

Description of Quebec.

From Sanson's Tour to Canada, lately published at N. York.

The mountains begin to rise, and produce more interesting scenery. The country in view having been invariably flat. About 9 o'clock we came in sight of the heights of Abraham, on the left, and those of Point Levi, on the right; between which were fifteen or twenty sail of Merchantmen, and Ships of War, riding at anchor; the island of Orleans appearing, in the back ground of this interesting picture.

We rapidly passed Wolfe's Cove, and were brought too, with admirable dexterity, at a wharf of most inconvenient height; for the tide rises, in this wild channel, from eighteen to twenty-four feet.

Here, and for half a mile round the precipice, which consists of black slate, there is but just room for one narrow street. The rock is almost perpendicular, till near the top; and as you look up from the water to the stone wall, which caps the summit of the hill, with projecting bastions, you wonder what prevents the ponderous masses from coming down upon your head.

In this dismal ditch, where it first became exposed to a strong battery, which has been since taken down, on the 31st day of December, fell Gen. Montgomery, and his Aid-de-camp, M. Pierson, at the very first fire from the fort; and their disheartened followers were easily made prisoners, after a hopeless conflict. The snow being then four feet thick upon the ground.

Yet I was told, upon the spot, by a Canadian Burglar of confidential appearance, who said he was in the place, at the time of the attack; that the town might have been taken, by surprise, if General Arnold had pushed his opportunity, when he first reached Point Levi; instead of waiting for the Commander in Chief, who was then coming down the St. Lawrence. In the mean time the citizens had recovered from the panic into which they had been thrown, by so unexpected an event. Sir Guy Carleton had thrown himself into the town, and the favorable moment for the attack was irretrievably lost.—The unfortunate General was interred by the British Commander, upon one of the bastions of the citadel, with what are now the remains of his army.

Perpendicularly over the precipice, on the north side, is a precipice, which is about two hundred feet high, and is the site of the ancient Fort of Chateau de St. Lewis, which name, by courtesy of England, it yet retains, is erected the Government House, the apartments of which are occupied by the various offices of the civil and military departments, acting under the orders of the Governor General of British America; the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia being included under his command. But his residence is in a convenient building, on the opposite side of the square.

The lower town, from which we have not yet regularly ascended, is a dismal congeries of the most wretched buildings, rising, in darkness visible, amidst every kind of filth, between the rock and the river; which is said to have washed the very base of the promontory, when Jacques Cartier first sailed by the craggy spot. I quitted the narrow confines, with the alacrity of a fugitive, escaping from the confinement of a prison; by a long flight of steps, ending in slope after slope; down which trickles perpetually the superfluous moisture of the upper town; the streets of which, in wet weather, are rinsed, over the heads of the luckless passenger, by those projecting spouts which are so common in the antiquated towns of Germany.

The upper town, at a height of one hundred and fifty feet, from which it overlooks the lower; and shows the shipping so perpendicularly below, that you think you could toss a biscuit into them, from the ramparts, is completely fortified with walls and gates, and all the other inconveniences of garrisoned towns; such as sentinels on guard, at every avenue, &c. independently of the citadel, which, with its outworks, of considerable extent, occupies an elevation two hundred feet higher.

The Cathedral and the Seminary for the Clergy, together with the Jesuits College, opposite, now converted into a barracks for the use of the troops; who make its once tranquil walls resound twice a day with the animating sounds of Martial music—the bugle—the fife—and the spirit stirring drum. These extensive establishments, all originally devoted to religion, together with the Hotel Dieu, as it is called, after the name of a similar institution in Paris, being a hos-

pital for the sick, and the single Sisters who attend them; the Monastery of the Recollets, now taken down, to make room for more useful edifices; and the Convent of the Ursuline Nuns, with other Religious Establishments, and their courts and gardens, occupied at least one half of the ground, within the walls; leaving the streets narrow, irregular, and invariably up hill and down; a circumstance which must render them singularly inconvenient in frost and snow.

Such is the famous City of Quebec, for the acquisition of which General Wolfe willingly devoted his life, in the year 1759; the only memento of which circumstance, upon the spot, is a wooden figure of the celebrated Hero, in his broad skirted coat, with slashed sleeves, painted red, standing in a niche, at the corner of a street; in the attitude of commanding the decisive action, which for ever separated Canada from the dominion of France.

It is called St. John Street, and it leads to the Gate of St. Louis, whence through I know not how many covered ways, protected by a like number of salient angles (I may very probably be incorrect, in the terms of fortification, never having made the science of destruction my particular study) it finally disgorges the weary Passenger, thwarted by recurring obstacles, upon the open air of the adjacent common.

We are now upon the plains of Abraham; yet the ascent continues sufficiently to cover the scene of action, from the fire of the batteries, turning round when you arrive at the summit, and looking down the river, between the two steeples of the Catholic and Protestant Cathedrals, you have what I thought the most interesting view of Quebec, because it embraces in the same coup d'œil, the principal objects in the vicinity. Overlooking the basin which is six miles wide, you behold the Island of Orleans stretched out before you, the terminations in undistinguishing haze, whilst on the left you have the north coast, rising gradually into distant mountains, from which the river Montmorency precipitating itself into the St. Lawrence, is all but seen, through a grove of firs, and the view terminates abruptly in the perpendicular promontory of Cape Tourment, which is two thousand feet high, and therefore may be distinctly seen at the distance of thirty miles. On the right you have the rocks of Point Levi; and behold the shipping in the harbor, at an immense depth below. Imagine the effect of this whole fairy scene, connected as it is by the broad surfaces of the River, which is seen again upon the edge of the horizon, winding round the stupendous Bluff above mentioned, in its course toward the sea.

The field of battle lies a mile further west.—The common remains bare, and uncultivated; and a little to the left of the road to Montreal, you perceive a large stone, near which the General fell. It may be easily distinguished by the repeated efforts of British Visitors to possess themselves of the minutest specimen of this monument of national prowess, to carry some with them, as relics, on their return to England.

It is a whitish granite, of a finer grain than usual.

This interesting spot has been devoted to History, not by an English Professor of the Fine Arts; but by our countryman West, who considers himself acting patriotically as a British subject in celebrating any event, which is counted honorable to the British arms, that had occurred before the Revolution, which established the independence of his country.

The French Governor of Quebec, M. de Montcalm, fell likewise on the field of battle, yet such is the injustice of mankind to those who seek the bubble honor in the cannon's mouth, that the man, who died in the defence of his country, is never mentioned with applause, because unsuccessful; whilst the victorious invader of a foreign shore is pulled to the skies by the meretricious trumpet of Fame.

From the Rhode Island American, Oct. 13.

We have been politely favored with the following interesting extract of a letter from an officer in the United States' army, dated Fort Niagara, Sept. 27.—

"I made an excursion, not long since, in company with three other gentlemen, to a place called the Devil's Hole. It is a huge chasm in the bank of the river, 3 miles below the falls. The height of the bank at this place is estimated at nearly 300 feet from the surface of the river, and it is composed chiefly of layers of limestone. In this bank, a gap extending from the border of the river about 200 yards into the country, and of various width, from 20 to 600 yards appears dug out by human labor. Its

walls or sides are either perpendicular or shelving over, but in no places sloping—so that in looking over the brink, you would suppose a person at the bottom could have but small hopes of ever arriving upon the surface of the earth again. No outlet appears but that of the river, and that offers only the last consolation to misery—death. But fear and astonishment deform objects. After the first impressions have subsided, and the dizziness caused by looking down from such a height, has left the head steady, the view is of a different character.—At the upper extremity, towards the country, the perpendicular descent is not more than 40 or 50 feet, after which the angle of the slope of the river-side is about 45 degrees. In a field at the distance of 4 or 500 yards from this point, a small brook suddenly leaves its course and sinks into the earth, and is seen no more till it emerges in foam and bubbles in the centre of the Devil's Hole, from whence it pursues a rough precipitous channel into the Niagara. A deal of horror was acted at the Devil's Hole, of which it was a proper theatre. Tradition tells the story and ascribes to that the origin of its name. On a certain night during the last French war, as a party of Englishmen were going from the head to the foot of the portage, with wagons loaded with merchandise and under an escort of soldiers, a party of Indians in alliance with French sprang from a ravine just in rear of the Devil's Hole, where they had laid in ambush, and cut them off from retreat in every direction but into the Hole. The dreadful yell breaking upon the still gloom of midnight, and resounding through the dark cavern and the forest, announced their fate, and was alone sufficient to deprive them of all power of resistance. They surrendered therefore without a struggle, expecting the tomahawk soon to put an end to their terrors and their existence. But no—they were mistaken. The Savage seems here to have risen above himself in horrors.—They conduct their victims to the edge of a cliff which hangs over the Devil's Hole, and with one sweep plunged them all into the profound abyss. Men, beasts, and wagons, all fell together, and were dashed to pieces on the bottom, excepting one man who escaped in a most extraordinary manner by lodging in the bare branch of a tree growing near the precipice. He is said to be living now somewhere in this State. There may be some exaggeration in this story, but I give the facts as I received them. In evidence of the truth of the story, they have pieces of iron belonging to a wagon been found on the spot where they fell. Travellers who have visited the falls have, heretofore looked into the Devil's Hole and retired, without indulging their curiosity further, but several of the inhabitants in this vicinity had ventured down before he undertook to explore it. We effected our descent without much hazard, but not being prepared with tools and laborers to dig for remains, we merely passed through to the river, and returned. The view of the river at this spot is really terrific. It rolls and tumbles along with inconceivable force, dashing against its rugged banks and roaring like a hurricane. In some places it piles itself into huge waves, which tumble into foam and are succeeded by others. Upon the whole, I think this scene, including the immense piles of rocks which bound it on every side, must be one of the most sublime that nature affords, the falls only excepted. Large casks of ice are found among the rocks along the rivulet that runs through the Devils Hole, at all times of the year. The banks of this river for the extent of 12 miles are one continuation of natural wonders, of which the falls and the Devils Hole are the principal."

A Gormandizer.

On Saturday a man, long distinguished for the voracity of his appetite, died shortly after exhibiting his powers for the gratification of some persons who had betted on his head. This man was called "Mutton-eating Bandy Billy," and resided in the parish of Newington. This fellow has repeatedly devoured, at one meal, a leg of mutton weighing 10lbs, two large bunches of turnips, with a proportionate quantity of bread, and drinking a gallon of porter. On Friday night he repeated his favorite supper, the expense of which was defrayed by some Amateurs, who had laid some considerable bets on his digestive faculties; but Nature refused to assist the glutton: for in the morning he was found dead in his bed, occasioned by his over night's gorge. He was well known in the county of Surrey.—(London paper.)

On board one of the prizes recently carried into Amelia Island, was 1000 boxes segars, put up for the king of Spain.

Tribute to American Naval Skill.

The following is from the Diaride Roma, published at Rome, in August, 1817.

For the first time has appeared in these seas, passing from Leghorn an American squadron, which has been off our port for several days, but has since sailed for Naples. We remarked the uncommon good appearance of these ships. A very exact military discipline, a perfect knowledge of naval affairs, and of navigation, appeared in every thing. Their spring locks combined ease, simplicity, and instant effect, and were equally admirable in their fire arms and in pistols, and multiplied their discharges at pleasure. The exercise, activity and readiness of their mariners, and their perfect acquaintance with every thing were observed, not without surprise and wonder, and do honor to the nation to which they belong. Their vessels were well found, fast sailors, and as neat as they were well built.

Soon after the visit of the fleet, anchored in our port a schooner from America, of the most beautiful construction, elegantly found, very light, and formed for fast sailing, constructed and armed like our light armed vessels. It was named the Cleopatra, belonging to a very rich traveller, George Crowninshield, of Salem, who constructed her for his own use, and for the voyages he had undertaken in company with Capt. Benj. Crowninshield, his cousin. Besides the extreme neatness of every thing about the vessel to fit her for sea her accommodations were surprising and wonderful. Below was a hall of uncommon extent, in which the luxury of taste, the riches and elegance of the furniture, the harmony of the drapery, and all the ornaments, inspired pleasure and gallantry. The apartment of the stern was equally rich and interesting. Five convenient bed chambers, displayed with the same elegance, were at the service of the captain, with an apartment for the plate of every kind, with which it was filled.—Near was another apartment, which admitted all the officers of a kitchen, and in it was a pump with three tubs which passed through the vessel, to supply water from the sea or discharge what they pleased with the greatest ease. The rich and distinguished owner had with him, besides his family servants, several linguists, persons of high talents in music and an excellent painter. Every thing to amuse, makes a part of the daily entertainment. The owner and captain were affable, pleasing and civil, and gave a full evidence of talents, the industry, and the good taste of their nation, which yields to none in good sense and true civility. The above travellers having complied with the usual rules of the city, and having expressed the due respect to the apostolical delegates, upon receiving a particular invitation, he visited the Cleopatra in company with many persons of distinction, and partook of an elegant collation.

From the Albany Gazette.

Great Storm in the West!

We do not mean, gentle reader, that the storm has actually occurred; but we observe that the clouds are fast gathering and were we to judge from the terrific and awful appearance of the angry elements, we may calculate that it will be truly terrible. The storm, however, will not be of rain, or hail, or snow; but a furious political hurricane, which it is feared will sweep away the whole cabinet of the United States, Mr. Monroe, the Boston federalists, and all. But to drop the allegory. We observe from the Kentucky democratic papers, that the anger of the Kentuckians towards Mr. Monroe for condescending to receive the attentions and civilities of the federalists of the eastern states, has not in the least abated. The Kentucky Gazette, Mr. Clay's paper, is absolutely furious upon the subject; not so much on account of the President's eating fried oysters and pumpkin pie at the same table with the rebel yankees, but because he took occasion in some of his speeches, to express his wish to amalgamate the two parties. This is an unpardonable sin, and Mr. Monroe and Mr. Adams are denounced in prospective. "It will be idle and ridiculous if these gentlemen (says the Gazette) if they meditate any thing of this sort. They have their choice before them, either to adhere to the republican party with the same fidelity and constancy with which that party have adhered to principle and to the republican; or to concede and form an alliance with federalism, and then retire to private life. The republican party never can, without proclaiming their own want of principle, consent to support in power, men who seek to strengthen their administration by a coalition

with federalists." There you have it, Messrs. Monroe and Adams. Either leave off all attempts at conciliation and union of parties—or retire to the shades of private life.

As to this union of parties, however, it is all mummery. So the editor of the Gazette and Mr. Clay, may quiet their minds upon that head; nor need they fear, as they affect to "that Harrison Gray Otis will be dispatched on a foreign mission, or called by Mr. Monroe to his cabinet councils." It is possible that Mr. Monroe might be willing, had he the feelings of none but himself to consult, that this reconciliation should take place. But he cannot do it.—THE SOUTH & THE WEST WILL NEVER PERMIT A CONSUMMATION OF THIS PROJECT.

With regard to the charges against the President for graciously receiving the salutations of federalists in the eastern states, they are illiberal, to say the least of them. It was but natural for the President to wish to associate with decent and respectable people. And after he entered the state of Connecticut, he found it necessary, in order to keep good company, to mingle exclusively with the federalists.

Department of State.

September 16, 1817.

Sir—I have received a second letter, dated 12th of this month from the British Minister on the subject of American citizens who were made prisoners in the late war, and were said to be still held in captivity by some of the Indian tribes in the vicinity of Lake Huron. Of this letter I beg leave to inclose you a copy, together with the copy of one which was enclosed in it, from the Governor General of Canada to Mr. Bagot.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, yours, &c.

RICHARD RUSH,
Selling Secretary,
Hon. R. M. JOHNSON.

Washington City, Sept. 12, 1817.

Sir—In reference to my letter of the 15th of March last, I have the honor to enclose to you the copy of a letter which I have this day received from his Excellency the Governor General of Canada, acquainting me with the result of his enquiries upon the subject of the American citizens who were stated to be still held in captivity by some of the Indian tribes in the vicinity of Lake Huron.

It is very satisfactory to observe, by the enclosed letter that every means have been taken by Sir John Sherbrooke, for the proper investigation of this affair, and that there is the fullest reason to believe that the representations made upon the subject, to the American government were incorrect.

I have the honor to be, with the highest consideration, your most obedient humble servant.

CHARLES BAGOT,
To the Hon. RICHARD RUSH.

Castle of St. Louis, Quebec Aug. 21.

Sir—Referring to my letter to your Excellency of the 19th of February last, I have now the honor to acquaint you, that, after the most assiduous & minute enquiries among all the Indian nations in the neighborhood of Lake Huron, as well as among all the other different Indian tribes throughout the Canadas, I have received the most positive assurance that there is not a single instance of an American citizen being held in captivity among them.

These enquiries have been made by our own officers and agents, upon whose diligence to discover such a fact, and on the correctness of whose information I can confidently rely I am therefore satisfied, that upon your representation hereof, Mr. Monroe will be convinced both of the inaccuracy of the statement made to him on the subject, and of my desire to have discovered and redressed the grievance, had it existed.

I have the honor to remain, &c. &c.
J. C. SMERBROOKE,
The Right Hon. C. BAGOT.
Nat. Intel.

Iron Gudgeons Revolving on Lead.

From the American Daily Advertiser.

Mr. Poulton—In your last paper an afflicting account of accidents by the explosion of a powder mill, owing to the friction of the gudgeon of the water wheel, is given. Many years ago I was a witness to the slight impression made by the iron axis of a large grindstone, on a bar of lead, which had been placed in the frame, under the axis, by a man who meant only to serve a temporary purpose. Finding it unaffected by the friction of the axis, it had been suffered to remain many months. No doubt many are acquainted with similar facts. I have heard of a plan for introducing