is steered by the rudder, like an ordinary boat, and is almost as manageable when the ice is smooth. The passengers, who may be as many as the deck will contain, have occasionally to get out upon the ice, to alter the course of the boat, when the ice is uneven, or impeded by snow; but, if it be perfectly smooth, the machine may be tacked and propelled in any direction, except against the wind, and at a speed under favorable circumstances, equal to the best railroad time.

The background is occupied by "Cape Diamond;" on the summit of which is situated, the far-famed citadel of Quebec; the "Gibraltar" of North America, the eastern face of which, with the Officers' barracks, and the flag-staff battery are seen.

Spencer Wood,
Residence of the Govr. Genl.

Photographed by
G. Mc Laughlin.

SPENCER WOOD.

THIS beautiful spot is the residence of the Governor General of the British North American Provinces, when at Quebec. Formerly the property of Mr. Justice Powell, and called Powell Place, it became possessed by M. Lehoullier, and was rented as a summer residence by the Governors Sir Robert Shore Mills, and Sir James Henry Craig; and having been ultimately purchased by Michael Henry Perceval, Esq., Collector of Customs at Quebec, it received its present title of Spencer Wood, after the Right Honorable Spencer Perceval. It subsequently passed into the hands of Henry Atkinson, Esq., and was purchased by the Government of Canada in 1851.

Its situation is on the Cap Rouge road, distant from the city about two miles. Its scenery and views are very fine, overlooking the St. Lawrence a short distance beyond where the immortal Wolfe just one century ago, effected a landing; ascended the cliffs to victory; and converted this country into a British Colony. When Sir FENWICK WILLIAMS, the hero of Kars, recently visited Quebec and was shown over this scene of action, the following anecdote was related; and as it does not appear to have found its way into any of the histories of Canada, it may not be out of place to relate it here.

Near the top of the ravine, up which the British forced their way, stood a redoubt commanded by a French officer. Major H. Hale, who was the first to ascend, when preparing for an assault, was not only astonished at the silence which pervaded the redoubt, but at the appearance of the officer in command, whose drawn sword was pointing to the ground, in token of submission. Advancing, he told the Colonel that "his men having all, one by one, deserted him, he now surrendered himself prisoner, as a French officer never runs." It may also be worthy of note that there are still living in Quebec or its vicinity, three individuals, sons of men who fought under Wolfe at the battle of Quebec one hundred years ago, [1759], viz. :—

The Honble. Edward Hale, son of fhe above Major Hale, then commander the 47th Regiment, who received his Lt.-Colonelcy on conveying the news of the victory to England.

The Honble. J. M. Fraser, son of Ensign Malcolm Fraser, of the 78th Fraser Highlanders, who was promoted Lieutenant on the Plains of Abraham, for gallant conduct during the battle, and who, previous to his death, was known as Colonel Fraser.

Mr. James Barrington, son of John Barrington.

We have also heard of two others, brothers, named Fraser, men of highly respectable connections, somewhere on the South Shore, below Quebec. Of grand children there are many.

In the September number of the "Portfolio," we propose commemorating the centenary of the battle of Quebec, by a photograph of the Monument erected to the memory of Wolfe, on the spot where he died on the Plains of Abraham.

M The Harbour
from the Governor's Garden.

Photographed by
L. McLaughlin.

THE HARBOUR.

(*Taken from the Governor's Garden.*)

Few persons who have paid a visit to Quebec, and seated themselves under the venerable trees in the charming spot consecrated by a monumental obelisk to the memory of the two illustrious Generals who met their death on the Plains of Abraham—the brave Wolfe, and the no less brave Montcalm—will forget the grand panorama that then greeted their vision. Our Picture shows the small portion of the Lower Town not hidden from view by the precipitous rock intervening between the foliage and the houses at the base. Nearly a dozen steamers may be discerned at the wharves, and these are hardly half the number that may at times be counted there and in the basin. The shipping in sight,—also but a small number compared with the three or four hundred that may be seen at certain seasons in the stream,—affords some idea of the activity of business in Quebec during the summer. The jutting land in the half distance at the right is Point Levi, which further west exhibits a fast rising and important town; and the land immediately above, and stretching out midway, is part of the beautiful Island of Orleans, originally called—from the profusion of wild grapes growing upon it—the Island of Bacchus. Dimly in the centre may be discerned the high lands of St. Joachim, where a dense and contented population flourishes, and where some of the finest farms in Lower Canada may be found. To the left, and beyond the water, are the parishes of Beauport and St. Anne, crowned with high hills, where the best view of Quebec may be had. Within a small space of the left, a gap in the land shows the locality of the deservedly famed Falls of Montmorenci, which, in point of picturesque effect, are held by many to rival the mighty Niagara. From the centre foreground to the dimly visible Highlands, the distance taken in cannot be less than forty miles, and the *tout ensemble*, when seen on a beautiful clear day, forms one of the grandest prospects in the world.

Wolfe's Monument,
Plains of Abraham.

Photographed by
S. McLaughlin.

WOLFE'S MONUMENT.

NEXT in lasting interest and importance to the marvellous achievement of Columbus, and the second greatest event in the history of this Continent, is that which our illustration for this month commemorates. One hundred years ago this day, the 13th September, 1759, was fought the gallant battle, which, while it transferred to the conquerors the most valuable dependency of the French Crown, at the same time laid low in death one of the noblest and bravest of Britain's sons! The victory was great in itself, and great in its consequences, but it was bought at a great price; for in the list of illustrious British soldiers, no one name is fragrant with more beautiful memories than that of the hero of Quebec, the immortal WOLFE, who died at the moment when, after a fierce struggle, the discomfited squadrons of France were in full retreat towards the shelter of their fortifications. Our patrons will, we are sure, agree with us in the propriety and fitness of the selection we have made for this number of the PORTFOLIO, and our labor will, perhaps, go some little way towards dissipating the unfounded charge of apathy to the centenary of the battle of the Plains of Abraham, brought by some of the fervid Western journalists against the British population of Lower Canada. It is true that the event was not celebrated in Quebec with any imposing or ostentatious demonstration, but the feeling which prompted this reserve, will be understood and honored by every well regulated mind, and the lesson of English delicacy and forbearance it will teach to the descendants of the brave men who succumbed to the valour of our troops in 1759, will be worth a thousand fold the gratification that could have been derived from any pageant however magnificent. Yet the day was not by any means forgotten, for, notwithstanding that it was rainy and tempestuous, the Royal Canadian Volunteers turned out in full uniform, to the martial strains of their fine band. Nor was the spot sacred to the memory of WOLFE, unhonored or unvisited, for early in the morning some hand, loyal to the manes of the youthful hero, encircled the column erected in his honor with a twining wreath of evergreens, and the simple but touching incident made many a stout heart pulsate with deep emotion. In the year 1832, His Excellency, Lord AYLMER, then Governor General of Canada, caused a small pillar to be erected on, or as near as possible, to the spot where WOLFE expired, which bore the following simple inscription:—

HERE DIED
WOLFE,
VICTORIOUS.

Entrance to
Mt. Hermon Cemetery.

Photographed by
G. McLaughlin.

VIEW ON CAP ROUGE ROAD.

THE Cap Rouge Road is full of beauties. The dense forest through which the traveller may roam in perpetual shadow amid the hottest suns of summer, and listen to the chattering squirrel, the tap-tap-tap, of the wood-pecker, the music of hosts of feathered songsters, and the distant boom of the lumberman's axe, as he plies his blows in the coves below.

The winding road with openings, at intervals discovering the silvery surface of the broad St. Lawrence as it sweeps majestically onwards, bearing on its bosom thousands of white-winged messengers from foreign lands, make up a *tout ensemble*, the effect of which is most pleasing.

The snug retreat of Banker, Judge and Merchant Prince, and the residence of the Colonial Governor, adds much to the beauty and effect of the surrounding scenery ; and although the subject of our accompanying photograph, (Mount Hermon Cemetery,) comes last in the enumeration, yet its scenes will compare favorably with the most beautiful of Cap Rouge Road.

Montmorency Falls.

Photographed by
S. McLaughlin.

MONTMORENCY FALLS.

During winter Montmorency Falls is the most attractive place near Quebec, being the great resort of pic-nics, pleasure parties, &c. It is situated about seven miles distant, on the north bank of the River St. Lawrence, in an immense gorge about a quarter of a mile wide at its widest part—no doubt worn out by the action of the falling waters during ages;—the rocks on each side rise to about 300 feet. The dimensions of this whole scene are very deceptive, owing to the gigantic proportions of every object in view.

On entering this notch or gorge the impression on the visitor is that the Falls are but a few hundred feet distant, while in reality the distance is nearly half a mile. The Fall is 250 feet high, not including the rapids: and 240 feet wide. At the bottom the water is 36 feet deep; at the top there are holes of 16 and 20 feet deep, ground out of the rock by small boulders which the waters cause to revolve in these holes, and which, it is believed, will ultimately gain an outlet below, and destroy the waterfall.

In the Photograph it will be seen that the river is frozen over above as well as below, and that even a part of the Fall is frozen over. The *cone* or *sugar-loaf* is a smooth formation from spray and snow, without shadow, and of the purest whiteness; it forms in front of the waterfall, attaching to the rocks on each side, and measures about 160 yards around the base from rock to rock. A second and small cone or mound is formed in connection with it, attaching to a ridge of rock which descends in front, and is seen on the right of the picture.

These formations are of different size and shape according to the severity of each winter.

The amusement of a winter visit to Montmorency is to slide on small sleighs from the cones—a most exhilirating exercise—many have the hardihood to slide from the highest point, the effect of which is more than electric, and not unfrequently the consequences have been very serious.

In the left, near the top, may be seen the mill race, the property of G. B. Hall, Esquire. The water in this mill-race is said to run at the extraordinary rate of 60 miles an hour. The leakage from it forms upon the rocks in galleries of icicles or beaded pillars of a pale green blue color; these sprinkled with snow have a very beautiful appearance when seen within a few hundred feet in sunshine. The foreground of our picture is composed of the cuttings, &c., from the mills in the vicinity, and the horse, sleigh, &c., in common use.

French Cathedral
Quebec.

Photographed by
S. McLaughlin.

THE METROPOLITAN CHURCH, QUEBEC.

QUEBEC having fallen into the hands of the English in the year 1629, the operations of the "Company of New France" (*La Compagnie de la Nouvelle France,*)—the charter of which constituted Canada a proprietary Government—were necessarily suspended. It was not until the year 1633, that this Company reassumed all their rights, in consequence of the treaty signed at St. Germain en Laye, on the 29th March, 1632. In 1633, M. de Champlain, who had made a vow that if France re-entered into possession of Canada, he would have a Chapel built, under the title of *Notre Dame de Recouvrance,* (Our Lady of Recovery,) caused one to be erected in Quebec, on the south side of the market square, in the Upper Town, at the cost of the Company. The Chapel was so called, also on account of an image in relievo of the Virgin Mary, found after the shipwreck of one of the Fathers sent out by the Company, while on his way to this country. This Chapel, as well as the house of the R. F. Jesuits, was destroyed by fire, in 1640. On the 8th of October, 1645, the necessary steps were taken to reconstruct the edifice, but it was not until the 24th September, 1647, that the corner-stone was laid, with appropriate solemnity, by the R. F. Lalemand, and M. de Montmagny, the Governor General. On the 24th December, 1650, the consecration took place, and the first Mass was said by R. F. Poncet. The spire was raised in 1655. Divine service commenced to be performed in the Church on the 31st March, 1657. It was consecrated and dedicated as a Cathedral, under the title of the *Immaculate Conception,* on the 11th July, 1666, by Monseigneur de Laval, Bishop of Petræa, and Vicar-Apostolic of New France, to whom the Colony was also indebted for the creation of the Quebec Seminary. In 1688, the Church was lengthened fifty feet, and two square towers were added, one on each side of the portal. In 1744, the wood-work being decayed, it was determined that a new edifice should be constructed on the same site. No mention is made as to whether the old walls were used for this purpose, but it is said the Church was built forty feet longer, and that twenty-eight feet were added to the width on each side, according to plans prepared by M. Chaussegros de Lery, chief engineer of the Colony. The Church suffered severely during the bombardment by the English, on the 23rd

Habitant Cottages
Lower Canada.

Photographed by
S. McLaughlin.

WINTER SCENE IN LOWER CANADA.

THE subject of our present number is "French Canadian," or "habitant;" such as may be seen every where in the country parts of Lower Canada. The 39th Regiment will, perhaps, recognize in our photograph, the vicinity of their encampment upon the Island of Orleans, in the summer of 1858.

We have purposely avoided city improvements, the residences of the wealthy, and buildings having grand habitant-galleries, for those of the ordinary well-to-do farmer, who drives to church in a comfortable suit of *étoffe du pays*, and often, when necessary, can come to the city in a suit of black.

These buildings, though not having finish or elegance, are substantial and weather proof, clean and neat. The large barns and wood piles are an indication of the good cheer of their owners. Dwellings such as these are to be seen in one continuous line along the banks of the Lower St. Lawrence, for hundreds of miles.

Montmorency River.

Photographed by
S. McLaughlin.

THE MONTMORENCI,

(Above but near the Cataract.)

THIS Picture tells its own tale, which is one of wild interest and romantic beauty. In the centre, at the top, the arable country appears over the old wooden bridge, itself lost at both ends in a wilderness of rocks and trees. The calm and placid stream exhibits as yet no excitement, but a few hundred yards below it loses its gentle character, and, from the dam that represses its current, dashes madly among the rocks, preparatory to its grand leap of near three hundred feet, into the foaming abyss beneath. We know of few localities where, in so narrow a space, nature combines so many and opposite scenic beauties. Waving woods, mossy stones, calmly-flowing waters, and then the rush and dash and thunder of a considerable river breaking itself upon jagged rocks, and descending in foam, as if it rebelled against its fate, to lose itself at last in the tide of the majestic Saint Lawrence.

The Natural Steps.

Photographed by
S. McLaughlin.

THE NATURAL STEPS,

(*On the Montmorenci.*)

THIS is, unquestionably, one of the most remarkable, and at the same time, most picturesque, localities in a district famed for its sublime landscapes. The river is here circumscribed in a deep channel worn out of the limestone, which forms the banks, in successive layers, almost as regular as the ruined walls of some ancient edifice. As seen in the Plate, the stream appears to pass on and to lose itself under the impending rocks, which are crowned with a gorgeous profusion of birch and pine that, notwithstanding the scantiness of the soil, have managed to find there both foothold and nourishment. Here COWPER might have realized his ideal of a "boundless contiguity of shade," and as much solitude as his soul desired, for, the occasional visitors and trout-fishers excepted, the region is uninhabited, except by the feathered and finny tribes. Few places, however, are more deserving of inspection, and we have no doubt that, in after days, it will be a favourite resort to the lovers of nature in her most reticent and original moods. Many a fine sketch and drawing may be taken here, as well as many a fine speckled trout, and, by the way, our landscape painter, KREIGHOFF, has produced some pictures of this very locality, which, for richness of coloring, and beauty of finish, may and do, favorably compare with works which have procured for their authors a world-wide reputation.

The Valley of the St. Charles.

Photographed by G. McLaughlin.

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VALLEY OF THE RIVER ST. CHARLES.

Of the many beautiful, extensive, rich and varied scenes which the environs of the city of Quebec present, the most attractive, perhaps, is the valley of the St. Charles. Our present number contains a section of this valley, taken from the tower hill, above St. John Street. In the foreground, the most prominent object at the right, is the St. John's Church, with its two steeples. In St. Rochs are conspicuous the Church, the Convent, and the Jacques Cartier Hall ; and in the direction of the Marine Hospital, the winding St. Charles. Beyond these, and below the mountains, bounding the view, are to be seen the lessening houses of the *habitans*, and the clumps of trees, striking features of this lovely scene.

Artistically considered, the print may be called HALF TINT, and is free from unpleasant contrasts of black and white. From the great extent of such a view, there will always be difficulty in clearly depicting minute objects, but we believe our Subscribers will consider it a success in these respects.

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